





Henry Winchester Rolfe



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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
EDMUND SPENSER

*THE TEXT CAREFULLY REVISED AND ILLUSTRATED  
WITH NOTES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED*

BY  
FRANCIS J. CHILD

FIVE VOLUMES IN THREE  
VOL. I.



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## CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

COMPRISING VOLS. I. AND II.



### VOL. I.

	Page
MEMOIR OF SPENSER . . . . .	vii

#### THE FAERIE QUEENE.

A Letter of the Authors . . . . .	5
Verses addressed to the Author . . . . .	11
Verses addressed by the Author to several Noblemen, &c. . . . .	18
Book I. The Legend of the Knight of the Red Crosse, or of Holinesse . . . . .	31
Book II. Canto I.-VI. The Legend of Sir Guyon, or of Temperaunce . . . . .	266
APPENDIX. Variations from the First Edition . . . . .	383



### VOL. II.

#### THE FAERIE QUEENE.

Book II. Canto VII.-XII. The Legend of Sir Guyon, or of Temperaunce . . . . .	3
Book III. The Legend of Britomartis, or of Chastity . . . . .	159
APPENDIX. Variations from the First Edition . . . . .	421



## P R E F A C E .

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**T**H**E**S**E** volumes were at first intended to be little more than a reprint of the deservedly popular edition of Spenser, published in 1839, under the superintendence of Mr. George Hillard. But the necessity of reducing the annotations to a more compact form, and the hope of making some improvements, led to alterations, and these, becoming more extensive as the work progressed, were thought at last to be so considerable as to constitute it a new edition. It will be perceived, however, that a very large portion of Mr. Hillard's notes have been retained.

The kindness of various friends having permitted the use of old copies of nearly all the poems, a scrupulous revision has been made of the text, which, though originally printed with ordinary care, and, on the whole, faithfully reproduced by Todd, required correction in some places. The glossary has been entirely reconstructed, and pains have been taken to make the definitions at once philologically accurate and conformable with the actual usage. The Life of the Poet prefixed to this volume is believed to be

more complete and more correct than any former biography. In preparing this, as also in the historical illustration of the poems, important assistance has been derived from an unpretending, but valuable, work of Mr. Craik, "Spenser, and his Poetry," published ten years ago among "Knight's Weekly Volumes."

To Upton, a man of rare learning and sagacity, the student is more indebted than to any other writer, for elucidations of obscure passages in the *Fairy Queen*, particularly in the allegory, and for curious expositions of the authors whom Spenser had read or has imitated. Much is also due to Warton and to Jortin. The plan of the present undertaking did not allow of a large use of the labors of these scholars. Such notes as have been directly transferred from English commentators are indicated by their authors' full names; those of the American editors by initials.

To those readers who do not require assistance, and who are annoyed by marginal notes of any kind, it is suggested that a slight effort will enable them to disregard such superfluous aid, which, never meant to be obtrusive, is offered only to those who find a glance at the bottom of the page less an interruption to their enjoyment of the poet, than an unresolved difficulty in the meaning, or a reference to the end of the volume.

August, 1855

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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A NEW impression of these volumes having, during my absence from the country, advanced more than half-way to completion, I am prevented for the present, from noticing as they deserve, two papers which have been recently put forth on subjects connected with Spenser's biography. The one of these was contributed by Mr. Keightley to "Fraser's Magazine," and, contrary to the custom of that author, adds very little to what was previously known. The other article, which appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" for November, 1858, (and which, therefore, is immediately accessible to all who feel an interest in the matter,) is worthy of special attention. It discusses two of the most curious, if not the most important, questions in the life of Spenser — the name and history of his youthful mistress, the enigmatical Rosalind, and of his wife. The discussion of the first of these points has hitherto resulted only in an exposure of the extreme folly of those writers who have attempted it; but, unless I am greatly deceived, the article now spoken of has most ingeniously resolved the puzzle, and has satisfactorily shown that Rosalind was Rose, sister of Samuel Daniel, the poet, — that the rival

whom she preferred to Colin Clout was John Florio, "the Resolute;" and also that the wife whom Spenser took in his maturer years, was Elizabeth Nagle, a member of a family with which it was already known, that Sylvanus Spenser, the poet's eldest son, formed a marriage connection.

Such changes in the Notes as were required by these discoveries (for so I do not hesitate to call them) have been made in the fourth and fifth volumes, where alone changes were necessary.

**F. J. C.**

**December, 1859.**



## MEMOIR OF SPENSER.

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EDMUND SPENSER, "the poets' poet," was born in London.<sup>1</sup> From the seventy-fourth of the "Amoretti,"<sup>2</sup> we learn that his mother's name was Elizabeth; of his father, not even so much as this is known. They had another child, Sarah, to whom her brother gave a part of his Irish estate as a marriage portion.<sup>3</sup> A tradition preserved by Oldys, the antiquary, points out East Smithfield, near the Tower, as the particular district of the capital where the poet first saw the light. Such a fact might probably be settled beyond question, were it not for deficiencies in the parish records of the city of London; and the same unfortunate circumstance obliges us to rely exclusively on a passage in one of the Amoretti in fixing the year of his birth. These Sonnets were entered in the Stationers' Registers on the 19th of November, 1594, together with an Epithalamion in honor of the author's own nuptials, which are supposed to have taken place the same year. The 11th of June (O. S.) was the marriage day; the sixty-

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<sup>1</sup> Prothalamion, v. 128 - 131, Vol. V. p. 311.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. V. p. 279.

<sup>3</sup> See the Appendix to this Memoir, p. lxxi.

eighth Sonnet was written on Easter Sunday ; the sixty-second, on the 1st of January ; the fourth, also on the first day of the year. We conclude, therefore, that the Sonnets from the fourth to the sixty-second were composed in the year 1593, and the sixtieth towards the end of that year. This Sonnet contains the following lines :—

“ So, since the winged god his planet cleare  
 Began in me to move, one yeare is spent ;  
 The which doth longer unto me appeare.  
 Then al those fourty which my life out-went.”<sup>1</sup>

If, then, the poet was forty-one years old when he wrote this passage, it would appear that he was born in the year 1552.<sup>2</sup>

That Spenser's immediate progenitors were in humble circumstances, has been inferred from his having been entered at the University as a sizar. His family was connected, however, as he himself boasts more than once, with “ a house of ancient

<sup>1</sup> Vol. V. p. 272.

<sup>2</sup> The biographers, basing their statement solely upon this Sonnet, and upon the date of Spenser's marriage, say 1553. — Mr. Peter Cunningham has found a notice of an Edmund Spenser who was employed in 1569 as a bearer of despatches from the English Ambassador in France to the Queen, and George Turberville addressed an epistle from Russia to one Spenser, which, though first printed in 1587, is said by Anthony Wood to have been written in 1569, and to the author of the *Fairy Queen*. Could either of these Spensers be shown to be our poet, questions of difficulty would arise with regard to his age ; since a boy of seventeen is not likely to be selected as the messenger of an ambassador, or as a confidential friend by a man of forty. But the mere coincidence of names and the authority of Anthony Wood are easily set aside, when alleged in objection to a fact established on such evidence as the year of Spenser's birth.

fame.<sup>2</sup> It was allied with that of Sir John Spenser of Althorpe, whose descendants, justly proud as they may be of the trophies of Marlborough, are exhorted by Gibbon "to consider the Fairy Queen as the brightest jewel in their coronet." Certain ladies of this house, to whom their now illustrious kinsman dedicated some of his smaller poems, willingly acknowledged "bands of affinity";<sup>1</sup> but the degree of relationship in which the parties stood has not been ascertained. Some light has been recently thrown on the general subject by Mr. F. C. Spenser of Halifax, Lancashire. In an interesting communication to the *Gentleman's Magazine* (August, 1842,) he has shown it to be highly probable, that the branch of the Spensers from which the poet was derived was that of the Le Spensers, subsequently Spensers, of Hurstwood, near Burnley, in Lancashire. The evidence on which the poet's connections are assigned to this locality is, principally, the well-known fact that Spenser had relations in the North of England, the remarkable frequency with which the names Edmund and Lawrence (the name of the poet's second son) occur for two centuries among the Spensers in the neighborhood of Burnley, and the circumstance that the Lancashire Spensers spelt their name with an s, while that of the Althorpe family was always spelt with a c.<sup>2</sup>

Of the education of Spenser it is simply known that he was admitted at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, as a sizar, on the 20th of May, 1569; that he pro-

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<sup>1</sup> See the dedicatory epistles, Vol. V. pp. 42, 97, 171.

<sup>2</sup> See *Gent. Mag.*, Aug. 1842, pp. 138 - 143. Craik's *Spenser and his Poetry*, I. 9 - 13

ceeded to the degree of Bachelor of Arts in January, 1573, and to that of Master of Arts in June, 1576. While at the University, he made the acquaintance of Gabriel Harvey, a man of considerable heavy learning, conceited, and irascible, but withal honest and kind. Harvey long resided at Cambridge as Fellow, and writing in 1580 of some abuses then prevailing there, he complains in strong terms of a person whom he styles his friend's "old controller," adding, that "in other respects affairs go on very much as before, continual war being kept up between the heads and the members."<sup>1</sup> These obscure phrases Todd conceives to authorize the deduction, "that some disappointment had occurred in regard to Spenser's academical views, and that some disagreement had taken place between him and the master or tutor of the society"; a conjecture which rests on grounds so slight as not to admit of discussion.

The year in which Spenser entered the University is perhaps also marked by his first appearance before the world as a writer of verse. Towards the end of 1569 was published a work entitled, "A Theatre wherein be represented as wel the miseries and calamities that follow the voluptuous Worldlings, as also the great joyes and plesures which the faithfull do enjoy. . . . Devised by S. John van der Noedt." This book begins with six *Epigrams* which are substantially the same as six of the *Visions of Petrarch*, printed among the "Complaints," in 1591, as Spenser's genuine compositions (and there said to have

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<sup>1</sup> "Cætera fere ut olim: Bellum inter capita et membra continuatum." — TODD.

been "formerly translated"), and these are followed by fifteen translations in blank verse of Sonnets by Bellay, eleven of which appear again in the Complaints, with only such changes as the introduction of rhyme required. The Theatre for Worldlings makes no mention of Spenser's having taken part in the work; on the contrary, both the Epigrams and the Visions are stated to be translated from the Dutch into English by Theodore Roest. If this circumstance, taken in conjunction with his unripe age, should dispose the reader to doubt whether he had anything to do with either the earlier or the later version of these poems, it may be remarked, on the other hand, that Spenser's having furnished two new poems to the volume shows that the Complaints could hardly have been published without his knowledge and sanction; that the Visions in question are in the same style as other compositions which have never been denied to be his; and that the Visions of Petrarch were rendered, not immediately from the Italian, but (as may be perceived on comparison) from the French of Marot, who was a favorite author with our poet in his youth.

At some time after leaving Cambridge, Spenser went to reside in the North of England, it may be with relations in Lancashire, and it was among the hills<sup>1</sup> of this romantic region, perhaps, that he fell in love with that Rosalind whose ill usage he bewails in one of his earliest, and retaliates in one of his latest songs.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Such at least seems to be the most natural interpretation of the Sixth Eclogue in the Shepherds' Calendar.

<sup>2</sup> The Shepherds' Calendar and the Sixth Book of the Fairy Queen.

The real name of this proud young lady has been concealed from us. Aubrey says she was a kinswoman of the wife of Sir Erasmus Dryden, grandfather of John Dryden.<sup>1</sup> She is described by the commentator on the *Shepherds' Calendar* as a gentlewoman of no mean house, and endowed with uncommon gifts both of nature and manners;<sup>2</sup> and in the *Fairy Queen* (where she is undoubtedly intended by Mirabel) her beauty is highly extolled, and her position is represented to be one of honor and dignity, though her parentage was humble.<sup>3</sup> From the North Spenser was recalled by Gabriel Harvey, who seems to have had an eye for his interest, and to have informed him of a chance of preferment;<sup>4</sup> and early in 1579 we find him residing in Kent,<sup>5</sup> very probably at Penshurst, for before the end of the year he had entered into the service of the Earl of Leicester. This last fact we derive from a letter written by Spenser to Harvey from Leicester House, on the 16th of October, 1579.<sup>6</sup> He was at that time expecting to go to France and Italy on business of the Earl, who was, he says, to provide principally for his maintenance, and in whose concerns he was to employ "time, body, and mind," and the letter includes a long piece of Latin verse addressed to Harvey by way of farewell. With Philip Sidney he was now

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<sup>1</sup> Sir Erasmus married Frances Wilkes of Hodnel, Warwickshire. An Edmund Spenser is known to have been living, in 1569, at Kingsbury, in the same county, and it is not unplausible that the poet may have made the acquaintance of Rosalind while on a visit to this namesake.

<sup>2</sup> E. K.'s Gloss to v. 26, Ecl. IV.

<sup>3</sup> Book VI. vii. 28.

<sup>4</sup> Gloss to v. 18, Ecl. VI. Shep. Cal.

<sup>5</sup> Gloss to v. 21, *Ibid.*

<sup>6</sup> See the letter, Vol. V. p. 381.

on terms of some familiarity, and there was an engagement between them to exchange letters while he should be abroad. There is one remarkable expression in the course of this letter, which, understood loosely, would lead us to believe that Spenser had even been already presented to the Queen. "Your desire," he says, "to know of my late being with her Majesty must die in itself." But the most that these words will really warrant is, that he had at some time been employed as Leicester's agent on confidential business with Elizabeth. Had the business not been of this character, there was no reason for making a mystery of the circumstance, and that a formal presentation at court is not intended requires no argument, for that would have been announced with something of the same flourish with which so notable an event is celebrated in "Colin Clout's come Home again."

The Shepherds' Calendar had been now perhaps a long time completed. An officious friend, whose name still remains concealed under the initials E. K.,<sup>1</sup> had

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<sup>1</sup> As Spenser is known to have been on intimate terms with a Mrs. Kerke, that name has been suggested for his editor. Another hypothesis is that E. K. and the poet were the same person. But to say nothing of the meanness of a man's praising himself under a disguise, we should be sorry to think Spenser capable of the pedantry and folly which the comments of E. K. display. Those who do not stick at such an admission may, however, be unwilling to grant that he did not understand himself; that he could have explained *astart*, "befall unawares"; *entrailed*, "wrought between"; *forswatt*, "sunburnt." E. K. professes, indeed, to have been in Spenser's confidence, and "privy to his secret meaning"; but he has told us very little that we could not have guessed without his help, while he has left much unexplained that we should like to know.

furnished a sort of general introduction, arguments to each Eclogue, and a running gloss, in which he attempted to explain what he regarded as the more difficult allusions and hard words, and had prefixed to the whole a letter to Gabriel Harvey (dated the 10th of April, 1579), commending the virgin work of the "new poet" to his patronage and protection. All this he had done on his own responsibility, and without the knowledge of Spenser, who had been "for long time far estranged"; absent from London, we may suppose, in the North country and in Kent. In addition to this poem Spenser had written several others, which were in circulation among his friends; but all of these he hesitated to publish, for reasons of modesty or of prudence thus stated to Harvey. "First, I was minded for a while to have intermitted the uttering of my writings, least, by overmuch cloying their noble ears, I should gather a contempt for myself, or else seem rather for gain and commodity to do it, for some sweetness that I have already tasted. Then also me seemeth the work too base for his excellent lordship, being made in honor of a private personage unknown, which of some illwillers might be upbraided not to be so worthy as you know she is; or the matter not so weighty that it should be offered to so weighty a personage, or the like." The particular work here referred to, in honor of Rosalind, is very probably, after all, only the *Shepherds' Calendar*, of which she might be regarded as the heroine, although she by no means constitutes its sole subject, and which, though dedicated to Sidney from the beginning could not dispense with the approbation of Leicester.



All scruples, of whatever nature, were finally overcome, and the *Shepherds' Calendar* was given to the world in December, 1579.<sup>1</sup> Both the author and his commentator expected the book to be severely handled, probably on account of the strong Puritanic or Low Church sentiments of two of the *Eclogues*, and this may be the reason why it was published anonymously. It went through five editions in seventeen years, but the name of the author seems for some time not to have become generally known. One John Dove, who translated it into Latin verse between 1584 and 1596, had evidently never heard of Spenser, and George Whetstone ascribed it, eight years after it appeared, to Philip Sidney. The merits of the work were peculiar and great, but not such as we are likely to appreciate at this distance of time. If it suffers by a contrast with what Spenser and others effected afterwards, it appears to advantage side by side with any poetical composition that had preceded it for a hundred and fifty years. The author, while deprecating a comparison with Chaucer and *Piers Plouhman*,<sup>2</sup> plainly aspires to be considered of their school, and not of the cold, forced, and affected versifiers that intervened between them and his day. And if his earliest production be not entirely free from the faults of his predecessors and contemporaries, — if it be chargeable with artificial sentiments, with extravagance, with the poor conceit of alliteration, with a want of originality, sincerity, and force, — it has still

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<sup>1</sup> It was entered in the Stationers' Registers on the 5th of December.

<sup>2</sup> "Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus his stile,  
Nor with the Pilgrim that the ploughman playd a while."

much of the free movement, the essential music, the richness, life, and spirit of genuine poetry.

It will be convenient to notice in this place several early compositions of Spenser, which have either been entirely lost, or, if preserved at all, have come down to us incorporated in his later poems. These are, —

1. His *Dreams*. A work described in a letter to Harvey of the 10th of April,<sup>1</sup> 1580, as fully finished and presently to be imprinted, and in a postscript further said to be grown as great as the Calendar by means of a gloss, or running paraphrase, which E. K. had written to it. Of this production Harvey speaks thus in reply to the letter of Spenser just mentioned: “*Extra jocum*, I like your *Dreams* passingly well; and the rather because they savor of that singular extraordinary vein and invention which I ever fancied most, and in a manner admired only in Lucian, Petrarch, Aretine, Pasquil, and all the most delicate and fine-conceited Grecians and Italians (for the Romans to speak of are but very ciphers in this kind); whose chiefest endeavor and drift was, to have nothing vulgar, but in some respect or other, and especially in lively hyperbolical amplifications, rare, quaint, and odd in every point, and, as a man would say, a degree or two at the least above the reach and compass of a common scholar’s capacity.” And he afterwards proceeds: “I dare say you will hold yourself reasonably well satisfied, if your *Dreams* be but as well esteemed

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<sup>1</sup> The date is printed “quarto *Nonas Aprilis*,” but *Nonas* must be a mistake for *Idus*, since the earthquake of the 6th of April is mentioned at the beginning of the letter. Harvey’s reply, carelessly stated by Todd and others to be without date, was written on the 23d of April, *nono Calendis Maias*.

of in England as Petrarch's Visions be in Italy; which, I assure you, is the very worst I wish you." <sup>1</sup> From what is said by both parties, we may infer that the Dreams was of a similar character to Petrarch's Visions, but a comparatively extensive work, and by no means only the seven Sonnets printed under that title among the Complaints.

2. *Nine Comedies.* These are mentioned in two letters of Harvey, in one of them in such terms as to show beyond doubt that they were dramatic compositions: "To be plain, I am void of all judgment if your Nine Comedies, whereunto, in imitation of Herodotus, you give the names of the Nine Muses (and in one man's fancy not unworthily) come not nearer Ariosto's comedies, either for the fineness of plausible elocution, or the rareness of poetical invention, than that Elvish Queen doth to his Orlando Furioso, which notwithstanding you will needs seem to emulate and hope to overgo, as you flatly professed yourself in one of your last letters. Besides that you know it hath been the usual practice of the most exquisite and odd wits in all nations, and specially in Italy, rather to show and advance themselves that way than any other; as, namely, those three notorious discoursing heads, Bibiena, Machiavel, and Aretine did (to let Bembo and Ariosto pass), with the great admiration and wonderment of the whole country; being indeed reputed matchable in all points, both for conceit of wit and eloquent deciphering of matters, either with Aristophanes and Menander in Greek, or

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<sup>1</sup> See the Correspondence, Appendix II., Vol. V.

with Plautus and Terence in Latin, or with any other in any other tongue."

3. *Dying Pelican*. This, as well as the *Dreams*, was completed and ready to be printed in 1580.

4. *Slumber*. Mentioned in Spenser's first letter to Harvey (October, 1579), and probably the same as *A Senights Slomber*, instanced by Ponsonby in his advertisement to the *Complaints* as one of sundry poems understood to be written by Spenser, which he was desirous to print, but could not obtain.

5. *Epithalamion Thamesis*. A work written in verse imitating the ancient quantitative metre, without rhyme, and thus described in Spenser's second letter to Harvey: "Trust me, you will hardly believe what great good liking and estimation Master Dyer had of your Satirical Verses, and I, since the view thereof, having before of myself had special liking of English Versifying, am even now about to give you some token what and how well therein I am able to do; for to tell you the truth, I mind shortly at convenient leisure to set forth a book in this kind, which I entitle *Epithalamion Thamesis*, which book I dare undertake will be very profitable for the knowledge, and rare for the invention and manner of handling. For in setting forth the marriage of the Thames, I show his first beginning and offspring, and all the country that he passeth through, and also describe all the rivers throughout England which came to this wedding, and their right names and right passage." This poem has either perished, or, what is more likely, was suppressed by the author; but the marriage of the Thames and the Medway is made

the subject of a pleasing episode in the Eleventh Canto of the Fourth Book of the Fairy Queen.

6. *Stemmata Dudleiana*. A Latin work, whether in prose or verse is not known, celebrating the ancestry and family of the Earl of Leicester. Of this Spenser says in a postscript to his second letter: "Of my *Stemmata Dudleiana*, and especially of the sundry apostrophes therein, addressed you know to whom, must more advisement be had than so lightly to send them abroad; howbeit, trust me, (though I do never very well,) yet in my own fancy I never did better."

7. *Court of Cupid; Legends; Pageants*. The two first are mentioned by E. K. in the Epistle he prefixed to the Shepherds' Calendar, as excellent works which sleep in silence and are known to few; the last, in a note on the twenty-fifth verse of the Sixth Eclogue, where a line of the poem is quoted:

"An hundred Graces on her eyelids sat."

It is not unreasonable to suppose that the substance of all these pieces may have been embodied in the Fairy Queen. The Court of Cupid was perhaps the early form of the Masque of Cupid in the Twelfth Canto of the Third Book, while the line quoted by E. K. from the Pageants closely resembles one in the description of Belphæbe:

"Upon her eyelids many Graces sate."

*Fairy Queen*, Book II. Canto III. 25.

8. *Moschus's Idyllion of Wandering Love*. This is said by E. K., in a gloss on the Third Eclogue of the Shepherds' Calendar, to have been very well translated by Spenser into English rhymes.

9. *The English Poet*. Probably a treatise in prose on the nature and art of poetry. It is noticed by E. K. in his argument to the Tenth Eclogue of the Shepherds' Calendar, and appears to be alluded to by Harvey in his third letter to Spenser.<sup>1</sup>

10. *Sonnets*. Two lines are quoted from one of these in the gloss to the ninetieth verse of the Tenth Eclogue of the Shepherds' Calendar, —

“The silver swan doth sing upon her dying day,  
As she that feeles the deepe delight that is in death.”

Another is known to have been written by Spenser upon Harvey's “Satyrical Verses.”<sup>2</sup>

11. *Ecclesiastes* and *Canticum Canticorum*, translated; *The Hell of Lovers*, his *Purgatory*; *The Hours of the Lord*; *The Sacrifice of a Sinner*; *The Seven Psalms*. All these are mentioned by Ponsonby in his advertisement to the Complaints, together with *A Sennight's Slumber* and *The Dying Pelican*, as compositions ascribed to Spenser, but no one of them is known to be preserved in any form.

The correspondence between Spenser and Harvey, already several times alluded to, consists of five letters, two by Spenser and three by Harvey, written in October, 1579, and April, 1580. One of Harvey's letters is mostly devoted to a description of an earthquake, but the principal subject of the rest of the correspondence is a project for reforming English versification, which seems to have originated with Harvey

<sup>1</sup> “What! Is Horace's *Ars Poetica* so quite out of our *English Poet's* head,” &c.

<sup>2</sup> See Todd's *Life of Spenser*, p. xxxvi. note.

and to have been taken up with zeal by a coterie over which Sidney and Dyer presided. They proclaimed, we are told, "by the authority of their senate, a general surceasing of rhyme, instead whereof they prescribed certain rules of quantity"; in other words, they ordained that thenceforth English verse should be made to conform to what they conceived to be the laws of ancient prosody. Spenser suffered himself to be drawn into this foolish scheme, and for a year worked away at hexameters and iambic trimeters quite seriously. He even, as we have seen, wrote a poem of some length (the *Epithalamion Thamesis*), in classic metre. But good sense soon resumed its sway over his mind; he never published this poem, and only a few scraps remain to testify his ill success in what he called English Versifying.<sup>1</sup>

Before quitting these letters, we must notice two curious passages which, very strangely, have received no attention, although they throw a light on the history of Spenser's affections. Some time before 1579 the poet became enamored of the fair Rosalind, who at first encouraged his addresses, but afterwards slighted him in favor of an unknown rival.<sup>2</sup> It has generally been supposed that he continued to cherish through many years an ardent, though hopeless, passion for this lady, and in "Colin Clout's come Home again" (written, at the earliest, not before 1591) he certainly professes a constancy unshaken by despair, while he generously attributes the blame of his dis-

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<sup>1</sup> See a specimen of "Iambic Trimeter" in Vol. V. p. 383.

<sup>2</sup> See the Sixth Eclogue of the Shepherds' Calendar.

appointment less to her pride than to his own presumption in looking so high. Nevertheless, in his letter of April 10, 1580, Spenser writes to Harvey that "his sweetheart sends many sincere commendations, and wonders that no answer has been returned to her letter."<sup>1</sup> To this message the obdurate bachelor, who had threatened the year before never to cease railing at Spenser until he had cured him of the sentimental mood, replies, that her letter shall be attended to as soon as possible, and protests that "she is a *second Rosalind*."<sup>2</sup> From all this it would appear that the lover soon found a consolation for the disappointment he had met with; and that some of his biographers have wasted their sympathy.

We have seen that in October, 1579, Spenser was expecting to be sent to the Continent, there to reside some time as an agent of his patron, the Earl of Leicester. He looked forward to this mission with no pleasure, but it was better, he thought, than wasting the flower of his youth in petty employments at home.<sup>3</sup> It is probable, however, that he never went

<sup>1</sup> "Sed, amabo te, meum *Corculum* tibi se ex animo commendat plurimum, jam diu mirata te nihil ad literas suas responsi dedisse. Vide, quæso, ne id tibi capitale sit; mihi certe quidem erit, neque tibi hercle impune, ut opinor."

<sup>2</sup> "Sed, amabo te, ad *Corculi* tui delicatissimas literas propediem quam potero accuratissime [respondebo.] . . . . Quid quæris? Per tuam Venerem, *altera Rosalindula est*; eamque non alter, sed idem ille (tua, ut ante, bona cum gratia) copiose amat Hobbinolus. O mea Domina Immerito, mea bellissima Collina Clouta, multo plus plurimum salve atque vale!"

<sup>3</sup> "Namque sinu pudet in patrio tenebrisque pudendis,  
Non nimis ingenio juvenem infelice virentes  
Officiis frustra deperdere vilibus annos."



on this service, for, in a letter written six months afterwards, he makes no allusion to his having been out of the country in the interim. We may suppose, therefore, that his relations to Leicester, whatever was their nature, remained unchanged until August, 1580, at which time he received the appointment of secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, then deputed to the government of Ireland. On the 22d of March following he obtained the perhaps additional office of Clerk of the Decrees and Recognizances in the Irish Court of Chancery,<sup>1</sup> and in the same year the Queen granted him "a lease of the Abbey of Iniscorthy or Enniscorthy, and the attached castle and manor in the county of Wexford, at an annual rent of 300*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*, with the condition that he should keep it in continual repair";<sup>2</sup> which property he conveyed, by an indenture dated the 9th of December, 1581, to Richard Synot. Lord Grey was recalled in 1582, and "with him," says Todd, "Spenser probably returned to England." But this is an arbitrary assumption, all the little evidence we have upon the subject tending to show that he remained in Ireland. He certainly retained his office in the Court of Chancery until June, 1588,<sup>3</sup> when he was appointed Clerk of the Council

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<sup>1</sup> Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy, I. 320.

<sup>2</sup> Cited from Collins's Peerage (Vol. IV. p. 310), by Mr. Craik.

<sup>3</sup> Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy, I. 320. It is to be observed that another Spenser, mentioned in a letter of Sir William Pelham, Lord Justice of Ireland, was employed in a confidential capacity under the Irish administration. This letter is dated July 14, 1580, and the person spoken of is said to be growing into years. One Master Spenser was also intrusted with a letter from James VI. to Queen Elizabeth, in July, 1583. The conjecture would not be

of Munster. Again, in Lodowick Bryskett's "Discourse of Civil Life," dedicated to Lord Grey, a party of gentlemen is described as having assembled in the author's cottage near Dublin, among whom was "Mr. Edmund Spenser, your lordship's late secretary," and Dr. Long, Primate of Armagh. Dr. Long was raised to the primacy in 1584, and he died in 1589, so that this meeting must have taken place between those two dates. Lastly, we know positively that Spenser was in Dublin on the 18th of July, 1586, from his having then addressed a sonnet to Gabriel Harvey from that place.<sup>1</sup>

The whole province of Munster having been depopulated in consequence of the severe measures taken under Lord Grey to suppress the rebellion of the Desmonds, the Queen was desirous of repeopling the country with English families. Accordingly the large territories of the Earl of Desmond were divided into seigniories among a number of *gentlemen undertakers*, as they were termed; persons who bound themselves to cultivate and improve the estates thus granted them. Sir Walter Raleigh received for his share 42,000 acres in the counties of Cork and Waterford; Spenser, 3,028 acres in the county of Cork. The date of his grant is said to be June 27th, 1586,<sup>2</sup>

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altogether unplausible that this latter (and perhaps the former as well) was the same Spenser that was charged with despatches to the Queen from the English Ambassador in Paris, in 1569. There is no reason at all for identifying any of these with the poet.

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. V. p. 374.

<sup>2</sup> Birch cited by Todd, Life, p. xlix. This is the date of the Queen's articles for the plantation of Munster, an abstract of which is given in Smith's History of Cork, I. 60-63. Mr. Har

and we may believe that so poor a man entered into possession immediately.

In the summer<sup>1</sup> (or perhaps the autumn) of 1589, Spenser received at Kilcolman a visit from Sir Walter Raleigh, who, being then out of favor with the Queen, may have thought the opportunity a good one for attending to his Irish estates. Spenser had, it is believed, acquired Raleigh's friendship while the one was secretary, and the other a captain in the army, under Lord Grey, and, since the lamented death of Sidney,<sup>2</sup> there was no man at court on whose generous patronage the poet could with such confidence rely. To Raleigh, then, himself a poet and the most accomplished of knights, Spenser determined to submit the three books which he had now finished of

diman (Irish Ministrelsy, I. 320) says: "On the plantation of that province, Queen Elizabeth, by letters patent, dated 26th of October, 1591, granted him the manor and castle of Kyleolman, with other lands, containing 3,028 acres, in the baron of Fermoy, county of Cork, also chief rents, 'forfeited by the late lord of Thetmore, and the late traitor, Sir John of Desmond.' *Orig. Fiant, Rolls Office, Dublin.*" Sir William Betham, in his pedigree of Spenser (*Gentleman's Magazine*, Aug. 1842, p. 140), says he "had a grant of Kilcolman, and other lands, by patent dated 26th of October, 1591 (3,028 acres English, held by common socage)." This last account may be taken from the former. There is either some mistake about this second date, or, which is more probable, a new patent was issued in 1591, confirming or extending the privileges granted by that of 1586.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Walter returned from the Portugal expedition towards the end of June, 1589, and on the 17th of August following Captain Francis Allen writes to Antony Bacon, Esq., that "my lord of Essex hath chased Mr. Raleigh from the court and confined him into Ireland." (See Todd's *Life of Spenser*, p. lii.)

<sup>2</sup> It occurred in October, 1586. — Sidney appears to have en-

his great chivalrous tale ; and never was author more fortunate in his choice of a judge. Ten years before this he had communicated to Harvey some portion of an heroic poem which he called the Fairy Queen, and solicited his opinion. The reply of this learned Theban was not favorable.<sup>1</sup> "In good faith," says he, "I had once again nigh forgotten your Fairy Queen ; howbeit, by good chance, I have now sent her home at the last, neither in better nor worse case than I found her. And must you of necessity have my judgment of her indeed ? To be plain, I am void of all judgment, if your Nine Comedies, whereunto, in imitation of Herodotus, you give the names of the Nine Muses, (and in one man's fancy not unworthily,) come not nearer Ariosto's Comedies, either for the fineness of plausible elocution, or the rareness of poetical invention, than that Elvish Queen doth to his Orlando Furioso ; which, notwithstanding, you will needs seem to emulate, and hope to overgo, as you flatly professed yourself in one of your last letters. . . . . But I will not stand greatly with you in your own matters. If so be the Fairy Queen be fairer in your eye than the Nine Muses, and Hob-

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couraged Spenser to undertake a poem in honor of Elizabeth, if he did not even suggest the theme. See the verses by W. L., *post*, p. 15: —

" And as Ulysses brought faire Thetis sonne  
From his retyred life to menage armes,  
So Spencer was, by Sidneys speeches, wonne  
To blaze Her fame, not fearing future harmes."

<sup>1</sup> To judge by the faint praise bestowed in his complimentary verses (*post*, p. 13), Harvey never heartily liked the Fairy Queen, He evidently preferred the Shepherds' Calendar.

goblin run away with the garland from Apollo, mark what I say,—and yet I will not say that I thought—but there an end for this once, and fare you well till God or some good angel put you in a better mind.” Such was not the judgment of Raleigh. Enchanted with this adventurous song, he would not allow the poet to remain any longer buried in the obscurity of an Irish wilderness. He was ambitious of presenting a man of such extraordinary merit to the Queen, and prevailed on Spenser to accompany him to England with that object.<sup>1</sup>

How much of the *Fairy Queen* was written before 1580, it is impossible to say.<sup>2</sup> It was undoubtedly, in the main, as the author says, “the fruit of savage soil,”<sup>3</sup> the product of a long and industrious seclusion in Ireland. After having kept them by him full nine years, Spenser committed the first three books to the press. The volume which contained them was entered in the Stationers’ Registers on the 1st of December, 1589, and was published in 1590. Annexed to this volume was the well-known letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, in which the plan of the whole poem is distinctly set forth. It was to portray in the person of Prince Arthur, before he became king, the image of a brave knight perfected in the twelve private Moral Virtues. This was to be accomplished

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<sup>1</sup> See Colin Clout’s come Home again, v. 178–193.

<sup>2</sup> “Lately at the College, taking down the wainscot of his chamber, they found an abundance of cards with stanzas of the *Fairy Queen* written on them.”—Aubrey, on the authority of Dryden.

<sup>3</sup> See the Sonnets to the Earl of Ormond and to Lord Grey. *op.* 22, 24.

in twelve books, and then, if the undertaking proved successful, another poem was projected which should exhibit the Political Virtues in the same hero, after he came to be king. Only one half of the first part of this vast design was completed.

We may presume that Raleigh lost no time in bringing Spenser under the notice of his royal mistress. He was graciously received, and allowed at various times to read portions of his poem to the Queen;<sup>1</sup> and to her also it was dedicated upon its publication. By Raleigh he had been led to expect that her Majesty's bounty would be exerted in his behalf, and we may infer from several passages in Colin Clout's *come Home* again, that, in case of his meeting with sufficient encouragement, he was inclined to take up his residence in England. But the road to court favor was found to be neither smooth nor short, and the impatient poet was destined "in suing long to bide." Spenser's patrons belonged to a party hostile to Burleigh, and in the *Shepherds' Calendar* he had spoken in terms distasteful to his lordship of the sequestration of Archbishop Grindal: these circumstances, together with the Treasurer's general contempt for "ballad-makers," proved a serious obstacle to his obtaining even that benefaction which Elizabeth was willing to grant. He had his "Prince's grace, but lacked her Peer's."<sup>2</sup> Such at least was the poet's and the common opinion, and

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<sup>1</sup> Colin Clout, v. 362.

<sup>2</sup> The tradition that the Queen's liberality was obstructed by Lord Burleigh (preserved in Fuller's *Worthies*, and rejected by Todd as wanting sufficient authority) is confirmed by an *entrv*

though Spenser afterwards denied<sup>1</sup> that he had ever intended to reflect on this powerful minister in any of his writings, it is impossible to understand the indignant verses, so often quoted, in the *Ruins of Time* and *Mother Hubberd's Tale*, in any other sense. Still, whatever opposition may have been offered to his interests was at last withdrawn, and a pension of fifty pounds a year was conferred upon him in Feb-

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in Manningham's nearly contemporaneous *Diary*, extracted by Mr. Collier in his *Life of Shakespeare*, p. cxxv.

"May 4, 1602. When her Majesty had given order that Spenser should have a reward for his poems, but Spenser could have nothing, he presented her with these verses :

'It pleased your Grace upon a time,  
To grant me reason for my rhyme;  
But from that time until this season,  
I heard of neither rhyme nor reason.'

The account in Fuller runs thus:—

"There passeth a story commonly told and believed, that Spenser, presenting his poems to Queen Elizabeth, she, highly affected therewith, commanded the Lord Cecil, her Treasurer, to give him a hundred pounds; and when the Treasurer (a good steward of the Queen's money) alleged that sum was too much, 'Then give him,' quoth the Queen, 'what is reason': to which the lord consented, but was so busied, belike, about matters of high concernment, that Spenser received no reward. Whereupon he presented this petition in a small piece of paper to the Queen in her progress:—

'I was promised on a time,  
To have reason for my rhyme;  
From that time unto this season,  
I received nor rhyme nor reason.'

Hereupon the Queen gave straight order (not without some check to her Treasurer) for the present payment of the hundred pounds she first intended unto him."—Fuller's *Worthies*, by Nuttall, II. 879.

<sup>1</sup> In the Sixth Book of the *Fairy Queen*, Canto XII. 41.

ruary, 1591: from which time it is thought that he should be considered as filling the office of Poet-Laureate, though he is not named by the title in his patent.<sup>1</sup>

We are unable to determine with exactness the duration of Spenser's visit to England. He came over in the autumn of 1589. The dedication of *Daphnaida* is dated from London, the 1st of January, 1591; <sup>2</sup> that of Colin Clout's *come Home again*, from Kilcolman, the 27th of December, 1591. It is probable, moreover, that he was in the country when he received his pension from the Queen, in February of the same year.<sup>3</sup> He would seem, therefore, to have passed at least a year and a half at court. The miseries which he endured in his pursuit of the favor of the great, he has described in his *Mother Hub-*

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<sup>1</sup> Todd's *Life of Spenser*, p. lxvi.

<sup>2</sup> According to the custom of dating then prevalent, this would be understood to mean January 1, 1592; but if Spenser was in London then, he could not have been in Ireland five days before. Malone and Todd, to be sure, consider the date of the dedication of Colin Clout's *come Home again* to be wrongly printed, and would change 1591 to 1594 or 1595; their reasons, however, are not satisfactory. In the *Amoretti* and the *Shepherds' Calendar*, Spenser begins the year with January, and we have only to suppose him to have done the same in the dedication of his *Daphnaida*, to make all the facts known about this visit consistent, and to save him an unaccountable and unrecorded journey to Ireland.

<sup>3</sup> It has already been noticed (*ante*, p. xxv.) that Mr. Hardiman, quoting an original document in the Rolls Office, Dublin, gives the 26th of October, 1591, as the date of the letters by which Spenser obtained his Irish estate. It is, however, perfectly certain that he was one of the undertakers among whom the forfeited lands of the Earl of Desmond were divided in 1586. Some additional favors may have been granted him while in England, which required the issue of a second patent.



berd's Tale, with an intensity of feeling which nothing but the bitterest experience could inspire :—

“ To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares ;  
 To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire ;  
 To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronue,  
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne —  
 Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,  
 That doth his life in so long tēdance spend ! ”

But all this time was not so ill bestowed. During his residence in England he wrote several poems, and retouched others for publication. Early in 1591 appeared *Daphnida*, an elegy written on the death of Douglas Howard, wife of Arthur Gorges, a poet and scholar to whom Spenser felt a particular attachment. In the course of the same year, Ponsonby, the publisher of the *Fairy Queen*, collected into a small quarto nine short poems, some of them written several years before, which, he says, in his address to the reader, “ were dispersed abroad in sundry hands, and not easy to be come by by [the author] himself ; some of them having been diversly embezzled and purloined from him since his departure over sea,” — that is, his ten years' expatriation in Ireland. To this volume the printer gave the name of COMPLAINTS, a title which indicates a strong tendency in the author's mind, and which would not inappropriately describe nearly the whole collection of his minor poems.

The first poem in this volume, *The Ruins of Time*, is principally devoted to the commemoration of Spenser's earliest patrons, Sir Philip Sidney and the Earl of Leicester, together with other members of that family, and may in fact be regarded as a sort of

posthumous compensation for the *Stemmata Dudleyana*, which, it will be remembered, was never published. From the dedication to the Countess of Pembroke we learn that it was written in England, and at the suggestion of some friends who thought that Spenser had not shown proper gratitude to his deceased benefactors. As Sir Francis Walsingham is spoken of as dead in the course of the piece, it could not have been finished before April 6th, 1590, when that event occurred.

The second piece in this volume, *The Tears of the Muses*,<sup>1</sup> if not remarkable for poetical merits, is extremely interesting, from the light it throws on the condition of literature at the time when it was written. This must have been in 1590, while Spenser was still fretting at the insensibility of those mighty peers who would spend nothing in the patronage of genius, but wasted their revenues in sumptuous pride and vulgar pleasures. In the excess of his resentment he penned this lamentation of "the thrice three Muses" on the contempt into which poetry had fallen, reiterating at greater length, and in general terms (which still invite a particular application), those complaints which the supposed hostility of Burleigh had evoked in the *Ruins of Time*. But although the occasion and the principal burden of these doleful strains seem to be the private grievances of the author, they sometimes take a wider

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<sup>1</sup> This was dedicated to Lady Strange, sixth daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, and a relative of the poet. It was for her and her daughter's husband, the Earl of Bridgewater, that Milton composed his *Arcades and Comus*.

range. The Mar-prelate controversy was now raging violently, and, while the mind of the nation was occupied with polemics, a writer who did not join one side or the other was not likely to receive much attention. No talents are too mean for such disputes, and it must have been humiliating indeed to a man like Spenser to be eclipsed by a crowd of vulgar and ignorant wranglers. The controversy was carried into the theatres, and their license to entertain the people was abused by a free handling of "matters of state and religion." The consequences which ensued are depicted in striking terms in the Complaint of Thalia. Shameless ribaldry and scurrilous folly drove out innocent mirth and "seasoned wit"; and that gentle spirit who had already, at the age of twenty-six, extinguished the fame of every rival on the comic stage, OUR PLEASANT WILLY, withdrew himself from the revolting scene, until the reign of reason and taste should be restored.<sup>1</sup>

Next follows *Virgil's Gnat*, a skilful and pleasing paraphrase of the *Culex*. We read on the title-page that this had long before been dedicated to the Earl of Leicester. It must, therefore, have been written between 1579 and 1588, the year in which Leicester died, and (as it has reference to some offence which Spenser had undesignedly given his patron) probably as early as 1580, while the poet was still in the Earl's service. This, then, would be one of those poems

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<sup>1</sup> There can be no longer any question whether Shakespeare is meant by "our pleasant Willy." See Collier's *Life of Shakespeare*, Chap. VII.; Knight's *Biography*, pp. 342 - 348.

which had been for several years circulating in manuscript, and the preservation of which we may owe to the printer Ponsonby.

Virgil's Gnat is succeeded by *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, a satire in the manner of Chaucer, full of point and spirit, and penned with an energy uncommon to Spenser. This delightful piece was, according to the author, composed in the "raw conceit of his youth." If so, it was probably written before he went to Ireland,<sup>1</sup> and while he was still waiting for preferment at Leicester House. A second and more irritating experience of life at court would enable him to deepen the colors and sharpen the strokes of his earlier sketch. The whole composition was no doubt worked over before it was published, and some of the most vigorous passages appear to have been added during this revision.

After *Mother Hubbard's Tale* comes the *Ruins of Rome*, a series of thirty-two sonnets translated from Bellay's *Antiquities of Rome*, to which is added an Envoy. These translations are printed without dedication or any sort of preface, and, like all the remaining pieces in the *Complaints*, except the poem which is next to be noticed, are ascribed to Spenser solely on the authority of Ponsonby. If really his, they may be considered as youthful performances to which he attached no great value.

*Muiopotmos*, or *The Fate of the Butterfly*, is dated,

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<sup>1</sup> As Todd has remarked, the description of the ape at court (v. 663 - 679) may have reference to the same "great magnifico" satirized by Harvey in his *Speculum Tuscanismi*. See Harvey's letter to Spenser of the 23d of April, 1580.

probably by mistake of the printer, 1590, instead of 1591. There is reason to suppose that it was published before the rest of the volume. An enthusiastic critic has pronounced this airy little poem the most beautiful thing in Spenser out of the magic circle of the Fairy Queen;<sup>1</sup> but, with all its grace, it is deficient in that "minute pencilling of nature" which the character of the piece required, and though carefully elaborated, it is not picturesque. If *Muiopotmos* be meant for anything more than a simple tale of a spider and a fly, or a fable with the general moral of the insecurity of youth and happiness, the enigma which it contains defies solution. The date of the composition cannot be fixed.

Three series of *Visions*, the second translated from Bellay, the third from Petrarch, form the remainder of the Complaints. They set forth through a succession of *tableaux* the instability of glory and the vanity of all worldly things, — Spenser's most favorite theme. Their stately eloquence is rather impressive, and we do not hesitate to call them, with the printer, "meditations very grave and profitable." The interesting question concerning the authorship of the last two has already been noticed.<sup>2</sup>

In December, 1591, we find Spenser again in Kilcolman. Some of the brilliant expectations he indulged on his first setting out for England may not have been realized, but he was henceforth to receive the liberal pension of 50*l.* a year, a sum equivalent

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<sup>1</sup> Christopher North in *Blackwood's Magazine*, November, 1833.

<sup>2</sup> *Ante*, pp. x., xi.

to at least two hundred and fifty at the present time. Before leaving Ireland he had probably assigned his office of Clerk of the Council of Munster to another person,<sup>1</sup> for valuable considerations. In this case, he would now be entirely at leisure to cultivate the Muses.

His first production was the so-called pastoral of *Colin Clout's come Home again*; an offering of gratitude to Raleigh, the Queen, and others who had befriended him, expressed under the form of a description of his sojourn in England. In this poem he gives a history "agreeing," he assures us, "with the truth, in circumstance and matter," of the visit paid him by Raleigh in 1589, their voyage in company to England, and his introduction to Queen Elizabeth, and sketches briefly the most distinguished poets and scholars, and the most beautiful ladies, that adorned the metropolis and the court. The perfections of the Queen are extolled in lofty phrases, nor is the occasion lost to read inexperienced "shepherds" one lesson more on the dangers and vexations that hedge the way to preferment with princes. A sharp tirade against the vices of courts, and the abuses practised there in the name of Love, conducts to a long metaphysical exposition of the nature of that passion, and this not very appropriate episode is terminated by a fervid eulogy of Rosalind, to whom the poet still professes an everlasting devotion:—

"And ye, my fellow shepherds, which do see  
And hear the languours of my too long dying,

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<sup>1</sup> See page xli. of this Memoir.

Unto the world forever witnesse bee  
 That hers I die, nought to the world denying  
 This simple trophe of her great conquest."

The poem on being finished was dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh, in a letter dated December 27, 1591,<sup>1</sup> and was no doubt despatched to him over sea, fresh from the author's pen. Like many other compositions of Spenser, it remained unprinted several years, but it was probably read extensively in manuscript.<sup>2</sup> It was made public in 1595, together with other pieces, in a small quarto, and before it appeared at least one passage was interpolated, suggested by an event that had occurred since 1591: this was a notice of the death of the Earl of Derby, (the husband of one of Spenser's kinswomen, and himself a poet,) which took place in April, 1594.

The other pieces which were included in the same volume with Colin Clout's come Home again, are all elegies on the death of Sir Philip Sidney, and as such would most naturally have been composed towards the end of the year 1586. They are by various authors, Spenser's, which is entitled "Astro-

<sup>1</sup> Todd's reasons for changing this date to 1594 or 1595 have no force whatever. The Rosamond and the Cleopatra of Daniel are probably alluded to, v. 416 - 427, and neither of them was published until after 1591. But Spenser may have seen them in writing, as he had the Eliseis of Alabaster (v. 400 - 411); or if he had not, there still was an opportunity for him to insert his compliment in 1595. See also the notes, Vol. IV. pp. 377, 385.

<sup>2</sup> Whether this was owing to the caution of booksellers or to the indifference of authors, it was extremely common in those days. The Elegy on the death of Sir Philip Sidney must have been written about nine years before it was printed.

phel,<sup>1</sup> a Pastoral Elegy," being the best, where none are of first-rate merit.

There are no indications that the feeling with which Rosalind had inspired the youthful scholar fresh from the University was ever very deep; at any rate, her image had long since been transferred from his heart to his fancy, and had become the object of mere poetic contemplation. But whatever may be thought of this attachment, its flame was now, at the distance of only a year from the time when the lines just quoted from Colin Clout were penned, to be extinguished in a more serious and a more fortunate passion. Henceforth we hear no more of Rosalind, except in that Canto of the Fairy Queen where her pride and cruelty are represented as visited with a heavy punishment.<sup>2</sup> The history of his successful courtship is minutely detailed by the lover himself in the *Amoretti*, and ranges in time from the end of 1592 to the early part of 1594.<sup>3</sup> The lady's name was Elizabeth. In the Fairy Queen she is called a country lass, and in the Epithalamion she is said to live near the sea. Her position in society was not

<sup>1</sup> Sidney in his love-poems calls his mistress Stella and himself Astrophel, coining this last out of the Greek equivalent for Stella and the first syllable of his own Christian name.

<sup>2</sup> Book VI. Canto VII. Compare the passage in Colin Clout, v. 903 - 951.

<sup>3</sup> See the first page of this Memoir, and Vol. V. p. 241. The number of Spenser's children, four, or possibly five, shows that he could not have been married later than 1594. Nor can we well suppose that he was married earlier than that, for the Sonnets begin with the close of a year, and the language used of Rosalind in Colin Clout will not admit of our believing this to be the year 1591.



improbably the same as that of the "merchant's daughters," to whom an appeal is made in the same poem. In a pedigree "compiled from the records of Ireland" by Sir William Betham, she is indeed set down as daughter of an anonymous peasant of obscure family; but no reader of the Sonnets will believe that the object of such respectful, as well as ardent, devotion was a Dulcinea who owed all her charms and accomplishments to a Quixotic imagination, or doubt that she was a gentlewoman of a station and breeding equal to those of her admirer. After a hard siege of more than a year, in which the assailant suffered many a rebuff, this "sweet warrior" surrendered, and the marriage took place (apparently in the city of Cork<sup>1</sup>) on St. Barnabas's day, 1594. The charms of his Elizabeth are profusely celebrated by Spenser in his Amoretti, in the Fairy Queen,<sup>2</sup> and best of all in his Epithalamion. Love roused his whole nature into action, and excess of happiness stirred his serene temper to an unwonted depth. Accordingly, he who would get at once the truest and the most favorable idea of the man, should read these Sonnets and this Marriage Song. "His Amoretti overflow with all love's tenderest fancies. All those in which joy is subdued by serious thought, and in which he looks with conjugal eyes and with a conjugal heart on his betrothed, are beautiful exceedingly." But this is not praise enough for the matchless Epithalamion. "Joy, Love, Desire, Passion, Gratitude,

<sup>1</sup> See Epithalamion, v. 167. Killeolman was in the vicinity of Cork.

<sup>2</sup> Book VI. Canto X.

Religion, rejoice in presence of Heaven to take possession of Affection, Beauty, and Innocence. Faith and Hope are bridesmaids, and holiest incense is burning on the altar.”<sup>1</sup>

The Amoretti and Epithalamion were entered in the Stationers’ Registers on the 19th of November, 1594, and were published in the following year.<sup>2</sup>

While Spenser was inditing these love-poems, and was to all appearance absorbed in the sentiment which inspired them, he was so far from neglecting his estates as to incur the imputation of attempting to add to them by encroachments and oppressive legal proceedings. There are passages in his minor poems which indicate a temperament somewhat irritable and suspicious; he was doubtless sufficiently jealous of his rights, and the hostility of the native landholders among whom he was settled would be certain to bring him into collision with them. It would be no wonder, therefore, if he became unpopular among his

<sup>1</sup> Christopher North in Blackwood’s Magazine, November, 1833.

<sup>2</sup> They were dedicated by Ponsonby to Sir Robert Needham, in the following terms:—

“SIR:—

“To gratulate your safe return from Ireland, I had nothing so ready, nor thought anything so meet, as those sweet-conceited Sonnets, the deed of that well-deserving gentleman, Master Edmund Spenser; whose name sufficiently warranting the worthiness of the work, I do more confidently presume to publish in his absence. This gentle Muse, for her former perfection long wished for in England, now at the length crossing the seas to your happy company (though to yourself unknown) seemeth to make choice of you, &c.

“Yours in all dutiful affection,

“W. P.”

neighbors, and if his memory, which, we are told, is still preserved in the vicinity of Kilcolman, should not be regarded by their posterity with affection or respect. The particular aggressions with which he is charged are thus stated by Mr. Hardiman in his *Irish Ministrelsy*<sup>1</sup>: —

“In 1593, Maurice, Lord Roche, Viscount Fermoy, petitioned the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, stating, ‘where[as] one Edmund Spenser, gentleman, hath lately exhibited suit against your suppliant for three plough lands, parcel of Shanballymore (your suppliant’s inheritance), before the Vice-President and Council of Munster, which land hath been heretofore decreed for your suppliant against the said Spenser and others under whom he conveyed; and nevertheless, for that the said Spenser, being clerk of the Council in the said province, and *did assign his office unto one Nicholas Curteys*, among other agreements with covenant that during his life he should be free in the said office for his causes, by occasion of which immunity he doth multiply suits against your suppliant, in the said province, upon pretended title of others.’ — *Orig. Rolls Office*. At the same time, Lord Roche presented another petition against Joan Ny Callaghan, whom he states to be his opponent ‘by supportation and maintenance of Edmund Spenser, gentleman, a heavy adversary unto your suppliant.’ — *Orig.* He again exhibited another plaint, ‘that Edmund Spenser of Kilcolman, gentleman, hath entered into three plough lands, parcel of Ballingerath, and disseized your suppliant thereof, and continueth by countenance and greatness the possession thereof, and maketh great waste of the wood of the said land, and converteth a great deal of corn growing thereupon to his proper use, to the damage of the complainant of two hundred pounds sterling. Whereunto the said Edmund Spenser appearing in person had several days prefixed unto him peremptorily to answer, which he neglected to do; therefore after a day of grace given,’ on the 12th of February, 1594, Lord Roche was decreed his possession. — *Orig. Decree.*”

In the eightieth Sonnet, written some time after

Easter, 1594, we are told that six books of the **Fairy Queen** are finished, and the author, indirectly apologizing to Elizabeth (as he had done in the thirty-third) for not finishing his undertaking, desires leave to rest awhile, and gather breath for the second portion of his task. His marriage followed soon after this Sonnet was written, and as there is no work that we can assign to the period immediately succeeding the nuptials, we are at liberty to believe that the poet was occupied for a year or more with the preparation of his *View of the State of Ireland*. The second part of the **Fairy Queen** was entered in the Stationers' Registers on the 20th of January, 1596, and was published in the course of the same year, together with a new edition of the first three books, in which some judicious changes and corrections were made. The six books were reprinted in a single folio in 1609, and then, ten years after the author's death, appeared for the first time the *Two Cantos of Mutability*, which were to have formed a part of some subsequent book. It is not known that any more of the **Fairy Queen** was ever written. Sir James Ware, to be sure, states confidently that the latter part was finished in Ireland, and was lost by the carelessness of a servant by whom it was sent to England. But it is inconceivable that the poet should have accomplished in the four years between 1594 and 1598, interrupted as that time was by his marriage and by a long visit to England, a task equal in extent and superior in difficulty (since the adventures left unfinished in the first six books were to be formed, together with those which should succeed, into a con-

sistent whole) to that on which he had expended full sixteen.<sup>1</sup> The only positive evidence of importance which bears on the subject is the inscription of an epigram cited by Todd from a book of Sir John Stradling (*Epigrammatum Libri Quatuor*), published in 1607: "Ad Edm. Spenser, eximium poetam, *de exemplaribus suis quibusdam manuscriptis, ab Hibernicis exlegibus igne crematis, in Hibernica defectione.*" Certain papers of Spenser were therefore destroyed by the fire which consumed his dwelling; and if any person shall choose to consider that a part of the concluding books of the Fairy Queen were among them, it will be impossible to refute his opinion.

The superintendence of the publication of the Fairy Queen might naturally call Spenser to England. But other works of his had been printed without his assistance, and a more probable motive for his undertaking the journey is the hope of additional preferment. He crossed the sea, perhaps in the latter part of 1595. In the summer of the following year we

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<sup>1</sup> The testimony of Browne (*Britannia's Pastorals*, Book II Song I.), though not decisive, is worth as much as the hearsay of Sir James Ware, seventeen years later: —

"But ere he ended his melodious song,  
A host of angels flew the clouds among,  
And rapt this swan from his attentive mates."

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (October 15, 1853), considering the case by no means so clear, thus quotes from Mrs. Hall's "Work on Ireland": "More than mere rumor exists for believing that the lost books have been preserved, and that the manuscript was in the possession of a Captain Garrett Nagle within the last forty years." (!)

find him in London, beginning his *Prothalamion* with the old complaint, —

“ long fruitless stay  
In princes court, and expectation vain  
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away.”

This poem, which was made in honor of the marriage of two daughters of the Earl of Worcester, was written and printed in 1596. In September of the same year, Spenser dedicated to the Countesses of Cumberland and Warwick, his *Four Hymns*. The first two of these, those in praise of Love and of Beauty, were, he says, written in the greener times of his youth, and so many copies were scattered abroad, that, when one of these two ladies (a precisian she must have been) advised that they should be suppressed, as being too warm in their tone, it was found impracticable to call them in. To amend the mischief which might have been done by these hymns of earthly Love and Beauty, the author resolved therefore to write two others, of heavenly and celestial, and then very oddly published all four together. More splendid examples of the power of verbal harmony than these compositions afford can nowhere be found in Spenser or any other poet. Both the passionate and the religious sentiment are to a certain degree unreal; the one is blended with metaphysics, the other is too ascetic; but the soul of the reader is taken captive by the concord of sweet sounds, and thought is dissolved into rapturous feeling by long-drawn strains of deep, rich music: —

“ Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,  
Or idle thought of earthly things, remaine;  
But all that earst seemd sweet seemes now offense,  
And all that pleased earst now seemes to paine.

And all that pompe to which proud minds aspyre  
 By name of Honor, and so much desyre,  
 Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,  
 And all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse."

The condition of the unhappy country which Spenser had adopted for his home, and with the government of which he had been in several capacities connected, would necessarily incite a thoughtful mind to inquire into the cause, and to seek for a remedy, of the enormous evils by which it was overrun. The poet gave no little time to these investigations, and had his sympathies been more heartily engaged on the side of the miserable natives, and his attention less exclusively directed to the interest of their foreign masters, his opportunities for observation and his natural sagacity were such as would have enabled him to do both the state and humanity some service, and to have greatly assisted, perhaps, in the solution of a practical problem, the difficulties of which still remain nearly as great as ever.<sup>1</sup> The "View of the State of Ireland, written dialogue-wise between Eudoxus and Irenæus," exhibits the fruits of his inquiries and reflections. It is a very interesting discourse, and admirably written. The evils and abuses which

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<sup>1</sup> "But they say it is the fatal destiny of that land, that no purposes whatsoever which are meant for her good will prosper or take good effect; which, whether it proceed from the very genius of the soil, or influence of the stars, or that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that he reserveth her in this unquiet state still for some secret scourge which shall by her come unto England, it is hard to be known, but yet much to be feared." — Extracted from the Introduction to the View of the State of Ireland, Todd, VIII. 299

require redress are exposed with great power and clearness; the remedy proposed is the same which Lord Grey had employed, and which Spenser had sanctioned in the Legend of Justice, — unsparing, thorough-going force; “a strong hand,” and a free use of the sword.

This treatise was probably composed in Ireland, and, receiving afterwards a few finishing strokes in England, presented in the earlier part of 1596 to the Queen and the most considerable persons of the court.<sup>1</sup> It was first published in 1633, at Dublin, by Sir James Ware. The author doubtless looked to have some reward for the zeal he had displayed for the English government; nor were his claims entirely passed over, for in a letter from the Queen, dated the 30th of September, 1598, he is recommended to the Irish administration to be sheriff of Cork.

There can be no question that Spenser had returned to Kilcolman before this time. He was living on his estates in October, 1598, when the insurrection in Munster broke out. None of the English undertakers could expect mercy of the rebels, and Spenser least of all. They pillaged his goods and burnt his house. He escaped with his wife, but an infant

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<sup>1</sup> The date of the manuscripts, of which not a few remain, is said to be uniformly 1596; but the work is too elaborate to have been written, as Todd supposes, in the first half of that year. The various copies were perhaps adapted to the more or less ferocious tastes, and to the private enmities, of the parties to whom they were submitted. “In some manuscripts I have seen,” says Todd, “the severity of Spenser, as well in respect to certain families as to the nation in general, is considerably amplified” (!) — Life of Spenser, p. cxxvi.



child, so says Ben Jonson,<sup>1</sup> perished in the flames. Thus stripped of all his means of living except his pension, Spenser naturally took refuge in England. But he survived his misfortunes only three months. He died at an inn in King Street, Westminster, on the 16th of January (O. S.), 1599.<sup>2</sup> He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and, as was most fit, next to Chaucer. The Earl of Essex undertook the charge of his funeral; poets attended upon his hearse, and mournful elegies, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into his tomb.<sup>3</sup> We are informed by Browne in his *Britannia's Pastorals*,<sup>4</sup> that Queen Elizabeth had ordered a splendid monument to her laureate,

<sup>1</sup> *Conversations with Drummond*, (Shakespeare Society,) p. 12.

<sup>2</sup> "He died for lack of bread, in King Street, and refused twenty pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, and said, 'He was sorry he had no time to spend them.'" — *Jonson's Conversations with Drummond*, p. 12. This absurd and calumnious piece of gossip (now generally rejected as such) is confuted at length by Todd, who, however, also exceeds his authority when he states that Spenser's heart was broken by his misfortunes.

<sup>3</sup> *Todd's Life*, pp. cxxix., cxxx.

<sup>4</sup> The passage, which was first cited in Craik's *Spenser and his Poetry*, occurs at the end of the first Song of the Second Book.

"Mighty Nereus' queen,

In memory of what was heard and seen,  
Employed a factor, fitted well with store  
Of richest gems, refined Indian ore,  
To raise, in honor of his worthy name,  
A Pyramis, whose head, like winged Fame,  
Should pierce the clouds, yea, seem the stars to kiss,  
And Mausolus' great tomb might shroud in his.  
The will had been performance, had not Fate,  
That never knew how to commiserate,  
Suborned curst Avarice to lie in wait  
For that rich prey (gold is a taking bait)•

but that her design was frustrated through the avarice of some person whom he does not mention. The monument which actually stands over the poet's remains was erected by Anne, Countess of Dorset, about thirty years after his death, and restored in 1778 at the expense of Pembroke College.

The pedigree of Spenser, as compiled by Sir William Betham from the Records of Ireland, assigns to him four children, Sylvanus, Catherine, Lawrence, and Peregrine. All of these are said to have attained to adult years, and the oldest and youngest sons are known to have left offspring of their own. To these four we are to add, if we accept Ben Jonson's authority, the infant child that was lost at the destruction of Kilcolman, making in all the highly improbable number of five. Persons still survive who claim to be lineally derived from this illustrious source; but a satisfactory case cannot be made out, and, in the opinion of Mr. Hardiman, the family long since became extinct. Undoubted descendants of the poet's sister Sarah were existing in 1845, under the name of Travers.<sup>1</sup> His wife was remarried, shortly after his death, to one Roger Seckerstone.

Besides the pieces already mentioned, there will

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Who, closely lurking like a subtle snake  
Under the covert of a thorny brake,  
Seized on the factor by fair Thetis sent,  
And robbed our Colin of his monument."

<sup>1</sup> An interesting investigation of all the known facts respecting Spenser's descendants and family connections is given further on in an Appendix, which has been extracted from Craik's *Spenser and his Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 243.

be found in these volumes five Epigrams, which are appended to the Amoretti in the first folio edition of Spenser's complete poems (1611), and as many Sonnets, one addressed to Harvey, the others prefixed, by way of compliment to the author or publisher, to certain translations from the French and Italian which appeared between 1595 and 1599. Other works have been attributed to him, but none, it is believed, upon sufficient reasons.

Several portraits of Spenser have been preserved, and two have been published. "Mr. Beeston" told Aubrey that "he was a little man, wore short hair, little band, and little cuffs."

The foregoing sketch, while it presents a summary of all that can now be ascertained of the uneventful career of the writer, does not afford a satisfactory insight into the character and spirit of the man. This can only be attained by reading his works in the light derived from a knowledge of his life and fortunes. Feeling himself predestined to poetry, Spenser listened to no other vocation. Literature was not yet for a long time to become one of the recognized and profitable professions. No great poet before Shakespeare ever made a fortune from the public by his writings. Those who set up to live by their wits (and men of genius tried the experiment) fell into the vilest prostitution, and sometimes perished in misery. The choice was indeed the patron or the jail. Spenser never had any doubt or made any secret of his preference. The very plan of the *Fairy Queen*, a plan formed early in life, perhaps at college, implies

a design on Elizabeth's strong-box and the good offices of twelve of her knights. Bashfulness did not long stand in his way. He was resolved to have a share in "that rich fee which poets wont divide." In the *Shepherds' Calendar* he urges his claims with some confidence; with time he grew clamorous, and he was, to speak the truth, throughout his life an importunate suitor. Sidney, Leicester, Earl Grey, and Raleigh successively befriended him, and the Queen gave him first a considerable estate, and then a respectable stipend. Thus he procured the leisure to exercise his pen, "the vacant head which verse demands,"<sup>1</sup> but he incurred at the same time the obligations of a court-poet, which, though they may have sat lightly on the shoulders of a loyal subject and an humble offshoot of the aristocracy, by nature prone to admiration, led him sometimes into servile compliances and into a habit of adulation. We join in the praises bestowed on Sidney, the true "precedent of nobleness and chivalry"; we demur not to his laudation of the virtue and the personal charms of Elizabeth,<sup>2</sup> whom he saw through the glowing haze of the divinity that doth hedge a king, and whose red hair might well look golden as she was dispensing her praises and her pensions; we can even excuse the eager partisan who

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<sup>1</sup> See *Shepherds' Calendar*, October, v. 100.

<sup>2</sup> "It is often ludicrous to witness Spenser's trepidation on finding that he has gone too far in praise of beauty. Whether speaking in his own character, or that of another, he checks himself at full speed, and lugs in the Queen. Sure as fate, there comes that everlasting Cynthia." — Christopher North, *Blackwood's Magazine*, Nov. 1833.

vilified the Queen of Scots and justified her execution; but we cannot applaud the panegyrist of Lord Grey's administration in Ireland, or of Leicester's campaign in the Netherlands. And, speaking more generally, we do not love to see our "sage, serious Spenser" turn his great moral song into a venal eulogy of the great, — committing, as it were, the ineffectual simony of selling niches in the Temple of Fame.

But conformity was the vice of the times, — it could plead the example of innumerable churchmen, — and flattery was a custom, and almost a necessity, among poets. Spenser was no innovator; he was not haunted by an austere, uncompromising conscience, by a restless intellectual scepticism, or even curiosity; he was not impatient of authority and routine. In his youth he was indeed a Puritan, but against the natural tendency of his mind, which should rather have been to Catholicism; the reason was, his patrons supported the Low-Church party. He was satisfied with the existing order of things, provided men of letters were handsomely maintained. What he wanted was the complete command of his time, — comfort and ease, not idleness, for in labor he was indefatigable. He would not sacrifice everything to obtain this. We should be sorry to do less than justice to the moral elevation of his purposes and of his poetry. He aspired to give us "nobler loves and nobler cares"; nay, sometimes, doubtless, more religiously, "to make men heavenly wise through humbled will." This aspiration he has expressed in one of his early pieces.

"O what an honor is it to restrain  
The lust of lawless youth with good advice!"

But his courage quailed before poverty. He could not maintain so high a flight on an empty stomach. We wish he had been born to a competency. He would then have been spared much irritation of spirit, and we some unmanly complaints, while the suspicion of rapacity and oppression would never have darkened the fame of one who was surely, on the whole, a gentle and upright man.

In his ready adoption of the prevailing fashions of literature we have another manifestation of his conservative, or, let us rather say, of his yielding disposition, and of the facility with which he took the color of circumstances. In the *Shepherds' Calendar* he kept up the intolerable practice of systematic alliteration. In his greatest works he was contented to repeat the commonplaces of classic poetry, mythology, and philosophy, and to imitate the Italians where the Italians had imitated the ancients. It is to the moralities and the pageants that we owe his frequent personifications; it was the allegory which the commentators had constructed on the *Orlando*, and *Tasso* upon his *Jerusalem*, that led him to make the *Fairy Queen* a deliberately "dark conceit." But all this was to be expected of a character so placid and unenterprising.

The better part of Spenser's life was spent in Ireland, in what must be regarded as seclusion. Some time was given to business, some to study. *Lodowick Bryskett* says he was "not only perfect in the Greek tongue, but also very well read in Philosophy, both moral and natural." Of course he was a scholar, and had a well-stored mind, but his learning has been

greatly overstated. There is nothing in his poetry, or in the man, which should lead us to think that he regretted the loss of society. He was a faithful friend to Harvey, and at forty became an ardent lover; but it strikes us that his sympathies were contracted, and his affections not very active. His acquaintance seems to have lain among courtiers, scholars, and book-characters. Mankind he may have understood, for we are assured that he was versed in moral philosophy; but men he had not profoundly studied, not even his own heart. There are few, if any, traces of self-discipline, of a struggle with nature, in all his writings; which requires explanation in so contemplative a poet. He seems never to have known a great sorrow. The "atmosphere of mild melancholy" which hangs over his compositions is deceptive. It is in part an illusion produced on the reader by the habitually pensive attitude of his mind, or by the melody of his verse: we can never be merry when we hear such sweet music. Some of it is a humorous sadness, nor does it appear in any great degree to have sprung from a rooted discontent with his position and prospects in life, or with himself. His passions gave him very little trouble. He knew them in a general way, but not as a man knows his mortal enemy when he has grappled with him. He could give an outside view of any one of them, but could not depict the complex as it exists in human hearts. He had not dramatic perception or power: his men and women are mere abstractions, and, roughly speaking, they are all alike. He probably consulted well for his reputation in suppressing his juvenile comedies,

for his comic vein was extremely thin, and adapted only to satire. His acquaintance with the material world was as superficial as his knowledge of character. There is a forest and there is a garden in the *Fairy Queen*, and his verse is thick bestrewn with flowers; but there are no traces that Nature and he had often been together. He has his primroses, his daisies and daffodils, but not the dew-filled primroses of Herrick, the mountain daisy of Burns, or the golden daffodils of Wordsworth. In connection with these peculiarities must be noticed the coldness of his temperament. If we admire his tranquil health and uniform vigor, we miss the intense nervous energy and the fine frenzy of poets compact of more fiery substance. He often affects enthusiasm, indeed, but seldom feels it. Only twice has he risen far above his ordinary calm level; in *Mother Hubbard's Tale* and in his *Marriage Song*. In the one case, disappointment, and perhaps insult, had stung him into hearty indignation; in the other, his entire being, "liver, brain, and heart," was possessed and stimulated by the new-born passion of love. Of power he exhibits no lack, — who has not felt his strength, though wielded with such grace, in the allegory of *Despair*? — but it is power for the most part too much diffused to produce great effects. He has few of those pregnant lines, those quintessential abridgments of thought and feeling, which, once read, stick for ever in the memory, and gradually become adopted into the language itself. Three or four phrases of the sort have a currency in more elegant literature; not one has taken its place among the proverbs of the



people. A similar want of concentration is the fault of his descriptions, which are often lively and splendid, seldom striking and picturesque. They do not seize on the characteristic feature of the subject, and consequently make only a vague impression on persons of ordinary imagination. His pictures are vivid without being sharply defined, and are adapted less to the focus of common vision than to that of the poetical eye, which is naturally constituted to correct such a defect.

But if Spenser's imagination was not comprehensive, precise, and bold, it was fertile, rich, and various. If he was destitute of profound passion and warm sympathy with his kind, he manifests a natural gentleness, a noble sentiment, and an exquisite moral purity, which thoroughly engage our interest and our esteem. The most characteristic quality of his mind is undoubtedly sensibility to beauty. This may account for whatever want of originality there may seem to be in his compositions, and for his dealing so little with real human concerns. Such a susceptibility would lead him to repose, rather than to action; to accept readily traditions of all sorts; to stand aloof from the harsh and vulgar facts of actual life; to linger among the mellow scenes of the past and in the twilight realms of fancy; to dream over the ruins of time, obsolete institutions, and creeds outworn. Most peculiar is the modification which this faculty, combined with moral purity, gives to his love of woman. Voluptuous though this be, it is ever controlled and chastened by a predominant feeling of the beauty of holiness.

Spenser's most extraordinary power is that of language, the power of conveying impressions by sounds. It is through the ear more than the eye that he achieves his triumphs, and he makes up by his mastery over this art for many other deficiencies. The pathos of his verse affects us when his sentiments do not. In him more than in any other of our poets do music and sweet poetry agree; one of the arts is complementary to the other, and he produces some of the effects of both. No instrument known before his time was capable of expressing his deep and complex harmonies, and he invented<sup>1</sup> one which many a genius has since touched skilfully, but none with the hand of the master, who, through nearly four thousand stanzas, adapted it to a great variety of subjects and proved it equal to all. If we consider that a peculiar organization is necessary for the appreciation of melody, we shall not wonder at the widely different estimate which is put upon Spenser even by persons of poetical taste. He has most justly been called "the poets' poet." Historically, nothing can be more true. Milton, Dryden, Cowley, Thomson, Pope, Gray, Southey, Keats, and we know not how many more, formed or nourished themselves on his strains. It was not so much for the visions he unveiled to their eyes, as for the deep delight his music gave to ears so finely touched. "He will not be adequately appreci-

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<sup>1</sup> The Spenserian stanza agrees exactly through eight lines with that used by Dunbar in "The Merle and the Nightingale." Spenser's invention consisted in adding an Alexandrine, which gave the stanza a new character. See Craik's Spenser and his Poetry, Vol. III. p. 129.

ated or enjoyed by those who regard verse either as a non-essential or as a very subordinate element of poetry. Such minds, however, must miss half the charm of all poetry, . . . . of which verse is as much one of the necessary constituents as passion or imagination itself. Those who dispute this will never be able to prove more than that their own enjoyment of the sensuous part of poetry, which is really that in which its peculiar character resides, is limited or feeble; which it may very well be in minds otherwise highly gifted, and even endowed with considerable imaginative power. The feeling of the merely beautiful, however, or of beauty unimpregnated by something of a moral spirit or meaning, is not likely in such minds to be very deep or strong.”<sup>1</sup>

Of the Fairy Queen we will not attempt to speak in particular, purposing now to leave that office to Campbell. Some reasons why this great poem should not be popular will appear from what has already been said; but that it should be the bugbear it has been to the lovers of poetry is very unfortunate, and is partly the fault of the editors. Let him who would derive from the Fairy Queen the pleasure it is capable of affording skip the preliminary essays of Hughes, Spence, Warton, Upton, and Hurd, and give as little heed as may be to the notes of this and every other edition. The Fairy Queen “is vision unrolled after vision to the sound of endlessly varying music.” Let him not trouble himself, therefore, about its architec-

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<sup>1</sup> See Craik's "Literature and Learning in England," Vol. III pp. 100 - 102, where are excellent remarks on Spenser.

ture, and seek to reduce it to rules of symmetry, or to any other rules save those of a castle in the air. Let him not concern himself about the allegory, which was dark enough two hundred and fifty years ago, and has since become in many places impenetrable. Let him be content to enjoy what others misunderstand, and grateful if a revelation should be made to his inward eye of two meanings, where most readers perceive, and the author haply intended, only one, let him leave such discoveries to inspiration, nor be tempted to consider things too curiously. Let him pass over what he does not like. Spenser will never be read at all, if he is to be diligently perused like the standard histories. "Much depends," says Charles Lamb, "upon *when* and *where* you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the *Fairy Queen* for a stop-gap?" Select rather a June morning, when the brilliant white clouds are sailing slowly through a blue sky, a grassy bank under a tree, looking down a long valley with broken hills in the distance; let mind and body both be at ease, and both disposed to dream, but not to sleep, and when the influences of nature have had their due effect, open, if you please, at the middle of the *Legend of Sir Guyon*.

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"Among the numerous poets belonging exclusively to Elizabeth's reign," says Campbell, "Spenser stands without a class and without a rival. . . . He brought to the subject of the *Fairy Queen* a new and enlarged structure of stanza, elaborate and intricate, but

well contrived for sustaining the attention of the ear, and concluding with a majestic cadence. . . . His command of imagery is wide, easy, and luxuriant. He threw the soul of harmony into our verse, and made it more warmly, tenderly, and magnificently descriptive, than it ever was before, or, with a few exceptions, than it has ever been since. It must certainly be owned, that in description he exhibits nothing of the brief strokes and robust power which characterize the very greatest poets; but we shall nowhere find more airy and expansive images of visionary things, a sweeter tone of sentiment, or a finer flush in the colors of language, than in this Rubens of English poetry. His fancy teems exuberantly in minuteness of circumstance, like a fertile soil sending bloom and verdure through the utmost extremities of the foliage which it nourishes. On a comprehensive view of the whole work, we certainly miss the charm of strength, symmetry, and rapid or interesting progress; for, though the plan which the poet designed is not completed, it is easy to see that no additional cantos could have rendered it less perplexed. But still there is a richness in his materials, even where their coherence is loose, and their disposition confused. The clouds of his allegory may seem to spread into shapeless forms, but they are still the clouds of a glowing atmosphere. Though his story grows desultory, the sweetness and grace of his manner still abide by him. He is like a speaker whose tones continue to be pleasing, though he may speak too long; or like a painter who makes us forget the defect of his design by the magic of his coloring. We always rise from perusing

him with melody in the mind's ear, and with pictures of romantic beauty impressed on the imagination. For these attractions the Fairy Queen will ever continue to be resorted to by the poetical student. It is not, however, very popularly read, and seldom perhaps from beginning to end, even by those who can fully appreciate its beauties. This cannot be ascribed merely to its presenting a few words which are now obsolete; nor can it be owing, as has been sometimes alleged, to the tedium inseparable from protracted allegory. Allegorical fable *may* be made entertaining. With every disadvantage of dress and language, the humble John Bunyan has made this species of writing very amusing.

“The reader may possibly smile at the names of Spenser and Bunyan being brought forward for a moment in comparison; but it is chiefly because the humbler allegorist is so poor in language, that his power of interesting the curiosity is entitled to admiration. We are told by critics that the passions may be allegorized, but that Holiness, Justice, and other such thin abstractions of the mind, are too unsubstantial machinery for a poet;—yet we all know how well the author of the Pilgrim's Progress (and he was a poet though he wrote in prose) has managed such abstractions as Mercy and Fortitude. In his artless hands, those attributes cease to be abstractions, and become our most intimate friends. Had Spenser, with all the wealth and graces of his fancy, given his story a more implicit and animated form, I cannot believe that there was anything in the nature of his machinery to set bounds to his power of enchantment.

Yet, delicious as his poetry is, his story, considered as a romance, is obscure, intricate, and monotonous. He translated entire cantos from Tasso, but adopted the wild and irregular manner of Ariosto. The difference is that Spenser appears, like a civilized being, slow, and sometimes half forlorn, in exploring an uninhabited country, while Ariosto traverses the regions of romance like a hardy native of its pathless wilds. Hurd and others, who forbid us to judge of the Fairy Queen by the test of classical unity, and who compare it to a Gothic church, or a Gothic garden, tell us what is little to the purpose. They cannot persuade us that the story is not too intricate and too diffuse. The thread of the narrative is so entangled, that the poet saw the necessity for explaining the design of his poem in prose, in a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh; and the perspicuity of a poetical design which requires such an explanation may, with no great severity, be pronounced a contradiction in terms. It is degrading to poetry, we shall perhaps be told, to attach importance to the mere story which it relates. Certainly the poet is not a great one, whose only charm is the management of his fable; but where there is a fable, it should be perspicuous.

“There is one peculiarity in the Fairy Queen which, though not a deeply pervading defect, I cannot help considering as an incidental blemish; namely, that the allegory is doubled and crossed with complimentary allusions to living or recent personages, and that the agents are partly historical and partly allegorical. In some instances the characters have a threefold allusion. Gloriana is at once an emblem of

true glory, an empress of Fairy-land, and her Majesty Queen Elizabeth. Envy is a personified passion, and also a witch, and, with no very charitable insinuation, a type of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. The knight in dangerous distress is Henry the Fourth of France; and the knight of magnificence, Prince Arthur, the son of Uther Pendragon, an ancient British hero, is the bulwark of the Protestant cause in the Netherlands. Such distraction of allegory cannot well be said to make a fair experiment of its power. The poet may cover his moral meaning under a single and transparent veil of fiction; but he has no right to muffle it up in foldings which hide the form and symmetry of truth.

“Upon the whole, if I may presume to measure the imperfections of so great and venerable a genius, I think we may say that, if his popularity be less than universal and complete, it is not so much owing to his obsolete language, nor to degeneracy of modern taste, nor to his choice of allegory as a subject, as to the want of that consolidating and crowning strength, which alone can establish works of fiction in the favor of all readers and of all ages. This want of strength, it is but justice to say, is either solely or chiefly apparent when we examine the entire structure of his poem, or so large a portion of it as to feel that it does not impel or sustain our curiosity in proportion to its length. To the beauty of insulated passages who can be blind? The sublime description of ‘*Him who with the Night durst ride,*’ ‘*The House of Riches,*’ ‘*The Canto of Jealousy,*’ ‘*The Masque of Cupid,*’ and other parts, too many



to enumerate, are so splendid, that, after reading them, we feel it for the moment invidious to ask if they are symmetrically united into a whole. Succeeding generations have acknowledged the pathos and richness of his strains, and the new contour and enlarged dimensions of grace which he gave to English poetry. He is the poetical father of a Milton and a Thomson. Gray habitually read him when he wished to frame his thoughts for composition, and there are few eminent poets in the language who have not been essentially indebted to him.

‘ Hither, as to their fountain, other stars  
Repair, and in their urns draw golden light.’ ”

## APPENDIX.

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### SPENSER'S DESCENDANTS AND FAMILY CONNECTIONS.\*

THE first investigation which this subject received was from Dr. Birch, in his *Life of Spenser*, prefixed to the edition of the *Fairy Queen*, published in 3 vols., 4to, in 1751. Some important additional particulars were added by George Chalmers, in his "Supplemental Apology for the Believers in the Shakespeare Papers," 1799. All Birch's and Chalmers's statements are incorporated, along with some further information, in Mr. Todd's *Life of the Poet*, prefixed to his edition of his works in 8 vols., 8vo, 1805. Other facts have since been communicated by Mr. T. Crofton Croker, in his "Researches in the South of Ireland," 4to, 1824; by Mr. J. Hardiman, in his "Irish Minstrelsey," 2 vols., 8vo, 1831; by the Rev. J. Mitford, in the *Life* prefixed to the edition of "Spenser's Poetical Works" in 5 vols., 8vo, 1839; and by Mr. F. C. Spenser, of Halifax, in a paper printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1842.

The entire number of the descendants of Edmund Spenser, mentioned in these various accounts, amounts to above twenty; but at least six or seven of them must be considered as very doubtful. We will enumerate them in their order:—

1. SYLVANUS SPENSER is admitted, on all hands, to have been the eldest son of Edmund Spenser and his wife, of whom we know only that her name was Elizabeth. It appears from a curious document, of which Mr. Hardiman has given an abstract from the original in the Rolls Office, Dublin, that before the year 1603 the poet's widow had contracted a second marriage with one Roger Seckerstone. The document in which this fact is stated is a petition from Sylvanus Spenser to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, representing that the evidences of his late father's lands of Kilcol-

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\* From Craik's "Spenser, and his Poetry," Vol. III. p. 243.

man, and others, to which he was heir, were unjustly withheld from him by his mother and her new husband, and praying remedy. Sylvanus Spenser married Ellen, eldest daughter of David Nangle, or Nagle, of Moneanymy, and of Ellen Roche, daughter of William Roche, of Ballyhowly. Both these estates are in the county of Cork; Moneanymy, or Monanymy, lying a little way south from Kilcolman. Both the Nagles and the Roches were Roman Catholic families; and this connection, as will be seen, had an important influence upon the fate of the Spensers. The mother of Edmund Burke, we may notice in passing, who was a Miss Nagle, and a Catholic lady, is said to have been the grand-niece of this wife of Sylvanus Spenser; and perhaps the great orator derived his Christian name in this way from the great poet. Sylvanus Spenser, who was probably born in 1595, died before 1638; and left, according to the common account, two sons, Edmund and William, but according to the pedigree drawn up by Sir William Betham, and published in Mr. F. C. Spenser's paper, also a third named Nathaniel.

2. LAWRENCE SPENSER, of Bandon Bridge, in the county of Cork, second son of the poet, is mentioned only by Sir W. Betham, according to whom he died before 1654, and is not known to have left any descendants, or to have been married.

3. PEREGRINE SPENSER, youngest son of the poet, was married; his eldest brother Sylvanus having, "in order," as is stated, "to prefer him in marriage," made over to him a part of the estate which he inherited from his father, namely, the lands of Rinny, or Renny, near Kilcolman. According to Mr. Hardiman he died in 1641; but Mr. Todd refers to a manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, in which he is described on the 4th of May, 1642, as "a Protestant, resident about the barony of Fermoy, and so impoverished by the troubles as to be unable to pay his debts." He left a son, Hugolin.

4. CATHERINE SPENSER, eldest daughter of the poet, is mentioned only by Sir W. Betham, who places her between Sylvanus and Lawrence, and marries her to William Wiseman, of Bandon Bridge, but assigns her no descendants.

5. EDMUND SPENSER, eldest son of Sylvanus, had his estates erected into the manor of Kilcolman, by royal letters patent confirmatory, on the 18th of February, 1638 (to remedy defective titles). He undoubtedly died unmarried, or at least without leaving any descendants, although the pedigree drawn up by Sir

W. Betham, probably by an error in the way in which it is printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, assigns to him the children of his brother William.

6. WILLIAM SPENSER, second son of Sylvanus, became his elder brother's heir. Mr. Hardiman has printed from the Irish Privy Council Book, preserved in Dublin Castle, the following interesting letter from Cromwell, dated Whitehall, 27th March, 1657: — "To our right trusty and right well-beloved our Council in Ireland: A petition hath been exhibited unto us by William Spenser, setting forth, that, being but seven years old at the beginning of the rebellion in Ireland [1641], he repaired with his mother (his father being then dead) to the city of Cork, and during the rebellion continued in the English quarters. That he never bore arms or acted against the Commonwealth of England. That his grandfather Edmund Spenser, and his father, were both Protestants, from whom an estate of lands in the barony of Fermoy, in the county of Cork, descended on him, which, during the rebellion, yielded him little or nothing towards his relief. That the said estate hath been lately given out to the soldiers in satisfaction of their arrears, only upon the account of his professing the Popish religion, which, since his coming to years of discretion, he hath, as he professes, utterly renounced. That his grandfather was that Spenser who, by his writings touching the reduction of the Irish to civility, brought on him the odium of that nation; and for those works, and his other good services, Queen Elizabeth conferred on him the estate which the said William Spenser now claims. We have also been informed that the gentleman is of civil conversation, and that the extremity his wants have brought him to have not prevailed over him to put him upon indirect or evil practices for a livelihood. And, if upon inquiry you shall find his case to be such, we judge it just and reasonable, and do therefore desire and authorize you, that he be forthwith restored to his estate, and that reprisal lands be given to the soldiers elsewhere; in the doing whereof our satisfaction will be greater by the continuation of that estate to the issue of his grandfather, for whose eminent deserts and services to the commonwealth that estate was first given him. We rest your loving friend, OLIVER P." The estate of Kilcolman was, in fact, restored to William Spenser; but, as far as we can make out, not till after the Restoration. And he had afterwards a royal grant, dated 31st July, 1678, of other lands in the counties of Galway and Roscommon, to the

extent of nearly two thousand acres. Ballinasloe, at a later date so famous for its fair, was one of the properties he obtained in Roscommon. At the Revolution he joined King William, and is stated in a representation of his claims, which appears to have been drawn up about 1700 or 1701, to have rendered important public services by acting as a guide to the Earl of Athlone, in his military operations after the battle of the Boyne. For the part he took, it is affirmed, "he had 300 head of black cattle and 1,500 sheep taken from him; his family was stript, his house plundered, and his only son had above twenty wounds given him by the Irish army." In consideration, it is added, of these services and sufferings, his Majesty, in 1697, granted him the forfeited estate of his cousin Hugolin, who had taken the opposite side, being the same lands of Renny, near Kilcolman, which had been made over to Hugolin's father, Peregrine, by his elder brother Sylvanus, the father of this William. The interference, however, of the Board of Trustees, appointed by Parliament in 1700 to determine the validity of these grants by the crown of Irish forfeited estates, prevented his deriving any benefit from the royal bounty, till he came over to England to urge his suit, when he obtained a confirmation of the grant through the influence of Congreve, the poet, who took an interest in him, and introduced him to Montague (afterwards Earl of Halifax), then at the head of the Treasury. Dr. Birch describes him as a man somewhat advanced in years. According to Mr. Hardiman's account, the grant in 1697, of Hugolin's forfeited estate, which extended to 332 acres, was to the son of this William. They were probably both included. On the 24th of November, in the same year, the father and son mortgaged all their estates in Cork, Galway, and Roscommon, for the sum of £2,100; and on the 21st of February, 1716, they sold the lands of Ballinasloe to Frederic French, ancestor of their present possessor, the Earl of Clancarty. William Spenser, the date of whose death is not stated, left, by his wife Barbara, one son, Nathaniel, and one daughter, Susannah.

7. REV. NATHANIEL SPENSER, of Ballycanon, in the county of Waterford, clerk, third son of Sylvanus Spenser, is mentioned only by Sir W. Betham, who states that he died intestate, in 1669; having married Margaret, daughter of — Dean, Esq., by whom, however, he appears to have had no issue.

8. HUGOLIN SPENSER, son of Peregrine, the poet's youngest son, is supposed to have forfeited the lands of Renny, that would

otherwise have descended to him from his father, by engaging in the rebellion of 1641 with his Catholic relations, the Nagles and Roches. He appears to have been a Catholic himself; the property, however, was restored to him after the Restoration by the Act of Settlement of 1663. But he forfeited it a second time, as we have seen, by siding with King James at the Revolution, and it then came into the possession of his cousin William. He himself was outlawed, and it does not appear to be known what became of him.

9. NATHANIEL SPENSER (2), styled of Renny (that small property being apparently all that now remained in the family), the only son of William, made his will on the 14th of October, 1718, wherein he mentions three sons, Edmund, Nathaniel, and John, and a daughter, Barbara. His wife's Christian name was Rosamond. He died in or about 1734; "and soon after this," says Mr. Hardiman, "the rest of the property passed away from the poet's name and family. The latter has long since become extinct."

10. SUSANNAH, or SUSAN, SPENSER, daughter of William. Of her nothing is known, except that she is mentioned in her brother's will.

11. EDMUND SPENSER (2), of Renny, eldest son of Nathaniel (2), married Ann, daughter of John Freeman, of Ballinquin, in the county of Cork, Esq.

12. NATHANIEL SPENSER (3), second son of Nathaniel (2).

13. JOHN SPENSER, third son of Nathaniel (2).\*

14. BARBARA SPENSER, daughter of Nathaniel (2).

15. EDMUND SPENSER (3), called of Mallow, stated by Mr. Todd, from the information of Mr. Joseph Cooper Walker, to have been when he wrote (in 1805) yet remembered in Dublin as a

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\* We find in an interesting article on "The Irish Rivers," in the *Dublin University Magazine* for October, 1845, an extract from a work called "A Guide to the Blackwater," by Mr. O'Flanagan, in which it is stated that "the last of the Spensers of whom we have an authentic account" lived at Renny, or Rinny, and had contracted an intimacy with his housekeeper, from which she inferred that he meant to marry her; and that this woman, who was also employed by her master as his barber, cut his throat while shaving him on the morning of the day on which he was to have been married to a lady in the neighborhood. "In the small antique dwelling at Rinney," it is added, "is pointed out the room in which she did the deed." Was this Nathaniel Spenser, the 12th, or John Spenser, the 13th?

lineal descendant of the poet. This is, no doubt, the same person who is mentioned by a writer in the "Anthologia Hibernica," in 1793, as having been resident a few years before at Mallow, and as having been "in possession of an original portrait of the poet, which he valued so highly as to refuse £500, which had been offered for it, with many curious records and papers concerning his venerable ancestor." We have no account, however, of the links of his ancestral descent. It is possible that he may be the same person already mentioned as Edmund Spenser (2).

16. MRS. BURNE, daughter of this Edmund Spenser of Mallow, married to Mr. Burne, who, when Todd wrote, filled, or had lately filled, some office in the English Custom-House. She, too, was said to have an original picture of the poet; but an inquiry after it was not attended with success.

17. MRS. SHERLOCK, of Cork, mentioned by Mr. Crofton Croker, on his own recollection, as residing in that city not more than six or seven years before he wrote (1824), who used frequently to boast of her descent from Spenser, "and," adds Mr. Croker, "I have been told, possessed his picture, which she had more than once refused to dispose of, though by no means in affluent circumstances."

18. JOHN SPENSER (2), of Youghal. Mr. Mitford has printed at the end of his Life of Spenser a letter, dated from 7 Grove Terrace, York, 22d July, 1839, and signed, Robert Rouiere Pearce, in which it is asserted that the person who came over in the reign of King William to claim Spenser's estate (it should be the estate of Hugolin Spenser) was John Spenser, Esq. of Youghal; that this person not only raised a troop of horse at his own expense for King William, at the head of which he fell mortally wounded at the battle of the Boyne, but "lent his Protestant sovereign a considerable sum of money," "which," adds the writer, "as far as I know, has never been repaid"; that the fact of his death in the manner stated is recorded on a tablet in St. Mary's Collegiate Church, Youghal; and that a copy of his will still exists in the hands of the writer's mother, his descendant. It is quite certain that the claimant who came over to England after the Revolution was William Spenser of Killeolman; nor have we any evidence that this John Spenser of Youghal, if such a person existed, was any descendant of the poet. No known account or pedigree of the family contains such a name. Still Mr. Pearce may have some evidence in proof of his assertion which he has not produced.

19. MRS. DAY, asserted by Mr. R. R. Pearce to have been the daughter and heir of John Spenser (2) of Youghal.

20. THOMAS DAY, son of this Mrs. Day.

21. JOHN DAY, son of Thomas.

22. MRS. PEARCE, only daughter and surviving child of John Day.

23. ROBERT ROUIERE PEARCE, son of Mrs. Pearce.

To this list of names it may be added, that Dr. Birch, writing in 1751, states that some of the descendants of Spenser were then remaining in the county of Cork. And, in a communication dated the 6th of June in the present year (1845), Mr. F. C. Spenser of Halifax informs us, that he has been for some time in correspondence with a direct female descendant of the poet in Ireland, through whose medium he is in possession of very important matter connected with his family.

In a subsequent communication, Mr. Spenser states a few particulars respecting his own and the poet's Lancashire ancestors, in addition to those given in his paper published in the Gentleman's Magazine. The first of the Lancashire Spensers is Adam le Spenser, of Hurstwood, who begins the pedigree about 1327, the first year of the reign of Edward III. But the same name, Adam del Spenser, is found in Cumberland (near Carlisle), in the reign of Edward II.; whence Mr. Spenser infers that the family had probably come to Lancashire from that quarter. With regard to the immediate ancestors of the poet, and of himself, Mr. Spenser says: "I have ascertained the very bench in the church of Burnley occupied by the family, and, I think, also their grave within the church. Although they are called *Yeomen* in the Church Register, I find them associated with the Townleys of Townley, and all the first gentry of the neighborhood, in the parish business. The armorial bearings of the family are the same as Lord Spencer's and the Duke of Marlborough's, with the exception of three fleurs-de-lis on the bend, in place of three escallop shells, the former probably referring to services in the French wars of our Edwards." The property called *Spensers*, it seems, was disposed of by John Spenser, son of Edmund Spenser, in 1690.

The only person related to Spenser, before he had children of his own, of whom even the Christian name has hitherto been known, is his mother, and of her we know nothing more than that. The name of his father has not been discovered; nor has



any of his biographers stated whether he had either sister or brother. It is certain, nevertheless, that, whatever may have been the fate of his own descendants, many of those of his father still exist, derived from a sister, named Sarah, who probably accompanied the poet when he first went over to Ireland in 1580, and at any rate afterwards resided with him when he settled at Kilcolman. A full and very clear account of the descendants of Sarah Spenser and her husband will be found in the following extract of a communication with which we have been favored by their representative, John Moore Travers, Esq., of Clifton, near Cork:—

“The family of Travers were settled, in the reign of Edward I., at Natesby, in Lancashire; which estate they held, in direct succession from father to son, till the reign of Philip and Mary; when it descended to Brian Travers, who sold it (or rather mortgaged it) to George Strickland, who sold it to a person of the name of Leyburne. This Brian Travers afterwards settled at Pill, in the neighborhood of Bristol, having inherited the estate of Pill in right of his wife. He had a son named John Travers, who came to Ireland when Lord Grey de Wilton came over as Lord Lieutenant; and he was the first of the family of Travers that settled in Ireland. This John Travers married Sarah Spenser, the sister of Edmund Spenser the poet, who granted to him, as a marriage portion with his sister, the Townlands of Ardenbane and Knoeknacple, in Roche’s country, in the county of Cork, which was part of 3,028 acres of land, part of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond, granted by Queen Elizabeth to the said Edmund Spenser; in which grant Kilcolman Castle and Lake were comprised. There seems to have been some doubt as to the power of Edmund Spenser to convey away this land to Travers; and therefore he passed his bond to Travers for a sum of money, by way of guarantee of the title. These lands appear to have been held by the second son of John Travers; but they have not continued in his family. I know not in what way, or by whom, they were parted with, nor whether either the grant or the bond be in existence. But neither of them is in the possession of any of the family.

“The above-named John Travers and Sarah Spenser, his wife, had two sons; namely, Robert Travers, the eldest, afterwards Sir Robert Travers, who married Elizabeth, the daughter of the Primate Boyle (ancestor of the Earls of Cork and Orrery and the

Earls of Shannon), and was Judge Advocate in Ireland and Vicar General of Cork. Sir Robert inherited and purchased several estates in the county of Cork, particularly in the baronies of Ibane and Barryroc, and his principal seat, called Ballinamona, near Courtmacsherry, was situated in these baronies, the estates in which have ever since continued in his family, and are now in my possession, as the lineal descendant of Sir Robert. Sir Robert was killed at the battle of Knocknanes, in the county of Cork, in the rebellion of 1641.

“The second son of John Travers and Sarah Spenser was Zachary Travers. I do not know whom he married; however, he left two sons, viz. Walter, who was the second Provost of Trinity College, Dublin (having succeeded Adam Loftus, who was the first Provost), and John, who, having the command of a troop of dragoons, under Lord Broghill, was killed in an ambuscade, in the rebellion of Ireland, January, 1642. He left no issue; nor did the Provost, Walter, leave any. The estates of Zachary, which had descended to Walter, he devised to John Travers, the second son of Sir Robert Travers, who was his first-cousin; and these estates, which were considerable, thus descended to John Travers of Garrycloyne, now residing at Birchhill, in the county of Cork.

“Sir Robert Travers left two sons, Richard and John; and two daughters, — Margaret, who married Sir Richard Alworth, the ancestor of the present Lord Doneraile; and Elizabeth, who married Sir John Meade, the ancestor of the present Earl of Clanwilliam. Richard Travers, the eldest son of Sir Robert, who was my great-great-grandfather, married Ellen Stawell. The children of Sir Robert being very young when he was killed, many valuable documents and records of the family were lost, and the title-deeds only were preserved. Richard Travers had five sons. The eldest, Robert, married Hester Hodder; and had Boyle Travers, my grandfather, who married Anna-Maria Moore. Boyle Travers left two sons: John Moore Travers, who died without issue male; and Robert Travers, my father, to whom the estates in Ibane and Barryroc descended, with the family seat of Ballinamona, now in my possession. Robert Travers left three sons; viz. myself; Boyle Travers, a general in her Majesty's service; and Thomas Otho Travers, a captain in the service of the East India Company, who died, July, 1844, at his seat of Leemount in the county of Cork.”

We have to add, that Mr. Travers's only child is the lady of Sir William St. Lawrence Clarke, of Gloucester Place, Portman Square, London

In a subsequent letter, Mr. Travers states that the impression on his mind is that John Travers and Spenser came to Ireland together; and that they were very probably related previously to the marriage of his ancestor with the poet's sister.



THE  
FAERIE QUEENE.  
DISPOSED INTO TWELVE BOOKS

FASHIONING

XII. MORALL VERTUES.

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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM PONSONBIE.  
1590.



TO THE MOST HIGH MIGHTIE AND MAGNIFICENT

EMPRESSE

RENOWNED FOR PIETIE VERTVE AND ALL  
GRATIOVS GOVERNMENT

ELIZABETH

BY THE GRACE OF GOD QVEENE OF ENGLAND  
FRAVNCE AND IRELAND AND OF VIRGINIA  
DEFENDOVR OF THE FAITH &C

HER MOST HUMBLE SERVAUNT

EDMVND SPENSER

DOTH IN ALL HUMILITIE

DEDICATE PRESENT AND CONSECRATE

THESE HIS LABOVS

TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITIE OF HER FAME.\*

\* This is the Dedication to the Edition of 1596.

TO THE MOST MIGHTIE AND MAGNIFICENT  
EMPRESSE ELIZABETH BY THE GRACE OF  
GOD QVEENE OF ENGLAND FRANCE AND IRE-  
LAND DEFENDER OF THE FAITH &C.

Her most humble

Servant:

*Ed. Spenser.*



## A LETTER OF THE AUTHORS,

EXPOUNDING HIS WHOLE INTENTION IN THE COURSE OF  
THIS WORKE: WHICH, FOR THAT IT GIVETH GREAT  
LIGHT TO THE READER, FOR THE BETTER UN-  
DERSTANDING IS HEREUNTO ANNEXED.

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TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, knight,

LO. WARDEIN OF THE STANNERYES AND HER MA-  
JESTIES LIEFETENAUNT OF THE COUNTY OF  
CORNEWAYLL.

SIR, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I have entituled the Faery Queene, being a continued Allegory, or darke conceit, I have thought good, as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading therof, (being so by you commanded), to discover unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or by-accidents, therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline: Which for that I conceived shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the

most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter then for profite of the ensample, I chose the historye of King Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of envy, and suspicion of present time. In which I have followed all the antique poets historicall; first Homere, who in the persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good governour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis; then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Æneas; after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando; and lately Tasso dissevered them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely that part which they in philosophy call *Ethice*, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo; the other named *Politice* in his Godfredõ. By ensample of which excellent poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private Morall Vertues, as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve Bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encoraged to frame the other part of Politicke Vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king. To some I know this methode will seeme displeasaunt, which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of précepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in allegoricall devises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their showes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightful and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is

Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his iudgement, formed a communewelth, such as it should be ; but the other in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a government, such as might best be : So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So have I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure : whom I conceive, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queen, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seeke her out ; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faery Land. In that Faery Queene I meane *Glory* in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our souveraine *the Queene*, and her kingdome in *Faery Land*. And yet, in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphæbe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia : Phæbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana. So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth *Magnificence* in particular ; which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertue . . .

make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: Of which these three Bookes contain three. The first of the Knight of the Red-crosse, in whome I expresse *Holynes*: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth *Temperance*: The third of Britomartis, a lady knight, in whome I picture *Chastity*. But, because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. For the methode of a poet historical is not such, as of an historiographer. For an historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly, as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a poet thrusteth into the middest, even where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the thinges forepaste, and divining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing analysis of all.

The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an historiographer, should be the Twelfth Booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her annuall feaste xii. dayes; upon which xii. severall dayes, the occasions of the xii. severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii. severall knights, are in these xii. Books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented himselfe a tall clownishe younge man, who, falling before the Queen of Faries, desired a boone, (as the manner then was,) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that hee might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feaste should happen. That being graunted, he rested him

on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew : and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that exploit. Presently that clownish person, up-starting, desired that adventure : whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him, that unlesse that armour which she brought would serve him (that is, the<sup>e</sup> armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, vi. Ephes.), that he could not succeed in that enterprize : which being forthwith put upon him with dewe furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftesoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge courser, he went forth with her on that adventure : where beginneth the First Booke, vz.

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

The second day ther came in a palmer bearing an infant with bloody hands, whose parents he complained to have bene skayn by an enchaunteresse called Acrasia : and therefore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure ; which being assigned to Sir Guyon,

he presently went forth with that same palmer: which is the beginning of the Second Booke, and the whole subiect thereof. The third day there came in a groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile enchaunter, called Busirane, had in hand a most faire lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that lady, presently tooke on him that adventure. But being unable to performe it by reason of the hard enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his Love.

But, by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermedled; but rather as accidents then intendments: as the Love of Britomart, the Overthrow of Marinell, the Misery of Florimell, the Vertuousnes of Belphœbe, the Lasciviousnes of Hellenora; and many the like.

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

23. January, 1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate,

Ed. Spenser.

## V E R S E S

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR.<sup>1</sup>

---

*A Vision upon this Concept of the Faery Queene.*

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

<sup>1</sup> The first two of these complimentary poems are by Sir Walter Raleigh, and the third by Gabriel Harvey. The authors of the others are unknown. C.

*Another of the same.*

THE prayse of meaner wits this Worke like profit  
brings,

As doth the Cuckoes song delight when Philumena  
sings.

If thou hast formed right true Vertues face herein,  
Vertue herselfe can best discerne to whom they writ-  
en bin.

If thou hast Beauty prayisd, let Her sole lookes divine  
Iudge if ought therein be amis, and mend it by Her  
eine.

If Chastitie want ought, or Temperaunce her dew,  
Behold Her Princely mind aright, and write thy  
Queene anew.

Meane while She shall perceive, how far Her vertues  
sore

Above the reach of all that live, or such as wrote of  
yore :

And thereby will excuse and favour thy good will ;  
Whose vertue can not be exprest but by an Angels  
quill.

Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,  
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy  
device.

W. R.



*To the learned Shepeheard.*

COLLYN,<sup>1</sup> I see, by thy new taken taske,  
 Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,  
 That leades thy Muse in haughty verse to maske,  
 And loath the layes that longs to lowly swaynes ;  
 That lifts thy notes from Shepheardes unto Kinges :  
 So like the lively larke that mounting sings.

Thy lovely Rosolinde seemes now forlorne,  
 And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight :  
 Thy changed hart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,  
 Those prety pypes that did thy mates delight ;  
 Those trusty mates, that loved thee so well ;  
 Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave thee the bell.<sup>2</sup>

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

And faire befall that Faery Queene of thine !  
 In whose faire eyes Love linckt with Vertue sittes ;  
 Enfusing, by those bewties fyers devyne,  
 Such high conceites into thy humble wittes,

<sup>1</sup> In these verses allusion is made to the Shepheards Calender, Spenser's first published work, in which he speaks of himself as Colin Clout. H.

<sup>2</sup> I. e. *pre-eminence*.

As raised hath poore Pastors oaten reedes  
From rustick tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy Redcrosse Knight with happy hand  
Victorious be in that faire Ilands right,  
Which thou dost vayne in type of Faery land,  
Elyzas blessed field, that Albion hight :  
That shieldes her friendes, and warres her mightie foes,  
Yet still with people, peace, and plentie flowes.

But, iolly shepeheard, though with pleasing style  
Thou feast the humour of the courtly trayne,  
Let not conceipt thy settled sence beguile,  
Ne daunted be through envy or disdainie.  
Subiect thy dome to her empyring<sup>1</sup> spright,  
From whence thy Muse, and all the world, takes light.

HOBYNOLL.

FAYRE Themis streame, that from Ludds stately towne  
Runst paying tribute to the ocean seas,  
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne  
Be silent, whyle this Bryttane Orpheus playes :  
Nere thy sweet bankes there lives that sacred Crowne,  
Whose hand strowes palme and never-dying bayes.  
Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring sowne,  
Present her with this worthy Poets prayes :  
For he hath taught hie drifts in Shepeherdes weedes,  
And deepe conceites now sings in Faeries deedes.

R. S.

<sup>1</sup> *Empyring*, enkindling, inflaming.

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

H. B.

---

**WHEN** stout Achilles heard of Helens rape,  
 And what revenge the States of Greece devisd,  
 Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,  
 In womans weedes himselfe he then disguisde:  
 But this devise Ulysses soone did spy,  
 And brought him forth, the chaunce of warre to try.

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

And as Ulysses brought faire Thetis sonne  
 From his retyred life to menage armes.  
 So Spencer was, by Sidneys speeches, womne  
 To blaze Her fame, not fearing future harmes:

For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tyred  
In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as Achilles, in those warlike frayes,  
Did win the palme from all the Grecian Peeres,  
So Spencer now, to his immortall prayse,  
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feres.<sup>1</sup>  
What though his taske exceed a humaine witt?  
He is excus'd, sith<sup>2</sup> Sidney thought it fitt.

W. L.

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

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

Thus then, to shew my iudgement to be such  
As can discerne of colours blacke and white,  
As all<sup>3</sup> to free my minde from envies tuch,

<sup>1</sup> *Feres*, companions.

<sup>2</sup> *Sith*, since.

<sup>3</sup> *Alls*, also.

That never gives to any man his right,  
I here pronounce this workmanship is such  
As that no pen can set it forth too much.

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

IGNOTO.

## VERSES

ADDRESSED BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FAERIE  
QUEENE TO SEVERAL NOBLEMEN, &C.<sup>1</sup>

---

*To the Right Honourable Sir Christopher Hatton,  
Lord High Chauncelor of England, &c.*

THOSE prudent heads, that with their counsels wise  
Whylom the pillours of th' earth did sustaine,  
And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannise  
And in the neck of all the world to rayne,  
Oft from those grave affaires were wont abstaine,  
With the sweet Lady Muses for to play :  
So Ennius the elder Africane ;  
So Maro oft did Cæsars cares allay.  
So you, great Lord, that with your counsell sway  
The burdeine of this kingdome mightily,  
With like delightes sometimes may eke delay<sup>2</sup>  
The rugged brow of carefull Policy ;  
And to these ydle rymes lend litle space,  
Which for their titles sake may find more grace.

<sup>1</sup> The foregoing Letter of the Author to Sir Walter Raleigh, and the Verses addressed to Spenser, were originally appended to the first three books of the Faerie Queene. Then followed various Sonnets, which were probably sent with presentation copies of the volume. At first there were ten (the 1st, 6th, 3d, 4th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 14th, 16th, 17th, in our arrangement), which occupied pp. 601-605. Seven sonnets were afterwards added, and, to make room for them, in the copy we have followed, eight pages, not numbered, are substituted in the place of pp. 601-604. In other copies, still other arrangements are found. C.

<sup>2</sup> *Delay*, smooth.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Burleigh, Lord  
High Treasurer of England.*

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

---

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

RECEIVE, most noble Lord, in gentle gree,<sup>1</sup>  
 The unripe fruit of an unready wit,  
 Which, by thy countenance, doth crave to bee  
 Defended from foule Envies poisonous bit  
 Which so to doe may thee right well besit,  
 Sith th' antique glory of thine auncestry

<sup>1</sup> *Gree*, favor.

Under a shady vele is therein writ,  
 And eke thine owne long living memory,  
 Succeeding them in true nobility :  
 And also for the love which thou doest beare  
 To th' Heliconian ymps,<sup>1</sup> and they to thee ;  
 They unto thee, and thou to them, most deare :  
 Deare as thou art unto thyselfe, so love  
 That <sup>2</sup> loves and honours thee ; as doth behove.

---

*To the Right Honourable the Earle of Northumberland.*

THE sacred Muses have made alwaies clame  
 To be the nourses of nobility,  
 And registres of everlasting fame,  
 To all that armes professe and chevalry.  
 Then, by like right, the noble progeny  
 Which them succeed in fame and worth, are tyde  
 T' embrace the service of sweete Poetry,  
 By whose endeavours they are glorifide ;  
 And eke from all of whom it is envide  
 To patronize the authour of their praise,  
 Which gives them life, that els would soone have  
 dide,  
 And crownes their ashes with immortall baies.  
 To thee therefore, right noble Lord, I send  
 This present of my paines, it to defend.

<sup>1</sup> *Ymps*, offspring.

<sup>2</sup> *That*, i. e. him that.



*To the Right Honourable the Earle of Cumberland.*

REDOUBTED Lord, in whose corageous mind  
 The flowre of chevalry, now bloosming faire,  
 Doth promise fruite worthy the noble kind  
 Which of their praises have left you the haire,  
 To you this humble present I prepare,  
 For love of vertue and of martiall praise;  
 To which though nobly ye inclined are,  
 (As goodlie well ye shew'd in late assaies,<sup>1</sup>)  
 Yet brave ensample of long passed daies,  
 In which trew honor yee may fashiond see,  
 To like desire of honor may ye raise,  
 And fill your mind with magnanimitee.  
 Receive it, Lord, therefore as it was ment,  
 For honor of your name and high descent.

---

*To the most Honourable and excellent Lord the Earle  
 of Essex, Great Maister of the Horse to her  
 Highnesse, and Knight of the Noble Order  
 of the Garter, &c.*

MAGNIFICKE Lord, whose vertues excellent  
 Doe merit a most famous Poets witt  
 To be thy living praises instrument;  
 Yet doe not sdeigne<sup>2</sup> to let thy name be writt  
 In this base Poeme, for thee far unfitt;

<sup>1</sup> *Assaies*, proofs, or trials.

<sup>2</sup> *Sdeigne*, disdain.

Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby.  
 But when my Muse, whose fethers, nothing flitt,<sup>1</sup>  
 Doe yet but flagg and lowly learne to fly,  
 With bolder wing shall dare alofte to sty<sup>2</sup>  
 To the last praises of this Faery Queene,  
 Then shall it make more famous memory  
 Of thine heroicke parts, such as they beene:  
 Till then, vouchsafe thy noble countenaunce  
 To these first labours needed furtheraunce.

---

*To the Right Honourable the Earle of Ormond and  
 Ossory.*

RECEIVE, most noble Lord, a simple taste  
 Of the wilde fruit which salvage soyl<sup>3</sup> hath bred;  
 Which, being through long wars left almost waste,  
 With brutish barbarisme is overspredd:  
 And, in so faire a land as may be redd,<sup>4</sup>  
 Not one Parnassus, nor one Helicone,  
 Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,  
 But where thyselfe hast thy brave mansione:  
 There indeede dwel faire Graces many one,  
 And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits;  
 And in thy person, without paragone,  
 All goodly bountie and true honour sits.  
 Such, therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,  
 Receive, dear Lord, in worth, the fruit of barren field.

<sup>1</sup> *Flitt*, fleet.

<sup>2</sup> *Sty*, ascend.

<sup>3</sup> I. e. Ireland.

<sup>4</sup> *Redd*, conceived of.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Charles Howard,  
Lord High Admiral of England, Knight of the  
Noble Order of the Garter, and one of her  
Majesties Privie Counsel, &c.*

AND ye, brave Lord, whose goodly personage  
And noble deeds, each other garnishing,  
Make you ensample, to the present age,  
Of th' old heroës, whose famous offspring  
The antique Poets wont so much to sing.  
In this same pageaunt have a worthy place,  
Sith those huge castles of Castilian King,  
That vainly threatned kingdomes to displace,  
Like flying doves ye did before you chace,<sup>1</sup>  
And that proud people, woxen insolent  
Through many victories, didst first deface:  
Thy praises everlasting monument  
Is in this verse engraven semblably,<sup>2</sup>  
That it may live to all posterity.

---

*To the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon, High  
Chamberlaine to her Majesty.*

RENOWNED Lord, that, for your worthinesse  
And noble deeds, have your deserved place  
High in the favour of that Emperesse,

<sup>1</sup> Allusion is here made to the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

<sup>2</sup> *Semblably*, with resemblance.

The worlds sole glory and her sexes grace,  
 Here eke of right have you a worthie place,  
 Both for your neernes to that Faerie Queene,<sup>1</sup>  
 And for your owne high merit in like cace :  
 Of which, apparaunt prooffe was to be seene,  
 When that tumultuous rage and fearfull deene<sup>2</sup>  
 Of Northerne rebels ye did pacify,  
 And their disloiall powre defaced clene,  
 The record of enduring memory.  
 Live, Lord, for ever in this lasting verse,  
 That all posteritie thy honor may reherse.

---

*To the most renowned and valiant Lord, the Lord Grey  
 of Wilton, Knight of the Noble Order of the  
 Garter, &c.*

Most Noble Lord, the pillor of my life,  
 And patrone of my Muses pupillage,  
 Through whose large bountie, poured on me rife  
 In the first season of my feeble age,  
 I now doe live bound yours by vassalage ;  
 (Sith nothing ever may redeeme, nor reave<sup>3</sup>  
 Out of your endlesse debt, so sure a gage ;)   
 Vouchsafe, in worth, this small guift to receive,  
 Which in your noble hands for pledged I leave  
 Of all the rest that I am tyde t' account :  
 Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weave  
 In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso Mount,

<sup>1</sup> He was cousin to Queen Elizabeth.

<sup>2</sup> *Deene*, din.

<sup>3</sup> *Reave*, take away.

And roughly wrought in an unlearned loome :  
 The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favorable  
 doome.

---

*To the Right Honourable the Lord of Buckhurst, one  
 of her Maiesties Privie Counsell.*

IN vain I thinke, right honourable Lord,  
 By this rude rime to memorize thy name,  
 Whose learned Muse hath writ her owne record  
 In golden verse, worthy immortal fame :  
 Thou much more fit (were leasure to the same)  
 Thy gracious Soverains praises to compile,  
 And her imperiall Maiestie to frame  
 In loftie numbers and heroicke stile.  
 But, sith thou maist not so, give leave a while  
 To baser wit his power therein to spend,  
 Whose grosse defaults thy daintie pen may file,<sup>1</sup>  
 And unadvised oversights amend.  
 But evermore vouchsafe it to maintaine  
 Against vile Zoilus backbitings vaine.

---

*To the Right Honourable Sir Francis Walsingham,  
 Knight, Principall Secretary to her Maiesty, and  
 of her Honourable Privy Counsell.*

THAT Mantuane Poetes incompared<sup>2</sup> spirit,  
 Whose girland now is set in highest place,

<sup>1</sup> *File* smooth or polish.

<sup>2</sup> *Incompered*, incomparable

Had not Mæcenas, for his worthy merit,  
 It first advaunst to great Augustus grace,  
 Might long perhaps have lien in silence bace,  
 Ne bene so much admir'd of later age.  
 This lowly Muse, that learns like steps to trace,  
 Flies for like aide unto your patronage,  
 (That are the great Mæcenas of this age,  
 As wel to al that civil artes professe,  
 As those that are inspird with martial rage,)  
 And craves protection of her feeblenesse :  
 Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayse  
 In bigger tunes to sound your living prayse.

---

*To the Right Noble Lord and most valiaunt Cap-  
 taine, Sir Iohn Norris, Knight, Lord President  
 of Mounster.*

WHO ever gave more honourable prize  
 To the sweet Muse then did the martiall crew,  
 That their brave deeds she might immortalize  
 In her shril tromp, and sound their praises dew?  
 Who then ought more to favour her then you,  
 Moste noble Lord, the honor of this age,  
 And precedent of all that armes ensue?  
 Whose warlike prowesse and manly couráge,  
 Tempred with reason and advizement sage,  
 Hath fild sad Belgicke with victorious spoile ;  
 In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous gage ;  
 And lately shakt the Lusitanian soile.  
 Sith then each where thou hast dispredd thy fame,  
 Love him that hath eternized your name.

*To the Right Noble and valorous Knight, Sir Walter  
Raleigh, Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes,  
and Lieftenaunt of Cornewaile.*

To thee, that art the Sommers Nightingale,  
Thy souveraine Goddesses most deare delight,  
Why doe I send this rusticke madrigale,  
That may thy tunefull eare unseason quite?  
Thou onely fit this argument to write,  
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her  
bowre,  
And dainty Love learnd sweetly to endite.  
My rimes I know unsavory and sowre,  
To tast the streames that, like a golden showre,  
Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy Loves praise:  
Fitter perhaps to thonder martiall stowre,  
Whenso thee list thy lofty Muse to raise:  
Yet, till that thou thy poeme wilt make knowne,  
Let thy faire Cinthias praises bee thus rudely showne.

---

*To the Right Honourable and most vertuous Lady, the  
Countesse of Pembroke.*

REMEMBRAUNCE of that most heroicke spirit,<sup>1</sup>  
The heavens pride, the glory of our daies,  
Which now triumpheth (through immortall merit

<sup>1</sup> Sir Philip Sidney, her brother.

Of his brave vertues) crownd with lasting baies,  
 Of hevenlie blis and everlasting praies,  
 Who first my Muse did lift out of the flore,  
 To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies,  
 Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore  
 His goodly image living evermore  
 In the divine resemblance of your face ;  
 Which with your vertues ye embellish more,  
 And native beauty deck with hevenlie grace :  
 For His, and for your owne especial sake,  
 Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to take.

---

*To the most vertuous and beautifull Lady, the Lady  
 Carew.*

NE may I, without blot of endlesse blame,  
 You, fairest Lady, leave out of this place ;  
 But, with remembraunce of your gracious name,  
 (Wherewith that courtly garlond most ye grace  
 And deck the world,) adorne these verses base :  
 Not that these few lines can in them comprise  
 Those glorious ornaments of hevenly grace,  
 Wherewith ye triumph over feeble eyes  
 And in subdued harts do tyranyse ;  
 (For thereunto doth need a golden quill  
 And silver leaves, them rightly to devise ;)  
 But to make humble present of good will :  
 Which, whenas timely meanes it purchase may,  
 In ampler wise itselfe will forth display.



*To all the gracious and beautifull Ladies in the Court.*

**THE** Chian Peincter, when he was requirde  
To pourtraict Venus in her perfect hew,  
To make his worke more absolute, desird  
Of all the fairest maides to have the vew.  
**Much** more me needs, (to draw the semblant trew,  
Of Beauties Queene, the worlds sole wonderment,)  
To sharpe my sence with sundry beauties vew,  
And steale from each some part of ornament.  
**If** all the world to seeke I overwent,  
A fairer crew yet no where could I see  
Then that brave Court doth to mine eie present ;  
That the worlds pride seemes gathered there to bee.  
**Of** each a part I stole by cunning thefte :  
**Forgive** it me, faire Dames, sith lesse ye have not  
left.



# THE FIRST BOOKE

OF

## THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE, OR  
OF HOLINESSE.

1 Lo! I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske,  
As time her taught, in lowly shephards weeds,<sup>1</sup>  
Am now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,  
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,  
And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds;  
Whose praises having slept in silence long,  
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds<sup>2</sup>  
To blazon broade amongst her learned throng:  
Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my  
song.

2 Helpe then, O holy virgin, chiefe of nyne,  
Thy weaker novice to performe thy will;  
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Weeds*, clothes.

<sup>2</sup> *Areeds*, counsels, incites.

<sup>3</sup> *Scryne*, box for books or papers (*scrinium*).

The ántique rolles, which there lye hidden still,  
 Of Faerie knights, and fayrest Tanaquill <sup>1</sup>  
 Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long  
 Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,  
 That I must rue his undeserved wrong :  
 O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong !

3 And thou, most dreaded impe <sup>2</sup> of highest Love,  
 Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart  
 At that good knight so cunningly didst rove, <sup>3</sup>  
 That glorious fire it kindled in his hart ;  
 Lay now thy deadly heben <sup>4</sup> bowe apart,  
 And, with thy mother mylde, come to mine ayde ;  
 Come, both ; and with you bring triumphant Mart,  
 In loves and gentle iollities arraid,  
 After his murderous spoyles and bloudie rage allayd.

4 And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright,  
 Mirroure of grace, and maiestie divine,  
 Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light  
 Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth  
 shine,  
 Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,  
 And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,  
 To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,  
 The argument of mine afflicted <sup>5</sup> stile :  
 The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest Dread, <sup>6</sup> a  
 while.

<sup>1</sup> *Tanaquill* is another name for Gloriana, the Faerie Queene

<sup>2</sup> *Impe*, child.

<sup>3</sup> *Rove*, shoot.

<sup>4</sup> *Heben*, ebony.

<sup>5</sup> *Afflicted*, low, or humble.

<sup>6</sup> *Dread*, object of reverence.

## CANTO I.

The Patrone of true Holiness  
 Foule Errour doth defeate;  
 Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,  
 Doth to his home entreate.

1 A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,  
 Ycladd<sup>1</sup> in mightie armes and silver shielde,  
 Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,  
 The cruell markes of many a bloody fielde;  
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield:  
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,  
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:  
 Full iolly<sup>2</sup> knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,  
 As one for knightly giusts<sup>3</sup> and fierce encounters fitt.

<sup>1</sup> *Ycladd*, clad. <sup>2</sup> *Iolly*, handsome. <sup>3</sup> *Giusts*, jousts, tournaments.

---

I. 5. — *Yet armes till that time did he never wield.*] St. George, the hero of this legend, though of royal Saxon blood, had been brought up as a ploughman, having been stolen away in his infancy by a fairy. (Canto X. 65, 66.) When come to the age of man, he presented himself, “a tall, clownish young man,” at the court of the Fairy Queen, and desired the achievement of some adventure. The first which offered itself was that of the dragon, but his rustic appearance was made an objection to his attempting such an exploit, and he was required, as a test of his fitness, to try on a suit of armor, — the “whole armor” of a Christian soldier, described by Paul in the sixth chapter of the Ephesians. Having successfully undergone this probation, he was accepted, and, immediately taking on him the vows of knighthood, set forth on his enterprise. See pp. 8, 9. C.

2 And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,  
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,  
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he  
     wore,  
 And dead, as living ever, him ador'd :  
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,  
 For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had,  
 Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word ;  
 But of his cheere <sup>1</sup> did seeme too solemne sad ;  
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.<sup>2</sup>

3 Upon a great adventure he was bond,  
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,  
 That greatest glorious queene of Faery lond,  
 To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,  
 Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave ;  
 And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne <sup>3</sup>  
 To prove his puissance in battell brave  
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learne ;  
 Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

4 A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,  
 Upon a lowly asse more white then snow ;  
 Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide  
 Under a vele, that wimpled <sup>4</sup> was full low ;  
 And over all a blacke stole shee did throw :  
 As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,  
 And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow ;  
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had ;  
 And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.

<sup>1</sup> *Cheere*, countenance.

<sup>3</sup> *Earne*, yearn.

<sup>2</sup> *Ydrad*, dreaded.

<sup>4</sup> *Wimpled*, drawn about her.

5 So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,  
 She was in life and every vertuous lore ;  
 And by descent from royall lynage came  
 Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore  
 Their seepers stretcht from east to westerne shore,  
 And all the world in their subiection held ;  
 Till that infernall feend with foule uprore  
 Forwasted<sup>1</sup> all their land, and them expeld ;  
 Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

6 Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,  
 That lasie seemd, in being ever last,  
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag  
 Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,  
 The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,  
 And angry Iove an hideous storme of raine  
 Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,  
 That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain ;  
 And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were  
 fain.

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

<sup>1</sup> *Forwasted.* For is here intensive.

8 And fourth they passe, with pleasure forward led,  
 Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,  
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,  
 Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.  
 Much can<sup>1</sup> they praise the trees so straight and hy.  
 The sayling pine; the cedar proud and tall;  
 The vine-propp elme; the poplar never dry;  
 The builder oake, sole king of forrests all;  
 The aspine good for staves; the cypresse funerall;

9 The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours  
 And poets sage; the firre that weepeth still;  
 The willow, worne of forlorne paramours;  
 The eugh,<sup>2</sup> obedient to the benders will;  
 The birch for shaftes; the sallow for the mill;  
 The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;  
 The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;  
 The fruitfull olive; and the platane round;  
 The carver holme; the maple seeldom inward sound.

10 Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,  
 Untill the blustering storne is overblowne;  
 When, weening to returne whence they did stray,  
 They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,  
 But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,  
 Furthest from end then, when they nearest weene,  
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:  
 So many pathes, so many turnings seene,  
 That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

<sup>1</sup> *Can* or *gan* with the infinitive is a common circumlocution for the preterite. C.

<sup>2</sup> *Eugh*, yew.



11 At last resolving forward still to fare,  
 Till that some end they finde, or in or out,  
 That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,  
 And like to lead the labyrinth about ;  
 Which when by tract<sup>1</sup> they hunted had throughout,  
 At length it brought them to a hollowe cave,  
 Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout  
 Eftsoones<sup>2</sup> dismounted from his courser brave,  
 And to the Dwarfe a while his needlesse<sup>3</sup> spere he  
 gave.

12 “ Be well aware,” quoth then that Ladie milde,  
 “ Least suddaine mischief e ye too rash provoke :  
 The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,  
 Breedes dreadfull doubts : oft fire is without smoke,  
 And perill without show : therefore your stroke,  
 Sir Knight, withhold, till further tryall made.”  
 “ Ah Ladie,” sayd he, “ shame were to revoke  
 The forward footing for an hidden shade :  
 Vertue gives her selfe light through darkenesse for to  
 wade.”

3 “ Yea, but,” quoth she, “ the perill of this place  
 I better wot then you : though nowe too late  
 To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,  
 Yet wisdom e warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,  
 To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.  
 This is the wandring wood, this Errours den,  
 A monster vile, whom God and man does hate :

<sup>1</sup> *Tract*, tracing.

<sup>2</sup> *Eftsoones*, immediately.

<sup>3</sup> *Needlesse*. The spear was used only on horseback.

Therefore I read<sup>1</sup> beware." "Fly, fly," quoth then  
The fearefull Dwarfe; "this is no place for living men."

14 But full of fire and greedy hardiment,<sup>2</sup>  
The youthfull Knight could not for ought be staide;  
But forth unto the darksom hole he went,  
And looked in: his glistring armor made  
A litle glooming light, much like a shade;  
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,  
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,  
But th' other halfe did womans shape retaine,  
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.<sup>3</sup>

15 And, as she lay upon the durtie ground,  
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,  
Yet was in knots and many boughtes<sup>4</sup> upwound,  
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred  
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,  
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs; each one  
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored:  
Soone as that uncouth<sup>5</sup> light upon them shone,  
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

16 Their dam upstart, out of her den effraide,  
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile  
About her cursed head; whose folds displaid  
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.<sup>6</sup>  
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle.

<sup>1</sup> *Read*, advise.

<sup>2</sup> *Hardiment*, boldness.

<sup>3</sup> I. e. such as would excite disdain.

<sup>4</sup> *Boughtes*, circular folds.

<sup>5</sup> *Uncouth*, unknown, strange.

<sup>6</sup> *Without entraile*, without coiling.

Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe ;  
 For light she hated as the deadly bale,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,  
 Where plain none might her see, nor she see any  
 plaine.

17 Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he lept  
 As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,  
 And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept  
 From turning backe, and forced her to stay :  
 Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,  
 And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,  
 Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay ;  
 Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst<sup>2</sup> ;  
 The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder  
 glaunst.

18 Much daunted with that dint, her sence was dazd<sup>3</sup> ;  
 Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,  
 And all atonce her beastly bodie raizd  
 With double forces high above the ground :  
 Tho,<sup>4</sup> wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,  
 Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine  
 All suddenly about his body wound,  
 That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.  
 God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse  
 traine<sup>5</sup> !

19 His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,  
 Cride out, " Now, now, Sir Knight, shew what ye bee:

<sup>1</sup> *Bale*, destruction.

<sup>3</sup> *Dazd*, confounded.

<sup>5</sup> *Qua chaine?*

<sup>2</sup> *Enhaunst*, lifted up.

<sup>4</sup> *Tho*, then.

Add faith unto your force, and be not faint ;  
 Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee.”  
 That when he heard, in great perplexitie,  
 His gall did grate for griefe and high disdain ;  
 And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,  
 Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,  
 That soone to loose her wicked bands did her con-  
 straine.

20 Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw  
 A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,  
 Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,  
 Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke  
 His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe :  
 Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,  
 With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke.  
 And creeping sought way in the weedy gras :  
 Her filthie parbreake <sup>1</sup> all the place defiled has.

21 As when old father Nilus gins to swell  
 With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,  
 His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,  
 And overflow each plaine and lowly dale :  
 But, when his later spring gins to avale,<sup>2</sup>  
 Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherin there  
 breed  
 Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male  
 And partly femall, of his fruitful seed ;  
 Such ugly monstrous shapes elswher may no man  
 reed.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Parbreake*, vomit.

<sup>2</sup> *Avale*, sink down.

<sup>3</sup> *Reed*, imagine.

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

23 As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,  
 When ruddy Phebus gins to welke<sup>1</sup> in west,  
 High on an hill, his flocke to vewen<sup>2</sup> wide,  
 Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best :  
 A cloud of cumbrons gnattes doe him molest,  
 All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,  
 That from their noyance he no where can rest ;  
 But with his clownish hands their tender wings  
 He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmur-  
 ings.

24 Thus ill bestedd,<sup>3</sup> and fearefull more of shame  
 Then of the certeine perill he stood in,  
 Halfe furious unto his foe he came,  
 Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,  
 Or soone to lose, before he once would lin<sup>4</sup> ;  
 And stroke at her with more then manly force,  
 That from her body, full of filthie sin,

<sup>1</sup> *Welke*, fade.

<sup>2</sup> *Vewen*, view.

<sup>3</sup> *Bestedd*, situated.

<sup>4</sup> *Lin*, cease.

He raft<sup>1</sup> her hatefull heade without remorse :  
 A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed from her  
 corse.

25 Her scattred brood, soone as their parent deare  
 They saw so rudely falling to the ground,  
 Groning full deadly all with troublous feare  
 Gathred themselves about her body round,  
 Weening<sup>2</sup> their wonted entrance to have found  
 At her wide mouth ; but, being there withstood,  
 They flocked all about her bleeding wound,  
 And sucked up their dying mothers blood ;  
 Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their  
 good.

26 That détestable sight him much amazde,  
 To see th' unkindly<sup>3</sup> impes, of heaven accurst,  
 Devoure their dam ; on whom while so he gazd,  
 Having all satisfide their bloody thirst,  
 Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,  
 And bowels gushing forth : Well worthy end  
 Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst !  
 Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,  
 His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should  
 contend.

27 His Lady, seeing all that chaunst, from farre,  
 Approcht in hast to greet his victorie ;  
 And saide, " Faire Knight, borne under happie  
 starre,

<sup>1</sup> *Raft*, struck off.

<sup>2</sup> *Weening*, expecting.

<sup>3</sup> *Unkindly*, unnatural.

Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye ;  
 Well worthie be you of that armory,  
 Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,  
 And prov'd your strength on a strong enimie ;  
 Your first adventure : Many such I pray,  
 And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may !”

28 Then mounted he upon his steede againe,  
 And with the Lady backward sought to wend :  
 That path he kept which beaten was most plaine,  
 Ne ever would to any by-way bend ;  
 But still did follow one unto the end,  
 The which at last out of the wood them brought.  
 So forward on his way (with God to frend<sup>1</sup>)  
 He passed forth, and new adventure sought :  
 Long way he traveled, before he heard of ought.

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

30 He faire the Knight saluted, louting<sup>2</sup> low,  
 Who faire him quited,<sup>3</sup> as that courteous was ;  
 And after asked him, if he did know

<sup>1</sup> To *friend*, for a friend.

<sup>2</sup> *Louting*, bowing.

<sup>3</sup> *Quited*, requited, returned his salutation.

Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.  
 " Ah ! my dear sonne," quoth he, " how should, alas !  
 Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,  
 Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,  
 Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell ?  
 With holy father sits <sup>1</sup> not with such thinges to mell.<sup>3</sup>

31 " But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,  
 And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,  
 Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,  
 That wasteth all this countrie farre and neare.  
 " Of such," saide he, " I chiefly doe inquere ;  
 And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,  
 In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare :  
 For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,  
 That such a cursed creature lives so long a space."

32 " Far hence," quoth he, " in wastfull wilderness,  
 His dwelling is, by which no living wight  
 May ever passe, but thorough great distresse."  
 " Now," saide the Ladie, " draweth toward night ;  
 And well I wote, that of your later fight  
 Ye all forweared <sup>3</sup> be ; for what so strong,  
 But, wanting rest, will also want of might ?  
 The sunne, that measures heaven all day long,  
 At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves emong.

13 " Then with the sunne take, Sir, your timely rest,  
 And with new day new worke at once begin :  
 Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best."

<sup>1</sup> *Sits*, is becoming, suits.

<sup>2</sup> *Meil*, meddle.

<sup>3</sup> *Forweared*, wearied out.



“ Right well, Sir Knight, ye have advised bin,”  
 Quoth then that aged man; “ the way to win  
 Is wisely to advise : now day is spent ;  
 Therefore with me ye may take up your in <sup>1</sup>  
 For this same night.” The Knight was well content :  
 So with that godly Father to his home they went.

34 A litle lowly hermitage it was,  
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,  
 Far from resort of people, that did pas  
 In traveill to and froe : a litle wyde <sup>2</sup>  
 There was an holy chappell edifyde,<sup>3</sup>  
 Wherein the Hermite dewly went to say  
 His holy thinges each morne and eventyde :  
 Thereby a christall streame did gently play,  
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

35 Arrived there, the litle house they fill,  
 Ne looke for entertainment, where none was ;  
 Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will :  
 The noblest mind the best contentment has.  
 With faire discourse the evening so they pas ;  
 For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,  
 And well could file <sup>4</sup> his tongue, as smooth as glas :  
 He told of saintes and popes, and evermore  
 He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

36 The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast ;  
 And the sad <sup>5</sup> humor loading their eye-liddes,

<sup>1</sup> *In*, abode.

<sup>4</sup> *File*, smooth or polish.

<sup>2</sup> *A litle wyde*, at a short distance.

<sup>5</sup> *Sad*, heavy.

<sup>3</sup> *Edifyde*, built.

As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast  
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep them  
biddes.

Unto their lodgings then his gwestes he riddles<sup>1</sup>:  
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he  
findes,

He to his studie goes; and there amiddes  
His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes.  
He seekes out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy  
minds.

37 Then choosing out few words most horrible,  
(Let none them read!) thereof did verses frame;  
With which, and other spelles like terrible,  
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly dame;  
And cursed heven; and spake reprochful shame  
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light.  
A bold bad man! that dar'd to call by name  
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night;  
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

38 And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd  
Legions of sprights, the which, like litle flies,  
Fluttring about his ever-damned hedd,  
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,  
To aide his friendes, or fray<sup>2</sup> his enimies:  
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,  
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;  
The one of them he gave a message too,  
The other by himselfe staide other worke to doo.

<sup>1</sup> *Riddles*, dismisses.

<sup>2</sup> *Fray*, alarm.

39 He, making speedy way through spersed<sup>1</sup> ayre,  
 And through the world of waters wide and deepe.  
 To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.  
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,  
 And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,  
 His dwelling is ; there Tethys his wet bed  
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe  
 In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,  
 Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

40 Whose double gates he findeth locked fast ;  
 The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,  
 The other all with silver overcast ;  
 And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,  
 Watching to banish Care their enemy,  
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.  
 By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,  
 And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe  
 In drowsie fit he findes ; of nothing he takes keepe.<sup>2</sup>

41 And, more to lulle him in his slumber soft,  
 A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,  
 And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,<sup>3</sup>  
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Spersed*, dispersed.

<sup>2</sup> *Keepe*, heed.

<sup>3</sup> *Loft*, floor.

<sup>4</sup> *Sowne*, sound.

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XL. 3.—*Silver overcast.*] The ancient poets supposed that there were two gates of Sleep, one of horn, which sent forth true dreams, and one of ivory, which sent false. Spenser substitutes silver for horn, because the magician cannot be supposed to have power over truth in any shape.

Of swarming bees, did caste him in a swowne.  
 No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,  
 As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,  
 Might there be heard : but carelesse Quiet lyes,  
 Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimy.

42 The messenger approaching to him spake ;  
 But his waste wordes retournd to him in vaine :  
 So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.  
 Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,  
 Whereat he gan to stretch : but he againe  
 Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.  
 As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine  
 Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,  
 He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

43 The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,  
 And threatned unto him the dreaded name  
 Of Hecaté : whereat he gan to quake,  
 And, lifting up his lompish<sup>1</sup> head, with blame  
 Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.  
 " Hether," quoth he, " me Archimago sent  
 He that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame ;  
 He bids thee to him send for his intent  
 A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Lompish*, heavy.

<sup>2</sup> *Sent*, perception, senses.

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XLIII. 6. — *Archimago*,] i. e. arch-magician. He is a type of Hypocrisy or Fraud, and, as opposed to Christian Holiness embodied in the Red-cross Knight, may also represent Satan the incarnate principle of evil. H.

44 The God obeyde ; and, calling forth straight way  
 A diverse<sup>1</sup> dreame out of his prison darke,  
 Delivered it to him, and downe did lay  
 His heavie head, devoide of careful carke<sup>2</sup> ;  
 Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.  
 He, backe returning by the yvorie dore,  
 Remounted up as light as chearefull larke ;  
 And on his litle winges the dreame he bore  
 In hast unto his lord, where he him left afore.

45 Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,  
 Had made a lady of that other spright,  
 And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,  
 So lively,<sup>3</sup> and so like in all mens sight,  
 That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight :  
 The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,  
 Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.  
 Her all in white he clad, and over it  
 Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

46 Now when that ydle Dreame was to him brought,  
 Unto that Elfin Knight he bad him fly,  
 Where he slept soundly, void of evil thought,  
 And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,

<sup>1</sup> *Diverse*, distracting.

<sup>2</sup> *Carke*, anxiety.

<sup>3</sup> *Lively*, lifelike.

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XLV. 9. — *Una*.] This is the first time that the lady accompanying the Knight is called by her name of *Una*, or *one*, so named, either on account of the singleness of purpose characteristic of Truth, or on account of the unique excellence of her character. H.

In sort as he him schooled privily.  
 And that new creature, borne without her dew,<sup>1</sup>  
 Full of the makers guyle, with usage sly  
 He taught to imitate that Lady trew,  
 Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

47 Thus, well instructed, to their worke they haste ;  
 And, comming where the Knight in slomber lay,  
 The one upon his hardie head him plaste,  
 And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play ;  
 That nigh his manly hart did melt away,  
 Bathed in wanton blis and wicked ioy.  
 Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,  
 And to him playnd, how that false winged boy  
 Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne dame Pleas-  
     ures toy ;

48 And she her selfe, of beautie soveraigne queene,  
 Fayre Venus, seemde unto his bed to bring  
 Her, whom he, waking, evermore did weene<sup>2</sup>  
 To bee the chastest flowre that aye did spring  
 On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,  
 Now a loose leman to vile service bound :  
 And eke the Graces seemed all to sing  
*Hymen Iö Hymen*, dauncing all around ;  
 Whylst freshest Flora her with yvie girlond crownd.

49 In this great passion of unwonted lust,  
 Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,

<sup>1</sup> *Borne without her dew*, produced without the due and proper qualities of a real woman. II.

<sup>2</sup> *Weene*, suppose.

He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust  
 Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his :  
 Lo, there before his face his Ladie is,  
 Under blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke ;  
 And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,  
 With gentle blandishment and lovely looke.  
 Most like that Virgin true, which for her knight him  
 took.

50 All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth<sup>1</sup> sight  
 And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,  
 He thought have slaine her in his fierce de-  
 spight<sup>2</sup> ;  
 But, hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,  
 He stayde his hand ; and gan himselfe advise  
 To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.  
 Wringing her hands, in wemens pitteous wise,  
 Tho<sup>3</sup> can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth<sup>4</sup>  
 Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

51 And sayd, “ Ah Sir, my liege lord, and my love,  
 Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,  
 And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,  
 Or the blind god, that doth me thus amate,<sup>5</sup>  
 For hoped love to winne me certaine hate ?  
 Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.  
 Die is my dew ; yet rew my wretched state,  
 You, whom my hard avenging destinie  
 Hath made iudge of my life or death indifferently :

<sup>1</sup> *Uncouth*, strange.

<sup>2</sup> *Despight*, anger.

<sup>3</sup> *Tho*, then.

<sup>4</sup> *Ruth*, pity.

<sup>5</sup> *Amate*, confound, overpower.

52 “Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave  
 My fathers kingdom” — There she stopt with teares ;  
 Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave ;  
 And then againe begonne : “ My weaker yeares,  
 Captiv’d to fortune and frayle worldly feares,  
 Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde :  
 Let me not die in languor and long teares.”

“ Why, Dame,” quoth he, “ what hath ye thus dis-  
 mayd ?

What frayes<sup>1</sup> ye, that were wont to comfort me af-  
 frayd ?”

53 “ Love of yourselfe,” she saide, “ and deare con-  
 straint,

Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night

In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,

Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight.’

Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight

Suspect her truth ; yet since no’ untruth he knew,

Her fawning love with foule disdainfull spight

He would not shend<sup>2</sup> ; but said, “ Deare Dame, I rew,

That for my sake unknowne such griefe unto you grew :

54 “ Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground ;

For all so deare as life is to my hart,

I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound :

Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,

<sup>1</sup> *Frayes*, affrights.

<sup>2</sup> *Shend*, put to shame.

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LII. 1. *Your owne deare sake, &c.*] This is not true, as Una did not know St. George till she came to the court of the Faerie Queene. H.



Where cause is none ; but to your rest depart.”  
Not all content, yet seemd she to appease  
Her mournfull plaintes, beguiled of her art,  
And fed with words, that could not chose but please:  
So slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

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

## C A N T O    I I .

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts  
 The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:  
 Into whose stead faire Falshood steps,  
 And workes him woefull ruth.<sup>1</sup>

**1** **BY** this the northerne wagoner<sup>2</sup> had set  
 His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre  
 That was in ocean waves yet never wet,  
 But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre  
 To al that in the wide deepe wandring arre;  
 And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill  
 Had warned once, that Phœbus fiery carre  
 In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,  
 Full envious that night his roome did fill:

**2** When those accursed messengers of hell,  
 That feigning Dreame, and that faire-forged  
 Spright,  
 Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell  
 Their bootelesse paines, and ill-succeeding night:

<sup>1</sup> *Ruth*, pity, sorrow.

<sup>2</sup> I. e. Boötes.

Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might  
 Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine  
 And sad Prosérpines wrath, them to affright.  
 But, when he saw his threatning was but vaine,  
 He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes againe.

3 Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated Faire,  
 And that false other Spright, on whom he spred  
 A seeming body of the subtile aire,  
 Like a young squire, in loves and lustyhed<sup>1</sup>  
 His wanton daies that ever loosely led,  
 Without regard of armes and dreaded fight;  
 Those twoo he tooke, and in a secrete bed,  
 Covered with darkenes and misdeeming<sup>2</sup> night,  
 Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine delight.

4 Forthwith he runnes with feigned-faithfull hast  
 Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights  
 And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast;  
 Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,  
 As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,  
 And to him calls: " Rise, rise, unhappy swaine,  
 That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights  
 Have knit themselves in Venus shameful chaine:  
 Come, see where your false Lady doth her honor  
 staine."

5 All in amaze he suddenly up start  
 With sword in hand, and with the old man went;  
 Who soone him brought into a secret part,

<sup>1</sup> *Lustyhed*, lustfulness.

<sup>2</sup> *Misdeeming*, causing to mistake.

Where that false couple were full closely ment<sup>1</sup>  
 In wanton lust and leud embracemēt :  
 Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire ;  
 The eie of reason was with rage yblent<sup>2</sup> ;  
 And would have slaine them in his furious ire,  
 But hardly was restrained of that aged sire.

6 Retourning to his bed in torment great,  
 And bitter anguish of his<sup>3</sup> guilty sight,  
 He could not rest : but did his stout heart eat.  
 And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,  
 Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night.  
 At last faire Hesperus in highest skie  
 Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawning  
 light ;  
 Then up he rose, and clad him hastily ;  
 The Dwarfe him brought his steed : so both away do fly.

7 Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,  
 Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,  
 Had spred her purple robe through deawy aire,  
 And the high hills Titan discovered,  
 The royall Virgin shooke of drousyhed :  
 And, rising forth out of her baser bowre,<sup>4</sup>  
 Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,  
 And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each  
 howre : —

Then gan she wail and weepe to see that woeful  
 stowre.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Ment*, mingled.

<sup>2</sup> *Yblent*, blinded.

<sup>3</sup> *Qu. this?*

<sup>4</sup> *Bowre*, chamber (lower than *Aurora's*).

<sup>5</sup> *Stowre*, trouble.

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

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

10 He then devisde, himselfe how to disguise ;  
 For by his mighty science he could take  
 As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,  
 As ever Proteus to himselfe could make :  
 Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,  
 Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell ;  
 That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,  
 And oft would flie away. O who can tell  
 The hidden powre of herbes, and might of magick spell!

1 But now seemde best the person to put on  
 Of that good Knight, his late beguiled gnest.

In mighty armes he was yclad anon,  
 And silver shield; upon his coward brest  
 A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest  
 A bunch of heares discolourd diversly.  
 Full iolly knight he seemde, and wel address<sup>1</sup>;  
 And, when he sate upon his courser free,  
 Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him to be.

12 But he, the knight whose semblaunt he did beare,  
 The true Saint George, was wandred far away,  
 Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare:  
 Will was his guide, and grieve led him astray.  
 At last him chaunst to meete upon the way  
 A faithlesse Sarazin, all armde to point,  
 In whose great shield was writ with letters gay  
*Sans foy*; full large of limbe and every ioint  
 He was, and cared not for God or man a point.<sup>2</sup>

13 Hee had a faire companion of his way,  
 A goodly lady clad in scarlot red,  
 Purpled<sup>3</sup> with gold and pearle of rich assay<sup>4</sup>;  
 And like<sup>5</sup> a Persian mitre on her hed  
 Shee wore, with crowns and owches<sup>6</sup> garnished,  
 The which her lavish lovers to her gave:

<sup>1</sup> *Address*, drest, equipped.

<sup>2</sup> *Point*, whit.

<sup>3</sup> *Purpled*, trimmed, fringed.

<sup>4</sup> *Assay*, proof, value.

<sup>5</sup> *Like*, i. e. a thing like.

<sup>6</sup> *Owches*, jewels.

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XII. 6. — *A faithlesse Sarazin.*] In the romances of chivalry any knight, who was not a Christian, was called a *Saracen*. H.

XII. 8. — *Sans foy*,] i. e. Faith-less. He represents Unbelief, or perhaps Paganism. H.

Her wanton palfrey all was overspred  
 With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,  
 Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses brave.

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

15 The Knight of the Rederosse, when him he spide  
 Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,  
 Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride :  
 Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,  
 That, daunted with theyr forces hideous,  
 Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand ;  
 And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,  
 Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,  
 Doe backe rebutte,<sup>1</sup> and ech to other yealdeth land.

16 As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,  
 Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flocke,  
 Their horned fronts so fierce on either side  
 Doe meete, that, with the terror of the shocke  
 Astonied, both stand sencelesse as a blocke,  
 Forgetfull of the hanging victory :  
 So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,

<sup>1</sup> *Rebutte*, recoil.

Both staring fierce, and holding idely  
The broken reliques<sup>1</sup> of their former cruelty.

17 The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,<sup>2</sup>  
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies ;  
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff :  
Each others equall puissance envies,<sup>3</sup>  
And through their iron sides with cruell spies<sup>4</sup>  
Does seeke to perce ; repining<sup>5</sup> courage yields  
No foote to foe : the flashing fiër flies,  
As from a forge, out of their burning shields ;  
And streams of purple bloud new die the verdant  
fields.

18 "Curse on that Crosse," quoth then the Sarazin,  
"That keepes thy body from the bitter fitt<sup>6</sup> ;  
Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,  
Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt :  
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,  
And hide thy head." Therewith upon his crest  
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,  
That a large share<sup>7</sup> it hewd out of the rest,  
And glauncing downe his shield from blame him fairely  
blest.<sup>8</sup>

19 Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark  
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive ;

<sup>1</sup> I. e. their spears.

<sup>6</sup> I. e. the mortal agony.

<sup>2</sup> *Buffe*, blow.

<sup>7</sup> *Share*, slice.

<sup>3</sup> *Envies*, emulates.

<sup>8</sup> I. e. saved him from harm.

<sup>4</sup> *Spies*, i. e. spyings, thrusts that try to find entrance.

<sup>5</sup> *Repining*, indignant.



And, at his haughty helmet making mark,  
 So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,  
 And cleft his head : He, tumbling downe alive,  
 With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,  
 Greeting his grave : his grudging ghost did strive  
 With the fraile flesh ; at last it flitted is,  
 Whether the soules doe fly of men that live amis.

20 The Lady, when she saw her champion fall,  
 Like the old ruines of a broken towre,  
 Staid not to waile his woefull funerall ;  
 But from him fled away with all her powre :  
 Who after her as hastily gan scowre,  
 Bidding the Dwarfe with him to bring away  
 The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure ;  
 Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay ;  
 For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

21 Shee turning backe, with ruefull countenance,  
 Cride, “ Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show  
 On silly dame, subiect to hard mischaunce,  
 And to your mighty wil.” Her humblesse<sup>1</sup> low  
 In so ritche weedes, and seeming glorious show,  
 Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart ;  
 And said, “ Deare Dame, your sublein overthrow  
 Much rueth<sup>2</sup> me ; but now put feare apart,  
 And tel, both who ye be, and who that tooke your  
 part.”

22 Melting in teares, then gan shee thus lament :  
 “ The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre

<sup>1</sup> *Humblesse*, humility.

<sup>2</sup> *Rueth*, grieves.

Hath now made thrall to your commandement,  
 Before that angry heavens list to lowre,  
 And fortune false betraide me to your powre,  
 Was, (O what now availeth that I was !)  
 Borne the sole daughter of an emperour ;  
 He that the wide west under his rule has,  
 And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth  
 pas.

23 “ He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,  
 Betrothed me unto the onely haire  
 Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage ;  
 Was never prince so faithfull and so faire,  
 Was never prince so meeke and debonaire<sup>1</sup> !  
 But, ere my hoped day of spousall shone,  
 My dearest lord fell from high honors staire  
 Into the hands of hys accursed fone,<sup>2</sup>  
 And cruelly was slaine ; that shall I ever mone !

24 “ His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,  
 Was afterward, I know not how, convoid,<sup>3</sup>  
 And fro me hid ; of whose most innocent death  
 When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,  
 O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid<sup>4</sup> !  
 Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,  
 And many yeares throughout the world I straid,  
 A virgin widow ; whose deepe-wounded mind  
 With love long time did languish, as the striken  
 hind.

<sup>1</sup> *Debonaire*, courteous.

<sup>2</sup> *Fone*, fcs.

<sup>3</sup> *Convoid*, secretly carried off.

<sup>4</sup> *Assaid*, assailed.

25 "At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin  
 To meete me wandring ; who perforce me led  
 With him away ; but yet could never win  
 The fort, that ladies hold in soveraigne dread.  
 There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,  
 Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sansfoy,  
 The eldest of three brethren ; all three bred  
 Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sansioy ;  
 And twixt them both was born the bloody bold Sans-  
 loy.

26 "In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,  
 Now miserable I Fidessa dwell,  
 Craving of you, in pittie of my state,  
 To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well."  
 He in great passion<sup>1</sup> al this while did dwell,  
 More busying his quicke eies, her face to view,  
 Then<sup>2</sup> his dull eares, to heare what shee did tell ;  
 And said, "Faire Lady, hart of flint would rew  
 The undeserved woes and sorrowes which ye shew.

27 "Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,  
 Having both found a new friend you to aid,  
 And lost an old foe that did you molest :  
 Better new friend then an old foe is said."  
 With change of chear the seeming-simple maid  
 Let fal her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,  
 And yeelding soft, in that she nought gainsaid.

<sup>1</sup> *Passion*, i. e. of pity.

<sup>2</sup> *Then*, than.

So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,  
And shee coy lookes: so dainty, they say, maketh derth.

28 Long time they thus together traueiled;  
Til, weary of their way, they came at last  
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred  
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast;  
And their greene leaves, trembling with every blast,  
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:  
The fearefull shepheard, often there aghast,  
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound  
His mery oaten pipe; but shund th' unlucky ground.

29 But this good Knight, soone as he them can spie,  
For the coole shade him thither hastily got:  
For golden Phœbus, now ymounted hie,  
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot  
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,  
That living creature mote it not abide;  
And his new Lady it endured not.  
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide  
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a  
tide.<sup>1</sup>

30 Faire-seemely pleasaunce<sup>2</sup> each to other makes,  
With goodly purposes,<sup>3</sup> there as they sit;  
And in his falsed<sup>4</sup> fancy he her takes

<sup>1</sup> *Tide*, while.

<sup>2</sup> *Pleasaunce*, pleasure.

<sup>3</sup> *Purposes*, discourses

<sup>4</sup> *Falsed*, deceived.

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XXVII. 9. — *Dainty maketh derth.*] “Niceness makes an artificial scarcity, without necessity. The affected shyness of the lady was the only obstacle to familiarity.” NARES.

To be the fairest wight, that lived yit ;  
 Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit ;  
 And, thinking of those branches greene to frame  
 A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,  
 He pluckt a bough ; out of whose rifte there came  
 Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same.

31 Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,  
 Crying, “ O spare with guilty hands to teare  
 My tender sides in this rough rynd embard <sup>1</sup> ;  
 But fly, ah ! fly far hence away, for feare  
 Least to you hap that happened to me heare,  
 And to this wretched lady, my deare love ;  
 O too deare love, love bought with death too deare ! ”  
 Astond <sup>2</sup> he stood, and up his heare did hove <sup>3</sup> ;  
 And with that suddein horror could no member move.

32 At last whenas the dreadfull passion  
 Was overpast, and manhood well awake ;  
 Yet musing at the straunge occasion,  
 And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake :  
 “ What voice of damned ghost from Limbo Lake,  
 Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,  
 (Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,)  
 Sends to my doubtful eares these speaches rare, <sup>4</sup>  
 And ruefull plants, <sup>5</sup> me bidding guiltlesse blood to  
 spare ? ”

33 Then groning deep : “ Nor damned ghost,” quoth he,  
 “ Nor guileful sprite, to thee these words doth speake ;

<sup>1</sup> *Embard*, shut up.

<sup>3</sup> *Hove*, rise.

<sup>5</sup> *Plants*, plaints.

<sup>2</sup> *Astond*, confounded.

<sup>4</sup> *Rare*, strange.

But once a man, Fradubio, now a tree;  
 Wretched man, wretched tree! whose nature weake  
 A cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,  
 Hath thus transformd, and plast<sup>1</sup> in open plaines,  
 Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,  
 And scorching sunne does dry my secret vaines;  
 For though a tree I seme, yet cold and heat me  
 paines."

34 "Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,"  
 Quoth then the Knight; "by whose mischievous arts  
 Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see?  
 He oft finds med'cine who his grieffe imparts;  
 But double griefs afflict concealing harts;  
 As raging flames who striveth to suppress."  
 "The author then," said he, "of all my smarts,  
 Is one Duessa, a false sorceresse,  
 That many errant knights hath brought to wretched-  
 nesse.

35 "In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott  
 The fire of love and ioy of chevalree  
 First kindled in my brest, it was my lott  
 To love this gentle lady, whome ye see  
 Now not a lady, but a seeming tree;  
 With whome as once I rode accompanyde,  
 Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,

<sup>1</sup> *Plast*, placed.

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XXXIII. 3. — *Fradubio*.] *Fradubio* is the *Doubter*.  
 XXXIV. 8. — *Duessa*.] *Duessa* (double-faced) is the **true**  
 name of the woman attending the Knight under the assumed name  
 of *Fidessa*.

That had a like faire lady by his syde ;  
 Lyke a faire lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde ;

36 “ Whose forged<sup>1</sup> beauty he did take in hand<sup>2</sup>  
 All other dames to have exceded farre ;  
 I in defence of mine did likewise stand,  
 Mine, that did then shine as the morning starre.  
 So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre :  
 In which his harder fortune was to fall  
 Under my speare ; such is the dye<sup>3</sup> of warre.  
 His lady, left as a prise martiall,  
 Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

37 “ So doubly lov'd of ladies unlike faire,  
 Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,  
 One day in doubt I east for to compare  
 Whether<sup>4</sup> in beauties glorie did exceede ;  
 A rosy girlond was the victors meede.  
 Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee :  
 So hard the discord was to be agreede.  
 Fralissa was as faire as faire mote bee,  
 And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

38 “ The wicked Witch, now seeing all this while  
 The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,  
 What not by right, she east to win by guile ;  
 And, by her hellish science, raisd streight way

<sup>1</sup> *Forged*, false.

<sup>3</sup> *Dye*, lot.

<sup>2</sup> *Take in hand*, maintain.

<sup>4</sup> *Whether*, which of the two.

A foggy mist that overcast the day,  
 And a dull blast, that, breathing on her face,  
 Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,  
 And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace :  
 Then was she fayre alone, when none was faire in  
 place.<sup>1</sup>

39 “ Then cride she out, ‘ Fye, fye, deformed wight,  
 Whose borrowed beantie now appeareth plaine  
 To have before bewitched all mens sight :  
 O leave her soone, or let her soone be skaine !’  
 Her loathly visage viewing with disdainē,  
 Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,  
 And would have kild her ; but with faigned painē  
 The false Witch did my wrathfull hand withhold :  
 So left her, where she now is turnd to treēn mould.

40 “ Thensforth I tooke Duessa for my dame,  
 And in the Witeh unweeting<sup>2</sup> ioyd long time ;  
 Ne ever wist, but that she was the same :  
 Till on a day (that day is everie Prime,  
 When witches wont do penance for their crime)  
 I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,  
 Bathing her selfe in origane<sup>3</sup> and thyme :  
 A filthy foule old woman I did vew,  
 That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

<sup>1</sup> *In place*, that was present.

<sup>3</sup> *Origane*, wild marjoram.

<sup>2</sup> *Unweeting*, unknowing.

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XXXVIII. 5. — *A foggy mist.*] Here the effects of calumny in blasting a fair reputation are expressed. II.

XL. 4. — *Everie Prime.*] *Prime* here means *spring*. It was believed that witches were obliged to do penance at certain seasons in their proper shape.



- 41 "Her neather partes misshapen, monstrous,  
 Were hidd in water, that I could not see;  
 But they did seeme more foule and hideous,  
 Then<sup>1</sup> womans shape man would beleeve to bee.  
 Thensforth from her most beastly companie  
 I gan refraine, in minde to slipp away,  
 Soone as appeard safe opportunitie;  
 For danger great, if not assurd decay,<sup>2</sup>  
 I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.
- 42 "The divelish hag, by chaunges of my cheare,  
 Perceiv'd my thought; and, drownd in sleepe  
 night,  
 With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmeare  
 My body all, through charmes and magicke night,  
 That all my senses were bereaved quight:  
 Then brought she me into this desert waste,  
 And by my wretched lovers side me pight<sup>3</sup>;  
 Where now enclosed in wooden wals full faste,  
 Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies we  
 waste."
- 43 "But how long time," said then the Elfin Knight,  
 "Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?"  
 "We may not change," quoth he, "this evill plight  
 Till we be bathed in a living well:  
 That is the terme prescribed by the spell."  
 "O how," sayd he, "mote I that well out find,  
 That may restore you to your wonted well<sup>4</sup>?"

<sup>1</sup> *Then*, than.

<sup>2</sup> *Decay*, destruction.

<sup>3</sup> *Pight*, placed.

<sup>4</sup> *Well*, well-being.

“Time and suffised fates to former kynd<sup>1</sup>  
 Shall us restore ; none else from hence may us un-  
 bynd.”

44 The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,  
 Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,  
 And knew well all was true. But the good Knight,  
 Full of sad feare and ghasly dreriment,<sup>2</sup>  
 When all this speech the living tree had spent,  
 The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,  
 That from the blood he might be innocent,  
 And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound :  
 Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her fownd.

45 Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,  
 As all unweeting<sup>3</sup> of that<sup>4</sup> well she knew ;  
 And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare  
 Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew,  
 And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew,  
 At last she up gan lift ; with trembling cheare  
 Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew,)  
 And oft her kist. At length, all passed feare,  
 He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

<sup>1</sup> *Kynd*, nature.

<sup>2</sup> *Dreriment*, sorrow.

<sup>3</sup> *Unweeting*, unknowing.

<sup>4</sup> *That*, that which.

---

Of these enchanted lovers we hear no more. Their disenchant-  
 ment would probably have been effected in some subsequent book,  
 had the poem been completed. H.

## CANTO III.

Forsaken Truth long seekes her Love,  
 And makes the lyon mylde ;  
 Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals  
 In hand of leachour vyld.

1 NOUGHT is there under heavn's wide hollownesse,  
 That moves more deare compassion of mind,  
 Then beautie brought t' unworthie wretchednesse  
 Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.  
 I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,  
 Or through alleageance, and fast fealty,  
 Which I do owe unto all womankynd,  
 Feele my hart perst with so great agony,  
 When such I see, that all for pittie I could dy.

2 And now it is empassioned<sup>1</sup> so deepe,  
 For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,  
 That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe.  
 To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,  
 Though true as touch,<sup>2</sup> though daughter of a king,  
 Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,  
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,  
 Is from her Knight divorced in despayre,  
 And her dew loves deryv'd<sup>3</sup> to that vile Witches shayre.

<sup>1</sup> *Empassioned*, moved.

<sup>3</sup> *Deryv'd*, transferred.

<sup>2</sup> *Touch*, touchstone.

3 Yet she, most faithfull ladie, all this while  
 Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,  
 Far from all peoples preace,<sup>1</sup> as in exile,  
 In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,  
 To seeke her Knight; who, subtilly betrayd  
 Through that late vision which th' Enchaunter  
     wrought  
 Had her abandond. She, of nought affrayd,  
 Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;  
 Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

4 One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,  
 From her unhastie beast she did alight;  
 And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay  
 In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight;  
 From her fayre head her fillet she undight,<sup>2</sup>  
 And layd her stole aside. Her angels face,  
 As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,  
 And made a sunshine in the shady place;  
 Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

5 It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood  
 A ramping lyon rushed suddeinly,  
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:  
 Soone as the royall Virgin he did spy,

<sup>1</sup> *Preace*, press or throng.

<sup>2</sup> *Undight*, took off.

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V. 2. — *A ramping lyon.*] By the lion we are to understand, as Upton conjectures, Henry the Eighth, and the homage he pays to Una denotes the English monarch's accession to the Reformed Faith. C.

With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,  
 To have attonce devourd her tender corse :  
 But to the pray whenas he drew more ny,  
 His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,<sup>1</sup>  
 And, with the sight amazd, forgot his furious forse.

6 Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,  
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong ;  
 As he her wronged innocence did weet.<sup>2</sup>  
 O how can beautie maister the most strong,  
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !  
 Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,  
 Still dreading death, when she had marked long,  
 Her hart gan melt in great compassion ;  
 And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

7 "The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,"  
 Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,  
 And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,  
 Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late  
 Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate : —  
 But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,  
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate  
 Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord  
 As the god of my life? why hath he me abhord?"

8 Redounding<sup>3</sup> teares did choke th' end of her plaint,  
 Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood ;  
 And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,

<sup>1</sup> *Remorse*, pity.

<sup>2</sup> *Wett*, know.

<sup>3</sup> *Redounding*, overflowing.

The kingly beast upon her gazing stood ;  
 With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.  
 At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,  
 Arose the Virgin borne of heavenly brood,  
 And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,  
 To seeke her strayed champion if she might attayne.

9 The lyon would not leave her desolate,  
 But with her went along, as a strong gard  
 Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate  
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :  
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward ;  
 And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,  
 With humble service to her will prepard :  
 From her fayre eyes he took commandement,  
 And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

10 Long she thus traueiled through deserts wyde,  
 By which she thought her wandring Knight could  
     pas,  
 Yet never shew of living wight espyde ;  
 Till that at length she found the troden gras,  
 In which the tract of peoples footing was,  
 Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore :  
 The same she followes, till at last she has  
 A damzell spyde slow footing her before,  
 That on her shoulders sad <sup>1</sup> a pot of water bore.

11 To whom approching, she to her gan call,  
 To weet <sup>2</sup> if dwelling place were nigh at hand ;

<sup>1</sup> *Sad*, heavy, burdened.

<sup>2</sup> *Weet*, know.

But the rude wench her answerd nought at all;  
 She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand:  
 Till, seeing by her side the lyon stand,  
 With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she threw,  
 And fled away: for never in that land  
 Face of fayre lady she before did vew,  
 And that dredd lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

2 Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,  
 As if her life upon the wager lay;  
 And home she came, whereas<sup>1</sup> her mother blynd  
 Sate in eternall night; nought could she say;  
 But, suddaine catching hold, did her dismay  
 With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:  
 Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,  
 Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there  
 Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere:

13 Which when none yielded, her unruly page  
 With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,  
 And let her in; where, of his cruell rage  
 Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,  
 Shee found them both in darkesome corner pent;  
 Where that old woman day and night did pray  
 Upon her beads, devoutly penitent:  
 Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,  
 And thrise nine hundred *Aves*, she was wont to say.

<sup>1</sup> *Whereas*, where that, where.

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XIII. 6. — *Old woman.*] The old woman, Corceca (*cui cæcum est cor*, Upton), is Blind Devotion, and her daughter, Abessa, Monastic Superstition. C.

- 14 And, to augment her painefull penaunce more,  
 Thrise every weeke in ashes shee did sitt,  
 And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,  
 And thrise three times did fast from any bitt :  
 But now for feare her beads she did forgett.  
 Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,  
 Faire Una framed words and count'naunce fitt :  
 Which hardly doen,<sup>1</sup> at length she gan them pray,  
 That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.
- 15 The day is spent ; and commeth drowsie night,  
 When every creature shrowded is in sleepe :  
 Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,  
 And at her feete the lyon watch doth keepe :  
 In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe,  
 For the late losse of her deare-loved Knight,  
 And sighes, and grones, and evermore does steepe  
 Her tender brest in bitter teares all night ;  
 All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.
- 16 Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye  
 Above the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,  
 And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye,  
 One knocked at the dore, and in would fare ;  
 He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,  
 That ready entraunce was not at his call ;  
 For on his backe a heavy load he bare  
 Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,<sup>2</sup>  
 Which he had got abroad by purchas<sup>3</sup> criminall.

<sup>1</sup> *Hardly doen*, done with difficulty.

<sup>3</sup> *Purchas*, acquisition

<sup>2</sup> *Severall*, various.



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

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

19 Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he  
 beth ;  
 Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,  
 (The lyon frayed<sup>1</sup> them,) him in to lett ;  
 He would no lenger stay him to advize,  
 But open breakes the dore in furious wize,

<sup>1</sup> *Frayed*, terrified.

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XIX. 5. — *But open breakes the dore in furious wize.*] The allegory here seems clearly to signify the suppression of the abbeys and monasteries under Henry the Eighth. C.

And entring is ; when that disdainfull beast,  
 Encountring fierce, him suddein doth surprize ;  
 And, seizing<sup>1</sup> cruell clawes on trembling brest,  
 Under his lordly foot him proudly hath suppress.

20 Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,  
 His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand ;  
 Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,  
 And quite dismembred hath : the thirsty land  
 Dronke up his life ; his corse left on the strand.  
 His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night,  
 Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand  
 The heaue hap, which on them is alight ;  
 Affraid, least to themselves the like mishappen might.

21 Now when broad day the world discovered has,  
 Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke ;  
 And on their former iourney forward pas,  
 In waies unknowne, her wandring Knight to seeke,  
 With paines far passing that long-wandring Greeke,  
 That for his love refused deitye :  
 Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,  
 Still seeking him, that from her still did flye ;  
 Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened  
 nye.

22 Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twayne,  
 That blind old woman, and her daughter dear,

<sup>1</sup> *Seizing, fixing.*

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XXI. 5. — *Long-wandring Greeke.*] Ulysses, who refused the immortality offered him by Calypso, "for his love," Penelope.

Came forth; and, finding Kirkrapine there slayne,  
 For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,  
 And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare :  
 And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,  
 Then forth they ran, like two amazed deare,  
 Halfe mad through malice and revenging will,  
 To follow her, that was the causer of their ill :

23 Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,  
 With hollow houlung, and lamenting cry ;  
 Shamefully at her rayling all the way,  
 And her accusing of dishonesty,  
 That was the flowre of faith and chastity :  
 And still, amidst her rayling she<sup>1</sup> did pray  
 That plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery,  
 Might fall on her, and follow all the way ;  
 And that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

24 But, when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,  
 Shee backe retourned with some labour lost ;  
 And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,  
 A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,<sup>2</sup>  
 Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost ;  
 But subtill Archimag, that Una sought  
 By traynes<sup>3</sup> into new troubles to have taste :  
 Of that old woman tidings he besought,  
 If that of such a lady shee could tellen ought.

25 Therewith she gan her passion to renew,  
 And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,

<sup>1</sup> I. e. the old woman.    <sup>2</sup> *Embost*, inclosed.    <sup>3</sup> *Traynes*, snares

Saying, that harlott she too lately knew,  
 That causd her shed so many a bitter teare ;  
 And so forth told the story of her feare.  
 Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,  
 And after for that lady did inquere ;  
 Which being taught, he forward gan advaunce  
 His fair enchanted steed, and eke his charmed lance.

26 Ere long he came where Una traveild slow,  
 And that wilde champion wayting her besyde ;  
 Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst not show  
 Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde  
 Unto an hil ; from whence when she him spyde,  
 By his like-seeming shield her Knight by name  
 Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride :  
 Approching nigh, she wist it was the same ;  
 And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee  
 came :

27 And weeping said, " Ah, my long-lacked lord,  
 Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight ?  
 Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,  
 Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might ;  
 That should as death unto my deare heart light :  
 For since mine eie your ioyous sight did mis,  
 My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,  
 And eke my night of death the shadow is :  
 But welcome now, my light, and shining lampe of blis !'

28 He thereto meeting said, " My dearest dame,  
 Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,  
 To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,

As you to leave that have me loved stil,  
 And chose in Faery court, of meere goodwil,  
 Where noblest knights were to be found on earth.  
 The earth shall sooner leave her kindly<sup>1</sup> skil  
 To bring forth fruit, and make eternall derth,  
 Then I leave you, my lief<sup>2</sup>, yborn of hevenly  
 berth.

29 “ And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,  
 Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place ;  
 Where, Archimago said, a felon strong  
 To many knights did daily worke disgrace ;  
 But knight he now shall never more deface :  
 Good cause of mine excuse, that mote<sup>3</sup> ye please  
 Well to accept, and evermore embrace  
 My faithfull service, that by land and seas  
 Have vovd you to defend : now then your plaint ap-  
 pease.”

30 His lovely<sup>4</sup> words her seemd due recompence  
 Of all her passed paines : one loving howre  
 For many yeares of sorrow can dispence ;  
 A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.  
 Shee has forgott how many a woeful stowre<sup>5</sup>  
 For him she late endurd ; she speakes no more  
 Of past : true is, that true love hath no powre  
 To looken backe ; his eies be fixt before.  
 Before her stands her Knight, for whom she toyld so  
 sore.

<sup>1</sup> *Kindly*, natural.

<sup>2</sup> *Liefe*, love.

<sup>3</sup> *Mote*, may.

<sup>4</sup> *Lovely*, loving.

<sup>5</sup> *Stowre*, trouble, distress

31 Much like, as when the beaten marinere,  
 That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,  
 Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare ;  
 And long time having tand his tawney hide  
 With blustering breath of heaven, that none can bide,  
 And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound<sup>1</sup> ;  
 Soone as the port from far he has espide,  
 His chearfull whistle merily doth sound,  
 And Nereus crownes with cups<sup>2</sup> ; his mates him pledg  
 around

32 Such ioy made Una, when her Knight she found ;  
 And eke th' Enchaunter ioyous seemde no lesse  
 Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground  
 His ship far come from watrie wildernessse ;  
 He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth blesse.  
 So forth they past ; and all the way they spent  
 Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,  
 In which he askt her, what the lyon ment ;  
 Who told her all that fell,<sup>3</sup> in iourney as she went.

33 They had not ridden far, when they might see  
 One pricking towards them with hastie heat,  
 Full strongly armd, and on a courser free  
 That through his fiersnesse fomed all with sweat,  
 And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,  
 When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed<sup>4</sup> side ;  
 His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat

<sup>1</sup> Sirius, or the dog-star.

<sup>2</sup> I. e. makes a libation to Nereus with bumpers, cups so full  
 that the wine crowns the brim.

<sup>3</sup> I. e. all that had befallen her.

<sup>4</sup> *Chauffed*, chafed.

Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde :  
 And on his shield *Sans loy*<sup>1</sup> in bloody lines was dyde.

34 When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,  
 And saw the red crosse, which the Knight did beare,  
 He burnt in fire ; and gan eftsoones prepare  
 Himselfe to batteill with his couched speare.  
 Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,  
 To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele :  
 But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,  
 That hope of new good hap he gan to feele ;  
 So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron heele.

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

36 Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,  
 He to him lept, in minde to reave<sup>2</sup> his life,  
 And proudly said : “ Lo, there the worthie meed

<sup>1</sup> I. e. Lawless.

<sup>2</sup> Reave, take.

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XXXV. 3. — *Vainly crossed shield.*] The cross on the shield of the disguised Archimago proved no protection, unlike that on the shield of the Red-cross Knight, in his encounter with Sans-foy, Canto II., 18. H.

Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife :  
 Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,  
 In peace may passen over Lethe lake ;  
 When mourning altars, purgd with enimies life,  
 The black infernall Furies doen aslake<sup>1</sup> ;  
 Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from  
 thee take.”

37 Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,  
 Till Una cride, “ O hold that heavie hand,  
 Dear Sir, what ever that thou be in place<sup>2</sup> :  
 Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand  
 Now at thy mercy ; mercy not withstand ;  
 For he is one the truest knight alive,  
 Though conquered now he lye on lowly land ;  
 And whilest him fortune favoured, fayre did thrive  
 In bloody field ; therefore of life him not deprive.”

38 Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage ;  
 But, rudely rending up his helmet, would  
 Have slayne him streight : but when he sees his age,  
 And hoarie head of Archimago old,  
 His hasty hand he doth amased hold,  
 And, halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight :  
 For that old man well knew he, though untold,  
 In charmes and magick to have wondrous might ;  
 Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to fight :

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

<sup>1</sup> *Doen aslake*, do appease.

<sup>2</sup> *In place*, present.



Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,  
 Instead of foe to wound my friend amis? ”  
 He answered nought, but in a traunee still lay,  
 And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his  
 The cloude of death did sit ; which doen<sup>1</sup> away,  
 He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay :

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

41 But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw  
 And high disdain, whenas his souveraine Dame  
 So rudely handled by her foe he saw,  
 With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,  
 And, ramping on his shield, did weene<sup>2</sup> the same  
 Have reft away with his sharp rending clawes :  
 But he was stout, and lust did now inflame  
 His corage more, that from his griping pawes  
 He hath his shield redeemd ; and forth his swerd he  
 drawes.

42 O then, too weake and feeble was the forse  
 Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand !

<sup>1</sup> *Doen*, done: when he had recovered from his swoon.

<sup>2</sup> *Weene*, think to.

For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,<sup>1</sup>  
 As ever wielded speare in warlike hand ;  
 And feates of armes did wisely understand.  
 Eftsoones he perced through his chaufed<sup>2</sup> chest  
 With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,  
 And launcht his lordly hart : with death opprest  
 He ror'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

13 Who now is left to keepe the forlorne Maid  
 From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will ?  
 Her faithfull gard remov'd ; her hope dismayd ;  
 Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill<sup>3</sup> !  
 He now, lord of the field, his pride to fill,  
 With foule reproches and disdaineful spight  
 Her vildly entertaines ; and, will or nil<sup>l</sup>  
 Beares her away upon his courser light  
 Her prayers nought prevaile ; his rage is more of  
 might.

14 And all the way, with great lamenting paine,  
 And piteous plaintes, she fillet<sup>h</sup> his dull eares,  
 That stony hart could riven have in twaine ;  
 And all the way she wetts with flowing teares ;  
 But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.  
 Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,  
 But followes her far of, ne ought he feares  
 To be partaker of her wandring woe.  
 More mild in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.

<sup>1</sup> *Corse*, body.

<sup>3</sup> *Spill*, destroy.

<sup>2</sup> *Chaufed*, heated.

## CANTO IV.

To sinfull Hous of Pryde Duessa  
 Guydes the faithfull Knight;  
 Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansioy  
 Doth chaleng him to fight.

1 YOUNG Knight whatever, that dost armes professe,  
 And through long labours huntest after fame,  
 Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,  
 In choice, and chaunge, of thy deare-loved dame;  
 Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,  
 And rash misweening doe thy hart remove:  
 For unto knight there is no greater shame,  
 Then<sup>1</sup> lightnesse and inconstancie in love:  
 That doth this Redcrosse Knights ensample plainly  
 prove.

2 Who, after he had faire Una lorne,<sup>2</sup>  
 Through light misdeeming of her loialtie;  
 And false Duessa in her sted had borne,

<sup>1</sup> *Then*, than.

<sup>2</sup> *Lorne*, lost.

---

very unsettled state during the reigus of King Henry the Eighth,  
 and of Edward the Sixth. But after their death she was entirely  
 in the will and power of the Lawless Victor. UPTON.

Called Fidess', and so supposd to be ;  
 Long with her traveild ; till at last they see  
 A goodly building, bravely garnished ;  
 The house of mightie prince it seemd to be ;  
 And towards it a broad high way that led,  
 All bare through peoples feet, which thether traveiled.

3 Great troupes of people traveild thetherward  
 Both day and night, of each degree and place ;  
 But few returned, having scaped hard.  
 With balefull beggery, or foule disgrace ;  
 Which ever after in most wretched case,  
 Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.  
 Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace ;  
 For she is wearie of the toilsom way ;  
 And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

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

5 It was a goodly heape for to behould,  
 And spake the praises of the workmans witt :  
 But full great pittie, that so faire a mould  
 Did on so weake foundation ever sitt :

For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt  
 And fall away, it mounted was full hie :  
 That every breath of heaven shaked itt :  
 And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,  
 Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

6 Arrived there, they passéd in forth right ;  
 For still to all the gates stood open wide :  
 Yet charge of them was to a porter hight,<sup>1</sup>  
 Cald Malvenú, who entrance none denide :  
 Thence to the hall, which was on every side  
 With rich array and costly arras dight<sup>2</sup> :  
 Infinite sortes of people did abide  
 There waiting long, to win the wished sight  
 Of her, that was the Lady of that pallace bright.

7 By them they passe, all gazing on them round,  
 And to the Presence<sup>3</sup> mount ; whose glorious vew  
 Their frayle amazed senses did confound.  
 In living princes court none ever knew  
 Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew :  
 Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride,  
 Like ever saw : And there a noble crew  
 Of lords and ladies stood on every side,  
 Which, with their presence fayre, the place much  
 beautifide.

8 High above all a cloth of state was spred,  
 And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day ;

<sup>1</sup> *Hight*, intrusted.

<sup>3</sup> *Presence*, reception-room.

<sup>2</sup> *Dight*, furnished.

On which there sate, most brave embellished  
 With royall robes and gorgeous array,  
 A mayden Queene that shone as Titans ray,  
 In glistring gold and perelesse pretious stone ;  
 Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay<sup>1</sup>  
 To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,  
 As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone :

9 Exceeding shone, like Phœbus fayrest childe,  
 That did presume his fathers fyrie wayne,  
 And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde,  
 Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne  
 Proud of such glory and advancement vayne,  
 While flashing beames do daze his feeble eye,  
 He leaves the welkin<sup>2</sup> way most beaten playne,  
 And, rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the skyen  
 With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to shyne.

10 So proud she shyned in her princely state,  
 Looking to heaven ; for earth she did disdayne  
 And sitting high ; for lowly she did hate :  
 Lo, underneath her scornfull feete was layne  
 A dreadfull dragon with an hideous trayne ;  
 And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,  
 Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,<sup>3</sup>  
 And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke delight ;  
 For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

11 Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,  
 And sad Proserpina, the queene of hell ;

<sup>1</sup> *Assay*, attempt.

<sup>3</sup> *Fayne*, gladly.

<sup>2</sup> *Welkin*, heavenly.

Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas<sup>1</sup>  
 That parentage, with pride so did she swell ;  
 And thundring Iove, that high in heaven doth dwell  
 And wield the world, she claymed for her syre ;  
 Or if that any else did Iove excell ;  
 For to the highest she did still aspyre ;  
 Or, if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

12 And proud Lucifera men did her call,  
 That made her selfe a queene, and crownd to be ;  
 Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,  
 Ne heritage of native soveraintie ;  
 But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie  
 Upon the scepter, which she now did hold :  
 Ne ruld her realme with lawes, but pollicie,  
 And strong advizement of six wisards old,  
 That with their counsels bad her kingdome did uphold.

13 Soone as the Elfin Knight in presence came,  
 And false Duessa, seeming lady fayre,  
 A gentle husher,<sup>2</sup> Vanitie by name,  
 Made rowme, and passage for them did prepare :  
 So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre  
 Of her high throne ; where they, on humble knee  
 Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,  
 Why they were come, her roiall state to see,  
 To prove the wide report of her great maiestee.

14 With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,  
 She thancked them in her disdainefall wise ;

<sup>1</sup> *Pas*, surpass

<sup>2</sup> *Husher*, usher.

Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shoue  
 Of princesse worthy ; scarse them bad arise.  
 Her lordes and ladies all this while devise  
 Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight :  
 Some frounce<sup>1</sup> their curled heare in courtly guise ;  
 Some prancke<sup>2</sup> their ruffes ; and others trimly dight<sup>3</sup>  
 Their gay attyre : each others greater pride does spight.

15 Goodly they all that Knight doe entertayne,  
 Right glad with him to have increast their crew ;  
 But to Duesse' each one himselfe did payne  
 All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew ;  
 For in that court whylome<sup>4</sup> her well they knew :  
 Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd  
 Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,  
 And that great Princesse too exceeding prowde,  
 That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

16 Sudden upriseth from her stately place  
 The roiall Dame, and for her coche doth call :  
 All hurtlen<sup>5</sup> forth ; and she, with princely pace,  
 As faire Aurora, in her purple pall,  
 Out of the east the dawning day doth call,  
 So forth she comes ; her brightnes brode doth blaze.  
 The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,  
 Doe ride each other, upon her to gaze :  
 Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eies amaze.

<sup>1</sup> *Frounce*, frizzle.

<sup>4</sup> *Whylome*, formerly.

<sup>2</sup> *Prancke*, make a display of.

<sup>5</sup> *Hurtlen*, rush.

<sup>3</sup> *Dight*, adjust.

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XIV. 9. — *Each others greater pride does spight.*] Each one is annoyed by the greater attractions of another. H.



17 So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme  
 Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,  
 That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime ;  
 And strove to match, in roiall rich array,  
 Great Iunoes golden chayre ;<sup>1</sup> the which, they say,  
 The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride  
 To Ioves high hous through heavens bras-paved  
 way,  
 Drawne of fayre pecocks, that excell in pride,  
 And full of Argus eyes their tayles dispredden wide.

18 But this was drawne of six unequal beasts,  
 On which her six sage counsellours did ryde,  
 Taught to obey their bestiall beheasts,  
 With like conditions to their kindes applyde :  
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,  
 Was sluggish Idlennesse, the nourse of sin ;  
 Upon a slouthfull asse he chose to ryde,  
 Arayd in habit blacke, and amis<sup>2</sup> thin ;  
 Like to an holy monck, the service to begin.

19 And in his hand his portesse<sup>3</sup> still he bare,  
 That much was worne, but therein little redd ;  
 For of devotion he had little care,  
 Still drownd in sleepe and most of his daues dedd :  
 Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hedd.

<sup>1</sup> *Chayre*, chariot.

<sup>3</sup> *Portesse*, breviary.

<sup>2</sup> *Amis*, robe.

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XVIII. 2. — *Six sage counsellours.*] Pride is one of the seven deadly sins, and her six counsellors are the other six. — 4. The beasts were under the domination of some passion analogous to the vice of the rider. C.

To looken whether it were night or day.  
 May sceme the wayne<sup>1</sup> was very evill ledd,  
 When such an one had guiding of the way,  
 That knew not whether right he went or else astray.

20 From worldly cares himselve he did esloyne,<sup>2</sup>  
 And greatly shunned manly exercise ;  
 From everie worke he chalenged essoyn<sup>3</sup>,  
 For contemplation sake : yet otherwise  
 His life he led in lawlesse riotise ;  
 By which he grew to grievous malady :  
 For in his lustlesse<sup>4</sup> limbs, through evill guise,<sup>5</sup>  
 A shaking fever raignd continually :  
 Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

21 And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,  
 Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne ;  
 His belly was upblowne with luxury,  
 And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne ;  
 And like a crane his necke was long and fyne,  
 With which he swallowd up excessive feast,  
 For want whereof poore people oft did pyne :  
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,  
 He spued up his gorge,<sup>6</sup> that all did him deteast.

22 In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad ;  
 For other clothes he could not weare for heate :  
 And on his head an yvie girland had,  
 From under which fast trickled downe the sweat

<sup>1</sup> *Wayne*, chariot.

<sup>2</sup> *Esloyne*, withdraw

<sup>3</sup> *Essoyne*, excuse.

<sup>4</sup> *Lustlesse*, listless.

<sup>5</sup> *Guse*, habit.

<sup>6</sup> I. e. what he had swallowed

Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,  
 And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,<sup>1</sup>  
 Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat  
 His dronken corse he scarse upholden can :  
 In shape and life more like a monster then a man.

23 Unfit he was for any worldly thing,  
 And eke unhable once to stirre or go ;  
 Not meet to be of counsell to a king,  
 Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,  
 That from his frend he seeldome knew his fo :  
 Full of diseases was his carcas blew,  
 And a dry <sup>2</sup> dropsie through his flesh did flow,  
 Which by misdiet daily greater grew ;  
 Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

24 And next to him rode lustfull Lechery  
 Upon a bearded gote, whose rugged heare,  
 And whally <sup>3</sup> eies, (the signe of gelosy.)  
 Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare :  
 Who rough, and blacke, and filthy, did appeare :  
 Unseemely man to please faire ladies eye :  
 Yet he of ladies oft was loved deare,  
 When fairer faces were bid standen by :  
 O who does know the bent of womens fantasy !

<sup>1</sup> *Bouzing can*, a drinking-can.

<sup>2</sup> *Dry*, thirsty (?).

<sup>3</sup> *Whally*, discolored, green (wall-eyed).

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XXIV. 1. — *Lechery*.] “After glotonye thanne cometh leecherie, for these two synnes ben so neiþ cosyngs, that ofte tyme thay wol not departe.” — CHAUCER.

25 In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,  
 Which underneath did hide his filthinesse ;  
 And in his hand a burning hart he bare,  
 Full of vaine follies and new-fanglenesse ;  
 For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse ;  
 And learned had to love with secret lookes ;  
 And well could daunce ; and sing with rueful-  
     nesse ;  
 And fortunes tell ; and read in loving bookes :  
 And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly hookes.

26 Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,  
 And lusted after all that he did love ;  
 Ne would his looser life be tide to law,  
 But ioyd weake wemens hearts to tempt, and  
     prove,  
 If from their loyall loves he might them move :  
 Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain  
 Of that foule evill, which all men reprove,  
 That rotts the marrow, and consumes the braine :  
 Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

27 And greedy Avarice by him did ride,  
 Upon a camell loaden all with gold :  
 Two iron coffers hong on either side,  
 With precious metall full as they might hold ;  
 And in his lap an heap of coine he told ;  
 For of his wicked pelf his god he made,  
 And unto hell him selfe for money sold :  
 Accursed usury was all his trade ;  
 And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

28 His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste<sup>1</sup>;  
 And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware;  
 Ne scarce good morsell all his life did taste;  
 But both from backe and belly still did spare,  
 'To fill his bags, and richesse to compare<sup>2</sup>:  
 Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none  
 'To leave them to; but thorough daily care  
 To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,  
 He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

29 Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice;  
 Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store;  
 Whose need had end, but no end covetise<sup>3</sup>;  
 Whose welth was want; whose plenty made him pore;  
 Who had enough, yett wished ever more;  
 A vile disease: and eke in foote and hand  
 A grievous gout tormented him full sore;  
 That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand:  
 Such one was Avarice, the forth of this faire band!

30 And next to him malicious Envy rode  
 Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw  
 Betweene his cankred teeth a venemous tode,  
 That all the poison ran about his chaw<sup>4</sup>;  
 But inwardly he chawed his owne maw  
 At neibors welth, that made him ever sad;  
 For death it was, when any good he saw;  
 And wept that cause of weeping none he had;  
 But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

<sup>1</sup> *Yplaste*, i. e. reduced.

<sup>2</sup> *Compare*, collect.

<sup>3</sup> *Covetise*, covetousness.

<sup>4</sup> *Chaw*, jaw.

- 31 All in a kirtle of discolour'd say<sup>1</sup>  
 He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies ;  
 And in his bosome secretly there lay  
 An hatefull snake, the which his taile uptyes<sup>2</sup>  
 In many folds, and mortall sting implyes<sup>3</sup> :  
 Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth to see  
 Those heapes of gold with griple<sup>4</sup> Covetyse ;  
 And grudged at the great felicitee  
 Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companee.
- 32 He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,  
 And him no lesse, that any like did use ;  
 And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,  
 His almes for want of faith he doth accuse ;  
 So every good to bad he doth abuse :  
 And eke the verse of famous poets witt  
 He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues  
 From leprous mouth on all that ever writt :  
 Such one vile Envy was, that fite in row did sitt.
- 33 And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,  
 Upon a lion, loth for to be led ;  
 And in his hand a burning brond he hath,  
 The which he brandisheth about his hed :  
 His eies did hurle forth spareles fiery red,  
 And stared sterne on all that him beheld ;  
 As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded ;  
 And on his dagger still his hand he held,  
 Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him  
 sweld.

<sup>1</sup> *Discolour'd say*, party-colored silk.

<sup>2</sup> *Uptyes*, ties up.

<sup>3</sup> *Implyes*, folds in.

<sup>4</sup> *Griple*, grasping.

34 His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood  
 Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent ;  
 Through unadvized rashnes woxen wood<sup>1</sup> ;  
 For of his hands he had no government,  
 Ne ear'd for blood in his avengement :  
 But when the furious fitt was overpast,  
 His cruell facts<sup>2</sup> he often would repent ;  
 Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast,  
 How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

35 Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath ;  
 Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,  
 Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,<sup>3</sup>  
 Bitter despight with rancours rusty knife :  
 And fretting griefe, the enemy of life :  
 All these, and many evils moe haunt Ire,  
 The swelling splene, and frenzy raging rife,  
 The shaking palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire .  
 Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.<sup>4</sup>

36 And, after all, upon the wagon beame  
 Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,  
 With which he forward lasht the laesy teme,  
 So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.  
 Huge routs of people did about them band,<sup>5</sup>  
 Showting for ioy ; and still before their way

<sup>1</sup> *Wood*, mad.

<sup>2</sup> *Facts*, deeds.

<sup>3</sup> *Scath*, damage, loss.

<sup>4</sup> *Tire*, train.

<sup>5</sup> *Band*, gather.

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XXXV. 8. — *Saint Fraunces fire.*] St. Anthony's fire, or the erysipelas, is probably here meant II.

A foggy mist had covered all the land ;  
 And underneath their feet all scattered lay  
 Dead skulls and bones of men, whose life had gone  
 astray.

37 So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,  
 To take the solace<sup>1</sup> of the open aire,  
 And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport :  
 Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,  
 'The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire  
 Of proud Lucifer', as one of the traine :  
 But that good Knight would not so nigh repaire,  
 Him selfe estraunging from their ioyance vaine,  
 Whose fellowship seemd far unfitt for warlike swaine.

38 So, having solaced themselves a space  
 With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,<sup>2</sup>  
 They backe retourned to the princely place ;  
 Whereas an errant knight in armes yeled,  
 And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red  
 Was writt *Sans ioy*,<sup>3</sup> they new arrived find :  
 Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardyhed,  
 He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,  
 And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

39 Who, when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy  
 He spide with that same Fary champions page,

<sup>1</sup> *Solace*, recreation.

<sup>3</sup> *Sans ioy*, Joyless.

<sup>2</sup> *Yfed*, fed, or refreshed.

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XXXIX. 1.—*Shamed shield.*] That is, with the arms reversed  
 See XLI. 9.



Bewraying<sup>1</sup> him that did of late destroy  
 His eldest brother, burning all with rage,  
 He to him lept, and that same envious gage  
 Of victors glory from him snacht away :  
 But th' Elfin Knight, which ought<sup>2</sup> that warlike-  
     wage,<sup>3</sup>  
 Disdained to loose the meed he wonne in fray ;  
 And, him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray--

40 Therewith they gan to hurtlen<sup>4</sup> greedily,  
 Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,<sup>5</sup>  
 And clash their shields, and shake their swerds  
     on hy ;  
 That with their sturre they troubled all the traine :  
 Till that great Queene, upon eternall paine  
 Of high displeasure that ensewen might,  
 Commaunded them their fury to refraine ;  
 And, if that either to that shield had right,  
 In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

41 " Ah, dearest Dame," quoth then the Paynim bold,  
 " Pardon the error of enraged wight,  
 Whome great griefe made forgett the raines to hold  
 Of reasons rule, to see this recreaunt knight,  
 (No knight, but treachour<sup>6</sup> full of false despight  
 And shameful treason,) who through guile hath  
     slayn  
 The prowest<sup>7</sup> knight that ever field did fight,

<sup>1</sup> *Bewraying*, betraying.

<sup>2</sup> *Ought*, owned.

<sup>3</sup> *Wage*, pledge, or prize.

<sup>4</sup> *Hurtlen*, skirnish.

<sup>5</sup> *Darrayne*, contest.

<sup>6</sup> *Treachour*, traitor.

<sup>7</sup> *Prowest*, bravest.

Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn?)  
Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heap  
disdayn.

42 “ And, to augment the glorie of his guile,  
His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe  
Is there possessed of<sup>1</sup> the traytour vile ;  
Who reapes the harvest sowed by his foe,  
Sowed in bloodie field, and bought with woe :  
That<sup>2</sup> brothers hand shall dearely well requight,  
So be, O Queene, you equall favour showe.”  
Him litle answerd th’ angry Elfin Knight ;  
He never meant with words, but swords, to plead his  
right :

43 But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledg,  
His cause in combat the next day to try.  
So been they parted both, with harts on edg  
To be aveng’d each on his enemy.  
That night they pas in ioy and iollity,  
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall ;  
For steward was excessive Gluttony,  
That of his plenty poured forth to all :  
Which doen, the chamberlain Slowth did to rest them  
call.

44 Now whenas darkesome Night had all displayd  
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye ;  
The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd,  
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,  
To muse on meanes of hoped victory.

<sup>1</sup> *Of*, by.

<sup>2</sup> *That*, which.

But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace  
 Arrested all that courtly company,  
 Uprose Duessa from her resting place,  
 And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace

45 Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fitt,  
 Fore-casting, how his foe he might annoy ;  
 And him amoves<sup>1</sup> with speaches seeming fitt,  
 " Ah deare Sansioy, next dearest to Sansfoy,  
 Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new ioy ;  
 Ioyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,  
 And greevd, to thinke how foe did him destroy  
 That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye ;  
 Lo, his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I flye."

46 With gentle wordes he can<sup>2</sup> her fayrely greet,  
 And bad say on the secrete of her hart :  
 Then, sighing soft, " I learne that litle sweet  
 Oft tempred is," quoth she, " with muchell<sup>3</sup> smart :  
 For, since my brest was launcht with lovely dart<sup>4</sup>  
 Of deare Sansfoy, I never ioyed howre,  
 But in eternall woes my weaker hart  
 Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,  
 And for his sake have felt full many an heavie stowre."<sup>5</sup>

47 " At last, when perils all I weened past,  
 And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,  
 Into new woes unweeting<sup>6</sup> I was cast

<sup>1</sup> *Amoves*, moves.

<sup>2</sup> *Can greet*, greeted.

<sup>3</sup> *Muchell*. much.

<sup>4</sup> *Lovely dart*, dart of love.

<sup>5</sup> *Stowre*, trouble.

<sup>6</sup> *Unweeting*, unknowing.

By this false faytor,<sup>1</sup> who unworthie ware  
 His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull snare  
 Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave :  
 Me silly maid away with him he bare,  
 And ever since hath kept in darksome cave ;  
 For that I would not yeeld that to Sansfoy I gave.

48 “ But since faire sunne hath sperst that lowring  
 clowd,  
 And to my loathed life now shewes some light,  
 Under your beames I will me safely shrowd  
 From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight :  
 To you th’ inheritance belongs by right  
 Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes<sup>2</sup> his love.  
 Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright,  
 Be unreveng’d, that calles to you above  
 From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth end-  
 lesse move.”

49 Thereto said he, “ Faire Dame, be nought dismaid  
 For sorrowes past ; their griefe is with them gone.  
 Ne yet of present perill be affraid :  
 For needlesse feare did never vantage none ;  
 And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.  
 Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,  
 Though greeved ghost for vengeance deep do grone :  
 He lives, that shall him pay his dewties last,  
 And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in last.”

50 “ O, but I feare the fickle freakes,” quoth shee,  
 “ Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field.”

<sup>1</sup> *Faytor*, deceiver.

<sup>2</sup> *Longes*, belongs.

“Why, Dame,” quoth he, “what oddes can ever bee,  
Where both doe fight alike, to win or yield?”

“Yea, but,” quoth she, “he beares a charmed shield,  
And eke enchanted armes, that none can perce;  
Ne none can wound the man, that does them wield.”

“Charmd or enchanted,” answerd he then ferce,  
“I no whitt reck; ne you the like need to reliece.

51 “But, faire Fidessa, sithens<sup>1</sup> fortunes guile,  
Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,  
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while,  
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe subdew,  
And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew.”

“Ay me, that is a double death,” she said,

“With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew:

Where ever yet I be, my secrete aide

Shall follow you.” So, passing forth, she him obaid.

<sup>1</sup> *Sithens*, since.

## CANTO V.

The faithfull Knight in equall field  
 Subdewes his faithlesse foe;  
 Whom false Duessa saves, and for  
 His cure to hell does goe.

- 1 THE noble hart that harbours vertuous thought,  
 And is with childe of glorious great intent,  
 Can never rest, untill it forth have brought  
 Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.  
 • Such restlesse passion did all night torment  
 The flaming corage of that Faery Knight,  
 Devizing, how that doughtie turnament  
 With greatest honour he atchieven might:  
 Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.
- 2 At last, the golden orientall gate  
 Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre;  
 And Phœbus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,  
 Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre;  
 And hurls his glistring beams through gloomy  
 ayre.  
 Which when the wakeful Elfe perceivd, streightway  
 He started up, and did him selfe prepayre  
 In sunbright armes, and battailous array;  
 For with that Pagan proud he combatt will that day.

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

4 Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,  
 In woven maile all armed warily ;  
 And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin  
 Does care for looke of living creatures eye.  
 They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,  
 And daintie spices fetcht from furthest Ynd,  
 To kindle heat of corage privily ;  
 And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd  
 T<sup>e</sup> observe the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.

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

6 A shrilling trompett sownded from on hye,  
 And unto battaill bad themselves adresse :

Their shining shieldes about their wrestes <sup>1</sup> they tye,  
 And burning blades about their heades doe blesse,<sup>2</sup>  
 The instruments of wrath and heavinesse :  
 With greedy force each other doth assayle,  
 And strike so fiercely, that they doe impresse  
 Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle :  
 The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and  
 fraile.

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

8 So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right :  
 As when a gryfon,<sup>3</sup> seized of his pray,  
 A dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,  
 Through widest ayre making his ydle way,  
 That would his rightfull ravine<sup>4</sup> rend away :  
 With hideous horror both together smight,  
 And souce<sup>5</sup> so sore, that they the heavens affray :  
 The wise southsayer, seeing so sad sight,  
 Th' amazed vulgar telles of warres and mortall fight.

<sup>1</sup> *Wrestes*, wrists.

<sup>4</sup> *Ravine*, prey.

<sup>2</sup> *Blesse*, brandish.

<sup>5</sup> *Souce*, strike, as a bird strikes its prey.

<sup>3</sup> *Gryfon*. The *Knight* is compared to the gryfon.



9 So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right;  
 And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:  
 The cruell steele so greedily doth bight  
 In tender flesh, that streames of blood down flow;  
 With which the armes, that earst so bright did show,  
 Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.  
 Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,  
 Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,  
 That victory they dare not wish to either side.

10 At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,  
 His suddein eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,  
 Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:  
 Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,  
 And said: "Ah! wretched some of wofull syre,  
 Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,  
 Whylest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre?  
 And, sluggish german,<sup>1</sup> doest thy forces slake  
 To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?"

11 "Goe, caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,  
 And soone redeeme from his long-wandring woe:  
 Goe guiltie ghost, to him my message make,  
 That I his shield have quit<sup>2</sup> from dying foe."  
 Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,  
 That twice he reeled, readie twice to fall:  
 End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho  
 The lookers on; and lowd to him gan call  
 The false Duessa, "Thine the shield, and I, and all!"

<sup>1</sup> *German*, brother. He is addressing himself, — "Doest [thou] thy forces slake?"

<sup>2</sup> *Quit*, rescued.

12 Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,  
 Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake ;  
 And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,  
 The creeping deadly cold away did shake :  
 Tho,<sup>1</sup> mov'd with wrath, and shame, and ladies  
     sake,  
 Of all attonce he cast<sup>2</sup> avengd to be,  
 And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,  
 That forced him to stoupe upon his knee :  
 Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven<sup>3</sup> bee.

13 And to him said : " Goe now, proud miscreant,  
 Thyselfe thy message do to german deare ;  
 Alone he, wandring, thee too long doth want :  
 Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare."  
 Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,  
 Him to have slaine ; when lo ! a darkesome clowd  
 Upon him fell ; he no where doth appeare,  
 But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,  
 But answer none receives ; the darknes him does  
     shrowd.

14 In haste Duessa from her place arose,  
 And to him running sayd : " O prowest<sup>3</sup> knight,  
 That ever ladie to her love did chose,  
 Let now abate the terrour of your might,  
 And quench the flame of furious despight  
 And bloodie vengeance : lo ! th' infernall powres,  
 Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,

<sup>1</sup> *Tho*, then.

<sup>3</sup> *Prowest*, bravest.

<sup>2</sup> *Cast*, considered how.

Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres :  
The conquest yours ; I yours ; the shield and glory  
yours ! ”

15 Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye  
He sought, all round about, his thirsty blade  
To bathe in blood of faithlesse enemy ;  
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade :  
He standes amazed how he thence should fade.  
At last the trumpets triumph sound on hie ;  
And running heralds humble homage made,  
Greeting him goodly with new victorie ;  
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

16 Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene ;  
And, falling her before on lowly knee,  
To her makes present of his service scene <sup>1</sup> :  
Which she accepts with thankes and goodly gree,<sup>2</sup>  
Greatly advauncing <sup>3</sup> his gay chevalree :  
So marcheth home, and by her takes the Knight,  
Whom all the people followe with great glee,  
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,  
That all the ayre it fills, and flyes to heaven bright.

17 Home is he brought, and layd in sumptuous bed :  
Where many skilfull leaches him abide  
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.  
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,  
And softly gau embalme on everie side.

<sup>1</sup> *Scene*, tried.

<sup>2</sup> *Gree*, favor.

<sup>3</sup> *Advauncing*, extolling.

And all the while most heavenly melody  
 About the bed sweet musicke did divide,<sup>1</sup>  
 Him to beguile of grieffe and agony :  
 And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

18 As when a wearie traveiler, that strays  
 By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,  
 Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,  
 Doth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,  
 Which, in false grieffe hyding his harmefull guile,  
 Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares ;  
 The foolish man, that pitties all this while  
 His mournefull plight, is swallowd up unwares ;  
 Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

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

20 Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,  
 That Phœbus chearefull face durst never vew,  
 And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,  
 She findes forth comming from her darksome mew<sup>2</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> To *divide* a melody is to make variations upon it.

<sup>2</sup> *Mew*, place of confinement.

Where she all day did hide her hated hew.  
 Before the dore her yron charet stood,  
 Already harnessed for iourney new,  
 And cole-blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,  
 That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were  
 wood.<sup>1</sup>

21 Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright,  
 Adornd with gold and iewels shining cleare,  
 She greatly grew amazed at the sight,  
 And th' unacquainted light began to feare ;  
 (For never did such brightnes there appeare ;)   
 And would have baeke retyred to her cave,  
 Untill the Witches speach she gan to heare,  
 Saying : " Yet, O thou dreaded Dame, I crave  
 Abyde, till I have told the message which I have."

22 She stayd ; and fourth Duessa gan proceede :  
 " O Thou, most auncient grandmother of all,  
 More old then Iove, whom thou at first didst breede,  
 Or that great house of gods caelestiall ;  
 Which wast begot in Dæmogorgons hall,<sup>2</sup>  
 And sawst the secrets of the world unmade ;  
 Why suffredst thou thy nephewes<sup>3</sup> deare to fall  
 With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrade ?  
 Lo where the stout Sansioy doth sleepe in deadly  
 shade !

13 " And, him before, I saw with bitter eyes  
 The bold Sansfoy shrinck underneath his speare ;

<sup>1</sup> Wood, mad.

<sup>3</sup> Nephewes, descendants.

<sup>2</sup> I. e. in chaos.

And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,  
 Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,  
 That whylome was to me too dearely deare.  
 O ! what of gods then boots it to be borne,  
 If old Aveugles<sup>1</sup> sonnes so evill heare?<sup>2</sup>  
 Or who shall not great Nightës children scorne,  
 When two of three her nephews are so fowle for-  
 lorne?

24 "Up, then ; up dreary Dame, of darknes Queene  
 Go, gather up the reliques of thy race ;  
 Or else goe them avenge ; and let be seene  
 That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,  
 And can the children of fayre Light deface."<sup>3</sup>  
 Her feeling speaches some compassion mov'd  
 In hart, and change in that great mothers face :  
 Yet pittie in her hart was never prov'd  
 Till then ; for evermore she hated, never lov'd :

25 And said, "Deare daughter, rightly may I rew,  
 The fall of famous children borne of mee,  
 And good successes, which their foes ensew :  
 But who can turne the streame of destinee,  
 Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,  
 Which fast is tyde to Ioves eternall seat ?  
 The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,  
 And by my ruines thinkes to make them great :  
 To make one great by others losse is bad excheat.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Aveugle* (blind) is another name for Night.

<sup>2</sup> *So evill heare*, are so ill spoken of.

<sup>3</sup> *Deface*, defeat.

<sup>4</sup> *Excheat*, gain or profit.

26 “ Yet shall they not escape so freely all ;  
 For some shall pay the price of others guilt :  
 And he, the man that made Sansfoy to fall,  
 Shall with his owne blood price<sup>1</sup> that he hath spilt.  
 But what art thou, that telst of nephews kilt ? ”  
 “ I, that do seeme not I, Duessa ame, ”  
 Quoth she, “ how ever now, in garments gilt  
 And gorgeous gold arayd, I to thee came ;  
 Duessa I, the daughter of Decept and Shame. ”

27 Then, bowing downe her aged backe, she kist  
 The wicked Witch, saying : “ In that fayre face  
 The false resemblaunce of Decept, I wist,  
 Did closely lurke ; yet so true-seeming grace  
 It carried, that I scarse in darksome place  
 Could it discerne ; though I the mother bee  
 Of Falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.  
 O welcome, child, whom I have longd to see,  
 And now have seene unwares ! Lo, now I goe with  
 thee. ”

28 Then to her yron wagon she betakes,  
 And with her beares the fowle welfavourd Witch :  
 Through mirkesome aire her ready way she makes.  
 Her twyfold teme (of which two blacke as pitch,  
 And two were browne, yet each to each unlich<sup>2</sup>)  
 Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp  
 Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to  
 twitch ;  
 Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would champ,  
 And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

<sup>1</sup> *Price*, pay the price of.

<sup>2</sup> *Unlich*, unlike.

29 So well they sped, that they be come at length  
 Unto the place, whereas the Paynim lay  
 Devoid of outward sence and native strength,  
 Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day  
 And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.  
 His cruell wounds with cruddy<sup>1</sup> bloud congeald  
 They binden up so wisely as they may,  
 And handle softly, till they can be heald :  
 So lay him in her charett, close in night conceald.

30 And, all the while she stood upon the ground,  
 The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay ;  
 As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,  
 With which her yron wheelles did them affray,  
 And her darke griesly looke them much dismay.  
 The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,  
 With dreery shriekes did also her bewray ;  
 And hungry wolves continually did howle  
 At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

31 Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,  
 And brought the heavy corse with easy pace  
 To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole :  
 By that same hole an entraunce, darke and bace,<sup>2</sup>  
 With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,  
 Descends to hell : there creature never past,  
 That backe retourned without heavenly grace ;  
 But dreadfull Furies, which their chaines have  
 brast,<sup>3</sup>  
 And damned Sprights sent forth to make ill men  
 aghast.

<sup>1</sup> *Cruddy*, curdy, clotted.

<sup>2</sup> *Bace*, low.

<sup>3</sup> *Brast*, burst.



32 By that same way the direfull dames doe drive  
 Their mournfull charett, filld with rusty blood,  
 And downe to Plutoes house are come bilive<sup>1</sup>:  
 Which passing through, on every side them stood  
 The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,  
 Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide  
 With stony eies; and all the hellish brood  
 Of feends infernall flockt on every side,  
 To gaze on erthly wight, that with the Night durst  
 ride.

33 They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,  
 Where many soules sit wailing woefully;  
 And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,  
 Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,  
 And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,  
 Cursing high Iove, the which them thither sent.  
 The House of endlesse Paine is built thereby,  
 In which ten thousand sorts of punishment  
 The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

34 Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus  
 His three deformed heads did lay along,  
 Curled with thousand adders venomous;  
 And lilled<sup>2</sup> forth his bloody flaming tong:  
 At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,  
 And felly gnarre,<sup>3</sup> untill Dayes enemy  
 Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong,  
 And suffered them to passen quietly:  
 For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

<sup>1</sup> *Bilive*, quickly.

<sup>2</sup> *Lilled*, lolled.

<sup>3</sup> *Gnarre*, snarl.

35 There was Ixion turned on a wheele,  
 For daring tempt the queene of heaven to sin;  
 And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele,  
 Against an hill, ne might from labour lin<sup>1</sup>;  
 There thristy Tantalus hong by the chin;  
 And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw;  
 Typhœus ioynts were stretched on a gin<sup>2</sup>;  
 Theseus condemnd to endlesse slouth<sup>3</sup> by law;  
 And fifty sisters water in leke<sup>4</sup> vessels draw.

36 They, all beholding worldly wights in place,  
 Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,  
 To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,  
 Till they be come unto the furthest part;  
 Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,  
 Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,  
 In which sad Aesculapius far apart  
 Emprisond was in chaines remédillesse;  
 For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.<sup>5</sup>

37 Hippolytus a iolly huntsman was,  
 That wont in charett chace the foming bore:  
 He all his peeres in beauty did surpas;  
 But ladies love, as losse of time, forbore:  
 His wanton stepdame loved him the more;

<sup>1</sup> *Lin*, cease.

<sup>2</sup> *Gin*, engine.

<sup>3</sup> *Slouth*, sloth.

<sup>4</sup> *Leke*, leaky.

<sup>5</sup> *Redresse*, put together again.

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XXXV. 8. He was condemned to sit constantly in one place.

XXXV. 9. The fifty sisters (it should be forty-nine) are the daughters of Danaus, punished for murdering their husbands.

But, when she saw her offred sweets refusd,  
 Her love she turnd to hate, and him before  
 His father fierce of treason false accusd,  
 And with her gealous termes his open eares abusd :

38 Who, all in rage, his sea-god syre besought  
 Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast :  
 From surging gulf two monsters streight were  
 brought ;  
 With dread whereof his chacing steedes aghast  
 Both charett swifte and huntsman overcast.  
 His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,<sup>1</sup>  
 Was quite dismembred, and his members chast  
 Scattered on every mountaine as he went,  
 That of Hippolytus was lefte no monument.

39 His cruell stepdame, seeing what was donne,  
 Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end  
 In death avowing th' innocence of her sonne.  
 Which hearing, his rash syre began to rend  
 His heare, and hasty tong that did offend :  
 Tho,<sup>2</sup> gathering up the relicks of his smart,  
 By Dianes meanes who was Hippolyts friend,  
 Them brought to Aesculape, that by his art  
 Did heale them all againe, and ioyned every part.

40 Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain,  
 When Iove avizd,<sup>3</sup> that could the dead revive,  
 And fates expired could renew again,  
 Of endlesse life he might him not deprive ;

<sup>1</sup> *Yrent*, rent.

<sup>2</sup> *Tho*, then.

<sup>3</sup> *Avizd*, perceived.

But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,  
 With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore :  
 Where, long remaining, he did alwaies strive  
 Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,  
 And slake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

41 There auncient Night arriving, did alight  
 From her nigh-weary wayne, and in her armes  
 To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight :  
 Whome having softly disaraid of armes,  
 Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,  
 Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,  
 If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,  
 A fordonne<sup>1</sup> wight from dore of death mote raise,  
 He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

42 “ Ah Dame,” quoth he, “ thou temptest me in vaine  
 To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew ;  
 And the old cause of my continued paine  
 With like attempt to like end to renew.  
 Is not enough, that, thrust from heaven dew,  
 Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay :  
 But that redoubled crime with vengeaunce new  
 Thou biddest me to eeke<sup>2</sup>? Can Night defray<sup>3</sup>  
 The wrath of thundring Iove, that rules both Night  
 and Day ? ”

43 “ Not so,” quoth she ; “ but, sith<sup>4</sup> that heavens King  
 From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,

<sup>1</sup> *Fordonne*, undone.

<sup>4</sup> *Sith*, since.

<sup>2</sup> *Eeke*, increase.

<sup>3</sup> *Defray*, avert; literally, bear the charges of.

Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing;  
 And fearest not that more thee hurten might,  
 Now in the powre of everlasting Night?  
 Goe to then, O thou far renowned sonne  
 Of great Apollo, shew thy famous might  
 In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne  
 Great pains, and greater praise, both never to be  
 donne."

44 Her words prevaild : and then the learned leach  
 His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,  
 And all things els, the which his art did teach :  
 Which having seene, from thence arose away  
 The mother of dredd darkenesse, and let stay  
 Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure ;  
 And, backe retourning, tooke her wonted way  
 To ronne her timely race, whilst Phæbus pure  
 In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.<sup>1</sup>

45 The false Duessa, leaving noyous<sup>2</sup> Night,  
 Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pryde :  
 Where when she came, she found the Faery Knight  
 Departed thence ; albee his woundes wyde,  
 Not throughly heald. unready were to ryde.  
 Good cause he had to hasten thence away ;  
 For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spyde  
 Where, in a dungeon deepe, huge numbers lay  
 Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayled night and day.

<sup>1</sup> *Recure*, refresh.

<sup>2</sup> *Noyous*, baleful.

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XLIII. 4. — "Why do you not fear lest you should receive some additional punishment from Night, if you refuse her request since you are in her power?" H.

46 A ruefull sight as could be seene with eie ;  
 Of whom he learned had in secret wise  
 The hidden cause of their captivitie ;  
 How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,  
 Through wastfull pride and wanton riotise,  
 They were by law of that proud tyrannesse,  
 Provokt with Wrath and Envyes false surmise,  
 Condemned to that dongeon mercilesse,  
 Where they should live in wo, and dye in wretched-  
 nesse.

47 There was that great proud king of Babylon,  
 That would compeli all nations to adore,  
 And him, as onely God, to call upon ;  
 Till, through celestiall doome thrown out of dore,  
 Into an oxe he was transformd of yore.  
 There also was King Cræsus, that enhaunst  
 His hart too high through his great richesse store ;  
 And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst  
 His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altares daunst.

48 And, them long time before, great Nimrod was,  
 That first the world with sword and fire warrayd<sup>1</sup> ;  
 And after him old Ninus far did pas  
 In princely pomp, of all the world obayd.  
 There also was that mightie monarch layd  
 Low under all, yet above all in pride,

<sup>1</sup> *Warrayd*, made war upon.

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XLVII. 8. — *Proud Antiochus.*] This was Antiochus, surnamed Epiphanes, whose cruelties to the Jews and profanation of the temple are narrated in 2 Maccabees, chap. v., vi., and vii. II.

XLVIII. 5. — *That mightie monarch.*] Alexander the Great. II

That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,  
 And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide ;  
 Till, scordnd of God and man, a shamefull death he dide.

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

50 Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,  
 Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke :  
 The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt  
 With sonnes own blade her fowle reproches spoke :  
 Fayre Sthenobœa, that her selfe did choke  
 With wilfull chord, for wanting of her will  
 High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke  
 Of aspës sting her selfe did stoutly kill :  
 And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon  
 fill ;

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L. 2. — *Forgetfull of their yoke.*] Forgetful of the restraints imposed upon their sex. H.

L. 3. — *The bold Semiramis.*] Semiramis is said to have been put to death by her son Ninyas, on account of an incestuous passion which she avowed for him. H.

L. 5. — *Fayre Sthenobœa.*] Sthenobœa was the wife of Proetus, king of Argos, and committed suicide in consequence of an unsuccessful passion for Bellerophon. H.

51 Besides the endlesse routes of wretched thralles,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which thether were assembled, day by day,  
 From all the world, after their wofull falles  
 Through wicked pride and wasted welthes decay.  
 But most, of all which in that dongeon lay,  
 Fell from high princes courtes, or ladies bowres ;  
 Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,  
 Consumed had their goods and thriftlesse howres,  
 And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy  
 stowres.<sup>2</sup>

52 Whose case whenas the carefull Dwarfe had tould,  
 And made ensample of their mournfull sight  
 Unto his maister, he no lenger would  
 There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,  
 But earely rose ; and, ere that dawning light  
 Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,  
 He by a privy posterne tooke his flight,  
 That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde :  
 For, doubtlesse, death enseeded if any him descryde.

53 Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way,  
 For many corses, like a great lay-stall<sup>3</sup>  
 Of murdred men, which therein strowed lay  
 Without remorse or decent funerall ;  
 Which, al through that great Princessse pride, did fall,  
 And came to shamefull end. And them besyde,  
 Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,  
 A doughill of dead carcasses he spyde ;  
 The dreadfull spectacle of that sad House of Pryde.

<sup>1</sup> *Thralles*, slaves.

<sup>3</sup> *Lay-stall*, a place to put rubbish in

<sup>2</sup> *Stowres*, troubles, sorrows.



## CANTO VI.

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace  
 Fayre Una is releast:  
 Whom salvage nation does adore,  
 And learnes her wise behest.

<sup>1</sup> As when a ship, that flyes fayre under sayle,  
 An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,  
 That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile;  
 The marriner yet halfe amazed stares  
 At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares  
 To ioy at his foolhappie<sup>1</sup> oversight:  
 So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares  
 The dreadlesse corage<sup>2</sup> of this Elfin Knight,  
 Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

<sup>2</sup> Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed  
 The fayre Dness' had forst him leave behind;  
 And yet more sad, that Una, his deare dread,<sup>2</sup>  
 Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind;  
 Yet cryme in her could never creature find:  
 But for his love, and for her own selfe sake,  
 She wandred had from one to other Ynd,

<sup>1</sup> *Foolhappie*, lucky rather than provident.

<sup>2</sup> *Corage*, heart.

<sup>2</sup> *Dread*, object of reverence.

Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake ;  
Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtake :

3 Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,  
Led her away into a forest wilde ;  
And, turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,  
With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,  
And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde.  
Yet first he cast<sup>1</sup> by treatie, and by traynes,<sup>2</sup>  
Her to persuade that stubborne fort to yilde :  
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,  
That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

4 With fawning wordes he courted her a while ;  
And, looking lovely<sup>3</sup> and oft sighing sore,  
Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile :  
But wordes, and lookes, and sighes she did abhore ;  
As rock of diamond stedfast evermore.  
Yet, for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,  
He snatcht the vele that hong her face before :  
Then gan her beautie shyne as brightest skye,  
And burnt his beastly hart t' efforce her chastitye.

5 So when he saw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,  
And subtile engines bett<sup>4</sup> from batteree ;  
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,  
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,

<sup>1</sup> *Cast*, considered how.

<sup>2</sup> *Traynes*, artifices.

<sup>3</sup> *Lovely*, lovingly.

<sup>4</sup> *Bett*, beaten.

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II. 9. — *Till her unwares, &c.*] The adventures of Una are now resumed from Canto III. H.

And win rich spoile of ransackt elastitee.  
 Ah heavens ! that doe this hideous act behold,  
 And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,  
 How can ye vengeance iust so long withhold,  
 And hurle not flashing flames upon that Paynim bold ?

6 The pitteous Mayden, carefull,<sup>1</sup> comfortlesse,  
 Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking  
 cryes ;  
 The last vaine helpe of wemens great distresse,  
 And with loud plaintes impórtuneth the skyes ;  
 That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes ;  
 And Phœbus, flying so most shamefull sight,  
 His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,<sup>2</sup>  
 And hydes for shame. What witt of mortall wight  
 Can now devise to quitt a thrall<sup>3</sup> from such a plight ?

7 Eternall Providence, exceeding thought,  
 Where none appeares can make her selfe a way :  
 A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,  
 From lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.  
 Her shrill outeryes and shrieks so loud did bray,  
 That all the woodes and forestes did resound :  
 A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away  
 Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,  
 Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd :

8 Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voice,  
 In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,

<sup>1</sup> *Carefull*, sorrowful.

<sup>2</sup> *Implyes*, envelopes.

<sup>3</sup> *Thral*, a person subjected to the power of another.

And ran towardes the far rebownded noyce,  
 To weet what wight so loudly did lament.  
 Unto the place they come incontinent<sup>1</sup>.  
 Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,  
 A rude, mishappen, monstrous rablement,  
 Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde ;  
 But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

9 The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place,  
 There find the Virgin, doolfull, desolate,  
 With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbred<sup>2</sup> face,  
 As her outrageous foe had left her late ;  
 And trembling yet through feare of former hate :  
 All stand amazed at so uncouth<sup>3</sup> sight,  
 And gin to pittie her unhappie state ;  
 All stand astonied at her beautie bright,  
 In their rude eyes unworthy of so wofull plight.

10 She, more amazd, in double dread doth dwell ;  
 And every tender part for feare does shake.  
 As when a greedy wolfe, through hunger fell,  
 A seely<sup>4</sup> lamb far from the flock does take,  
 Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,  
 A lyon spyes fast running towards him,  
 The innocent pray in hast he does forsake ;  
 Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim  
 With chaunge of feare, to see the lyon looke so grim.

<sup>1</sup> *Incontinent*, immediately.

<sup>2</sup> *Blubbred*, swelled with tears.

<sup>3</sup> *Uncouth*, strange.

<sup>4</sup> *Seely*, simple.

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IX. 3. — *Blubbred*.] This word, in Spenser's time, had not acquired those associations which now forbid its use in dignified or pathetic passages. H.

11 Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart;  
 Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to move, she had.  
 The salvage nation feele her secret smart,  
 And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;  
 Their frowning forheades, with rough hornes yelad  
 And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay;  
 And, gently grenning,<sup>1</sup> shew a semblance glad  
 To comfort her; and, feare to put away,  
 Their backward-bent knees teach her humbly to obey.

12 The doubtfull<sup>2</sup> Damzell dare not yet committ  
 Her single person to their barbarous truth;  
 But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,  
 Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th:  
 They, in compassion of her tender youth  
 And wonder of her beautie soverayne,  
 Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth;  
 And, all prostráte upon the lowly playne,  
 Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance  
 fayne.<sup>3</sup>

13 Their harts she ghesseth by their humble guise,  
 And yieldes her to extremitie of time:  
 So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,  
 And walketh forth without suspect of crime:  
 They, all as glad as birdes of ioyous Pryme,<sup>4</sup>  
 Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round.

<sup>1</sup> *Grenning*, grinning.

<sup>3</sup> *Fayne*, glad.

<sup>2</sup> *Doubtfull*, fearful.

<sup>4</sup> *Pryme*, spring.

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XIII. 4. — *Without suspect of crime.*] Without suspecting or  
 anticipating any evil. H.

Shouting, and singing all a shepherds ryme ;  
 And, with greene branches strowing all the ground,  
 Do worship her as queene with olive girlond croud.

14 And all the way their merry pipes they sound,  
 That all the woods with doubled eccho ring ;  
 And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,  
 Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.  
 So towards old Sylvanus they her bring ;  
 Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out  
 To weet<sup>1</sup> the cause, his weake steps governing  
 And aged limbs on cypresse stadle<sup>2</sup> stout ;  
 And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about.

15 Far off he wonders what them makes so glad,  
 Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,<sup>3</sup>  
 Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad :  
 They, drawing nigh, unto their god present  
 That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent :  
 The god himselfe, vewing that mirrhour rare,  
 Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent<sup>4</sup> :  
 His owne fayre Dryope now he thinkes not faire,  
 And Pholoë fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.

16 The wood-borne people fall before her flat,  
 And worship her as goddessse of the wood ;  
 And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not, what  
 To thinke of wight so fayre ; but gazing stood  
 In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood :

<sup>1</sup> *Weet*, know.

<sup>2</sup> *Stadle*, staff.

<sup>3</sup> *Invent*, discover

<sup>4</sup> I. e. glowed with admiration as he gazed upon her.

Sometimes Dame Venus selfe he seemes to see ;  
 But Venus never had so sober mood :  
 Sometimes Diana he her takes to be ;  
 But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

17 By vew of her he ginneth<sup>1</sup> to revive  
 His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse ;  
 And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,  
 How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this ;  
 And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse  
 A gentle hynd, the which the lovely boy  
 Did love as life, above all worldly blisse :  
 For grieffe whereof the lad n'ould<sup>2</sup> after ioy ;  
 But pynd away in anguish and selfewild annoy.

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

19 Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky Mayd  
 Did her content to please their feeble eyes ;

<sup>1</sup> *Ginneth*, beginneth.

<sup>2</sup> *N'ould*, would not.

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XVII. 2. — *Dearest Cyparisse.*] Cyparissus is said to have been a beautiful youth, who, having accidentally killed a favorite stag pined away with grief, and was changed into a cypress-tree. 11.

And long time with that salvage people stayd,  
 To gather breath in many miseryes.  
 During which time her gentle wit she plyes,  
 To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine.  
 And made her th' image of idolatryes :  
 But, when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne  
 From her own worship, they her asse would worship  
 fayn.

20 It fortun'd, a noble warlike knight  
 By iust occasion to that forrest came  
 To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,  
 From whence he tooke his wel-deserved name :  
 He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,  
 And fild far landes with glorie of his might ;  
 Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,  
 And ever lov'd to fight for ladies right :  
 But in vaine-glorious frayes he litle did delight.

21 A Satyres sonne yborne in forrest wyld,  
 By straunge adventures as it did betyde,  
 And there begotten of a lady myld,  
 Fayre Thyamis the daughter of Labryde ;  
 That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde  
 To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,  
 Who had more ioy to raunge the forrest wyde,  
 And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,  
 Then serve his ladies love, and waste in pleasures  
 vayne.

22 The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne,  
 And could not lacke her lovers company ;



But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,  
 And seeke her spouse, that from her still does  
 fly

And followes other game and venery<sup>1</sup>:  
 A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to finde;  
 And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,  
 The loyall linkes of wedlocke did unbinde,  
 And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

23 So long in secret cabin there he held  
 Her captive to his sensuall desyre,  
 Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,  
 And bore a boy unto that salvage syre:  
 Then home he suffred her for to retyre;  
 For ransome leaving him the late-borne childe:  
 Whom, till to ryper yeares he gan aspyre,  
 He nousled<sup>2</sup> up in life and manners wilde,  
 Emongst wild beastes and woods, from lawes of men  
 exilde.

24 For all he taught the tender ymp<sup>3</sup> was but  
 To banish cowardize and bastard feare:  
 His trembling hand he would him force to put  
 Upon the lyon and the rugged beare;  
 And from the she-beares teats her whelps to teare:  
 And eke wyld roring bals he would him make

<sup>1</sup> *Venery*, hunting.

<sup>3</sup> *Ymp*, child.

<sup>2</sup> *Nousled*, nursed.

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XXII. 3. — *To serve her turne.*] To accomplish her object.  
 which was, to be with her husband. H.

To tame, and ryde their backes not made to beare ;  
 And the robuckes in flight to overtake :  
 That everie beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

25 Thereby so fearelesse and so fell he grew,  
 That his owne syre and maister of his guise<sup>1</sup>  
 Did often tremble at his horrid vew ;  
 And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise  
 The angry beastes not rashly to despise,  
 Nor too much to provoke ; for he would learne  
 The lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,  
 (A lesson hard,) and make the libbard<sup>2</sup> sterne  
 Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.<sup>3</sup>

26 And, for to make his powre approved more,  
 Wyld beastes in yron yokes he would compell ;  
 The spotted panther, and the tusked bore,  
 The pardale<sup>4</sup> swift, and the tigré cruell,  
 The antelope and wolfe, both fiers and fell :  
 And them constraine in equal! teme to draw.  
 Such ioy he had their stubborne harts to quell,  
 And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw.  
 That his beheast they feared, as a tyrans law.

27 His loving mother came upon a day  
 Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne ;  
 And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,  
 After his sportes and cruell pastime donne ;  
 When after him a lyonesse did runne,

<sup>1</sup> I. e., who taught him these ways.

<sup>2</sup> *Libbard*, leopard.

<sup>3</sup> *Earne*, yearn.

<sup>4</sup> *Pardale*, pard

That roaring all with rage did lowd requere  
 Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:  
 The lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,  
 And lull in rugged armes withouten childish feare.

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

29 In these and like delightes of bloody game  
 He trayned was, till ryper yeares he raught<sup>1</sup>;  
 And there abode, whylst any beast of name  
 Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not taught  
 To feare his force: and then his courage haught<sup>2</sup>  
 Desyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,  
 And far abroad for straunge adventures sought;  
 In which his might was never overthrowne;  
 But through al Faery lond his famous worth was  
 blown.

30 Yet evermore it was his maner faire,  
 After long labours and adventures spent,  
 Unto those native woods for to repaire,

<sup>1</sup> *Raught*, reached.

<sup>2</sup> *Haught*, high.

To see his syre and ofspring auncient.  
 And now he thether came for like intent ;  
 Where he unwares the fairest Una found,  
 Straunge lady, in so straunge habiliment,  
 Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,  
 Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did re  
 dound.

31 He wondred at her wisdome hevenly rare,  
 Whose like in womens witt he never knew ;  
 And, when her curteous deeds he did compare,  
 Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,  
 Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,  
 And ioyd to make prooffe of her cruelty  
 On gentle dame, so hurtlesse and so trew :  
 Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,  
 And learnd her discipline of faith and verity.

32 But she, all vowd unto the Redcrosse Knight,  
 His wandring perill closely<sup>1</sup> did lament,  
 Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight ;  
 But her deare heart with anguish did torment,  
 And all her witt in secret counsels spent,  
 How to escape. At last in privy wise  
 To Satyrane she shewed her intent ;  
 Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise,  
 How with that pensive Maid he best might thence  
 arise.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Closely*, secretly.

<sup>2</sup> *Arise*, depart.

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XXX. 4. — *Ofspring auncient.*] *Ofspring* is here used for *origin*. So in Fairfax's Tasso, VII. 18. C.

33 So on a day, when Satyres all were gone  
 To doe their service to Sylvanus old,  
 The gentle Virgin, left behinde alone,  
 He led away with corage stout and bold.  
 Too late it was to Satyres to be told,  
 Or ever hope recover her againe :  
 In vaine he seekes that, having, cannot hold.  
 So fast he carried her with carefull paine,  
 That they the wods are past, and come now to the  
 plaine.

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

35 A silly<sup>1</sup> man, in simple weeds forworne,<sup>2</sup>  
 And soild with dust of the long dried way ;  
 His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,  
 And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,  
 As he had travcild many a sommers day  
 Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde ;

<sup>1</sup> *Silly*, simple, rustic.

<sup>2</sup> *Forworne*, worn out.

---

XXXIV. 3. — *A weary wight.* | This is Archinago, who was left insensible on the ground, after his encounter with Sansloy. Canto III. Stanza 39. II.

And in his hand a Jacobs staffe, to stay  
 His weary limbs upon; and eke behind  
 His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

36 The Knight, approching nigh, of him inquerd  
 Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;  
 But warres, nor new adventures, none he herd.  
 Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew  
 Or heard abroad of that her Champion trew,  
 That in his armour bare a croslet<sup>1</sup> red.  
 "Ay me! deare Dame," quoth he, "well may I rew  
 To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red<sup>2</sup>;  
 These eies did see that knight both living and eke ded."

37 That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,  
 That suddein cold did ronne through every vaine,  
 And stony horroure all her senses filld  
 With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.  
 The Knight her lightly reared up againe,  
 And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:  
 Then, wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine  
 The further processe of her hidden grieffe:  
 The lesser pang's can beare, who hath endur'd the  
 chief.

<sup>1</sup> *Croslet*, small cross.

<sup>2</sup> *Red*, beheld.

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XXXV. 7. — *A Jacobs staffe.*] "A pilgrim's staff; either from the frequent pilgrimages to St. James of Compostella, or because the Apostle St. James was usually represented with one." — NARES.

XXXVII. 8. — *The further processe of her hidden grieffe.*] A further account of that which called forth her hidden grief. H.

38 Then gan the Pilgrim thus : “ I chaunst this day,  
 This fatall day, that shall I ever rew,  
 To see two knights, in travell on my way,  
 (A sory sight,) arraung'd in batteill new,  
 Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew :  
 My feareful flesh did tremble at their strife,  
 To see their blades so greedily imbrew,  
 That, dronke with blood, yet thirsted<sup>1</sup> after life :  
 What more ? the Redcrosse Knight was slain with  
 Paynim knife.”

39 “ Ah! dearest Lord,” quoth she, “ how might that bee,  
 And he the stoutest knight, that ever wonne ? ”  
 “ Ah! dearest Dame, quoth hee, “ how might I see  
 The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne ? ”  
 “ Where is,” said Satyrane, “ that Paynims some,  
 That him of life, and us of ioy, hath refte ? ”  
 “ Not far away,” quoth he, “ he hence doth wonne,<sup>2</sup>  
 Foreby<sup>3</sup> a fountaine, where I late him lefte  
 Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele  
 were cleft.”

40 Therewith the Knight then marched forth in hast,  
 Whiles Una, with huge heavinesse opprest,  
 Could not for sorrow follow him so fast ;  
 And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,  
 Whereas that Pagan proud himselfe did rest

<sup>1</sup> *Thirsted*, thirsted.

<sup>3</sup> *Foreby*, near to.

<sup>2</sup> *Wonne*, dwell.

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XL. 5. — *That Pagan proud.*] This was Sansloy, from whom Una had been rescued by the Satyrs. *Ante*, Stanza 8. II.

In secret shadow by a fountaine side ;  
 Even he it was, that earst would have suppress<sup>1</sup>  
 Faire Una ; whom when Satyrane espide,  
 With foule reprochfull words he boldly him defide ;

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

42 And, drawing nigh him, said : “ Ah ! misborn Elfe,  
 In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent  
 Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe :  
 Yet ill thou blamest me, for having blent<sup>2</sup>  
 My name with guile and traiterous intent :  
 That Redcrosse Knight, perdie,<sup>3</sup> I never slew ;  
 But had he beene where earst his armes were lent,  
 Th’ Enchaunter vaine his errour should not rew :  
 But thou his errour shalt, I hope, now proven trew.”

<sup>1</sup> *Suppress*, violated.

<sup>3</sup> *Perdie*, (pardieu,) in truth.

<sup>2</sup> *Blent*, stained.

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XLII. 7. — *But had he beene, &c.*] But had he been in the place of Archimago (see Canto III. Stanza 38), the Enchaunter should not lament the mistake he made in undertaking to fight with me. C.



43 Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,  
 To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile  
 Each other, bent his enemy to quell;  
 That with their force they perst both plate and  
     maile,  
 And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,  
 That it would pittie any living eie:  
 Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile<sup>1</sup>;  
 But floods of blood could not them satisfie:  
 Both hongred after death; both chose to win, or die.

44 So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,  
 That, fainting, each themselves to breathen lett;  
 And, ofte refreshed, battell oft renue.  
 As when two bores, with rancling malice mett,  
 Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely frett<sup>2</sup>;  
 Til breathlesse both themselves aside retire,  
 Where, foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they  
     whett,  
 And trample th' earth, the whiles they may respire;  
 Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

45 So fiersly, when these knights had breathed once,  
 They gan to fight retourne; increasing more  
 Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,  
 With heaped strokes more hugely then<sup>3</sup> before;  
 That with their drery wounds, and bloody gore,  
 They both deformed, scarsely could bee known.  
 By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,

<sup>1</sup> *Raile*, flow.

<sup>2</sup> *Frett*, tear.

<sup>3</sup> *Then*, than.

Led with their noise which through the aire was  
 thrown,  
 Arriv'd, wher they in erth their fruitles blood had  
 sown.

46 Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin  
 Espide, he gan revive the memory  
 Of his leud lusts, and late attempted sin ;  
 And lefte the doubtfull battell hastily,  
 To catch her, newly offred to his eie :  
 But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, staid,  
 And sternely bad him other businesse plie  
 Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted maid :  
 Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter speaches said :

47 "O foolish Faeries sonne, what fury mad  
 Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate?  
 Were it not better I that lady had  
 Then that thou hadst repented it too late?  
 Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate  
 To love another : Lo then, for thine ayd,  
 Here take thy lovers token on thy pate."  
 So they to fight ; the whiles the royall Mayd  
 Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afrayd.

48 But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing<sup>1</sup> told,  
 Being in deed old Archimage, did stay  
 In secret shadow all this to behold ;  
 And much reioyced in their bloody fray :  
 But, when he saw the Damsell passe away,

<sup>1</sup> *Leasing*, falsehood.

He left his stond,<sup>1</sup> and her pursewd apace,  
In hope to bring her to her last decay.<sup>2</sup>  
But for to tell her lamentable cace,  
And eke this battels end, will need another place.\*

<sup>1</sup> *Stond*, station.

<sup>2</sup> *Last decay*, final destruction.

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XLVIII. 9. — *And eke this battels end.*] The poet never redeems the promise here made to tell us the issue of this battle. Sir Satyrane reappears in the Third Book, Canto VII. II.

\* In Una's residence with the Satyrs, the poet may give us to understand that Truth, in a corrupt age, may be found hidden among a rural population, and in "huts where poor men lie"; and in Sir Satyrane he may mean to personify the restoring energy which resides in the heart of a virtuous people. II.

## CANTO VII.

The Redcrosse Knight is captive made,  
 By Gyaunt proud opprest:  
 Prince Arthure meets with Una great-  
 ly with those newes distrest.

- <sup>1</sup> **WHAT** man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,<sup>1</sup>  
 As to discry the crafty cunning traine,  
 By which Deceipt doth maske in visour faire,  
 And cast her coulours died deepe in graine,  
 To seeme like Truth whose shape she well can  
 faine,  
 And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,  
 The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?  
 Great maistresse of her art was that false dame,  
 The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes name.
- <sup>2</sup> Who when, returning from the dreery Night,  
 She fownd not in that perilous Hous of Pryde,  
 Where she had left, the noble Redcross Knight,  
 Her hoped pray, she would no lenger byde,  
 But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.  
 Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate  
 To rest him selfe, foreby<sup>2</sup> a fountaine syde,

<sup>1</sup> *Ware*, cautious.

<sup>2</sup> *Foreby*, near.

Disarmed all of yron-coted plate ;  
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

3 Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes<sup>1</sup>  
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,  
Which through the trembling leaves full gently  
playes,  
Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd  
Doe chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mynd :  
The Witch approching gan him fayrely greet,  
And with reproch of carelesnes unkynd  
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,  
With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with  
hony sweet.

4 Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,  
And bathe in pleasaunce of the ioyous shade,  
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,  
And, with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,  
About the fountaine like<sup>2</sup> a girlond made ;  
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,  
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade :  
The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,  
Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

5 The cause was this : One day, when Phœbe fayre  
With all her band was following the chace,  
This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre  
Satt downe to rest in midst of the race :  
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,

<sup>1</sup> *Bayes*, bathes.

<sup>2</sup> *Like*, as it were.

And badd the waters, which from her did flow,  
 Be such as she her selfe was then in place.  
 Thenceforth her waters wexed dull and slow ;  
 And all, that drinke thereof, do faint and feeble grow.

6 Hereof this gentle Knight unweeting<sup>1</sup> was ;  
 And, lying downe upon the sandie graile,<sup>2</sup>  
 Dronke of the streame, as cleare as christall glas :  
 Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,  
 And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle.  
 His chaunged powres at first themselves not felt ;  
 Till crudled<sup>3</sup> cold his corage<sup>4</sup> gan assayle,  
 And chearefull blood in fayntnes chill did melt,  
 Which, like a fever fit, through all his bodie swelt.<sup>5</sup>

7 Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,  
 Poured out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,  
 Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame :  
 Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,  
 Which through the wood loud bellowing did re-  
     bownd,  
 That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,  
 And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith astownd,  
 Upstarted lightly from his looser make,<sup>6</sup>  
 And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

8 But ere he could his armour on him dight,  
 Or gett his shield, his monstrous enemy  
 With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,

<sup>1</sup> *Unweeting*, ignorant.

<sup>2</sup> *Graile*, gravel.

<sup>3</sup> *Crudled*, curdled.

<sup>4</sup> *Corage*, heart.

<sup>5</sup> *Swelt*, swelled, spread.

<sup>6</sup> *Make*, mate.

An hedious gaunt, horrible and hye,  
 That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye;  
 The ground eke groned under him for dreed:  
 His living like saw never living eye,  
 Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed  
 The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

9 The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,  
 And blustering Æolus his boasted syre;  
 Who with his breath, which through the world  
     doth pas,  
 Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,  
 And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,  
 That she conceiv'd; and trebling the dew time,  
 In which the wombes of wemen do expyre,<sup>1</sup>  
 Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slyme,  
 Puft up with emptie wynd, and fild with sinfull cryme.

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

11 That, when the Knight he spyde, he gan advaunce  
 With huge force and insupportable mayne,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Expyre*, bring forth.

<sup>2</sup> *Moyn*, strength.

And towardes him with dreadfull fury prounce ;  
 Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine  
 Did to him pace sad battaile to darrayne,<sup>1</sup>  
 Disarmd, disgraste,<sup>2</sup> and inwardly dismayde ;  
 And eke so faint in every ioynt and vayne,  
 Through that fraile fountain, which him feeble made,  
 That scarsely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

12 The Geaunt strooke so maynly<sup>3</sup> mercilesse,  
 That could have overthrowne a stony towre ;  
 And, were not hevenly grace that did him blesse,  
 He had beene pouldred<sup>4</sup> all, as thin as flowre :  
 But he was wary of that deadly stowre,<sup>5</sup>  
 And lightly lept from underneath the blow :  
 Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,  
 That with the winde it did him overthrow,  
 And all his sences stood,<sup>6</sup> that still he lay full low.

13 As when that divelish yron engin, wrought  
 In deepest hell, and framd by furies skill,  
 With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,  
 And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,  
 Conceiveth fyre ; the heavens it doth fill  
 With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,  
 That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,  
 Through smouldry<sup>7</sup> cloud of duskish stincking smok ;  
 That th' onely breath him daunts, who hath escapt  
 the stroke.

<sup>1</sup> *Darrayne*, contest.

<sup>2</sup> *Disgraste*, degraded, enfeebled.

<sup>3</sup> *Maynly*, strongly.

<sup>4</sup> *Pouldred*, powdered.

<sup>5</sup> *Stowre*, peril.

<sup>6</sup> *Stoond*, stunned.

<sup>7</sup> *Smouldry*, smothering.



14 So daunted when the Geaunt saw the Knight,  
 His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,  
 And him to dust thought to have battred quight,  
 Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye ;  
 " O great Orgoglio,<sup>1</sup> greatest under skye,  
 O, hold thy mortall hand for ladies sake !  
 Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,  
 But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,  
 And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy leman take."

15 He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,  
 To gayne so goodly guerdon as she spake :  
 So willingly she came into his armes,  
 Who her as willingly to grace<sup>2</sup> did take,  
 And was possessed of his newfound make.<sup>3</sup>  
 Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse ;  
 And, ere he could out of his swowne awake,  
 Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,  
 And in a dongeon deep him threw without remorse.

16 From that day forth Duessa was his deare,  
 And highly honourd in his haughtie eye :  
 He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,

<sup>1</sup> *Orgoglio*, Italian for *Pride* or *Arrogance*.      <sup>3</sup> *Make*, mate.

<sup>2</sup> *Grace*, favor.

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XVI. 1. — *From that day forth, &c.*] This description of Duessa and of the "monstrous beast" is evidently suggested by the scarlet woman and the seven-headed dragon, in the Apocryphse; and from this circumstance and the triple crown the poet is supposed to typify the Romish Church, and by the captivity of the knight, the subjection of the Christian Church to the dominion of the Pope. H.

And triple crowne set on her head full hie,  
 And her endowd with royall maiestye :  
 Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,  
 And peoples hartes with awfull terror tye,  
 A monstrous beast ybredd in filthy fen  
 He chose, which he had kept long time in darksom  
 den.

17 Such one it was, as that renowned snake  
 Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,  
 Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake :  
 Whose many heades out-budding ever new  
 Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew.  
 But this same monster much more ugly was ;  
 For seven great heads out of his body grew,  
 An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,  
 And all embrewd in blood his eyes did shine as  
 glas.

18 His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,  
 That to the hous of heavenly gods it raught<sup>1</sup> ;  
 And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,  
 The everburning lamps from thence it braught,  
 And proudly threw to ground, as things of naught ;  
 And underneath his filthy feet did tread  
 The sacred thinges, and holy heastes<sup>2</sup> foretaught.  
 Upon this dreadfull beast with sevenfold head  
 He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

<sup>1</sup> *Raught*, reached.      <sup>2</sup> *Heastes*, commandments (before taught).

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XVII. 2. Spenser appears, through a lapse of memory, to have put Stremona for Amynone. C.

19 The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall,  
 (Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,)  
 And valiant knight become a caytive<sup>1</sup> thrall,  
 When all was past, tooke up his fórlorne weed<sup>2</sup>;  
 His mightie armour, missing most at need;  
 His silver shield, now idle, maisterlesse;  
 His poynant<sup>3</sup> speare, that many made to bleed;  
 The ruefull monuments of heavinesse;  
 And with them all departes, to tell his great dis-  
 tresse.

20 He had not travaild long, when on the way  
 He wofull lady, wofull Una, met,  
 Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,  
 Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let<sup>4</sup>.  
 Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,  
 And saw the signes that deadly tydinges spake,  
 She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,  
 And lively breath her sad brest did forsake;  
 Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and  
 quake.

21 The messenger of so unhappie newes  
 Would faine have dyde; dead was his hart within;  
 Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:  
 At last, recovering hart, he does begin  
 To rubb her temples, and to chaufe her chin,  
 And everie tender part does tosse and turne:  
 So hardly he the flitted life does win

<sup>1</sup> *Caytive*, captive.

<sup>2</sup> *Forlorne weed*, abandoned dress.

<sup>3</sup> *Poynant*, piercing.

<sup>4</sup> *Let*, hinder.

Unto her native prison to retourne.  
 Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and  
 mourne :

- 22 “ Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,  
 That doe this deadly spectacle behold,  
 Why do ye lenger feed on loathed light,  
 Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,  
 Sith cruell fates the carefull threds unfould,  
 The which my life and love together tyde ?  
 Now let the stony dart of sencelesse cold  
 Perce to my hart, and pas through everie side ;  
 And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hyde.
- 23 “ O lightsome Day, the lampe of highest Iove,  
 First made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,  
 When darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove ;  
 Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,  
 And shut up heavens windowes shyning wyde :  
 For earthly sight can nought but sorow breed,  
 And late repentance, which shall long abyde.  
 Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,  
 But, seeled up with death, shall have their deadly  
 meed.”
- 24 Then downe againe she fell unto the ground ;  
 But he her quickly reared up againe :  
 Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,  
 And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine.  
 At last when life recover'd had the raine,  
 And over-wrestled his strong enemy,  
 With foltring tong, and trembling everie vaine,

“Tell on,” quoth she, “the wofull tragedy,  
The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye:

25 “Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her spight,  
And thrilling Sorrow throwne his utmost dart:  
Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight  
Then<sup>1</sup> that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:  
Who hath endur’d the whole, can beare ech part.  
If death it be, it is not the first wound,  
That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.  
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound<sup>2</sup>;  
If lesse then<sup>1</sup> that I feare, more favour I have found.”

26 Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare;  
The subtile traines of Archimago old;  
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre,  
Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold;  
The wretched payre transformd to treēn mould;  
The House of Pryde, and perilles round about;  
The combat, which he with Sansioy did hould;  
The lucklesse conflict with the Gyaunt stout,  
Wherein captiv’d, of life or death he stood in doubt.

27 She heard with patience all unto the end;  
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,<sup>3</sup>  
Which greater grew, the more she did contend,  
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;  
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay:  
For greater love, the greater is the losse.  
Was never lady loved dearer day<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Then*, than.

<sup>2</sup> *Stound*, time.

<sup>3</sup> *Assay*, access, attack.

<sup>4</sup> *Day*, i. e. life.

Then she did love the Knight of the Redcrosse ;  
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

28 At last, when fervent sorrow slaked was,  
She up arose, resolving him to find,  
Alive or dead ; and forward forth doth pas,  
All as the Dwarfe the way to her assynd<sup>1</sup>:  
And evermore, in constant carefull mind,  
She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale<sup>2</sup>:  
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,  
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale,  
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a vale.

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

30 And, in the midst thereof, one pretious stone  
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,  
Shapt like a ladies head, exceeding shone,

<sup>1</sup> *Assynd*, pointed out.

<sup>2</sup> *Bale*, sorrow.

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XXIX. 2. — *A goodly knight.*] This is Prince Arthur, in whose faultless excellence Spenser is supposed to have represented his illustrious friend, Sir Philip Sidney. II.

Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,  
 And strove for to amaze the weaker sights :  
 Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong  
 In ivory sheath, yearv'd with curious slights,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whose hilts were burnisht gold ; and handle strong  
 Of mother perle ; and buckled with a golden tong.

31 His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,  
 Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bredd :  
 For all the crest a dragon did enfold  
 With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd  
 His golden winges ; his dreadfull hideous hedd,  
 Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw  
 From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,  
 That suddaine horroure to faint hartes did show ;  
 And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

32 Upon the top of all his loftie crest,  
 A bounch of heares discolour'd diversly,  
 With sprinckled pearle and gold full richly drest,  
 Did shake, and seemd to daunce for iollity ;  
 Like to an almond tree ymounted hye  
 On top of greene Selinis all alone,  
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintily ;  
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one  
 At everie little breath, that under heaven is blowne.

<sup>1</sup> *Slights*, devices.

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XXXII. 6. — *Selinis*, more properly Selinus, a city and district in the southwest of Sicily. The hills in this region were and are covered with dwarf-palms, whence the title of "palmy" bestowed on it by Virgil. Spenser has changed the palms to almond trees. This simile is copied by Marlowe, Second Part of Tamburlaine. Act IV. Scene 3 C.

33 His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,  
 Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene ;  
 Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,  
 (Such earthly mettals soone consumed beene,)  
 But all of diamond perfect pure and cleene  
 It framed was, one massy entire mould,  
 Hewen out of adamant rocke with engines keene,  
 That point of speare it never percen could,  
 Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance  
 would.

34 The same to wight he never wont disclose,  
 But<sup>1</sup> whenas monsters huge he would dismay,  
 Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,  
 Or when the flying heavens he would affray :  
 For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,  
 That Phœbus golden face it did attaint,<sup>2</sup>  
 As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay ;  
 And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faynt,  
 As when her face is staynd with magicke arts con-  
 straint.

35 No magicke arts hereof had any might,  
 Nor bloody wordes of bold enchauntes call ;  
 But all that was not such as seemd in sight  
 Before that shield did fade, and suddaine fall :  
 And, when him list the raskall routes<sup>3</sup> appall,  
 Men into stones therewith he could transmew,<sup>4</sup>  
 And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all ;

<sup>1</sup> *But*, except.  
*Attaint*, obscure.

<sup>3</sup> *Raskall routes*, the low rabble.  
<sup>4</sup> *Transmew*, transform.



And when him list the prouder lookes subdew,  
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

36 Ne let it seeme that credence this exceedes ;  
For he that made the same, was knowne right well  
To have done much more admirable deedes :  
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell  
All living wightes in might of magicke spell :  
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought  
For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell ;  
But, when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought  
To Faerie lond ; where yet it may be seene, if sought.

37 A gentle youth, his dearely loved Squire,  
His speare of heben<sup>1</sup> wood behind him bare,  
Whose harmeful head, thrise heated, in the fire,  
Had riven many a brest with pikehead square ;  
A goodly person ; and could menage faire  
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bitt,<sup>2</sup>  
Who under him did amble\* as the aire,  
And chaufft,<sup>3</sup> that any on his backe should sitt ;  
The yron rowels<sup>4</sup> into frothy fome he bitt.

38 Whenas this Knight nigh to the Lady drew,  
With lovely court he gan her entertaine ;  
But, when he heard her aunswers loth, he knew  
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine :

<sup>1</sup> *Heben*, ebony.

<sup>2</sup> *Canon bitt*, a smooth round bit.

<sup>3</sup> *Chaufft*, chafed.

<sup>4</sup> *Rowels*, the *rolling* part of the canon-bit.

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\* 2d ed. trample.

Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,  
 Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,  
 And, for her humor fitting purpose<sup>1</sup> faine,  
 To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray ;  
 Wherewith enmovd, these bleeding words she gan to  
 say :

39 “What worlds delight, or ioy of living speach,  
 Can hart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep,  
 And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach ?  
 The carefull<sup>2</sup> cold beginneth for to creep,  
 And in my heart his yron arrow steep,  
 Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale,<sup>3</sup>  
 Such helplesse harmes yts<sup>4</sup> better hidden keep,  
 Then rip up grieffe, where it may not availe ;  
 My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and waile.”

40 “Ah Lady deare,” quoth then the gentle Knight,  
 “Well may I ween your grief is wondrous great ;  
 For wondrous great grieffe groneth in my spright,  
 Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.  
 But, woefull Lady, let me you intrete  
 For to unfold the anguish of your hart :  
 Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,  
 And counsell mitigates the greatest smart ;  
 Found never help, who never would his hurts impart.”

41 “O, but,” quoth she, “great grieffe will not be tould,  
 And can more easily be thought then said.”

<sup>1</sup> *Purpose*, discourse

<sup>2</sup> *Carefull*, painfull.

<sup>3</sup> *Bale*, sorrow.

<sup>4</sup> *Yts*, it is.

“Right so,” quoth he; “but he, that never would,  
Could never: will to might gives greatest aid.”

“But griefe,” quoth she, “does greater grow dis-  
plaid,

If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire.”

“Despaire breeds not,” quoth he, “where faith is  
staid.”

“No faith so fast,” quoth she, “but flesh does paire.”<sup>1</sup>

“Flesh may empaire,” quoth he, “but reason can  
repaire.”

42 His goodly reason, and well-guided speach,  
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,  
That her perswaded to disclose the breach  
Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought;  
And said: “Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath  
brought

You to inquere the secrets of my griefe;

Or that your wisdom will direct my thought;

Or that your prowess can me yield reliefe;

Then heare the story sad, which I shall tell you  
briefe.

43 “The forlorne maiden, whom your eyes have seene  
The laughing stocke of Fortunes mockeries,  
Am th’ onely daughter of a king and queene,  
Whose parents deare (whiles equal destinies  
Did ronne about, and their felicities  
The favourable heavens did not envý)  
Did spred their rule through all the territories,

<sup>1</sup> *Paire*, impair.

Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,  
And Gehons golden waves doe wash continually :

44 “ Till that their cruell cursed enemy,  
An huge great dragon, horrible in sight,  
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,<sup>1</sup>  
With murtherous ravine, and devouring might,  
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted  
quight :  
Themselves, for feare into his iawes to fall,  
He first to castle strong to take their flight ;  
Where, fast embard<sup>2</sup> in mighty brasen wall,  
He has them now four years besiegd to make them  
thrall.

45 “ Full many knights, adventurous and stout,  
Have enterprizd that monster to subdew :  
From every coast, that heaven walks<sup>3</sup> about,  
Have thither come the noble martial crew,  
That famous harde atchievements still pursew ;  
Yet never any could that girlond win,  
But all still shronke ; and still he greater grew :  
All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,  
The pitteous pray of his fiers cruelty have bin.

<sup>1</sup> I. e. *Tartarus*.

<sup>2</sup> *Embard*, imprisoned.

<sup>3</sup> *Walks*, revolves (hence *welkin*).

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XLIII. 8. — *Which Phison, &c.*] Pison, Gihon, and Euphrates are the names of three of the four rivers of Paradise, mentioned in the second chapter of the Book of Genesis. II.

46 “ At last, yled with far reported praise,  
 Which flying fame throughout the world had spred.  
 Of doughty knights, whom Fary land did raise.  
 That noble order hight of Maidenhed,  
 Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,  
 Of Gloriane, great queene of glory bright,  
 Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red<sup>1</sup>;  
 There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,  
 That parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

47 “ Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was faire and  
 good)  
 There for to find a fresh unproved<sup>2</sup> knight;  
 Whose manly hands imbrewd in guilty blood  
 Had never beene, ne ever by his might  
 Had throwne to ground the unregarded right:  
 Yet of his prowesse prooffe he since hath made  
 (I witnes am) in many a cruell fight;  
 The groning ghosts of many one dismaide  
 Have felt the bitter dint<sup>3</sup> of his avenging blade.

48 “ And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,  
 His biting sword, and his devouring speare,  
 Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Red*, called.

<sup>3</sup> *Dint*, stroke.

<sup>2</sup> *Unproved*, untried.

<sup>4</sup> *Stowre*, conflict.

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XLVI. 7. — *Cleopolis*.] “ Cleopolis, in the moral allegory, is the city of Glory; in the historical, the city of Queen Elizabeth.” — Upton.

XLVIII. 1. — *And ye, &c.*] The arms of the knight were in the keeping of the dwarf, and Una turns and addresses herself to them. II.

Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you  
 beare,  
 And well could rule ; now he hath left you heare  
 To be the record of his ruefull losse,  
 And of my dolefull disaventurous<sup>1</sup> deare<sup>2</sup> :  
 O heauië record of the good Redcrosse,  
 Where haue yee left your lord, that could so well  
 you tosse ?

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

51 “ Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,  
 To wander, where wilde fortune would me lead,  
 And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,  
 Where never foote of living wight did tread,  
 That brought not backe the balefull body dead ;  
 In which him chanced false Duessa meete,  
 Mine onely foe,<sup>3</sup> mine onely deadly dread ;  
 Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming<sup>4</sup> sweete,  
 Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeete.

<sup>1</sup> *Disaventurous*, unfortunate.

<sup>2</sup> *Deare*, lover.

<sup>3</sup> *Mine onely foe*, my greatest foe.

<sup>4</sup> *Misseeming*, deceptive.

51 “ At last, by subtile sleights she him betraid  
 Unto his foe, a gyaunt huge and tall ;  
 Who him disarmed, dissolute,<sup>1</sup> dismaid,  
 Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall<sup>2</sup>  
 The monster mercilesse him made to fall,  
 Whose fall did never foe before behold :  
 And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched thrall,  
 Remédillesse, for aie he doth him hold :  
 This is my cause of grieffe, more great then may be  
 told.”

52 Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint :  
 But he her comforted, and faire bespake :  
 “ Certes, Madáme, ye have great cause of plaint,  
 That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.  
 But be of cheare, and comfort to you take ;  
 For, till I have acquitt<sup>3</sup> your captive knight,  
 Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake.”  
 His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse  
 spright :  
 So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding ever  
 right.

<sup>1</sup> *Dissolute*, enervated, relaxed.

<sup>3</sup> *Acquitt*, released.

<sup>2</sup> *Mall*, blow.

## CANTO VIII.

Faire Virgin, to redeeme her Deare.  
 Brings Arthure to the fight:  
 Who slayes the Gyaunt, wounds the **Beast**,  
 And strips Duessa quight.

1 AY me, how many perils doe enfold  
 The righteous man, to make him daily fall,  
 Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,  
 And stedfast Truth acquite him out of all!  
 Her love is firme, her care continuall,  
 So oft as he, through his own foolish pride  
 Or weaknes, is to sinfull bands made thrall:  
 Els should this Redcrosse Knight in bands have  
 dyde,  
 For whose deliverance she this Prince doth thether  
 guyd.

2 They sadly traveild thus, untill they **came**  
 Nigh to a castle builded strong and hye:  
 Then cryde the Dwarfe, "Lo! yonder is the same,  
 In which my lord, my liege, doth lucklesse ly,  
 Thrall to that Gyaunts hatefull tyranny:  
 Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay."  
 The noble Knight alighted by and by<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *By and by*, at once.



From loftie steed, and badd the Ladie stay,  
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

3 So with his Squire, th' admirer of his might,  
He marched forth towards that castle wall ;  
Whose gates he fownd fast shutt, ne living wight  
To warde the same, nor answeere commers call.  
Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle<sup>1</sup> small,  
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold  
And tasselles gay ; wyde wonders over all  
Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,  
Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

4 Was never wight that heard that shrilling sownd,  
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine :  
Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,  
And ecchoes three aunswerd it selfe againe :  
No false enchauntment, nor deceitfull traine,  
Might once abide the terror of that blast,  
But presently was void and wholly vaine :  
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,  
But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.<sup>2</sup>

5 The same before the Geaunts gate he blew,  
That all the castle quaked from the grownd,  
And every dore of free-will open flew.  
The Gyaunt selfe dismaied with that sownd,  
Where he with his Duessa dalliaunce fownd,  
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Bugle* is the wild ox, *urus*.

<sup>3</sup> *Bowre*, chamber.

<sup>2</sup> *Brast*, burst.

With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,  
 And staggering steps, to weet what suddein stowre<sup>1</sup>  
 Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his  
 dreaded powre.

6 And after him the proud Duessa came,  
 High mounted on her many-headed beast ;  
 And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,  
 And every head was crowned on his creast,<sup>2</sup>  
 And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.  
 That when the Knight beheld, his mightie shield  
 Upon his manly arme he soone address't,  
 And at him fiersly flew, with corage filld,  
 And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.

7 Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight,  
 Inflamd with scornfull wrath and high disdainē,  
 And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,  
 All armd with ragged snubbes<sup>3</sup> and knottie graine,  
 Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.  
 But wise and wary was that noble Pere ;  
 And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,<sup>4</sup>  
 Did fayre avoide the violence him nere ;  
 It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts to beare ;

8 Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might :  
 The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,  
 Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,  
 Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway  
 So deepely dinted in the driven clay,

<sup>1</sup> *Stowre*, disturbance.

<sup>2</sup> *Creast* crest.

<sup>3</sup> *Snubbes*, knobs.

<sup>4</sup> *Maine*, force.

That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw :  
 The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,<sup>1</sup>  
 Did grone full grievous underneath the blow ;  
 And, trembling with strange feare, did like an erth-  
 quake show.

9 As when almightie Iove, in wrathfull mood,  
 To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,  
 Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,<sup>2</sup>  
 Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,<sup>3</sup>  
 Through riven cloudes and molten firmament ;  
 The fiers threeforked engin, making way,  
 Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,  
 And all that might his angry passage stay,  
 And, shooting in the earth, castes up a mount of clay.

10 His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,  
 He could not rearen up againe so light,  
 But that the Knight him at advantage fownd ;  
 And, whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight<sup>4</sup>  
 Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright  
 He smott of his left arme, which like a block  
 Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might ;  
 Large streames of blood out of the truncked stock  
 Forth gushed, like fresh-water streame from riven  
 rocke.

11 Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,  
 And eke impatient of unwonted payne,  
 He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling sownd.

<sup>1</sup> *Assay*, attack.

<sup>2</sup> *Food*, anger.

<sup>3</sup> *Dreriment*, gloom.

<sup>4</sup> *Quight*, di-cugage.

That all the fieldes rebellowed againe :  
 As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine  
 An heard of bulles, whom kindly<sup>1</sup> rage doth sting,  
 Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,  
 And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing :  
 The neighbor woods arownd with hollow murmur  
 ring.

12 That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw  
 The evill stownd<sup>2</sup> that daungerd her estate,  
 Unto his aide she hastily did draw  
 Her dreadfull beast; who, swolne with blood of  
 late,  
 Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,  
 And threatned all his heades like flaming brandes.  
 But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,  
 Encountring fiers with single sword in hand ;  
 And twixt him and his lord did like a bulwarke stand.

13 The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight  
 And fiers disdaine, to be affronted<sup>3</sup> so,  
 Enforst her purple beast with all her might,  
 That stop out of the way to overthrowe,  
 Scorning the let<sup>4</sup> of so unequal foe :  
 But nathemore<sup>5</sup> would that corageous swayne<sup>6</sup>  
 To her yeeld passage, gainst his lord to goe ;  
 But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,  
 And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine

<sup>1</sup> *Kindly*, natural.

<sup>2</sup> *Stownd*, moment, exigency.

<sup>3</sup> *Affronted*, confronted.

<sup>4</sup> *Let*, hinderance.

<sup>5</sup> *Nathemore*, not the more.

<sup>6</sup> *Swayne*, youth.

14 Then tooke the angrie Witch her golden cup,  
 Which still she bore, replete with magick artes ;  
 Death and despayre did many thereof sup,  
 And secret poyson through their inner partes ;  
 Th' eternall bale of heavie wounded harts :  
 Which, after charmes and some enchauntments said,  
 She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes :  
 Therewith his sturdie corage soon was quayd,<sup>1</sup>  
 And all his sences were with suddein dread dismayd.

15 So downe he fell before the cruell beast,  
 Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,<sup>2</sup>  
 That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest :  
 No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.  
 That when the carefull Knight gan well avise,<sup>3</sup>  
 He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,  
 And to the Beast gan turne his enterprise ;  
 For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,  
 To see his loved Squyre into such thralldom brought ;

16 And, high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,  
 Stroke one of those deformed heades so sore,  
 That of his puissaunce proud ensample made ;  
 His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,  
 And that misformed shape misshaped more :  
 A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wownd,

<sup>1</sup> *Quayd*, quailed, quelled.

<sup>3</sup> *Avise*, perceive.

<sup>2</sup> *Seize*, fasten.

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XIV. 1. — *Her golden cup.*] “Having a golden cup in her hand, full of abominations.” — REV. xvii. 4. II.

XVI. 2. — *Stroke one, &c.*] “And I saw one of his heads, as it were, wounded to death.” — REV. xiii. 3. II.

That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,  
 And overflowed all the field arownd ;  
 That over shoes in blood he waded on the grownd.

17 Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,  
 That, to have heard, great horror would have bred ;  
 And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long trayne,  
 Through great impatience of his grieved hed,  
 His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted<sup>1</sup>  
 Would have cast downe, and trodd in durty myre,  
 Had not the Gyaunt soone her succoured ;  
 Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick yre,  
 Came hurtling<sup>2</sup> in full fiers, and forst the Knight retyre.

18 The force, which wont in two to be disperst,  
 In one alone left<sup>3</sup> hand he now unites,  
 Which is through rage more strong then both were  
 erst ;  
 With which his hideous club aloft he dites,<sup>4</sup>  
 And at his foe with furious rigor smites,  
 That strongest oake might seeme to overthrow :  
 The stroke upon his shield so heavie lites,  
 That to the ground it doubleth him full low : —  
 What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous  
 blow ?

9 And in his fall his shield, that covered was,  
 Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew ;  
 The light whereof, that hevens light did pas.

<sup>1</sup> *Sted*, place.

<sup>2</sup> *Hurling*, rushing in.

<sup>3</sup> *Left*, remaining.

<sup>4</sup> *Dites*, raises.

Such blazing brightnesse through the ayër threw,  
 That eye mote not the same endure to vew.  
 Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring eye,  
 He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew  
 His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye  
 For to have slain the Man, that on the ground did lye.

20 And eke the fruitfull-headed Beast, amazd  
 At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,  
 Became stark blind, and all his sences dazd,<sup>1</sup>  
 That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,  
 And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield.  
 Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,  
 Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,  
 Unto the Gyaunt lowdly she gan call ;  
 "O ! helpe, Orgoglio ; helpe, or els we perish all."

21 At her so pitteous cry was much amooov'd  
 Her champion stout ; and, for to ayde his frend,  
 Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd,<sup>2</sup>  
 But all in vaine ; for he has redd his end  
 In that bright shield, and all their forces spend  
 Themselves in vaine : for, since that glauncingsight,  
 He hath no poure to hurt, nor to defend.  
 As where th' Almightyes lightning brond does light,  
 It dimmes the dazed<sup>1</sup> eyen, and daunts the sences  
 quight.

22 Whom when the Prince, to batteill new addest  
 And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did see.

<sup>1</sup> *Dazd*, dazzled.

<sup>2</sup> *Proov'd*, tried.

His sparkling blade about his head he blest,<sup>1</sup>  
 And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,  
 That downe he tumbled ; as an aged tree,  
 High growing on the top of rocky cliff,  
 Whose hart-strings with keene steele nigh hewen  
                   be ;

The mightie trunck halfe rent with ragged rift  
 Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull  
                   drift.

23 Or as a castle, reared high and round,  
 By subtile engins and malicious slight  
 Is undermined from the lowest ground,  
 And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,  
 At last downe falles ; and with her heaped hight  
 Her hastie ruine does more heavie make,  
 And yields it selfe unto the victours might :  
 Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake  
 The stedfast globe of earth, as<sup>2</sup> it for feare did  
                   quake.

24 The Knight then, lightly leaping to the pray,  
 With mortall steele him smot againe so sore  
 That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,  
 All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,  
 Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store.  
 But, soone as breath out of his brest did pas,  
 That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,  
 Was vanisht quite ; and of that monstrous mas  
 Was nothing left, but like an emptie blader was.

<sup>1</sup> *Blest*, brandished.

<sup>2</sup> *As*, as if.



- 25 Whose grievous fall when false Duessa spyde,  
 Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,  
 And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde;  
 Such percing grieffe her stubborne hart did wound,  
 That she could not endure that dolefull stound<sup>1</sup>;  
 But, leaving all behind her, fled away:  
 The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd around,  
 And, by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,  
 So brought unto his lord, as his deserved pray.
- 26 The roiall Virgin, which beheld from farre,  
 In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,  
 The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,  
 Came running fast to greet his victorie,  
 With sober gladnesse and myld modestie;  
 And, with sweet ioyous cheare, him thus bespake:  
 "Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,  
 That with your worth the world amazed make,  
 How shall I quite the paynes, ye suffer for my  
 sake?"
- 27 "And you,<sup>2</sup> fresh budd of vertue springing fast,  
 Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths dore,  
 What hath poor Virgin for such perill past  
 Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore  
 My simple selfe, and service evermore.  
 And He that high does sit, and all things see  
 With equall eye, their merites to restore,  
 Behold what ye this day have done for mee:  
 And, what I cannot quite, requite with usuree!

<sup>1</sup> *Stound*, moment.<sup>2</sup> I. e. the Squire.

28 “ But sith<sup>1</sup> the heavens, and your faire handëling,<sup>2</sup>  
 Have made you master of the field this day,  
 Your fortune maister eke with governing,  
 And, well begonne end all so well, I pray!  
 Ne let that wicked woman scape away;  
 For she it is, that did my lord bethrall,  
 My dearest lord, and deepe in dongeon lay;  
 Where he his better dayes hath wasted all:  
 O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call!”

29 Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squyre,  
 That scarlot whore to keepeen carefully;  
 Whyles he himselfe with greedie great desyre  
 Into the castle entred forcibly,  
 Where living creature none he did espye:  
 Then gan he lowdly through the house to call;  
 But no man car'd to answeere to his crye:  
 There raignd a solemne silence over all;  
 Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre  
 or hall!

30 At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came  
 An old old man, with beard as white as snow;  
 That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,  
 And gujde his wearie gate both too and fro;  
 For his eye-sight him fayled long ygo:  
 And on his arme a bouch of keyes he bore,

<sup>1</sup> *Sith*, since.

<sup>2</sup> *Handëling*, conduct.

The which unused<sup>1</sup> rust did overgrow :  
 Those were the keyes of every inner dore ;  
 But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

31 But very uncouth sight was to behold,  
 How he did fashion his untoward pace ;  
 For as he forward moovd his footing old,  
 So backward still was turnd his wrinckled face :  
 Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,  
 Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.  
 This was the auncient keeper of that place,  
 And foster father of the Gyaunt dead ;  
 His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.<sup>2</sup>

32 His reverend heares and holy gravitee  
 The Knight much honord, as beseemed well ;  
 And gently askt, where all the people bee,  
 Which in that stately building wont to dwell :  
 Who answerd him full soft, *He could not tell.*  
 Againe he askt, where that same knight was layd,  
 Whom great Orgoglio with his puissaunce fell  
 Had made his caytive thrall : Againe he sayde,  
*He could not tell ;* ne ever other answeere made.

33 Then asked he, which way he in might pas :  
*He could not tell,* againe he answered.  
 Thereat the courteous Knight displeasd was,

<sup>1</sup> *Unused*, rust from being unused.

<sup>2</sup> *Aread*, explain.

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XXXI. 9. -- *His name Ignaro.*] That is, Ignorance, a proper doorkeeper in the stronghold of a false religion and a corrupt hierarchy. H.

And said: " Old syre, it seemes thou hast not red  
 How ill it sits with that same silver hed,  
 In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:  
 But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed  
 With natures pen, in ages grave degree,  
 Aread<sup>1</sup> in graver wise what I demaund of thee."

84 His answere likewise was, *He could not tell.*

Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance,  
 Whenas the noble Prince had marked well,  
 He ghest his nature by his countenance;  
 And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.  
 Then, to him stepping, from his arme did reach  
 Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.  
 Each dore he opened without any breach:  
 There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.<sup>5</sup>

85 There all within full rich arayd he found,  
 With royall arras, and resplendent gold,  
 And did with store of every thing abound,  
 That greatest princes presence might behold.  
 But all the floore (too filthy to be told)  
 With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,  
 Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,  
 Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew;  
 And sacred<sup>3</sup> ashes over it was strowed new.

<sup>1</sup> *Aread*, declare.

<sup>3</sup> *Sacred*, (perhaps) cursed.

<sup>2</sup> *Empeach*, hinder.

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XXXV 6. *With blood, &c.*] Spenser has been supposed by some to allude here to the persecutions of the Protestants under Queen Mary. II.

36 And there beside of marble stone was built  
 An altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery ;  
 On which trew Christians blood was often spilt,  
 And holy martyres often doen to dye,<sup>1</sup>  
 With cruell malice and strong tyranny :  
 Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the stone,  
 To God for vengeance cryde continually ;  
 And with great griefe were often heard to grone ;  
 That hardest heart would bleede to heare their pite-  
 ous mone.

37 Through every rowme he sought, and everie bowr ;  
 But no where could he find that wofull thrall.  
 At last he came unto an yron doore,  
 That fast was lockt ; but key found not at all  
 Emongst that bounch to open it withall ;  
 But in the same a little grate was pight,<sup>2</sup>  
 Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call  
 With all his powre, to weet<sup>3</sup> if living wight  
 Were housed therewithin whom he enlargen might.

38 Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce  
 These pitteous plaintes and dolours did resound :  
 "O, who is that, which bringes me happy choyce  
 Of death, that here lye dying every stound,<sup>4</sup>  
 Yet live perforce in balefull darkenesse bound ?

<sup>1</sup> *Doen to dye*, done, or put, to death.

<sup>2</sup> *Pight*, placed.

<sup>3</sup> *Weet*, know.

<sup>4</sup> *Stound*, moment.

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XXXVI. 2. — *An altare, &c.*] "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God." — REV. vi. 9.

XXXVII. 2. — *That wofull thrall.*] The Red-cross Knight.

For now three moones have changed thrice their  
 hew,  
 And have beene thrice hid underneath the ground,  
 Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew:  
 O, welcome, thou, that doest of death bring tydings  
 trew!"

39 Which when that Champion heard, with piercing  
 point  
 Of pittie deare his hart was thrilled sore;  
 And trembling horrour ran through every ioynt,  
 For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore<sup>1</sup>:  
 Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore  
 With furious force and indignation fell;  
 Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,  
 But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,  
 That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

40 But nether darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,  
 Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,  
 (Entire affection hateth nicer hands,)  
 But that with constant zeale and corage bold,  
 After long paines and labors manifold,  
 He found the meanes that prisoner up to reare;  
 Whose feeble thighes, unhabable to uphold  
 His pined corse, him scarse to light could beare;  
 A ruefull spectacle of death and ghasiſy drere.<sup>2</sup>

11 His sad dull eies, deepe sunck in hollow pits,  
 Could not endure th' unwonted sunne to view;

<sup>1</sup> *Forlore*, forlorn.

<sup>2</sup> *Drere*, wretchedness.

His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,<sup>1</sup>  
 And empty sides deceived of their dew,  
 Could make a stony hart his hap to rew ;  
 His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs <sup>2</sup>  
 Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,  
 Were clene consum'd ; and all his vitall powres  
 Decayd ; and al his flesh shronk up like withered  
 flowres.

12 Whome when his lady saw, to him she ran  
 With hasty ioy : to see him made her glad,  
 And sad to view his visage pale and wan ;  
 Who earst <sup>3</sup> in flowres of freshest youth was clad.  
 Tho,<sup>4</sup> when her well of teares she wasted had,  
 She said : “ Ah dearest Lord ! what evill starre  
 On you hath frownd, and poured his influence bad,  
 That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,  
 And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth  
 marre ?

13 “ But welcome now, my Lord, in wele or woe,  
 Whose presence I have lackt too long a day ;  
 And fye on Fortune, mine avowed foe,  
 Whose wrathful wreakes <sup>5</sup> themselves doe nowalay ;  
 And for these wronges shall treble penaunce pay  
 Of treble good : Good growes of evils priefe.” <sup>6</sup>  
 The chearelesse man, whom sorow did dismay,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Bits*, food.

<sup>2</sup> *Bowrs*, benders, flexor muscles (?).

<sup>3</sup> *Wreakes*, acts of vengeance.

<sup>6</sup> I. e. out of the experience of evil.

<sup>7</sup> *Dismay*, unnerve, render impotent.

<sup>3</sup> *Earst*, before.

<sup>4</sup> *Tho*, then.

Had no delight to treaten of his grieffe ;  
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

44 “ Faire Lady,” then said that victorious Knight,  
“ The things, that grievous were to doe, or beare,  
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight ;  
Best musicke breeds delight<sup>1</sup> in loathing eare ;  
But th’ only good, that growes of passed feare,  
Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.  
This daies ensample hath this lesson deare  
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,  
*That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.*”

15 “ Henceforth, Sir Knight, take to you wanted  
strength,  
And maister these mishaps with patient might :  
Loe wher your foe lies stretcht in monstrous length :  
And loe that wicked woman in your sight,  
The roote of all your care and wretched plight,  
Now in your powre, to let her live, or die.”  
“ To doe her die,” quoth Una, “ were despight,  
And shame t’ avenge so weake an enemy ;  
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.”

16 So, as she bad, that Witch they disaraid,  
And robd of roiall robes, and purple pall,  
And ornaments that richly were displaid ;  
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.  
Then, when they had despoild her tire and call,<sup>2</sup>  
Such as she was, their eies might her behold,

<sup>1</sup>Qu. *despight* ? *dislike*?    <sup>2</sup> *Tire and call*, head-dress and cap



That her misshaped parts did them appall ;  
 A loathly, wrinkled hag, ill favoured, old,  
 Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

47 Her crafty head was altogether bald,  
 And, as in hate of honorable eld,  
 Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald ;  
 Her teeth out of her rotten gummess were feld,<sup>1</sup>  
 And her sowre breath abhominably smeld ;  
 Her dried duggs, lyke bladders lacking wind,  
 Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld ;  
 Her wrizled<sup>2</sup> skin, as rough as maple rind,  
 So scabby was, that would have loathd all woman-  
 kind.

48 Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,  
 My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write :  
 But at her rompe she growing had behind  
 A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight :  
 And eke her feete most monstrous were in sight ;  
 For one of them was like an eagles claw,  
 With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight ;  
 The other like a beares uneven paw :  
 More ugly shape yet never living creature saw.

49 Which when the knights beheld, amazd they were,  
 And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.  
 "Such then," said Una, "as she seemeth here,  
 Such is the face of Falshood ; such the sight  
 Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light

<sup>1</sup> *Feld*, fallen.

<sup>2</sup> *Wrizled*, wrinkled

Is laid away, and counterfesaunce<sup>1</sup> knowne.”  
Thus when they had the Witch disrobed quight,  
And all her filthie feature open showne,  
They let her goe at will, and wander waies unknowne.

50 Shee, flying fast from heavens hated face,  
And from the world that her discovered wide,  
Fled to the wastfull wildernessse apace,  
From living eies her open shame to hide ;  
And lurkt in rocks and caves, long unespide.  
But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,  
Did in that csstle afterwards abide,  
To rest themselves, and weary powres repaire :  
Where store they fownd of al that dainty was and  
rare.

<sup>1</sup> *Counterfesaunce*, counterfeiting.

## CANTO IX.

His loves and lignage Arthure tells:  
 The Knights knitt friendly hands:  
 Sir Trevisan flies from Despeyre,  
 Whom Rederos Knight withstands.

- 1 O GOODLY golden chayne ! wherewith yfere<sup>1</sup>  
 The vertues linked are in lovely wize,  
 And noble mindes of yore allyed were,  
 In brave poursuitt of chevalrous emprise ;  
 That none did others safëty despize,  
 Nor aid envý to him, in need that stands ;  
 But friendly each did others praise devize  
 How to advaunce with favourable hands,  
 As this good Prince redeemd the Rederosse Knight  
 from bands.
- 2 Who when their powres, empayrd through labor  
 long,  
 With dew repast they had recured<sup>2</sup> well,  
 And that weake captive wight now wexed strong ;  
 Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,  
 But forward fare, as their adventures fell :  
 But, ere they parted, Una faire besought  
 That straunger Knight his name and nation tell ;

<sup>1</sup> *Yfere*, together.

<sup>2</sup> *Recured*, recruited.

Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,  
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankles  
thought.

3 “Faire Virgin,” said the Prince, “yee me require  
A thing without the compas of my witt :  
For both the lignage, and the certein sire,  
From which I sprong, from mee are hidden yitt.  
For all so soone as life did me admitt  
Into this world, and shewed hevens light,  
From mothers pap I taken was unfitt,  
And streight deliver’d to a Fary Knight,  
To be upbrought in gentle thewes<sup>1</sup> and martiall might.

4 “Unto old Timon he me brought bylive<sup>2</sup>;  
Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene  
In warlike feates th’ expertest man alive,  
And is the wisest now on earth I weene :  
His dwelling is, low in a valley greene,  
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,  
From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,  
His tombling billowes rolls with gentle rore ;  
There all my daies he traind mee up in vertuous lore.

5 “Thether the great magicien Merlin came,  
As was his use, ofttimes to visitt mee ;  
For he had charge my discipline to frame,

<sup>1</sup> *Thewes*, manners, accomplishments.

<sup>2</sup> *Bylive*, immediately.

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IV. 1. — *Old Timon*.] By the name of his tutor, Spenser expresses that Arthur was brought up in the ways of honor. II.

And tutors nouriture to oversee.  
 Him oft and oft I askt in privity,  
 Of what loines and what lignage I did spring.  
 Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,  
 That I was sonne and heire unto a king,  
 As time in her iust term the truth to light should bring."

6 "Well worthy impe,"<sup>1</sup> said then the Lady gent,<sup>2</sup>  
 "And pupill fitt for such a tutors hand!  
 But what adventure, or what high intent,  
 Hath brought you hether into Fary land,  
 Aread,<sup>3</sup> Prince Arthure, crowne of martiall band?"  
 "Full hard it is," quoth he, "to read aright  
 The course of heavenly cause, or understand  
 The secret meaning of th' Eternall Might,  
 That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of liv-  
 ing wight.

7 "For whether He, through fatal deepe foresight,  
 Me hither sent, for cause to me unghest;  
 Or that fresh bleeding wound which day and night  
 Whilome doth rancle in my riven brest,  
 With foreed fury following his behest,  
 Me hether brought by wayes yet never found;  
 You to have helpt I hold myselfe yet blest."

<sup>1</sup> *Impe*, child.

<sup>2</sup> *Gent*, noble.

<sup>3</sup> *Aread*, declare.

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VI. 5. — *Aread Prince Arthure.*] "Arthur and Una have been hitherto represented as entire strangers to each other, and it does not appear how Una became acquainted with the name of this new knight." — WARTON.

“ Ah ! courteous Knight,” quoth she, “ what secret  
wound  
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on ground ? ”

8 “ Deare Dame,” quoth he, “ you sleeping sparkes  
awake,  
Which, troubled once, into huge flames will grow ;  
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,  
Till living moysture into smoke do flow,  
And wasted life doe lye in ashes low.  
Yet sithens<sup>1</sup> silence lesseneth not my fire,  
But, told, it flames ; and, hidden, it does glow ;  
I will revele what ye so much desire :  
Ah ! Love, lay down thy bow, that whiles<sup>2</sup> I may re-  
spyre.

9 “ It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,  
When corage first does creepe in manly chest ;  
Then first the cole of kindly heat appears  
To kindle love in every living brest :  
But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,  
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,  
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,  
As miserable lovers use to rew,  
Which still wex old in woe, whiles wo stil wexeth new.

10 “ That ydle name of love, and lovers life,  
As losse of time, and vertues enemy,  
I ever scornd, and ioyd to stirre up strife,  
In midst of their mournfull tragedy ;  
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,

<sup>1</sup> *Sithens*, since.

<sup>2</sup> *Whiles*, meanwhile.

And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent<sup>1</sup>:  
 Their god himselfe, grievd at my libertie,  
 Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent ;  
 But I them warded all with wary government.

11 “ But all in vaine ; no fort can be so strong,  
 Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sownd,  
 But will at last be wonne with battrie long,  
 Or unawares at disavantage fownd :  
 Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grownd.  
 And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,  
 And boastes in beauties chaine not to be bownd,  
 Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,  
 And yeeldes his caytive<sup>2</sup> neck to victours most de-  
 spight.

12 “ Ensamble make of him your haplesse ioy,  
 And of my selfe, now mated<sup>3</sup> as ye see ;  
 Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy  
 Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertee.  
 For on a day, prickt forth with iollitee  
 Of looser life and heat of hardiment,<sup>4</sup>  
 Raunging the forest wide on courser free,  
 The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one consent,  
 Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

13 “ Forwearied<sup>5</sup> with my sportes, I did alight  
 From loftie steed, and downe to sleep me layd :  
 The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,

<sup>1</sup> *Brent*, burnt.

<sup>2</sup> *Caytive*, captive.

<sup>3</sup> *Mated*, dejected.

<sup>4</sup> *Hardiment*, boldness.

<sup>5</sup> *Forwearied*, wearied out.

And pillow was my helmett fayre displayd :  
 Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,<sup>1</sup>  
 And slombing soft my hart did steale away,  
 Me seemed, by my side a royall mayd  
 Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay ;  
 So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

14 “ Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment  
 She to me made, and badd me love her deare ;  
 For dearely sure her love was to me bent,  
 As, when iust time expired, should appeare.  
 But, whether dreames delude, or true it were,  
 Was never hart so ravisht with delight,  
 Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,  
 As she to me delivered all that night ;  
 And at her parting said, she Queene of Faries hight.<sup>2</sup>

15 “ When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,  
 And nought but pressed gras where she had lyen,  
 I sorrowed all so much as earst I ioyd,  
 And washed all her place with watry eyen.  
 From that day forth I lov'd that face divyne ;  
 From that day forth I cast in carefull mynd,  
 To seeke her out with labor and long tyne,<sup>3</sup>  
 And never vovd to rest till her I fynd :  
 Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet ni'll<sup>4</sup> that vow  
 unbynd.”

16 Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,  
 And change of hew great passion<sup>5</sup> did bewray ;

<sup>1</sup> *Embayed*, bathed.

<sup>2</sup> *Hight*, was called.

<sup>3</sup> *Tyne*, pain.

<sup>4</sup> *Ni'll*, I will not.

<sup>5</sup> *Passion*, emotion.



Yett still he strove to cloke his inward bale,<sup>1</sup>  
 And hide the smoke that did his fire display;  
 Till gentle Una thus to him gan say:  
 "O happy Queene of Faries, that hast fownd,  
 Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may  
 Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd!  
 True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on grownd."

17 "Thine, O, then," said the gentle Redcrosse Knight,  
 "Next to that Ladies love, shal be the place,  
 O fayrest Virgin, full of heavenly light,  
 Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,  
 Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.  
 And you, my Lord, the patrone of my life,  
 Of that great Queene may well gaine worthie  
 grace;  
 For onely worthie you through prowes priefe,<sup>2</sup>  
 Yf living man mote worthie be, to be her lief." <sup>3</sup>

13 So diversly discoursing of their loves,  
 The golden sunne his glistring head gan shew,  
 And sad remembraunce now the Prince amoves <sup>4</sup>  
 With fresh desire his voyage to pursew:  
 Als <sup>5</sup> Una earnd <sup>6</sup> her travaill to renew.  
 Then those two knights, fast frendship for to bynd,  
 And love establish each to other trew,  
 Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,  
 And eke, as pledges firme, right hands together  
 ioynd.

<sup>1</sup> *Bale*, sorrow.

<sup>2</sup> *Priefe*, proof.

<sup>3</sup> *Liefe*, love.

<sup>4</sup> *Amoves*, moves.

<sup>5</sup> *Als*, also.

<sup>6</sup> *Earnd*, yearned.

19 Prince Arthur gave a boxe of diamond sure,  
 Embowd<sup>1</sup> with gold and gorgeous ornament,  
 Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure.  
 Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,  
 That any wovnd could heale incontinent.  
 Which to requite, the Redcrosse Knight him gave  
 A booke, wherein his Saveours Testament  
 Was writt with golden letters rich and brave ;  
 A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to save.

20 Thus beene they parted ; Arthur on his way  
 To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight  
 With Unaes foe, that all her realme did pray.<sup>2</sup>  
 But she, now weighing the decayed plight  
 And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,  
 Would not a while her forward course pursew.  
 Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,  
 Till he recovered had his former hew :  
 For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

21 So as they traveild, lo ! they gan espy  
 An armed knight towards them gallop fast,  
 That seemed from some feared foe to fly,  
 Or other griesly thing, that him aghast.<sup>3</sup>  
 Still, as he fledd, his eye was backward cast,  
 As if his feare still followed him behynd.  
 Als flew his steed, as he his bandes had brast,<sup>4</sup>  
 And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,  
 As he had beene a fole of Pegasus his<sup>5</sup> kynd.

<sup>1</sup> *Embowd*, arched.

<sup>2</sup> *Pray*, ravage.

<sup>3</sup> *Aghast*, terrified

<sup>4</sup> *Brast*, burst.

<sup>5</sup> *Pegasus his*, Pegasus's.

- 22 Nigh as he drew, they might perceiue his head  
 To bee unarmd, and curld uncombed heares  
 Upstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth dread :  
 Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,  
 Nor life in limbe ; and, to increase his feares,  
 In fowle reproch of knighthoodes fayre degree,  
 About his neck an hempen rope he weares,  
 That with his glistring armes does ill agree :  
 But he of rope, or armes, has now no memoree.
- 23 The Redcrosse Knight toward him crossed fast,  
 To weet what mister<sup>1</sup> wight was so dismayd :  
 There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,  
 That of himselfe he seemd to be afraid ;  
 Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,  
 Till he these wordes to him deliver might :  
 “ Sir Knight, aread<sup>2</sup> who hath ye thus arayd,  
 And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight ?  
 For never knight I saw in such misseeming<sup>3</sup> plight.”
- 24 He answerd nought at all ; but adding new  
 Feare to his first amazment, staring wyde  
 With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,  
 Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde  
 Infernall furies with their chaines untyde.  
 Him yett againe, and yett againe, bespake  
 The gentle Knight ; who nought to him replyde ;  
 But, trembling every ioynt, did inly quake,  
 And foltring tongue at last these words seemd forth  
 to shake :

<sup>1</sup> *Mister*, kind of.

<sup>2</sup> *Aread*, declare.

<sup>3</sup> *Misseeming*, unseemly.

25 “ For Gods deare love, Sir Knight, doe me not stay  
 For loe ! he comes, he comes fast after mee ! ”  
 Eft <sup>1</sup> looking back, would faine have runne away ;  
 But he him forst to stay, and tellen free  
 The secrete cause of his perplexitie :  
 Yet nathëmore <sup>2</sup> by his bold hartie speach  
 Could his blood-frosen hart emboldened bee,  
 But through his boldnes rather feare did reach ;  
 Yett, forst, at last he made through silence suddein  
 breach :

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

27 “ I lately chaunst (would I had never chaunst!)  
 With a fayre knight to keepen companee,  
 Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst  
 In all affayres, and was both bold and free ;  
 But not so happy as mote happy bee :  
 He lov’d, as was his lot, a lady gent,<sup>3</sup>  
 That him againe lov’d in the least degree ;  
 For she was proud, and of too high intent,  
 And ioyd to see her lover languish and lament :

<sup>1</sup> *Eft*, again.

<sup>2</sup> *Nathëmore*, none the more.

<sup>3</sup> *Gent*, noble.

28 “ From whom retourning sad and comfortiesse,  
 As on the way together we did fare,  
 We met that villen, (God from him me blesse!)  
 That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,<sup>1</sup>  
 A man of hell, that calls himselve *Despayre* :  
 Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes<sup>2</sup>  
 Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare :  
 So creeping close, as snake in hidden weedes,  
 Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

29 “ Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts  
 Embost<sup>3</sup> with bale,<sup>4</sup> and bitter byting grieffe,  
 Which love had launched with his deadly darts ;  
 With wounding words, and termes of foule re-  
 priefe,<sup>5</sup>  
 He pluckt from us all hope of dew reliefe,  
 That earst us held in love of lingring life :  
 Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe  
 Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife ;  
 To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife :

30 “ With which sad instrument of hasty death,  
 That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,  
 A wyde way made to let forth living breath.  
 But I, more fearefull or more lucky wight,  
 Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,  
 Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare ;  
 Ne yet assur’d of life by you, Sir Knight,

1 *Whyleare*, a little while ago.

2 *Areedes*, informs.

3 *Embost*, exhausted.

4 *Bale*, sorrow.

5 *Repriefe*, reproof.

Whose like infirmity like chaunee may beare :  
But God you never let his charmed speaches heare !”

31 “ How may a man,” said he, “ with idle speach  
Be wonne to spoyle the castle of his health ?”  
“ I wote,” quoth he, “ whom tryall late did teach,  
That like would not for all this worldës wealth.  
His subtile tong, like dropping honny, mealt’h<sup>1</sup>  
Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine ;  
That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth  
His powre is reft, and weaknes doth remaine.  
O never, Sir, desire to try his guilefull traine !”

32 “ Certes,” said he, “ hence shall I never rest,  
Till I that treachours art have heard and tryde :  
And you, Sir Knight, whose name mote I request,  
Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde.”  
“ I, that hight Trevisan,” quoth he, “ will ryde,  
Against my liking, backe, to doe you grace :  
But nor for gold nor glee<sup>2</sup> will I abyde  
By you, when ye arrive in that same place ;  
For lever<sup>3</sup> had I die then see his deadly face.”

33 Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight  
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,

<sup>1</sup> *Mealt’h*, melteth.

<sup>3</sup> *Lever*, rather.

<sup>2</sup> Qu. *fee*? Cf. Canto X. 43. 6.

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XXXI. 3. — *I wote*, &c.] I, who have been taught by recent experience, know how a man may be so won, though I would not have been persuaded to do the like by the world’s wealth. H.

Far underneath a craggy cliff y'pight,<sup>1</sup>  
 Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,  
 That still for carrion carcasses doth crave :  
 On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,  
 Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave  
 Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle ;  
 And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and howle :

24 And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,  
 Whereon nor fruite nor leafe was ever seene,  
 Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees<sup>2</sup> ;  
 On which had many wretches hanged beene,  
 Whose carcases were scattred on the greene,  
 And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,  
 That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,<sup>3</sup>  
 Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare ;  
 But th' other forst him staye, and comforted in feare.

35 That darkesome cave they enter, where they find  
 That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,  
 Musing full sadly in his sullein mind :  
 His griesie<sup>4</sup> lockes, long growen and unbound,  
 Disordred hong about his shoulders round,  
 And hid his face ; through which his hollow eyne  
 Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound ;  
 His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,  
 Were shronke into his iawes, as<sup>5</sup> he did never dyne.

<sup>1</sup> *Ypight*, placed.

<sup>2</sup> *Ragged rocky knees*, rough points or projections of rock.

<sup>3</sup> *Teene*, trouble.

<sup>4</sup> *Griesie*, greasy ; but probably a misprint for *grieslie*, grisly or grizzly.

<sup>5</sup> *As*, as if.

36 His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,  
 With thornes together pind and patched was,  
 The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts :  
 And him beside there lay upon the gras  
 A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,  
 All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,  
 That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!  
 In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,  
 And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

37 Which piteous spectacle, approving trew  
 The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,  
 Whenas the gentle Redcrosse Knight did vew ;  
 With frie zeale he burnt in courage bold  
 Him to avenge, before his blood were cold ;  
 And to the Villein sayd : “ Thou damned wight,  
 The authour of this fact we here behold,  
 What iustice can but iudge against thee right,  
 With thine owne blood to price<sup>1</sup> his blood, here shed  
 in sight ? ”

38 “ What franticke fit,” quoth he, “ hath thus dis-  
 traught  
 Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give ?  
 What iustice ever other iudgement taught,  
 But he should dye, who merites not to live ?  
 None els to death this man despayring drive<sup>2</sup>  
 But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.  
 Is then uniust to each his dew to give ?

<sup>1</sup> *Price*, pay for.

<sup>2</sup> *Drive*, i. e. driv (drove).



Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath?  
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath<sup>1</sup>?

39 “ Who travailes by the wearie wandring way,  
To come unto his wished home in haste,  
And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay ;  
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,  
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast ?  
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good ;  
And fond,<sup>2</sup> that ioyest in the woe thou hast ;  
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood  
Upon the bancke, yet wilt thyselfe not pas the flood ?

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

41 The Knight much wondred at his suddaine wit,  
And sayd : “ The terme of life is limited,  
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it :  
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted.<sup>3</sup>  
Nor leave his stand untill his captaine bed.”<sup>4</sup>  
“ Who life did limit by almightie doome.”

<sup>1</sup> *Uneath*, uneasy.

<sup>2</sup> *Fond*, foolish.

<sup>3</sup> *Sted*, place.

<sup>4</sup> *Bed*, bid.

Quoth he, "knowes best the termes established ;  
 And he that points<sup>1</sup> the centonell his roome<sup>2</sup>  
 Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.<sup>3</sup>

12 "Is not His deed whatever thing is donne  
 In heaven and earth ? Did not He all create  
 To die againe ? All ends, that was begonne :  
 Their times in His eternall booke of fate  
 Are written sure, and have their certein date.  
 Who then can strive with strong necessitie,  
 That holds the world in his still chaunging state ;  
 Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie ?  
 When houre of death is come, let none aske whence,  
 nor why.

43 "The lenger life, I wote<sup>4</sup> the greater sin ;  
 The greater sin, the greater punishment :  
 All those great battels, which thou boasts to win  
 Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,  
 Now praysd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent :  
 For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.  
 Is not enough thy evill life forespent<sup>5</sup> ?  
 For he that once hath missed the right way,  
 The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray :

14 "Then doe no further goe, no further stray ;  
 But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,  
 Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen<sup>6</sup> may.  
 For what hath life, that may it loved make,

<sup>1</sup> *Points*, appoints.

<sup>2</sup> *Roome*, place.

<sup>3</sup> *Droome*, drum.

<sup>4</sup> *Wote*, know, deem.

<sup>5</sup> *Forespent*, consumed (forspent).

<sup>6</sup> *Ensewen*, follow.

And gives not rather cause it to forsake?  
 Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,  
 Payne, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake;  
 And ever fickle fortune rageth rife;  
 All which, and thousands mo,<sup>1</sup> do make a loathsome life.

45 “Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,  
 If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state;  
 For never knight, that dared warlike deed,  
 More luckless dissaventures did amate<sup>2</sup>:  
 Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late  
 Thy life shutt up for death so oft did call;  
 And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,  
 Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,  
 Into the which hereafter thou maist happen fall.

46 “Why then doest thou, O man of sin, desire  
 To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?  
 Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire  
 High heaped up with huge iniquitee,  
 Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?  
 Is not enough, that to this lady mild  
 Thou falsed<sup>3</sup> hast thy faith with periuree,  
 And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,  
 With whom in al abuse thou hast thy selfe defild?

17 “Is not he iust, that all this doth behold  
 From highest heven, and beares an equall eie?  
 Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,  
 And guilty be of thine impietie?

<sup>1</sup> *Mo*, more.

<sup>2</sup> *Amate*, appall.

<sup>3</sup> *Falsed*, broken.

Is not his lawe, Let every sinner die :  
 Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be  
 donne,

Is it not better to doe willinglie,  
 Then linger till the glas be all out ronne?  
 Death is the end of woes : die soone, O Faries sonne."

48 The Knight was much enmoued with his speach,  
 That as a sword's poynt through his hart did perse,  
 And in his conscience made a secreete breach,  
 Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,  
 Aad to his fresh remembraunce did reverse<sup>1</sup>  
 The ugly vew of his deformed crimes;  
 That all his manly powres it did disperse,  
 As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes;  
 That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

49 In which amazement when the Miscreant  
 Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,  
 Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,  
 And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;  
 To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile,  
 Hee shewd him painted in a table<sup>2</sup> plaine  
 The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,  
 And thousand feends, that doe them endlesse paine  
 With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

50 The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid,  
 That nought but death before his eies he saw,  
 And ever burning wrath before him laid,  
 By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes law.

<sup>1</sup> *Reverse*, cause to return.

<sup>2</sup> *Table*, picture.

Then gan the Villein him to overeraw,<sup>1</sup>  
 And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,  
 And all that might him to perdition draw ;  
 And bad him choose, what death he would desire :  
 For death was dew to him, that had provokt Gods ire.

51 But whenas none of them he saw him take,  
 He to him raught<sup>2</sup> a dagger sharpe and keene,  
 And gave it him in hand : his hand did quake  
 And tremble like a leafe of aspin greene,  
 And troubled blood through his pale face was seene  
 To come and goe, with tidings from the heart,  
 As it a ronning messenger had beene.  
 At last, resolv'd to worke his finall smart,  
 He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

52 Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine  
 The crudled<sup>3</sup> cold ran to her well of life,  
 As in a swowne : but, soone reliv'd<sup>4</sup> againe,  
 Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,  
 And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,  
 And to him said : “ Fie, fie, faint-hearted Knight,  
 What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife ?  
 Is this the battaile, which thou vauntst to fight  
 With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright ?

53 “ Come ; come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,  
 Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,  
 Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.

<sup>1</sup> *Overeraw*, overerow, assume a superiority over.

<sup>2</sup> *Raught*, reached.

<sup>3</sup> *Crudled*, curdled.

<sup>4</sup> *Reliv'd*, brought to life.

In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?  
 Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen<sup>1</sup> art?  
 Where iustice growes, there grows eke greter grace,  
 The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,  
 And that accurst hand-writing doth deface:  
 Arise, Sir Knight; arise, and leave this cursed place."

54 So up he rose, and thence amounte<sup>2</sup> streight.  
 Which when the Carle<sup>3</sup> beheld, and saw his guest  
 Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight;  
 He chose an halter from among the rest,  
 And with it hong himselfe, unbid, unblest.  
 But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;  
 For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,<sup>4</sup>  
 Yet nathëlesse it could not doe him die,  
 Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.\*

<sup>1</sup> *Chosen*, elected to be saved.

<sup>3</sup> *Carle*, churl.

<sup>2</sup> *Amounted*, mounted his horse.

<sup>4</sup> *Drest*, treated.

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\* The description of the Cave of Despair is by far the most powerful passage in all Spenser's poetry. There is an idle story that Spenser introduced himself to Sir Philip Sidney by sending him this canto of the Fairy Queen, and that Sir Philip, as soon as he had read a few stanzas, ordered the poet a present of fifty pounds. One stanza more caused the gift to be doubled, and his admiration kindling as he went on, Sidney bade his steward make the gift two hundred, and to pay it at once, lest he should bestow all he had on such a writer. C.

## CANTO X.

Her faithfull Knight faire Una brings  
 To house of Holinesse;  
 Where he is taught repentaunce, and  
 The way to heavenly blesse.

1 WHAT man is he, that boasts of fleshly might  
 And vaine assuraunce of mortality,  
 Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight  
 Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or from the field most cowardly doth fly!  
 Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,  
 That thorough grace hath gained victory:  
 If any strength we have, it is to ill;  
 But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

2 By that which lately hapned, Una saw  
 That this her Knight was feeble, and too faint;  
 And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,  
 Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,  
 Which he endured in his late restraint,  
 That yet he was unfitt for bloody fight.  
 Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,  
 She cast to bring him, where he chearen<sup>2</sup> might,  
 Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

<sup>1</sup> *By and by*, at once.

<sup>2</sup> *Chearen*, be cheered.

3 There was an auncient house not far away,  
 Renowned throughout the world for sacred lore  
 And pure unspotted life : so well, they say,  
 It governd was, and guided evermore,  
 Through wisdom of a matron grave and hore :  
 Whose onely ioy was to relieve the needes  
 Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse po:  
 All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,  
 And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

4 Dame Cælia men did her call, as thought  
 From heaven to come, or thether to arise ;  
 The mother of three daughters, well upbrought  
 In goodly thewes,<sup>1</sup> and godly exercise ;  
 The eldest two, most sober, chaste, and wise,  
 Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were ;  
 Though spoused, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize ;  
 But faire Charissa to a lovely fere<sup>2</sup>  
 Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

5 Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt ;  
 For it was warely watched night and day,  
 For feare of many foes ; but, when they knockt,  
 The porter opened unto them streight way.  
 He was an aged syre, all hory gray,  
 With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,  
 Wout on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,

<sup>1</sup> *Thewes*, habits.

<sup>2</sup> *Lovely fere*, loving mate.



Hight<sup>1</sup> Humiltá. They passe in, stouping low ;  
For streight and narrow was the way which he did  
shew.

6 Each goodly thing is hardest to begin ;  
But, entred in, a spatious court they see,  
Both plaine and pleasaut to be walked in ;  
Where them does meete a francklin<sup>2</sup> faire and free,  
And entertaines with comely courteous glee ;  
His name was Zele, that him right well became :  
For in his speaches and behaveour hee  
Did labour lively to expresse the same,  
And gladly did them guide, till to the hall they came.

7 There fayrely them receives a gentle squire,  
Of myld demeanure and rare courtesee,  
Right cleanly clad in comely sad<sup>3</sup> attyre,  
In word and deede that shewd great modestee,  
And knew his good<sup>4</sup> to all of each degree,  
Hight Reverence. He them with speaches meet  
Does faire entreat : no courting nicetee,  
But simple trew, and eke unfained sweet,  
As might become a squire so great persons to greet.

8 And afterwarde them to his Dame he leades,  
That aged Dame, the Lady of the place,

<sup>1</sup> *Hight*, named.

<sup>3</sup> *Sad*, grave.

<sup>2</sup> *Francklin*, a freeholder.

<sup>4</sup> I. e. knew how to behave suitably.

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V. 9. — *For streight and narrow, &c.*] “ Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life.” — Matt. vii. 14. H.

Who all this while was busy at her beades ;  
 Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,  
 And toward them full matronely did pace.  
 Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,  
 Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,  
 Her heart with ioy unwonted inly sweld,  
 As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld<sup>1</sup> :

9 And, her embracing, said : “ O happy earth,  
 Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread !  
 Most vertuous Virgin, borne of heavenly berth,  
 That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head  
 From tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,<sup>2</sup>  
 Hast wandred through the world now long a day,  
 Yett ceassest not thy weary soles to lead ;  
 What grace hath thee now hether brought this way ?  
 Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting<sup>3</sup> hether stray ?

10 “ Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see  
 Here in this place ; or any other wight,  
 That hether turnes his steps : so few there bee,  
 That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right !  
 All keepe the broad high way, and take delight  
 With many rather for to goe astray,  
 And be partakers of their evill plight,  
 Then with a few to walke the rightest way :  
 O ! foolish men, why hast ye to your owne decay ? ”

11 “ Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,  
 O Matrone sage,” quoth she, “ I hether came ;

<sup>1</sup> *Eld*, age.

<sup>3</sup> *Unweeting*, unknowing.

<sup>2</sup> *Ever-dying dread*, perpetual fear of death.

And this good knight his way with me address,  
 Ledd with thy prayses, and broad-blazed fame,  
 That up to heven is blowne." The auncient Dame  
 Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,  
 And enterteynd them both, as best became,  
 With all the court'sies that she could devyse,  
 Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

12 Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges devise,  
 Loe! two most goodly virgins came in place,  
 Ylinked arme in arme, in lovely wise ;  
 With countenance demure, and modest grace,  
 They numbred even steps and equall pace :  
 Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,  
 Like sunny beames, threw from her christall face  
 That<sup>1</sup> could have dazd<sup>2</sup> the rash beholders sight,  
 And round about her head did shine like hevens light.

13 She was araied all in lilly white,  
 And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,  
 With wine and water fild up to the hight,  
 In which a serpent did him-selfe enfold,  
 That horroure made to all that did behold ;  
 But she no whitt did change her constant mood :  
 And in her other hand she fast did hold

<sup>1</sup> *That*, that which.

<sup>2</sup> *Dazd*, dazzled.

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XIII. 4. — *A serpent.*] The serpent was emblematic of health; and the restoring and healing power of Faith is here alluded to. The reader will recollect the brazen serpent lifted up in the wilderness, and the application of it by our Saviour, John iii. 14. H.

A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood ;  
Wherin darke things were writt, hard to be understood.

14 Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,  
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well ;  
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,  
As was her sister ; whether dread did dwell  
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell :  
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,  
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell ;  
And ever up to heven, as she did pray,  
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way,

15 They, seeing Una, towardes her gan wend,  
Who them encounters with like courtesee ;  
Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,  
And greatly ioy each other for to see :  
Then to the Knight with shamefast modestie  
They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke request.  
And him salute with well beseeming glee ;  
Who faire them quites,<sup>1</sup> as him beseemed best,  
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.<sup>2</sup>

16 Then Una thus : “ But she, your sister deare,  
The deare Charissa, where is she become ?  
Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere ? ”  
“ Ah ! no,” said they, “ but forth she may not come ;

<sup>1</sup> *Quites*, salutes in return.

<sup>2</sup> *Gest*, achievement.

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XIII. 8. — *A booke*, &c.] Faith holds in her hand the New Testament, to which is applied the expression used by St. Peter of St. Paul's Epistles, 2 Pet. iii. 16. II.

For she of late is lightned of her wombe,  
 And hath encreast the world with one some more,  
 That her to see should be but troublesome."

"Indeed," quoth she, "that should her trouble sore;  
 But thank be God, and her encrease so evermore!"

17 Then saide the aged Cœlia: "Deare Dame,  
 And you, good Sir, I wote that of youre toyle  
 And labors long, through which ye hether came,  
 Ye both forwearied be: therefore a whyle  
 I read<sup>1</sup> you rest, and to your bowres<sup>2</sup> recoyle."<sup>3</sup>  
 Then called she a groome, that forth him ledd  
 Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile  
 Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd:  
 His name was meeke Obedience rightfully aredd.<sup>4</sup>

18 Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,  
 And bodies were refresht with dew repast,  
 Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,  
 To have her Knight into her Schoolehous plaste,  
 That of her heavenly learning he might taste,  
 And heare the wisdom of her wordes divine.  
 She graunted; and that Knight so much agraste,<sup>5</sup>  
 That she him taught celestiall discipline,  
 And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them  
 shine.

19 And that her sacred Booke, with blood ywritt,  
 That none could reade except she did them teach.

<sup>1</sup> *Read*, advise.

<sup>2</sup> *Bowres*, chambers.

<sup>5</sup> *So much agraste*, showed him so much grace.

<sup>3</sup> *Recoyle*, retire.

<sup>4</sup> *Aredd*, declared.

She unto him disclosed every whitt ;  
 And heavenly documents<sup>1</sup> thereout did preach,  
 That weaker witt of man could never reach ;  
 Of God ; of Grace ; of Iustice ; of Free-will ;  
 That wonder was to heare her goodly speach :  
 For she was hable with her wordes to kill,  
 And rayse againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

20 And when she list poure out her larger spright,  
 She would commaund the hasty sunne to stay,  
 Or backward turne his course from hevens light :  
 Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay ;  
 [Dry-shod to passe, she parts the flouds in tway ; ]  
 And eke huge mountaines from their native seat  
 She would commaund themselves to beare away,  
 And throw in raging sea with roaring threat :  
 Almighty God her gave such powre and puissaunce  
 great.

21 The faithfull Knight now grew in litle space,  
 By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,  
 To such perfection of all heavenly grace,  
 That wretched world he gan for to abhore,  
 And mortall life gan loath as thing forlore,<sup>2</sup>  
 Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,  
 And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,  
 That he desirde to end his wretched dayes :  
 So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes !

<sup>1</sup> *Documents*, instructions.

<sup>2</sup> *Forlore*, forlorn.

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XX. 5. — This line is wanting in the first and second editions, and is first found in the folio of 1609.

22 But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,  
 And taught him how to take assured hold  
 Upon her silver anchor, as was meet ;  
 Els had his sinnes so great and manifold  
 Made him forget all that Fidelia told.  
 In this distressed doubtfull agony,  
 When him his dearest Una did behold  
 Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,  
 She found her selfe assayld with great perplexity ;

23 And came to Cœlia to declare her smart ;  
 Who well acquainted with that commune<sup>1</sup> plight,  
 Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,  
 Her wisely comforted all that she might,  
 With goodly counsell and advisement right ;  
 And streightway sent with carefull diligence,  
 To fetch a leach, the which had great insight  
 In that disease of grieved conscience,  
 And well could cure the same ; his name was Patience.

24 Who, comming to that sowle-diseased Knight,  
 Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief:  
 Which knowne, and all that neyd his heavie  
     spright,  
 Well searcht, eftsóones<sup>2</sup> he gan apply relief  
 Of salves and med'cines, which had passing<sup>3</sup>  
     prief ;  
 And thereto added wordes of wondrous might :  
 By which to ease he him recured<sup>4</sup> brief,

<sup>1</sup> *Commune*, common.

<sup>2</sup> *Eftsóones*, immediately.

<sup>3</sup> I. e. surprising efficacy

<sup>4</sup> *Recured*, restored.

And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,<sup>1</sup>  
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

25 But yet the cause and root of all his ill,  
Inward corruption and infected sin,  
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,  
And festring sore did ranckle yett within,  
Close creeping twixt the marow and the skin :  
Which to extirpe,<sup>2</sup> he laid him privily  
Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,  
Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,  
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

26 In ashes and sackcloth he did array  
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate ;  
And dieted with fasting every day,  
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate ;  
And made him pray both earely and eke late :  
And ever, as superfluous flesh did rott,  
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,  
To pluck it out with pincers fyrie whott,<sup>3</sup>  
That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted iott.

27 And bitter Penaunce, with an yron whip,  
Was wont him once to disple<sup>4</sup> every day :  
And sharpe Remorse his hart did prick and nip,  
That drops of blood thence like a well did play :  
And sad Repentance used to embay<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Passion of his plight*, the sufferings of his case.

<sup>2</sup> *Extirpe*, extirpate.

<sup>4</sup> *Disple*, discipline.

<sup>3</sup> *Whott*, hot.

<sup>5</sup> *Embay*, bathe.



His blamefull body in salt water sore,\*  
 The filthy blottes of sin to wash away.  
 So in short space they did to health restore  
 The man that would not live, but erst lay at deathes  
 dore.

28 In which his torment often was so great,  
 That, like a lyon, he would cry and rore ;  
 And rend his flesh ; and his owne synewes eat.  
 His owne deare Una, hearing evermore  
 His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore  
 Her guiltlesse garments and her golden heare,  
 For pittie of his payne and anguish sore :  
 Yet all with patience wisely she did beare ;  
 For well she wist his cryme could els be never cleare.

29 Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience  
 And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought ;  
 Who, ioyous of his cured conscience,  
 Him dearely kist, and fayrely eke besought  
 Himselfe to cherish, and consuming thought  
 To put away out of his carefull brest.  
 By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,  
 Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest :  
 To her fayre Una brought this unacquainted guest.

30 She was a woman in her freshest age,  
 Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,

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\* 2d Ed. "His body in salt water smarting sore."

XXIX. 7. — *By this Charissa, &c.*] The knight is at last made acquainted with Charity, or Love, that being the crowning excellence of the Christian character. H.

With goodly grace and comely personage,  
 That was on earth not easie to compare;  
 Full of great love; but Cupids wanton snare  
 As hell she hated; chaste in worke and will;  
 Her necke and brests were ever open bare,  
 That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;  
 The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

31 A multitude of babes about her hong,  
 Playing their sportes, that ioyd her to behold;  
 Whom still she fed, whiles they were weak and  
                   young,  
 But thrust them forth still as they waxed old:  
 And on her head she wore a tyre<sup>1</sup> of gold,  
 Adorn'd with gemmes and owches<sup>2</sup> wondrous fayre,  
 Whose passing price unneath<sup>3</sup> was to be told:  
 And by her syde there sate a gentle payre  
 Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory chayre.

32 The Knight and Una entring fayre her greet,  
 And bid her ioy of that her happy brood;  
 Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,  
 And entertaynes with friendly chearefull mood.  
 Then Una her besought, to be so good  
 As in her vertuous rules to schoole her Knight,  
 Now after all his torment well withstood

<sup>1</sup> *Tyre*, diadem.

<sup>3</sup> *Unearth*, hardly.

<sup>2</sup> *Owches*, jewels.

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XXX. 9. — *Yellow robes.*] Charissa is dressed in yellow to express her married state.

“There let Hymen oft appear

In *saffron* robe, with taper clear.” — MILTON. II.

In that sad house of Penance, where his spright  
Had past the paines of hell and long-enduring night.

33 She was right ioyious of her iust request ;  
And, taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,  
Gan him instruct in everie good behest,  
Of love ; and righteousnes ; and well to donne<sup>1</sup> ;  
And wrath and hatred warëly to shonne,  
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,  
And many soules in dolours<sup>2</sup> had fordonne<sup>3</sup> :  
In which when him she well instructed hath,  
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready  
path.

34 Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guyde,  
An auncient matrone she to her does call,  
Whose sober lookes her wisdom well descryde<sup>4</sup> ;  
Her name was Mercy ; well knowne over-all<sup>5</sup>  
To be both gracious and eke liberall :  
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,  
To leade aright, that he should never fall  
In all his waies through this wide worldës wave ;  
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save

35 The godly Matrone by the hand him beares  
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,  
Scattered with bushy thornes and ragged breares,<sup>6</sup>  
Which still before him she remov'd away,  
That nothing might his ready passage stay :

<sup>1</sup> *Well to donne*, well-doing.

<sup>2</sup> *Dolours*, griefs.

<sup>3</sup> *Fordonne*, undone.

<sup>4</sup> *Descryde*, made known.

<sup>5</sup> *Over-all*, everywhere.

<sup>6</sup> *Breares*, briars.

And ever when his feet encombred were,  
 Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,  
 She held him fast, and firmly did upbeare ;  
 As carefull nourse her child from falling oft does  
 reare.

36 Eftsoones unto an holy Hospitall,  
 That was foreby<sup>1</sup> the way, she did him bring ;  
 In which seven Bead-men,<sup>2</sup> that had vowed all  
 Their life to service of high heavens King,  
 Did spend their daies in doing godly thing :  
 Their gates to all were open evermore,  
 That by the wearie way were travailing ;  
 And one sate wayting ever them before,  
 To call in commers-by, that needy were and pore.

37 The First of them, that eldest was and best,  
 Of all the house had charge and government,  
 As guardian and steward of the rest :  
 His office was to give entertainment  
 And lodging unto all that came and went ;  
 Not unto such as could him feast againe,  
 And double quite<sup>3</sup> for that he on them spent ;  
 But such as want of harbour<sup>4</sup> did constraine :  
 Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

<sup>1</sup> *Foreby*, near to.

<sup>2</sup> *Bead-men*, men devoted to prayer.

<sup>3</sup> *Quite*, requite.

<sup>4</sup> *Harbour*, lodging.

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XXXVI. 3. — *Seven Bead-men.*] In these seven Bead-men Spenser represents the seven offices or functions of Charity, according to the division of the Schoolmen.

36 The Second was as almner<sup>1</sup> of the place :  
 His office was the hungry for to feed,  
 And thristy<sup>2</sup> give to drinke ; a worke of grace :  
 He feard not once himselfe to be in need,  
 Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede :  
 The grace of God he layd up still in store,  
 Which as a stocke he left unto his seede :  
 He had enough ; what need him care for more ?  
 And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore.

39 The Third had of their wardrobe custody,  
 In which were not rich tyres,<sup>3</sup> nor garments gay,  
 The plumes of pride, and winges of vanity,  
 But clothës meet to keepe keene cold away,  
 And naked nature seemely to aray ;  
 With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,  
 The images of God in earthly clay ;  
 And, if that no spare clothes to give he had,  
 His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

40 The Fourth appointed by his office was  
 Poore prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,  
 And captives to redeeme with price of bras  
 From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd ;  
 And though they<sup>4</sup> faulty were, yet well he wayd,  
 That God to us forgiveth every howre  
 Much more then that why they in bands were layd ;  
 And He, that harrowd<sup>5</sup> hell with heavie stowre,<sup>6</sup>  
 The faulty soules from thence brought to his heavenly  
 bowre.

<sup>1</sup> *Almner*, almoner.

<sup>2</sup> *Thristy*, thirsty.

<sup>3</sup> *Tyres*, attires.

<sup>4</sup> I. e. the prisoners.

<sup>5</sup> *Harrowd*, ravaged, subdued.

<sup>6</sup> *Stowre*, pain (to himself).

41 The Fift had charge sick persons to attend,  
 And comfort those in point of death which lay;  
 For them most needeth comfort in the end,  
 When Sin, and Hell, and Death doe most dismay  
 The feeble soule departing hence away.  
 All is but lost, that living we bestow,  
 If not well ended at our dying day.  
 O man! have mind of that last bitter throw<sup>1</sup>:  
 For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

42 The Sixt had charge of them now being dead,  
 In seemely sort their corses to engrave,  
 And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,  
 That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave  
 They might appeare, when he their soules shall  
     save.  
 The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould.  
 Whose face He made all beastes to feare, and gave  
 All in his hand, even dead we honour should.  
 Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be not defould<sup>2</sup>!

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

<sup>1</sup> *Throw*, throe.

<sup>2</sup> *Defould*, treated with indignity.

41 'There when the Elfin Knight arrived was,  
 The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care  
 Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas ;  
 Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare  
 And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare  
 He humbly louted<sup>1</sup> in meeke lowlinesse,  
 And seemely welcome for her did prepare :  
 For of their order she was Patronesse,  
 Albe<sup>2</sup> Charissa were their chiefest Founderesse.

45 There she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest,  
 That to the rest more hable he might bee :  
 During which time, in every good behest,  
 And godly worke of almes and charitee,  
 Shee him instructed with great industree.  
 Shortly therein so perfect he became,  
 That, from the first unto the last degree,  
 His mortall life he learned had to frame  
 In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

46 Thence forward by that painfull way they pas  
 Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy ;  
 On top whereof a sacred chappell was,  
 And eke a litle hermitage thereby,  
 Wherein an aged holy man did lie,  
 That day and night said his devotion,  
 Ne other worldly busines did apply<sup>3</sup> :  
 His name was heavenly Contemplation ;  
 Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

<sup>1</sup> *Louted*, bowed.  
*Albe*, although.

<sup>3</sup> *Apply*, ply, attend to

47 Great grace that old man to him given had ;  
 For God he often saw from heavens light :  
 All<sup>1</sup> were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,  
 And through great age had lost their kindly sight,  
 Yet wondrous quick and persaunt<sup>2</sup> was his spright,  
 As eagles eie, that can behold the sunne.  
 That hill they scale with all their powre and might,  
 That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,<sup>3</sup>  
 Gan faile ; but, by her helpe, the top at last he wonne.

48 There they doe rinde that godly aged Sire,  
 With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed ;  
 As hoary frost with spangles doth attire  
 The mossy braunches of an oke halfe ded.  
 Each bone might through his body well be red,<sup>4</sup>  
 And every sinew seene, through his long fast :  
 For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed ;  
 His mind was full of spirituall repast,  
 And pyn'd<sup>5</sup> his flesh to keepe his body low and chast.

49 Who, when these two approaching he aspide,  
 At their first presence grew agrieved sore,  
 That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside ;  
 And had he not that Dame respected more,<sup>6</sup>  
 Whom highly he did reverence and adore,  
 He would not once have moved for the Knight.  
 They him saluted, standing far afore ;  
 Who, well them greeting, humbly did requight,  
 And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious hight.

<sup>1</sup> *All*, although.

<sup>2</sup> *Persaunt*, piercing.

<sup>3</sup> *Fordonne*, exhausted.

<sup>6</sup> I. e. too much to allow of his sitting still.

<sup>4</sup> *Red*, discerned.

<sup>5</sup> *Pyn'd*, wasted.



50 "What end," quoth she, "should cause us take such  
paine,

But that same end, which every living wight  
Should make his marke, high heaven to attaine?  
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right  
To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright  
With burning starres and everliving fire,  
Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight<sup>1</sup>  
By wise Fidelia? Shee doth thee require,  
To shew it to this knight, according<sup>2</sup> his desire."

51 "Thrise happy man," said then the Father grave,  
"Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,  
And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save!  
Who better can the way to heaven aread<sup>3</sup>  
Then<sup>4</sup> thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred  
In heavenly throne, where thousand angels shine?  
Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead  
Present before the Maiesty Divine,  
And His avenging wrath to clemency incline.

52 "Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shal be donne.  
Then come, thou man of earth, and see the way,  
That never yet was seene of Faries sonne;  
That never leads the traveler astray,  
But, after labors long and sad delay,

<sup>1</sup> *Behight*, intrusted.

<sup>3</sup> *Aread*, show.

<sup>2</sup> *According*, according to.

<sup>4</sup> *Then*, than.

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LII. 2. *Thou man of earth.*] Apparently an allusion to the Knight's name, George, which signifies a tiller of the earth.

Brings them\* to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.  
 But first thou must a season fast and pray,  
 Till from her bands the spright assoiled<sup>1</sup> is,  
 And have her strength recur'd<sup>2</sup> from fraile infirmitis."

53 That done, he leads him to the highest Mount ;  
 Such one as that same mighty Man of God  
 That blood-red billowes like a walled front  
 On either side disparted with his rod,  
 Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,<sup>3</sup>  
 Dwelt forty daies upon ; where, writt in stone  
 With bloody letters by the hand of God,  
 The bitter doome of death and balefull mone  
 He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone :

64 Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,  
 Adorn'd with fruitfull olives all arownd,  
 Is, as it were for endlesse memory  
 Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,  
 For ever with a flowring girlond crownd :  
 Or like that pleasaunt mount, that is for ay  
 Through famous poets verse each where<sup>4</sup> renownd,  
 On which the thrise three learned Ladies play  
 Their hevenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

55 From thence, far off he unto him did shew  
 A litle path, that was both steepe and long,  
 Which to a goodly citty led his vew ;

<sup>1</sup> *Assoiled*, absolved.

<sup>2</sup> *Recur'd*, recovered.

<sup>3</sup> *Yod*, went.

<sup>4</sup> *Each where*, everywhere.

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\* *Them* is probably a misprint for *him*.

Whose wals and towres were builded high and  
 strong  
 Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong  
 Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell ;  
 Too high a ditty<sup>1</sup> for my simple song !  
 The Citty of the Greate King hight it well,  
 Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

36 As he thereon stood gazing, he might see  
 The blessed angels to and fro descend  
 From highest heven in gladsome compance,  
 And with great ioy into that citty wend,  
 As commonly<sup>2</sup> as frend does with his frend.  
 Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,  
 What stately building durst so high extend  
 Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,  
 And what unknowen nation there empeopled were.<sup>3</sup>

37 “ Faire Knight,” quoth he, “ Hierusalem that is,  
 The New Hierusalem, that God has built  
 For those to dwell in that are chosen his,  
 His chosen people purg’d from sinful guilt  
 With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt  
 On cursed tree, of that unspotted Lam,  
 That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt :  
 Now are they saints all in that citty sam,<sup>4</sup>  
 More dear unto their God then younglings to their  
 dam.”

<sup>1</sup> *Too high a ditty*, too lofty a theme.

<sup>2</sup> *Commonly*, familiarly.

<sup>3</sup> *Empeopled*, collected together as a people.

<sup>4</sup> *Sam*, together.

58 "Till now," said then the Knight, "I weened well,  
 That great Cleopolis where I have beene,  
 In which that fairest Fary Queene doth dwell,  
 The fairest citty was that might be seene ;  
 And that bright towre, all built of christall clene,<sup>1</sup>  
 Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that was :  
 But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene ;  
 For this great citty that does far surpas,  
 And this bright angels towre quite dims that towre  
 of glas."

69 "Most trew," then said the holy aged man ;  
 "Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,  
 The fairest peece<sup>2</sup> that eie beholden can ;  
 And well beseemes all knights of noble name,  
 That covett in th' immortall booke of fame  
 To be etérnized, that same to haunt,  
 And doen their service to that soveraigne Dame,  
 That glory does to them for guerdon graunt :  
 For she is hevenly borne, and heaven may iustly vaunt."<sup>3</sup>

60 "And thou, faire ymp,<sup>4</sup> sprong out from English race,  
 How ever now accompted Elfins sonne,  
 Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,  
 To aide a virgin desolate foredonne.<sup>5</sup>  
 But when thou famous victory hast wonne,  
 And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,  
 Thenceforth the suitt<sup>6</sup> of earthly conquest shonne,

<sup>1</sup> *Clene*, pure.

<sup>5</sup> *Foredonne*, undone.

<sup>2</sup> *Peece*, structure.

<sup>6</sup> *Suitt*, pursuit.

<sup>3</sup> I. e. may justly boast of a heavenly origin.

<sup>4</sup> *Ymp*, youth.

And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field :  
For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows,  
yield.

51 "Then seek this path that I to thee presage,  
Which after all to heaven shall thee send ;  
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage  
To yonder same Hierusalen doe bend,  
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end :  
For thou emongst those saints, whom thou doest see,  
Shalt be a saint, and thine owne nations frend  
And patrone : Thou *Saint George* shalt called bee,  
*Saint George* of mery *England*, the signe of vic-  
toree."

62 "Unworthy wretch," quoth he, "of so great grace,  
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine !"  
"These, that have it attaynd, were in like cace,  
As wretched men, and lived in like paine." \*  
"But deeds of armes must I at last be faine  
And ladies love to leave, so dearely bought ?"  
"What need of armes, where peace doth ay re-  
maine,"

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\* 2d Ed. Quoth he, "as wretched, and liv'd in like paine."

LXI. 9. — The assistance St. George was said to have rendered to Godfrey of Boulogne in the first Crusade "made his name as a military saint famous throughout Europe. The particular veneration paid to him in England dates from the time of Richard I., who, in the wars of Palestine, placed himself and his army under the especial protection of St. George. In 1222 his feast was ordered to be kept as a holiday throughout England; and the institution of the Order of the Garter, in 1330, seems to have completed his inauguration as our patron saint." — MRS. JAMESON.

Said he, "and bitter battailes all are fought?\*"  
As for loose loves, they are vaine, and vanish into  
nought."

63 "O let me not," quoth he, "then turne againe  
Backe to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are;  
But let me heare for aie in peace remaine,  
Or streightway on that last long voiage fare,  
That nothing may my present hope empare."  
"That may not be," said he, "ne maist thou yitt  
Forgoe that royal Maides bequeathed care,  
Who did her cause into thy hand committ,  
Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quitt."<sup>1</sup>

64 "Then shall I soone," quoth he, "so God me grace,  
Abett that Virgins cause disconsolate,  
And shortly back returne unto this place,  
To walke this way in pilgrims poore estate.  
But now aread,<sup>2</sup> old Father, why of late  
Didst thou behight<sup>3</sup> me borne of English blood,  
Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?"  
"That word shall I," said he, "avouchen good,  
Sith<sup>4</sup> to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood.

65 "For well I wote thou springst from ancient race  
Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,  
And many bloody battailes fought in place,  
High reard their royall throne in Britans land,

<sup>1</sup> *Quitt*, delivered.

<sup>2</sup> *Aread*, declare.

<sup>3</sup> *Behight*, denominate.

<sup>4</sup> *Sith*, since.

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\* 2d Ed. "and battailes none are to be fought.

And vanquisht them, unable to withstand :  
 From thence a Faery thee unweeting<sup>1</sup> reft,  
 There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,  
 And her base Elfin brood there for thee left :  
 Such, men do chaungelings call, so chaungd by Faeries  
 theft.

66 "Thence she thee brought into this Faery lond,  
 And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde ;  
 Where thee a ploughman all unweeting fond,  
 As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,  
 And brought thee up in ploughmans state to byde,  
 Whereof Gēorgos he thee gave to name ;  
 Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,  
 To Fary court thou cam'st to seeke for fame,  
 And prove thy puissaunt armes, as seemes thee best  
 became."

67 "O holy Sire," quoth he, "how shall I quight<sup>2</sup>  
 The many favours I with thee have fownd,  
 That hast my name and nation redd<sup>3</sup> aright,  
 And taught the way that does to heaven bownd<sup>4</sup>!"  
 This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd  
 To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne

<sup>1</sup> *Unweeting*, unknowing.

<sup>2</sup> *Quight*, repay.

<sup>3</sup> *Redd*, declared.

<sup>4</sup> *Bownd*, lead.

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LXVI. 6. — *Gēorgos*.] This is a Greek word, signifying a farmer. Spenser has here introduced the story of Tiges, who was found by a farmer in Etruria, under a clod which his plough had turned up. The rustic education of the Red-cross Knight accounts for Spenser's calling him a "clownish young man" in his letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, prefixed to the poem. H.

Through passing brightnes, which did quite con-  
found

His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.<sup>1</sup>

So darke are earthly thinges compard to things divine!

63 At last, whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,

To Una back he cast<sup>2</sup> him to retyre ;

Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.

Great thankes, and goodly meed, to that good syre

He thens departing gave for his paynes hyre.<sup>3</sup>

So came to Una, who him ioyd to see ;

And, after litle rest, gan him desyre

Of her adventure myndfull for to bee.

So leave they take of Cœlia and her daughters three.

<sup>1</sup> *Shyne*, light.

<sup>3</sup> *Paynes hyre*, recompense for his services.

<sup>2</sup> *Cast*, bethought.



## CANTO XI.

The Knight with that old Dragon fights  
 Two dayes incessantly:  
 The third, him overthrowes; and gayns  
 Most glorious victory.

1 HIGH time now gan it wex for Una fayre  
 To thinke of those her captive parents deare,  
 And their forwasted<sup>1</sup> kingdom to repayre:  
 Whereto whenas they now approched neare,  
 With hartie wordes her Knight she gan to cheare,  
 And in her modest maner thus bespake:  
 "Deare Knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,  
 That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,  
 High heven behold the tedious toyle, ye for me take!

2 "Now are we come unto my native soyle,  
 And to the place where all our perilles dwell;  
 Here hauntes that Feend, and does his dayly spoyle:  
 Therefore henceforth bee at your keeping well,  
 And ever ready for your foeman fell:  
 The sparke of noble corage now awake,  
 And strive your excellent selfe to excell:  
 That shall ye evermore renowned make  
 Above all knights on earth, that batteill undertake."

<sup>1</sup> *Forwasted*, much wasted.

3\* And pointing forth, "Lo! yonder is," said she,  
 "The brasen towre, in which my parents deare  
 For dread of that huge Feend emprisond be;  
 Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,  
 Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare:  
 And on the top of all I do espye  
 The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare;  
 That, O my Parents, might I happily  
 Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!"

4 With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd.  
 That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,  
 And seemd uneth<sup>1</sup> to shake the stedfast ground.  
 Eftsoones<sup>2</sup> that dreadfull Dragon they espyde,  
 Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side  
 Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill:  
 But, all so soone as he from far descryde  
 Those glistring armes that heven with light did fill,  
 He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them untill.<sup>3</sup>

5 Then badd the Knight his Lady yede<sup>4</sup> aloof,  
 And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde;  
 From whence she might behold that battailles proof,  
 And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:  
 She him obeyd, and turnd a litle wyde.<sup>5</sup> —  
 Now, O thou sacred Muse, most learned Dame,

<sup>1</sup> *Uneth*, uneasily; (perhaps) almost (i. e. hardly).

<sup>2</sup> *Eftsoones*, immediately.

<sup>4</sup> *Yede*, go.

<sup>3</sup> *Untill*, unto.

<sup>5</sup> *Wyde*, out of the way.

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\* This stanza is first found in the Second Edition.

Fayre ympe<sup>1</sup> of Phœbus and his aged bryde,  
 The nurse of time and everlasting fame,  
 That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall name:

6 O, gently come into my feeble brest,  
 Come gently ; but not with that mightie rage,  
 Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,  
 And hartes of great heroës doest eurage,  
 That nought their kindled corage may aswage :  
 Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,  
 The god of warre with his fiers equipage  
 Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd ;  
 And scared nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

7 Fayre goddesse, lay that furious fitt<sup>2</sup> asyde,  
 Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,  
 And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,  
 Twixt that great Faery Queene and Paynim King,  
 That with their horror heven and earth did ring ;  
 A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse :

<sup>1</sup> *Ympe*, child.

<sup>2</sup> *Fitt*, mood.

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V. 7. The "aged bryde" is Mnemosyne, or Memory, who, according to all accounts, was the mother of the Muses. Spenser here and in another place makes Phœbus their father, but elsewhere he makes them daughters of Jupiter, which is the usual genealogy.

VII. 2. — *Till I of warres, &c.* Spenser once or twice gives intimation of a purpose of commemorating the wars between the Faerie Queene and the Paynim King, that is, Queen Elizabeth and Philip of Spain. See the verses to the Earl of Essex, prefixed to this poem; also the eighteenth stanza of the next canto. This intimation, however, was never fully carried out: all that the poet wrote upon the subject will be found in the last cantos of the Fifth Book.

But now awhile lett downe that haughtie<sup>1</sup> string,  
 And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,  
 That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.<sup>2</sup>

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

9 And over, all with brasen scales was armd,  
 Like plated cote of Steele, so couched neare<sup>3</sup>  
 That nought mote perce ; ne might his corse bee  
 harmd

With dint of swerd, nor push of pointed speare :  
 Which,<sup>4</sup> as an eagle, seeing pray appeare,  
 His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,<sup>5</sup>  
 So shaked he, that horror was to heare :  
 For, as the clashing of an armor bright,  
 Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the Knight.

10 His flaggy<sup>6</sup> winges, when forth he did display,  
 Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd  
 Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way :

<sup>1</sup> *Haughtie*, high-tuned.

<sup>2</sup> *Blaze*, celebrate.

<sup>3</sup> *Couched neare*, laid close.

<sup>4</sup> I. e. scales.

<sup>5</sup> *Rudely dight*, roughly covered

<sup>6</sup> *Flaggy*, hanging loosely.

And eke the pennes<sup>1</sup> that did his pineons bynd,  
 Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas lynd;  
 With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,  
 And there by force unwonted passage fynd,  
 The clowdes before him fledd for terror great,  
 And all the hevens stood still amazed with his threat.

11 His huge long taylor, wovnd up in hundred foldes,  
 Does overspred his long bras-sealy back,  
 Whose wreathed boughtes<sup>2</sup> when ever he unfolds,  
 And thick-entangled knots adown does slack,  
 Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,  
 It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,  
 And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;  
 And at the point two stinges infix'd arre,  
 Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden farr.

12 But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed<sup>8</sup>  
 The sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes:  
 Dead was it sure, as sure as death indeed,  
 What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,  
 Or what within his reach he ever drawes.  
 But his most hideous head my tongue to tell  
 Does tremble; for his deepe devouring iawes  
 Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,  
 Through which into his darke abysses all ravin<sup>4</sup> fell.

13 And, that more wondrous was, in either iaw  
 Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,

<sup>1</sup> *Pennes*, feathers.

<sup>2</sup> *Boughtes*, folds.

<sup>8</sup> I. e. his *clawes* were sharper than *steel*.

<sup>4</sup> *Ravin*, prey.

In which yett trickling blood, and gobbets raw,  
 Of late deuoured bodies did appeare ;  
 That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare :  
 Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,  
 A cloud of smothering smoke, and sulphure seare,<sup>1</sup>  
 Out of his stinking gorge<sup>2</sup> forth steemed still,  
 That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

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

15 So dreadfully he towards him did pas,  
 Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,  
 And often bounding on the brused gras,  
 As for great ioyance of his new come guest.  
 Eftsoones he gan aduance his haughty crest ;  
 As chauffed<sup>3</sup> bore his bristles doth upreare ;  
 And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,<sup>4</sup>  
 (That made the Redcrosse Knight nigh quake for  
 feare,)

As bidding bold defyaunce to his foëman neare.

<sup>1</sup> *Seare*, parching.

<sup>2</sup> *Gorge*, throat.

<sup>3</sup> *Chauffed*, chafed.

<sup>4</sup> *Drest*, prepared.

16 The Knight gan fayrely couch his steady spear<sup>2</sup>,  
 And fierſely ran at him with rigorous might :  
 The pointed ſteele, arriving rudely theare,  
 His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,  
 But, glauncing by, foorth paſſed forward right :  
 Yet, ſore amoved with ſo uiſſaunt push,  
 The wrathfull Beaſt about him turned light,  
 And him ſo rudely, paſſing by, did brush  
 With his long tayle, that horſe and man to ground  
 did ruſh.<sup>1</sup>

17 Both horſe and man up lightly roſe againe,  
 And freſh encounter towards him addreſt :  
 But th' ydle ſtroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,  
 And found no place his deadly point to reſt.  
 Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious Beaſt,  
 To be avenged of ſo great deſpight ;  
 For never felt his imperceable breſt  
 So wondrous force from hand of living wight ;  
 Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a uiſſant  
 knight.

18 Then, with his waving wings diſplayed wyde,  
 Himſelfe up high he lifted from the ground,  
 And with ſtrong flight did forcibly divyde  
 The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found  
 Her flitting<sup>2</sup> parts, and element unſound,  
 To beare ſo great a weight : He, cutting way  
 With his broad ſayles, about him ſoared round ;  
 At laſt, low ſtouping with unwedly ſway,  
 Snatcht up both horſe and man, to beare them quite  
 away.

<sup>1</sup> *Ruſh*, fall.

<sup>2</sup> *Flitting*, yielding or light.

19 Long he them bore above the subject<sup>1</sup> plaine,  
 So far as ewghen<sup>2</sup> bow a shaft may send;  
 Till struggling strong did him at last constraîne  
 To let them downe before his flightes' end:  
 As hagar<sup>3</sup> hauke, presuming to contend  
 With hardy fowle above his hable<sup>4</sup> might,  
 His wearie pounces<sup>5</sup> all in vaine doth spend  
 To trusse<sup>6</sup> the pray too heavy for his flight;  
 Which, comming down to ground, does free itselfe by  
 fight.

20 He so disseized<sup>7</sup> of his gryping grosse,<sup>8</sup>  
 The Knight his thrillant<sup>9</sup> speare againe assayd  
 In his bras-plated body to embosse,<sup>10</sup>  
 And three mens strength unto the stroake he layd;  
 Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,  
 And glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde  
 Close under his left wing, then broad displayd:  
 The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,  
 That with the uncouth<sup>11</sup> smart the Monster lowdly  
 cryde.

21 He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,  
 When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat;  
 The rolling billowes beat the ragged shore,  
 As they the earth would shoulder from her seat:  
 And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat

1 *Subject*, lying beneath.

2 *Ewghen*, made of yew.

3 *Hagar*, untamed.

4 *Hable*, able, real.

5 *Pounces*, claws.

6 *Trusse*, bear aloft.

7 *Disseized*, dispossessed.

8 *Grosse*, a term of falconry  
 for large prey.

9 *Thrillant*, piercing, sharp.

10 *Embosse*, inclose.

11 *Uncouth*, before unknown.



His neighbour element in his revenge :  
 Then gin the blustering brethren boldly threat  
 To move the world from off his stedfast henge,<sup>1</sup>  
 And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge.

22 The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,  
 Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,  
 And quite asunder broke : forth flowed fresh  
 A gushing river of blacke gory blood,  
 That drowned all the land, whereon he stood ;  
 The streame thereof would drive a water-mill :  
 Trebly augmented was his furious mood  
 With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,<sup>2</sup>  
 That flames of fire he threw forth from his large  
 nosethril.

23 His hideous tayle then hurled he about,  
 And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes  
 Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout  
 Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes,  
 Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implies,<sup>3</sup>  
 That to the ground he is perforce constraynd  
 To throw his ryder : who can quickly ryse<sup>4</sup>  
 From of the earth, with durty blood distaynd,  
 For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd ;

24 And fercely tooke his trenchand<sup>5</sup> blade in hand,  
 With which he stroke so furious and so fell,

<sup>1</sup> *Henge*, hinge.

<sup>2</sup> *I. e.* the spear-head.

<sup>3</sup> *Implies*, enfolds.

<sup>4</sup> *Can ryse*, rose.

<sup>5</sup> *Trenchand*, cutting.

That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand :

Upon his crest the hardned yron fell ;  
 But his more hardned crest was armd so well,  
 That deeper dint therein it would not make ;  
 Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,  
 That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,  
 But, when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.<sup>1</sup>

25 The Knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,  
 And smot againe with more outrageous might ;  
 But backe againe the sparcling steele recoyld,  
 And left not any marke where it did light,  
 As if in adamant rocke it had beene pight.<sup>2</sup>  
 The Beast, impatient of his smarting wound  
 And of so fierce and forcible despight,  
 Thought with his winges to stye<sup>3</sup> above the ground ;  
 But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

26 Then, full of grieve and anguish vehement,  
 He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard ;  
 And from his wide devouring oven sent  
 A flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,  
 Him all amazd, and almost made afeard :  
 The scorching flame sore swinged<sup>4</sup> all his face,  
 And through his armour all his body seard,<sup>5</sup>  
 That he could not endure so cruell cace,  
 But thought his arnes to leave, and helmet to unlacc.

<sup>1</sup> *Forsake*, avoid.

<sup>2</sup> *Pight*, struck.

<sup>3</sup> *Stye*, mount.

<sup>4</sup> *Swinged*, singed.

<sup>5</sup> *Seard*, scorched.

27 Not that great champion of the ántique world,  
 Whom famous poetes verse so much doth vaunt,  
 And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,  
 So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,  
 When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt,  
 With Centaures blood and bloody verses charmd ;  
 As did this Knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,  
 Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him armd ;  
 That erst him goodly armd, now most of all him harmd.

28 Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled,<sup>1</sup> grieved, brent,<sup>2</sup>  
 With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and in-  
 ward fire,  
 That never man such mischiefes did torment ;  
 Death better were ; death did he oft desire ;  
 But death will never come, when needes require  
 Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,  
 He cast<sup>3</sup> to suffer him no more respire,  
 But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,<sup>4</sup>  
 And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him  
 feld.

29 It fortunéd, (as fayre it then befell,)  
 Behynd his backe unweeting, where he stood,  
 Of auncient time there was a springing well,  
 From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,  
 Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good :  
 Whylome, before that emrsed Dragon got  
 That happy land, and all with innocent blood

<sup>1</sup> *Emboyled*, boiled or scorched.

<sup>2</sup> *Brent*, burned

<sup>3</sup> *Cast*, considered how.

<sup>4</sup> *Weld*, wield, turn.

Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot<sup>1</sup>  
The Well of Life; ne yet his vertues had forgot:

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

31 Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe  
His fierie face in billowes of the west,  
And his faint steedes watred in ocean deepe,  
Whiles from their iournall<sup>2</sup> labours they did rest;  
When that infernall Monster, having kest<sup>3</sup>  
His wearie foe into that living well,  
Can high aduance his broad discoloured brest  
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,  
And clapt his yron wings, as<sup>4</sup> victor he did dwell.

32 Which when his pensive Lady saw from farre,  
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Hot*, was called.

<sup>2</sup> *Journall*, daily.

<sup>3</sup> *Kest*, cast.

<sup>4</sup> *As*, as if.

<sup>5</sup> *Assay*, assail.

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XXX. 8. — *Ne can Cephise, &c.*] Cephisus is a river in Bœotia, Hebrus a river in Thrace, both memorable in classical story. H.

As weening that the sad end of the warre ;  
 And gan to highest God entirely<sup>1</sup> pray  
 That feared chaunce from her to turne away :  
 With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,  
 All night shee watcht ; ne once adowne would lay  
 Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,<sup>2</sup>  
 But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

33 The morrow next gan earely to appeare,  
 That Titan rose to runne his daily race :  
 But earely, ere the morrow next gan reare  
 Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,  
 Up rose the gentle Virgin from her place,  
 And looked all about, if she might spy  
 Her loved Knight to move his manly pace :  
 For she had great doubt of his safëty,  
 Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

34 At last she saw, where he upstarted brave  
 Out of the Well wherein he drenched lay :  
 As eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,  
 Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,  
 And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,  
 Like eyas<sup>3</sup> hauke up mounts unto the skies,  
 His newly-budded pineons to assay,  
 And marveiles at himselfe, stil as he flies :  
 So new this new-borne Knight to battell new did rise

35 Whom when the damned Feend so fresh did spy,  
 No wonder if he wondred at the sight,

<sup>1</sup> *Entirely*, with all her heart.

<sup>3</sup> *Eyas*, newly fledged.

<sup>2</sup> *Dreriment*, distress.

And doubted whether his late enemy  
 It were, or other new supplied knight.  
 He now, to prove his late renewed might,  
 High brandishing his bright deaw-burning<sup>1</sup> blade,  
 Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,  
 That to the scull a yawning wound it made :  
 The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid.

36 I wote not, whether the revenging steele  
 Were hardned with that holy water dew  
 Wherein he fell ; or sharper edge did feele ;  
 Or his baptized hands now greater grew ;  
 Or other secret vertue did ensew ;  
 Els never could the force of fleshly arme,  
 Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew :  
 For, till that stownd,<sup>2</sup> could never wight him harme  
 By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

37 The cruell wound enraged him so sore,  
 That loud he yelled for exceeding paine ;  
 As hundred ramping lions seemd to rore,  
 Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraîne.  
 Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,  
 And therewith scourge the buxome<sup>3</sup> aire so sore,  
 That to his force to yielde it was faine ;  
 Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,  
 That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore :

<sup>1</sup> *Deaw-burning*, glittering with dew.    <sup>3</sup> *Buxome*, yielding.

<sup>2</sup> *Stownd*, moment.

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XXXVI. 8. — The dragon had been wounded, however, in the previous day's encounter.

38 The same advauncing high above his head,  
 With sharpe intended<sup>1</sup> sting so rude him smott,  
 That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead ;  
 Ne living wight would have him life behott<sup>2</sup> :  
 The mortall sting his angry needle shott  
 Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,<sup>3</sup>  
 Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott :  
 The griefe thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,  
 Ne might his raneling paine with patience be appeasd.

39 But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare  
 Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,  
 From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,  
 And strove to loose the far infixed sting :  
 Which, when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,  
 Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,<sup>4</sup>  
 And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string  
 Of his huge taile he quite a sonder clefte ;  
 Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him lefte.

40 Hart cannot thinke, what outrage and what cries,  
 With fowle enfouldred<sup>5</sup> smoake and flashing fire,  
 The hell-bred Beast threw forth unto the skies,  
 That all was covered with darknesse dire :  
 Then fraught with rancour, and engorged yre,  
 He cast<sup>6</sup> at once him to avenge for all ;  
 And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire  
 With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall  
 Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast withall.

<sup>1</sup> *Intended*, stretched out.

<sup>4</sup> *Hefte*, raised.

<sup>2</sup> *Behott*, promised.

<sup>5</sup> *Enfouldred*, mixed with lightning

<sup>3</sup> *Seasd*, fixed.

<sup>6</sup> *Cast*, devised.

41 Much was the man encombred with his hold,  
 In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,  
 Ne wist yett how his talaunts to unfold ;  
 Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy iaw  
 To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw  
 To reave by strength the griped gage<sup>1</sup> away :  
 Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,  
 And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay ;  
 It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

42 Tho,<sup>2</sup> when he saw no power might prevaile,  
 His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,  
 Wherewith he fiersly did his foe assaile,  
 And double blowes about him stoutly laid,  
 That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid,  
 As sparekles from the andvile use to fly,  
 When heavy hammers on the wedg are swaid ;  
 Therewith at last he forst him to unty  
 One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

43 The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,  
 Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him constraine  
 To loose, ne yet the warlike pledg to yield ;  
 He smott thereat with all his might and maine,  
 That noughtso wondrous puissaunce might sustaine :  
 Upon the ioint the lucky steele did light,  
 And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine ;  
 The paw yett missed not his minisht might,  
 But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Gage*, the object or prize of the contest.

<sup>2</sup> *Tho*, then.

<sup>3</sup> *Pight*, fastened.



44 For griefe thereof and diuclish despight,  
 From his infernall founnace forth he threw  
 Huge flames, that dimmed all the heuens light,  
 Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew :  
 As burning Aetna from his boyling stew  
 Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,  
 And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,  
 Enwrapt in eoleblacke cloudes and filthy smoke,  
 That al the land with stench, and heven with horror,  
 choke.

45 The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,  
 So sore him noyd,<sup>1</sup> that forst him to retire  
 A litle backward for his best defence,  
 To save his body from the scorching fire,  
 Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.<sup>2</sup>  
 It chaunst, (Eternall God that chaunce did guide,)  
 As he recoiled backward, in the mire  
 His nigh foreweried<sup>3</sup> feeble feet did slide,  
 And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terri-  
 fide.

46 There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,  
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,  
 As they in pure vermilion had beene dide,  
 Whereof great vertues over-all<sup>4</sup> were redd<sup>5</sup> :  
 For happy life to all which thereon fedd,  
 And life eke everlasting did befall :  
 Great God it planted in that blessed sted<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Noyd*, annoyed.

<sup>2</sup> *Expire*, breathe out.

<sup>3</sup> *Foreweried*, wearied out.

<sup>4</sup> *Over-all*, everywhere

<sup>5</sup> *Redd*, declared.

<sup>6</sup> *Sted*, place.

With his Almighty hand, and did it call  
The Tree of Life, the crime<sup>1</sup> of our first Fathers fall.

47 In all the world like was not to be fownd,  
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,  
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,  
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,  
Till that dredd Dragon all did overthrow.  
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,  
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know  
Both good and ill: O mournfull memory!  
That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all  
to dy!

48 From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,  
A trickling streame of balme, most soveraine  
And dainty deare,<sup>2</sup> which on the ground still fell,  
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,  
As<sup>3</sup> it had deawed bene with timely raine:  
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave;  
And deadly wounds could heale; and reare againe  
The sencelesse corse appointed for the grave:  
Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

49 For nigh thereto the ever-damned Beast  
Durst not approach, for he was deadly<sup>4</sup> made,  
And al that life preserved did detest:  
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.

<sup>1</sup> *Crime*, a metonymy for the *occasion* of the crime of Adam.

<sup>2</sup> *Dainty deare*, choicely precious.

<sup>3</sup> *As*, as if.

<sup>4</sup> *Deadly*, for deadly or destructive purposes.

By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,  
 And yield his rowme to sad succeeding night,  
 Who with her sable mantle gan to shade  
 The face of earth and wayes of living wight,  
 And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

50 When gentle Una saw the second fall  
 Of her deare Knight, who, weary of long fight  
 And faint through losse of blood. moov'd not at all,  
 But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,  
 Besmeard with pretious balme, whose vertuous  
     might  
 Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay  
 Againe she stricken was with sore affright,  
 And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,  
 And watch the noyous<sup>1</sup> night, and wait for ioyous day.

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

52 Then freshly up arose the doughty Knight,  
 All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,  
 And did himselfe to battaile ready dight ;

<sup>1</sup> Noyous, irksome.

Whose early Foe awaiting him beside  
 To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,  
 When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,  
 As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,<sup>1</sup>  
 He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare ;  
 Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare ;

53 And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,  
 He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,  
 And rusht upon him with outragious pryde ;  
 Who him rencountring fierce, as hauke in flight,  
 Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright,  
 Taking advantage of his open iaw,  
 Ran through his mouth with so impórtune<sup>2</sup> might,  
 That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,  
 And, back retyrd,<sup>3</sup> his life blood forth withall did draw.

64 So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,  
 That vanisht into smoke and cloudës swift ;  
 So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath  
 Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift ;  
 So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,  
 Whose false foundation waves have washt away,  
 With dreadfull poyse<sup>4</sup> is from the mayneland rift,  
 And, rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay :  
 So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

55 The Knight himselfe even trembled at his fall,  
 So huge and horrible a masse it seemd ;

<sup>1</sup> *Damnifyde*, injured.

<sup>2</sup> *Impórtune*, importunate.

<sup>3</sup> *Retyrd*, drawn.

<sup>4</sup> *Poyse*, weight or force

And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,  
Durst not approach for dread which she misdeemd;  
But yet at last, whenas the direfull Feend  
She saw not stirre, of-shaking vaine affright  
She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end:  
Then God she prayd, and thankt her faithfull  
    Knight,  
That had atchievde so great a conquest by his might

## CANTO XII.

Fayre Una to the Redcrosse Knight  
 Betrouthed is with ioy :  
 Though false Duessa, it to barre,  
 Her false sleightes doe imploy.

1 BEHOLD I see the haven nigh at hand,  
 To which I meane my wearie course to bend ;  
 Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,  
 The which afore is fayrly to be kend,<sup>1</sup>  
 And seemeth safe from storms that may offend :  
 There this fayre Virgin wearie of her way  
 Must landed bee, now at her iourneyes end :  
 There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,  
 Till mery wynd and weather call her thence away.

2 Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming east  
 Yett harnessed his fyrie-footed teeme,  
 Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast ;  
 When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,  
 That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme  
 Unto the watchman on the castle-wall,  
 Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,  
 And to his lord and lady lowd gan call,  
 To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall.

<sup>1</sup> *Kend*, discerned.

3 Uprose with hasty ioy, and feeble speed,  
 That aged syre, the Lord of all that land,  
 And looked forth, to weet<sup>1</sup> if trew indeed  
 Those tydinges were as he did understand :  
 Which whenas trew by tryall he out fond,  
 He badd to open wyde his brasen gate,  
 Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond<sup>2</sup>  
 Proclaymed ioy and peace through all his state ;  
 For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed<sup>3</sup>  
 late.

4 Then gan triumphant trompets sownd on hye,  
 That sent to heven the eechoed report  
 Of their new ioy, and happie victory  
 Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,<sup>4</sup>  
 And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.  
 Then all the people, as in solemne feast,  
 To him assembled with one full consórt,  
 Reioyeing at the fall of that great Beast,  
 From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

5 Forth came that auncient Lord, and aged Queene,  
 Arayd in ántique robes downe to the grownd,  
 And sad habiliments right well beseene<sup>5</sup> :  
 A noble crew about them waited rownd  
 Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd ;  
 Whom far before did march a goodly band  
 Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd,<sup>6</sup>

1 *Weet*, know.

2 *Out of hond*, forthwith.

5 *Well beseene*, making a good appearance.

6 *Sownd*, to clash, i. e. to use.

3 *Forrayed*, ravaged.

4 *Tort*, injury.

But now they laurell braunches bore in hand ;  
Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.

6 Unto that doughtie conquerour they came,  
And, him before themselves prostrating low,  
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,  
And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.  
Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,  
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,  
As fresh as flowres in medow greene doe grow,  
When morning dew upon their leaves doth light ;  
And in their handes sweet timbrels all upheld on hight.

7 And, them before, the fry of children yong  
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,  
And to the maydens sounding tymbrels song  
In well attuned notes a ioyous lay,  
And made delightfull musick all the way,  
Untill they came where that faire Virgin stood.  
As fayre Diana in fresh sommers day  
Beholdes her nymphes enraung'd in shady wood,  
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall  
flood ;

8 So she beheld those maydens meriment  
With chearefull vew ; who, when to her they came,  
Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse<sup>1</sup>  
bent,  
And her ador'd by honorable name,  
Lifting to heven her everlasting fame :

<sup>1</sup> *Humblesse*, humility.



Then on her head they sett a girlond greene,  
 And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game :  
 Who, in her self-resemblance well beseene,  
 Did seeme, such as she was, a goodly Maiden Queene.

9 And after all the raskall many<sup>1</sup> ran,  
 Heaped together in rude rablement,  
 To see the face of that victorious man,  
 Whom all admired as from heaven sent,  
 And gazd upon with gaping wonderment  
 But when they came where that dead Dragon lay,  
 Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,  
 The sight with ydle feare did them dismay,  
 Ne durst approch him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

10 Some feard and fledd ; some feard, and well it faynd<sup>2</sup> ;  
 One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,  
 Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd  
 Some lingring life within his hollow brest,  
 Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest  
 Of many dragonettes, his fruitfull seede ;  
 Another saide, that in his eyes did rest  
 Yet sparckling fyre, and badd thereof take heed ;  
 Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

11 One mother, whenas her foolehardy chyld  
 Did come to neare, and with his talants play,  
 Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revyld,  
 And to her gossibs<sup>3</sup> gan in counsell say :

<sup>1</sup> *Raskall many*, common multitude.

<sup>2</sup> *Faynd*, disguised.

<sup>3</sup> *Gossibs*, companions.

“How can I tell, but that his talants may  
 Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?”  
 So diversly themselves in vaine they fray<sup>1</sup>;  
 Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh stand,  
 To prove how many acres he did spred of land.

12 Thus flocked all the folke him rownd about ;  
 The whiles that hoarie King, with all his traine,  
 Being arrived where that Champion stout  
 After his foes defeasaunce<sup>2</sup> did remaine,  
 Him goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne  
 With princely gifts of yvory and gold,  
 And thousand thanks him yeeldes for all his paine.  
 Then when his daughter deare he does behold,  
 Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

13 And after to his pallace he them bringes,  
 With shaumes,<sup>3</sup> and trompets, and with clarions  
 sweet;  
 And all the way the ioyous people singes,  
 And with their garments strowes the paved street ;  
 Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce meet  
 Of all, that royall princes court became ;  
 And all the floore was underneath their feet  
 Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,<sup>4</sup>  
 On which they lowly sitt, and fitting purpose<sup>5</sup> frame.

14 What needes me tell their feast and goodly guize,<sup>6</sup>  
 In which was nothing riotous nor vaine ?

<sup>1</sup> *Fray*, alarm.

<sup>2</sup> *Defeasaunce*, defeat.

<sup>3</sup> *Shaumes*, pipes.

<sup>4</sup> *Name*, celebrity.

<sup>5</sup> *Purpose*, discourse.

<sup>6</sup> *Guize*, manner (of entertainment).

What needes of dainty dishes to devize,  
 Of comely services, or courtly trayne?  
 My narrow leaves cannot in them coutayne  
 The large discourse of roiall princes state.  
 Yet was their manner then but bare and playne;  
 For th' antique world excesse and pryde did hate  
 Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

15 Then, when with meates and drinckes of every  
 kinde

Their fervent appetites they quenched had,  
 That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,  
 Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad  
 Which in his travell him befallen had,  
 For to demaund of his renowned guest:  
 Who then with ut'rance grave, and count'nance  
 sad,

From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,  
 Discourst his voyage long, according<sup>1</sup> his request.

16 Great pleasure, mixt with pittifull regard,  
 That godly King and Queene did passionate,<sup>2</sup>  
 Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard;  
 That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,  
 And often blame the too impórtune<sup>3</sup> fate  
 That heapt on him so many wrathfull wreakes<sup>4</sup>;  
 (For never gentle knight, as he of late,  
 So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes;)

And all the while salt teares bedewd the hearers  
 cheeks.

<sup>1</sup> *According*, according to.

<sup>2</sup> *Passionate*, feelingly express.

<sup>3</sup> *Importune*, unrelenting.

<sup>4</sup> *Wreaks*, acts of vengeance

17 Then sayd that royall pere in sober wise :  
 “ Deare Sonne, great beene the evils which ye bore  
 From first to last in your late enterprise,  
 That I note<sup>1</sup> whether praise or pittie more :  
 For never living man, I weene, so sore  
 In sea of deadly daungers was distrest :  
 But since now safe ye seised have the shore,  
 And well arrived are, (High God be blest !)  
 Let us devise of ease and everlasting rest.”

18 “ Ah, dearest Lord,” said then that doughty Knight,  
 “ Of ease or rest I may not yet devise ;  
 For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,  
 I bownden am streight after this emprize,  
 As that your daughter can ye well advize,  
 Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,  
 And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize,  
 Gainst that proud Paynim King that works her  
 teene<sup>2</sup> :  
 Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have  
 beene.”

19 “ Unhappy falls that hard necessity,”  
 Quoth he, “ the troubler of my happy peace,  
 And vowed foe of my felicity ;  
 Ne I against the same can iustly preace.<sup>3</sup>  
 But since that band ye cannot now release,

<sup>1</sup> Note, know not.

<sup>3</sup> Preace, press, insist.

<sup>2</sup> Teene, injury.

Nor doen undoe, (for vowes may not be vayne,)  
 Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,  
 Ye then shall hether backe retourne agayne,  
 The marriage to accomplish vovd betwixt you twayn:

20 " Which, for my part, I covet to performe,  
 In sort as<sup>1</sup> through the world I did proclame,  
 That whoso kild that Monster most deforme,  
 And him in hardy battayle overcame,  
 Should have mine onely daughter to his dame,  
 And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee :  
 Therefore since now to thee perteynes the same,  
 By dew desert of noble chevalree,  
 Both daughter and eke kingdome lo ! I yield to thee."

21 Then forth he called that his daughter fayre,  
 The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,  
 His onely daughter and his onely layre ;  
 Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,  
 As bright as doth the morning starre appeare  
 Out of the east, with flaming lockes bedight,  
 To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,  
 And to the world does bring long-wished light :  
 So faire and fresh that Lady shewd herselfe in sight :

22 So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May ;  
 For she had layd her mournefull stole aside.  
 And widow-like sad wimple<sup>2</sup> throwne away,  
 Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,  
 Whiles on her wearie iourney she did ride ;

<sup>1</sup> *In sort as*, according as.

<sup>2</sup> *Wimple*, (here) veil.

And on her now a garment she did weare  
 All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,  
 That seemd like silke and silver woven neare ,  
 But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

23 The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,  
 And glorious light of her sunshyny face,  
 To tell, were as to strive against the streame :  
 My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace  
 Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.  
 Ne wonder ; for her own deare loved Knight,  
 All<sup>1</sup> were she daily with himselfe in place,  
 Did wonder much at her celestiall sight :  
 Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

24 So fairely dight when she in presence came,  
 She to her Syre made humble reverence,  
 And bowed low, that her right well became,  
 And added grace unto her excellence :  
 Who with great wisdom and grave eloquence  
 Thus gan to say — But, eare he thus had sayd,  
 With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,  
 Came running in, much like a man dismayd,  
 A Messenger with letters, which his message sayd.

25 All in the open hall amazed stood  
 At suddainnesse of that unwary<sup>3</sup> sight,  
 And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood :  
 But he for nought would stay his passage right,  
 Till fast before the King he did alight ;

<sup>1</sup> *All*, although.

<sup>2</sup> *Dight*, dressed

<sup>3</sup> *Unwary*, unexpected.

Where falling flat great humblesse<sup>1</sup> he did make,  
 And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight<sup>2</sup>;  
 Then to his handes that writt<sup>3</sup> he did betake,  
 Which he disclosing, read thus, as the paper spake :

26 “ To thee, most mighty King of Eden fayre,  
 Her greeting sends in these sad lines address  
 The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre  
 Of that great Emperour of all the West ;  
 And bids thee be advized for the best,  
 Ere thou thy daughter linck, in holy band  
 Of wedlocke, to that new unknowen guest :  
 For he already plighted his right hand  
 Unto another love, and to another land.

27 “ To me, sad mayd, or rather widow sad,  
 He was affyaunced long time before,  
 And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,  
 False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore !  
 Witnessse the burning altars, which he swore,<sup>4</sup>  
 And guilty heavens of his bold periury ;  
 Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,  
 Yet I to them for iudgement iust doe tly,  
 And them coniure t’ avenge this shamefull iniury !

28 “ Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,  
 Or false or trew, or living or else dead,  
 Withhold, O soverayne Prince, your hasty hond  
 From knitting league with him, I you aread<sup>5</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> *Humblesse*, reverence.

<sup>2</sup> *Pight*, placed.

<sup>3</sup> *Writt*, writing.

<sup>4</sup> *Swore*, swore by, adjured

<sup>5</sup> *Areadd*, advise.

Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,  
 Through weakenesse of my widowhed or woe .  
 For Truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,  
 And shall finde friends, if need requireth soe.  
 So bids thee well to fare, thy neither friend nor foe,  
 " FIDESSA."

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

80 " What meane these bloody vowes and idle threats,  
 Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd ?  
 What hevens ? what altars ? what enraged heates,  
 Here heaped up with termes of love unkynd,  
 My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bynd ?  
 High God be witness, that I guiltlesse ame !  
 But if yourselfe, Sir Knight, ye faulty fynd,  
 Or wrapped be in loves of former dame,  
 With cryme doe not it cover, but disclose the same."

31 To whom the Redcrosse Knight this answer sent :  
 " My Lord, my King ; be nought hereat dismayd,  
 Till well ye wote<sup>1</sup> by grave intendiment,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Wote*, know.

<sup>2</sup> *Intendiment*, understanding.



What woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd  
 With breach of love and loialty betrayd.  
 It was in my mishaps, as hitherward  
 I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd  
 Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard ;  
 That day should faile me ere I had them all declar'd.

32 “ There did I find, or rather I was fownd  
 Of this false woman that Fidessa hight ;  
 Fidessa hight the falsest dame on grownd,  
 Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,  
 That easy was t’ inveigle weaker sight :  
 Who by her wicked arts and wiely skill,  
 Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,  
 Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,  
 And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill.”

33 Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,  
 And, on the ground herselfe prostrating low,  
 With sober countenance thus to him sayd :  
 “ O, pardon me, my souveraine Lord, to sheow  
 The secret treasons, which of late I know  
 To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse :  
 Shee, onely she, it is, that earst did throw  
 This gentle Knight into so great distresse,  
 That death him did awaite in daily wretched-  
 nesse.

34 “ And now it seemes, that she suborned hath  
 This crafty messenger with letters vaine,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Vaine*, false.

To worke new woe and improvided scath.<sup>1</sup>  
 By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine ;  
 Wherein she used hath the practicke paine<sup>2</sup>  
 Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,  
 Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,  
 Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,  
 The falsest man alive ; who tries, shall find no  
 lesse.”

35 The King was greatly moved at her speach ;  
 And, all with suddein indignation fraight,<sup>3</sup>  
 Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.  
 Eftsoones the gard, which on his state did wait,  
 Attacht that faytor<sup>4</sup> false, and bound him strait :  
 Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,  
 As chained beare whom cruell dogs doe bait,  
 With ydle force did faine them to withstand ;  
 And often semblaunce made to scape out of their  
 hand.

36 But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,  
 And bound him hand and foote with yron chains ;  
 And with continual watch did warely keepe.  
 Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trains  
 He could escape fowle death or deadly pains ?  
 Thus, when that Princes wrath was pacifide,  
 He gan renew the late forbidden bains,<sup>5</sup>  
 And to the Knight his daughter deare he tyde  
 With sacred rites and voves for ever to abyde.

<sup>1</sup> *Improvided scath*, unforeseen mischief.

<sup>2</sup> *Practicke paine*, treacherous service.

<sup>3</sup> *Fraight*, fraught.

<sup>4</sup> *Faytor*, deceiver.

<sup>5</sup> *Bains*, banns.

37 His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,  
 That none but death for ever can divide ;  
 His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,  
 The housling<sup>1</sup> fire did kindle and provide,  
 And holy water thereon sprinckled wide ;  
 At which the bushy teade<sup>2</sup> a groome did light,  
 And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,  
 Where it should not be quenched day nor night,  
 For feare of evill fates, but burnen ever bright.

38 Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,  
 And made great feast to solemnize that day :  
 They all perfumde with frankincense divine,  
 And precious odours fetcht from far away,  
 That all the house did sweat with great aray :  
 And all the while sweete musicke did apply  
 Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,  
 To drive away the dull meláncholy ;  
 The whiles one sung a song of love and iollity.

39 During the which there was an heavenly noise  
 Heard sownd through all the pallace pleasantly,  
 Like as it had bene many an angels voice  
 Singing before th' Eternall Maiesty,  
 In their trinall triplicities on hye :

<sup>1</sup> *Housling*, sacramental.

<sup>2</sup> *Teade*, torch.

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XXXVII. 4. — A rite derived from the marriages of the ancients.

XXXIX. 5. — *Trinall triplicities.*] Some of the Christian Fathers have considered that there were various ranks and degrees among the angels in heaven. One of them divides them into three hierarchies, with various orders in each hierarchy: in

Yett wist no creature whence that hevenly sweet  
 Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly,  
 Himselfe thereby refte of his sences meet,  
 And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

40 Great ioy was made that day of young and old,  
 And solemne feast proclaymd throughout the land,  
 That their exceeding merth may not be told :  
 Suffice it heare by signes to understand  
 The usuall ioyes at knitting of loves band.  
 Thrise happy man the Knight himselfe did hold,  
 Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand ;  
 And ever, when his eie did her behold,  
 His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

41 Her ioyous presence, and sweet company,  
 In full content he there did long enioy ;  
 Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosity,  
 His deare delights were hable to annoy :  
 Yet swimming in that sea of blisfull ioy,  
 He nought forgott how he whilome had sworne,  
 In case he could that monstrous Beast destroy,  
 Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne ;  
 The which he shortly did ; and Una left to mourne.

42 Now, strike your sailes, yee iolly mariners,  
 For we be come unto a quiet rode,  
 Where we must land some of our passengers,  
 And light this weary vessell of her lode.

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the first are seraphim, cherubim, and thrones; in the second, dominions, mights, and powers; in the third, principalities, arch-angels, and angels. II.

Here she a while may make her safe abode,  
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,  
And wants supplide ; and then againe abroad  
On the long voiage whereto she is bent :  
Well may she speede, and fairely finish her intent ! \*

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\* We do not learn the particular enterprises in which the Red-cross Knight engaged after his marriage with Una. He appears occasionally in the subsequent books, but only incidentally, and not to take any part in the main action H.

THE SECOND BOOKE  
OF  
THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE.

1 RIGHT well I wote, most mighty Soveraine,  
That all this famous ántique history  
Of some th' aboundance of an ydle braine  
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,  
Rather then matter of iust memory ;  
Sith none that breatheth living aire does know  
Where is that happy land of Faëry,  
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where show ;  
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

2 But let that man with better sence advize<sup>1</sup>  
That of the world least part to us is red<sup>2</sup> ;  
And daily how through hardy enterprize  
Many great regions are discovered,  
Which to late age were never mentioned.  
Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru ?

<sup>1</sup> *Advize*, bear in mind.

<sup>2</sup> *Red*, made known.

Or who in venturous vessell measured  
 The Amazon huge river, now found trew?  
 Or fruitfulest Virginia who did ever vew?

3 Yet all these were, when no man did them know,  
 Yet have from wisest ages hidden beene;  
 And later times things more unknowne shall show.  
 Why then should witlesse man so much misweene,<sup>1</sup>  
 That nothing is, but that which he hath seene?  
 What, if within the moones fayre shining spheare,  
 What, if in every other starre unseene  
 Of other worldes he happily<sup>2</sup> should heare?  
 He wonder would much more; yet such to some  
 appeare.

4 Of Faery lond yet if he more inquire,  
 By certein signes, here sett in sondrie place,  
 He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre,  
 But yield his sence to bee too blunt and bace,  
 That no'te<sup>3</sup> without an hound fine footing trace.  
 And thou, O fayrest Princesse under sky,  
 In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face,  
 And thine owne realmes in lond of Faëry,  
 And in this antique ymage thy great auncestry.

5 The which, O, pardon me thus to enfold  
 In covert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,

<sup>1</sup> *Misweene*, misjudge.

<sup>2</sup> *Happily*, haply.

<sup>3</sup> *No'te*, knows not, contracted from *ne wote*.

That feeble eyes your glory may behold,  
Which ells could not endure those beamës bright,  
But would bee dazled with exceeding light.  
O pardon ! and vouchsafe with patient eare  
The brave adventures of this Faery Knight,  
The good Sir Guyon, graciously to heare ;  
In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth ap-  
peare.



## CANTO I.

Guyon, by Archimage abusd,  
 The Redcrosse Knight awaytes ;  
 Fyndes Mordant and Amavia slaine  
 With Pleasures poisoned baytes.

1 **THAT** conning Architect of cancred guyle,  
 Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,  
 For falsed letters, and suborned wyle,  
 Soone as the Redcrosse Knight he understands  
 To beene departed out of Eden landes,  
 To serve againe his soveraine Elfin Queene,  
 His artes he moves, and out of caytives handes<sup>1</sup>  
 Himselfe he frees by secret meanes unseene ;  
 His shackles emptie lefte, himselfe escaped cleene,

2 And forth he fares, full of malicious mynd,  
 To worken mischief, and avenging woe,  
 Whereever he that godly Knight may fynd,  
 His onely hart-sore and his onely foe ;  
 Sith Una now he algates<sup>2</sup> must forgoe,  
 Whom his victorious handes did earst restore

<sup>1</sup> *Caytives handes*, hands of menials employed to keep him.

<sup>2</sup> *Algates*, in any case, at any rate.

To native crowne and kingdom late ygoe<sup>1</sup>;  
 Where she enioyes sure peace for evermore,  
 As wetherbeaten ship arryv'd on happie shore.

3 Him therefore now the obiect of his spight  
 And deadly food<sup>2</sup> he makes: him to offend  
 By forged treason, or by open fight,  
 He seekes, of all his drifte the aymed end:  
 Thereto his subtile' engins he does bend,  
 His practick<sup>3</sup> witt and his fayre fyled tonge,  
 With thousand other sleightes; for well he kend<sup>4</sup>  
 His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong:  
 For hardly could bee hurt, who was already stong.

4 Still, as he went, he craftie stales<sup>5</sup> did lay,  
 With cunning traynes him to entrap unwares,  
 And privy spyals<sup>6</sup> plast in all his way,  
 To weete what course he takes, and how he fares;  
 To ketch him at a vauntage in his snares.  
 But now so wise and wary was the Knight  
 By tryall of his former harmes and cares,  
 That he descryde, and shonned still, his slight:  
 The fish, that once was caught, new bait wil hardly  
 byte.

5 Nath'lesse th' Enchaunter would not spare his  
 payne,  
 In hope to win occasion to his will;  
 Which when he long awaited had in vayne,

<sup>1</sup> *Ygoe*, ago.

<sup>2</sup> *Food*, food.

<sup>3</sup> *Practick*, treacherous.

<sup>4</sup> *Kend*, knew

<sup>5</sup> *Stales*, decoys

<sup>6</sup> *Spyals*, spies.

He chaungd his mynd from one to other ill :  
 For to all good he enemy was still.  
 Upon the way him fortun'd to meet,  
 Fayre marching underneath a shady hill,  
 A goodly Knight, all armd in harnesse meete,  
 That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

6 His carriage was full comely and upright ;  
 His countenance demure and temperate ;  
 But yett so sterne and terrible in sight,  
 That cheard his friendes, and did his foes amate <sup>1</sup> :  
 He was an Elfin borne, of noble state  
 And mickle worship in his native land ;  
 Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,  
 And knighthood tooke of good Sir Huons hand,  
 When with King Oberon he came to Fairy land.

7 Him als <sup>2</sup> accompanyd upon the way  
 A comely Palmer, <sup>3</sup> clad in black attyre,  
 Of rypest yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,  
 That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire, <sup>4</sup>  
 Least his long way his aged limbes should tire :  
 And if by lookes one may the mind ahead,  
 He seemd to be a sage and sober syre ;

<sup>1</sup> *Amate*, daunt.

<sup>2</sup> *Als*, also.

<sup>3</sup> *Palmer*, a kind of pilgrim.

<sup>4</sup> *Stire*, steer.

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VI. 8. — *Sir Huons hand.*] This is Sir Huon of Bordeaux, the hero of one of the romances of chivalry, bearing his name. He is represented as having been a great favorite of Oberon, the Fairy King. H.

And ever with slow pace the Knight did lead,  
 Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to  
 tread.

8 Such whenas Archimago them did view,  
 He weened<sup>1</sup> well to worke some uncouth wyle :  
 Eftsoones, untwisting his deceitfull clew,  
 He gan to weave a web of wicked guyle ;  
 And, with faire countenance and flattring style  
 To them approching, thus the Knight bespake :  
 “ Fayre sonne of Mars, that seeke with warlike  
 spoyle,  
 And great atchiev’ments, great yourselfe to make,  
 Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers<sup>2</sup> sake.”

9 He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,  
 And badd tell on the tenor of his playnt :  
 Who feigning then in every limb to quake  
 Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faynt,  
 With piteous mone his percing speach gan paynt :  
 “ Deare Lady ! how shall I declare thy cace,  
 Whom late I left in languorous constraynt<sup>3</sup> ?  
 Would God thyselve now present were in place  
 To tell this ruefull tale ! Thy sight could win thee  
 grace.

<sup>1</sup> *Weened*, hoped.

<sup>2</sup> *Miser*, wretched person.

<sup>3</sup> *Languorous constraynt*, fainting and in distress.

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VIII. 3. — *Eftsoones, untwisting, &c.*] Abandoning his former plan of treachery, he began to form a new one against Sir Guyon. II.

10 “ Or rather would, O, would it so had chaunst,  
 That you, most noble Sir, had present beene  
 When that lewd rybould, with vyle lust advaunst,<sup>1</sup>  
 Laid first his filthie hands on virgin cleene,  
 To spoyle her dainty corps,<sup>2</sup> so faire and sheene  
 As on the earth, great mother of us all,  
 With living eye more fayre was never seene  
 Of chastity and honour virginal !

Witnes, ye heavens, whom she in vaine to help did  
 call ! ”

11 “ How may it be,” sayd then the Knight halfe  
 wroth,  
 “ That knight should knighthood ever so have  
 shent<sup>3</sup> ? ”

“ None but that saw,” quoth he, “ would weene for  
 troth,<sup>4</sup>

How shamefully that Mayd he did torment:  
 Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,  
 And drew her on the ground ; and his sharpe sword  
 Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,  
 And threatned death with many a bloodie word ;  
 Tounge hates to tell the rest that eye to see abhord.’

12 Therewith amoved from his sober mood,  
 “ And lives he yet,” said he, “ that wrought this act ?  
 And doen the heavens afford him vitall food ? ”  
 “ He lives,” quoth he, “ and boasteth of the fact,  
 Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt.”

<sup>1</sup> *Advaunst* stimulated.

<sup>2</sup> *Corps*, body.

<sup>3</sup> *Shent*, disgraced.

<sup>4</sup> *Weene for troth*, believe for truth.

“Where may that treachour<sup>1</sup> then,” sayd he, “be  
 found,  
 Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?”  
 “That shall I shew,” said he, “as sure as hound  
 The stricken deare doth challeng<sup>2</sup> by the bleeding  
 wound.”

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

14 The Knight, approching nigh, thus to her said:  
 “Fayre Lady, through fowle sorrow ill bedight,<sup>3</sup>  
 Great pittie is to see you thus dismayd,  
 And marre the blossom of your beauty bright:  
 Forthy<sup>4</sup> appease your grieffe and heavy plight,  
 And tell the cause of your conceived payne;  
 For, if he live that hath you doen despight,  
 He shall you doe dew recompence agayne,  
 Or els his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.”

15 Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise,  
 She wilfully her sorrow did augment,

<sup>1</sup> *Treachour*, traitor.

<sup>2</sup> *Challeng*, find the scent of.

<sup>3</sup> *Ill bedight*, disfigured.

<sup>4</sup> *Forthy*, therefore.

And offred hope of comfort did despise,  
 Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,  
 And scratcht her face with ghastly dreriment<sup>1</sup>;  
 Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,  
 But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,  
 Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,<sup>2</sup>  
 As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed beene :

16 Till her that Squire bespake : “ Madame, my liefe,<sup>3</sup>  
 For Gods deare love be not so wilfull bent,  
 But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,  
 The which good fortune doth to you present.  
 For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment<sup>4</sup>  
 When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,  
 And the weake minde with double woe torment ? ”  
 When she her Squire heard speake, she gan appease  
 Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

17 Eftsoone she said : “ Ah ! gentle trustie Squire,  
 What comfort can I, wofull wretch, conceive !  
 Or why should ever I henceforth desyre  
 To see faire heavens face, and life not leave,  
 Sith that false Traytour did my honour reave<sup>5</sup> ? ”  
 “ False traytour certes,” saide the Faerie Knight,  
 “ I read<sup>6</sup> the man that ever would deceave  
 A gentle lady, or her wrong through might :  
 Death were too little paine for such a fowle despight.<sup>7</sup>”

*Dreriment*, sorrow.

<sup>2</sup> *Teene*, grief.

<sup>3</sup> *Liefe*, dear.

<sup>4</sup> *Wayment*, lament.

<sup>5</sup> *Reave*, take away.

<sup>6</sup> *Read*, declare.

<sup>7</sup> *Despight*, injury.

18 "But now, fayre Lady, comfort to you make,  
And read<sup>1</sup> who hath ye wrought this shamfull  
plight,

That short revenge the man may overtake,  
Whereso he be, and soone upon him light."

"Certes," saide she, "I wote not how he hight,  
But under him a gray steede he did wield,  
Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight<sup>2</sup>;  
Upright he rode, and in his silver shield  
He bore a bloodie crosse, that quartred all the field."

19 "Now by my head," saide Guyon, "much I muse,<sup>3</sup>  
How that same knight should do so fowle amis,  
Or ever gentle damzell so abuse:  
For may I boldly say, he surely is  
A right good knight, and trew of word ywis<sup>4</sup>:  
I present was, and can it witnesse well,  
When armes he swore, and streight did enterpris<sup>5</sup>  
Th' adventure of the Errant Damozell;  
In which he hath great glory wonne, as I heare tell.

20 "Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,  
And fairely quit him of th' imputed blame;  
Els, be ye sure, he dearely shall abyde,

<sup>1</sup> *Read*, declare.

<sup>2</sup> *Dight*, covered, marked.

<sup>3</sup> *Muse*, wonder.

<sup>4</sup> *Ywis*, surely.

<sup>5</sup> *Enterpris*, undertake.

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XIX. 8. — *Errant Damozell.*] Una. He was present at the court of the Faerie Queene when the Red-cross Knight had this adventure assigned to him. II.



Or make you good amendment for the same :  
 All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of shame.  
 Now therefore, Lady, rise out of your paine,  
 And see the salving of your blotted name."  
 Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faine ;  
 For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.

21 Her purpose was not such as she did faine,  
 Ne yet her person such as it was seene ;  
 But under simple shew, and semblant plaine,<sup>1</sup>  
 Lurkt false Duessa secretly unseene,  
 As a chaste virgin that had wronged beene ;  
 So had false Archimago her disguysd,  
 To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene<sup>2</sup> :  
 And eke himselfe had craftily devisd  
 To be her Squire, and do her service well aguisd.<sup>3</sup>

22 Her, late forlorne and naked, he had found  
 Where she did wander in waste wilderness,  
 Lurking in rockes and caves far under ground,  
 And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse,  
 To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,  
 Sith<sup>4</sup> her Prince Arthur of proud ornaments  
 And borrowd beauty spoyld : her nathëlesse  
 Th' Enchaunter finding fit for his intents  
 Did thus revest,<sup>5</sup> and deckt with dew habiliments.

23 For all he did was to deceive good knights,  
 And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame

<sup>1</sup> *Semblant plaine*, honest appearance.

<sup>2</sup> *Teene*, grief.

<sup>3</sup> *Aguisd*, dressed, *disguised*.

<sup>4</sup> *Sith*, since.

<sup>5</sup> *Revest*, reclothe.

To slug<sup>1</sup> in slouth and sensuall delights,  
 And end their daies with irrenowned<sup>2</sup> shame,  
 And now exceeding griefe him overcame,  
 To see the Redcrosse thus advaunced hye ;  
 Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,  
 Against his praise to stirre up enmitye  
 Of such, as vertues like mote unto him allye.

24 So now he Guyon guydes an uncouth way  
 Through woods and mountaines, till they came at  
 last  
 Into a pleasant dale that lowly lay  
 Betwixt two hils, whose high heads, overplast,  
 The valley did with coole shade overcast ;  
 Through midst thereof a little river rold,  
 By which there sate a knight with helme unlaste,  
 Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,  
 After his travell long and labours manifold.

25 “ Lo ! yonder he,” cryde Archimage alowd,  
 “ That wrought the shamefull fact which I did  
 shew ;  
 And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,  
 To fly the vengeance for his outrage dew ;  
 But vaine ; for ye shall dearely do<sup>3</sup> him rew :  
 (So God ye speed and send you good successe !)  
 Which we far off will here abide to vew.”  
 So they him left inflau’d with wrathfulnesse,  
 That streight against that Knight his speare he did  
 adresse.

<sup>1</sup> *Slug*, live idly.

<sup>2</sup> *Irrenowned*, inglorious.

<sup>3</sup> *Do*, make.

- 26 Who, seeing him from far so fierce to pricke,  
 His warlike armes about him gan embrace,  
 And in the rest his ready speare did sticke ;  
 Tho,<sup>1</sup> whenas still he saw him towards pace,  
 He gan rencounter him in equall race.  
 They bene ymett, both ready to affrap,<sup>2</sup>  
 When suddainly that warriour gan abace  
 His threatned speare, as if some new mishap  
 Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap ;
- 27 And cryde, “ Mercie, Sir Knight ! and mercie, Lord,  
 For mine offence and heedelesse hardiment,  
 That had almost committed crime abhord,  
 And with reprochfull shame mine honour sbent,<sup>3</sup>  
 Whiles cursed steele against that badge I bent,  
 The sacred badge of my Redeemers death,  
 Which on your shield is set for ornament ! ”  
 But his fierce foe his steed could stay uneath,<sup>4</sup>  
 Who prickt with courage kene, did cruell battell  
 breath.
- 28 But when he heard him speake, streight way he  
 knew  
 His error ; and, himsele inclyning, sayd :  
 “ Ah ! deare Sir Guyon, well becommeth you,  
 But me behoveth rather to upbrayd,  
 Whose hastie hand so far from reason strayd,  
 That almost it did haynous violence  
 On that fayre ymage of that heavenly Mayd,

<sup>1</sup> *Tho*, then.<sup>2</sup> *Affrap*, strike.<sup>3</sup> *Shent*, disgraced.<sup>4</sup> *Uneath*, scarcely.

That decks and armes your shield with faire defence :  
Your court'sie takes on you anothers dew offence."

29 So beene they both at one,<sup>1</sup> and doen upreare <sup>2</sup>  
Their bevers bright each other for to greet ;  
Goodly comptaunce <sup>3</sup> each to other beare,  
And entertaine themselves with court'sies meet.  
Then saide the Redcrosse Knight : " Now mote I  
weat,  
Sir Guyon, why with so fierce saliaunce,<sup>4</sup>  
And fell intent, ye did at earst<sup>5</sup> me meet ;  
For, sith I know your goodly governaunce,  
Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some uncouth <sup>6</sup>  
chaunce."

80 " Certes," said he, " well mote I shame to tell  
The fond encheason <sup>7</sup> that me hether led.  
A false infâmous faitour late befell  
Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,<sup>8</sup>  
And playnd of grievous outrage, which he red <sup>9</sup>  
A knight had wrought against a ladie gent <sup>10</sup> ;  
Which to avenge, he to this place me led,  
Where you he made the marke of his intent,  
And now is fled : foule shame him follow wher he  
went !"

31 So can he turne his earnest unto game,  
Through goodly handling and wise temperaunce.

<sup>1</sup> *At one*, reconciled.

<sup>2</sup> *Upreare*, raise.

<sup>3</sup> *Comptaunce*, behavior.

<sup>4</sup> *Saliance*, assault.

<sup>5</sup> *Earst*, first.

<sup>6</sup> *Uncouth*, strange.

<sup>7</sup> *Fond encheason*, foolish occasion.

<sup>8</sup> *Ill bested*, in bad plight.

<sup>9</sup> *Red*, declared.

<sup>10</sup> *Gent*, noble.

By this his aged Guide in presence came ;  
 Who, soone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,  
 Eftsoones of him had perfect cognizaunce,<sup>1</sup>  
 Sith him in Faery court he late avizd<sup>2</sup> ;  
 And sayd : “ Fayre sonne, God give you happy  
     chaunce,  
 And that deare Crosse uppon your shield devizd,  
 Wherewith above all knights ye goodly seeme aguizd<sup>3</sup> !

32 “ Ioy may you have, and everlasting fame,  
 Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you donne,  
 For which enrolled is your glorious name  
 In heavenly regesters above the sunne,  
 Where you a saint with saints your seat have  
     wonne !

But wretched we, where ye have left your marke,  
 Must now anew begin like race to ronne.  
 God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke,<sup>4</sup>  
 And to the wished haven bring thy weary barke ! ”

83 “ Palmer,” him answered the Redcrosse Knight,  
 “ His be the praise, that this atchiev'ment wrought,  
 Who made my hand the organ of His might !  
 More then goodwill to me attribute nought ;  
 For all I did, I did but as I ought.  
 But you, faire Sir, whose pageant<sup>5</sup> next enswees,

<sup>1</sup> *Cognizaunce*, recollection.

<sup>3</sup> *Aguizd*, adorned.

<sup>2</sup> *Avizd*, saw.

<sup>4</sup> *Warke*, work.

<sup>5</sup> *Pageant*, exhibition; who are next to play your part.

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XXXIII. 6. — *Whose pageant next ensues.*] At the court of the Faerie Queene the first adventure had been assigned to the

Well mote yee thee,<sup>1</sup> as well can wish your thought,  
That home ye may report thrise happy newes !  
For well ye worthy bene for worth and gentle thewes.”<sup>2</sup>

34 So courteous congé<sup>3</sup> both did give and take,  
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.  
Then Guyon forward gan his voyage make  
With his blacke Palmer, that him guided still :  
Still he him guided over dale and hill,  
And with his steedy staffe did point his way ;  
His race with reason, and with words his will,  
From fowle intemperaunce he ofte did stay,  
And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.

35 In this faire wize they traveild long yfere,<sup>4</sup>  
Through many hard assayes<sup>5</sup> which did betide ;  
Of which he honour still away did beare,  
And spred his glory through all countrys wide.  
At last, as chaunst them by a forest side  
To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,  
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly<sup>6</sup> cride  
With percing shriekes aud many a dolefull lay ;  
Which to attend, awhile their forward steps they stay.

36 “ But if that carelesse hevens,” quoth she, “ despise  
The doome of iust revenge, and take delight

<sup>1</sup> *Thee*, prosper.

<sup>2</sup> *Thewes*, habits, qualities.

<sup>3</sup> *Congé*, leave.

<sup>4</sup> *Yfere*, together.

<sup>5</sup> *Assayes*, trials.

<sup>6</sup> *Dearnly*, mournfully.

To see sad pageaunts<sup>1</sup> of mens miseries,  
 As bownd by them to live in lives despight,<sup>2</sup>  
 Yet can they not warne<sup>3</sup> Death from wretched wight.  
 Come, then ; come soone ; come, sweetest Death,  
     to me,  
 And take away this long-lent loathed light :  
 Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines be,  
 That long captived soules from weary thraldome free.

37 "But thou, sweete Babe, whom frowning froward  
     fate

Hath made sad wnesse of thy fathers fall,  
 Sith heven thee deignes to hold in living state,  
 Long maist thou live, and better thrive withall  
 Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall !  
 Live thou ! and to thy mother dead attest,  
 That cleare she dide from blemish criminall :  
 Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding brest,  
 Loe ! I for pledges leave ! So give me leave to rest !"

38 With that a deadly shrieke she forth did throw,  
 That through the wood re-echoed againe ;  
 And after gave a grone so deepe and low  
 That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,  
 Or thrild with point of thorough-piercing paine :  
 As gentle hynd, whose sides with cruell steele  
 Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raine,  
 Whiles the sad pang approaching shee does feele,  
 Braies out her latest breath, and up her eies doth  
     seele.

<sup>1</sup> *Pageaunts*, spectacles.

<sup>3</sup> *Warne*, keep.

<sup>2</sup> *In lives despight*, in contempt and abhorrence of life.

39 Which when that warrior heard, dismounting  
straict

From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,<sup>1</sup>  
And soone arrived where that sad pourtraict<sup>2</sup>  
Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick ;  
In whose white alabaster brest did stick  
A cruell knife that made a griesly wownd,  
From which forth gusht a stream of gore-blood  
thick,

That all her goodly garments staine arownd,  
And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassy grownd.

40 Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,  
Beside a bubling fountaine low she lay,  
Which shee increased with her bleeding hart,  
And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray<sup>3</sup> :  
Als<sup>4</sup> in her lap a lovely babe did play  
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew ;  
For in her streaming blood he did embay<sup>5</sup>  
His litle hands, and tender ioints embrew :  
Pitifull spectacle, as ever eie did vew !

41 Besides them both, upon the soiled gras  
The dead corse of an armed knight was spred  
Whose armour all with blood besprincled was ;  
His ruddy lips did smyle, and rosy red  
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being ded ;  
Seemd to have beene a goodly personage,  
Now in his freshest flowre of lustyhed,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Thick*, thicket.

<sup>2</sup> *Pourtraict*, image.

<sup>3</sup> *Ray*, stain.

<sup>4</sup> *Als*, also.

<sup>5</sup> *Embay*, bathe.

<sup>6</sup> *Lustyhed*, lustiness, vigor.



Fitt to inflame faire lady with loves rage,  
But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of his age.

42 Whom when the good Sir Guyon did behold,  
His hart gan wexe as starke as marble stone,  
And his fresh blood did frieze with fearefull cold,  
That all his sences seemd berefte attone<sup>1</sup>:  
At last his mighty ghost<sup>2</sup> gan deepe to grone,  
As lion, grudging<sup>3</sup> in his great disdaine,  
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone;  
Til ruth and fraile affection did constraine  
His stout couráge<sup>4</sup> to stoupe, and shew his inward  
paine.

43 Out of her gored wound the cruell steel  
He lightly snatcht, and did the floodgate stop  
With his faire garment: then gan softly feel  
Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop  
Of living blood yet in her veynes did hop:  
Which when he felt to move, he hoped faire  
To call backe life to her forsaken shop<sup>5</sup>:  
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,  
That at the last shee gan to breath out living aire.

44 Which he perceiving, greatly gan reioice,  
And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart  
Is meetest med'eine, tempred with sweete voice;  
"Ay me! deare Lady, which the ymage art  
Of ruefull pittie and impatient smart,

<sup>1</sup> *Attone*, at once.

<sup>2</sup> *Ghost*, spirit

<sup>3</sup> *Grudging*, chafing, fretting.

<sup>4</sup> *Couráge*, heart.

<sup>5</sup> *Shop*, shape, form.

What direfull chaunce armd with avenging fate,  
 Or cursed hand, hath plaid this cruell part,  
 Thus fowle to hasten your untimely date?  
 Speake, O dear Lady, speake; help never comes  
 too late."

15 Therewith her dim eie-lids she up gan reare,  
 On which the drery death did sitt as sad<sup>1</sup>  
 As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare:  
 But when as him, all in bright armour clad,  
 Before her standing she espied had,  
 As one out of a deadly dreame affright,  
 She weakely started, yet she nothing drad<sup>2</sup>:  
 Streight downe againe herselfe in great despight  
 She groveling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

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

17 Then, casting up a deadly looke, full low  
 Shee sight<sup>3</sup> from bottome of her wounded brest;  
 And, after many bitter throbs did throw,  
 With lips full pale and foltring tong opprest,

<sup>1</sup> *Sad*, heavy.

<sup>2</sup> *Draa* feare

<sup>3</sup> *Sight*, sighed.

These words she breathed forth from riven chest :

“ Leave, ah ! leave of, whatever wight thou bee,

To lett<sup>1</sup> a weary wretch from her dew rest,

And trouble dying soules tranquilittee ;

Take not away now got, which none would give to  
me.”

48 “ Ah ! far be it,” said he, “ deare Dame, fro mee,

To hinder soule from her desired rest,

Or hold sad life in long captivitee :

For all I seeke is but to have redrest

The bitter pangs that doth your heart infest.

Tell then, O Lady, tell what fatall priefe<sup>2</sup>

Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest ;

That I may cast<sup>3</sup> to compas your reliefe,

Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your griefe.”

49 With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,

As heven accusing guilty of her death,

And with dry drops congealed in her eye,

In these sad wordes she spent her utmost breath :

“ Heare then, O man, the sorrowes that uneath<sup>4</sup>

My tong can tell, so far all sence they pas !

Loe ! this dead corpse, that lies here underneath,

The gentlest knight, that ever on greene gras

Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir Mort-  
dant was :

50 “ Was (ay the while, that he is not so now !)

My lord, my love, my deare lord, my deare love,

<sup>1</sup> *Let.* hinder.

<sup>2</sup> *Priefe*, experience.

<sup>3</sup> *Cast*, devise how.

<sup>4</sup> *Uneath*, scarcely.

So long as hevens iust with equall brow  
 Vouchsafed to behold us from above.  
 One day, when him high corage did emmove,  
 (As wont ye knightes to seeke adventures wilde,)  
 He pricked forth his puissaunt force to prove :  
 Me then he left enwombd of this childe,  
 This luckles childe, whom thus ye see with blood defild :

51 “ Him fortun'd (hard fortune ye may ghesse !)  
 To come, where vile Acrasia does wonne<sup>1</sup> ;  
 Acrasia, a false Enchaunteresse,  
 That many errant knightes hath fowle fordonne<sup>2</sup> ;  
 Within a wandring island, that doth ronne  
 And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is :  
 Fayre Sir, if ever there ye travell, shonne  
 The cursed land where many wend<sup>3</sup> amis,  
 And know it by the name ; it hight the *Bowre of Blis*.

52 “ Her blis is all in pleasure, and delight,  
 Wherewith she makes her lovers drouken mad ;  
 And then with words, and weedes, of wondrous  
 might,  
 On them she workes her will to uses bad :  
 My liefest<sup>4</sup> lord she thus beguiled had ;  
 For he was flesh : (all flesh doth frayltie breed !)  
 Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Wonne*, dwell.

<sup>2</sup> *Fordonne*, undone.

<sup>3</sup> *Wend*, go.

<sup>4</sup> *Liefest*, dearest.

<sup>5</sup> *Bestad*, situated.

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LI. 2. — *Acrasia*.] This is a Greek word, and means *intemperence* or *incontinence*. II.

(Weake wretch) I wrapt myselfe in palmers weed,  
 And cast to seek him forth through danger and great  
 dreed.

53 “ Now had fayre Cynthia by even tournes  
 Full measured three quarters of her yeare,  
 And thrise three tymes had fild her crooked hornes,  
 Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbear,<sup>1</sup>  
 And bad me call Lucina to me neare.  
 Lucina came : a manchild forth I brought :  
 The woods, the nymphes, my bowres, my midwives,  
 weare :  
 Hard helpe at need! So deare thee, Babe, I  
 bought ;  
 Yet nought to dear I deemd, while so my deare I  
 sought.

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

55 “ Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiv'd,  
 How that my lord from her I would reprive,  
 With cup thus charmd him parting she deceivd :

<sup>1</sup> *Forbear*, bear or bring forth.

‘*Sad verse, give death to him that death does give,  
 And losse of love to her that loves to live,  
 So soone as Bacchus with the Nymphe does lincke!*’  
 So parted we, and on our iourney drive ;  
 Till, comming to this well, he stoupt to drinke :  
 The charme fulfilled, dead suddainly he downe did  
 sincke.

56 “ Which when I, wretch ” — Not one word more  
 she sayd,

But breaking of the end for want of breath,  
 And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,  
 And ended all her woe in quiet death.  
 That seeing, good Sir Guyon could uneach<sup>1</sup>  
 From teares abstayne ; for grieffe his hart did grate,<sup>2</sup>  
 And from so heaue sight his head did wreath,<sup>3</sup>  
 Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,  
 Which plonged had faire lady in so wretched state.

57 Then, turning to his Palmer, said : “ Old Syre,  
 Behold the ymage of mortalitie,  
 And feeble nature cloth’d with fleshly tyre<sup>4</sup> !  
 When raging passion with fierce tyranny  
 Robs reason of her dew regalitie,  
 And makes it seruaunt to her basest part ;  
 The strong it weakens with infirmitie,

<sup>1</sup> *Uneach*, scarcely.

<sup>2</sup> *Grate*, lacerate.

<sup>3</sup> *Wreath*, turn.

<sup>4</sup> *Tyre*, dress.

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LV. 4. — *To him that death does give.*] Mordant (Mort-dant, stanza 49). — 5. *Her that loves to live.*] Ama-via. — 6. *So soone as Bacchus, &c.*] As soon as this wine is mixed with water. C.

And with bold furie armes the weakest hart :  
The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the weake  
through smart."

58 "But Temperaunce," said he, "with golden squire<sup>1</sup>  
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane ;  
Nether to melt in pleasures whott<sup>2</sup> desyre,  
Nor frye in hartlesse grieffe and dolefull tene :  
Thrise happy man, who fares<sup>3</sup> them both atweene !  
But sith this wretched woman overcome  
Of anguish, rather then of crime, hath bene,  
Reserve her cause to her eternall doome ;  
And, in the meane,<sup>4</sup> vouchsafe her honorable toombe."

59 "Palmer," quoth he, "death is an equall doome  
To good and bad, the commen In of rest ;  
But after death the tryall is to come,  
When best shall bee to them that lived best :  
But both alike, when death hath both supprest,  
Religious reverence doth buriall teene ;  
Which whoso wants, wants so much of his rest :  
For all so great shame after death I weene,  
As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to beene."

<sup>1</sup> *Squire*, square or rule.

<sup>2</sup> *Whott*, hot.

<sup>3</sup> *Fares*, goes.

<sup>4</sup> *In the meane*, meanwhile.

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LIX. 6. *Doth buriall teene.*] There appears to be no authority for giving to *teene* the meaning *bestow*. *To do buriall teene* is rather "to do obsequious sorrow." C.

LIX. 8. — *For all, &c.*] For I think it as great a calamity to remain dishonorably unburied, as to die dishonorably. H.

60 So both agree their bodies to engrave<sup>1</sup> :  
 The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,  
 And with sad cypresse seemely it embrave<sup>2</sup>  
 Then, covering with a clod their closed eye,  
 They lay therein those corses tenderly,  
 And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace.  
 But, ere they did their utmost obsequy,  
 Sir Guyon, more affection to increace,  
 Bynempt<sup>3</sup> a sacred vow, which none should ay releace.

61 The dead knights sword out of his sheath he drew,  
 With which he cutt a lock of all their heare,  
 Which medling<sup>4</sup> with their blood and earth he threw  
 Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare :  
 “Such and such evil God on Guyon reare,  
 And worse and worse, young Orphane, be thy  
 payne,  
 If I, or thou, dew vengeance doe forbeare,  
 Till guiltie blood<sup>5</sup> her guerdon doe obtayne !” —  
 So, shedding many teares, they closd the earth agayne.

<sup>1</sup> *Engrave*, bury.

<sup>2</sup> *Embrave*, adorn.

<sup>3</sup> *Bynempt*, pronounced.

<sup>4</sup> *Medling*, mingling.

<sup>5</sup> *Blood*, i. e. *Acrasus*.



## CANTO II.

Babes bloody handes may not be clensd:  
 The Face of Golden Meane:  
 Her sisters, Two Extremities,  
 Strive her to banish cleane.

**1** **THUS** when Sir Guyon with his faithful guyde  
 Had with dew rites and dolorous lament  
 The end of their sad tragedie uptyde,<sup>1</sup>  
 The litle babe up in his armes he hent<sup>2</sup>;  
 Who with sweet pleasaunce, and bold blandishment,  
 Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,  
 As carelesse of his woe, or innocent  
 Of that was doen; that ruth<sup>3</sup> emperced deepe  
 In that knightes hart, and wordes with bitter teares  
 did steepe :

**2** “ Ah ! lucklesse babe, horne under cruell starre,  
 And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,  
 Full little weenest thou what sorrowes are  
 Left thee for porcion of thy livelyhed,<sup>4</sup>  
 Poore orphane ! in the wide world scattered,  
 As budding braunch rent from the native tree,  
 And throwen forth, till it be withered !

<sup>1</sup> *Uptyde*, accomplished.

<sup>2</sup> *Hent*, took.

<sup>3</sup> *Ruth*, pity.

<sup>4</sup> *Livelyhed*, liveliness.

Such is the state of men ! Thus enter we  
Into this life with woe, and end with miseree !”

3 Then, soft himselfe inclyning on his knee  
Downe to that well, did in the water weene  
(So love does loath disdainefull ricitee)  
His guiltie<sup>1</sup> handes from bloody gore to cleene :  
He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they beene  
For all his washing cleaner. Still he strove ;  
Yet still the litle hands were bloody scene :  
The which him into great amaz'ment drove,  
And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder clove.

4 He wist not whether blott of fowle offence  
Might not be purgd with water nor with bath ;  
Or that High God, in lieu of innocence,<sup>2</sup>  
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,  
To shew how sore bloodguiltinesse he hat'th ;  
Or that the charme and veneme, which they dronck,  
Their blood with secret filth infected bath,  
Being diffused through the sencelesse tronck  
That, through the great contagion, direful deadly  
stonck.

5 Whom thus at gaze the Palmer gan to bord<sup>3</sup>  
With goodly reason, and thus fayre bespake :  
“ Ye bene right hart-amated,<sup>4</sup> gracious Lord,

<sup>1</sup> *Guiltie*, stained with the color of guilt.

<sup>2</sup> I. e. in place of the child's natural whiteness.

<sup>3</sup> *Bord*, address.

<sup>4</sup> *Amated*, astonished.

And of your ignorance great merveill make,  
 Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistake  
 But know, that secret vertues are infusd  
 In every fountaine, and in everie lake,  
 Which, who hath skill them rightly to have chusd,  
 To prooffe of passing wonders hath full often usd :

6 " Of those, some were so from their sourse indewd  
 By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap  
 Their welheads spring, and are with moisture deawd ;  
 Which feedes each living plant with liquid sap,  
 And filles with flowres fayre Floraes painted lap :  
 But other some, by guifte of later grace,  
 Or by good prayers, or by other hap,  
 Had vertue poured into their waters bace,  
 And thenceforth were renowmd, and sought from  
 place to place.

7 " Such is this well, wrought by occasion straunge.  
 Which to her <sup>1</sup> nymph befell. Upon a day,  
 As she the woodes with bow and shaftes did raunge,  
 The hartlesse <sup>2</sup> hynd and robucke to dismay,  
 Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,  
 And, kindling fire at her faire-burning eye,  
 Inflamed was to follow beauties pray,  
 And chaced her, that fast from him did fly ;  
 As hynd from her, so she fled from her eniny.

<sup>1</sup> *Her*, i. e. the well's.

<sup>2</sup> *Hartlesse*, timid.

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VII. 7. *Pray*.] In the old editions *chace*, the word being caught from the next line. C.

8 " At last, when fayling breath began to faint,  
 And saw no meanes to scape ; of shame affrayd,  
 She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint<sup>1</sup> ;  
 And, to Diana calling lowd for ayde,  
 Her deare besought to let her die a mayd.  
 The goddesse heard ; and suddeine, where she sate  
 Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismayd  
 With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,  
 Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

9 " Lo ! now she is that stone ; from whose two heads,  
 As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,  
 Yet colde through feare and old conceived dreads :  
 And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,  
 Shapt like a maide, that such ye may her know ;  
 And yet her vertues in her water byde :  
 For it is chaste and pure as purest snow,  
 Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyde ;  
 But ever, like herselfe, unstayned hath beene tryde.<sup>2</sup>

10 " From thence it comes, that this babes bloody hand  
 May not be clensd with water of this well :  
 Ne certes, Sir, strive you it to withstand,  
 But let them still be bloody, as befell,  
 That they his mothers innocence may tell,  
 As she bequeathd in her last testament ;  
 That, as a sacred symbole, it may dwell  
 In her sonnes flesh, to mind<sup>3</sup> revengement,  
 And be for all chaste dames an endlesse moniment."

<sup>1</sup> *Constraint*, perplexity (strait).

<sup>2</sup> *Tryde*, proved.

<sup>3</sup> *Mind*, remember (to avenge her).

11 He hearkned to his reason ; and the childe  
 Uptaking, to the Palmer gave to beare ;  
 But his sad fathers armes with blood defilde,  
 An heavie load, himselfe did lightly reare ;  
 And turning to that place, in which whyleare<sup>1</sup>  
 He left his loftie steed with golden sell<sup>2</sup>  
 And goodly gorgeous barbes,<sup>3</sup> him found not theare :  
 By other accident, that earst<sup>4</sup> befell,  
 He is convaide<sup>5</sup> ; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

12 Which when Sir Guyon saw, all<sup>6</sup> were he wroth,  
 Yet algates<sup>7</sup> mote he soft himselfe appease,  
 And fairely fare on foot, however loth :  
 His double burden did him sore disease.<sup>8</sup>  
 So, long they traveled with litle ease,  
 Till that at last they to a castle came,  
 Built on a rocke adioyning to the seas :  
 It was an auncient worke of antique fame,  
 And wondrous strong by nature and by skilfull frame.

13 Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,  
 The children of one syre by mothers three ;  
 Who, dying whylome, did divide this fort

<sup>1</sup> *Whyleare*, some time before.

<sup>2</sup> *Sell*, saddle.

<sup>3</sup> *Barbes*, trappings.

<sup>4</sup> *Earst*, before.

<sup>5</sup> *Convaide*, stolen.

<sup>6</sup> *All*, although.

<sup>7</sup> *Algates*, nevertheless.

<sup>8</sup> *Disease*, inconvenience.

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XIII. 1. — *Therein three sisters, &c.*] These three sisters are named Medina, Perissa, and Elissa, whose names express that of which they are respectively typical. Medina is Moderation, or the golden mean; Perissa is Excess; and Elissa, Deficiency. II.

To them by equall shares in equall fee :  
 But stryfull<sup>1</sup> mind and diverse qualitee  
 Drew them in partes, and each made others foe :  
 Still did they strive and daily disagree ;  
 The eldest did against the youngest goe,  
 And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

14 Where when the Knight arriv'd, he was right well  
 Receiv'd, as knight of so much worth became,  
 Of second sister, who did far excell  
 The other two ; Medina was her name,  
 A sober, sad,<sup>2</sup> and comely courteous dame :  
 Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guise,  
 In goodly garments that her well became,  
 Fayre marching forth in honorable wize,  
 Him at the threshold mett and well did enterprize.<sup>3</sup>

15 She led him up into a goodly bowre,  
 And comely courted<sup>4</sup> with meet modestie ;  
 Ne in her speach, ne in her haviour,  
 Was lightnesse seene or looser vanitie,  
 But gracious womanhood, and gravitie,  
 Above the reason<sup>5</sup> of her youthly yeares :  
 Her golden lockes she roundly did uptye  
 In breaded tramels,<sup>6</sup> that no looser heares  
 Did out of order stray about her daintie cares

16 Whilest she her selfe thus busily did frame  
 Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,

<sup>1</sup> *Stryfull*, strifefull.

<sup>2</sup> *Sad*, grave.

<sup>3</sup> *Enterprize*, receive.

<sup>4</sup> *Courted*, entertained.

<sup>5</sup> *Reason*, proportion.

<sup>6</sup> *Tramels*, plaits.

Newes hereof to her other sisters came,  
 Who all this while were at their wanton rest,  
 Accounting each her friend with lavish fest :  
 They were two knights of perelesse puissance,  
 And famous far abroad for warlike gest,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which to these ladies love did countenance,<sup>2</sup>  
 And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to advaunce.

17 He that made love unto the eldest dame  
 Was hight Sir Huddibras, an hardy man ;  
 Yet not so good of deedes as great of name,  
 Which he by many rash adventures wan,  
 Since errant armes to sew he first began.  
 More huge in strength then wise in workes he  
                   was,  
 And reason with foole-hardize<sup>3</sup> over-ran ;  
 Sterne melancholy did his courage pas ;  
 And was, for terrour more, all armd in shyning bras.

18 But he that lov'd the youngest was Sansloy ;  
 He that faire Una late fowle outraged,  
 The most unruly and the boldest boy<sup>4</sup>  
 That ever warlike weapons menaged,  
 And all to lawlesse lust encouraged  
 Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might ;

<sup>1</sup> *Gest*, deed.

<sup>3</sup> *Foole-hardize*, fool-hardiness

<sup>2</sup> *Countenance*, make a show of. <sup>4</sup> *Boy*, youth.

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XVII. 8. — *Sterne melancholy*, &c.] His moroseness or ill-temper was greater than his courage. II.

XVIII. 1. — *Sansloy*.] Sansloy reappears from Book I. Canto VI. H.

Ne ought he car'd whom he endamaged  
 By tortious<sup>1</sup> wrong, or whom bereav'd of right;  
 He, now this ladies champion, chose for love to fight.

19 These two gay knights, vovd to so diverse loves,  
 Each other does envý with deadly hate,  
 And daily warre against his foeman moves,  
 In hope to win more favour with his mate,  
 And th' others pleasing service to abate,  
 To magnifie his owne. But when they heard  
 How in that place straunge knight arrived late,  
 Both knights and ladies forth right angry far'd,<sup>2</sup>  
 And fiercely unto battell sterne themselves prepar'd.

20 But, ere they could procede unto the place  
 Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,  
 And cruell combat ioynd in middle space:  
 With horrible assault, and fury fell,  
 They heapt huge strokes the scorned life to quell,  
 That all on uprore from her settled seat  
 The house was raysd, and all that in did dwell;  
 Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great  
 Did rend the ratling skyes with flames of fouldring<sup>3</sup>  
 heat.

21 The noyse thereof eald forth that straunger knight,  
 To weet<sup>4</sup> what dreadfull thing was there in hond;  
 Where whenas two brave knightes in bloody fight  
 With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,

<sup>1</sup> *Tortious*, injurious.

<sup>2</sup> *Far'd*, went

<sup>3</sup> *Fouldring*, flaming with lightning.

<sup>4</sup> *Weet*, know.



His sunbroad shield about his wrest he bond,  
 And shyning blade unsheatht, with which he ran  
 Unto that stead,<sup>1</sup> their strife to understand;  
 And, at his first arrivall, them began  
 With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

22 But they, him spying, both with greedy forse  
 Attonce upon him ran, and him beset  
 With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,  
 And on his shield like yron siedges bet.  
 As when a beare and tygre, being met  
 In cruell fight on Lybicke ocean<sup>2</sup> wide,  
 Espye a traveiler with feet surbet,<sup>3</sup>  
 Whom they in equall pray hope to divide,  
 They stint their strife, and him assaile on everie side.

23 But he, not like a weary travelere,  
 Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,  
 And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,  
 But with redoubled buffes them backe did put;  
 Whose grieved mindes, which choler did englut,<sup>4</sup>  
 Against themselves turning their wrathfull spight,  
 Gan with new rage their shieldes to hew and cut.  
 But still, when Guyon came to part their fight,  
 With heavie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

24 As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,  
 Whom raging windes, threatning to make the pray

<sup>1</sup> *Stead*, place.

<sup>2</sup> *Lybicke ocean*, African desert or ocean of sand.

<sup>3</sup> *Surbet*, bruised with walking.

<sup>4</sup> *Englut*, fill.

Of the rough roekes, doe diversly disease,<sup>1</sup>  
 Meetes two contrarie billowes by the way,  
 That her on either side doe sore assay,  
 And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;  
 Shee, seorning both their spights, does make wide  
                   way,  
 And, with her brest breaking the fomy wave,  
 Does ride on both their backs, and faire herself doth  
                   save :

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

26 Strange sort of fight, three valiaunt knights to see  
 Three combates ioine in one, and to darraine<sup>2</sup>  
 A triple warre with triple enmitee,  
 All for their ladies froward love to gaine,  
 Which, gotten, was but hate. So Love does  
                   raine  
 In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre;  
 He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,  
 And yett his peace is but continuall iarre.  
 O miserable men, that to him subiect arre!

<sup>1</sup> *Disease*, distress.

<sup>2</sup> *Durraine*, wage.

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

28 But her two other sisters, standing by,  
 Her lowd gainsaid ; and both their \* champions bad  
 Pursuw the end of their strong enmity,  
 As ever of their loves they would be glad :  
 Yet she with pittthy words, and counsell sad,<sup>1</sup>  
 Still strove their stubborne rages to revoke ;  
 That at the last, suppressing fury mad,  
 They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,  
 And hearken to the sober speaches which she spoke :

29 “ Ah ! puissaunt Lords, what cursed evill spright,  
 Or fell Erinnis,<sup>2</sup> in your noble harts  
 Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,  
 And stird you up to worke your wilfull smarts ?  
 Is this the ioy of armes ? be these the parts  
 Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,<sup>3</sup>  
 And not regard dew right and iust desarts ?

<sup>1</sup> *Sad*, grave.

<sup>3</sup> *Thrust*, thurst.

<sup>2</sup> *Erinnis*, Fury.

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\* 1st Q. *her* : 2d, *their champion*.

Vaine is the vaunt, and victory uniuſt,  
That more to mighty hands then rightfull cauſe doth  
trust.

30 “ And were there rightfull cauſe of difference,  
Yet were not better fayre it to accord,  
Then with blood-guiltineſſe to heape offence,  
And mortal vengeance ioyne to crime abhord?  
O, fly from wrath! fly, O my liefeſt<sup>1</sup> Lord!  
Sad be the ſights, and bitter fruites of warre,  
And thouſand furies wait on wrathfull ſword:  
Ne ought the praiſe of prowefſe more doth marre  
Then fowle revenging rage, and baſe contentious iarre.

31 “ Bnt lovely concord, and moſt ſacred peace,  
Doth nourish vertue, and faſt friendship breeds;  
Weake ſhe makes ſtrong, and ſtrong thing does  
increace,  
Till it the pitch of higheſt praiſe exceeds:  
Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,  
By which ſhe triumphes over yre and pride,  
And winnes an olive girlond for her meeds.  
Be therefore, O my deare Lords, pacifide,  
And this miſſeeming<sup>2</sup> diſcord meekely lay aſide.”

32 Her gracious words their rancour did appall,  
And ſuncke ſo deepe into their boyling breſts,  
That downe they lett their cruell weapons fall,  
And lowly did abaſe their lofty creſts  
To her faire preſence and diſcrete beheſts.

<sup>1</sup> *Liefeſt*, deareſt.

<sup>2</sup> *Miſſeeming*, unbecoming

Then she began a treaty to procure,  
 And stablish termes betwixt both their requests,  
 That as a law for ever should endure ;  
 Which to observe, in word of knights they did assure.

33 Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,  
 After their weary sweat and bloody toile,  
 She them besought, during their quiet treague,<sup>1</sup>  
 Into her lodging to repaire a while,  
 To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.  
 They soone consent : So forth with her they fare ;  
 Where they are well receivd, and made to spoile  
 Themselves of soiled arnes, and to prepare  
 Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to dainty  
 fare.

34 And those two froward sisters, their faire loves,  
 Came with them eke, all<sup>2</sup> were they wondrous loth,  
 And fained cheare, as for the time behoves ;  
 But could not colour yet so well the troth,<sup>3</sup>  
 But that their natures bad appeard in both :  
 For both did at their second sister grutch  
 And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth  
 The inner garment frett, not th' utter<sup>4</sup> touch ;  
 One thought her cheare too litle, th' other thought too  
 much.

35 Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme  
 Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,

<sup>1</sup> *Treague*, truce.

<sup>2</sup> *All*, although.

<sup>3</sup> *Troth*, truth.

<sup>4</sup> *Utter*, outer.

Ne ought would speake, but evermore did seeme  
 As discontent for want of merth or meat ;  
 No solace <sup>1</sup> could her paramour intreat  
 Her once to show, ne court, <sup>2</sup> nor dalliaunce ;  
 But with bent, lowring browes, as she would threat,  
 She scould, and frownd with froward countenaunce ;  
 Unworthy of faire ladies comely governaunce.

36 But young Perissa was of other mynd,  
 Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,  
 And quite contráry to her sisters kynd <sup>3</sup> ;  
 No measure in her mood, no rule of right,  
 But poured out in pleasure and delight :  
 In wine and meats she flowd above the banck,  
 And in excesse exceeded her owne might ;  
 In sumptuous tire <sup>4</sup> she ioyd her selfe to pranck, <sup>5</sup>  
 But of her love too lavish : litle have she thanck !

37 Fast by her side did sitt the bold Sansloy,  
 Fitt mate for such a mincing mineon, <sup>6</sup>  
 Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding ioy ;  
 Might not be found a francker <sup>7</sup> franion, <sup>8</sup>  
 Of her leawd parts to make companion.  
 But Huddibras, more like a malecontent,  
 Did see and grieve at his bold fashion ;  
 Hardly could he endure his hardiment <sup>9</sup> ;  
 Yett still he satt, and inly did himselfe torment.

<sup>1</sup> *Solace*, mirth.

<sup>2</sup> *Court*, courtesy.

<sup>3</sup> *Kynd*, nature.

<sup>4</sup> *Tire*, dress.

<sup>5</sup> *Pranck*, adorn

<sup>6</sup> *Mincing mineon*, affected wanton

<sup>7</sup> *Francker*, freer.

<sup>8</sup> *Franion*, gay companion.

<sup>9</sup> *Hardiment*, bold deportment.

- 38 Betwixt them both the faire Medina sate  
 With sober grace and goodly carriage :  
 With equall measure she did moderate  
 The strong extremities of their outráge ;  
 That forward paire she ever would asswage,  
 When they would strive dew reason to exceed ;  
 But that same froward twaine would accoráge,<sup>1</sup>  
 And of her plenty adde unto their need :  
 So kept she them in order, and herselfe in heed.
- 39 Thus fairely shee attempered her feast,  
 And pleasd them all with meete satiety :  
 At last, when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,  
 She Guyon deare besought of curtesie  
 To tell from whence he came through ieopardy,  
 And whether now on new adventure bownd :  
 Who with bold grace, and comely gravity,  
 Drawing to him the eies of all arownd,  
 From lofty sieg<sup>2</sup> began these words aloud to sownd.
- 40 “ This thy demaund, O Lady, doth revive  
 Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,  
 Great and most glorious Virgin Queene alive,  
 That with her souveraine power, and scepter shene,  
 All Faery lond does peaceably sustene.  
 In widest ocean she her throne does reare,  
 That over all the earth it may be seene ;  
 As morning sunne her beames dispredden cleare ;  
 And in her face faire peace and mercy doth appeare.

<sup>1</sup> *Accoráge*, encourage.<sup>2</sup> *Siege*, seat.

41 “ In her the richesse of all heavenly grace  
 In chiefe degree are heaped up on hye :  
 And all, that els this worlds enclosure bace  
 Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,  
 Adornes the person of her Maiestye ;  
 That men, beholding so great excellence  
 And rare perfection in mortalitye,  
 Doe her adore with sacred reverence,  
 As th’ idole<sup>1</sup> of her Makers great magnificence.

42 “ To her I homage and my service owe,  
 In number of the noblest knightes on ground,  
 Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe  
 Order of Maydenhead, the most renownd,  
 That may this day in all the world be found.  
 An yearely solemne feast she wontes to hold,  
 The day that first doth lead the yeare around,  
 To which all knights of worth and courage bold  
 Resort, to heare of straunge adventures to be told.

43 “ There this old Palmer shewd himselfe that day,  
 And to that mighty Princesse did complaine  
 Of grievous mischiefes, which a wicked Fay  
 Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,  
 Whereof he crav’d redresse. My Soveraine,  
 Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes  
 Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,

<sup>1</sup> *Idole*, image.

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XLII. 6. — *To hold.*] All the old editions have *make*, but the rhyme justifies the change to *hold*. C.



Eftsoones devisd redresse for such annoyes :  
 Me. all unfit for so great purpose, she employes.

44 " Now hath faire Phebe with her silver face  
 Thrise seene the shadowes of the neather world,  
 Sith last I left that honorable place,  
 In which her roiall presence is enrold ;  
 Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,  
 Till I that false Acrasia have wonne ;  
 Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to bee told,  
 I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne  
 Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly fordonne." <sup>2</sup>

45 " Tell on, fayre Sir," said she, " that dolefull tale,  
 From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,  
 That we may pittie such unhappie bale,<sup>2</sup>  
 And learne from Pleasures poyson to abstaine :  
 Ill, by ensample, good doth often gayne."  
 Then forward he his purpose gan pursew,  
 And told the story of the mortall payne,  
 Which Mordant and Amavia did rew ;  
 As, with lamenting eyes, himselfe did lately vew.

46 Night was far spent ; and now in ocean deep  
 Orion, flying fast from hissing Snake,

<sup>1</sup> *Fordonne*, ruined.

<sup>2</sup> *Bale*, sorrow.

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XLIV. 4. — *Enrold*.] The First Edition has *entroid*, the others *introid*, neither of which words appears to be English. *Enrold* does not yield a sense altogether satisfactory, but may be explained set forth, inclosed, or contained. C.

XLVI. 2. — Orion sets when the Scorpion rises, and they are never seen together in the same hemisphere.

His flaming head did hasten for to steep,  
When of his pitteous tale he end did make :  
Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake  
Those gwestes beguyled did beguyle their eyes  
Of kindly sleepe, that did them overtake.

At last, when they had markt the chaunged skyes,  
They wist their houre was spent ; then each to rest  
him hyes.\*

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\* Spenser, in his letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, states that a Palmer appeared at the court of the Faerie Queene, bearing a babe with bloody hands, whose parents had fallen victims to Acrasia, and that the adventure of subduing her was consequently assigned to Sir Guyon; but from Sir Guyon's own account, it seems that the Palmer came alone to the court of the Faerie Queene, and complained of Acrasia, and that he fell in with the babe and its parents after he had set forth upon the adventure. H.

## CANTO III.

Vaine Braggadocchio, getting Guy-  
ons horse, is made the scorne  
Of knighthood trew, and is of fayre  
Belphœbe fowle forlorne.<sup>1</sup>

1 SOONE as the morrow fayre with purple beames  
Disperst the shadowes of the misty night,  
And Titan, playing on the eastern streames,  
Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light;  
Sir Guyon, mindfull of his vow yplight,<sup>2</sup>  
Uprose from drowsie couch, and him address  
Unto the iourney which he had behight<sup>3</sup>:  
His puissaunt armes about his noble brest,  
And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

2 Then, taking congé<sup>4</sup> of that Virgin pure,  
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth  
Did earnestly committ, and her coniure  
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,  
And all that gentle noriture ensueth<sup>5</sup>;  
And that, so soone as ryper yeares he raught,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Forlorne*, forsaken.

<sup>4</sup> *Congé*, leave.

<sup>2</sup> *Yplight*, plighted.

<sup>5</sup> *Ensueth*, follows, belongs to.

<sup>3</sup> *Behight*, promised.

<sup>6</sup> *Raught*, reached.

He might, for memory of that dayes ruth,<sup>1</sup>  
 Be called Ruddymane<sup>2</sup>; and thereby taught  
 T' avenge his parents death on them that had it wrought.

3 So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,  
 Sith his good steed is lately from him gone ;  
 Patience perforce : helplesse what may it boot  
 To frett for anger, or for grieffe to mone ?  
 His Palmer now shall foot no more alone.  
 So fortune wrought, as under greene woodes syde  
 He lately hard that dying Lady grone,  
 He left his steed without, and speare besyde,  
 And rushed in on foot to ayd her ere she dyde.

4 The whyles a losell<sup>3</sup> wandring by the way,  
 One that to bountie<sup>4</sup> never cast his mynd,  
 Ne thought of honour ever did assay  
 His baser brest, but in his kestrell kynd<sup>5</sup>  
 A pleasing vaine of glory<sup>6</sup> he did fynd,  
 To which his flowing tounge and troublous spright  
 Gave him great ayd, and made him more inclynd ;  
 He, that brave steed there finding ready dight,  
 Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full light.

5 Now gan his hart all swell in iollity,  
 And of himselfe great hope and help conceiv'd,  
 That puffed up with smoke of vanity,

<sup>1</sup> *Ruth*, sorrow.

<sup>6</sup> *Glory*, boasting.

<sup>2</sup> *Ruddymane*, red-handed.

<sup>3</sup> *Losell*, a worthless fellow, *lost* to all goodness.

<sup>4</sup> *Bountie*, goodness.

<sup>5</sup> *Kestrell kynd*, base nature. Kestrell is a worthless hawk.

And with selfe-loved personage deceiv'd,  
 He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd  
 For such as he him thought, or faine would bee :  
 But for in court gay portauce<sup>1</sup> he perceiv'd,  
 And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,<sup>2</sup>  
 Eftsoones to court he cast<sup>3</sup> t' aduance his first degree.<sup>4</sup>

6 And by the way he chaunced to espy  
 One sitting ydle on a sunny banck,  
 To whom avaunting<sup>5</sup> in great bravery,  
 As peacocke that his painted plumes doth pranck,<sup>6</sup>  
 He smote his courser in the trembling flanck,  
 And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare :  
 The seely<sup>7</sup> man, seeing him ryde so ranck<sup>8</sup>  
 And ayme at him, fell flatt to ground for feare,  
 And crying "Mercy!" loud, his pitious handes gan  
 reare.

7 Thereat the Scarcrow wexed wondrous prowde,  
 Through fortune of his first adventure fayre,  
 And with big thundring voice revyld him lowd :  
 " Vile caytive, vassall of dread and despayre,  
 Unworthie of the commune breathed ayre,  
 Why livest thou, dead dog, a lenger<sup>9</sup> day,  
 And doest not unto death thyselve prepayre ?  
 Dy, or thyselve my captive yield for ay :  
 Great favour I thee graunt for aunswere thus to stay."

<sup>1</sup> *Portauce*, bearing.

<sup>2</sup> *Gree*, favor.

<sup>3</sup> *Cast*, devised.

<sup>4</sup> *Degree*, step.

<sup>5</sup> *Avaunting*, showing off.

<sup>6</sup> *Pranck*, display.

<sup>7</sup> *Seely*, simple.

<sup>8</sup> *Ranck*, fierce

<sup>9</sup> *Lenger*, longer.

9 "Hold, O deare Lord, hold your dead-doing hand,  
 Then loud he cryde, "I am your humble thrall."  
 "Ah wretch," quoth he, "thy destinies withstand  
 My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.  
 I give thee life: Therefore prostrated fall,  
 And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bee."  
 The miser<sup>1</sup> threw himselfe, as an offfall,  
 Streight at his foot in base humilitee,  
 And cleeped<sup>2</sup> him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

9 So happy peace they made and faire accord.  
 Eftsoones<sup>3</sup> this liegeman gan to wexe more bold,  
 And, when he felt the folly of his lord,  
 In his owne kind he gan himselfe unfold:  
 For he was wylie-witted, and growne old  
 In cunning sleights and practick<sup>4</sup> knavery.  
 From that day forth he cast<sup>5</sup> for to uphold  
 His ydle humour with fine flattery,  
 And blow the bellows to his swelling vanity.

10 Trompart,<sup>6</sup> fitt man for Braggadochio  
 To serve at court in view of vaunting eye;  
 Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring wind does blow  
 In his light winges, is lifted up to skye;  
 The scorne of knighthood and trew chevalrye,

<sup>1</sup> *Miser*, wretch.

<sup>2</sup> *Cleeped*, called.

<sup>3</sup> *Eftsoones*, immediately.

<sup>4</sup> *Practick*, artful.

<sup>5</sup> *Cast*, contrived.

<sup>6</sup> *Trompart*, i. e. deceiver.

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VIII. 9. — *And cleeped him, &c.*] He acknowledged himself to be his vassal, as if he had been his tenant, and held lands of him as his liege-lord. H.

To thinke, without desert of gentle deed  
 And noble worth, to be advaunced hye;  
 Such prayse is shame; but honour, vertues meed,  
 Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honourable seed.

11 So forth they pas, a well consorted payre,  
 Till that at length with Archimage they meet:  
 Who seeing one, that shone in armour fayre,  
 On goodly courser thondring with his feet,  
 Eftsoones supposed him a person meet  
 Of his revenge to make the instrument:  
 For since the Redcrosse Knight he erst did weet<sup>1</sup>  
 To beene with Guyon knitt in one consent,  
 The ill, which earst to him, he now to Guyon ment.<sup>2</sup>

12 And comming close to Trompart gan inquire  
 Of him what mightie warriour that mote bee,  
 That rode in golden sell<sup>3</sup> with single spere,  
 But wanted sword to wreake his enmittee.  
 "He is a great adventurer," said he,  
 "That hath his sword through hard assay<sup>4</sup> forgone,<sup>5</sup>  
 And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee  
 Of that despight,<sup>6</sup> never to wearen none;  
 That speare is him enough to doen<sup>7</sup> a thousand grone."

<sup>1</sup> *Weet*, know.

<sup>2</sup> *Ment*, intended.

<sup>3</sup> *Sell*, saddle.

<sup>4</sup> *Assay*, enterprise.

<sup>5</sup> *Forgone*, lost.

<sup>6</sup> *Despight*, injury.

<sup>7</sup> *Doen*, make.

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XI. 3.— *In armour fayre*.] Braggadochio had stolen Sir Guyon's horse and spear; but it does not appear how he came into possession of the armor he wore. II.

13 Th' Enchaunter greatly ioyed in the vaunt,  
 And weened well ere long his will to win,  
 And both his fœn with equall foyle to daunt :  
 Tho to him louting<sup>1</sup> lowly did begin  
 To plaine of wronges, which had committed bin  
 By Guyon, and by that false Rederosse Knight ;  
 Which two, through treason and deceitfull gin,<sup>2</sup>  
 Had slayne Sir Mordant and his lady bright :  
 That mote him honour win, to wreak<sup>3</sup> so foule despight.

14 Therewith all suddainly he seemd enragd,  
 And threatned death with dreadfull countenance,  
 As if their lives had in his hand beene gagd<sup>4</sup> ;  
 And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,  
 To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,  
 Thus said : " Old man, great sure shal be thy meed,  
 If, where those knights for feare of dew vengeance  
 Doe lurke, thou certainly to mee areed,<sup>5</sup>  
 That I may wreake<sup>3</sup> on them their hainous hateful  
 deed."

15 " Certes, my Lord," said he, " that shall I soone,  
 And give you eke good helpe to their decay,<sup>6</sup>  
 But mote I wisely you advise to doon,  
 Give no ods to your foes, but doe purvay<sup>7</sup>  
 Yourselfe of sword before that bloody day ;  
 For they be two the prowest knights on grownd,  
 And oft approv'd in many hard assay<sup>8</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> *Louting*, bending.

<sup>2</sup> *Gin*, snare.

<sup>3</sup> *Wreak*, avenge.

<sup>4</sup> *Gagd*, put as pledges.

<sup>5</sup> *Areed*, declare.

<sup>6</sup> *Decay*, destruction.

<sup>7</sup> *Purvay*, provide.

<sup>8</sup> *Assay*, enterprise.



And eke of surest steele, that may be fownd,  
Doe arme yourself against that day, them to confownd."

16 "Dotard," saide he, "let be thy deepe advise ;  
Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,  
And that weake eld<sup>1</sup> hath left thee nothing wise,  
Els never should thy iudgement be so frayle  
To measure manhood by the sword or mayle.  
Is not enough fowre quarters of a man,  
Withouten sword or shield, an hoste to quayle ?  
Thou litle wotest<sup>2</sup> what this right-hand can :  
Speake they, which have beheld the battailes which  
it wan."

17 The man was much abashed at his boast ;  
Yet well he wist that whoso would contend  
With either of those knightes on even coast,<sup>3</sup>  
Should neede of all his armes him to defend ;  
Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend :  
When Braggadocchio saide : "Once I did sweare,  
When with one sword seven knightes I brought to  
end,  
Thenceforth in battaile never sword to beare,  
But it were that which noblest knight on earth doth  
weare."

18 "Perdy, Sir Knight," saide then th' Enchaunter  
blive,<sup>4</sup>  
"That shall I shortly purchase<sup>5</sup> to your hond :

<sup>1</sup> *Eld*, age.

<sup>2</sup> *Wotest*, knowest.

<sup>3</sup> *Coast*, cost (terms).

vol. I.

<sup>4</sup> *Blive*, quickly.

<sup>5</sup> *Purchase*, procure.

For now the best and noblest knight alive  
 Prince Arthur is, that wonnes<sup>1</sup> in Faerie lond;  
 He hath a sword, that flames like burning brond:  
 The same, by my device, I undertake  
 Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond."

At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,  
 And wondred in his minde what mete that monster  
 make.<sup>2</sup>

19 He stayd not for more bidding, but away  
 Was suddein vanished out of his sight:  
 The northerne winde his wings did broad display  
 At his commaund, and reared him up light  
 From of the earth to take his aerie flight.  
 They lookt about, but no where could espye  
 Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright  
 They both nigh were, and each bad other flye:  
 Both fled attonce, ne ever backe retourned eye;

20 Till that they come unto a forrest greene,  
 In which they shrowd themselves from causeles  
 feare:  
 Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene:  
 Each trembling leafe and whistling wind they heare,  
 As ghastly bug,<sup>3</sup> does greatly them affeare:  
 Yet both doe strive their fearefulnesse to faine.  
 At last they heard a horne that shrilled cleare  
 Throughout the wood that cechoed againe,  
 And made the forrest ring, as it would rive in twaine.

<sup>1</sup> *Wonnes*, lives.

<sup>3</sup> *Bug*, any object of terror, goblin

<sup>2</sup> *Monster make*, effect that miracle.

21 Eft<sup>1</sup> through the thicke<sup>2</sup> they heard one rudely  
rush ;

With noyse whereof he from his loftie steed  
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,  
To hide his coward head from dying dread.  
But Trompart stoutly stayd to taken heed  
Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped forth  
A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed,  
That seemd to be a woman of great worth,  
And by her stately portance<sup>3</sup> borne of heavenly birth.

22 Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,  
But hevenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,  
Cleare as the skye, withouten blame<sup>4</sup> or blot,  
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew ;  
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew  
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,  
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw.  
And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,  
Hable to heale the sicke and to revive the ded.

23 In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,  
Kindled above at th' Hevenly Makers light,  
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,  
So passing persant,<sup>5</sup> and so wondrous bright,

<sup>1</sup> *Eft*, afterwards.

<sup>2</sup> *Thicke*, thicket.

<sup>3</sup> *Portance*, carriage.

<sup>4</sup> *Blame*, blemish, spot

<sup>5</sup> *Persant*, piercing.

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XXI. 7. — *A goodly Ladie.*] In the beautiful and elaborate portrait of Belphebe, Spenser has drawn a flattered likeness of Queen Elizabeth. II.

That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:  
 In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre  
 To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;  
 For, with dredd maiestie and awfull yre,  
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace desyre.

24 Her yvorie forehead, full of bountie brave,  
 Like a broad table<sup>1</sup> did itselfe disprede,  
 For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,  
 And write the battailes of his great godhed:  
 All good and honour might therein be red;  
 For there their dwelling was. And, when she  
     spake,  
 Sweete wordes, like dropping honny, she did shed;  
 And twixt the perles and rubins<sup>2</sup> softly brake  
 A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make.

25 Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,  
 Under the shadow of her even browes,  
 Working belgardes<sup>3</sup> and amorous retrate,<sup>4</sup>  
 And everie one her with a grace endowes,  
 And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes:  
 So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,  
 And soveraine monument of mortall vowes,  
 How shall frayle pen describe her heavenly face,  
 For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace!

26 So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,  
 She seemd, when she presented was to sight;

<sup>1</sup> *Table*, tablet.

<sup>2</sup> *Rubins*, rubies.

<sup>3</sup> *Belgardes*, sweet looks.

<sup>4</sup> *Retrate*, expression (of countenance)

And was yelad, for heat of scorching aire,  
 All in a silken camus<sup>1</sup> lilly whight,  
 Purfled<sup>2</sup> upon with many a folded plight,<sup>3</sup>  
 Which all above besprinkled was throughout  
 With golden aygulets,<sup>4</sup> that glistred bright  
 Like twinckling starres; and all the skirt about  
 Was hemd<sup>5</sup> with golden fringe.

27 Below her ham her weed<sup>6</sup> did somewhat trayne,  
 And her streight legs most bravely were embayld<sup>7</sup>  
 In gilden buskins of costly cordwayne,<sup>8</sup>  
 All bard with golden bendes,<sup>9</sup> which were entayld<sup>10</sup>  
 With curious anticke,<sup>11</sup> and full fayre aumayld<sup>12</sup>:  
 Before, they fastned were under her knee  
 In a rich iewell, and therein entrayld<sup>13</sup>  
 The ends of all the knots, that none might see  
 How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee:

28 Like two faire marble pillours they were scene.  
 Which doe the temple of the gods support,  
 Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,  
 And honour in their festivall resort;  
 Those same with stately grace and princely port  
 She taught to tread, when she herselfe would grace;  
 But with the woody nymphes when she did play,<sup>14</sup>

1 *Camus*, a light, loose robe.

2 *Purfled*, trimmed or flounced.

3 *Plight*, plait.

4 *Aygulets*, (here) spangles.

9 *Bard with bendes*, crossed with stripes.

10 *Entayld*, engraved, cut.

11 I. e. odd devices.

14 *Play*, probably a misprint for *sport*.

5 *Hemd*, bordered.

6 *Weed*, dress.

7 *Embayld*, bound up.

8 *Cordwayne*, Spanish leather.

12 *Aumayld*, enamelled.

13 *Entrayld*, twisted together

Or when the flying libbard<sup>1</sup> she did chace,  
She could them nimble move, and after fly apace.

29 And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,  
And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,  
Stuft with steele-headed dartes wherewith she queld  
The salvage beastes in her victorious play,  
Knit with a golden bauldricke which forelay  
Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide  
Her daintie paps ; which, like young fruit in May,  
Now little gan to swell, and being tide,  
Through her thin weed, their places only signifide.

30 Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,  
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,  
And when the winde emongst them did inspyre,<sup>2</sup>  
They waved like a penon wyde dispred,  
And low behinde her backe were scattered :  
And, whether art it were or heedelesse hap,  
As through the flouing forrest rash she fled,  
In her rude<sup>3</sup> heares sweet flowresthemselves did lap,  
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did en-  
wrap.

31 Such as Diana by the sandy shore  
Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene,

<sup>1</sup> *Libbard*, leopard.

<sup>3</sup> *Rude*, disordered.

<sup>2</sup> *Inspyre*, breathe.

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XXX. 1. *Her yellow lockes, &c.*] The yellow locks of Queen Elizabeth enter largely into the descriptions of beauty by the poets of her reign. II.

Where all the nymphes have her unwares forlore,<sup>1</sup>  
 Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,  
 To seeke her game : or as that famous queene  
 Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,  
 The day that first of Priame she was seene,  
 Did shew herselfe in great triumphant ioy,  
 To succour the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

32 Such when as hartlesse<sup>2</sup> Trompart her did vew,  
 He was dismayed in his coward minde,  
 And doubted whether he himselfe should shew,  
 Or fly away, or bide alone behinde ;  
 Both feare and hope he in her face did finde :  
 When she at last, him spying, thus bespake :  
 “ Hayle, groome<sup>3</sup> ; didst not thou see a bleeding  
                   hynde,  
 Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow strake ?  
 If thou didst, tell me, that I may her overtake.”

33 Wherewith reviv'd, this answere forth he threw :  
 “ O goddess, (for such I thee take to bee,)  
 For nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,  
 Nor voyce sound mortall ; I avow to thee,  
 Such wounded beast as that I did not see,  
 Sith earst<sup>4</sup> into this forrest wild I came.

<sup>1</sup> *Forlore*, left.

<sup>2</sup> *Hartlesse*, timid.

<sup>3</sup> *Groome*, man.

<sup>4</sup> *Sith earst*, since first.

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XXXI. 5. — *That famous queene.*] Penthesilea was slain by Achilles. Dares Phrygius, however, a favorite authority of the romance-writers, attributes her death to Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles.

But mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee,  
 To weete which of the gods I shall thee name,  
 That unto thee dew worship I may rightly frame."

34 To whom she thus — But ere her words ensewd,  
 Unto the bush her eye did suddein glaunce,  
 In which vaine Braggadocchio was mewd,<sup>1</sup>  
 And saw it stirre : she lefte her percing launce,  
 And towards gan a deadly shafte advaunce,  
 In mind to marke<sup>2</sup> the beast. At which sad stowre,<sup>3</sup>  
 Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,  
 Out crying : " O, whatever hevenly powre,  
 Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly howre !

35 " O, stay thy hand ! for yonder is no game  
 For thy fiers arrowes, them to exercize ;  
 But loe ! my lord, my liege, whose warlike name  
 Is far renowmd through many bold emprize ;  
 And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies."  
 She staid. With that he crauld out of his nest,  
 Forth creeping on his caitive<sup>4</sup> hands and thies ;  
 And standing stoutly up his lofty crest  
 Did fiercely shake, and rowze as comming late from  
 rest.

36 As fearfull fowle, that long in secret cave  
 For dread of soring hauke herselfe hath hid,  
 Not caring how, her silly life to save,  
 She her gay painted plumes disorderid ;  
 Seeing at last herselfe from daunger rid,

<sup>1</sup> *Mewd*, concealed.

<sup>2</sup> *Marke*, make a mark of.

<sup>3</sup> *Stowre*, danger.

<sup>4</sup> *Caitive*, cowardly.



Peepes forth, and soone renews her native pride ;  
 She gins her feathers fowle disfigured  
 Prowdly to prune,<sup>1</sup> and sett on every side ;  
 So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide.

37 So when her goodly visage he beheld,  
 He gan himselfe to vaunt : but when he vewd  
 Those deadly tooles which in her hand she held,  
 Soone into other fitts he was transmewd,<sup>2</sup>  
 Till she to him her gracious speach renewd :  
 “ All haile, Sir Knight, and well may thee befall,  
 As all the like, which honor have pursewd  
 Through deeds of armes and prowesse martiall !  
 All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all.”

38 To whom he thus : “ O fairest under skie,  
 Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,  
 That warlike feats doest highest glorifie.  
 Therein I have spent all my youthly daies,  
 And many battailes fought and many fraies  
 Throughout the world, wherso they might be found,  
 Endeavoring my dreaded name to raise  
 Above the moone, that Fame may it resound  
 In her eternall tromp with laurell girlond croud.

39 “ But what art thou, O Lady, which doest raunge  
 In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,  
 And doest not it for ioyous court exchange,  
 Emongst thine equall peres, where happy blis  
 And all delight does raigne much more then this

<sup>1</sup> *Prune*, smooth.

<sup>2</sup> *Transmewd*, changed.

There thou maist love, and dearly loved be,  
 And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis ;  
 There maist thou best be seene, and best maist  
 see :

The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fitt for thee."

40 " Whoso in pompe of prowde estate," quoth she,  
 " Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,  
 Does waste his dayes in darke obscuretee,  
 And in oblivion ever buried is :  
 Where ease abownds, yt's eath<sup>1</sup> to doe amis :  
 But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd  
 Behaves<sup>2</sup> with cares, cannot so easy mis.<sup>3</sup>  
 Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,<sup>4</sup>  
 Who seekes with painfull toile, shall Honor soonest  
 fynd :

41 " In woods, in waves, in warres, she wents to dwell,  
 And wil be found with perill and with paine ;  
 Ne can the man, that moulds in ydle cell,  
 Unto her happy mansion attaine :  
 Before her gate High God did sweate ordaine,  
 And wakefull watches ever to abide :  
 But easy is the way and passage plaine  
 To Pleasures pallace : it may soone be spide,  
 And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

42 " In princes court — " The rest she would have  
 sayd,  
 But that the foolish man, fild with delight

<sup>1</sup> *Yt's eath*, it is easy.

<sup>2</sup> *Behaves*, occupies.

<sup>3</sup> *Ms.*, err.

<sup>4</sup> *Kynd*, way.

Of her sweete words that all his sence dismayd,  
 And with her wondrous beauty ravisht quight,  
 Gan burne in filthy lust ; and, leaping light,  
 Thought in his bastard<sup>1</sup> armes her to embrace.  
 With that she, swarving<sup>2</sup> backe, her iavelin bright  
 Against him bent, and fiercely did menáçe :

So turned her about, and fled away apace.

43 Which when the Pesaunt saw, amazd he stood,  
 And grieved at her flight ; yet durst he nott  
 Pursew her steps through wild unknowen wood ;  
 Besides he feard her wrath, and threatned shott,  
 Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgott :  
 Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vayne,<sup>3</sup>  
 But, turning, said to Trompart : “ What fowle blott  
 Is this to knight, that lady should agayne  
 Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so proud dis-  
 dayne ! ”

44 “ Perdy,” said Trompart, “ lett her pas at will,  
 Least by her presence daunger mote befall.  
 For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)  
 But that shee is some powre celestiall ?  
 For, whiles she spake, her great words did apall  
 My feeble corage, and my heart oppresse,  
 That yet I quake and tremble over all.<sup>4</sup> ”  
 “ And I,” said Braggadocchio, “ thought no lesse,  
 When first I heard her horn sound with such ghash-  
 liness.

<sup>1</sup> *Bastard*, base.

<sup>2</sup> *Swarving*, swerving.

<sup>3</sup> *Vayne*, useless to him.

<sup>4</sup> *Over all*, everywhere.

45 “ For from my mothers wombe this grace I have  
 Me given by eternall destiny,  
 That earthly thing may not my corage brave  
 Dismay with feare, or cause on<sup>1</sup> foote to flye,  
 But either hellish feends, or powres on hye :  
 Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard,  
 Weening it had beene thunder in the skye,  
 I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard ;  
 But, when I other knew, my selfe I boldly reard.

46 “ But now, for feare of worse that may betide,  
 Let us soone hence depart.” They soone agree :  
 So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride  
 As one unfitt therefore, that all might see  
 He had not trayned bene in chevalree.  
 Which well that valiaunt courser did discernē ;  
 For he despisd to tread in dew degree,<sup>2</sup>  
 But chaufd and fom’d with corage fiers and sterne,  
 And to be easd of that base burden still did erne.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *On*, one.

<sup>2</sup> *Dew degree*, proper step.

<sup>3</sup> *Erne*, yearn.

## CANTO IV.

Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,  
 And stops Occasion.  
 Delivers Phaon, and therefore  
 By Strife is rayld uppon.

1 IN brave poursuitt of honorable deed,  
 There is I know not what great difference  
 Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,  
 Which unto things of valorous pretence  
 Seemes to be borne by native influence ;  
 As feates of armes ; and love to entertaine :  
 But chiefly skill to ride seemes a sciénce  
 Proper to gentle blood : some others faine  
 To menage steeds, as did this vaunter ; but in vaine.

2 But he, the rightfull owner of that steede,  
 Who well could menage and subdew his pride,  
 The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed<sup>1</sup>  
 With that blacke Palmer, his most trusty guide,  
 Who suffred not his wandring feete to slide ;  
 But when strong passion, or weake fleshlinesse,

<sup>1</sup> *Yeed, go.*

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II. 1. — *But he, &c.*] The adventures of Sir Guyon are resumed from Canto III. stanza 3. II.

Would from the right way seeke to draw him wide,  
 He would, through temperaunce and stedfastnesse,  
 Teach him the weak to strengthen, and the strong  
 suppressse.

3 It fortun'd, forth faring on his way,  
 He saw from far, or seemed for to see,  
 Some troublous uprore or contentious fray,  
 Whereto he drew in hast it to agree.<sup>1</sup>  
 A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,  
 Drew by the heare along upon the grownd  
 A handsom stripling with great crueltee,  
 Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a wownd,  
 That cheekes with teares, and sydes with blood, did all  
 abownd.<sup>2</sup>

4 And him behynd a wicked hag did stalke,  
 In ragged robes and filthy disaray;  
 Her other leg<sup>3</sup> was lame, that she no'te<sup>4</sup> walke,  
 But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay:  
 Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,  
 Grew all afore, and loosly hong unrold;  
 But all behinde was bald, and worne away,  
 That none thereof could ever taken hold;  
 And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinckles old.

<sup>1</sup> *Agree*, settle.

<sup>4</sup> *No'te*, (ne mote,) could not.

<sup>2</sup> *Abownd*, flow.

<sup>3</sup> *Other leg*, (a classic idiom,) one of her two legs (not her *left* leg.) C.

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IV. 6. — *Grew all afore.*] Time is also represented in pictures as having hair only on the front of his head; whence the expression of "taking time by the forelock." H.

6 And, ever as she went, her tounge did walke <sup>1</sup>  
 In fowle reproch and termes of vile despight,  
 Provoking him, by her outrageous talke,  
 To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight :  
 Somtimes she raught <sup>2</sup> him stones, wherwith to smite ;  
 Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,  
 Withouten which she could not goe upright ;  
 Ne any evill meanes she did forbear,  
 That might him move to wrath, and indignation reare. <sup>3</sup>

6 The noble Guyon, mov'd with great remorse, <sup>4</sup>  
 Approching, first the Hag did thrust away  
 And after, adding more impetuous forse,  
 His mighty hands did on the Madman lay,  
 And pluckt him backe ; who, all on fire streightway,  
 Against him turning all his fell intent,  
 With beastly brutish rage gan him assay, <sup>5</sup>  
 And smott, and bitt, and kickt, and scratcht, and  
 rent,  
 And did he wist not what in his avengement.

7 And sure he was a man of mickle might,  
 Had he had governaunce it well to guyde :  
 But, when the frantick fit inflamd his spright,  
 His force was vaine, and strooke more often wyde  
 Then at the aymed marke which he had eyde :  
 And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt unwares,  
 Whylest reason, blent <sup>6</sup> through passion, nought  
 descryde ;

<sup>1</sup> *Walke*, move.

<sup>2</sup> *Raught*, reached.

<sup>3</sup> *Reare*, raise.

<sup>4</sup> *Remorse*, pity.

<sup>5</sup> *Assay*, attack.

<sup>6</sup> *Blent*, blinded.

But, as a blindfold bull, at randon <sup>1</sup> fares,  
 And where he hits nought knowes, and whom he  
 hurts nought cares.

8 His rude assault and rugged handeling  
 Straunge seemed to the Knight, that aye with foe  
 In fayre defence and goodly menaging  
 Of armes was wont to fight ; yet nathēmoe <sup>2</sup>  
 Was he abashed now, not fighting so ;  
 But, more enfierced through his currish play,  
 Him sternly grypt, and, hailing <sup>3</sup> to and fro,  
 To overthrow him strongly did assay,  
 But overthrew himsele unwares, and lower <sup>4</sup> lay :

9 And being downe, the Villein sore did beate  
 And bruze with clownish fistes his manly face :  
 And eke the Hag, with many a bitter threat,  
 Still cald upon to kill him in the place.<sup>5</sup>  
 With whose reproch, and odious menáce,  
 The Knight emboying <sup>6</sup> in his haughtie hart  
 Knitt all his forces, and gan soone unbrace  
 His grasping hold : so lightly did upstart,  
 And drew his deadly weapon to maintaine his part.

10 Which when the Palmer saw, he londly cryde,  
 “ Not so, O Guyon, never thinke that so  
 That monster can be maistred or destroyd :  
 He is not, ah ! he is not such a foe  
 As steele can wound, or strength can overthrooe.

<sup>1</sup> *Randon*, random.

<sup>2</sup> *Nathēmoe*, none the more.

<sup>3</sup> *Hailing*, hauling.

<sup>4</sup> *Lower*, underneath his antagonist.

<sup>5</sup> *In the place*, i. e. where he was.

<sup>6</sup> *Emboying*, boiling with rage.



That same is Furor, cursed cruel wight,  
 That unto knighthood workes much shame and woe ;  
 And that same hag, his aged mother, hight<sup>1</sup>  
 Occasion : the roote of all wrath and despight.

11 " With her, whoso will raging Furor tame,  
 Must first begin, and well her amenage<sup>2</sup> :  
 First her restraine from her reprochfull blame  
 And evill meanes, with which she doth enrage  
 Her frantick sonne, and kindles his corage ;  
 Then, when she is withdrawne or strong withstood,  
 It's eath<sup>3</sup> his ydle fury to aswage,  
 And calme the tempest of his passion wood<sup>4</sup> :  
 The bankes are overflowne when stopped is the flood."

12 Therewith Sir Guyon left his first emprise,<sup>5</sup>  
 And, turning to that woman, fast her hent<sup>6</sup>  
 By the hoare lockes that hong before her eyes,  
 And to the ground her threw : yet n'ould<sup>7</sup> she stent<sup>8</sup>  
 Her bitter rayling and foule revilement ;  
 But still provokt her sonne to wreake<sup>9</sup> her wrong :  
 But nathëlesse he did her still torment,  
 And, catching hold of her ungratious tonge,  
 Thereon an yron lock did fasten firme and strong.

<sup>1</sup> *Hight*, is named.

<sup>2</sup> *Amenage*, manage.

<sup>3</sup> *Eath*, easy.

<sup>4</sup> *Wood*, mad.

<sup>5</sup> *Emprise*, enterprise.

<sup>6</sup> *Hent*, seized.

<sup>7</sup> *N'ould*, would not.

<sup>8</sup> *Stent*, stop.

<sup>9</sup> *Wreake*, avenge.

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XI. 9. — *When stopped is the flood.*] The advice of the Palmer teaches us that the only way in which a habit of passion is to be conquered, is by being on our guard against those particular occasions which call it into exercise. II.

13 Then, whenas use of speach was from her reft,  
 With her two crooked handes she signes did **make**,  
 And beckned him ; the last help she had left :  
 But he that last-left helpe away did take,  
 And both her handes fast bound unto a stake,  
 That she note<sup>1</sup> stirre. Then gan her sonne to flye  
 Full fast away, and did her quite forsake :  
 But Guyon after him in hast did hye,  
 And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitye.

14 In his strong armes he stifyl him embraste,  
 Who him gain-striving<sup>2</sup> nought at all prevailld ;  
 For all his power was utterly defaste,<sup>3</sup>  
 And furious fitts at earst<sup>4</sup> quite weren<sup>5</sup> quaild :  
 Oft he re'nforst,<sup>6</sup> and oft his forces fayld,  
 Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor slack.  
 Then him to ground he east, and rudely hayld,<sup>7</sup>  
 And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,  
 And both his feet in fetters to an yron rack.

15 With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,  
 And hundred knots, that did him sore constraine :  
 Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind  
 And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine :  
 His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes<sup>8</sup> did staine  
 Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fyre ;

<sup>1</sup> Note, could not.

<sup>2</sup> Gain-striving, resisting.

<sup>3</sup> Defaste, overcome.

<sup>4</sup> At earst, instantly.

<sup>5</sup> Weren, were.

<sup>6</sup> Re'nforst, made new efforts.

<sup>7</sup> Hayld, hauled.

<sup>8</sup> Strakes, streaks.

And, more for ranck despight then for great paine,  
 Shakt his long locks colourd like copper-wyre,  
 And bitt his tawny beard to shew his raging yre.

16 Thus whenas Guyon Furor had captívd,  
 Turning about he saw that wretched Squyre,  
 Whom that mad man of life nigh late deprívd,  
 Lying on ground, all soild with blood and myre :  
 Whom whenas he perceived to respyre,  
 He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dresse.  
 Being at last recured,<sup>1</sup> he gan inquire  
 What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,  
 And made that caytives thrall, the thrall of wretched-  
 nesse.

17 With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,  
 “Fayre Sir,” quoth he, “what man can shun the hap,  
 That hidden lyes unwares him to surpryse ?  
 Misfortune waites advantage to entrap  
 The man most wary in her whelming lap.  
 So me, weake wretch, of many weakest one,

<sup>1</sup> *Recured*, restored.

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XVII. 2. — “*Fayre Sir*,” *quoth he*, &c.] The narrative which follows is found in the fifth book of the Orlando Furioso; and will remind the reader of a part of the plot of Shakespeare’s “*Much Ado about Nothing*.”

XVII. 6. — The last four lines of this stanza are given as improved in the second edition. In the first, they stand: —

“So me, weake wretch, of many weakest *wretch*,  
 Unweeting and unware of such mishap,  
 She brought to mischiefe through *her guiltful trech*,  
 Where this same wicked Villein did me *wandring ketch*.” C

Unweeting and unware of such mishap,  
 She brought to mischief through occasion,  
 Where this same wicked Villein did me light upon.

18 " It was a faithlesse squire, that was the sourse  
 Of all my sorrow and of these sad teares,  
 With whom from tender dug of commune nourse  
 Attonce I was upbrought ; and eft,<sup>1</sup> when yeares  
 More rype us reason lent to chose our peares,<sup>2</sup>  
 Ourselves in league of vowed love wee knitt ;  
 In which we long time, without gealous feares  
 Or faultie thoughts, contynewd as was fitt ;  
 And, for my part I vow, dissembled not a whit.

19 " It was my fortune, commune to that age,  
 To love a lady fayre of great degree,  
 The which was borne of noble parentage,  
 And set in highest seat of dignitee,  
 Yet seemd no lesse to love then loved to bee ;  
 Long I her serv'd, and found her faithfull still,  
 Ne ever thing could cause us disagree :  
 Love, that two harts makes one, makes eke one will  
 Each strove to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

20 " My friend, hight Philemon, I did partake<sup>3</sup>  
 Of all my love and all my privitie ;  
 Who greatly ioyous seemed for my sake,  
 And gracious to that lady, as to mee ;  
 Ne ever wight, that mote so welcome bee

<sup>1</sup> *Eft*, afterwards.

<sup>3</sup> *Partake*, made **partaker**.

<sup>2</sup> *Peares*, companions.

As he to her, withouten blott or blame ;  
 Ne ever thing, that she could thinke or see,  
 But unto him she would impart the same :  
 O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle dame !

21 “ At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,  
 That I that lady to my spouse had wonne ;  
 Accord of friendes, consent of parents sought,  
 Affyaunce made, my happinesse begonne,  
 There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,  
 Which mariage make : That day too farre did seeme !  
 Most ioyous man on whom the shining sunne  
 Did shew his face, myselfe I did esteeme,  
 And that my falsen friend did no lesse ioyous deeme.

22 “ But, ear that wished day his beame disclosd,  
 He, either envying my toward good,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or of himselfe to treason ill disposd,  
 One day unto me came in friendly mood,  
 And told, for secret, how he understood  
 That lady, whom I had to me assynd,  
 Had both distaind her honorable blood,  
 And eke the faith which she to me did bynd ;  
 And therefore wisht me stay, till I more truth should  
 fynd.

23 “ The gnawing anguish, and sharp gelosy,  
 Which his sad speach infixd in my brest,  
 Ranckled so sore, and festred inwardly,  
 That my engreeved mind could find no rest,

<sup>1</sup> *Toward good*, approaching happiness.

Till that the truth thereof I did out wrest<sup>1</sup>;  
 And him besought, by that same sacred band  
 Betwixt us both, to counsell me the best :  
 He then with solemne oath and plighted hand  
 Assurd, ere long the truth to let me understand.

24 “ Ere long with like againe he boorded<sup>2</sup> mee,  
 Saying, he now had boulted all the floure,  
 And that it was a groome of base degree,  
 Which of my love was partener paramoure ;  
 Who used in a darkesome inner bowre<sup>3</sup>  
 Her oft to meete : which better to approve,  
 He promised to bring me at that howre,  
 When I should see that would me nearer move,  
 And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love.

25 “ This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his  
 guile,  
 Did court the handmayd of my lady deare,  
 Who, glad t’ embosome his affection vile,  
 Did all she might more pleasing to appeare.  
 One day, to worke her to his will more neare,  
 He woo’d her thus : “ Pryen  ,” (so she hight,)  
 “ What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,  
 Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,  
 That it should not deface all others lesser light ?

<sup>1</sup> *Out wrest*, extort.

<sup>3</sup> *Bowre*, chamber.

<sup>2</sup> *Boorded*, accosted.

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XXIV. 2. — *Had boulted all the floure.*] Had sifted the whole matter. H.

26 “ ‘ But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,  
 T<sup>r</sup> adorne thy forme according<sup>1</sup> thy desart,  
 Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone have blent,<sup>2</sup>  
 And staynd their prayses with thy least good part ;  
 Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,  
 Though she thy lady be, approach thee neare :  
 For prooffe thereof, this evening, as thou art,  
 Aray thyselfe, in her most gorgeous geare,<sup>3</sup>  
 That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.’

27 “ The mayden, proud through praise and mad  
 through love,  
 Him hearkned to, and soone herselfe arayd ;  
 The whiles to me the treachour<sup>4</sup> did remove  
 His craftie engin ; and, as he had sayd,  
 Me leading, in a secret corner layd,  
 The sad spectatour of my tragedie :  
 Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,  
 Disguised like that groome of base degree,  
 Whom he had feignd th’ abuser of my love to bee.

28 “ Eftsoones<sup>5</sup> he came unto th’ appointed place,  
 And with him brought Pryené, rich arayd,  
 In Claribellaes clothes : her proper face  
 I not discerned in that darkesome shade,  
 But weend it was my love with whom he playd.

<sup>1</sup> *According*, according to.

<sup>2</sup> *Blent*, blinded, eclipsed.

<sup>3</sup> *Geare*, dress.

<sup>4</sup> *Treachour*, traitor.

<sup>5</sup> *Eftsoones*, immediately.

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XXVI. 7. — *As thou art.*] Array thyself as thou art; put on a dress corresponding to thy beauty. C.

Ah God! what horroure and tormenting grieffe  
 My hart, my handes, mine eyes, and all assayd!  
 Me liefer<sup>1</sup> were ten thousand deathës priefe<sup>2</sup>  
 Then wounde of gealous worme, and shame of such  
 repriefe.<sup>3</sup>

29 "I home retourning, fraught with fowle despight,  
 And chawing vengeance all the way I went,  
 Soone as my loathed love appeared in sight,  
 With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent;  
 That after soone I dearely did lament:  
 For, when the cause of that outrageous deede  
 Demanded I made plaine and evident,  
 Her faultie handmayd, which that bale<sup>4</sup> did breede,  
 Confest how Philemon her wrought to change her  
 weede.

30 "Which when I heard, with horrible affright  
 And hellish fury all enragd, I sought  
 Upon myselfe that vengeable<sup>5</sup> despight  
 To punish. Yet it better first I thought  
 To wreake my wrath on him that first it wrought:  
 To Philemon, false faytour<sup>6</sup> Philemon,  
 I cast<sup>7</sup> to pay that I so dearely bought:  
 Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,  
 And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.

31 "Thus heaping crime on crime, and grieffe on grieffe,  
 To losse of love adioyning losse of frend,

<sup>1</sup> *Liefer*, preferable.

<sup>2</sup> *Priefe*, proof, experience.

<sup>3</sup> *Repriefe*, reproach.

<sup>4</sup> *Bale*, mischief.

<sup>5</sup> *Vengeable*, revengeful. St. 46. 2.

<sup>6</sup> *False faytour*, deceiver.

<sup>7</sup> *Cast*, devised.



I meant to purge both with a third mischíefe,  
 And in my woes beginner it to end :  
 That was Pryené ; she did first offend,  
 She last should smart. With which cruell intent,  
 When I at her my murdrous blade did bend,  
 She fled away with ghastly dreriment,<sup>1</sup>  
 And I, poursewing my fell purpose, after went.

32 “ Feare gave her wings, and rage enforst my flight :  
 Through woods and plaines so long I did her chace,  
 Till this Mad Man, whom your victorious might.  
 Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space :  
 As I her, so he me poursewd apace,  
 And shortly overtooke : I, breathing yre,  
 Sore chauffed<sup>2</sup> at my stay in such a cace,  
 And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre ;  
 Which kindled once, his mother did more rage in-  
 spyre.

33 “ Betwixt them both they have me doen to dye,  
 Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborne han-  
 dëling,  
 That death were better then such agony,  
 As griefe and fury unto me did bring ;  
 Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,  
 That during life will never be appeasd !”  
 When he thus ended had his sorrowing,  
 Said Guyon : “ Squire, sore have ye becne diseasd ;  
 But all your hurts may soone through temperance be  
 easd.”

<sup>1</sup> *Dreriment*, terror.

<sup>2</sup> *Chauffed*, chafed.

34 Then gan the Palmer thus: "Most wretched man,  
 That to affections<sup>1</sup> does the bridle lend!  
 In their beginning they are weake and wan,  
 But soone through suff'rance growe to fearefull end:  
 Whiles they are weake, betimes with them contend;  
 For, when they once to perfect strength do grow,  
 Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend  
 Gainst fort of Reason, it to overthrow:  
 Wrath, Gelosy, Griefe, Love, this Squyre have laide  
 thus low.

35 "Wrath, Gealositie, Griefe, Love, do thus expell:  
 Wrath is a fire; and Gealositie a weede;  
 Griefe is a flood; and Love a monster fell;  
 The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seede;  
 The flood of drops, the monster filth did breede:  
 But sparks, seed, drops, and filth, do thus delay<sup>2</sup>;  
 The sparks soone quench, the springing seed out-  
 weed,  
 The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away:  
 So shall Wrath, Gealositie, Griefe, Love, die and decay."

36 "Unlucky Squyre," saide Guyon, "sith thou hast  
 Falne into mischief through intemperaunce,  
 Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,  
 And guyde thy waies with warie governaunce,  
 Least worse betide thee by some later chaunce.  
 But read<sup>3</sup> how art thou nam'd, and of what kin."  
 "Phaon I hight," quoth he, "and do advaunce<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Affections*, passions.

<sup>4</sup> *Advaunce*, boast; perhaps, deduce.

<sup>2</sup> *Delay*, do thou allay, abate.

<sup>3</sup> *Read*, declare.

Mine auncestry from famous Coradin,  
Who first to rayse our house to honour did begin.”

37 Thus as he spake, lo ! far away they spyde  
A varlet<sup>1</sup> ronning towardes hastily,  
Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,  
That round about a cloud of dust did fly,  
Which, mingled all with sweate, did dim his eye.  
He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, whot,<sup>2</sup>  
And all so soylde, that none could him descry.  
His countenance was bold, and bashed not  
For Guyons lookes, but scornefull ey-glance at him  
shot.

38 Behind his backe he bore a brasen shield,  
On which was drawn faire, in colours fit,  
A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,  
And round about the wreath this word<sup>3</sup> was writ :  
*Burnt I doe burne.* Right well beseemed it  
To be the shield of some redoubted knight :  
And in his hand two dartes exceeding flit<sup>4</sup>  
And deadly sharp he held, whose heads were dight<sup>5</sup>  
In poyson and in blood of malice and despight.

39 When he in presence came, to Guyon first  
He boldly spake : “ Sir Knight, if knight thou bee,  
Abandon this forestalled place at erst,<sup>6</sup>  
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee ;  
Or bide the chaunce at thine owne ieopardie.”

1 *Varlet*, a servant to a knight.

2 *Whot*, hot.

3 *Word*, motto.

4 *F'lit*, fleet.

5 *Dight*, prepared, dipped

6 *At erst*, instantly.

The Knight at his great boldnesse wondered ;  
 And, though he scornd his ydle vanitee,  
 Yet mildly him to purpose answered ;  
 For not to grow of nought he it coniectured :

40 “ Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,  
 Yielded by him that held it forcibly :  
 But whence shold come that harme, which thou  
     dost seeme  
 To threat to him that mindes<sup>1</sup> his chaunce t'  
     abye<sup>2</sup> ? ”  
 “ Perdy,” sayd he, “ here comes, and is hard by,  
 A knight of wondrous powre and great assay,  
 That never yet encountred enemy,  
 But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay ;  
 Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay.”

41 “ How hight he then,” sayd Guyon, “ and from  
     whence ? ”  
 “ Pyrochles is his name, renommed farre  
 For his bold feates and hardy confidence,  
 Full oft approvd in many a cruell warre ;  
 The brother of Cymochles ; both which arre  
 The sonnes of old Acrates and Despight ;  
 Acrates, sonne of Phlegeton and Iarre ;  
 But Phlegeton is sonne of Herebus and Night ;  
 But Herebus sonne of Aeternitie is hight.

<sup>1</sup> *Mindes*, is of a mind.

<sup>2</sup> *Abye*, abide.

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XLI. Pyrochles means fiery-tempered; Cymochles, fluctuating and contentions like the waves of the sea; Acrates, unmanageable. Here is Discord. C.

12 "So from immortall race he does proceede,  
 That mortall hands may not withstand his might,  
 Drad<sup>1</sup> for his derring-doe<sup>2</sup> and bloody deed ;  
 For all in blood and spoile is his delight.  
 His am I Atin,<sup>3</sup> his in wrong and right,  
 That matter make for him to worke upon,  
 And stirre him up to strife and cruell fight.  
 Fly therefore, fly this fearfull stead<sup>4</sup> anon,  
 Least thy foolhardize worke thy sad confusion."

"His be that care whom most it doth concerne,"  
 Sayd he: "but whether with such hasty flight  
 Art thou now bownd? for well mote I discerne  
 Great cause that carries thee so swifte and light."  
 "My lord," quoth he, "me sent, and streight be-  
 hight<sup>5</sup>

To seeke Occasion, where so she bee :  
 For he is all disposd to bloody fight,  
 And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltee ;  
 Hard is his hap, that first fals in his ieopardie."

14 "Mad man," said then the Palmer, "that does seeke  
 Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife ;  
 Shee comes unsought, and shonned followes eke.  
 Happy who can abstaine, when Rancor rife  
 Kindles revenge, and threats his rusty knife :  
 Woe never wants, where every cause is caught :  
 And rash Occasion makes unquiet life !"

<sup>1</sup> *Drad*, dreaded.

<sup>5</sup> *Streight behight*, strictly commanded.

<sup>2</sup> *Derring-doe*, bold acts.

<sup>3</sup> *Atin*, i. e. the Mischief-maker.

*Stead*, place.

“Then loe! wher bound she sits, whom thou hast  
sought,”

Said Guyon; “let that message to thy lord be  
brought.”

45 That when the Varlett heard and saw, streightway  
He wexed wondrous wroth, and said: “Vile Knight,  
That knights and knighthood doest with shame  
upbray,<sup>1</sup>

And shewst th’ ensample of thy childishe might,  
With silly, weake old woman that did \* fight!

Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou gott,  
And stoutly prov’d thy puissaunce here in sight!

That shall Pyrochles well requite, I wott,

And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blott.”

46 With that, one of his thrillant<sup>2</sup> darts he threw,  
Headed with yre and vengeable<sup>3</sup> despight:

The quivering steele his aymed end wel knew,

And to his brest itselke intended right:

But he was wary, and, ere it empight<sup>4</sup>

In the meant marke, advaunst his shield atweene,

On which it seizing no way enter might,

But backe rebownding left the forekhead keene:

Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be  
sene.

<sup>1</sup> *Upbray*, upbraid, bring reproach upon.

<sup>2</sup> *Thrillant*, piercing.

<sup>3</sup> *Vengeable*, revengeful.

<sup>4</sup> *Empight*, fixed itself.

## CANTO V.

Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,  
 And Furors chayne untyes,  
 Who him sore wounds; whiles Atin to  
 Cymochles for ayd flyes.

1 WHOEVER doth to Temperaunce apply  
 His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,  
 Trust me, shal find no greater enemy,  
 Then stubborne Perturbation, to the same ;  
 To which right wel the wise doe give that name ;  
 For it the goodly peace of staid<sup>1</sup> mindes  
 Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclame :  
 His owne woes author, who so bound it findes,  
 As did Pyrochles, and it wilfully unbindes.

2 After that Varlets flight, it was not long  
 Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guyon spide  
 One in bright arnes embatteiled<sup>2</sup> full strong,  
 That, as the sunny beames doe glaunce and glide  
 Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,

<sup>1</sup> *Staid*, composed.

<sup>2</sup> *Embatteiled*, armed for battle.

---

I. 8. — *His owne woes author, &c.*] He is the author of his own woes, who finds Perturbation bound, and unbinds him wilfully, as Pyrochles did. — *Perturbation* is the same as *Furor*. II.

And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,  
 That seemd him to enflame on every side :  
 His steed was bloody red, and fomed yre,  
 When with the maistring spur he did him roughly  
 stire.<sup>1</sup>

3 Approching nigh, he never staid to greete,  
 Ne chaffar words, prowde corage to prvooke,  
 But prickt so fiers, that underneath his feete  
 The smouldring<sup>2</sup> dust did rownd about him smoke,  
 Both horse and man nigh able for to choke ;  
 And, fayrly couching his steeleheaded speare,  
 Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke :  
 It booted nought Sir Guyon, comming neare,  
 To thincke such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare ;

4 But lightly shunned it ; and, passing by,<sup>3</sup>  
 With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,  
 That the sharpe steele, arriving forcibly  
 On his broad shield, bitt not, but glauncing fell  
 On his horse necke before the quilted sell,<sup>4</sup>  
 And from the head the body sundred quight :  
 So him dismounted low he did compell  
 On foot with him to matchen equall fight ;  
 The truncked beast fast bleeding did him fowly  
 dight.<sup>5</sup>

5 Sore bruized with the fall he slow uprose,  
 And all enraged thus him loudly shent<sup>6</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> *Stire*, stir, prick.

<sup>2</sup> *Smouldring*, smothering.

<sup>3</sup> *Passing by*, as he passed by.

<sup>4</sup> *Sell*, saddle.

<sup>5</sup> *Dight*, distain.

<sup>6</sup> *Shent*, upbraided.



“Disleall<sup>1</sup> Knight, whose coward corage chose  
 To wreake itselfe on beast all innocent,  
 And shund the marke at which it should be ment<sup>2</sup>;  
 Therby thine armes seem strong, but manhood  
 frayl:

So hast thou oft with guile thine honor blent<sup>3</sup>;  
 But litle may such guile thee now avayl,  
 If wanted force and fortune doe me not much fayl.”

6 With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke  
 At him so fiercely, that the upper marge<sup>4</sup>  
 Of his sevenfolded shield away it tooke,  
 And, glauncing on his helmet, made a large  
 And open gash therein: were not his targe  
 That broke the violence of his intent,  
 The weary sowle from thence it would discharge;  
 Nathelesse so sore a buff to him it lent,  
 That made him reele, and to his brest his bever<sup>5</sup>  
 bent.

7 Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow,  
 And much ashamd that stroke of living arme  
 Should him dismay, and make him stoup so low,  
 Though otherwise it did him litle harme:  
 Tho,<sup>6</sup> hurling high his yron-braced<sup>7</sup> arme,  
 He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,  
 That all his left side it did quite disarm;

<sup>1</sup> *Disleall*, disloyal.

<sup>2</sup> *Ment*, aimed.

<sup>3</sup> *Bever*, the part of the helmet which, when let down, covered the face.

<sup>4</sup> *Tho*, then.

VOL. I.

<sup>5</sup> *Blent*, debased.

<sup>4</sup> *Murge*, edge, or rim.

<sup>7</sup> *Yron-braced*, braced with iron armor.

Yet there the steele stayd not, but inly bate<sup>1</sup>  
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red floodgate.

8 Deadly dismayd with horror of that dint  
Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre ;  
Yet nathëmore<sup>2</sup> did it his fury stint,  
But added flame unto his former fire,  
That wel-nigh molt<sup>3</sup> his hart in raging yre :  
Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward,  
Or strike, or hurtle<sup>4</sup> rownd in warlike gyre,<sup>5</sup>  
Remembred he, ne car'd for his saufgard,  
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruel tygre far'd.<sup>6</sup>

9 He hewd, and lasht, and foynd,<sup>7</sup> and thondred  
blowes,  
And every way did seeke into his life ;  
Ne plate, ne male, could ward so mightly throwes,<sup>8</sup>  
But yeilded passage to his cruell knife.  
But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,  
Was wary wise, and closely did awayt  
Avauntage, whilst his foe did rage most rife ;  
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him strayt,  
And falsed<sup>9</sup> oft his blowes t'illude him with such  
bayt.

10 Like as a lyon, whose imperiall powre  
A prowde rebellious unicorne defyes,

<sup>1</sup> *Bate*, bit.

<sup>2</sup> *Nathëmore*, none the more

<sup>3</sup> *Molt*, melted.

<sup>4</sup> *Hurtle*, skirmish.

<sup>5</sup> *Gyre*, circle.

<sup>6</sup> *Far'd*, proceeded.

<sup>7</sup> *Foynd*, pushed as in **fencing**.

<sup>8</sup> *Throwes*, strokes.

<sup>9</sup> *Falsed*, make feigned **passes**.

I' avoide the rash assault and wrathfull stowre  
 Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applies,  
 And when him ronning in full course he spyes,  
 He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast  
 His precious horne, sought of his enimy,es,  
 Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,  
 But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

11 With such faire sleight him Guyon often fayld,<sup>2</sup>  
 Till at the last all breathlesse, weary, faint,  
 Him spying, with fresh onsett he assayld,  
 And, kindling new his corage seeming queint,<sup>8</sup>  
 Strooke him so hugely, that through great con-  
 straint

He made him stoup perforce unto his knee,  
 And doe unwilling worship to the Saint,  
 That on his shield depainted he did see;  
 Such homage till that instant never learned hee.

12 Whom Guyon seeing stoup, poursewed fast  
 The present offer of faire victory,  
 And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,  
 Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so hye,  
 That streight on grownd made him full low to lye;  
 Then on his brest his victor foote he thrust:  
 With that he cryde: "Mercy, doe me not dye,

<sup>1</sup> *Stowre*, assault.

<sup>8</sup> *Queint*, quenched.

<sup>2</sup> *Fayld*, foiled.

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XI. 7. — *The Saint.*] The image of Gloriana, which Sir Guyon  
 had upon his shield. See Canto I. 28, VIII. 43. II.

Ne deeme <sup>1</sup> thy force by fortunes doome uniust,  
That hath (maugre <sup>2</sup> her spight) thus low me laid in  
dust."

13 Eftsoones his cruel hand Sir Guyon stayd,  
Tempring the passion with advizement <sup>3</sup> slow,  
And maistring might <sup>4</sup> on enemy dismayd ;  
For th' equall die of warre he well did know :  
Then to him said : " Live, and alleageaunce owe  
To him, that gives thee life and liberty ;  
And henceforth by this daies ensample trow,  
That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardry, <sup>5</sup>  
Doe breede repentaunce late, and lasting infamy."

14 So up he let him rise ; who, with grim looke  
And count'naunce sterne upstanding, gan to grind  
His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke  
His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,  
Knotted in blood and dust, for griefe of mind  
That he in ods of armes was conquered ;  
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,  
That him so noble knight had maystered ;  
Whose bounty <sup>6</sup> more then might, yet both, he won-  
dered.

15 Which Guyon marking said : " Be nought agriev'd.  
Sir Knight, that thus ye now subdewed arre :

<sup>1</sup> *Deeme*, judge, estimate.

<sup>2</sup> *Maugre*, ill thanks to, curse on.

<sup>3</sup> *Advizement*, consideration.

<sup>4</sup> *Maistring might*, i. e. refraining from exercising his power.

<sup>5</sup> *Hazardry*, rashness.

<sup>6</sup> *Bounty*, generosity.

Was never man, who most conquêtes atchiev'd,  
 But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre ;  
 Yet shortly gaynd, that<sup>1</sup> losse exceeded farre :  
 Losse is no shame, nor to bee lesse then foe ;  
 But to bee lesser then himselfe doth marre  
 Both losers lott, and victours prayse alsóe ;  
 Vaine others overthrowes<sup>2</sup> who selfe doth overthrow.

16 “ Fly, O Pyrochles, fly the dreadfull warre  
 That in thyselfe thy lesser<sup>3</sup> partes doe move :  
 Outrageous Anger, and woe-working Iarre,  
 Direfull Impatience, and hart-murdring Love :  
 Those, those thy foes, those warriors, far remove,  
 Which thee to endlesse bale<sup>4</sup> captivéd lead.  
 But, sith in might thou didst my mercy prove,  
 Of courtesie to mee the cause aread<sup>5</sup>  
 That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread.”

17 “ Dreadlesse,<sup>6</sup>” said he, that shall I soone declare :  
 It was complaind that thou hadst done great tort<sup>7</sup>  
 Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,  
 And thralld her in chaines with strong effort,  
 Voide of all succour and needfull comfort ;  
 That ill beseemes thee, such as I thee see,  
 To worke such shame : Therefore I thee exhort  
 To change thy will, and set Occasion free,  
 And to her captive sonne yield his first libertee.”

<sup>1</sup> *That*, that which.

<sup>2</sup> *Overthrowes*, i. e. in vain he overthrows others, &c.

<sup>3</sup> *Lesser*, inferior.

<sup>4</sup> *Bale*, sorrow.

<sup>5</sup> *Aread*, declare.

<sup>6</sup> *Dreadlesse*, without fear.

<sup>7</sup> *Tort*, wrong.

18 Thereat Sir Guyon smylde : “ And is that all,”  
 Said he, “ that thee so sore displeased hath ?  
 Great mercy<sup>1</sup> sure, for to enlarge a thrall,  
 Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest scath<sup>2</sup> !  
 Nath’lesse now quench thy whott<sup>3</sup> emboyling wrath  
 Loe ! there they bee ; to thee I yield them free.”  
 Thereat he, wondrous glad, out of the path  
 Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,  
 And gan to breake the bands of their captivitee.

19 Soone as Occasion felt herselfe untyde,  
 Before her sonne could well assoyled<sup>4</sup> bee,  
 She to her use<sup>5</sup> returnd, and streight defyde  
 Both Guyon and Pyrochles ; th’ one (said shee)  
 Bycause he wonne ; the other, because hee  
 Was wonne : So matter did she make of nought,  
 To stirre up strife, and garre<sup>6</sup> them disagree :  
 But, soone as Furor was enlargd, she sought  
 To kindle his quencht fyre, and thousand causes  
 wrought.

20 It was not long ere she inflam’d him so,  
 That he would algates<sup>7</sup> with Pyrochles fight,  
 And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,  
 Because he had not well mainteind his right,  
 But yielded had to that same straunger knight.  
 Now gan Pyrochles wex as wood<sup>8</sup> as hee,

<sup>1</sup> *Great mercy*, great thanks it deserves.

<sup>2</sup> *Scath*, injury.

<sup>6</sup> *Garre*, make.

<sup>3</sup> *Whott*, hot.

<sup>7</sup> *Algates*, by all means.

<sup>4</sup> *Assoyled*, released.

<sup>8</sup> *Wood*, mad.

<sup>5</sup> *Use*, usual habits.

And him affronted<sup>1</sup> with impatient might :  
 So both together fiers engrasped bee,  
 Whyles Guyon standing by their uncouth strife does  
 see.

21 Him all that while Occasion did provoke  
 Against Pyrochles, and new matter fram'd  
 Upon the old, him stirring to bee wroke<sup>2</sup>  
 Of his late wronges, in which she oft him blam'd  
 For suffering such abuse as knighthood shan'd,  
 And him dishabled<sup>3</sup> quyte : But he was wise,  
 Ne would with vaine occasions be inflam'd ;  
 Yet others she more urgent did devise :  
 Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

22 Their fell contention still increased more,  
 And more thereby increased Furors might,  
 That he his foe has hurt and wounded sore,  
 And him in blood and durt deformed quight.  
 His mother eke, more to augment his spight,  
 Now brought to him a flaming fyer-broud,  
 Which she in Stygian lake, ay burning bright,  
 Had kindled : that she gave into his hond,  
 That armd with fire more hardly<sup>4</sup> he mote him withstond.

23 Tho<sup>5</sup> gan that Villein wex so fiers and strong,  
 That nothing might sustaine his furious forse :  
 He cast him downe to ground, and all along  
 Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,

<sup>1</sup> *Affronted*, confronted.

<sup>2</sup> *Wroke*, avenged.

<sup>3</sup> *Dishabled*, disparaged.

<sup>4</sup> *Hardly*, hardily.

<sup>5</sup> *Tho*, then.

And fowly battered his comely corse,  
 That Guyon much disdeignd<sup>1</sup> so loathly sight.  
 At last he was compeld to cry perforce,  
 " Help, O Sir Guyon ! helpe, most noble Knight,  
 To ridd a wretched man from handes of hellish wight ! "

24 The Knight was greatly moved at his playnt,  
 And gan him dight<sup>2</sup> to succour his distresse,  
 Till that the Palmer, by his grave restraynt,  
 Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse,  
 And said : " Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth re-  
                   presse,  
 Ne let thy stout hart melt in pittie vayne :  
 He that his sorow sought through wilfulnesse,  
 And his foe fettred would release agayne,  
 Deserves to taste his follies fruit, repented payne."

25 Guyon obeyd : so him away he drew  
 From needlesse trouble of renewing fight  
 Already fought, his voyage to poursew.  
 But rash Pyrochles varlett, Atin hight,  
 When late he saw his lord in heavie plight,  
 Under Sir Guyons puissaunt stroke to fall,  
 Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in sight,  
 Fledd fast away to tell his funerall<sup>3</sup>  
 Unto his brother, whom Cymochles men did call.

26 He was a man of rare redoubted might,  
 Famous throughout the world for warlike prayse,

<sup>1</sup> *Disdeignd*, was indignant at.

<sup>2</sup> *Gan him dight*, was making ready.

<sup>3</sup> *Funerall*, death.



And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight :  
 Full many doughtie knightes he in his dayes  
 Had doen to death, subdewde in equall frayes ;  
 Whose carkases, for terrour of his name,  
 Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous prayes,  
 And hong their conquerd armes for more de-  
 fame<sup>1</sup>

On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest dame.

27 His dearest dame is that Enchaunteresse,  
 The vyle Acrasia, that with vaine delighes,  
 And ydle pleasures in her Bowre of Blisse,  
 Does charme her lovers, and the feeble sprighes  
 Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes ;  
 Whom then she does trasforme to monstrous  
 hewes,  
 And horribly misshapes with ugly sightes,  
 Captiv'd eternally in yron mewes<sup>2</sup>

And darksom dens, where Titan his face never shewes.

28 There Atin fownd Cymochles sojourning,  
 To serve his lemans love : for he by kynd<sup>3</sup>  
 Was given all to lust and loose living,  
 Whenever his fiers handes he free mote fynd :  
 And now he has poured out his ydle mynd  
 In daintie delices<sup>4</sup> and lavish ioyes,  
 Having his warlike weapons cast behynd,  
 And flowes in pleasures and vaine pleasing toyes,  
 Mingled emongst loose ladies and lascivious boyes.

<sup>1</sup> *Defame*, disgrace.

<sup>2</sup> *Mewes*, prisons.

<sup>3</sup> *Kynd*, nature.

<sup>4</sup> *Delices*, delights.

29 And over him Art, stryving to compayre  
 With Nature, did an arber greene dispred,  
 Framed of wanton yvie, flouing fayre,  
 Through which the fragrant eglantine did spred  
 His prickling armes, entrayld<sup>1</sup> with roses red,  
 Which daintie odours round about them threw :  
 And all within with flowres was garnished,  
 That, when myld Zephyrus emongst them blew,  
 Did breath out bounteous smels, and painted colors  
 shew.

30 And fast beside there trickled softly downe  
 A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play  
 Emongst the puny<sup>2</sup> stones, and made a sowne,  
 To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay :  
 The wearie traveiler, wandring that way,  
 Therein did often quench his thristy<sup>3</sup> heat,  
 And then by it his wearie limbes display,<sup>4</sup>  
 (Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget  
 His former payne,) and wypt away his toilsom sweat.

31 And on the other syde a pleasaunt grove  
 Was shott up high, full of the stately tree  
 That dedicated is t' Olympick Iove,  
 And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee

<sup>1</sup> *Entrayld*, entwined.

<sup>2</sup> *Puny*, pumice.

<sup>3</sup> *Thristy*, thirsty.

<sup>4</sup> *Display*, stretch out.

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XXIX. This description of the Bower of Bliss is imitated from Armida's Garden. Tasso, Canto XVI. C.

XXXI. 1. — *And on the other syde, &c.*] The tree dedicated to Iove is the oak; that to Hercules is the poplar. II.

In *Nemus*<sup>1</sup> gayned goodly victoree :  
 Therein the mery birdes of every sorte  
 Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonee,  
 And made emongst themselves a sweete consórt,  
 That quickned the dull spright with musicall comfórt.

32 There he him found all carelesly displaid,  
 In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,  
 On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,  
 Amidst a flock of damzelles fresh and gay,  
 That rownd about him dissolute did play  
 Their wanton follies and light meriments ;  
 Every of which did loosely disaray  
 Her upper partes of meet habiliments,  
 And shewd them naked, dect with many ornaments.

33 And every of them strove with most delights  
 Him to aggrate,<sup>2</sup> and greatest pleasures shew :  
 Some framd faire lookes, glancing like evening lights ;  
 Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew ;  
 Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew  
 The sugred licour through his melting lips :  
 One boastes her beautie, and does yield to vew.  
 Her dainty limbes above her tender hips ;  
 Another her out boastes, and all for tryall strips.

34 He, like an adder lurking in the weedes,  
 His wandring thought in deepe desire does steepe,  
 And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes :  
 Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,  
 Whiles through their lids his wanton cies do peepe,

<sup>1</sup> *Nemus*, i. e. *Nemea*.

<sup>2</sup> *Aggrate*, please.

To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,  
 Whereby close<sup>1</sup> fire into his hart does creepe :  
 So' he them deceives, deceivd in his deceipt,  
 Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

35 Attin, arriving there, when him he spyde  
 Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,  
 Fiercely approaching to him lowdly cryde,  
 " Cymochles ; oh ! no, but Cymochles shade,  
 In<sup>2</sup> which that manly person late did fade !  
 What is become of great Acrates sonne ?  
 Or where hath he hong up his mortall blade,  
 That hath so many haughty conquests wonne ?  
 Is all his force forlorne,<sup>3</sup> and all his glory donne ? "

36 Then, pricking him with his sharp-pointed dart,  
 He said : " Up, up, thou womanish weake Knight,  
 That here in ladies lap entombed art,  
 Unmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,  
 And weetlesse<sup>4</sup> eke of lately-wrought despight ;  
 Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on sencelesse ground,  
 And groneth out his utmost grudging spright<sup>5</sup>  
 Through many a stroke and many a streaming  
   wound,  
 Calling thy help in vaine, that here in ioyes art  
   dround."

37. Suddenly out of his delightfull dreame  
 The man awoke, and would have questiond more ;

<sup>1</sup> *Close*, secret.

<sup>3</sup> *Forlorne*, lost.

<sup>2</sup> *In*, into.

<sup>4</sup> *Weetlesse*, ignorant.

<sup>5</sup> *Utmost grudging spright*, his last reluctant breath.

But he would not endure that wofull theame  
 For to dilate at large, but urged sore,  
 With percing wordes and pittifull implore,<sup>1</sup>  
 Him hasty to arise. As one affright  
 With hellish feends, or Furies mad uprore,  
 He then uprose, inflamd with fell despight,  
 And called for his armes ; for he would algates<sup>2</sup> fight.

38 They bene ybrought, he quickly does him dight,<sup>3</sup>  
 And lightly mounted passeth on his way ;  
 Ne ladies loves, ne sweete entreaties, might  
 Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay ;  
 For he has vovd to beene avengd that day  
 (That day itselke him seemed all too long)  
 On him that did Pyrochles deare dismay<sup>4</sup> ;  
 So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,  
 And Attin ay him pricks with spurs of shame and  
 wrong.

<sup>1</sup> *Implore*, entreaty.

<sup>2</sup> *Algates*, by all means.

<sup>3</sup> *Dight*, prepare himself.

<sup>4</sup> *Dismay*, deprive of might, subdue

## CANTO VI.

Guyon is of immodest Merth  
 Led into loose desyre;  
 Fights with Cymochles, whiles his bro-  
 ther burnes in furious fyre.

1 A HARDER lesson to learne continence  
 In ioyous pleasure then in grievous paine:  
 For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence  
 So strongly, that uneathes<sup>1</sup> it can refraine  
 From that which feeble nature covets faine:  
 But grieffe and wrath, that be her enemies,  
 And foes of life, she better can abstaine<sup>2</sup>:  
 Yet Vertue vauntes in both her victories;  
 And Guyon in them all shewes goodly maysteries.<sup>1</sup>

2 Whom bold Cymochles traveiling to finde,  
 With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him  
 The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,  
 Came to a river, by whose utmost brim

<sup>1</sup> *Uneathes*, hardly. <sup>2</sup> 2d ed., *restraine*. <sup>3</sup> *Maysteries*, superiority.

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II. 4. — *Came to a river, &c.*] The Bower of Bliss is described as situated upon an island floating in a lake or gulf. Cymochles is induced by Atin to leave this place in order to avenge his

Wayting to passe he saw whereas did swim  
 Along the shore, as swift as glauce of eye,  
 A litle gondelay,<sup>1</sup> bedecked trim  
 With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,  
 That like a litle forrest seemed outwardly.

3 And therein sate a lady fresh and fayre,  
 Making sweete solace to herselfe alone:  
 Sometimes she song as lowd as lark in ayre,  
 Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was  
                   gone ;<sup>2</sup>

Yet was there not with her else any one,  
 That to her might move cause of meriment:  
 Matter of merth enough, though there were none,  
 She could devise; and thousand waies invent  
 To feede her foolish humour and vaine iolliment.

4 Which when far of Cymochles heard and saw,  
 He lowdly cald to such as were aboard  
 The little barke unto the shore to draw,  
 And him to ferry over that deepe ford.  
 The merry Mariner unto his word  
 Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streight-  
                   way  
 Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike lord

<sup>1</sup> *Gondelay*, gondola, boat.    <sup>2</sup> 1st ed., as *merry as Pope Ione*.

---

brother's death. He comes to a river, that is, to the shore of the island, and finds there Phædria, (who represents immodest mirth,) who carries him in her boat to another island in this gulf or lake, similar in its temptations and dangers to that on which the *Bower of Bliss* is situated H.

She in receiv'd ; but Atin by no way  
 She would admit, albe<sup>1</sup> the knight her much did pray.

5 Eftsoones<sup>2</sup> her shallow ship away did slide,  
 More swift then swallow sheres<sup>3</sup> the liquid skye,  
 Withouten oare or pilot it to guide,  
 Or winged canvas with the wind to fly :  
 Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by<sup>4</sup>  
 It cut away upon the yielding wave ;  
 Ne cared she her course for to apply,<sup>5</sup>  
 For it was taught the way which she would have,  
 And both from rocks and flats itselfe could wisely save.

6 And all the way the wanton damsell found  
 New merth her passenger to entertaine ;  
 For she in pleasaunt purpose<sup>6</sup> did abound,  
 And greatly ioyed merry tales to faine.  
 Of which a store-house did with her remaine ;  
 Yet seemed, nothing well they her became :  
 For all her wordes she drown'd with laughter vaine,  
 And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,  
 That turned all her pleasaunce to a scolling game.

<sup>1</sup> *Albe*, although.

<sup>2</sup> *Eftsoones*, immediately.

<sup>3</sup> *Sheres*, cuts.

<sup>4</sup> *By and by*, instantly.

<sup>5</sup> *Apply*, give attention to.

<sup>6</sup> *Purpose*, conversation.

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V. 8. — *For it was taught, &c.*] The self-guiding bark of Phædria was suggested by the ships of Alcinous, in Homer, which steered themselves to their destined port. The giving it motion by turning a pin was probably borrowed from the Squire's Tale in Chaucer, where the king of Araby sends to Cambuscan a horse of brass, which moves by turning a pin. There is a wooden horse with the same wondrous power in the Arabian Nights. II.



- 7 And other whiles vaine toyes she would devise,  
 As her fantasticke wit did most delight :  
 Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize<sup>1</sup>  
 With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight  
 About her necke, or rings of rushes plight<sup>2</sup> :  
 Sometimes, to do him laugh, she would assay  
 To laugh at shaking of the leavës light,  
 Or to behold the water worke and play  
 About her little frigot, therein making way.
- 8 Her light behaviour and loose dalliaunce  
 Gave wondrous great contentment to the Knight,  
 That of his way he had no sovenaunce,<sup>3</sup>  
 Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruell fight ;  
 But to weake wench did yield his martiall might.  
 So easie was to quench his flamed minde  
 With one sweete drop of sensuall delight !  
 So easie is t' appease the stormy winde  
 Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt womankind !
- 9 Diverse discourses in their way they spent ;  
 Mongst which Cymoclides of her questioned  
 Both what she was, and what that usage ment,  
 Which in her cott<sup>4</sup> she daily practized :  
 “ Vaine man,” saide she, “ that wouldest be reckoned  
 A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt  
 Of Phædria, (for so my name is red,<sup>5</sup>)  
 Of Phædria, thine owne fellow servaunt ;  
 For thou to serve Acrasia thyselfe doest vaunt.

<sup>1</sup> *Aguize*, deck.

<sup>2</sup> *Plight*, plat.

<sup>3</sup> *Sovenaunce*, remembrance.

<sup>4</sup> *Cott*, little boat (?).

<sup>5</sup> *Red*, called.

10 " In this wide inland sea, that hight by name  
 The Idle Lake, my wandring ship I row,  
 That knowes her port, and thether sayles by  
     ayme,  
 Ne care ne feare I how the wind do blow,  
 Or whether swift I wend or whether slow :  
 Both slow and swift alike do serve my tourne :  
 Ne swelling Neptune ne lowd-thundring Iove  
 Can change my cheare, or make me ever mourne :  
 My little boat can safely passe this perilous bourne.<sup>1</sup>"

11 Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,  
 They were far past the passage which he spake,  
 And come unto an island waste and voyd,<sup>2</sup>  
 That floted in the midst of that great lake ;  
 There her small gondelay her port did make,  
 And that gay payre issewing on the shore  
 Disburdned her. Their way they forward take  
 Into the land that lay them faire before,  
 Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plentifull great  
     store.

12 It was a chosen plott of fertile land,  
 Emongst wide waves sett, like a litle nest,  
 As if it had by Natures cunning hand  
 Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,  
 And laid forth for ensample of the best :  
 No dainty flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,  
 No arborett<sup>3</sup> with painted blossomes drest

<sup>1</sup> *Bourne*, boundary.

<sup>3</sup> *Arborett*, shrub.

<sup>2</sup> *Waste and voyd*, i. e. uninhabited.

And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd  
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al  
arownd.

13 No tree, whose braunches did not bravely<sup>1</sup> spring ;  
No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not sitt ;  
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetely sing ;  
No song, but did containe a lovely ditt.<sup>2</sup>  
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs, were framed  
fitt

For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.

Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake witt  
Was overcome of thing that did him please :

So pleased did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

14 Thus when shee had his eyes and sences fed  
With false delights, and fild with pleasures vayn,  
Into a shady dale she soft him ied,  
And laid him downe upon a grassy playn ;  
And her sweete selfe without dread or disdayn  
She sett beside, laying his head disarmd  
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,  
Where soone he slumbred fearing not be harmd :  
The whiles with a love lay she thus him sweetly  
charm'd :

<sup>1</sup> *Bravely*, beautifully.

<sup>2</sup> *Ditt*, ditty.

---

XIII. 9. — *Did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.*] In Cymochles we are shown the fickleness of purpose which habits of self-indulgence beget. "One sweet drop of sensual delight" makes him forget the purpose of revenge he had so lately formed. The nearest temptation is the strongest. H.

15 “ Behold, O man, that toilesome paines doest take,  
 The flowrs, the fields, and all that pleasaunt growes,  
 How they themselves doe thine ensample make,  
 Whiles nothing-envious nature them forth throwes  
 Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,  
 They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire,  
 And decke the world with their rich pompous  
 showes;  
 Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,  
 Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

16 “ The lilly, lady of the flowering field,  
 The flowre-de-luce, her lovely paramoure,  
 Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,  
 And soone leave off this toylsome weary stoure<sup>1</sup>:  
 Loe! loe, how brave she decks her bounteous boure,  
 With silkin curtens and gold coverletts,  
 Therein to shrowd her sumptuous belamoure<sup>2</sup>!  
 Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,  
 But to her mother Nature all her care she lets.

17 “ Why then doest thou, O man, that of them all  
 Art lord, and eke of nature souveraine,  
 Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,  
 And waste thy ioyous howres in needelesse paine,  
 Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?  
 What bootes it al to have and nothing use?

<sup>1</sup> *Stoure*, contention.

<sup>2</sup> *Belamoure*, lover.

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XV. 1. — *Behold, O man, &c.*] This song is imitated from one sung to Rinaldo, upon an enchanted island, in the fourteenth Canto of the Jerusalem Delivered.

Who shall him rew<sup>1</sup> that swimming in the maine  
 Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?  
 Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures  
 chuse.”

18 By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,  
 That of no worldly thing he care did take:  
 Then she with liquors strong his eies did steepe,  
 That nothing should him hastily awake.  
 So she him lefte, and did herselfe betake  
 Unto her boat again, with which she cleft  
 The slouthfull wave of that great griesy<sup>2</sup> lake:  
 Soone shee that Island far behind her lefte,  
 And now is come to that same place where first she  
 wefte.<sup>8</sup>

19 By this time was the worthy Guyon brought  
 Unto the other side of that wide strond  
 Where she was rowing, and for passage sought.  
 Him needed not long call; shee soone to hond  
 Her ferry brought, where him she byding<sup>4</sup> fond  
 With his sad<sup>5</sup> guide: himselfe she tooke aboard,  
 But the blacke Palmer suffred still to stond,  
 Ne would for price or prayers once affoord<sup>6</sup>  
 To ferry that old man over the perlous<sup>7</sup> foord.

<sup>1</sup> *Rew*, pity.

<sup>2</sup> *Griesy*, i. e. sluggish, or thick.

<sup>3</sup> *Wefte*, departed.

<sup>4</sup> *Byding*, waiting.

<sup>5</sup> *Sad*, grave.

<sup>6</sup> *Affoord*, accord, grant.

<sup>7</sup> *Perlous*, dangerous.

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XIX. s. — *Ne would*, &c.] When Temperance or Self-government embarks on the waters of Idleness, under the guidance of immodest Mirth, Reason is left behind. II.

20 Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,  
 Yet being entred might not backe retyre;  
 For the flitt<sup>1</sup> barke, obaying to her mind,  
 Forth launched quickly as she did desire,  
 Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire  
 Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course  
 Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire  
 Whom nether wind out of their seat could forse,  
 Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish  
 course.

21 And by the way, as was her wonted guize,  
 Her mery fitt she freshly gan to reare,<sup>2</sup>  
 And did of ioy and iollity devise,  
 Herselfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare.  
 The Knight was courteous, and did not forbear  
 Her honest merth and pleasaunce to partake;  
 But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,<sup>3</sup>  
 And passe the bonds of modest merimake,  
 Her dalliaunce he despisd and follies did forsake.

22 Yet she still followed her former style,  
 And said, and did, all that mote him delight,  
 Till they arrived in that pleasaunt ile,  
 Where sleeping late she lefte her other knight.  
 But whenas Guyon of that land had sight,  
 He wist himselfe amisse,<sup>4</sup> and angry said:  
 " Ah! Dame, perdy ye have not doen me right,

<sup>1</sup> *Flitt*, fleet.

<sup>2</sup> *Reare*, take up.

<sup>3</sup> *Geare*, jeer.

<sup>4</sup> *Wist himselfe amisse*, knew that he was out of his proper course.

Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid :  
 Me litle needed from my right way to have straid."

23 "Faire Sir," quoth she, "be not displeas'd at all ;  
 Who fares on sea may not commaund his way,  
 Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call :  
 The sea is wide, and easy for to stray ;  
 The wind unstable, and doth never stay.  
 But here a while ye may in safety rest,  
 Till season serve new passage to assay :  
 Better safe port then be in seas distrest."

Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in iest.

24 But he, halfe discontent, mote nathëlesse  
 Himselfe appease, and issewd forth on shore :  
 The ioyes whereof and happy fruitfulnessse,  
 Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,  
 And all, though pleasaunt, yet she made much more.  
 The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring;  
 The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore ;  
 And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,  
 And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

25 And she, more sweete then any bird on bough,  
 Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,  
 And strive to passe (as she could well enough)  
 Their native musicke by her skilful art :  
 So did she all, that might his constant hart  
 Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,  
 And drowne in dissolute delights apart,  
 Where noise of armes, or vew of martiall guize,  
 Might not revive desire of knightly exercize :

26 But he was wise, and wary of her will,  
 And ever held his hand upon his hart;  
 Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed<sup>1</sup> ill,  
 As to despise so curteous seeming part  
 That gentle lady did to him impart:  
 But, fairly tempring,<sup>2</sup> fond desire subdewd,  
 And ever her desired to depart.  
 She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,  
 And ever bad him stay till time the tide renewd.

27 And now by this Cymochles howre was spent,  
 That he awoke out of his ydle dreme;  
 And, shaking off his drowsy dreriment,<sup>3</sup>  
 Gan him avize,<sup>4</sup> howe ill did him beseme  
 In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,<sup>5</sup>  
 And quench the brond of his conceived yre.  
 Tho<sup>6</sup> up he started, stird with shame extreme,  
 Ne staid for his damsell to inquire,  
 But marched to the strond, there passage to require.

28 And in the way he with Sir Guyon mett,  
 Accompanyde with Phædria the faire:  
 Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly frett,  
 Crying: "Let be that lady debonaire,<sup>7</sup>  
 Thou recreaunt knight, and soone thyselfe prepare  
 To batteile, if thou meane her love to gayn.  
 Loe! loe already how the fowles in aire

<sup>1</sup> *Thewed*, bred, or mannered.

<sup>2</sup> *Tempring*, moderating.

<sup>3</sup> *Dreriment*, by license, for heaviness.

<sup>4</sup> *Arize*, bethink.

<sup>6</sup> *Tho*, then.

<sup>5</sup> *Steme*, steep.

<sup>7</sup> *Debonaire*, gracious, gentle.



Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn  
Thy carcas for their pray, the guerdon of thy payn.<sup>1</sup>"

29 And therewithall he fiersly at him flew,  
And with impórtune<sup>2</sup> outrage him assayld;  
Who, soone prepar'd to field, his sword forth drew,  
And him with equall vlew<sup>3</sup> countervayld<sup>4</sup>;  
Their mightie strokes their haberieons<sup>5</sup> dismayld,<sup>6</sup>  
And naked made each others manly spalles<sup>7</sup>;  
The mortall steele despiteously entayld<sup>8</sup>  
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron walles,  
That a large purple streame adown their giambeux<sup>9</sup>  
falles.

30 Cymocles, that had never mett before  
So puissant foe, with envious despight  
His prowd presumed force increased more,  
Disdeigning to bee held so long in fight.  
Sir Guyon, grudging<sup>10</sup> not so much his might  
As those unknighly raylinges which he spoke,  
With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,  
Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,<sup>11</sup>  
And, doubling all his powres, redoubled every stroke.

31 Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,<sup>12</sup>  
And both attonce their huge blowes down did sway:

<sup>1</sup> *Payn*, pains.

<sup>2</sup> *Impórtune*, unrelenting.

<sup>3</sup> *Vlew*, valor.

<sup>4</sup> *Countervayld*, opposed.

<sup>5</sup> *Haberieons*, coats of mail.

<sup>6</sup> *Dismayld*, cut away the mails or meshes.

<sup>7</sup> *Spalles*, shoulders.

<sup>8</sup> *Entayld*, cut.

<sup>9</sup> *Giambeux*, boots.

<sup>10</sup> *Grudging*, indignant at.

<sup>11</sup> *Wroke*, avenged.

<sup>12</sup> *Enhaunst*, raised.

Cymochles sword on Guyons shield yglaunst,<sup>1</sup>  
 And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away :  
 But Guyons angry blade so fiers did play  
 On th' others helmet, which as Titan shone,  
 That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,  
 And bared all his head unto the bone ;  
 Wherewith astonisht still he stood as sencelesse stone.

32 Still as he stood, fayre Phædria, that beheld  
 That deadly daunger, soone atweene them ran ;  
 And at their feet herselfe most humbly feld,<sup>2</sup>  
 Crying with pitteous voyce, and count'nance wan,  
 " Ah, well away ! most noble Lords, how can  
 Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,  
 To shed your lives on ground ? Wo worth the man,  
 That first did teach the cursed steele to bight  
 In his owne<sup>3</sup> flesh, and make way to the living  
 spright !

33 " If ever love of lady did empierce  
 Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,  
 Withhold your bloody handes from battaill fierce,  
 And, sith<sup>4</sup> for me ye fight, to me this grace  
 Both yield, to stay your deadly stryfe a space."  
 They stayd a while ; and forth she gan proceed :  
 " Most wretched woman and of wicked race,  
 That am the authour of this hainous deed,  
 And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights  
 do breed !

<sup>1</sup> *Yglaunst*, glanced.

<sup>2</sup> *Feld*, threw.

<sup>3</sup> *Owne*, i. e. human.

<sup>4</sup> *Sith*, since.

34 “ But, if for me ye fight, or me will serve,  
 Not this rude kynd of battaill, nor these armes  
 Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterue,<sup>1</sup>  
 And doolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes :  
 Such cruell game my scarmoges<sup>2</sup> disarmes.  
 Another warre, and other weapons, I  
 Doe love, where Love does give his sweet alarmes  
 Without bloodshéd, and where the enemy  
 Does yield unto his foe a pleasaunt victory.

35 “ Debatefull strife, and cruell enmity,  
 The famous name of knighthood fowly shend<sup>3</sup> ;  
 But lovely peace, and gentle amity,  
 And in amours the passing howres to spend,  
 The mightie martiall handes doe most commend ;  
 Of love they ever greater glory bore  
 Then of their armes : Mars is Cupidoes frend,  
 And is for Venus loves renowned more  
 Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore.”

36 Therewith she sweetly smyld. They, though full  
 bent  
 To prove<sup>4</sup> extremities of bloody fight,  
 Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,  
 And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight :  
 Such powre have pleasing wordes ! Such is the  
 might  
 Of courteous clemency in gentle hart !  
 Now after all was ceast, the Faery Knight

<sup>1</sup> I. e. cause men to die in misery.

<sup>2</sup> *Scarmoges*, skirmishes.

<sup>3</sup> *Shend*, disgrace.

<sup>4</sup> *Prove*, try.

Besought that damzell suffer him depart,  
And yield him ready passage to that other part.

37 She no lesse glad then<sup>1</sup> he desirous was  
Of his departure thence ; for of her ioy  
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,<sup>2</sup>  
A foe of folly and immodest toy,  
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy ;  
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,  
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,  
Troubled with terrour and unquiet iarre,  
That she well pleased was thence to amove him farre.

38 Tho<sup>3</sup> him she brought aboard, and her swift bote  
Forthwith directed to that further strand ;  
The which on the dull waves did lightly flote,  
And soone arrived on the shallow sand,  
Where gladsome Guyon salied forth to land,  
And to that damsell thanks gave for reward.  
Upon that shore he spyed Atin stand,  
There by his maister left, when late he far'd  
In Phædrias flitt barck over that perlous<sup>4</sup> shard.<sup>5</sup>

39 Well could he<sup>6</sup> him remember, sith of late  
He with Pyrochles sharp debatement made :  
Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter rate,  
As shepherdes curre, that in dark eveninges shade  
Hath tracted forth<sup>7</sup> some salvage beastës trade<sup>8</sup> :

<sup>1</sup> *Then*, than.

<sup>2</sup> *Pas*, care for.

<sup>3</sup> *Tho*, then.

<sup>4</sup> *Perlous*, perilous.

<sup>5</sup> *Shard*, division, boundary (see v. x. l. 9).

<sup>6</sup> *He*, i. e. Atin.

<sup>7</sup> *Tracted forth*, traced out.

<sup>8</sup> *Trade*, tread, footsteps.

“Vile miscreant,” said he, “whether dost thou flye  
The shame and death, which will thee soone invade?  
What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,  
That art thus fowly fledd from famous enemy?”

40 With that he stifly shooke his steelhead dart :  
But sober Guyon hearing him so rayle,  
Though somewhat moved in his mightie hart,  
Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,  
And passed fayrely<sup>1</sup> forth. He, turning taile,  
Backe to the strond retyrd, and there still stayd,  
Awaiting passage, which him late did faile,  
The whiles Cymoeliles with that wanton mayd  
The hasty heat of his avowd revenge delayd.<sup>2</sup>

41 Whylest there the Varlet stood, he saw from farre  
An armed knight that towards him fast ran ;  
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre  
His forlorne steed from him the victour wan :  
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan ;  
And all his armour sprinckled was with blood,  
And soylde with durtie gore, that no man can  
Discerne the hew thereof: he never stood,  
But bent his hastie course towardses the Ydle Flood.

42 The Varlett saw, when to the flood he came,  
How without stop or stay he fiersly lept,  
And deepe himselfe beducked in the same,

<sup>1</sup> *Fayrely*, quietly.

<sup>2</sup> *Delayd*, allayed.

That in the lake his loftie crest was stept,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept ;  
 But with his raging armes he rudely flasht  
 The waves about, and all his armour swept,  
 That all the blood and filth away was washt ;  
 Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht,

43 Atin drew nigh to weet what it mote bee ;  
 For much he wondred at that uncouth<sup>2</sup> sight :  
 Whom should he but his own deare lord there see,  
 His owne deare lord Pyrochles in sad plight,  
 Ready to drowne himselfe for fell despight :  
 " Harrow<sup>3</sup> now, out and well away ! " he cryde,  
 " What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,  
 To see my lord so deadly damnifyde<sup>4</sup> ?  
 Pyrochles, O Pyrochles, what is thee betyde<sup>5</sup> ?

44 " I burne, I burne, I burne," then lowd he cryde,  
 " O how I burne with implacable fyre !  
 Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde,  
 Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre ;  
 Nothing but death can doe me to respyre."<sup>6</sup>  
 " Ah ! be it," said he, " from Pyrochles farre  
 After pursewing death once to requyre,<sup>7</sup>  
 Or think, that ought those puissant hands may  
                   marre :  
 Death is for wretches borne under unhappy starre."

<sup>1</sup> *Stept*, steeped.

<sup>2</sup> *Uncouth*, strange.

<sup>3</sup> *Harrow*, an exclamation, first of alarm (help!), and then of sorrow (alas!).

<sup>4</sup> *Damnifyde*, injured.

<sup>5</sup> *Betyde*, happened.

<sup>6</sup> I. e. make me breathe again, give me ease.

<sup>7</sup> I. e. seek after death, which of itself pursues us.

- 45 "Perdye, then is it fitt for me," said he,  
 "That am, I weene, most wretched man alive ;  
 Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,  
 And, dying dayly, dayly yet revive :  
 O Atin, helpe to me last death to give !"  
 The Varlet at his plaint was grieved so sore,  
 That his deepe-wounded hart in two did rive ;  
 And, his owne health remembring now no more,  
 Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.
- 46 Into the lake he lept his lord to ayd,  
 (So love the dread of daunger doth despise,)  
 And, of him catching hold, him strongly stayd  
 From drowning ; but more happy he then<sup>1</sup> wise  
 Of that seas nature did him not advise<sup>2</sup> :  
 The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,  
 Engrost<sup>3</sup> with mud which did them fowle agrise,<sup>4</sup>  
 That every weighty thing they did upbeare,  
 Ne ought mote ever sinck downe to the bottom there.
- 47 Whiles thus they strugled in that ydle wave,  
 And strove in vaine, the one himselfe to drowne,  
 The other both from drowning for to save ;  
 Lo ! to that shore one in an auncient gowne,  
 Whose hoary locks great gravitie did crowne,  
 Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,  
 By fortune came, ledd with the troublous sowne<sup>5</sup> :

<sup>1</sup> *Then*, than.

<sup>2</sup> *Advise*, bethink himself.

<sup>3</sup> *Engrost*, made thick.

<sup>4</sup> *Agrise*, (here) add to the terror they inspired.

<sup>5</sup> *Sowne*, sound.

Where drenched deepe he fownd in that dull ford  
The carefull<sup>1</sup> servaunt stryving with his raging lord.

48 Him Atin, spying, knew right well of yore,  
And lowdly cald: " Help ! helpe, O Archimage,  
To save my lord in wretched plight forlore ;  
Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsell sage :  
Weake handes, but counsell is most strong in age."  
Him when the old man saw, he woundred sore  
To see Pyrochles there so rudely rage :  
Yet sithens<sup>2</sup> helpe, he saw, he needed more  
Then pitty, he in hast approached to the shore ;

49 And cald, " Pyrochles, what is this I see ?  
What hellish fury hath at earst<sup>3</sup> thee hent<sup>4</sup> ?  
Furious ever I thee knew to bee,  
Yet never in this straunge astonishment.<sup>5</sup>"  
" These flames, these flames," he cryde, " do me  
torment !"  
" What flames," quoth he, " when I thee present see  
In daunger rather to be drent then brent<sup>6</sup> ?"  
" Harrow<sup>7</sup> ! the flames which me consume," said hee,  
" Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowelles bee.

<sup>1</sup> *Carefull*, distressed.      <sup>5</sup> *Astonishment*, perturbation.

<sup>2</sup> *Sithens*, since.

<sup>6</sup> *Drent then brent*, drowned than burnt

<sup>3</sup> *At earst*, suddenly.

<sup>7</sup> *Harrow*, help.

<sup>4</sup> *Hent*, seized.

---

XLVIII. 2. — *O Archimage.*] Archimago's last appearance was in Canto III. Stanza 19. He had then left Braggadochio to procure for him the sword of Prince Arthur; and in the eighth canto



50 " That cursed man, that cruel feend of hell,  
 Furor, oh ! Furor hath me thus bedight.<sup>1</sup>  
 His deadly woundes within my liver swell,  
 And his whott fyre burnes in mine entralles bright,  
 Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,  
 Sith late with him I batteill vaine would boste ;  
 That now I weene Ioves dreaded thunder-light  
 Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned ghoste  
 In flaming Phlegeton does not so felly<sup>2</sup> roste."

51 Which whenas Archimago heard, his grieve  
 He knew right well, and him attonce disarmd :  
 Then searcht his secret woundes, and made a priefe<sup>3</sup>  
 Of every place that was with bruizing harmd,  
 Or with the hidden fier inly warmd.  
 Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,  
 And evermore with mightie spels them charm'd ;  
 That in short space he has them qualifyde,<sup>4</sup>  
 And him restor'd to helth, that would have algates  
 dyde.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Bedight*, treated, served.

<sup>3</sup> *Priefe*, examination.

<sup>2</sup> *Felly*, cruelly.

<sup>4</sup> *Qualifyde*, eased, assuaged.

<sup>5</sup> *Would have algates dyde*, wished by all means to die.

---

of this present book (Stanza 20) we are informed that the sword he now has in his hand was Prince Arthur's; but we are nowhere told how he contrived to get it into his possession. II.



## APPENDIX.

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### VARIATIONS FROM THE FIRST EDITION, 1590.

THE "faults escaped in the print," noted on the last page of the first edition of the first three books of the *Faerie Queene*, have of course been corrected without remark. The same is true in all cases of those trivial misprints about which there could be no question.

O. denotes the original editions.

- Page 9, l. 17, vi. Ephes., O. v. Ephes.  
" 13, st. 4, v. 1, faire, O. fare.  
" 14, v. 1, reedes, O. reede.  
" 15, v. 5, deserte, O. desertes.  
" 25, son. 2, v. 6, soverains, O. soverain.  
" 32, st. 4, v. 5, my, O. mine.  
" 60, st. 17, v. 9, die (ed. 1609), O. dies.  
" 62, st. 22, v. 5, your (2d ed.), O. thy.  
" 96, st. 27, v. 3, coffers, O. coffets.  
" 108, st. 7, v. 9, helmets hewen deepe (2d ed.), O. hewen helmets deepe.  
" 139, st. 39, v. 7, quoth he (2d ed.), O. qd. she.  
" 152, st. 22, v. 9, sight (supplied from 2d ed.), O. omitted.  
" 155, st. 32, v. 8, whose (ed. 1609), O. her.  
" 164, st. 1. v. 6, through, O. thorough.  
" 172, st. 24, v. 6, his (ed. 1609), O. her.  
" 195, st. 33, v. 3, ypright (2d ed.), O. yplight.  
" 198, st. 42, v. 7, holds, O. hold.  
" 199, st. 46, v. 7 falsed O. falsest.

- Page 201, st. 52, v. 1, saw (2d ed.), O. heard.  
 " 210, st. 20, v. 5, supplied from ed 1609. O. wanting.  
 " 216, st. 36, v. 6, their, O. there.  
 " 222, st. 52, v. 6, brings, O. bring.  
 " 226, st. 65, v. 3, place (ed. 1609), O. face.  
 " 230, st. 3. This stanza is supplied from 2d ed. O. omitted.  
 " 242, st. 37, v. 2, yelled (ed. 1609), O. yelded.  
 " 244, st. 41, v. 4, nor (ed. 1609), O. for.  
 " 267, st. 4, v. 6, thou, O. then.  
 " 275, st. 16, v. 1, liefē (ed. 1609), O. life.  
 " 277, st. 20, v. 7, blotted (2d ed.), O. blotting.  
 " 281, st. 31, v. 4, on, O. one.  
 " 281, st. 32, v. 7, must (ed. 1609), O. most.  
 " 291, st. 59, v. 8, great (ed. 1609), O. greet.  
 " 295, st. 7, v. 7, pray, O. chace.  
 " 297, st. 12, v. 8, fame (2d ed.), O. frame.  
 " 300, st. 21, v. 2, hond (ed. 1609), O. hand.  
 " 303, st. 28, v. 2, their (2d ed.), O. her.  
 " 304, st. 30, v. 1, there (ed. 1609), O. their.  
 " 308, st. 42, v. 6, an yearely . . . hold, O. any earely . . .  
     make.  
 " 309, st. 44, v. 4, enroll, O. entrold.  
 " 315, st. 11, v. 4, courser, O. course.  
 " 335, st. 17, v. 6-9. Taken from 2d ed. see note).  
 " 347, arg. v. 4, Cymochles, O. Gymochles.  
 " 351, st. 10, v. 7, eninyes, O. eninye.  
 " 354, st. 19, v. 4, shee (ed. 1609), O. hee.  
 " 359, st. 32, v. 6, meriments, O. meriment.  
 " 363, st. 3, v. 4, that nigh her breath was gone (2d ed.), O.  
     as merry as Pope lone.  
 " 365, st. 7, v. 5, of, O. off.  
 " 372, st. 27, v. 9, there (ed. 1609), O. their.  
 " 378, st. 43, v. 7, lent this (2d ed.), O. lent but this his.  
 " 381, st. 50, v. 3, liver (ed. 1609), O. livers.

THE POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
EDMUND SPENSER.

—◆—  
VOLUME II.



THE  
FAERIE QUEENE.

DISPOSED INTO TWELVE BOOKS.

FASHIONING

XII. MORALL VERTUES.

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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM PONSORBE.  
1590.





THE SECOND BOOKE  
OF  
THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE.

---

CANTO VII.

Guyon findes Mamon in a delve,<sup>1</sup>  
Sunning his threasure hore<sup>2</sup>;  
Is by him tempted, and led downe  
To see his secrete store.

1 As pilot well expert in perilous wave,  
That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,  
When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have  
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,<sup>3</sup>  
And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,<sup>4</sup>  
Upon his card and compas firmes<sup>5</sup> his eye,  
The maysters of his long experiment,

<sup>1</sup> *Delve*, dell.

<sup>2</sup> *Hore*, mouldy.

<sup>3</sup> *Yblent*, blinded, put out.

<sup>4</sup> *Dreriment*, gloom.

<sup>5</sup> *Firmes*, firmly fixes.

---

I. 7. — *The maysters of his long experiment.*] His guides in the long voyage he is trying. H.

And to them does the stedy helme apply,  
Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly :

2 So Guyon, having lost his trustie guyde,  
Late left beyond that Ydle Lake, proceedes  
Yet on his way, of none accompanyde ;  
And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes  
Of his own vertues and praise-worthie deedes.  
So, long he yode,<sup>1</sup> yet no adventure found,  
Which Fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes<sup>2</sup> :  
For still he traveild through wide wastfull<sup>3</sup> ground,  
That nought but desert wilderness shewed all around.

3 At last he came unto a gloomy glade,  
Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heavens  
light,  
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade  
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,  
Of griesly hew and fowle ill-favour'd sight ;  
His face with smoke was tand, and eies were beard,  
His head and beard with sout<sup>4</sup> were ill bedight,<sup>5</sup>  
His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have ben seard  
In smythies fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes  
appeared.

4 His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,  
Was underneath enveloped with gold ;  
Whose glistening glosse, darkned with filthy dust,  
Well yet appeared to have beene of old

<sup>1</sup> *Yde*, went.

<sup>2</sup> *Reedes*, deems.

<sup>3</sup> *Wastfull*, uninhabited.

<sup>4</sup> *Sout*, soot.

<sup>5</sup> *Bedlight*, covered.

A worke of rich entayle<sup>1</sup> and curious mould  
 Woven with antickes<sup>2</sup> and wyld ymagery :  
 And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,  
 And turned upside downe, to feede his eye  
 And covetous desire with his huge treasury.

5 And round about him lay on every side  
 Great heapes of gold that never could be spent ;  
 Of which some were rude owre, not purifide,  
 Of Mulcibers devouring element ;  
 Some others were new driven, and distent<sup>3</sup>  
 Into great ingowes<sup>4</sup> and to wedges square ;  
 Some in round plates withouten monument<sup>5</sup> :  
 But most were stampd, and in their metal bare  
 The ántique shapes of kings and kesars<sup>6</sup> straung and  
 rare.

6 Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright  
 And haste he rose for to remove aside  
 Those pretious hills from straungers envions sight,  
 And downe them poured through an hole full  
 wide  
 Into the hollow earth, them there to hide :  
 But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, stayd  
 His hand that trembled as one terrifyde ;  
 And though himselfe were at the sight dismayd,  
 Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull<sup>7</sup>  
 sayd :

<sup>1</sup> *Entayle*, carving.

<sup>2</sup> *Antickes*, fantastic figures.

<sup>3</sup> *Distent*, beaten out.

<sup>4</sup> *Ingowes*, ingots.

<sup>5</sup> *Moniment*, stamp.

<sup>6</sup> *Kesars*, emperors.

<sup>7</sup> *Doubtfull*, tearful.

7 "What art thou, Man, (if man at all thou art,) ·  
 That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,  
 And these rich hils of welth doest hide apart  
 From the worldes eye, and from her right usaunce?"  
 Thereat, with staring eyes fixed askaunce,  
 In great disdaine he answerd: "Hardy Elfe,  
 That darest vew my direfull countenance!  
 I read<sup>1</sup> thee rash and heedlesse of thyselfe,  
 To trouble my still seate and heapes of pretious  
 pelfe.

8 "God of the world and worldlings I me call,  
 Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,  
 That of my plenty poure out unto all,  
 And unto none my graces do envye:  
 Riches, renowme, and principality,  
 Honour, estate, and all this worldës good,  
 For which men swinck<sup>2</sup> and sweat incessantly,  
 Fro me do flow into an ample flood,  
 And in the hollow earth have their eternall brood.

9 "Wherefore, if me thou deigne to serve and sew,<sup>3</sup>  
 At thy commaund, lo! all these mountaines bee;  
 Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew,  
 All these may not suffise, there shall to thee  
 Ten times so much be nombred<sup>4</sup> francke and free."  
 "Mammon," said he, "thy godheads vaunt is vaine,  
 And idle offers of thy golden fee;  
 To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine  
 Proffer thy giftes, and fitter servaunts entertaine.

<sup>1</sup> *Read*, decm.

<sup>2</sup> *Swinck*, toil.

<sup>3</sup> *Sew*, follow.

<sup>4</sup> *Nombred*, counted out

10 " Me ill besits,<sup>1</sup> that in derdoing<sup>2</sup> armes  
 And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,  
 Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing charmes,  
 With which weake men thou witchest, to attend ;  
 Regard of worldly mucke<sup>3</sup> doth fowly blend<sup>4</sup>  
 And low abase the high heroicke spright,  
 That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to con-  
 tend ;  
 Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes, be my de-  
 light ;  
 Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight."

11 " Vaine glorious Elfe," saide he, " doest not thou  
 weet,<sup>5</sup>  
 That money can thy wantes at will supply ?  
 Sheilds, steeds, and armes, and all things for thee  
 meet,  
 It can purvay in twinckling of an eye ;  
 And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.  
 Doe not I kings create, and throw the crowne  
 Sometimes to him that low in dust doth ly,  
 And him that raignd into his rowme thrust downe,  
 And whom I lust<sup>6</sup> do heape with glory and re-  
 nowne ?"

12 " All otherwise," saide he, " I riches read,<sup>7</sup>  
 And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse ;  
 First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,

<sup>1</sup> *Besits*, becomes.

<sup>2</sup> *Derdoing*, (literally) doing daring deeds.

<sup>3</sup> *Mucke*, dirt.

<sup>4</sup> *Blend*, pollute.

<sup>5</sup> *Weet*, know.

<sup>6</sup> *Lust*, please.

<sup>7</sup> *Read*, conceive of.

And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,  
 Leaving behind them grieffe and heavinesse :  
 Infinite mischiefes of them doe arize ;  
 Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitternesse,  
 Outrageous wrong and hellish covetize ;  
 That noble heart, as great dishonour, doth despize.

13 “ Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine ;  
 But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,  
 And loyall truth to treason doest incline :  
 Witnesse the guiltlesse blood pourd oft on ground ;  
 The crowned often slaine ; the slayer cround ;  
 The sacred diademe in peeeces rent ;  
 And purple robe gored with many a wound ;  
 Castles surprizd ; great citties sackt and brent<sup>1</sup> :  
 So mak’st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull gov-  
 ernment !

14 “ Long were to tell the troublous stormes that  
 tosse  
 The private state, and make the life unsweet :  
 Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,  
 And in frayle wood on Adriau gulf doth fleet,<sup>2</sup>  
 Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet.”  
 Then Mammon waxing wroth, “ And why then,”  
 sayd,  
 “ Are mortall men so fond and undiscreet  
 So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd ;  
 And having not, complaine ; and having it, up-  
 brayd ? ”

<sup>1</sup> *Brent*, burned.

<sup>2</sup> *Fleet*, float.

15 “Indeede,” quoth he, “through fowle intemperaunce,  
 Frayle men are oft captiv’d to covetise :  
 But would they thinke with how small allowaunce  
 Untroubled nature doth herselfe suffise,  
 Such superfluties they would despise,  
 Which with sad cares empeach<sup>1</sup> our native ioyes.  
 At the well-head the purest streames arise ;  
 But mucky filth his branching armes annoyes,  
 And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave accloyes.<sup>2</sup>

16 “The antique world, in his first flowring youth,  
 Fownd no defect in his Creators grace ;  
 But with glad thankes, and unreproved<sup>3</sup> truth,  
 The guifts of soveraine bounty did embrace :  
 Like angels life was then mens happy cace :  
 But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,  
 Abusd her plenty and fat-swolme encrease  
 To all licentious lust, and gan exceed  
 The measure of her meane<sup>4</sup> and naturall first need.

17 “Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe  
 Of his great grandmother with steele to wound,  
 And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe  
 With sacriledge to dig. Therein he fownd  
 Fountaines of gold and silver to abownd,  
 Of which the matter of his huge desire  
 And pompous pride eftsoones<sup>5</sup> he did compownd ;  
 Then Avarice gan through his veines inspire  
 His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire.”

<sup>1</sup> *Empeach*, hinder.

<sup>2</sup> *Accloyes*, chokes.

<sup>3</sup> *Unreproved*, blameless.

<sup>4</sup> *Meane*, moderate portion.

<sup>5</sup> *Eftsoones*, immediately.

18 "Sonne," said he then, "lett be thy bitter scorne,  
 And leave the rudenesse of that ántique age  
 To them, that liv'd therin in state forlorne.  
 Thou, that doest live in later times, must wage<sup>1</sup>  
 Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.  
 If then thee list my offred grace to use,  
 Take what thou please of all this surplusage ;  
 If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse :  
 But thing refused doe not afterward accuse."

19 "Me list not," said the Elfin Knight, "receave  
 Thing offred, till I know it well be gott ;  
 Ne wote<sup>2</sup> I but thou didst these goods bereave  
 From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott,  
 Or that blood-guiltinesse or guile them blott."  
 "Perdy," quoth he, "yet never eie did vew,  
 Ne tong did tell,<sup>3</sup> ne hand these handled not ;  
 But safe I have them kept in secret mew<sup>4</sup>  
 From hevens sight and powre of al which them  
 poursew."

20 "What secret place," quoth he, "can safely hold  
 So huge a masse, and hide from heavens eie ?  
 Or where hast thou thy wonne,<sup>5</sup> that so much gold  
 Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery ?"  
 "Come thou," quoth he, "and see." So by and by  
 Through that thick covert he him led, and fownd  
 A darkesome way, which no man could descry,

<sup>1</sup> *Wage*, let out on hire.

<sup>2</sup> *Wote*, know.

<sup>3</sup> *Tell*, count.

<sup>4</sup> *Mew*, hiding-place.

<sup>5</sup> *Wonne*, dwelling.



That deep descended through the hollow grownd,  
And was with dread and horror compassed arownd.

21 At length they came into a larger space,  
That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne ;  
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace  
That streight did lead to Plutoes griesly rayne<sup>1</sup> :  
By that wayes side there sate infernall Payne,  
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife ;  
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,  
The other brandished a bloody knife ;  
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten  
Life.

22 On th' other side in one consórt<sup>2</sup> there sate  
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,  
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate ;  
But gnawing Gealosity, out of their sight  
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight ;  
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,  
And found no place wher safe he shroud him might :  
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye ;  
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

23 And over them sad Horror with grim hew  
Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings ;  
And after him owles and night-ravens flew,  
The hatefull messengers of heavy things,  
Of death and dolor<sup>3</sup> telling sad tidings ;

<sup>1</sup> *Rayne*, reign, kingdom.

<sup>3</sup> *Dolor*, grief.

<sup>2</sup> *Consórt*, company.

Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,  
 A song of bale<sup>1</sup> and bitter sorrow sings,  
 That hart of flint asonder could have rifte<sup>2</sup>;  
 Which having ended, after him she flyeth swifte.

24 All these before the gates of Pluto lay ;  
 By whom they passing spake unto them nought.  
 But th' Elfin Knight with wonder all the way  
 Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.  
 At last him to a litle dore he brought,  
 That to the gate of hell, which gaped wide,  
 Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought :  
 Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,  
 That did the house of Richesse from hell-mouth divide.

25 Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,  
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,  
 For feare least Force or F'raud should unaware  
 Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard :  
 Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thether-ward  
 Approch, albe<sup>3</sup> his drowsy den were next ;  
 For next to Death is Sleepe to be compard ;  
 Therefore his house is unto his annex :  
 Here Sleep, ther Richesse, and hel-gate them both  
 betwext.

26 So soone as Mammon there arrivd, the dore  
 To him did open and afforded way :

<sup>1</sup> *Bale*, woe.

<sup>2</sup> *Rifte*, riven.

<sup>3</sup> *Albe*, although.

---

XXIII. 6. — *Sad Celeno.*] *Celeno* was the name of one of the Harpies. H.

Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,  
 Ne darkenesse him ne daunger might dismay.  
 Soone as he entred was, the dore streightway  
 Did shutt, and from behind it forth there lept  
 An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall day<sup>1</sup>;  
 The which with monstrous stalke behind him  
 stept,

And ever as he went dew watch upon him kept.

27 Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,  
 If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,  
 Or lips he layd on thing that likte him best,  
 Or ever sleepe his eie-strings did untye,  
 Should be his pray: and therefore still on hye  
 He over him did hold his cruell clawes,  
 Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him dye,  
 And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,  
 If ever he transgrest the fatall Stygian lawes.

28 That houses forme within was rude and strong,  
 Lyke an huge cave hewne out of rocky clifte,  
 From whose rough vault the ragged breaches  
 hong  
 Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,<sup>2</sup>  
 And with rich metall loaded every riffe,  
 That heavy ruine they did seeme to threat; ;  
 And over them Arachne high did lifte  
 Her cunning web, and spred her subtile nett,  
 Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more black  
 then iett.

<sup>1</sup> I. e. day of doom, or death, as in Can. viii. v. 51.

<sup>2</sup> *Guifte*, gift; i. e. gifted with glorious richness.

29 Both rooffe, and floore, and walls, were all of gold,  
 But overgrowne with dust and old decay,  
 And hid in darkenes, that none could behold  
 The hew thereof: for vew of cherefull day  
 Did rever in that house itselſe display,  
 But a faint shadow of uncertein light;  
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away;  
 Or as the moone, cloathed with clowdy night,  
 Does shew to him that walkes in feare and sad affright.

30 In all that rowme was nothing to be seene  
 But huge great yron chests, and coffers strong,  
 All bard with double bends,<sup>1</sup> that none could weene  
 Them to efforce by violence or wrong;  
 On every side they placed were along.  
 But all the grownd with sculs was scattered  
 And dead mens bones, which round about were  
                   flong;  
 Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,  
 And their vile carcases now left unburied.

31 They forward passe; ne Guyon yet spoke word,  
 Till that they came unto an yron dore,  
 Which to them opened of his owne accord,  
 And shewd of richesse such exceeding store,  
 As eie of man did never see before,  
 Ne ever could within one place be fownd,  
 Though all the wealth which is, or was of yore,  
 Could gathered be through all the world arownd,  
 And that above were added to that under grownd.

<sup>1</sup> *Bends*, bands.

32 The charge thereof unto a covetous spright  
 Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,  
 And warily awaited day and night,  
 From other covetous feends it to defend,  
 Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.  
 Then Mammon, turning to that warriour, said :  
 “ Loe, here the worldës blis ! loe, here the end,  
 To which al men doe ayme, rich to be made !  
 Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid.”

33 “ Certes,” sayd he, “ I n’ill<sup>1</sup> thine offred grace,  
 Ne to be made so<sup>2</sup> happy doe intend !  
 Another blis before mine eyes I place,  
 Another happines, another end.  
 To them that list, these base regardes<sup>3</sup> I lend :  
 But I in armes, and in atchievements brave,  
 Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,  
 And to be lord of those that riches have,  
 Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile  
 selave.”

34 Thereat the Feend his gnashing teeth did grate,  
 And griev’d, so long to lacke his greedie pray ;  
 For well he weened that so glorious bayte  
 Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay<sup>4</sup> :  
 Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away  
 More light then culver<sup>5</sup> in the faulcons fist :  
 Eternall God thee save from such decay !

<sup>1</sup> *N’ill*, will not have.

<sup>2</sup> *So*, in this way.

<sup>3</sup> *Regardes*, considerations.

<sup>4</sup> *Assay*, trial.

<sup>5</sup> *Culver*, pigeon.

But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,  
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

35 Thence, forward he him ledd and shortly brought  
Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright  
To him did open as it had beene taught :  
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,<sup>1</sup>  
And hundred founnaees all burning bright ;  
By every founnace many feendes did byde,  
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight ;  
And every feend his busie paines applyde  
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

36 One with great bellowes gathered filling ayre,  
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame ;  
Another did the dying bronds repayre  
With yron tongs, and sprinckled ofte the same  
With liquid waves, fiers Vulcans rage to tame,  
Who, maystring<sup>2</sup> them, renewd his former heat :  
Some scumd the drosse that from the metall came ;  
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great :  
And every one did swincke,<sup>3</sup> and every one did sweat.

37 But, when an earthly wight they present saw  
Glistring in armes and battailous aray,  
From their whot work they did themselves withdraw  
To wonder at the sight ; for, till that day,  
They never creature saw that cam that way :  
Their staring eyes sparckling with fervent fyre

<sup>1</sup> *Pight*, placed.

<sup>3</sup> *Swincke*, toil.

<sup>2</sup> *Maystring*, mastering, or subduing.

And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,  
 That, were it not for shame, he would retyre;  
**Till that him thus bespake their souveraine lord and syre:**

38 “ Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,  
 That living eye before did never see!  
 The thing that thou didst crave so earnestly,  
 To weet whence all the wealth late shewd by mee  
 Proceeded, lo! now is reveald to thee.  
 Here is the fountaine of the worldës good!  
 Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,  
 Advise<sup>1</sup> thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood:  
 Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood.”

39 “ Suffise it then, thou Money-god,” quoth hee,  
 “ That all thine ydle offers I refuse.  
 All that I need I have; what needeth mee  
 To covet more then I have cause to use?  
 With such vaine shewes thy worldlinges vyle abuse;  
 But give me leave to follow mine empirise.”  
 Mammon was much displeasd, yet no'te<sup>2</sup> he chuse  
 But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise<sup>3</sup>;  
 And thence him forward ledd, him further to entise.

40 He brought him, through a darksom narrow strayt,  
 To a broad gate all built of beaten gold:  
 The gate was open; but therein did wayt  
 A sturdie villein, stryding stiffe and bold,  
 As if the highest God defy he would:

<sup>1</sup> *Arise*, bethink.

<sup>3</sup> *Mesprise*, contempt.

<sup>2</sup> *No'te*, could not.

In his right hand an yron club he held,  
 But he himselfe was all of golden mould,  
 Yet had both life and sence, and well could weld  
 That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

41 Disdayne he called was, and did disdayne  
 To be so cald, and who so did him call :  
 Sterne was his looke, and full of stomacke <sup>1</sup> vayne ;  
 His portauce <sup>2</sup> terrible, and stature tall,  
 Far passing th' hight of men terrestriall ;  
 Like an huge gyant of the Titans race ;  
 • That made him scorne all creatures great and  
 small,  
 And with his pride all others powre deface :  
 More fitt emongst black fiendes then men to have his  
 place.

42 Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye,  
 That with their brightnesse made that darknes **light**,  
 His harmefull club he gan to hurtle <sup>3</sup> hye,  
 And threaten batteill to the Faery Knight ;  
 Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,<sup>4</sup>  
 Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,  
 And counseld him abstaine from perilous fight ;  
 For nothing might abash that villein bold,  
 Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

43 So having him with reason pacifyde,  
 And the fiers carle commaunding to forbear,

<sup>1</sup> *Stomacke*, haughtiness.

<sup>2</sup> *Portauce*, bearing.

<sup>3</sup> *Hurtle*, brandish.

<sup>4</sup> *Dight*, prepare.



He brought him in. The rowme was large and  
 wyde,  
 As it some gyeld<sup>1</sup> or solemne temple weare ;  
 Many great golden pillours did upbeare  
 The massy rooffe, and riches huge sustayne ;  
 And every pillour decked was full deare<sup>2</sup>  
 With crownes, and diademes, and titles vaine,  
 Which mortall princes wore whiles they on earth did  
 rayne.

44 A route of people there assembled were,  
 Of every sort and nation under skye,  
 Which with great uprore preaced<sup>3</sup> to draw nere  
 To th' upper part, where was advaunced hye  
 A stately siege<sup>4</sup> of soveraine maiestye ;  
 And thereon satt a woman gorgeous gay,  
 And richly cladd in robes of royaltye,  
 That never earthly prince in such aray  
 His glory did enhance, and pompous pryde display.

45 Her face right wondrous faire did sceme to bee,  
 That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw  
 Through the dim shade, that all men might it see ;  
 Yet was not that same her owne native hew,  
 But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,  
 Thereby more lovers unto her to call ;  
 Nath'lesse most heavenly faire in deed and vew  
 She by creation was, till she did fall ;  
 Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crime  
 withall.

<sup>1</sup> *Gyeld*, guild (-hall).

<sup>2</sup> *Deare*, richly.

<sup>3</sup> *Preaced*, pressed.

<sup>4</sup> *Siege*, seat.

- 46 There, as in glistring glory she did sitt,  
 She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,  
 Whose upper end to highest heven was knitt,  
 And lower part did reach to lowest hell ;  
 And all that preace<sup>1</sup> did rownd about her swell  
 To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby  
 To climbe aloft, and others to excell :  
 That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,<sup>2</sup>  
 And every linck thereof a step of dignity.
- 47 Some thought to raise themselves to high degree  
 By riches and unrighteous reward ;  
 Some by close shouldring ; some by flatteree ;  
 Others through friendes ; others for base regard ;  
 And all, by wrong waies, for themselves prepar'd :  
 Those that were up themselves, kept others low ;  
 Those that were low themselves, held others hard,  
 Ne suffred them to ryse or greater grow ;  
 But every one did strive his fellow downe to throw.
- 48 Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,  
 What meant that preace<sup>1</sup> about that ladies throne,  
 And what she was that did so high aspyre ?  
 Him Mammon answered : “ That goodly one,  
 Whom all that folke with such contention  
 Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is :  
 Honour and dignitie from her alone  
 Derived are, and all this worldës blis,  
 For which ye men doe strive ; few gett, but many  
 mis.

<sup>1</sup> *Preace*, press.

<sup>2</sup> *Sty*, ascend.

49 “ And fayre Philotimé<sup>1</sup> she rightly hight,  
 The fairest wight that wonneth<sup>2</sup> under skye ;  
 But that this darksom neather world her light  
 Doth dim with horror and deformity,  
 Worthie of heven and hye felicitie,  
 From whence the gods have her for envy thurst :  
 But, sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,  
 Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust<sup>3</sup> ;  
 That she may thee advance for works and merits iust.”

50 “ Gramercy, Mammon,” said the gentle Knight,  
 “ For so great grace and offred high estate ;  
 But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,  
 Unworthy match for such immortall mate  
 Myselfe well wote,<sup>4</sup> and mine unequall fate :  
 And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,<sup>5</sup>  
 And love avowd to other lady late,  
 That to remove the same I have no might :  
 To change love causelesse is reproch to warlike  
 knight.”

51 Mammon emmoved was with inward wrath ;  
 Yet, forcing it to fayne, him forth thence ledd,  
 Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,  
 Into a gardin goodly garnished  
 With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be  
 redd<sup>6</sup> :  
 Not such as earth out of her fruitfull woomb

<sup>1</sup> *Philotimé* (Greek), Ambition.

<sup>2</sup> *Wonneth*, dwelleth.

<sup>3</sup> *Lust*, list, desire.

<sup>4</sup> *Wote*, know.

<sup>5</sup> *Yplight*, plighted.

<sup>6</sup> *Redd*, conceived of.

Throwes forth to men, sweet and well savored,  
 But direfull deadly black, both leafe and bloom,  
 Fitt to adorne the dead and deck the dreary toombe.

52 There mournfull cypresse grew in greatest store ;  
 And trees of bitter gall ; and heben<sup>1</sup> sad ;  
 Dead sleeping poppy ; and black hellebore ;  
 Cold coliquintida ; and tetra mad ;  
 Mortall samnitis ; and cicuta<sup>2</sup> bad,  
 With which th' uniuert Atheniens made to dy  
 Wise Socrates, who 'hereof quaffing glad,  
 Poured out his life and last philosophy  
 To the fayre Critias, his dearest belamy<sup>3</sup> !

53 The Gardin of Prosérpina this hight :  
 And in the midst thereof a silver seat,  
 With a thick arber goodly overdight,<sup>4</sup>  
 In which she often usd from open heat  
 Herselfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.<sup>5</sup>  
 Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,

<sup>1</sup> *Heben*, ebony.

<sup>2</sup> *Cicuta*, hemlock.

<sup>3</sup> *Belamy* (*bel ami*, Fr.), fair friend.

<sup>4</sup> *Overdight*, overspread.

<sup>5</sup> *Entreat*, woo, or enjoy.

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LII. 4, 5. — There are no such plants as *tetra* and *samnitis*. Upton conjectures that Spenser meant by the former the deadly nightshade, and that *samnitis* is the *arbor sabina*, or savin-tree, which was thought to produce abortion. C.

LII. 6-9. It was Theramenes who, when drinking the fatal cup, dashed out the last drops, exclaiming, "This to the lovely Critias!" — his mortal enemy; and *Crito* was the friend that clung to Socrates to the last. Critias had once been his disciple, but became the worst of his persecutors. C.

With branches broad dispredd and body great,  
 Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see,  
 And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.

54 Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,  
 That goodly was their glory to behold ;  
 On earth like never grew, ne living wight  
 Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold ;  
 For those, which Hercules with conquest bold  
 Got from great Atlas daughters, hence began,  
 And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold ;  
 And those, with which th' Eubæan young man wan  
 Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out ran.

65 Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,  
 With which Acontius got his lover trew,  
 Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit ;  
 Here eke that famous golden apple grew,  
 The which emongest the gods false Ate threw ;  
 For which th' Idæan Ladies disagreed,

LIV. 6. — *Got from great Atlas daughters.*] The Hesperides, who were, according to one account, the daughters of Atlas and Hesperis, daughter of Hesperus. C.

LIV. 9. — *Swift Atalanta.*] Hippomenes vanquished Atalanta in a foot-race, by dropping before her, whenever she was likely to get the start of him, an apple of gold, which she stopped to gather. H.

LV. 2. — *Acontius.*] Acontius was a youth of humble origin, who fell in love with Cydippe, of Delos, and, being unsuccessful in his suit, wrote on an apple, which he gave to her, the words, "By Diana, I will wed Acontius." Cydippe read the words, and felt constrained to marry her lover, by the involuntary oath she had uttered. H.

Till partiall Paris dempt<sup>1</sup> it Venus dew,  
 And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,  
 That many noble Greekes and Troians made to bleed.

56 The warlike Elfe much wondred at this tree,  
 So fayre and great, that shadowed all the ground ;  
 And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,<sup>2</sup>  
 Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound  
 Of this great gardin, compast with a mound :  
 Which overhanging, they themselves did steepe  
 In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round ;  
 That is the river of Cocytus deepe,  
 In which full many soules do endlesse wayle and weepe.

57 Which to behold he clomb up to the bancke,  
 And, looking downe, saw many damned wightes  
 In those sad waves, which direfull deadly stancke,  
 Plonged continually of<sup>3</sup> cruell sprightes,  
 That with their piteous cryes, and yelling shrigh<sup>4</sup>tes  
 They made the further shore resounden wide :  
 Emongst the rest of those same ruefull sightes,  
 One cursed creature he by chaunce espide,  
 That drenched lay full deepe under the garden side.

58 Deepe was he drenched to the upmost chin,  
 Yet gaped still, as coveting to drinke  
 Of the cold liquour which he waded in ;  
 And, stretching forth his hand, did often thinke  
 To reach the fruit which grew upon the brincke ;

<sup>1</sup> *Dempt*, deemed, adjudged.

<sup>2</sup> *Fee*, property.

<sup>3</sup> *Of*, by.

<sup>4</sup> *Shrigh<sup>t</sup>es*, shrieks.

But both the fruit from hand, and flood from  
 mouth,  
 Did fly abacke, and made him vainely swinke<sup>1</sup>;  
 The whiles he sterv'd with hunger, and with drouth  
 He daily dyde, yet never throughly<sup>2</sup> dyen couth.<sup>3</sup>

59 The Knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,  
 Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby?  
 Who, groning deepe, thus answerd him againe:  
 "Most cursed of all creatures under skye,  
 Lo Tantalus, I here tormented lye!  
 Of whom high Iove wont whylome<sup>4</sup> feasted bee;  
 Lo, here I now for want of food doe dye!  
 But, if that thou be such as I thee see,  
 Of grace I pray thee give to eat and drinke to mee!"

60 "Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus," quoth he,  
 "Abide the fortune of thy present fate;  
 And, unto all that live in high degree,  
 Ensample be of mind intemperate,  
 To teach them how to use their present state."  
 Then gan the cursed wretch alowd to cry,  
 Accusing highest Iove and gods ingrate;  
 And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,  
 As authour of uniustice, there to let him dye.

<sup>1</sup> *Swinke*, labor.

<sup>2</sup> *Throughly*, thoroughly.

<sup>3</sup> *Couth*, could.

<sup>4</sup> *Whylome*, formerly.

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LIX. 6. — Tantalus was admitted to the table of Jupiter, and *once* entertained the gods with a banquet. He was punished for abusing the celestial hospitality, or, according to another legend, for his insatiable desires, his "mind intemperate." C.

61 He lookt a litle further, and espyde  
 Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent<sup>1</sup>  
 Within the river which the same did hyde :  
 But both his handes, most filthy feculent,  
 Above the water were on high extent,<sup>2</sup>  
 And faynd<sup>3</sup> to wash themselves incessantly,  
 Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,  
 But rather fowler seemed to the eye ;  
 So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

62 The Knight, him calling, asked who he was ?  
 Who, lifting up his head, him answerd thus :  
 “ I Pilate am, the falsest iudge, alas !  
 And most uniuert ; that, by unrighteous  
 And wicked doome, to Iewes despiteous<sup>4</sup>  
 Delivered up the Lord of Life to dye,  
 And did acquite a murdrer felonous ;  
 The whiles my handes I washt in purity,<sup>5</sup>  
 The whiles my soule was soyld with fowle iniquity.”

63 Infinite moe<sup>6</sup> tormented in like paine  
 He there beheld, too long here to be told :  
 Ne Manmon would there let him long remayne,  
 For terrour of the tortures manifold,  
 In which the damned soules he did behold,  
 But roughly him bespake : “ Thou fearefull foole,  
 Why takest not of that same fruite of gold ?

<sup>1</sup> *Drent*, drenched.

<sup>2</sup> *Extent*, raised.

<sup>3</sup> *Faynd*, pretended, seemed.

<sup>4</sup> *Despiteous*, malicious.

<sup>5</sup> *Purity*, i. e. in pure water.

<sup>6</sup> *Moe*, more.



Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole,  
To rest thy weary person in the shadow coole ?”

64 All which he did to do him deadly fall  
In frayle intemperaunce through sinfull bayt ;  
To which if he inclyned had at all,  
That dreadfull feend, which did behinde him wayt,  
Would him have rent in thousand peeces strait :  
But he was wary wise in all his way,  
And well perceived his deceptfull sleight,  
Ne suffred lust <sup>1</sup> his safety to betray :  
So goodly did beguile the guyler of his pray.

65 And now he has so long remained theare,  
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan  
For want of food and sleepe, which two upbeare,  
Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man,  
That none without the same enduren can :  
For now three dayes of men were full outwrought,  
Since he this hardy enterprize began :  
Forthy <sup>2</sup> great Mammon fayrely he besought  
Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him  
brought.

56 The God, though loth, yet was constraynd t' obay ;  
For lenger time then that, no living wight  
Below the earth might suffred be to stay :  
So backe againe him brought to living light.  
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright  
Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,

<sup>1</sup> *Lust*, desire (of gold).

<sup>2</sup> *Forthy*, therefore.

As overcome with too exceeding might,  
The life did flit away out of her nest,  
And all his sences were with deadly fit opprest.\*

\* In the swoon of Sir Guyon, it has been conjectured that Spenser means to express that state of torpid inaction into which the best faculties of the mind and heart fall, from the too eager and exclusive pursuit of wealth. H.

## CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, layd in swowne, is by  
 Acrates sonnes despoild;  
 Whom Arthure soone hath reskewed  
 And Paynim brethren foyld.

1 AND is there care in heaven? And is there love  
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,  
 That may compassion of their evilles move?  
 There is: — else much more wretched were the case  
 Of men then beasts. But O th' exceeding grace  
 Of Highest God, that loves his creatures so,  
 And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,  
 That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,  
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

2 How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
 To come to succour us that succour want!  
 How oft do they with golden pineons cleave  
 The flitting<sup>1</sup> skyes, like flying pursuivant,  
 Against fowle foendes to ayd us militant!  
 They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,  
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant;  
 And all for love and nothing for reward:  
 O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard!

<sup>1</sup> *Flitting*, fleeting, yielding.

- 3 During the while that Guyon did abide  
 In Mamons house, the Palmer, whom whyleare<sup>1</sup>  
 That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,  
 By further search had passage found elsewhere;  
 And, being on his way, approched neare  
 Where Guyon lay in traunce; when suddainly  
 He heard a voyce that called lowd and cleare,  
 "Come hether, hether, O come hastily!"  
 That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.
- 4 The Palmer lent his care unto the noyce,  
 To weet who called so impórtunely:  
 Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,  
 That bad him come in haste. He by and by<sup>2</sup>  
 His feeble feet directed to the cry;  
 Which to that shady delve<sup>3</sup> him brought at last,  
 Where Mammon earst did sunne his threasury:  
 There the good Guyon he found slumbring fast  
 In senceles dreame; which sight at first him sore  
 aghast.<sup>4</sup>
- 5 Beside his head there satt a faire young man,  
 Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares,  
 Whose tender bud to blossome new began,  
 And florish faire above his equall peares:  
 His snowy front, curled with golden heares,

<sup>1</sup> *Whyleare*, a little while before.

<sup>2</sup> *By and by*, immediately.

<sup>3</sup> *Delve*, dell.

<sup>4</sup> *Aghast*, terrified.

Like Phœbus face adorn'd with sunny rayes,  
 Divinely shone; and two sharpe winged sheares,  
 Decked with diverse plumes, like painted iayes,  
 Were fixed at his backe to cut his ayery wayes.

6 Like as Cupido on Idaean hill,  
 When having laid his cruell bow away  
 And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill  
 The world with murdrous spoiles and bloody pray,  
 With his faire mother he him dights<sup>1</sup> to play,  
 And with his goodly sisters, Graces three;  
 The goddesse, pleased with his wanton play,  
 Suffers herselfe through sleepe beguild to bee,  
 The whiles the other ladies mind theyr mery glee.

7 Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was  
 Through fear and wonder, that he nought could say,  
 Till him the childe bespoke: "Long lackt, alas!  
 Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay,<sup>2</sup>  
 Whiles deadly fitt thy pupill doth dismay.  
 Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend Sire!  
 But dread of death and dolor<sup>3</sup> doe away;  
 For life ere long shall to her home retire,  
 And he, that breathlesse seems, shal corage bold  
 respire.

8 "The charge, which God doth unto me arrett,<sup>4</sup>  
 Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;  
 Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett  
 The care thereof myselfe unto the end,

<sup>1</sup> *Dights*, prepares.

<sup>2</sup> *Assay*, trial.

<sup>3</sup> *Dolor*, grief.

<sup>4</sup> *Arrett*, appoint.

But evermore him succour, and defend  
 Against his foe and mine. Watch thou, I pray;  
 For evill is at hand him to offend.”  
 So having said, eftsoones he gan display  
 His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

9 The Palmer seeing his lefte empty place,  
 And his slow eies beguiled of their sight,  
 Woxe sore affraid, and standing still a space  
 Gaz'd after him, as fowle<sup>1</sup> escapt by flight:  
 At last, him, turning to his charge behight,<sup>2</sup>  
 With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try;  
 Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,  
 He much reioyst, and courd<sup>3</sup> it tenderly,  
 As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

10 At last he spide where towards him did pace  
 Two Paynim knights al armd as bright as skie,  
 And them beside an aged sire did trace,<sup>4</sup>  
 And far before a light-foote page did flie  
 That breathed strife and troublous enmitie.  
 Those were the two sonnes of Acrates old,  
 Who, meeting earst with Archimago slie  
 Foreby that Idle Strond, of him were told  
 That he, which earst them combatted, was Guyon  
 bold.

<sup>1</sup> *Fowle*, bird.

<sup>2</sup> *Behight*, intrusted.

<sup>3</sup> *Courd*, covered.

<sup>4</sup> *Trace*, walk.

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X. 3. — *An aged Sire.*] Archimago.

X. 4. — *A light-foot Page.*] Atin.

X. 7. — *Who, meeting earst.*] See Canto VI. Stanza 47

- 11 Which to avenge on him they dearly vowd,  
 Where ever that on ground they mote him find :  
 False Archimage provokte their corage prowde,  
 And stryful Atin in their stubborne mind  
 Coles of contention and whot<sup>1</sup> vengeaunce tind.<sup>2</sup>  
 Now bene they come whereas the Palmer sate,  
 Keeping that slombred corse to him assind :  
 Well knew they both his person, sith of late  
 With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.
- 12 Whom when Pyrochles saw, inflam'd with rage  
 That Sire he fowl bespake : “ Thou dotard vile,  
 That with thy brutenesse shendst<sup>3</sup> thy comely age,  
 Abandon soone, I read,<sup>4</sup> the caytive spoile  
 Of that same outcast carcass, that erewhile  
 Made itselke famous through false trechery,  
 And crownd his coward crest with knightly stile ;  
 Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,  
 To proove he lived il, that did thus fowly dye.”
- 13 To whom the Palmer fearlesse answered  
 “ Certes, Sir Knight, ye bene too much to blame,  
 Thus for to blott the honor of the dead,  
 And with fowle cowardize his carcass shame  
 Whose living handes immortalizd his name.  
 Vile is the vengeaunce on the ashes cold ;  
 And envy base to barke at sleeping fame :  
 Was never wight that treason of him told :  
 Yourself his prowesse prov'd, and found him fiers and  
 bold.”

<sup>1</sup> *Whot*, hot.<sup>2</sup> *Tind*, kindled.<sup>3</sup> *Shendst*, disgracest.<sup>4</sup> *Read*, advise.

14 Then sayd Cymochles : “ Palmer, thou doest dote,  
 Ne canst of prowesse ne of knighthood deeme,  
 Save as thou seest or hearst : but well I wote,  
 That of his puissaunce tryall made extreeme :  
 Yet gold al is not that doth golden seeme ;  
 Ne all good knights that shake well speare and  
 shield :

The worth of all men by their end esteeme ;  
 And then dew praise or dew reproch them yield :  
 Bad therefore I him deeme that thus lies dead on  
 field.”

15 “ Good or bad,” gan his brother fiers reply,  
 “ What doe I recke, sith that he dide entire<sup>1</sup> ?  
 Or what doth his bad death now satisfy  
 The greedy hunger of revenging yre,  
 Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire<sup>f</sup>  
 Yet, since no way is lefte to wraeke my spight,  
 I will him reave<sup>2</sup> of armes, the victors hire,  
 And of that shield, more worthy of good knight ;  
 For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright ?”

16 “ Fayr Sir,” said then the Palmer suppliaunt,  
 “ For knighthoods love doe not so fowle a deed,  
 Ne blame<sup>3</sup> your honor with so shamefull vaunt  
 Of vile revenge. To spoile the dead of weed<sup>4</sup>  
 Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed :  
 But leave these relicks of his living might  
 To decke his herce, and trap his tomblacke steed.”

<sup>1</sup> *Entire*, i. e. unwounded.

<sup>2</sup> *Reave*, strip.

<sup>3</sup> *Blame*, bring reproach upon.

<sup>4</sup> *Weed*, clothing.



“What herce or steed,” said he, “should he have  
dight,

But be entombd in the raven or the kight ?”

17 With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,  
And th’ other brother gan his helme unlace ;  
Both fiercely bent to have him disaraid ;  
Till that they spyde where towards them did pace  
An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,  
Whose squire bore after him an heben<sup>1</sup> launce  
And coverd shield. Well kend him so far space  
Th’ Enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,<sup>2</sup>  
When under him he saw his Lybian steed to prauce ;

18 And to those brethren sayd : “ Rise, rise bylive,<sup>3</sup>  
And unto batteil doe yourselves addresse ;  
For yonder comes the prowest<sup>4</sup> knight alive,  
Prince Arthur, flowre of grace and noblesse,  
That hath to Paynim knights wrought gret distresse,  
And thousand Sar’zins fowly donne to dye.”  
That word so deepe did in their harts impresse,  
That both eftsoones upstarted furiously,  
And gan themselves prepare to batteill greedily.

19 But fiers Pyrochles, lacking his owne sword,  
The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,

<sup>1</sup> *Heben*, ebony.

<sup>2</sup> *Amenaunce*, carriage.

<sup>3</sup> *Bylive*, quickly.

<sup>4</sup> *Prowest*, bravest.

And Archimage besought, him that afford  
 Which he had brought for Braggadoelio vaine.  
 "So would I," said th' Enchaunter, "glad and faine  
 Beteeme<sup>1</sup> to you this sword, you to defend,  
 Or ought that els your honor might maintaine;  
 But that this weapons powre I well have kend<sup>2</sup>  
 To be contráry to the worke which ye intend :

20 "For that same knights owne sword this is, of yore  
 Which Merlin made by his almightie art  
 For that his noursling, when he knighthood swore,  
 Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart.  
 The metall first he mixt with medawart,  
 That no enchauntment from his dint might save :  
 Then it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,  
 And seven times dipped in the bitter wave  
 Of hellish Styx, which hidden vertue to it gave.

21 "The vertue is, that nether steele nor stone  
 The stroke thereof from entraunce may defend ;  
 Ne ever may be used by his fone<sup>3</sup> ;  
 Ne forst his rightful owner to offend ;  
 Ne ever will it breake, ne ever bend ;  
 Wherefore *Morddure*<sup>4</sup> it rightfully is hight.  
 In vaine therefore, Pyrochles, should I lend  
 The same to thee, against his lord to fight ;  
 For sure yt would deceive thy labor and thy might."

<sup>1</sup> *Beteeme*, grant.

<sup>2</sup> *Kend*, learned.

<sup>3</sup> *Fone*, foes.

<sup>4</sup> *Morddure*, Hard-biter.

22 " Foolish old man," said then the Pagan wroth,  
 " That weenest words or charms may force with-  
 stand :

Soone shalt thou see, and then beleeve for troth,<sup>1</sup>  
 That I can carve with this inchaunted brond  
 His lords owne flesh." Therewith out of his  
 hond

That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away ;  
 And Guyons shield about his wrest he bond :  
 So ready dight, fierce battaile to assay,  
 And match his brother proud in battailous aray.

23 By this, that straunger knight in presence came,  
 And goodly salued<sup>2</sup> them ; who nought againe  
 Him answered, as courtesie became ;  
 But with sterne lookes, and stomachous<sup>3</sup> disdaine,  
 Gave signes of grudge and discontentment vaine :  
 Then, turning to the Palmer, he gan spy  
 Where at his feet, with sorrowfull demayne<sup>4</sup>  
 And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,  
 In whose dead face he redd great magnanimity.

24 Sayd he then to the Palmer : " Reverend Syre,  
 What great misfortune hath betidd this knight ?  
 Or did his life her fatall date expyre,  
 Or did he fall by treason, or by fight ?  
 However, sure I rew his pitteous plight." \n  
 " Not one, nor other," sayd the Palmer grave,  
 " Hath him befalne ; but cloudes of deadly night

<sup>1</sup> *Troth*, truth.

<sup>2</sup> *Salued*, saluted.

<sup>3</sup> *Stomachous*, haughty.

<sup>4</sup> *Demayne*, demeanor, appearance.

Awhile his heavy eylids cover'd have,  
And all his senses drowned in deep sencelesse wave.

25 "Which those his cruell foes, that stand hereby,  
Making advauntage, to revenge their spight,  
Would him disarm and treaten shamefully;  
Unworthie usage of redoubted knight!  
But you, faire Sir, whose honourable sight  
Doth promise hope of helpe and timely grace,  
Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,  
And by your powre protect his feeble cace?  
First prayse of knighthood is, fowle outrage to de-  
face.<sup>1</sup>"

26 "Palmer," said he, "no knight so rude, I weene,  
As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost<sup>2</sup>.  
Ne was there ever noble corage<sup>3</sup> seene,  
That in advauntage would his puissaunce bost  
Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.  
May bee, that better reason will aswage  
The rash revengers heat. Words, well despost,  
Have secrete powre t' appease inflamed rage:  
If not, leave unto me thy knights last patronage.<sup>4</sup>"

27 Tho, turning to those brethren, thus bespoke:  
"Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might,  
It seemes, iust wronges to vengeance doe provoke,  
To wreake your wrath on this dead-seeming knight,  
Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,

<sup>1</sup> *Deface*, defeat, prevent.

<sup>2</sup> *Ghost*, spirit.

<sup>3</sup> *Corage*, heart.

<sup>4</sup> *Patronage*, defence.

And settle patience in so furious heat?  
 Not to debate the chalenge<sup>1</sup> of your right,  
 But for his carkas pardon I entreat,  
 Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest seat.”

8 To whom Cymochles said: “For what art thou,  
 That mak'st thyselfe his dayes-man,<sup>2</sup> to prolong  
 The vengeaunce prest<sup>3</sup>? Or who shall let<sup>4</sup> me  
 now

On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,  
 And make his carkas as the outcast dong?  
 Why should not that dead carrion satisfye  
 The guilt, which, if he lived had thus long,  
 His life for dew revenge should deare abyve<sup>5</sup>?  
 The trespas still doth live, albee<sup>6</sup> the person dye.”

9 “Indeed,” then said the Prince, “the evill donne  
 Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leave;  
 But from the grandsyre to the nephewes<sup>7</sup> sonne  
 And all his seede the curse doth often cleave,  
 Till vengeaunce utterly the guilt bereave:  
 So streightly<sup>8</sup> God doth iudge. But gentle knight,  
 That doth against the dead his hand upreare,\*  
 His honour staines with rancour and despight,  
 And great disparagment makes to his former might.”

<sup>1</sup> *Challenge*, claim, title.

<sup>2</sup> *Dayes-man*, umpire.

<sup>3</sup> *Prest*, ready at hand.

<sup>4</sup> *Let*, hinder.

<sup>5</sup> *Abye*, abide.

<sup>6</sup> *Albee*, although.

<sup>7</sup> *Nephewes*, grandson's.

<sup>8</sup> *Streightly*, strictly.

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\* Qu. *upheave*?

30 Pyrochles gan reply the second tyme,  
 And to him said: " Now, felon, sure I read,<sup>1</sup>  
 How that thou art partaker of his cryme :  
 Therefore by Termagaunt thou shalt be dead."  
 With that, his hand, more sad<sup>2</sup> then lomp of lead,  
 Uplifting high, he weened with Morddure,  
 His owne good sword Morddure, to cleave his  
 head.  
 The faithfull steele such treason no'uld<sup>3</sup> endure,  
 But, swarving from the marke, his lordes life did as-  
 sure.

31 Yet was the force so furious and so fell,  
 That horse and man it made to reele asyde :  
 Nath'lesse the Prince would not forsake his sell,<sup>4</sup>  
 (For well of yore he learned had to ryde,)  
 But full of anger fiersly to him cryde :  
 " False traitour miscreaunt, thou broken hast  
 The law of armes, to strike foe undefide :  
 But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt taste  
 Right sowre, and feele the law, the which thou hast  
 defast.<sup>5</sup>"

32 With that his balefull speare he fiercely bent  
 Against the Pagans brest, and therewith thought  
 His cursed life out of her lodg have rent :

<sup>1</sup> *Read*, perceive.

<sup>2</sup> *Sad*, heavy.

<sup>3</sup> *No'uld*, would not.

<sup>4</sup> *Sell*, saddle.

<sup>5</sup> *Defast*, i. e. broken.

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XXX. 4. — *By Termagaunt, &c.*] *Termagaunt* is the name given in old romances to a supposed god of the Saracens. H.

But, ere the point arrived where it ought,  
That seven-fold shield, which he from Guyon  
brought,

He cast between to ward the bitter stownd<sup>1</sup> :  
Through all those foldes the steelehead passage  
wrought,

And through his shoulder perst; wherwith to ground  
He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

33 Which when his brother saw, fraught with great  
griefe

And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,  
And fowly saide: "By Mahoune, cursed thiefe,  
That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby."

Then, hurling up his harmefull blade on hy,  
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,  
That from his saddle forced him to fly :

Els mote it needes downe to his manly brest  
Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence ~~dis-~~  
possest.

34 Now was the Prince in dangerous distresse,  
Wanting his sword when he on foot should fight :

His single<sup>2</sup> speare could doe him small redresse  
Against two foes of so exceeding might,  
The least of which was match for any knight.

And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,  
Had reard himselfe againe to cruel fight

Three times more furious and more puissaunt,  
Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

<sup>1</sup> *Stownd*, hour (of —).

<sup>2</sup> *Single*, alone.

35 So both attonce him charge on either syde  
 With hideous strokes and importable<sup>1</sup> powre,  
 That forced him his ground to traverse wyde,  
 And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre<sup>2</sup>  
 For in his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,  
 Their strokes did raine; yet did he never quaile,  
 Ne backward shrinke; but as a stedfast towre,  
 Whom foe with double battry doth assaile,  
 Then on her bulwarke beares, and bids them nought  
 availe, —

36 So stoutly he withstood their strong assay;  
 Till that at last, when he advantage spyde,  
 His poynant<sup>3</sup> speare he thrust with puissant sway  
 At proud Cymochles, whiles his shield was wyde,<sup>4</sup>  
 That through his thigh the mortall steele did  
 gryde<sup>5</sup>:  
 He, swarving with the force, within his flesh  
 Did breake the launce, and let the head abyde:  
 Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,  
 That underneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.<sup>6</sup>

37 Horribly then he gan to rage and rayle,  
 Cursing his gods, and himselfe damning deepe:  
 Als<sup>7</sup> when his brother saw the red blood rayle<sup>8</sup>  
 Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,  
 For very felnesse<sup>9</sup> lowd he gan to weepe,

<sup>1</sup> *Importable*, not to be borne.

<sup>2</sup> *Stowre*, turbulent assault.

<sup>3</sup> *Poynant*, piercing.

<sup>4</sup> *Wyde*, turned away.

<sup>5</sup> *Gryde*, pierce.

<sup>6</sup> *Plesh*, plash, pool.

<sup>7</sup> *Als*, also.

<sup>8</sup> *Rayle*, flow.

<sup>9</sup> *Felnesse*, fury.



And said: " Caytive, cursse on thy cruell hond,  
 That twice hath spedd<sup>1</sup>; yet shall it not thee keepe  
 From the third brunt of this my fatall brond :  
 Lo, where the dreadfull Death behynd thy backe  
 doth stond !"

38 With that he strooke, and th' other strooke withall,  
 That nothing seemd mote beare so monstrous might :  
 The one upon his covered shield did fall,  
 And glauncing downe would not his owner byte :  
 But th' other did upon his troncheon<sup>2</sup> smyte ;  
 Which hewing quite asunder, further way  
 It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,  
 The which dividing with impórtune sway,  
 It seizd<sup>3</sup> in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

39 Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,  
 Red as the rose, thence gushed grievously ;  
 That when the Paynym spyde the streaming blood,  
 Gave him great hart and hope of victory.  
 On th' other side, in huge perplexity  
 The Prince now stood, having his weapon broke ;  
 Nought could he hurt, but still at warde did ly :  
 Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke  
 Cymochles twice, that twice him forst his foot revoke.

<sup>1</sup> *Spedd*, succeeded.

<sup>3</sup> *Seizd*, fixed.

<sup>2</sup> *Troncheon*, the staff of the spear.

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XXXVIII. 7. — *His hacqueton.*] The *hacqueton* was a military garment, worn sometimes alone, sometimes under the hauberk. It was generally made of buckram and stuffed with cotton. C.

40 Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,  
 Sir Guyons sword he lightly to him raught,<sup>1</sup>  
 And said: "Fayre sonne, great God thy right  
                   hand blesse,  
 To use that sword so well as he it ought<sup>2</sup>!"  
 Glad was the Knight, and with fresh courage  
                   fraught,  
 Whenas againe he armed felt his hond:  
 Then like a lyon, which hath long time saught  
 His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond  
 Emongst the shepheard swaynes, then wexeth wood  
                   and yond,<sup>3</sup>

41 So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes  
 On either side, that neither mayle could hold,  
 Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:  
 Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told;  
 Eft<sup>4</sup> to Cymochles twice so many fold;  
 Then, backe againe turning his busie hond,  
 Them both atonce compeld with courage bold  
 To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling<sup>5</sup> brond;  
 And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not both  
                   withstond.

42 As salvage bull, whom two fierce mastives bayt,  
 When rancour doth with rage him once engore,<sup>6</sup>  
 Forgets with wary warde them to awayt,  
 But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,

<sup>1</sup> *Raught*, reached.

<sup>5</sup> *Hart-thrilling*, heart-piercing.

<sup>2</sup> *He it ought*, he that owned it.   <sup>6</sup> *Engore*, pierce, prick.

<sup>3</sup> *Wood and yond*, mad and furious.

<sup>4</sup> *Eft*, afterwards.

Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the flore,  
 Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdain,  
 That all the forest quakes to heare him rore :  
 So rag'd Prince Arthur twixt his foemen twaine,  
 That neither could his mightie puissaunce sustaine.

43 But ever at Pyrochles when he smitt,  
 (Who Guyons shield cast ever him before,  
 Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtract was writt,)  
 His hand relented and the stroke forbore,  
 And his deare hart the picture gan adore ;  
 Which oft the Paynim sav'd from deadly stowre<sup>1</sup> :  
 But him henceforth the same can save no more ;  
 For now arrived is his fatall howre,  
 That no'te<sup>2</sup> avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

44 For when Cymochles saw the fowle reproch,  
 Which them appeached<sup>3</sup> ; prickt with guiltie shame  
 And inward griefe, he fiercely gan approach,  
 Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,  
 Or dye with honour and desert of fame ;  
 And on the haubergh<sup>4</sup> stroke the Prince so sore,  
 That quite disparted all the linked frame,  
 And pierced to the skin, but bit no more ;  
 Yet made him wise to reele, that never moov'd afore.

45 Whereat renfierst<sup>5</sup> with wrath and sharp regret,  
 He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,

<sup>1</sup> *Stowre*, assault.

<sup>2</sup> *No'te*, might not.

<sup>3</sup> *Appeached*, impeached.

<sup>4</sup> *Haubergh*, coat of mail.

<sup>5</sup> *Renfierst*, reënforced



So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew :  
 Tho, when this breathlesse woxe, that batteil gan  
 renew.

43 As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,  
 That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,<sup>1</sup>  
 The clowdes, as thinges affrayd, before him flye ;  
 But, all so soone as his outrageous powre  
 Is layd, they fiercely then begin to showre ;  
 And, as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,  
 Now all attonce their malice forth do poure :  
 So did Prince Arthur beare himselfe in fight,  
 And suffred rash Pyroehles waste his ydle might.

49 At last whenas the Sarazin perceiv'd  
 How that straunge<sup>2</sup> sword refusd to serve his neede,  
 But, when he stroke most strong, the dint deceiv'd,  
 He flong it from him ; and, devoyd of dreed,  
 Upon him lightly leaping without heed,  
 Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,  
 Thinking to overthrowe and downe him tred :  
 But him in strength and skill the Prince surpast,  
 And through his nimble sleight did under him down  
 cast.

50 Nought booted it the Paynim then to strive ;  
 For as a bittur<sup>3</sup> in the eagles clawe,

<sup>1</sup> *Stowre*, violence.

<sup>3</sup> *Bittur*, bitten.

<sup>2</sup> *Straunge*, not belonging to him.

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XLVII. 9. — *Tho, when, &c.*] Then when *this* Paynim grew  
 breathless, *that* Prince renewed the battle. II.

That may not hope by flight to scape alive,  
 Still waytes for death with dread and trembling aw;  
 So he, now subiect to the victours law,  
 Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,  
 For vile disdain and rancour, which did gnaw  
 His hart in twaine with sad melánocholy;  
 As one that loathed life, and yet despysd to dye.

51 But, full of princely bounty and great mind,  
 The conquerour nought cared him to slay;  
 But, casting wronges and all revenge behind,  
 More glory thought to give life then decay,<sup>1</sup>  
 And sayd: "Paynim, this is thy dismall day<sup>2</sup>;  
 Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreaunce,<sup>3</sup>  
 And my trew liegeman yield thyselſe for ay,  
 Life will I graunt thee for thy valiaunce,  
 And all thy wronges will wipe out of my sove-  
 naunce."<sup>4</sup>

52 "Foole," sayd the Pagan, "I thy gift defye;  
 But use thy fortune, as it doth befall;  
 And say, that I not overcome doe dye,  
 But in despite of life for death doe call."  
 Wroth was the Prince, and sory yet withall,  
 That he so wilfully refused grace;  
 Yet, sith his fate so cruelly did fall,  
 His shining helmet he gan soone unlace,  
 And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

<sup>1</sup> *Then decay*, than death.

<sup>2</sup> *Dismall day*, doomsday. (And so, Canto VII. 26.)

<sup>3</sup> *Miscreaunce*, false faith.

<sup>4</sup> *Sorenaunce*, memory.

53 By this, Sir Guyon from his traunce awakt,  
 Life having maystered her sencelesse foe ;  
 And looking up, whenas his shield he lakt  
 And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe.<sup>1</sup>  
 But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe  
 Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad he grew,  
 And saide : “ Deare Sir, whom wandring to and fro  
 I long have lakt, I ioy thy face to vew !  
 Firme is thy faith, whom daunger never fro me drew.

54 “ But read<sup>2</sup> what wicked hand hath robbed mee  
 Of my good sword and shield ? ” The Palmer,  
 glad  
 With so fresh hew uprysing him to see,  
 Him answered : “ Fayre sonne, be no whit sad  
 For want of weapons ; they shall soone be had.”  
 So gan he to discourse the whole debate,<sup>3</sup>  
 Which that straunge Knight for him sustained had,  
 And those two Sarazins confounded late,  
 Whose carcases on ground were horribly prostrate.

55 Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,  
 His hart with great affection was embayd,<sup>4</sup>  
 And to the Prince, bowing with reverence dew,  
 As to the patrone<sup>5</sup> of his life, thus sayd :  
 “ My Lord, my Liege, by whose most gracious ayd  
 I live this day, and see my foes subdewd,  
 What may suffise to be for meede repayd

1 *Woe*, sad.

2 *Read*, tell me.

3 *Debate*, contest.

4 *Embayed*, bathed.

5 *Patrone*, protector.

Of so great graces as ye have me shewd,  
But to be ever bound — ”

56 To whom the Infant<sup>1</sup> thus : “ Fayre Sir, what need  
Good turnes be counted, as a servile bond,  
To bind their doers to receive their meed ?  
Are not all knightes by oath bound to withstond  
Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond ?  
Suffise, that I have done my dew<sup>2</sup> in place.”  
So goodly purpose<sup>3</sup> they together fõnd<sup>4</sup>  
Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace<sup>5</sup> ;  
The whiles false Archimage and Atin fled apace.

<sup>1</sup> *Infant*, youth, or knight. (Compare F. Q. VI., viii. 15.)

<sup>2</sup> *Dew*, duty.

<sup>4</sup> *Fõnd*, devised, maintained.

<sup>3</sup> *Purpose*, discourse.

<sup>5</sup> *Aggrace*, favor.

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LVI. 1. — *Fayre Sir, what need, &c.*] This remark of Prince Arthur expresses the sentiment of a beautiful maxim of De la Rochefoucauld, that the too eager desire to return a favor is, in itself, a species of ingratitude. H.



## CANTO IX.

The House of Temperance, in which  
 Doth sober Alma dwell,  
 Besiegd of many foes, whom straung-  
 er Knightes to flight compell.

1 OF all Gods workes, which doe this worlde adorne,  
 There is no one more faire and excellent  
 Then is mans body, both for powre and forme,  
 Whiles it is kept in sober government ;  
 But none then it more fowle and indecent,  
 Distempred through misrule and passions bace ;  
 It growes a monster, and incontinent <sup>1</sup>  
 Doth loose his dignity and native grace :  
 Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

2 After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,  
 The Briton Prince recov'ring his stolne sword,  
 And Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere <sup>2</sup>  
 Forth passed on their way in fayre accord,

<sup>1</sup> *Incontinent*, immediately.

<sup>2</sup> *Yfere*, together.

---

I. 9. — *In this place.*] In the persons of Prince Arthur and of the two brothers, Cymochles and Pyrochles. H.

Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord<sup>1</sup>;  
 "Sir Knight, mote I of you this court'sy read,<sup>2</sup>  
 To weet why on your shield, so goodly scord,  
 Beare ye the picture of that ladies head?  
 Full lively<sup>3</sup> is the semblaunt, though the substance  
 dead."

<sup>3</sup> "Fayre Sir," sayd he, "if in that picture dead  
 Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew;  
 What mote ye weene, if the trew lively-head<sup>4</sup>  
 Of that most glorious visage ye did vew!  
 But yf the beauty of her mind ye knew,  
 That is, her bounty, and imperiall powre,  
 Thousand times fairer then her mortal hew,  
 O how great wonder would your thoughts devoure,  
 And infinite desire into your spirite poure!

<sup>4</sup> "Shee is the mighty Queene of Faëry,  
 Whose faire retraitt<sup>5</sup> I in my shield doe beare:  
 Shee is the flowre of grace and chastity,  
 Throughout the world renowned far and neare,  
 My Liefe,<sup>6</sup> my Liege, my Sovereaine, my Deare,  
 Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,  
 And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;  
 Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,  
 As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in warre."

<sup>1</sup> *Bord*, address.

<sup>2</sup> *Read*, understand, i. e. will your courtesy explain this.

<sup>3</sup> *Lively*, lifelike.

<sup>4</sup> *Lively-head*, lifelikeness, or living original.

<sup>5</sup> *Retrait*, portrait.

<sup>6</sup> *Liefe*, dear, or love.

5 “Thrise happy man,” said then the Briton Knight,  
 “Whom gracious lott and thy great valiaunce  
 Have made thee soldier of that princesse bright,  
 Which with her bounty and glad countenance  
 Doth blesse her servaunts, and them high advaunce;  
 How may straunge knight hope ever to aspire,  
 By faithfull service and meete amenaunce,<sup>1</sup>  
 Unto such blisse? Sufficient were that hire  
 For losse of thousand lives, to die at her desire.”

6 Said Guyon, “Noble Lord, what meed so great,  
 Or grace of earthly prince so soveraine,  
 But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat  
 Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?  
 But were your will her sold to entertaine,<sup>2</sup>  
 And numbred be mongst Knights of Maydenhed,  
 Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,  
 And in her favor high bee reckoned,  
 As Arthegall and Sophy now beene honored.”

7 “Certes,” then said the Prince, “I God avow,<sup>3</sup>  
 That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,  
 My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,  
 To serve that Queene with al my powre and might.  
 Seven times the sunne with his lamp-burning light

<sup>1</sup> *Amenaunce*, deportment.

<sup>3</sup> *Avow*, vow to.

<sup>2</sup> *Sold to entertaine*, receive her pay.

---

VI. 9. — *As Arthegall and Sophy.*] Of Arthegall we hear hereafter, but not of Sophy. H.

VII. 5. — *Seven times, &c.*] In Book I. Canto IX. Stanza 5, Arthur says he has already been nine months in quest of the Faerie

Hath walkte about the world, and I no lesse,  
 Sith of that goddesse I have sought the sight,  
 Yet no where can her find; such happinesse  
 Heven doth to me envý and fortune favourlesse.”

8 “ Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce,<sup>1</sup>  
 Seldome, ’ said Guyon, “ yields to vertue aide,  
 But in her way throwes mischiefe and mischaunce  
 Whereby her course is stopt and passage staid.  
 But you, faire Sir, be not herewith dismaid,  
 But constant keepe the way in which ye stand;  
 Which were it not that I am els delaid  
 With hard adventure, which I have in hand,  
 I labour would to guide you through al Fary land.”

9 “ Gramercy,<sup>2</sup> Sir,” said he; “ but mote I weete  
 What straunge adventure doe ye now pursew?  
 Perhaps my succour or advizement meete  
 Mote stead<sup>3</sup> you much your purpose to subdew.”  
 Then gan Sir Guyon all the story shew  
 Of false Aerasia, and her wicked wiles;  
 Which to avenge, the Palmer him forth drew

<sup>1</sup> *Chevisaunce*, enterprise.

<sup>3</sup> *Stead*, help.

<sup>2</sup> *Gramercy*, many thanks.

---

Queene. He now says that he has sought for her seven years. In the thirty-eighth stanza of this canto he is said to have rambled *three* years. These inconsistencies are removed in the second edition, which reads “twelve months” in Stanza 38, and in this place, —

“ Now hath the sunne with his lamp-burning light  
 Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse.” C.

From Faery court. So talked they, the whiles  
They wasted had much way, and measurd many miles.

10 And now faire Phoebus gan decline in haste  
His weary wagon to the westerne vale,  
Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plaste  
Foreby<sup>1</sup> a river in a pleasaunt dale ;  
Which choosing for that evenings hospitale,<sup>2</sup>  
They thether marcht : but when they came in sight,  
And from their sweaty coursers did avale,<sup>3</sup>  
They found the gates fast barred long ere night,  
And every loup<sup>4</sup> fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

11 Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch  
Was to them doen, their entraunce to forstall ;  
Till that the Squire gan nigher to approach,  
And wind his horne under the castle wall,  
That with the noise it shooke as it would fall.  
Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire  
The watch, and lowd unto the knights did call,  
To weete what they so rudely did require :  
Who gently answered, They entraunce did desire.

12 “ Fly, fly, good Knights,” said he, “ fly fast away,  
If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should ;  
Fly fast, and save yourselves from neare decay<sup>5</sup> ;  
Here may ye not have entraunce. though we would  
We would and would againe, if that we could ;

<sup>1</sup> *Foreby*, near to.

<sup>2</sup> *Hospitale*, inn.

<sup>3</sup> *Avale*, alight.

<sup>4</sup> *Loup*, loophole.

<sup>5</sup> *Decay*, destruction.

But thousand enemies about us rave,  
 And with long siege us in this castle hould :  
 Seven yeares this wize they us besieged have,  
 And many good knights slaine that have us sought  
 to save."

13 Thus as he spoke, loe ! with outragious cry  
 A thousand villeins rownd about them swarmd  
 Out of the rockes and caves adioyning nye ;  
 Vile caitive wretches, ragged, rude, deformd,  
 All threatning death, all in straunge manner armd ;  
 Some with unweldy clubs, some with long speares,  
 Some rusty knives, some staves in fier warmd :  
 Sterne was their looke ; like wild amazed steares,  
 Staring with hollow eies, and stiffe upstanding heares.

14 Fiersly at first those knights they did assayle,  
 And drove them to recoile : but, when againe  
 They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to fayle  
 Unhable their encounter to sustaine ;  
 For with such puissaunce and impetuons maine  
 Those champions broke on them, that forst them fly,  
 Like scattered sheepe, whenas the shepherds swaine  
 A lyon and a tigre doth espye  
 With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nye.

---

XII. 8. — *They us besieged have.*] It will hardly be necessary to remind the reader that *this castle* is the human body; that *Alma* is the mind; and that the *besiegers* are the unruly passions, &c. Spenser says *seven yeares*, perhaps in allusion to the seven ages of the world, or else to the various stages of man's life. UTON.

15 **A** while they fled, but soone retourn'd againe  
 With greater fury then before was fownd ;  
 And evermore their cruell capitaine  
 Sought with his raskall routs t' enclose them rownd,  
 And overronne to tread them to the grownd :  
 But soone the knights with their bright-burning  
     blades  
 Broke their rude troupes, and orders did con-  
     fownd,  
 Hewing and slashing at their idle shades ;  
 For though they bodies seem, yet substaunce from  
     them fades.

16 **As** when a swarme of gnats at eventide  
 Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,  
 Their murmuring small trompetts sownden<sup>1</sup> wide,  
 Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,  
 That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies ;  
 Ne man nor beast may rest or take repast  
 For their sharpe wounds and noyous iniuries,  
 Till the fierce northerne wind with blustering blast  
 Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean cast.

17 **Thus** when they had that troublous rout disperst,  
 Unto the castle gate they come againe,  
 And entraunce crav'd, which was denied erst.  
 Now when report of that their perlous<sup>2</sup> paine,

<sup>1</sup> *Sownden*, sound.

<sup>2</sup> *Perlous*, perilous.

---

XVI. 2. — *Fennes of Allan*.] Probably the great bog of Allen,  
 in the eastern part of Ireland.





Where gentle court and gracious delight  
 Shee to them made, with mildnesse virginall,  
 Shewing herselfe both wise and liberall.  
 Then when they rested had a season dew,  
 They her besought of favour speciall  
 Of that faire castle to affoord them vew :  
 Shee graunted ; and, them leading forth, the same did  
 shew.

21 First she them led up to the castle wall,  
 That was so high as foe might not it clime,  
 And all so faire and fensible<sup>1</sup> withall ;  
 Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,  
 But of thing like to that Ægyptian slime,  
 Whereof King Nine whilome built Babell towre :  
 But O great pittie that no lenger time  
 So goodly workemanship should not endure !  
 Soone it must turne to earth : no earthly thing is sure.

22 The frame thereof seemd partly circularre,  
 And part triangulare ; O worke divine !  
 Those two the first and last proportions are ;  
 The one imperfect, mortall, fœminine ;

<sup>1</sup> *Fensible*, capable of being defended.

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XXI. 5. — Possibly Spenser had in his mind the account of Diodorus, according to which the slime left by the overflow of the Nile generated animals of itself. See Book I. Canto I. 21. C.

XXII. — This stanza describes the plan and proportions of Alma's castle, the human body. The circular part is the head, the triangular, the legs, the base of the triangle being wanting. The quadrate or parallelogram which forms the base of both is the trunk. The triangle and the circle are called "the first and last pro

Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine ;  
 And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,  
 Proportioned equally by seven and nine ;  
 Nine was the circle sett in heavens place :  
 All which compacted made a goodly diapase.

23 Therein two gates were placed seemly well :  
 The one before, by which all in did pas,  
 Did th' other far in workmanship excell ;  
 For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,  
 But of more worthy substance fram'd it was :  
 Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,  
 That, when it locked, none might thorough pas,  
 And, when it opened, no man might it close ;  
 Still open to their friendes, and closed to their foes.

---

portions," because they include respectively the least and the greatest space in the same perimeter, or perhaps simply because they are the extremities. The triangle is imperfect, as wanting a base and denoting the animal nature; mortal, because it is altogether fleshly and contains no spiritual part; feminine, because it includes the generative power, of which the female is the type. The circle is immortal, for it contains the imperishable mind; perfect, not only as complete in itself, but because the soul is made in the image of God; and masculine, because it is the seat of the spiritual principle which exercises sway over the body. The breadth of the trunk (including the arms) is to the length from the shoulders to the thigh nearly as seven to nine, and the longer side of the parallelogram is affirmed to be equal to the circumference of the head, — "Nine was the circle sett in heavens place" (or topping this noble structure). All parts of the edifice fitly joined together made "a goodly diapase," or concord. The mystical interpretation of this stanza by Sir Kenelm Digby and Upton is, to say the least, quite unnecessary. I am indebted for some parts of this explanation to a writer in the *London Athenæum*, No. 1065. C.

24 Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,  
 Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,  
 Then iett or marble far from Ireland brought ;  
 Over the which was east a wandring vine,  
 Enchaced with a wanton yvie twine :  
 And over it a fayre porteullis hong,  
 Which to the gate directly did incline,  
 With comely compasse and compacture strong,  
 Nether unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

25 Within the barbican<sup>1</sup> a Porter sate,  
 Day and night duely keeping watch and ward ;  
 Nor wight nor word mote passe out of the gate,  
 But in good order, and with dew regard ;  
 Utterers of secrets he from thence debard,  
 Bablers of folly, and blazers of cryme :  
 His larum-bell might lowd and wyde be hard  
 When cause requyrd, but never out of time ;  
 Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

26 And rownd about the porch on every syde  
 Twise sixteene Warders satt, all armed bright  
 In glistring steele, and strongly fortifyde :  
 Tall yeomen seemed they, and of great might,  
 And were enraunged ready still for fight.  
 By them as Alma passed with her gwestes,

<sup>1</sup> *Barbican*, outwork.

---

XXIV.—The porch is the upper lip; the wandering vine. the moustache; the porteullis, the nose; the barbican, the cavity of the mouth, the porter of which is the tongue, while the twice sixteen warders are the teeth. C.

They did obeysaunce, as beseemed right,  
 And then againe retourned to their restes :  
 The Porter eke to her did lout<sup>1</sup> with humble gestes.<sup>2</sup>

27 Thence she them brought into a stately hall,  
 Wherein were many tables fayre dispred.  
 And ready dight with drapets<sup>3</sup> festivall,  
 Against the viaundes should be ministred.  
 At th' upper end there sate, yclad in red  
 Downe to the ground, a comely personage,  
 That in his hand a white rod menaged ;  
 He steward was, hight Diet ; rype of age,  
 And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

28 And through the hall there walked to and fro  
 A iolly yeoman, marshall of the same,  
 Whose name was Appetite ; he did bestow  
 Both gwestes and meate, whenever in they came,  
 And knew them how to order without blame,  
 As him the steward badd. They both attone<sup>4</sup>  
 Did dewty to their Lady, as became ;  
 Who, passing by, forth ledd her gwestes anone  
 Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicenesse none.

29 It was a vout<sup>5</sup> ybuilt for great dispence,<sup>6</sup>  
 With many raunges reard along the wall,  
 And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence  
 The smoke forth threw and in the midst of all

<sup>1</sup> *Lout*, bow.

<sup>2</sup> *Gestes*, gestures.

<sup>3</sup> *Drapets*, linen cloths.

<sup>4</sup> *Attone*, together.

<sup>5</sup> *Vout*, vault.

<sup>6</sup> *Dispence*, expense.

There placed was a caudron wide and tall  
 Upon a mightie fornace, burning whott,  
 More whott then Aetn', or flaming Mongiball:  
 For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,  
 So long as any thing it in the caudron gott.

30 But to delay<sup>1</sup> the heat, least by mischaunce  
 It might breake out and set the whole on fyre,  
 There added was by goodly ordinaunce  
 An huge great payre of bellowes, which did styre<sup>2</sup>  
 Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.  
 About the caudron many cookes accoyld<sup>3</sup>  
 With hookes and ladles, as need did requyre;  
 The whyles the viaundes in the vessell boyld,  
 They did about their businesse sweat, and sorely toyld.

31 The maister cooke was cald Concoction;  
 A carefull man, and full of comely guyse:  
 The kitchin clerke, that hight Digestion,  
 Did order all th' achates<sup>4</sup> in seemely wise,  
 And set them forth, as well he could devise.  
 The rest had severall offices assynd;  
 Some to remove the scum as it did rise;  
 Others to beare the same away did mynd;  
 And others it to use according to his kynd.

<sup>1</sup> *Delay*, temper.

<sup>2</sup> *Styre*, stir, move.

<sup>3</sup> *Accoyld*, bustled.

<sup>4</sup> *Achates*, provisions.

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XXIX. 5. — *A caudron*.] This *caudron* is the stomach. H.

XXIX. 7. — *Mongiball*.] *Mongiball* is another name for Mount  
 Ætna. H.

XXX. 4. — *Payre of bellowes*.] These are the lungs. H.

32 But all the liquour, which was fowle and waste,  
 Not good nor serviceable elles for ought,  
 They in another great rownd vessel plaste,  
 Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought ;  
 And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,  
 By secret wayes, that none might it espy,  
 Was close convoid, and to the backgate brought,  
 That cleped was Port Esquiline, whereby  
 It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

33 Which goodly order and great workmans skill  
 Whenas those knightes beheld, with rare delight  
 And gazing wonder they their mindes did fill ;  
 For never had they seene so straunge a sight.  
 Thence backe againe faire Alma led them right,  
 And soone into a goodly parlour brought,  
 That was with royall arras richly dight,<sup>1</sup>  
 In which was nothing pourtrahed nor wrought ;  
 Not wrought nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought.

31 And in the midst thereof upon the floure  
 A lovely bevy of faire ladies sate,  
 Courtted of many a iolly<sup>2</sup> paramoure,

<sup>1</sup> *Dight*, covered.

<sup>2</sup> *Iolly*, handsome.

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XXXII. 8. — *Port Esquiline*.] The Campus Esquilinus, outside of the Esquiline gate of Rome, was used as a burial place for the poor. The mean purposes to which it was devoted account for the word being employed here. H.

XXXIV. 2. — *Of faire ladies*.] These *faire ladies* represent the various affections; the parlor being the heart. H.

The which them did in modest wise amate,<sup>1</sup>  
 And each one sought his lady to aggrate<sup>2</sup> ;  
 And eke emongst them litle Cupid playd  
 His wanton sportes, being retourned late  
 From his fierce warres, and having from him layd  
 His cruel bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

35 Diverse delights they fownd themselves to please ;  
 Some song in sweet consórt<sup>3</sup> ; some laught for  
 ioy ;

Some plaid with strawes ; some ydly satt at ease ;  
 But other some could not abide to toy,  
 All pleasaunce was to them grieffe and annoy :  
 This fround ; that faund ; the third for shame did  
 blush ;

Another seemed envious, or coy ;  
 Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush :

But at these straungers presence every one did hush.

36 Soone as the gracious Alma came in place,  
 They all attonce out of their seates arose,  
 And to her homage made with humble grace :  
 Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose  
 Themselves to court, and each a damzell chose :  
 The Prince by chaunce did on a lady light,  
 That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,  
 But somewhat sad and solemne eke in sight,<sup>4</sup>

As if some pensive thought constrained her gentle  
 spright.

<sup>1</sup> *Amate*, accompany.      <sup>3</sup> *Consórt*, concert.

<sup>2</sup> *Aggrate*, please.      <sup>4</sup> *In sight*, in appearance, or expression.

37 In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold  
 Was fretted all about, she was arayd ;  
 And in her hand a poplar braunch did hold ;  
 To whom the Prince in courteous maner sayd :  
 “ Gentle Madáme, why beene ye thus dismayd,  
 And your faire beautie doe with sadnes spill<sup>1</sup> ?  
 Lives any that you hath thus ill apayd<sup>2</sup> ?  
 Or doen you love, or doen you lack your will ?  
 Whatever bee the cause, it sure bescemes you ill.”

38 “ Fayre Sir,” said she, halfe in disdainfull wise,  
 “ How is it that this word<sup>3</sup> in me ye blame,  
 And in yourselfe doe not the same advise<sup>4</sup> ?  
 Him ill bescemes anothers fault to name,  
 That may unwares bee blotted with the same :  
 Pensive I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,  
 Through great desire of glory and of fame ;  
 Ne ought I weene are ye therein behynd,  
 That have three years\* sought One, yet no where  
 can Her find.”

39 The Prince was inly moved at her speach,  
 Well weeting trew what she had rashly<sup>5</sup> told ;  
 Yet with faire semblaunt<sup>6</sup> sought to hyde the breach,

1 *Spill*, spoil, obscure.

4 *Advise*, perceive.

2 *Apayd*, satisfied.

5 *Rashly*, at a venture.

3 Mr. Collier very plausibly suggests *mood*.

6 *Semblaunt*, appearance.

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XXXVII. 3. — *A poplar braunch.*] The poplar was sacred to Hercules, which is the reason why this lady, who represents the love of distinction, has a branch of it in her hands, that hero being so distinguished for that quality. II.

\* Three years. 2d Edition, *twelve months*. See Stanza 7.



Which change of colour did perforce unfold,  
 Now seeming flaming whott, now stony cold :  
 Tho, turning soft aside, he did inquire  
 What wight she was that poplar braunch did hold:  
 It answered was, her name was Prays-desire,  
 That by well doing sought to honour to aspyre.

40 The whyles, the Faery Knight did entertayne  
 Another damsell of that gentle crew,  
 That was right fayre and modest of demayne,<sup>1</sup>  
 But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew :  
 Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,  
 Close rownd about her tuckt with many a plight<sup>2</sup> :  
 Upon her fist the bird which shoneth vew  
 And keepes in coverts close from living wight,  
 Did sitt, as yet ashamd how rude Pan did her dight.<sup>3</sup>

41 So long as Guyon with her commoned,  
 Unto the grownd she cast her modest eye,  
 And ever and anone with rosy red  
 The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did dye,  
 That her became, as polisht yvory  
 Which cunning craftesman hand hath overlayd  
 With fayre vermilion or pure castory.

<sup>1</sup> *Demayne*, demeanor.

<sup>3</sup> *Dight*, treat.

<sup>2</sup> *Plight*, fold.

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XL. 7. — *The bird, &c.*] The nymph Echo bore to Pan a daughter named Jynx, who was changed by Juno into a bird of the same name, the wryneck, or cuckoo's mate.

XLI. 7. — *Castory.*] This appears from the context to be a red coloring matter. I can give no account of the word. It can hardly be *castoreum*, the secretion of the beaver. C.

Great wonder had the Knight to see the mayd  
So straungely passioned,<sup>1</sup> and to her gently said :

42 “ Fayre Damzell, seemeth by your troubled cheare,  
That either me too bold ye weene, this wise  
You to molest, or other ill to feare  
That in the secret of your hart close lyes,  
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, aryse :  
If it be I, of pardon I you pray ;  
But, if ought else that I mote not devyse,  
I will, if please you it discure,<sup>2</sup> assay  
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.”

43 She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame  
Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face  
The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,  
And the strong passion<sup>3</sup> mard her modest grace,  
That Guyon mervayld at her uncouth<sup>4</sup> cace ;  
Till Alma him bespake : “ Why wonder yee,  
Faire Sir, at that which ye so much embrace<sup>5</sup> ?  
She is the fountaine of your modestee ;  
You shamefast are, but Shamefastnes itselfe is shee.”

44 Thereat the Elfe did blush in privitee,  
And turnd his face away ; but she the same  
Dissembled faire, and faynd to oversee.  
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game  
Themselves did solace each one with his dame,  
Till that great Lady thence away them sought

<sup>1</sup> *Passioned*, moved.

<sup>3</sup> *Passion*, emotion.

<sup>2</sup> *Discure*, discover.

<sup>4</sup> *Uncouth*, singular.

<sup>5</sup> *So much embrace*, of which you have so much.

To vew her castles other wondrous frame :  
 Up to a stately turret she them brought,  
 Ascending by ten steps of alabaster wrought.

45 That turrets frame most admirable was,  
 Like highest heaven compassed around,  
 And lifted high above this earthly masse,  
 Which it survewd,<sup>1</sup> as hils doen lower ground :  
 But not on ground mote like to this be found ;  
 Not that, which antique Cadmus whylome built  
 In Thebes, which Alexander did confound ;  
 Nor that proud towre of Troy, though richly guilt,<sup>2</sup>  
 From which young Hectors blood by cruell Greekes  
 was spilt.

46 The rooffe hereof was arched over head,  
 And dect with flowers and herbars<sup>3</sup> daintily ;  
 Two goodly beacons, set in watches stead,  
 Therein gave light, and flamd continually :  
 For they of living fire most subtilly  
 Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,  
 Cover'd with lids deviz'd of substance sly,<sup>4</sup>  
 That readily they shut and open might.  
 O, who can tell the prayes of that makers might !

<sup>1</sup> *Survewd*, overlooked.

<sup>3</sup> *Herbars*, plants.

<sup>2</sup> *Guilt*, gilded.

<sup>4</sup> *Sly*, subtile, finely wrought.

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**XLV. 2.** — *From which young Hectors blood, &c.*] Astyanax, the son of Hector, was thrown from the walls of Troy by the Greeks. H.

**XLVI. 1.** — *The rooffe, &c.*] The arched roof is the skull; the flowers and herbars, the hair; the two goodly beacons, the eyes.

47 Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell,  
 This parts great workemanship and wondrous powre  
 That all this other worldes worke doth excell,  
 And likest is unto that heavenly towre  
 That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.  
 Therein were divers rowmes, and divers stages;  
 But three the chiefest and of greatest powre,  
 In which there dwelt three honorable Sages,  
 The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their ages.

48 Nothe<sup>1</sup> whom Greece, the nourse of all good arts,  
 By Phæbus doome the wisest thought alive,  
 Might be compar'd to these by many parts:  
 Nor that sage Pylian syre,<sup>2</sup> which did survive  
 Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,<sup>3</sup>  
 By whose advise old Priams cittie fell,  
 With these in praise of pollicies mote strive.  
 These three in these three rowmes did sondry dwell,  
 And counselled faire Alma how to governe well.

49 The first of them could things to come foresee;  
 The next could of thinges present best advise;  
 The third things past could keepe in memoree:  
 So that no time nor reason could arize,  
 But that the same could one of these comprize.  
 Forthy<sup>4</sup> the first did in the forepart sit,

<sup>1</sup> I. e. Socrates.

<sup>3</sup> *Contrive*, wear out, spend.

<sup>2</sup> I. e. Nestor.

<sup>4</sup> *Forthy*, therefore.

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XLVII. 3. — Mr. Collier informs us that Drayton, in his copy of the Fairy Queen, changed *other* in this line to *neather*, and *reason* in XLIX. 4 to *season*. Both these changes are probable. C.

XLIX. 1. — *The first of them.*] The first of these personages is Imagination, the second Judgment, and the third Memory. H

That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize<sup>1</sup> ;  
 He had a sharpe foresight and working wit  
 That never idle was, ne once would rest a whit.

60 His chamber was disapointed all within  
 With sondry colours, in the which were writ  
 Infinite shapes of thinges dispersed thin ;  
 Some such as in the world were never yit,  
 Ne can devized be of mortall wit ;  
 Some daily seene and knowen by their names,  
 Such as in idle fantasies doe flit ;  
 Infernall hags, centaurs, feendes, hippodames,<sup>2</sup>  
 Apes, lyons, aegles, owles, fooles, lovers, children,  
 dames. .

61 And all the chamber filled was with flyes,  
 Which buzzed all about, and made such sound  
 That they encombred all mens eares and eyes ;  
 Like many swarmes of bees assembled round,  
 After their hives with honny do abound.  
 All those were idle thoughtes and fantasies,  
 Devices, dreames, opinions unsound,  
 Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophesies ;  
 And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

62 Emongst them all sate he which wonned<sup>3</sup> there,  
 That hight Phantastes by his nature trew ;  
 A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere,  
 Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,

<sup>1</sup> *Preiudize*, foresight.

<sup>3</sup> *Wonned*, dwelt.

<sup>2</sup> *Hippodames*, river-horses (hippopotamuses.)

That him full of melánocholy did shew ;  
 Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,  
 That mad or foolish seemd : one by his vew  
 Mote deeme him borne with ill-disposed skyes,  
 When oblique<sup>1</sup> Saturne sate in the house of agonyes.

53 Whom Alma having shewed to her gwestes,  
 Thence brought them to the second rowme, whose  
 wals

Were painted faire with memorable gastes<sup>2</sup>  
 Of famous wisards ; and with picturals  
 Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,  
 Of commen-wealthes, of states, of pollicy,  
 Of lawes, of iudgementes, and of décrets,als,  
 All artes, all science, all philosophy,  
 And all that in the world was ay thought wittily.<sup>3</sup>

64 Of those that rowme was full ; and them among  
 There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,  
 Who did them meditate all his life long,  
 That through continuall practise and uságe  
 He now was growne right wise and wondrous sage :  
 Great plesure had those straunger knightes to see  
 His goodly reason and grave personage,

<sup>1</sup> *Oblique*, unpropitious.

<sup>3</sup> *Wittily*, wisely.

<sup>2</sup> *Gastes*, deeds.

---

LII. 9. — *The house of agonyes.*] The twelfth house of the celestial sphere according to astrologers, in which, they say, " Saturn greatly joyeth." " The twelfth house, being the house of tribulation, resolves all questions of sorrow, affliction, anxiety of mind, trouble, distress, imprisonment, persecution, malice, secret enemies, suicide, treason," &c. Sibly's Astrology. C.

That his disciples both desyrd to bee :  
 But Alma thence them led to th' hindmost rowme of  
 three.

65 That chamber seemed ruinous and old,  
 And therefore was removed far behind,  
 Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,  
 Right firme and strong, though somewhat they  
 declind<sup>1</sup>;  
 And therein sat an old, old man, halfe blind,  
 And all decrepit in his feeble corse,  
 Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,  
 And recompenst him with a better scorse<sup>2</sup> :  
 Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled forse.

56 This man of infinite remembraunce was,  
 And things foregone through many ages held,  
 Which he recorded still as they did pas,  
 Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,<sup>3</sup>  
 As all things els the which this world doth weld<sup>4</sup> ;  
 But laid them up in his immortall scrine,<sup>5</sup>  
 Where they for ever incorrupted dweld :  
 The warres he well remembered of King Nine,  
 Of old Assaracus, and Inachus divine.

57 The yeares of Nestor nothing were to his,  
 Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest liv'd ;  
 For he remembered both their infancis :

<sup>1</sup> *Declind*, i. e. from the perpendicular.

<sup>2</sup> *Scorse*, exchange.

<sup>3</sup> *Eld*, age.

<sup>4</sup> *Weld*, control.

<sup>5</sup> *Scrine*, desk.

Ne wonder then if that he were depriv'd  
 Of native strength now that he them surviv'd.  
 His chamber all was hangd about with rolls  
 And old records from auncient times derivd,  
 Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolls,  
 That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes.

58 Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,  
 Tossing and turning them withouten end ;  
 But for he was unblable them to fett,<sup>1</sup>  
 A litle boy did on him still attend  
 To reach, whenever he for ought did send :  
 And oft when thinges were lost, or laid amis,  
 That boy them sought and unto him did lend<sup>2</sup> :  
 Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is ;  
 And that old man Eunnestes, by their propriētis.

59 The Knightes there entring did him reverence dew,  
 And wondred at his endlesse exercise.  
 Then as they gan his library to vew,  
 And antique regesters for to avise,<sup>3</sup>  
 There chanced to the Princes hand to rize  
 An auncient booke, hight *Briton Moniments*,  
 That of this lands first conquest did devise,

<sup>1</sup> *Fett*, fetch.

<sup>3</sup> *Avise*, examine.

<sup>2</sup> *Lend*, hand, reach.

---

LVIII. 4.— *A litle boy, &c.*] The *boy* sustains to the *old man* the relation of Recollection to Memory.— *Eunnestes* means a person of good memory; *Anamnestes*, one who puts in mind of something which has been forgotten. It is not improbable that Spenser intended by *Anamnestes*, *Anagnostes*, a reader.



And old division into regiments<sup>1</sup>  
Till it reduced was to one mans governements.

60 Sir Guyon chaunst eke on another booke,  
That hight *Antiquitee of Faery Lond* :  
In which whenas he greedily did looke,  
Th' ofspring of Elves and Faryes there he fond,  
As it delivered was from hond to hond :  
Whereat they, burning both with fervent fire  
Their countreys auncestry to understand,  
Crav'd leave of Alma and that aged sire  
To read those bookes ; who gladly graunted their de-  
sire.

<sup>1</sup> *Regiments*, governments.

## CANTO X.

A Chronicle of Briton Kings,\*  
 From Brute to Uthers rayne;  
 And rolls of Elfin Emperours,  
 Till time of Gloriane.

1 WHO now shall give unto me words and sound  
 Equall unto this haughty<sup>1</sup> enterprise?  
 Or who shall lend me wings, with which from ground  
 My lowly verse may loftily arise,  
 And lift itselfe unto the highest skyes?  
 More ample spirit then hetherto was wount<sup>2</sup>  
 Here needes me, whiles the famous auncestries  
 Of my most dreaded Sovereigne I recount,  
 By which all earthly princes she doth far surmount.

2 Ne under sunne that shines so wide and faire,  
 Whence all that lives does borrow life and light,  
 Lives ought that to her linage may compaire;

<sup>1</sup> *Haughty*, high, bold.

<sup>2</sup> *Wount*, wont.

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\* Some parts of this Chronicle appear to be taken from Holinshed, others from Geoffrey of Monmouth, the oldest authority for these fabulous stories. There are two or three unimportant particulars, not found in either, which I have not succeeded in tracing to their original. C.

Which, though from earth it be derived right,  
 Yet doth itselſe ſtretch forth to heavens hight,  
 And all the world with wonder overſpred ;  
 A labor huge, exceeding far my might !  
 How ſhall fraile pen, with feare diſparaged,<sup>1</sup>  
 Conceive ſuch ſoveraine glory and great bountyhed<sup>2</sup>?

3 Argument worthy of Mœonian quill ;  
 Or rather worthy of great Phoebus rote,<sup>3</sup>  
 Whereon the ruines of great Oſſa hill,  
 And triumphes of Phlegrean Iove, he wrote,  
 That all the gods admird' his lofty note.  
 But, if ſome reliſh of that heavenly lay  
 His learned daughters would to me report  
 To decke my ſong withall, I would aſſay  
 Thy name, O ſoveraine Queene, to blazon far away.

4 Thy name, O ſoveraine Queene, thy realme, and  
 race,  
 From this renowned Prince derived arre,  
 Who mightily upheld that royall mace  
 Which now thou bear'ſt, to thee descended farre  
 From mighty kings and conquerours in warre,  
 Thy fathers and great grandfathers of old,  
 Whoſe noble deeds above the northern ſtarre  
 Immortall Fame for ever hath enrold ;  
 As in that Old Mans booke they were in order told.

<sup>1</sup> *Diſparaged*, i. e. deprived of its ordinary power.

<sup>2</sup> *Bountyhed*, goodneſs.

<sup>3</sup> *Rote*, lyre. (Celtic, *chrotta* ; English, *crowd*.)

5 The land which warlike Britons now possesse,  
 And therein have their mighty empire raysd,  
 In antique times was salvage wilderness,  
 Unpeopled, unmannurd, unprovd,<sup>1</sup> unpraysd;  
 Ne was it island then, ne was it payzd<sup>2</sup>  
 Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought  
 Of merchaunts farre for profits therein praysd;  
 But was all desolate, and of some thought  
 By sea to have bene from the Celticke mayn-land  
 brought.

6 Ne did it then deserve a name to have,  
 Till that the venturous mariner that way,  
 Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,  
 Which all along the southerne sea-coast lay,  
 Threatning unheedy wrecke and rash decay,  
 For safëty that same his sea-marke made,  
 And namd it ALBION: but later day,  
 Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,  
 Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.

7 But far in land a salvage nation dwelt  
 Of hideous giaunts, and halfe-beastly men,  
 That never tasted grace, nor goodnes felt;  
 But wild like beastes lurking in loathsome den,  
 And flying fast as roebucke through the fen,  
 All naked without shame or care of cold,  
 By hunting and by spoiling livened<sup>3</sup>;  
 Of stature huge, and eke of corage bold,  
 That somes of men amazd their sternesse to behold.

<sup>1</sup> *Unprovd*, not worked or cultivated.

<sup>3</sup> *Livened*, lived.

<sup>2</sup> *Payzd*, poised.

8 But whence they sprong, or how they were begott,  
 Uneath<sup>1</sup> is to assure<sup>2</sup>; uneath to wene<sup>3</sup>  
 That monstrous error which doth some assott,<sup>4</sup>  
 That Dioclesians fifty daughters shene<sup>5</sup>  
 Into this land by chaunce have driven bene;  
 Where, companing with feends and filthy sprights  
 Through vaine illusion of their lust unclene,  
 They brought forth geaunts, and such dreadful  
 wights

As far exceeded men in their immeasurd might.

9 They held this land, and with their filthinesse  
 Polluted this same gentle soyle long time;  
 That their owne mother loathd their beastlinesse,  
 And gan abhorre her broods unkindly<sup>6</sup> crime,  
 All were they borne of her owne native slime:  
 Until that Brutus, anciently deriv'd  
 From roiall stocke of old Assaraes line,  
 Driven by fatall error<sup>7</sup> here arriv'd,

And them of their uniust possession depriv'd.

10 But ere he had established his throne,  
 And spred his empire to the utmost shore,  
 He fought great batteils with his salvage fone<sup>8</sup>:

<sup>1</sup> *Uneath*, hard.

<sup>2</sup> *Assure*, to assert confidently.

<sup>3</sup> *Wene*, believe.

<sup>7</sup> *Fatall error*, foreordained wandering.

<sup>8</sup> *Fone*, foes.

<sup>4</sup> *Assott*, infatuate.

<sup>5</sup> *Shene*, bright.

<sup>6</sup> *Unkindly*, unnatural.

---

VIII. 4. — This Dioclesian is a fabled king of Assyria. Holinshed, without vouching for the story, says that the name is a mistake for Danaus. C.

In which he them defeated evermore,  
 And many giaunts left on groning flore<sup>1</sup> :  
 That well can witnes yet unto this day  
 The westerne Hogh, besprincled with the gore  
 Of mighty Goëmot, whome in stout fray  
 Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

11 And eke that ample pitt, yet far renownd  
 For the large leape which Debon did compell  
 Coulin to make, being eight lugs<sup>2</sup> of grownd,  
 Into the which retourning backe he fell :  
 But those three monstrous stones doe most excell,  
 Which that huge sonne of hideous Albion,  
 Whose father Hercules in Fraunce did quell,  
 Great Godmer threw, in fierce contention,  
 At bold Canutus ; but of him was slaine anon.

12 In meed of these great conquests by them gott,  
 Corineus had that province utmost west  
 To him assigned for his worthy lott,  
 Which of his name and memorable gest<sup>3</sup>  
 He called Cornwaile, yet so called best :  
 And Debons shayre was that is Devon shyre :  
 But Canute had his portion from the rest,  
 The which he cald Canutium, for his hyre ;  
 Now Cantium, which Kent we comenly inqyre.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Flore*, ground.

<sup>3</sup> *Gest*, exploit.

<sup>2</sup> *Lugs*, rods.

<sup>4</sup> *Inqyre* (i. e. inquire for by the name of), call (?).

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X. 7. — The Hogh is the Haw near Plymouth. 8. Goëmot is Gognagog. 9. Corineus was said to be the leader of a party of Trojans that had emigrated with Antenor. C.

13 Thus Brute this realme unto his rule subdewd,  
 And raigned long in great felicity,  
 Lov'd of his freends, and of his foes eschewd :  
 He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,  
 Borne of fayre Inogene of Italy ;  
 Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,  
 And Loctrine left chiefe lord of Britany.  
 At last ripe age bad him surrender late  
 His life, and long good fortune, unto finall fate.

14 Loctrine was left the souveraine lord of all ;  
 But Albanact had all the northerne part,  
 Which of himselfe Albania he did call ;  
 And Camber did possesse the westerne quart,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which Severne now from Logris<sup>2</sup> doth depart :  
 And each his portion peaceably enioyd,  
 Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,  
 That once their quiet government annoyd ;  
 But each his paynes to others profit still employd.

15 Untill a nation straung,<sup>3</sup> with visage swart  
 And corage fierce that all men did affray,  
 Which through the world then swarmd in every  
 part,  
 And overflow'd all countries far away,  
 Like Noyes great flood, with their importune<sup>4</sup>  
 sway,  
 This land invaded with like violence,  
 And did themselves through all the north display :

<sup>1</sup> *Quart*, quarter.

<sup>2</sup> *Logris*, England.

<sup>3</sup> I. e. the Huns.

<sup>4</sup> *Importune*, unrelenting, irresistible.

Untill that Loocrine, for his realmes defence,  
Did head against them make and strong munificence.<sup>1</sup>

16 He them encountred, a confused rout,  
Foreby<sup>2</sup> the river that whylôme was hight  
The ancient Abus, where with courage stout  
He them defeated in victorious fight,  
And chaste so fiercely after fearefull flight,  
That forst their chiefetain, for his safeties sake,  
(Their cheifetain Humber named was aright,)  
Unto the mighty streame him to betake,  
Where he an end of batteill and of life did make.

17 The king retourned proud of victory,  
And insolent wax through unwonted ease,  
That shortly he forgot the ieopardy,  
Which in his land he lately did appease,  
And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:  
He lov'd faire Ladie Estrild, leudly lov'd,  
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,  
That quite his hart from Guendolene remov'd,  
From Guendolene his wife, though alwaies faithful  
prov'd.

18 The noble daughter of Corinëus  
Would not endure to bee so vile disdaind,  
But, gathering force and corage valorous,

<sup>1</sup> *Munificence* (i. e. munition), defence.

<sup>2</sup> *Foreby*, near to.

---

XVII. 6. — The Lady Estrild was said to be the daughter of a German king. C.



Encountred him in batteill well ordaind,  
 In which him vanquisht she to fly constraind.  
 But she so fast pursewd, that him she tooke  
 And threw in bands, where he till death remaind:  
 Als<sup>1</sup> his faire leman flying through a brooke  
 She overhent,<sup>2</sup> nought moved with her piteous looke:

19 But both herselfe, and eke her daughter deare  
 Begotten by her kingly paramoure,  
 The faire Sabrina, almost dead with feare,  
 She there attached,<sup>3</sup> far from all succoure:  
 The one she slew upon the present floure<sup>4</sup>;  
 But the sad virgin innocent of all  
 Adowne the rolling river she did poure,  
 Which of her name now Severne men do call:  
 Such was the end that to disloyall love did fall.

20 Then for her sonne, which she to Loclin bore,  
 (Madan was young, unmeet the rule to sway,)  
 In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,  
 Till ryper yeares he raught<sup>5</sup> and stronger stay:  
 During which time her powre she did display  
 Through all this realme, the glory of her sex,  
 And first taught men a woman to obey:

<sup>1</sup> *Als*, also.

<sup>5</sup> *Raught*, reached.

<sup>2</sup> *Overhent*, overtook.

<sup>3</sup> *Attached*, seized.

<sup>4</sup> *The present floure*, i. e. the spot where she was.

---

XIX. 3. — *The faire Sabrina.*] This is the "Sabrina fair" of Milton's *Comus*, in which her sad fate is commemorated in a passage of great beauty. H.

But when her sonne to mans estate did wex,<sup>1</sup>  
She it surrendred, ne her selfe would lenger vex.

21 Tho Madan raignd, unworthie of his race ;  
For with all shame that sacred throne he fild.  
Next Memprise, as unworthy of that place,  
In which being consorted with Manild,  
For thirst of single kingdom him he kild.  
But Ebranck salved<sup>2</sup> both their infamies  
With noble deedes, and warreyd on Brunchild  
In Henault, where yet of his victories  
Brave monuments remaine, which yet that land envies.

22 An happy man in his first dayes he was,  
And happy father of faire progeny :  
For all so many weekes, as the yeare has,  
So many children he did multiply ;  
Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply  
Their mindes to prayse and chevalrous desyre :  
Those germans<sup>3</sup> did subdew all Germany,  
Of whom it hight ; but in the end their syre  
With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to retyre.

23 Which blott his sonne succeeding in his seat,  
The second Brute, the second both in name  
And eke in semblaunce of his puissaunce great,  
Right well recur'd, and did away that blame  
With recompence of everlasting fame :  
He with his victour sword first opened  
The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne dame,

<sup>1</sup> Wex, grow.

<sup>2</sup> Salved, healed.

<sup>3</sup> Germans, brothers.

And taught her first how to be conquered;  
 Since which, with sondrie spoiles she hath bene ran-  
 sacked.

- 21 Let Scaldis tell, and let tell Hania,  
 And let the marsh of Esthambruges tell,  
 What colour were their waters that same day,  
 And all the moore twixt Elversham and Dell,  
 With blood of Henalois which therein fell.  
 How oft that day did sad Brunchildis see  
 The *greene shield* dyde in dolorous vermell?  
 That not *scuith quiridh* it mote seeme to bee,  
 But rather *y scuith gogh*, signe of sad crueltee.
- 25 His sonne, King Leill, by fathers labour long,  
 Enioyd an heritage of lasting peace,  
 And built Cairleill, and built Cairleon strong.  
 Next Huddibras his realme did not encrease,  
 But taught the land from wearie wars to cease.  
 Whose footsteps Bladud following, in artes  
 Exceld at Athens all the learned preace.<sup>1</sup>  
 From whence he brought them to these salvage  
 parts,  
 And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne harts.

<sup>1</sup> *Preace*, throng.

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XXIV. 8. — *Scuith quiridh*.] These are Welsh words, meaning “green shield.” *Yscuith gogh* means “the red shield.” These words, and all of the ninth line except “but,” are not printed in some copies of the first edition. C.

XXV. 3. — *Cair* is city; *Cairleill*, Carlisle; *Cairleon* (City of the Legion), Chester; *Cairbadon* (XXVI. 2), Bath. C.

- 26 Ensample of his wondrous faculty,  
Behold the boyling bathes at Cairbadon,  
Which seeth with secret fire eternally,  
And in their entrailles, full of quick brimstón,  
Nourish the flames which they are warmd upon,  
That to their people wealth they forth do well,  
And health to every forreyne nation :  
Yet he at last, contending to excell  
The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief fell.
- 27 Next him King Leyr in happie peace long raynd,  
But had no issue male him to succeed ;  
But three faire daughters, which were well uptraine  
In all that seemed fitt for kingly seed ;  
Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed  
To have divided. Tho, when feeble age  
Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,  
He cald his daughters, and with speeches sage  
Inquyr'd, which of them most did love her parentage.
- 28 The eldest Gonorill gan to protest,  
That she much more then her owne life him lov'd ;  
And Regan greater love to him profest  
Then all the world, when ever it were prov'd ;  
But Cordeill said she lov'd him as behoov'd :

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XXVI. 9. — *Fond mischief.*] Foolish death or ruin. The story is, that, in attempting to fly, he fell and was dashed in pieces. II.

XXVII. 1. — *King Leyr.*] At the time this stanza was written, Spenser little dreamed of the immortality which this name was destined to enjoy. "King Lear" was published about sixteen years after the Faerie Queene. The magic of Shakespeare's genius has made these the only interesting stanzas in the whole canto.

Whose simple answer, wanting colours fayre  
 To paint it forth, him to displeasance moov'd,  
 That in his crown he counted her no hayre,  
 But twixt the other twain his kingdom whole did  
 shayre.

29 So wedded th' one to Maglan, king of Scottes,  
 And th' other to the king of Cambria,  
 And twixt them shayrd his realme by equall lottes ;  
 But, without dowre, the wise Cordelia  
 Was sent to Aggannip of Celtica<sup>1</sup> :  
 Their aged syre, thus eased of his crowne,  
 A private life ledd in Albania  
 With Gonorill, long had in great renowne,  
 That nought him griev'd to beene from rule deposd  
 downe.

30 But true it is that, when the oyle is spent,  
 The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away ;  
 So, when he had resignd his regiment,<sup>2</sup>  
 His daughter gan despise his drouping day,<sup>3</sup>  
 And wearie wax of his continuall stay :  
 Tho to his daughter Regan he repayrd,  
 Who him at first well used every way ;  
 But when of his departure she despayrd,  
 Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd.

31 The wretched man gan then advise<sup>4</sup> to late,  
 That love is not where most it is profest ;  
 Too truely tryde in his extremest state !

<sup>1</sup> I. e. France.

<sup>2</sup> *Regiment*, government.

<sup>3</sup> *Drouping day*, declining years.

<sup>4</sup> *Avise*, perceive

At last, resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,  
 He to Cordelia himselfe addrest,  
 Who with entyre affection him receav'd,  
 As for her syre and king her seemed best ;  
 And after all an army strong she leav'd,<sup>1</sup>  
 To war on those which him had of his realme bereav'd.

32 So to his crowne she him restord againe ;  
 In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,<sup>2</sup>  
 And after wild it should to her remaine :  
 Who peaceably the same long time did weld,<sup>3</sup>  
 And all mens harts in dew obedience held ;  
 Till that her sisters children, woxen strong,  
 Through proud ambition against her rebeld,  
 And overcommen kept in prison long,  
 Till weary of that wretched life herselfe she hong.

33 Then gan the bloody brethren both to raigne :  
 But fierce Cundah gan shortly to envy  
 His brother Morgan, prickt with proud disdain  
 To have a pere in part of soverainty ;  
 And, kindling coles of cruell enmity,  
 Raisd warre, and him in batteill overthrew :  
 Whence as he to those woody hilles did fly,  
 Which hight of him Glamorgan, there him slew :  
 Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew

34 His sonne Rivall' his dead rowme did supply ;  
 In whose sad time blood did from heaven rayne.  
 Next great Gurgustus, then faire Cæcily,

<sup>1</sup> *Leav'd*, levied.

<sup>2</sup> *Eld*, age.

<sup>3</sup> *Weld*, wield.

In constant peace their kingdomes did contayne.  
 After whom Lago and Kinmarke did rayne,  
 And Gorbognd, till far in yeaes he grew :  
 Then his ambitious sonnes unto them twayne  
 Arraught<sup>1</sup> the rule, and from their father drew ;  
 Stout Ferrex and sterne Porrex him in prison threw.

35 But O ! the greedy thirst of royall crowne,  
 That knowes no kinred, nor regards no right,  
 Stird Porrex up to put his brother downe ;  
 Who, unto him assembling forreigne might,  
 Made warre on him, and fell himselfe in fight :  
 Whose death t' avenge, his mother mercilesse,  
 Most mercilesse of women, Wyden hight,  
 Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,  
 And with most cruell hand him murdred pittilesse.

36 Here ended Brutus sacred progeny,  
 Which had seven hundred yeaes this scepter borne  
 With high renowme and great felicity :  
 The noble braunch from th' antique stocke was torne  
 Through discord, and the roiall throne forlorne.<sup>2</sup>  
 Thenceforth this realme was into factions rent,  
 Whilest each of Brutus boasted to be borne,  
 That in the end was left no monument  
 Of Brutus, nor of Britons glorie auncient.

<sup>1</sup> *Arraught*, seized.

<sup>2</sup> *Forlorne*, left vacant.

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XXXIV. 9. — *Stout Ferrex and sterne Porrex.*] *Ferrex* and *Porrex* have afforded the subject of the earliest tragedy in the English language, written by Lord Buckhurst and Thomas Norton, called "Gorboduc," or sometimes "Ferrex and Porrex." H.

37 Then up arose a man of matchlesse might,  
 And wondrous wit to menage high affayres,  
 Who, stird with pittie of the stressed<sup>1</sup> plight  
 Of this sad realme, cut into sondry shayres  
 By such as claymd themselves Brutes rightfull  
 hayres,

Gathered the princes of the people loose<sup>2</sup>  
 To taken counsell of their common cares ;  
 Who, with his wisdom won, him streight did choose  
 Their king, and swore him fēalty, to win or loose.

38 Then made he head against his enimies,  
 And Ymner slew of Logris miscreate ;  
 Then Ruddoc and proud Stater, both allies,  
 This of Albány newly nominate,  
 And that of Cambry king confirmed late,  
 He overthrew through his owne valiaunce ;  
 Whose countries he redus'd to quiet state,  
 And shortly brought to civile governaunce,  
 Now one, which earst were many made through vari-  
 aunce.

39 Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say  
 Were unto him reveald in vision ;  
 By which he freed the travelers high-way,  
 The churches part, and ploughmans portion,  
 Restraining stealth and strong extortion ;  
 The gracious Numa of great Britany :  
 For, till his dayes, the chiefe dominion  
 By strength was wielded without pollicy :  
 Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignity.

<sup>1</sup> *Stressed*, distressed.

<sup>2</sup> *Loose*, scattered.



40 Donwallo dyde, (for what may live for ay?)  
 And left two sonnes, of pearelesse prowesse both,  
 That sacked Rome too dearely did assay,  
 The recompence of their periúred oth;  
 And ransackt Greece wel tryde, when they were  
     wroth;  
 Besides subiected France and Germany,  
 Which yet their praises speake, all be they loth,  
 And inly tremble at the memory  
 Of Brennus and Belinus, kinges of Britany.

41 Next them did Gurgiunt, great Belinus sonne,  
 In rule succede, and eke in fathers praise;  
 He Easterland subdewd, and Denmarke wonne,  
 And of them both did foy<sup>1</sup> and tribute raise,  
 The which was dew in his dead fathers daies:  
 He also gave to fugitives of Spayne,  
 Whom he at sea found wandring from their waies,  
 A seate in Ireland safely to remayne,  
 Which they should hold of him as subiect to Britáyne.

42 After him raigned Guitheline his hayre,  
 The iustest and trewest in his daies,  
 Who had to wife Dame Mertia the fayre,  
 A woman worthy of immortall praise,  
 Which for this realme found<sup>2</sup> many godly layes,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Foy*, i. e. money paid as sign of fidelity.

<sup>2</sup> *Found*, devised.

<sup>3</sup> *Layes*, laws.

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XL. 3. — I. e. Rome made proof of their prowess to her cost. The Romans swore fealty to the British kings, and then treacherously attempted to destroy them; for which the brothers sacked the city. This Brennus is meant to be the same person as the antagonist of Camillus. C.

And wholesome statutes to her husband brought.  
 Her many deemd to have beene of the Fayes,  
 As was Aegerié that Numa tought:  
 Those yet of her be Mertian lawes both nam'd and  
 thought.

43 Her sonne Sisillus after her did rayne;  
 And then Kimarus; and then Danius:  
 Next whom Morindus did the crowne sustayne;  
 Who, had he not with wrath outrageous  
 And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous  
 And mightie deedes, should matched have the best:  
 As well in that same field victorious  
 Against the forreine Morands<sup>1</sup> he exprest;  
 Yet lives his memorie, though carcas sleepe in rest.

44 Five sonnes he left begotten of one wife,  
 All which successively by turnes did rayne:  
 First Gorboman, a man of vertuous life;  
 Next Archigald, who for his proud disdayne  
 Deposed was from pryncedome soverayne,  
 And pitteous Elidure put in his sted;  
 Who shortly it to him restord agayne,  
 Till by his death he it recovered;  
 But Peridure and Vigent him disthronized.

45 In wretched prison long he did remaine,  
 Till they out-raigned had their utmost date,  
 And then therein rescized<sup>2</sup> was againe,  
 And ruled long with honorable state,

<sup>1</sup> *Morands*, people of the north west coast of France.

<sup>2</sup> *Rescized*, reseated.

Till he surrendred realme and life to fate.  
 Then all the sonnes of these five brethren raynd  
 By dew successe,<sup>1</sup> and all their nephewes<sup>2</sup> late;  
 Even thrise eleven descents the crowne retaynd,  
 Till aged Hely<sup>3</sup> by dew heritage it gaynd.

46 He had two sonnes, whose eldest, called Lud,  
 Left of his life most famous memory,  
 And endlesse moniments of his great good:  
 The ruin'd wals he did reedifye<sup>3</sup>  
 Of Troynovant,<sup>4</sup> gainst force of enimy,  
 And built that gate which of his name is hight,  
 By which he lyes entombed solemnly:  
 He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,  
 Androgeus and Tenantius, pictures of his might.

47 Whilst they were young, Cassibalane their eme<sup>5</sup>  
 Was by the people chosen in their sted,  
 Who on him tooke the roiall diademe,  
 And goodly well long time it governed;  
 Till the prowde Romanes him disquieted,  
 And warlike Cæsar, tempted with the name  
 Of this sweet island never conquered,  
 And envying the Britons blazed fame,  
 (O hideous hunger of dominion!) hether came.

<sup>1</sup> *Successe*, succession.

<sup>2</sup> *Nephewes*, descendants.

<sup>3</sup> *Reedifye*, rebuild.

<sup>4</sup> *Troynovant*, London.

<sup>5</sup> *Eme*, unclé.

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XLVII. 1. — *Cassibalane*.] Caswallon, who made a brave resistance to Cæsar, but was obliged at last to purchase the evacuation of Britain by the Romans at the price of a nominal submission. C.

48 Yet twise they were repulsed backe againe,  
 And twise renforst backe to their ships to fly;  
 The whiles with blood they all the shore did staine,  
 And the gray ocean into purple dy:  
 Ne had they footing found at last perdie,  
 Had not Androgeus, false to native soyle,  
 And envious of uncles soveraintie,  
 Betrayd his countrey unto forreine spoyle.  
 Nought els but treason from the first this land did  
 foyle!

49 So by him Cæsar got the victory,  
 Through great bloodshed and many a sad assay,  
 In which himselfe was charged heavily  
 Of hardy Nennius, whom he yet did slay,  
 But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.  
 Thenceforth this land was tributarie made  
 T' ambitious Rome, and did their rule obay,  
 Till Arthur all that reckoning defrayd:  
 Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly swayd

50 Next him Tenantius raignd; then Kimbeline,  
 What time th' Eternall Lord in fleshly slime  
 Enwombd was, from wretched Adams line  
 To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime.  
 O ioyous memorie of happy time,  
 That heavenly grace so pleuteously displayd!  
 O too high ditty for my simple rime! —  
 Soone after this the Romanes him warrayd;  
 For that their tribute he refusd to let be payd.

---

L. 1. — *Kimbeline.*] This is Shakespeare's Cymbeline. H.

61 Good Claudius, that next was emperour,  
 An army brought, and with him batteile fought,  
 In which the king was by a treachetour<sup>1</sup>  
 Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:  
 Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought:  
 For Arvirage his brothers place supplyde  
 Both in his armes and crowne, and by that draught<sup>2</sup>  
 Did drive the Romanes to the weaker syde,  
 That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifyde.

52 Was never king more highly magnifide,  
 Nor dredd of Romanes, then was Arvirage;  
 For which the emperour to him allide  
 His daughter Genuiss' in marriage:  
 Yet shortly he renounst the vassallage  
 Of Rome againe, who hether hastily sent  
 Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage  
 Forwasted<sup>3</sup> all, till Genuissa gent<sup>4</sup>  
 Persuaded him to ceasse, and her lord to relent.

53 He dide; and him succeeded Marius,  
 Who ioyd his dayes in great tranquillity.  
 Then Coyll; and after him good Lucius,  
 That first received Christianity,  
 The sacred pledge of Christes Evangely.  
 Yet true it is, that long before that day

<sup>1</sup> *Treachetour*, traitor.

<sup>3</sup> *Forwasted*, laid waste.

<sup>2</sup> *Draught*, device.

<sup>4</sup> *Gent*, noble.

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LI. 3.—The king here should be Guiderius, not Kimbeline. C.  
 LII. 7.—Vespasian fought thirty battles in Britain, subdued  
 the Isle of Wight, overcame two nations, and took twenty  
 places. C.

Hither came Ioseph of Arimathy,  
 Who brought with him the Holy Grayle, (they say,)  
 And preacht the truth ; but since it greatly did decay.

54 This good king shortly without issew dide,  
 Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,  
 That did herselfe in sondry parts divide,  
 And with her powre her owne selfe overthrew,  
 Whilest Romanes daily did the weake subdew :  
 Which seeing, stout Bunduca up arose,  
 And, taking armes, the Britons to her drew ;  
 With whom she marched streight against her foes,  
 And them unwares besides the Severne did enclose.

55 There she with them a cruell batteill tryde,  
 Not with so good successe as shee deserv'd,  
 By reason that the captaines on her syde,  
 Corrupted by Panlinus, from her swerv'd :  
 Yet, such as were through former flight preserv'd  
 Gathering againe, her host she did renew,  
 And with fresh corage on the victor serv'd :  
 But being all defeated, save a few,  
 Rather then fly, or be captiv'd, herselfe she slew.

56 O famous monument of womens prayse !  
 Matchable either to Semiramis,

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LIII. 8. — *The Holy Grayle.*] The dish in which the paschal lamb was placed at the Last Supper (Saint Graal). It was carried to England by Joseph of Arimathea, and its subsequent loss occasioned the famous quest for its recovery. At the beginning of the twelfth century it appeared in Genoa, and there it was preserved until Napoleon transported it to Paris. For an account of the word *grail*, see Diez, *Etym. Wörterb.*, p. 647. The mistaken derivation from *sung réel* is still given in books. C.

Whom antique history so high doth rayse,  
 Or to *Hypsiphil'*, or to *Thomiris* :  
 Her host two hundred thousand numbred is ;  
 Who, whiles good fortune favoured her might,  
 Triumphed oft against her enemies ;  
 And yet, though overcome in haplesse fight,  
 Shee triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

67 Her reliques *Fulgent* having gathered,  
 Fought with *Severus*, and him overthrew ;  
 Yet in the chace was slaine of them that fled ;  
 So made them victors whome he did subdew.  
 Then gan *Carausius* tirannize anew,  
 And gainst the *Romanes* bent their proper<sup>1</sup> powre :  
 But him *Allectus* treacherously slew,  
 And tooke on him the robe of emperoure :  
 Nath'lesse the same enjoyed but short happy howre :

<sup>1</sup> *Their proper*, their own.

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LVI. 4. — *Or to Hypsiphil', or to Thomiris.*] *Hypsiphile* was a queen of Lemnos, who headed an attack made by her female subjects upon their male relations. — *Thomiris* or *Tomyris* was a queen of the Massagetæ, who, according to Herodotus, defeated and slew Cyrus the Great. H.

LVII. 1. — *Fulgent.*] *Fulgentius* is said to be the name of a Caledonian chief, who headed the armies which the Emperor *Severus* met in his march into Caledonia. But this was a hundred and fifty years after the time of *Boadicea*. H.

LVII. 5. — *Carausius.*] *Carausius*, a Menapian, was intrusted with extensive powers, by the Emperors *Diocletian* and *Maximian*, for the defence of the northern coasts of the Empire. He entered into an alliance with the Saxon pirates, renounced his allegiance to Rome, and assumed the imperial title in Britain. He was mur-

- 58 For Asclepiodate him overcame,  
 And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,  
 Without or robe or rag to hide his shame :  
 Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne ;  
 But shortly was by Coyll in batteill slaine :  
 Who after long debate, since Lucies tyme,  
 Was of the Britons first crownd soveraine.  
 Then gan this realme renew her passed prime :  
 He of his name Coylchester built of stone and lime.
- 59 Which when the Romanes heard, they hether sent  
 Constantius, a man of mickle might,  
 With whome King Coyll made an agreëment,  
 And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,  
 Fayre Helena, the fairest living wight,  
 Who in all godly thewes<sup>1</sup> and goodly praise  
 Did far excell, but was most famous hight<sup>2</sup>  
 For skil in musicke of all in her daies,  
 As well in curious instruments as cunning laies :
- 60 Of whom he did great Constantine begett,  
 Who afterward was emperour of Rome ;  
 To which whiles absent he his mind did sett,

<sup>1</sup> *Thewes*, qualities.

<sup>2</sup> *Hight*, called.

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dered in 293, by Allectus, who usurped his empire, but was defeated by the Romans after a reign of three years. C.

LIX. 2. — *Constantius*.] Constantius Chlorus, the father of Constantine, died at York (then Eboracum), A. D. 306. His wife (the mother of Constantine) was named Helena, and was, according to Geoffrey, the daughter of "King Cole."

LX., LXI. — Octavius, according to the legend, was a Welsh prince. Traherne was one of the Empress Helena's three uncles,



Octavius here lept into his roome,  
 And it usurped by unrighteous doome :  
 But he his title iustifide by might,  
 Slaing Traherne, and having overcome  
 The Romane legion in dreadfull fight :  
 So settled he his kingdome, and confirmd his right .

61 But, wanting yssew male, his daughter deare  
 He gave in wedloeke to Maximian,  
 And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,  
 Who soone by meanes thereof the empire wan,  
 Till murdred by the freends of Gratian.  
 Then gan the Hunnes and Piets invade this land,  
 During the raigne of Maximinian ;  
 Who dying left none heire them to withstand ;  
 But that they overran all parts with easy hand.

62 The weary Britons, whose war-hable<sup>1</sup> youth  
 Was by Maximian lately ledd away,  
 With wretched miseryes and woefull ruth  
 Were to those Pagans made an open pray,  
 And daily spectacle of sad decay :  
 Whome Romane warres, which now fowr hundred  
                   yeares  
 And more had wasted, could no whit dismay ;

<sup>1</sup> *War-hable*, able to serve in war.

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and Maximian, or Maximus, was her cousin, and the son of Traherne's brother. Maximinian (LXI. 7) seems to be put by oversight for Valentinian. C.

LXII. 2. — *Ledd away* ] For the conquest of Armorica. C.

Til, by consent of Commons and of Peares,  
They crownd the second Constantine with ioyous  
teares :

63 Who having oft in batteill vanquished  
Those spoylefull Picts, and swarming Easterlings,  
Long time in peace his realme established,  
Yet oft annoyd with sondry bordragings<sup>1</sup>  
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein scatterlings<sup>2</sup>  
With which the world did in those dayes abound :  
Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings<sup>3</sup>  
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound,  
Which from Alcluid to Panwelt did that border  
bownd.

64 Three sonnes he dying left, all under age ;  
By meanes whereof their uncle Vortigere  
Usurpt the crowne during their pupillage ;  
Which th' infants tutors gathering to feare,<sup>4</sup>  
Them closely into Armorick did beare :  
For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,  
He sent to Germany straunge aid to reare<sup>5</sup> ;  
From whence eftsoones arrived here three hoyes<sup>6</sup>  
Of Saxons, whom he for his safèty employes.

<sup>1</sup> *Bordragings*, border forays.

<sup>5</sup> *Reare*, raise.

<sup>2</sup> *Scatterlings*, vagrants.

<sup>6</sup> *Hoyes*, boats.

<sup>3</sup> *Pyonings*, works of pioneers.

<sup>4</sup> *Gathering to feare*, considering a cause of alarm.

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LXII. 9. — *The second Constantine.*] A common soldier of the name of Constantine was made Emperor at the beginning of the fifth century. II.

LXIII. 2. — *Easterlings.*] The Northern pirates.

65 Two brethren were their capitayns, which hight  
 Hengist and Horsus, well approv'd in warre,  
 And both of them men of renowned might ;  
 Who making vantage of their civile iarre,  
 And of those forreyners which came from farre,  
 Grew great, and got large portions of land,  
 That in the realme ere long they stronger arre  
 Then they which sought at first their helping  
 hand,

And Vortiger have forst the kingdome to aband.<sup>1</sup>

66 But, by the helpe of Vortimere his sonne,  
 He is againe unto his rule restord ;  
 And Hengist, seeming sad for that was donne,  
 Received is to grace and new accord,  
 Through his faire daughters face and flattring word.  
 Soone after which, three hundred lords he slew  
 Of British blood, all sitting at his bord ;  
 Whose dolefull monuments who list to rew,<sup>2</sup>  
 Th' eternall marks of treason may at Stonheng vew.

67 By this the sonnes of Constantine, which fled,  
 Ambrose and Uther, did ripe yeares attayne.  
 And, here arriving, strongly challenged  
 The crowne which Vortiger did long detayne ;  
 Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slayne :  
 And Hengist eke soone brought to shamefull death.  
 Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did rayne,  
 Till that through poyson stopped was his breath ;  
 So now entombd lies at Stoneheng by the heath.

<sup>1</sup> *Aband.* abandon.

<sup>2</sup> *List to rew,* wishes to pity.

68 After him Uther, which Pendragon hight,  
 Succeeding — There abruptly it did end,  
 Without full point, or other cesure<sup>1</sup> right ;  
 As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,  
 Or th' author selfe could not at least attend  
 To finish it : that so untimely breach  
 The Prince himselfe halfe seemed to offend ;  
 Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,<sup>2</sup>  
 And wonder of antiquity long stopt his speach.

69 At last, quite ravisht with delight to heare  
 The royall ofspring<sup>3</sup> of his native land,  
 Cryde out: "Deare Countrey ! O how dearely deare  
 Ought thy remembraunce and perpetual band  
 Be to thy foster childe, that from thy hand  
 Did commun breath and nouriture receive !  
 How brutish is it not to understand  
 How much to her we owe, that all us gave ;  
 That gave unto us all whatever good we have !"

70 But Guyon all this while his booke did read,  
 Ne yet has ended : for it was a great  
 And ample volume, that doth far exceed  
 My leasure so long leaves here to repeat :  
 It told how first Prometheus did create

<sup>1</sup> *Cesure*, stop.

<sup>3</sup> *Ofspring*, origin, derivation.

<sup>2</sup> *Empeach*, prevent.

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LXVIII. 2. — *There abruptly it did end.*] The history is brought down to Uther Pendragon, the father of Arthur, and there ends. Prince Arthur was at that time ignorant of his parentage. II.

A man, of many parts from beasts deryv'd,  
 And then stole fire from heaven to animate  
 His worke, for which he was by Iove depriv'd  
 Of life himself, and hart-strings of an aegle ryv'd.

71 That man so made he called Elfe, to weet  
 Quick, the first authōr of all Elfin kynd ;  
 Who, wandring through the world with wearie feet,  
 Did in the gardins of Adonis fynd  
 A goodly creature, whom he deemd in mynd  
 To be no earthly wight, but either spright,  
 Or angell, th' authour of all woman kynd ;  
 Therefore a Fay he her according hight,  
 Of whom all Faryes spring, and fetch their lignage  
 right.

72 Of these a mighty people shortly grew,  
 And puissant kinges which all the world warrayd,<sup>1</sup>  
 And to themselves all nations did subdew :  
 The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,  
 Was Elfin : him all India obayd,  
 And all that now America men call :  
 Next him was noble Elfinan, who laid  
 Cleopolis foundation first of all :  
 But Elfiline enclosed it with a golden wall.

73 His sonne was Elfinell, who overcame  
 The wicked Gobbelines<sup>2</sup> in bloody field :  
 But Elfant was of most renowned fame,  
 Who all of christall did Panthea build :

<sup>1</sup> *Warrayd*, warred upon.

<sup>2</sup> *Gobbelines*, goblins.

Then Elfar, who two brethren gyauntes kild,  
 The one of which had two heades, th' other three :  
 Then Elfinor, who was in magick skild ;  
 He built by art upon the glassy see  
 A bridge of bras, whose sound hevens thunder seem'd  
 to bee.

74 He left three sonnes, the which in order raynd,  
 And all their ofspring, in their dew descents ;  
 Even seven hundred princes, which maintaynd  
 With mightie deedes their sondry governments :  
 That were too long their infinite contents  
 Here to record, ne much materiall :  
 Yet should they be most famous monuments,  
 And brave ensample, both of martiall  
 And civil rule, to kinges and states imperiall.

75 After all these Elficieos did rayne,  
 The wise Elficieos in great maiestie,  
 Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,  
 And with rich spoyles and famous victorie  
 Did high aduance the crowne of Faëry :  
 He left two sonnes, of which faire Elferon,  
 The eldest brother, did untimely dy ;  
 Whose emptie place the mightie Oberon  
 Doubly supplide, in spousall and dominion.

---

LXXV. 1. — *Elficieos*.] In this and the succeeding stanza there are obvious allusions to history. *Elficieos* is Henry VII.; *Elferon* is Prince Arthur, his son, who died young; *Oberon* is Henry VIII., who married his brother's betrothed bride; and *Tanaquill*, or *Gloriana*, his daughter, is Queen Elizabeth. It will be observed that no mention is made of Edward VI. or of Mary. H

76 Great was his power and glorie over all  
Which, him before, that sacred seate did fill,  
That yet remaines his wide memoriall :  
He dying left the fairest Tanaquill,  
Him to succede therein, by his last will :  
Fairer and nobler live:th none this howre,  
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill ;  
Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flowre :  
Long mayst thou, Glorian, live in glory and great  
powre !

77 Beguyld thus with delight of novelties,  
And naturall desire of countryes state,  
So long they redd in those antiquities,  
That how the time was fled they quite forgate ;  
Till gentle Alma, seeing it so late,  
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought  
To thinke how supper did them long awaite :  
So halfe unwilling from their bookes them brought,  
And fayrely feasted as so noble knightes she ought.

## CANTO XI.

The Enimies of Temperaunce  
Besiege her dwelling place;  
Prince Arthure them repelles, and fowle  
Maleger doth deface.

1 WHAT warre so cruel, or what siege so sore,  
As that, which strong affections<sup>1</sup> doe apply  
Against the forte of Reason evermore,  
To bring the sowle into captivity !  
Their force is fiercer through infirmity  
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage ;  
And exercise most bitter tyranny  
Upon the partes, brought into their bondâge:  
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull vellenage.<sup>2</sup>

2 But in a body which doth freely yeeld  
His partes to Reasons rule obedient,  
And letteth her, that ought, the scepter weeld,  
All happy peace and goodly government  
Is scetled there in sure establishment.  
There Alma, like a Virginia Queene most bright,  
Doth flourish in all beautie excellent ;  
And to her gwestes doth bounteous banquet dight,<sup>3</sup>  
Attempted goodly well for health and for delight.

<sup>1</sup> *Affections*, passions.

<sup>2</sup> *Vellenage*, servitude.

<sup>3</sup> *Dight*, prepare.



3 Early, before the Morne with cremosin<sup>1</sup> ray  
 The windowes of bright heaven opened had,  
 Through which into the world the dawning day  
 Might looke, that maketh every creature glad,  
 Uprose Sir Guyon in bright armour clad,  
 And to his purposd iourney him prepar'd :  
 With him the Palmer eke in habit sad<sup>2</sup>  
 Himselfe address to that adventure hard :  
 So to the rivers syde they both together far'd :

4 Where them awaited ready at the ford  
 The Ferriman, as Alma had behight,<sup>3</sup>  
 With his well-rigged bote. They goe aboard,  
 And he eftsoones<sup>4</sup> gan launch his barke forthright.  
 Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,  
 And fast the land behynd them fled away.  
 But let them pas, whiles winde and wether right  
 Doe serve their turnes : here I a while must stay,  
 To see a cruell fight doen by the Prince this day.

5 For, all so soone as Guyon thence was gon  
 Upon his voyage with his trustie guyde,  
 That wicked band of Villeins fresh begon  
 That castle to assaile on every side,  
 And lay strong siege about it far and wyde.  
 So huge and infinite their numbers were,  
 That all the land they under them did hyde ;  
 So fowle and ugly, that exceeding feare  
 Their visages imprest, when they approched neare.

<sup>1</sup> *Cremosin*, crimson.

<sup>2</sup> *Sad*, grave.

<sup>3</sup> *Behight*, commanded.

<sup>4</sup> *Eftsoones*, immediately.

6 Them in twelve troupes their captein did dispart,  
 And round about in fittest steades<sup>1</sup> did place,  
 Where each might best offend his proper part,  
 And his contráry object most deface,  
 As every one seem'd meetest in that cace.  
 Seven of the same against the castle gate  
 In strong entrenchments he did closely place,  
 Which with incessaunt force and endlesse hate  
 They battred day and night, and entraunce did awate

7 The other five, five sondry wayes he sett  
 Against the five great bulwarkes of that pyle,  
 And unto each a bulwarke did arrett,<sup>2</sup>  
 T' assaile with open force or hidden guyle,  
 In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.  
 They all that charge did fervently apply<sup>3</sup>  
 With greedie malice and importune toyle,  
 And planted there their huge artillery,  
 With which they dayly made most dreadfull battery.

8 The first troupe was a monstrous rablement  
 Of fowle misshapen wightes, of which some were  
 Headed like owles, with beckes<sup>4</sup> uncomely bent ;  
 Others like dogs ; others like gryphons dreare ;  
 And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare  
 And every one of them had lyncees eyes ;

<sup>1</sup> *Steades*, places.

<sup>2</sup> *Arrett*, appoint.

<sup>3</sup> *Apply*, employ themselves with.

<sup>4</sup> *Beckes*, beaks.

---

VI. 6. — *Seren*, &c.] These represent the seven deadly *sins*, and the *five* mentioned in the next stanza, the vices that *attack* the senses. UPTON.

And every one did bow and arrowes beare :  
 All those were lawlesse Lustes, corrupt Envýes,  
 And covetous Aspécts,<sup>1</sup> all cruel enimyes.

9 Those same against the Bulwarke of the Sight  
 Did lay strong siege and battailous assault,  
 Ne once did yield it respitt day nor night ;  
 But soone as Titan gan his head exault,  
 And soone againe as he his light withbault,<sup>2</sup>  
 Their wicked engins they against it bent ;  
 That is, each thing by which the eyes may fault :  
 But two then all more huge and violent,  
 Beautie and Money, they that Bulwarke sorely  
 rent.

10 The second Bulwarke was the Hearing Sence,  
 Gainst which the second troupe assignment<sup>3</sup> makes ;  
 Deformed creatures, in straunge difference :  
 Some having heads like harts, some like to snakes,  
 Some like wilde bores late rouzd out of the brakes ;  
 Slaunderous Reproches, and fowle Infamies,  
 Leasinges, Backbytinges, and vaine-glorious Crakes,<sup>4</sup>  
 Bad Counsels, Prayses, and false Flatteries :  
 All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

11 Likewise that same third Fort, that is the Smell,  
 Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd ;  
 Whose hideous shapes were like to feendes of  
 hell,

<sup>1</sup> *Aspe. ts*, looks.

<sup>2</sup> *Withbault*, withheld.

<sup>3</sup> *Assignment*, disposition.

<sup>4</sup> *Crakes*, boastings.

Some like to houndes, some like to apes, dismayd<sup>1</sup>;  
 Some, like to puttockes,<sup>2</sup> all in plumes arayd;  
 All shap't according<sup>3</sup> their conditions<sup>4</sup>:  
 For, by those ugly formes weren pourtrayd  
 Foolish Delights, and fond Abusions,<sup>5</sup>  
 Which doe that sence besiege with light illusions.

12 And that fourth band which cruell battery bent  
 Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the Taste,  
 Was, as the rest, a grysie rablement;  
 Some mouth'd like greedy oystrigues<sup>6</sup>; some faste<sup>7</sup>  
 Like loathly toades; some fashioned in the waste  
 Like swine: for so deformd is Luxury,  
 Surfeat, Misdiet, and unthriftie Waste,  
 Vaine Feastes, and ydle Superfluity:  
 All those this sences fort assayle incessantly.

13 But the fift troupe, most horrible of hew  
 And ferce of force, is dreadfull to report;  
 For some like snailes, some did like spyders shew,  
 And some like ugly urchins<sup>8</sup> thick and short:  
 Cruelly they assayed that fift Fort,  
 Armed with dartes of sensuall Delight,

<sup>1</sup> *Dismayd*, mismade (?).

<sup>2</sup> *Puttockes*, kites.

<sup>3</sup> *According*, according to.

<sup>4</sup> *Conditions*, qualities.

<sup>5</sup> *Abusions*, abuses.

<sup>6</sup> *Oystriges*, ostriches.

<sup>7</sup> *Faste*, faced.

<sup>8</sup> *Urchins*, hedgehogs.

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XII. 3. — *A grysie rablement.*] If we retain this reading, *grysie* must be explained *filthy*. But the word should probably be *grisly* (grisly), for the fourth band was *hideous*, "as the rest." C.

With stinges of carnall Lust, and strong effort  
 Of feeling Pleasures, with which day and night  
 Against that same fift Bulwarke they continued fight.

14 Thus these twelve troupes with dreadfull puissaunce  
 Against that castle restlesse siege did lay,  
 And evermore their hideous ordinaunce  
 Upon the bulwarkes cruelly did play,  
 That now it gan to threaten neare decay<sup>1</sup>:  
 And evermore their wicked Capitayn  
 Provoked them the breaches to assay,  
 Somtimes with threats, somtimes with hope of gayn,  
 Which by the ransack of that peece<sup>2</sup> they should at-  
 tain.

15 On th' other syde, th' asseiged castles ward<sup>3</sup>  
 Their stedfast stonds<sup>4</sup> did mightily maintaine,  
 And many bold repulse and many hard  
 Atchievement wrought, with perill and with payne,  
 That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine:  
 And those two brethren gyaantes did defend  
 The walles so stoutly with their sturdie mayne.<sup>5</sup>  
 That never entraunce any durst pretend,  
 But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did  
 send.

<sup>1</sup> *Decay*, ruin.

<sup>2</sup> *Peece*, structure, castle.

<sup>3</sup> *Ward*, guard.

<sup>4</sup> *Stonds*, stations.

<sup>5</sup> *Mayne*, force.

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XV. 6. — *Brethren gyaantes.*] Arthur and Guyon (not the Squire) are intended. But Guyon had left the castle in the morning. C.

16 The noble virgin, Ladie of the place,  
 Was much dismayed with that dreadful sight,  
 For never was she in so evill cace :  
 Till that the Prince, seeing her wofull plight,  
 Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,  
 Offring his service and his dearest life  
 For her defence against that carle to fight,  
 Which was their chiefe and th' authour of that strife :  
 She him remerciéd<sup>1</sup> as the patrone<sup>2</sup> of her life.

17 Eftsoones himselve in glitterand armes he dight,  
 And his well proved weapons to him hent<sup>3</sup> ;  
 So taking courteous congé,<sup>4</sup> he behight<sup>5</sup>  
 Those gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went.  
 Fayre mote he thee,<sup>6</sup> the prowest<sup>7</sup> and most gent<sup>8</sup>  
 That ever brandished bright steele on hye !  
 Whom soone as that unruly rablement  
 With his gay Squire issewing did espye,  
 They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry :

18 And therewithall attonce at him let fly  
 Their fluttering arrowes, thicke as flakes of snow,  
 And round about him flocke impetuously,  
 Like a great water-flood, that, tombling low  
 From the high mountaines, threates to overflow  
 With sudden fury all the fertile playne,  
 And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw

<sup>1</sup> *Remerciéd*, thanked.

<sup>2</sup> *Patrone*, defender.

<sup>3</sup> *Hent*, took.

<sup>4</sup> *Congé*, leave.

<sup>5</sup> *Behight*, ordered.

<sup>6</sup> *Mote he thee*, may he prosper.

<sup>7</sup> *Prowest*, bravest.

<sup>8</sup> *Gent*, noble.

A downe the streame, and all his vowes make vayne;  
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustayne.

19 Upon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,  
And with his sword disperst the raskall<sup>1</sup> flockes,  
Which fled asonder, and him fell before,  
As withered leaves drop from their dried stockes,  
When the wroth western wind does reave<sup>2</sup> their  
locks:  
And underneath him his courageous steed,  
The fierce Spumador,<sup>3</sup> trode them downe like  
docks<sup>4</sup>;  
The fierce Spumador borne of heavenly seed,  
Such as Laomedon of Phæbus race did breed.

20 Which suddeine horreur and confused cry  
When as their Capteine heard, in haste he yode<sup>5</sup>  
The cause to weet, and fault to remedy:  
Upon a tygre swift and fierce he rode,  
That as the winde ran underneath his lode,  
Whiles his long legs nigh raught<sup>6</sup> unto the ground:  
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode;  
But of such subtile substance and unsound,  
That like a ghost he seem'd whose grave-clothes were  
unbound:

21 And in his hand a bended bow was seene,  
And many arrowes under his right side,

<sup>1</sup> *Raskall*, base, or low.

<sup>2</sup> *Reave*, strip off.

<sup>3</sup> *Spumador*, i. e. Foamer.

VOL. II.

8

<sup>4</sup> *Docks*, weeds.

<sup>5</sup> *Yode*, went.

<sup>6</sup> *Raught*, reached.

All deadly daungerous, all cruell keene,  
 Headed with flint, and fethers bloody dide ;  
 Such as the Indians in their quivers hide :  
 Those could he well direct and streight as line,  
 And bid them strike the marke which he had eyde ;  
 Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,  
 That mote recure their wounds ; so inly they did tine.<sup>1</sup>

22 As pale and wan as ashes was his looke :  
 His body leane and meagre as a rake,  
 And skin all withered like a dried rooke,  
 Thereto<sup>2</sup> as cold and drery as a snake,  
 That seemd to tremble evermore and quake :  
 All in a canvas thin he was bedight,<sup>3</sup>  
 And girded with a belt of twisted brake :  
 Upon his head he wore an helmet light,  
 Made of a dead mans skull, that seemd a ghastly  
 sight :

23 Maleger was his name ; and after him  
 There follow'd fast at hand two wicked hags,  
 With hoary lockes all loose and visage grim ;  
 Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,  
 And both as swift on foot as chased stags ;  
 And yet the one her other legge<sup>4</sup> had lame,

<sup>1</sup> *Tine*, burn.

<sup>2</sup> *Thereto*, besides.

<sup>3</sup> *Bedight*, dressed.

<sup>4</sup> *Her oher legge* (a classic idiom), one of her two legs.

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XXIII. 1. — *Maleger was his name.*] Maleger signifies badly diseased; and from this and the description given of him, he seems to represent the various diseases which an indulgence in those "fleshy lusts which war against the soul" gives birth to.



Which with a staffe all full of litle snags  
 She did support, and Impotence her name :  
 But th' other was Impatience arm'd with raging flame.

24 Soone as the carle from far the Prince espyde  
 Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,  
 His beast he felly prickt on either syde,  
 And his mischiévous bow full readie bent,  
 With which at him a cruell shaft he sent :  
 But he was warie, and it warded well  
 Upon his shield, that it no further went,  
 But to the ground the idle quarrell<sup>1</sup> fell :  
 Then he another and another did expell.

25 Which to prevent, the Prince his mortall speare:  
 Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,  
 To be avenged of that shot whyleare<sup>2</sup> :  
 But he was not so hardy to abide  
 That bitter stownd,<sup>3</sup> but, turning quicke aside  
 His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare :  
 Whom to poursue, the Infant<sup>4</sup> after hide  
 So fast as his good courser could him beare ;  
 But labour lost it was to weene approach him neare.

26 For as the winged wind his tigre fled,  
 That vew of eye could scarce him overtake,  
 Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tread ;  
 Through hils and dales he speedy way did make,  
 Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,

<sup>1</sup> *Quarrell*, arrow.

<sup>3</sup> *Stownd*, moment, exigency, peril.

<sup>2</sup> *Whyleare*, just before.

<sup>4</sup> *Infant*, youth.

And in his flight the Villein turn'd his face,  
 (As wons the Tartar by the Caspian lake,  
 Whenas the Russian him in fight does chace,)
 Unto his tygres taile, and shot at him apace.

27 Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,  
 Still as the greedy Knight nigh to him drew;  
 And oftentimes he would relent<sup>1</sup> his pace,  
 That him his foe more fiercely should pursue:  
 But, when his uncouth<sup>2</sup> manner he did vew,  
 He gan avize<sup>3</sup> to follow him no more,  
 But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,  
 Untill he quite had spent his perlous<sup>4</sup> store,  
 And then assaile him fresh, ere he could shift for  
 more.

28 But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew  
 His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,  
 And to him brought, fresh batteill to renew;  
 Which he espying cast<sup>5</sup> her to restraine  
 From yielding succour to that cursed swaine,  
 And her attaching<sup>6</sup> thought her hands to tye;  
 But, soone as him dismounted on the plaine  
 That other Hag did far away espye  
 Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily;

29 And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,<sup>7</sup>  
 Him backward overthrew, and downe him stayd<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Relent*, slacken.

<sup>2</sup> *Uncouth*, strange.

<sup>3</sup> *Arize*, bethink.

<sup>4</sup> *Perlous*, perilous.

<sup>5</sup> *Cast*, considered how.

<sup>6</sup> *Attaching*, attacking.

<sup>7</sup> *Lent*, stooped.

<sup>8</sup> *Stayd*, held.

With their rude handes and gryesly<sup>1</sup> graplement :  
 Till that the Villein, comming to their ayd,  
 Upon him fell, and lode upon him layd :  
 Full litle wanted, but he had him slaine,  
 And of the battell balefull end had made,  
 Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,  
 And commen to his reskew ere his bitter bane.

30 So greatest and most glorious thing on ground<sup>2</sup>  
 May often need the helpe of weaker hand ;  
 So feeble is mans state, and life unsound,  
 That in assuraunce it may never stand,  
 Till it dissolved be from earthly band !  
 Prooffe be thou, Prince, the prowest man alyve,  
 And noblest borne of all in Britayne land ;  
 Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearely<sup>3</sup> drive,  
 That, had not Grace thee blest, thou shouldest not  
 survive.

31 The S quyre arriving, fiercely in his armes  
 Snatcht first the one, and then the other iade,  
 His chiefest letts<sup>4</sup> and authors of his harmes,  
 And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,  
 Least that his Lord they should behinde invade ;  
 The whiles the Prince, prickt with reprochful  
 shame,  
 As one awakte out of long slombring shade,  
 Revivung thought of glory and of fame,  
 United all his powres to purge himselfe from blame.

<sup>1</sup> *Gryesly*, frightful.

<sup>2</sup> *On ground*, on earth.

<sup>3</sup> *Nearely*, narrowly.

<sup>4</sup> *Letts*, hinderances.

32 Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave  
 Hath long bene underkept and down supprest,  
 With murmurous disdayne doth inly rave,  
 And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,  
 At last breakes forth with furious unrest,  
 And strives to mount unto his native seat ;  
 All that did earst it hinder and molest,  
 Yt now devoures with flames and scorching heat,  
 And carries into smoake with rage and horror great.

33 So mightely the Briton Prince him rouzd  
 Out of his holde, and broke his caytive bands ;  
 And as a beare, whom angry cures have touzd,<sup>1</sup>  
 Having off-shakt them and escapt their hands,  
 Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands  
 Treads down and overthrowes. Now had the Carle  
 Alighted from his tigre, and his hands  
 Discharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,<sup>2</sup>  
 To seize upon his foe flatt lying on the marle.

34 Which now him turnd to disavantage deare<sup>3</sup> ;  
 For neither can he fly, nor other<sup>4</sup> harme,  
 But trust unto his strength and manhood meare,  
 Sith now he is far from his monstrous swarme,  
 And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.  
 The Knight, yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,  
 Fiercely advaunst his valorous right arme,  
 And him so sore smott with his yron mace,  
 That groveling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Touzd*, worried.

<sup>4</sup> *Other*, another person.

<sup>2</sup> *Quar'le*, arrows.

<sup>5</sup> *Fild his place*, i. e. measured his length.

<sup>3</sup> *Deare*, grievous.

35 Wel weened hee that field was then his owne,  
 And all his labor brought to happy end ;  
 When suddain up the Villeine overthrowne  
 Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend,  
 And gan himselfe to second battaill bend,  
 As hurt he had not beene. Thereby there lay  
 An huge great stone, which stood upon one end,  
 And had not bene removed many a day ;  
 Some land-marke seemd to bee, or signe of sundry way :

36 The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway<sup>1</sup>  
 Threw at his foe, who was right well aware  
 To shonne the engin of his meant decay<sup>2</sup> ;  
 It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,  
 But grownd he gave, and lightly left areare<sup>3</sup> ;  
 Efte<sup>4</sup> fierce retourning, as a faulcon fayre,  
 That once hath failed of her souse full neare,  
 Remounts againe into the open ayre,  
 And unto better fortune doth herselfe prepayre :

37 So brave retourning, with his brandisht blade,  
 He to the Carle himselfe agayn adrest,  
 And strooke at him so sternely, that he made  
 An open passage through his riven brest,  
 That halfe the steele behind his backe did rest ;  
 Which drawing backe, he looked evermore  
 When the hart blood should gush out of his chest,  
 Or his dead corse should fall upon the flore ;  
 But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathëmore<sup>5</sup> :

<sup>1</sup> *Sway*, powerful swing.

<sup>2</sup> *Meant decay*, intended destruction.

<sup>5</sup> *Nathëmore*, none the more.

<sup>3</sup> *Areare*, back.

<sup>4</sup> *Efte*, again.

38 Ne drop of blood appeared shed to bee,  
 All<sup>1</sup> were the wovnd so wide and wonderous  
 That through his carcas one might playnly see.  
 Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,  
 And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,  
 Again through both the sides he strooke him  
 quight,  
 That made his spright to grone full piteous ;  
 Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright,  
 But freshly, as at first, prepard himselfe to fight.

39 Thereat he smitten was with great affright,  
 And trembling terror did his hart apall ;  
 Ne wist he what to thinke of that same sight,  
 Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all :  
 He doubted least it were some magicall  
 Illusion that did beguile his sense,  
 Or wandring ghost that wanted funerall,  
 Or aery spirite under false pretence,  
 Or hellish feend raysd up through divelish science.

40 His wonder far exceeded reasons reach,  
 That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,  
 And oft of error did himselfe appeach<sup>2</sup> :  
 Flesh without blood, a person without spright,  
 Wounds without hurt, a body without might,  
 That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,  
 That could not die, yet seemd a mortall wight.  
 That was most strong in most infirmittee ;  
 Like did he never heare, like did he never see.

<sup>1</sup> *All*, although.

<sup>2</sup> *Appeach*, impeach.

41 Awhile he stood in this astonishment,  
 Yet would he not for all his great dismay  
 Give over to effect his first intent,  
 And th' utmost meanes of victory assay,  
 Or th' utmost yssew of his owne decay.<sup>1</sup>  
 His owne good sword Mordure, that never fayld  
 At need till now, he lightly threw away,  
 And his bright shield that nought him now awayld ;  
 And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

42 Twixt his two mighty armes him up he snatcht,  
 And crusht his carcas so against his brest,  
 That the disdainfull sowle he thence dispatcht,  
 And th' ydle breath all utterly exprest<sup>2</sup> ;  
 Tho, when he felt him dead, adowne he kest<sup>3</sup>  
 The lumpish corse unto the sencelesse grownd ;  
 Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,  
 That backe againe it did alofte rebownd,  
 And gave against his mother Earth a gronefull  
 sownd :

43 As when Ioves harness-bearing<sup>4</sup> bird from hye  
 Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdayne,  
 The stone-dead quarrey falls so forciblye,  
 That yt rebownds against the lowly playne,  
 A second fall redoubling backe agayne.  
 Then thought the Prince all peril sure was past,  
 And that he victor onely did remayne ;

<sup>1</sup> *Decay*, destruction.

<sup>3</sup> *Kest*, cast.

<sup>2</sup> *Exprest*, pressed out.

<sup>4</sup> *Harnesse-bearing*, armor-bearing.

No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast  
Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he down was cast.

44 Nigh his wits end then woxe th' amazed Knight,  
And thought his labor lost, and travell<sup>1</sup> wayne,  
Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight :  
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty mayne,  
That, whiles he marveild still, did still him payne ;  
Forthy<sup>2</sup> he gan some other wayes advize,  
How to take life from that dead-living swayne,  
Whom still he marked freshly to arize  
From th' earth, and from her womb new spirits to  
reprize.<sup>3</sup>

45 He then remembred well, that had bene sayd,  
How th' Earth his mother was, and first him bore ;  
Shee eke, so often as his life decayd,  
Did life with usury to him restore,  
And reysd him up much stronger then before,  
So soone as he unto her wombe did fall :  
Therefore to grownd he would him cast no more,  
Ne him committ to grave terrestriall,  
But beare him farre from hope of succour usuall.

46 Tho up he caught him twixt his puissant hands,  
And having scruzd<sup>4</sup> out of his carrion corse  
The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull bands,  
Upon his shoulders carried him perforce  
Above three furlongs, taking his full course,

<sup>1</sup> *Travell*, travail, labor.

<sup>2</sup> *Forthy*, therefore.

<sup>3</sup> *Reprize*, take again.

<sup>4</sup> *Scruzd*, crushed.



Untill he came unto a standing lake ;  
Him thereinto he threw without remorse,  
Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake :  
So end of that Carles days and his owne paynes did  
make.

17 Which when those wicked Hags from far did spye,  
Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands ;  
And th' one of them with dreadfull yelling crye,  
Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,  
And having quencht her burning fier-brands,  
Hedlong herselfe did cast into that lake :  
But Impotence with her owne wilfull hands  
One of Malegers cursed darts did take,  
So ryv'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.

48 Thus now alone he conquerour remaines :  
Tho, cumming to his Squire that kept his steed,  
Thought to have mounted ; but his feeble vaines  
Him faild thereto, and served not his need,  
Through losse of blood which from his wounds did  
bleed,  
That he began to faint, and life decay :  
But his good Squire, him helping up with speed,  
With stedfast hand upon his horse did stay,  
And led him to the Castle by the beaten way.

49 Where many grooms and squyres ready were  
To take him from his steed full tenderly ;  
And eke the fayrest Alma mett him there  
With balme, and wine, and costly spicery,  
To comfort him in his infirmity :

Eftesoones shee causd him up to be convayd,  
And of his armes despoyled easily,  
In sumptuous bed shee made him to be layd;  
And, al the while his wounds were dressing, by him  
stayd.

## CANTO XII.

Guyon, by Palmers governaunce,  
 Passing through perilles great,  
 Doth overthrow the Bowre of Blis,  
 And Acrasy defeat.

1 Now ginnes<sup>1</sup> this goodly frame of Temperaunce  
 Fayrely to rise, and her adorned hed  
 To pricke<sup>2</sup> of highest prayse forth to advaunce,  
 Formerly grounded and fast setteled  
 On firme foundation of true bountyhed<sup>3</sup>:  
 And that brave Knight, that for this vertue fightes,  
 Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,<sup>4</sup>  
 Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,  
 Mongst thousand dangers and ten thousand magick  
 mights.

2 Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,  
 Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,  
 Ne ought save perill, still as he did pas :

<sup>1</sup> *Ginnes*, begins.

<sup>3</sup> *Bountyhed*, goodness.

<sup>2</sup> *Pricke*, the point.

<sup>4</sup> *Sted*, place.

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I. 4. — *Formerly grounded.*] Being first established on the foundation of true virtue, by the victory of Arthur over the foes of Alma C.

Tho, when appeared the third morrow bright  
 Upon the waves to spred her trembling light,  
 An hideous roring far away they heard,  
 That all their sences filled with affright ;  
 And streight they saw the raging surges reard  
 Up to the skyes, that them of drowning made affeard.

3 Said then the Boteman, " Palmer, stere aright,  
 And keepe an even course ; for yonder way  
 We needes must pas ; (God doe us well acquight<sup>1</sup>!)  
 That is the Gulfe of Greedinesse, they say,  
 That deepe engorgeth<sup>2</sup> all this worldës pray ;  
 Which having swallowd up excessively,  
 He soone in vomit up againe doth lay,<sup>3</sup>  
 And belcheth forth his superfluity,  
 That all the seas for feare doe seeme away to fly.

4 " On th' other syde an hideous rock is pight<sup>4</sup>  
 Of mightie magnes stone,<sup>5</sup> whose craggie clift  
 Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,  
 Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,  
 And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift<sup>6</sup>  
 On whoso cometh nigh ; yet nigh it drawes  
 All passengers, that none from it can shift :  
 For, whiles they fly that gulfes devouring iawes,  
 They on this rock are rent, and sunck in helples  
 wawes.<sup>7</sup> "

1 *Acquight*, deliver.

2 *Engorgeth*, swallows.

3 *Lay*, throw.

4 *Pight*, placed.

5 *Magnes stone*, magnet.

6 *Ragged rift*, rough fragments.

7 *Wawes*, waves.

6 Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,  
 Untill they nigh unto that gulfe arryve,  
 Where streame more violent and greedy growes :  
 Then he with all his puisaunce doth stryve  
 To strike his oares, and mightily doth dryve  
 The hollow vessell through the threatfull wave ;  
 Which, gaping wide to swallow them alyve  
 In th' huge abyссе of his engulging grave,  
 Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terrour  
 rave.

6 They, passing by, that grisely mouth did see  
 Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,  
 That seemd more horrible then hell to bee,  
 Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare steepe  
 Through which the damned ghosts doen often creep  
 Backe to the world, bad livers to torment :  
 But nought that falles into this direfull deepe,  
 Ne that approacheth nigh the wyde descent,  
 May backe retourne, but is condemned to be drent.<sup>1</sup>

7 On th' other side they saw that perilous rocke,  
 Threatning itselke on them to ruinate,<sup>2</sup>  
 On whose sharp cliftes the ribs of vessels broke  
 And shivered ships, which had beene wrecked late,  
 Yet stuck, with carcasses exanimate<sup>3</sup>  
 Of such, as having all their substance spent  
 In wanton ioyes and lustes intemperate,  
 Did afterwarde make shipwrack violent  
 Both of their life and fame for ever fowly blent.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Drent*, drenched, drowned.

<sup>2</sup> *Ruinate*, throw down.

<sup>3</sup> *Exanimate*, lifeless.

<sup>4</sup> *Blent*, polluted, disgraced

8 Forth this hight the Rock of vile **Reproch**,  
 A dangerous and détestable place,  
 To which nor fish nor fowle did once approach,  
 But yelling meawes, with seagulles hoars and  
     bace,  
 And cormoyraunts, with birds of ravenous race,  
 Which still sat wayting on that wastfull clift  
 For spoile of wretches, whose unhappy cace,  
 After lost credit and consumed thrift,  
 At last them driven hath to this despairefull drift.

9 The Palmer, seeing them in safetie past,  
 Thus saide: " Behold th' ensamples in our sightes  
 Of lustfull luxurie and thriftlesse wast!  
 What now is left of miserable wightes  
 Which spent their looser daies in leud delightes,  
 But shame and sad reproch, here to be red  
 By these rent reliques speaking their ill plights!  
 Let all that live hereby be counselled  
 To shunne Rock of **Reproch**, and it as death to  
     dread!"

10 So forth they rowed; and that Ferryman  
 With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,  
 That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,  
 And the light bubbles daunced all along,  
 Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.  
 At last far off they many islandes spy  
 On every side floting the floodes emong:  
 Then said the Knight: " Lo! I the land descry;  
 Therefore, old Syre, thy course doe thereunto ap-  
     ply."

11 "That may not bee," said then the Ferryman,  
 "Least wee unweeting<sup>1</sup> hap to be fordonne<sup>2</sup> :  
 For those same islands, seeming<sup>3</sup> now and than,  
 Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,<sup>4</sup>  
 But stragling plots, which to and fro doe ronne  
 In the wide waters : therefore are they hight  
 The Wandering Islands. Therefore doe them  
 shonne ;

For they have ofte drawne many a wandring wight  
 Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight.

12 "Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth vew,  
 Both faire and fruitfull, and the grownd dispred  
 With grassy greene of délectable hew ;  
 And the tall trees with leaves appareled  
 Are deckt with blossoms dyde in white and red,  
 That mote the passengers thereto allure ;  
 But whosoever once hath fastened  
 His foot thereon, may never it recure,<sup>5</sup>  
 But wandreth evermore uncertein and unsure.

13 "As th' isle of Delos whylome, men report,  
 Amid th' Aegæan sea long time did stray,  
 Ne made for shipping any certeine port,

1 *Unweeting*, unknowing.

2 *Fordonne*, undone.

3 *Seeming*, i. e. which seem such.

4 *Wonne*, habitation.

5 *Recure*, recover.

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XIII. 1. — *As th' isle of Delos, &c.*] This island is represented by the ancients as having been floating under water, until it was made to appear and remain fixed, in order that Latona might give birth there to Apollo and Diana ; the Earth having been bound, by an oath imposed by Juno, not to give her a resting-place, by

Till that Latona, traveling that way,  
 Flying from Iunoes wrath and hard assay,<sup>1</sup>  
 Of her fayre twins was there delivered,  
 Which afterwards did rule the night and day ;  
 Thenceforth it firmly was established,  
 And for Apolloes temple highly herried.<sup>2</sup>"

14 They to him hearken, as beseemeth meete ;  
 And passe on forward : so their way does ly,  
 That one of those same islands, which doe fleet<sup>3</sup>  
 In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,  
 Which seemd so sweet and pleasaunt to the eye,  
 That it would tempt a man to touchen there :  
 Upon the banck they sitting did espy  
 A daintie damsell dressing of her heare,  
 By whom a little skippet<sup>4</sup> floting did appeare.

15 She, them espying, loud to them can<sup>5</sup> call,  
 Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore,  
 For she had cause to busie them withall ;  
 And therewith lowdly laught. But nathemore  
 Would they once turne, but kept on as afore :  
 Which when she saw, she left her lockes undight,<sup>6</sup>  
 And running to her boat withouten ore,

<sup>1</sup> *Assay*, persecution.

<sup>2</sup> *Herried*, honored.

<sup>3</sup> *Fleet*, float.

<sup>4</sup> *Skippet*, skiff.

<sup>5</sup> *Can*, i. e. gan.

<sup>6</sup> *Undight*, undressed.

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which oath this island was not deemed to be bound. Hence the name of *Delos*, which is a Greek word meaning *manifest*. II.

XV. 7. — *Withouten ore*.] This boat, it will be remembered, was moved by turning a pin. See Canto VI. Stanza 5. II.



From the departing land it launched light,  
And after them did drive with all her power and might.

16 Whom overtaking, she in merry sort  
Them gan to bord,<sup>1</sup> and purpose<sup>2</sup> diversly ;  
Now faining dalliaunce and wanton sport,  
Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodestly ;  
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly  
Her to rebuke for being loose and light :  
Which not abiding, but more scornfully  
Scoffing at him that did her iustly wite,<sup>3</sup>  
She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

17 That was the wanton Phœdria, which late  
Did ferry him over the Idle Lake :  
Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,<sup>4</sup>  
And all her vaine allurements did forsake ;  
When them the wary Boteman thus bespake :  
“ Here now behoveth us well to avyse,<sup>5</sup>  
And of our safēty good heede to take ;  
For here before a perlous<sup>6</sup> passage lyes,  
Where many Mermayds haunt making false melodies :

8 “ But by the way there is a great quicksand,  
And a whirlepoole of hidden ieopardy ;  
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an even hand ;  
For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly.”  
Scarse had he saide, when hard at hand they spy

<sup>1</sup> *Bord*, accost.

<sup>2</sup> *Purpose*, discourse.

<sup>3</sup> *Wite*, blame.

<sup>4</sup> *Gate*, way.

<sup>5</sup> *Avyse*, consider.

<sup>6</sup> *Perlous*, perilous.

That quicksand nigh with water covered ;  
 But by the checked<sup>1</sup> wave they did descry  
 It plaine, and by the sea discoloured :  
 It called was the Quickesand of Unthriftyhed.

19 They, passing by, a goodly ship did see  
 Laden from far with precious merchandize,  
 And bravely furnished as a ship might bee,  
 Which through great disaventure, or mesprize,<sup>2</sup>  
 Herselfe had ronned into that hazardize<sup>3</sup> ;  
 Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle  
 Labour'd in vaine to have recur'd<sup>4</sup> their prize,  
 And the rich wares to save from pitteous spoyle ;  
 But neither toyle nor travell might her backe recoyle.

20 On th' other side they see that perilous poole,  
 That called was the Whirlepoole of Decay ;  
 In which full many had with haplesse doole<sup>6</sup>  
 Beene suncke, of whom no memorie did stay :  
 Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,  
 Like to a restlesse wheele, still ronning round,  
 Did covet, as they passed by that way,  
 To draw their bote within the utmost<sup>7</sup> bound  
 Of his wide labyrinth, and then to have them dround.

21 But th' heedfull Boteman strongly forth did stretch  
 His brawnie arnes, and all his bodie straine,

<sup>1</sup> *Checked*, interrupted.

<sup>2</sup> *Mesprize*, mistake.

<sup>3</sup> *Hazardize*, hazardous situation.

<sup>4</sup> *Recur'd*, recovered

<sup>5</sup> *Recoyle*, push her back.

<sup>6</sup> *Doole*, lot.

<sup>7</sup> *Utmost*, outmost.

That th' utmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,  
 Whiles the dredd daunger does behind remaine.  
 Suddeine they see from midst of all the maine  
 The surging waters like a mountaine rise,  
 And the great sea, puft up with proud disdaine,  
 To swell above the measure of his guise,<sup>1</sup>  
 As threatning to devoure all that his powre despise.

22 The waves come rolling, and the billowes rore  
 Outragiously, as they enraged were,  
 Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive before  
 His whirling charet for exceeding feare ;  
 For not one puffle of winde there did appeare ;  
 That all the three thereat woxe much afraid,  
 Unweeting what such horroure straunge did reare.<sup>2</sup>  
 Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd  
 Of huge sea-monsters, such as living sence dismayd :

23 Most ugly shapes and horrible aspécts,  
 Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,  
 Or shame that ever should so fowle defects  
 From her most cunning hand escaped bee ;  
 All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee :  
 Spring-headed hydres ; and sea-shouldring whales,

<sup>1</sup> *Guise*, wont or custom.

<sup>2</sup> *Reare*, raise.

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XXI. 3. — *That th' utmost sandy breach, &c.*] They come to the extreme edge of that quicksand, on which the "checked" sea breaks (St. xviii. 7). C.

XXIII. 6. — *Spring-headed* (very bad English); having several heads springing or budding from their bodies. For a picture, see Gesner (Zurich, 1558), Vol. III. p. 543. — *Sea-shouldring*; so

Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee ;  
 Bright scolopendraes arm'd with silver scales ;  
 Mighty monoceroses with immeasured<sup>1</sup> tayles ;

24 The dreadfull fish that hath deserv'd the name  
 Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew ;  
 The griesly wasserman, that makes his game  
 The flying ships with swiftnes to pursew ;  
 The horrible sea-satyre, that doth shew  
 His fearefull face in time of greatest storme ;  
 Huge ziflius, whom mariners eschew  
 No lesse then rockes, as travellers informe ;  
 And greedy rosmarines with visages deforme :

25 All these, and thousand thousands many more,  
 And more deformed monsters thousand fold,  
 With dreadfull noise and hollow rombling rore  
 Came rushing, in the fomy waves enrolld,<sup>2</sup>  
 Which seem'd to fly for feare them to behold :

<sup>1</sup> *Immeasured*, immeasurable.

<sup>2</sup> *Enrolld*, enveloped.

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called from the quantity of water they displace in moving.—  
 7. *Whirlpoole* ; a fish of the whale kind, thus named from the vortex it makes in the water. (G. p. 256.)—8. *Scolopendra* is the name of the centipede, and is also applied to a huge cetaceous fish. (G. p. 1009.)—9. *Monoceroses*, sea-unicorns. (G. p. 247.) C.  
 XXIV. 1.—The *dreadfull fish* is the Morse (*mors*), or Walrus. (G. p. 250.)—3. Of the *wasserman*, merman, three varieties may be seen in Gesner; one in shape like a monk, another like a bishop.—5. *Sea-satyre*, or Pan, a kind of ichthyocentaur. (G. p. 1197.)—7. *Ziflius* (G. p. 249), a monster described in general terms as “entirely unlike any other animal.”—9. *Rosmarine*, a kind of walrus, or sea-horse. (G. p. 249.) C.

Ne wonder, if these did the Knight appall ;  
 For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,  
 Be but as bugs to fearen<sup>1</sup> babes withall,  
 Compared to the creatures in the seas entráll.<sup>2</sup>

26 “ Feare nought,” then saide the Palmer well aviz’d,  
 “ For these same monsters are not these in deed,  
 But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz’d  
 By that same wicked witch, to worke us dreed,  
 And draw<sup>3</sup> from on this iourney to proceed.”  
 Tho, lifting up his vertuous staffe on hye,  
 He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,  
 And all that dreadfull armie fast gan flye  
 Into great Tethys bosome, where they hidden lye.

27 Quit from that danger forth their course they kept ;  
 And as they went they heard a ruefull cry  
 Of one that wayld and pittifully wept,  
 That through the sea the resounding plaints did fly:  
 At last they in an island did espy  
 A seemely maiden, sitting by the shore,  
 That with great sorrow and sad agony  
 Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,  
 And lowd to them for succour called evermore.

28 Which Guyon hearing, streight his Palmer bad  
 To stere the bote towards that dolefull mayd,

<sup>1</sup> *Fearen*, frighten.

<sup>2</sup> *Entráll*, entrails, depths.

<sup>3</sup> *Draw*, i. e. us from proceeding, &c.

That he might know and ease her sorrow sad ;  
 Who, him avizing better, to him sayd :  
 " Faire Sir, be not displeas'd if disobayd :  
 For ill it were to hearken to her cry ;  
 For she is inly nothing ill apayd<sup>1</sup> ;  
 But onely womanish fine forgery,  
 Your stubborne hart t' affect with fraile infirmity :

29 " To which when she your courage<sup>2</sup> hath inclin'd  
 Through foolish pittie, then her guilefull bayt  
 She will embosome deeper in your mind,  
 And for your ruine at the last awayt."  
 The Knight was ruled, and the Boteman strayt  
 Held on his course with stayd<sup>3</sup> stedfastnesse,  
 Ne ever shroncke, ne ever sought to bayt<sup>4</sup>  
 His tryed armes for toylesome wearinesse :  
 But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernessse.

30 And now they nigh approached to the sted<sup>5</sup>  
 Whereas those Mermayds dwelt. It was a still,  
 And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered  
 With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill ;  
 On th' other side an high rocke toured still,  
 That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they made,  
 And did like an halfe theatre fulfill.<sup>6</sup>  
 There those five sisters had continuall trade,<sup>7</sup>  
 And usd to bath themselves in that deceitfull shade.

<sup>1</sup> *Ill apayd*, dissatisfied, distressed.

<sup>2</sup> *Courage*, heart.

<sup>3</sup> *Stayd*, constant.

<sup>6</sup> *Fulfill*, i. e. make up, as it were, an amphitheatre.

<sup>7</sup> *Trade*, occupation, employment.

<sup>4</sup> *Bayt*, rest.

<sup>5</sup> *Sted*, place.

31 'They were faire ladies, till they fondly striv'd  
 With th' Heliconian Maides for maystery ;  
 Of whom they over-comen were depriv'd  
 Of their proud beautie, and th' one moyity  
 Transformd to fish for their bold surquedry<sup>1</sup> ;  
 But th' upper halfe their hew retayned still,  
 And their sweet skill in wonted melody ;  
 Which ever after they abusd to ill,  
 T<sup>r</sup> allure weake traveillers, whom gotten they did kill.

32 So now to Guyon, as he passed by,  
 Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applyde :  
 " O thou fayre sonne of gentle Faëry,  
 That art in mightie armes most magnifyde  
 Above all knights that ever batteill tryde,  
 O turne thy rudder hetherward awhile :  
 Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely ryde ;  
 This is the port of rest from troublous toyle,  
 The worldes sweet in<sup>2</sup> from paine and wearisome  
 turmoyle."

33 With that the rolling sea, resounding soft,  
 In his big base them fitly answered ;  
 And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft

<sup>1</sup> *Surquedry*, presumption.

<sup>2</sup> *In*, resting place.

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XXXI. 1. — *Faire Ladies*.] The classic Sirens were two (some say three) in number, and were provided with wings, — of which they were deprived by the Muses for the reason above given. Spenser makes them five, to correspond with the five senses. It was very natural that they should be taken for mermaids by later poets. C.

A solemne meane<sup>1</sup> unto them measured ;  
 The whiles sweet Zephyrus lowd whisteled  
 His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony ;  
 Which Guyons senses softly tickeled,  
 That he the Boteman bad row easily,  
 And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

31 But him the Palmer from that vanity  
 With temperate advice discourseled,  
 That they it past, and shortly gan descry  
 The land to which their course they leveled<sup>2</sup> :  
 When suddainly a grosse fog over spred  
 With his dull vapour all that desert has,  
 And heavens chearefull face enveloped,  
 That all things one, and one as nothing was,  
 And this great universe seemd one confused mas.

35 Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist  
 How to direct theyr way in darkenes wide,  
 But feard to wander in that wastefull mist,  
 For tombling<sup>3</sup> into mischiefe unespide :  
 Worse is the danger hidden then descride.  
 Suddainly an innumerable flight  
 Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering cride,  
 And with their wicked wings them ofte did smight,  
 And sore amoyed, groping in that griesly night.

36 Even all the nation of unfortmate  
 And fatall birds about them flocked were,

<sup>1</sup> *Meane*, (here) tenor.

<sup>2</sup> *Leveled*, aimed.

<sup>3</sup> *For tombling*, lest they should tumble.



Such as by nature men abhorre and hate ;  
 The ill-faste owle, deaths dreadfull messengere ;  
 The hoars night-raven, trump of dolefull dreere<sup>1</sup> ;  
 The lether-winged batt, dayes enemy ;  
 The ruefull strich,<sup>2</sup> still waiting on the bere ;  
 The whistler shrill, that whoso heares doth dy ;  
 The hellish harpyes, prophets of sad destiny :

37 All those, and all that els does horror breed,  
 About them flew, and fild their sayles with feare ;  
 Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,  
 Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stiffly steare,  
 Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,  
 And the faire land itselſe did playnly sheow.  
 Said then the Palmer : “ Lo ! where does appeare  
 The sacred<sup>3</sup> soile where all our perills grow !  
 Therefore, Sir Knight, your ready arms about you  
 throw.”

38 He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,  
 The whiles the nimble bote so well her sped,  
 That with her crooked keele the land she strooke :  
 Then forth the noble Guyon sallied,  
 And his sage Palmer that him governed ;  
 But th' other by his bote behind did stay.  
 They marched fayrly forth, of nought ydred,<sup>4</sup>  
 Both firmly armd for every hard assay,  
 With constancy and care, gainst daunger and dis-  
 may.

<sup>1</sup> *Dreere*, sorrow.

<sup>2</sup> *Strich*, the screech-owl.

<sup>3</sup> *Sacred*, cursed.

<sup>4</sup> *Ydred*, afraid.

39 Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing  
 Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,  
 As if that hungers poynt or Venus sting  
 Had them enraged with fell surquedry<sup>1</sup>;  
 Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,  
 Untill they came in vew of those wilde beasts,  
 Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,  
 And rearing fiercely their upstaring<sup>2</sup> crests,  
 Ran towards to deuoure those unexpected guests.

40 But, soone as they approcht with deadly threat,  
 The Palmer over them his staffe upheld,  
 His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat :  
 Eftesoones their stubborne corages were queld,  
 And high aduanced crests downe meekely feld ;  
 Instead of fraying,<sup>3</sup> they themselves did feare,  
 And trembled, as them passing they beheld :  
 Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,  
 All monsters to subdew to him that did it beare.

41 Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,  
 Of which Caducæus whilome was made,  
 Caducæus, the rod of Mercury,  
 With which he wonts the Stygian realmes invade,  
 Through ghastly horror and eternall shade ;  
 Th' infernall fecnds with it he can asswage,

<sup>1</sup> *Surquedry*, presumption.

<sup>3</sup> *Fraying*, terrifying.

<sup>2</sup> *Upstaring*, elevated.

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XL. 2. — *His staffe upheld.*] The virtues of this staff express that power over the inferior appetites which, springs from habits of temperance and self-control. H.

And Orcus tame, whome nothing can persuade,  
 And rule the Furies when they most doe rage :  
 Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.

42 Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryve  
 Whereas the Bowre of Blisse was situate ;  
 A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,  
 That natures worke by art can imitate :  
 In which whatever in this worldly state  
 Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,  
 Or that may dayntest<sup>1</sup> fantasy aggrate,<sup>2</sup>  
 Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,<sup>3</sup>  
 And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

43 Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,  
 As well their entred guesstes to keep within,  
 As those unruly beasts to hold without ;  
 Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin ;  
 Nought feard they force that fortilage<sup>4</sup> to win,  
 But Wisedomes powre, and Temperaunces might,  
 By which the mightiest things efforcèd bin :  
 And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,  
 Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

44 Yt framed was of precious yvory,  
 That seemd a worke of admirable witt ;

<sup>1</sup> *Dayntest*, daintiest, most delicate.

<sup>3</sup> *Dispence*, expense.

<sup>2</sup> *Aggrate*, gratify.

<sup>4</sup> *Fortilage*, fortress.

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XLIII. 5.— *Nought feard*, &c.] Their force did not fear that anything could win that fortress, except the power of wisdom and the might of temperance. H.

And therein all the famous history  
 Of Iason and Medæa was ywritt ;  
 Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt ;  
 His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,  
 His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt<sup>1</sup> ;  
 The wondred<sup>2</sup> Argo, which in venturous peece<sup>3</sup>  
 First through the Euxine seas bore all the flour of  
 Greece.

45 Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry<sup>4</sup>  
 Under the ship as thorough them she went,  
 That seemd the waves were into yvory,  
 Or yvory into the waves were sent ;  
 And otherwhere the snowy substaunce sprent<sup>5</sup>  
 With vermell,<sup>6</sup> like the boyes blood therein shed,  
 A piteous spectacle did represent ;  
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled  
 Yt seemd th' enchanted flame, which did Crëusa  
 wed.

<sup>1</sup> *Flitt*, departed.

<sup>2</sup> *Wondred*, admired.

<sup>3</sup> *Peece*, structure, ship.

<sup>4</sup> *Fry*, foam.

<sup>5</sup> *Sprent*, sprinkled.

<sup>6</sup> *Vermell*, vermilion.

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XLIV., XLV. — Many parts of this Canto are imitated or translated from Tasso. These verses were suggested by the description of the gates of Armida's palace, *Jerus. Deliv.* xvi. 1-7. Stanzas 50, 51 are in imitation of Canto xv. 53, 54; 58, 59, of xvi. 9, 10; 63-68, of xv. 58-62; 71, of xvi. 12; 74, 75, 78, of xvi. 14, 15. 18. C.

XLV. 6. — *The boyes blood.*] Medea put to death the children she had by Jason, and presented Creusa, the destined wife of Jason, with a robe and a diadem which consumed her to ashes. H.

46 All this and more might in that goodly gate  
 Be red, that ever open stood to all  
 Which thether came : but in the porch there sate  
 A comely personage of stature tall,  
 And semblaunce pleasing, more then naturall,  
 That travelers to him seemd to entize ;  
 His looser garment to the ground did fall,  
 And flew about his beeles in wanton wize,  
 Not fitt for speedy pace or manly exercize.

47 They in that place him Genius did call :  
 Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care  
 Of life, and generation of all  
 That lives, pertaines in charge particulare,  
 Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,  
 And straunge phantomes, doth lett us ofte foresee.  
 And ofte of secret ill bids us beware :  
 That is our Selfe, whom though we doe not see,  
 Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee :

48 Therefore a god him sage Antiquity  
 Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call :  
 But this same was to that quite contrary,  
 The foe of life, that good envýes to all,  
 That secretly doth us procure to fall  
 Through guilefull semblants, which he makes us see :

---

XLVII. 1. — A Genius, so called from *gignendo*, either because he is born with us, or because he has particular charge of “the generation of all that lives,” is believed to govern our whole life, by inciting us to such actions as conduce to our welfare, or restraining us when we are disposed to pursue the “guilefull semblants” with which malignant demons tempt us astray. In later times this Genius was called Agdistes.—This is the substance of a passage cited by Warton from Natalis Comes. C.

He of this Gardin had the governall,  
 And Pleasures Porter was devizd to bee,  
 Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

49 With diverse flowres he daintily was deckt,  
 And strowed rownd about ; and by his side  
 A mighty mazer<sup>1</sup> bowle of wine was sett,  
 As if it had to him bene sacrificide ;  
 Wherewith all new-come guests he gratyfide<sup>2</sup> :  
 So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by ;  
 But he his ydle curtesie defide,  
 And overthrew his bowle disdainfully,  
 And broke his staffe, with which he charmed sem-  
 blants sly.

50 Thus being entred, they behold arownd  
 A large and spacious plaine, on every side  
 Strowed with pleasauns<sup>3</sup> ; whose fayre grassy  
 grownd  
 Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide  
 With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,  
 Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne  
 Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride  
 Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,  
 When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early  
 morne.

51 Thereto the heavens alwayes ioviall  
 Lookte on them lovely, still in stedfast state,  
 Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,

<sup>1</sup> *Mazer*, goblet.

<sup>3</sup> *Pleasauns*, pleasantness.

<sup>2</sup> *Gratyfide*, congratulated, welcomed.

Their tender buds or leaves to violate ;  
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,  
 T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell ;  
 But the milde ayre with season moderate  
 Gently attempted, and disposd so well,  
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit<sup>1</sup> and holesom  
 smell :

52 More sweet and holesome then the pleasaunt hill  
 Of Rhodope, on which the nimphe, that bore  
 A gyaunt babe, herselfe for grieffe did kill ;  
 Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore  
 Fayre Daphne Phæbus hart with love did gore ;  
 Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repayre,  
 Whenever they their heavenly bowres forlore<sup>2</sup> ;  
 Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fayre ;  
 Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote compayre.

63 Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aspéct  
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight  
 To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect ;  
 But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,  
 Brydling his will and maystering his might,  
 Till that he came unto another gate :

<sup>1</sup> *Spirit*, breath.

<sup>2</sup> *Forlore*, forsook.

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LII. 2. — *Of Rhodope.*] Rhodope was the wife of Hemus, king of Thrace, and was changed into the mountain of the same name. She had by Neptune the giant Athos, afterwards changed into a mountain of the same name. I presume that Rhodope is the "nimphe" mentioned in the text, but I can find no account of her killing herself for grief. H.

No gate, but like one, being goodly dight<sup>1</sup>  
 With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate  
 Their clasping armes in wanton wreathings intricate:

51 So fashioned a porch with rare device,  
 Archt over head with an embracing vine,  
 Whose bouches hanging downe seemd to entice  
 All passers-by to taste their lushious wine,  
 And did themselves into their hands incline,  
 As freely offering to be gathered ;  
 Some deepe empurpled as the hyacine,<sup>2</sup>  
 Some as the rubine laughing sweetely red,  
 Some like faire emeraudes, not yet well ripened :

65 And them amongst some were of burnisht gold,  
 So made by art to beautify the rest,  
 Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,  
 As lurking from the vew of covetous guest,  
 That the weake boughes with so rich load opprest  
 Did bow adowne as overburdened.  
 Under that porch a comely Dame did rest  
 Clad in fayre weedes<sup>3</sup> but fowle disordered,  
 And garments loose that seemd unmeet for woman  
 hed.

56 In her left hand a cup of gold she held,  
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,  
 Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,  
 Into her cup she scruzd<sup>4</sup> with daintie breach

<sup>1</sup> *Dight*, covered.

<sup>2</sup> *Hyacine*, hyacinth, or jacinth.

<sup>3</sup> *Weedes*, clothes.

<sup>4</sup> *Scruzd*, crushed.



Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,<sup>1</sup>  
 That so faire winepresse made the wine more sweet.  
 Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,  
 Whom passing by she happened to meet :  
 It was her guise all straungers goodly so to greet.

57 So she to Guyon offred it to tast ;  
 Who, taking it out of her tender hond,  
 The cup to ground did violently cast,  
 That all in peeces it was broken fond,<sup>2</sup>  
 And with the liquor stained all the lond :  
 Whereat Excesse exceedingly was wroth,  
 Yet no'te<sup>3</sup> the same amend, ne yet withstond,  
 But suffered him to passe, all<sup>4</sup> were she loth ;  
 Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward  
 goth.

58 There the most daintie paradise on ground  
 Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,  
 In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,  
 And none does others happinesse envye ;  
 The painted flowres ; the trees upshooting hye ;  
 The dales for shade ; the hilles for breathing space ;  
 The trembling groves ; the christall running by :  
 And, that which all faire workes doth most ag-  
 grace,<sup>5</sup>  
 The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no  
 place.

<sup>1</sup> *Empeach*, impeachment (of offence).    <sup>4</sup> *All*, although.

<sup>2</sup> *Fond*, found.

<sup>5</sup> *Aggrace*, give grace to.

<sup>3</sup> *No'te*, could not.

59 One would have thought, (so cunningly the **rude**  
 And scorned partes were mingled with the **fine**;)   
 That Nature had for wantonnesse ensude<sup>1</sup>  
 Art, and that Art at Nature did repine ;  
 So striving each th' other to undermine,  
 Each did the others worke more beautify ;  
 So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine<sup>2</sup> :  
 So all agreed, through sweete diversity,  
 This gardin to adorne with all variety.

60 And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,  
 Of richest substance that on earth might **bee**,  
 So pure and shiny that the silver flood  
 Through every channell running one might **see** ;  
 Most goodly it with curious ymageree  
 Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,  
 Of which some seemd with lively iollitee  
 To fly about playing their wanton toyes,  
 Whylest others did themselves embay<sup>3</sup> in liquid **ioyes**.

61 And over all of purest gold was spred  
 A trayle of yvie in his native hew ;  
 For the rich metall was so coloured,  
 That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,  
 Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew :  
 Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,  
 That, themselves dipping in the silver dew,  
 Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,  
 Which drops of christall seemd for wantones to weep.

<sup>1</sup> *Ensude*, followed, or imitated.

<sup>3</sup> *Embay*, bathe.

<sup>2</sup> *In fine*, in the end.

32 Infinit streames continually did well  
 Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,  
 The which into an ample laver fell,  
 And shortly grew to so great quantitie,  
 That like a litle lake it seemd to bee ;  
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,  
 That through the waves one might the bottom see,  
 All pav'd beneath with iaspar shining bright,  
 That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

63 And all the margent round about was sett  
 With shady laurell trees, thence to defend<sup>1</sup>  
 The sunny beames which on the billowes bett,  
 And those which therein bathed mote offend.  
 As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,  
 Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,  
 Which therein bathing seemed to contend  
 And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde  
 Their dainty partes from vew of any which them  
 eyd.

64 Sometimes the one would lift the other quight  
 Above the waters, and then downe againe  
 Her plong, as over-maystered by might,  
 Where both awhile would covered remaine,  
 And each the other from to rise restraine ;  
 The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,  
 So through the christall waves appeared plaine :  
 Then suddeinly both would themselves unhele,<sup>2</sup>  
 And th' amarous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

<sup>1</sup> *Defend*, keep off.

<sup>2</sup> *Unhele*, uncover.

45 As that faire starre, the messenger of morne,  
 His deawy face out of the sea doth reare :  
 Or as the Cyprian goddessse, newly borne  
 Of th' oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare :  
 Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare  
 Christalline humor dropped downe apace.  
 Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,  
 And somewhat gan relent<sup>1</sup> his earnest pace ;  
 His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to em-  
 brace.

66 The wanton maidens, him espying, stood  
 Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise ;  
 Then th' one herselfe low ducked in the flood,  
 Abasht that her a straunger did advise<sup>2</sup> :  
 But th' other rather higher did arise,  
 And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,  
 And all, that might his melting hart entyse  
 To her delights, she unto him bewrayd ;  
 The rest, hidd underneath, him more desirous made.

67 With that the other likewise up arose,  
 And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd  
 Up in one knott, she low adowne did lose,  
 Which, flowing long and thick, her cloth'd arownd  
 And th' yvorie in golden mantle gownd :  
 So that faire spectacle from him was reft,  
 Yet that which reft it no lesse faire was fownd :  
 So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,  
 Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

<sup>1</sup> *Relent*, slacken.

<sup>2</sup> *Advise*, perceive.

65 Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,  
 That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,  
 And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.<sup>1</sup>  
 Now when they spyde the Knight to slacke his pace  
 Them to behold, and in his sparkling face  
 The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,  
 Their wanton meriments they did encrease,  
 And to him beckned to approach more neare,  
 And shewd him many sightes that corage<sup>2</sup> cold could  
 reare<sup>3</sup> :

69 On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,  
 He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,  
 And counseld well him forward thence did draw.  
 Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of Blis,  
 Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis ;  
 When thus the Palmer : “ Now, Sir, well advise<sup>4</sup> ;  
 For here the end of all our traveill is :  
 Here wonnes<sup>5</sup> Acrasia, whom we must surprise,  
 Els she will slip away, and all our drift<sup>6</sup> despise.”

70 Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,  
 Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,  
 Such as attonce might not on living ground,  
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :  
 Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,  
 To read<sup>7</sup> what manner musicke that mote bee ;

<sup>1</sup> *Fall*, befall, or happen.

<sup>2</sup> *Corage*, heart, mind.

<sup>3</sup> *Reare*, raise, excite.

<sup>4</sup> *Arise*, consider.

<sup>5</sup> *Wonnes*, dwells.

<sup>6</sup> *Drift*, aim, purpose.

<sup>7</sup> *Read*, conceive.

For all that pleasing is to living eare  
 Was there consorted in one harmonie ;  
 Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree :

71 The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,  
 Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet ;  
 Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made  
 To th' instruments divine response meet ;  
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet  
 With the base murmure of the waters fall ;  
 The waters fall, with difference discreet,  
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;  
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

72 There, whence that musick seemed heard to bee,  
 Was the faire Witch herselfe now solacing  
 With a new lover, whom, through sorcere  
 And witchcraft, she from farre did thether bring :  
 There she had him now laid a slombering  
 In secret shade after long wanton ioyes ;  
 Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing  
 Many faire ladies and lascivious boyes,  
 That ever mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

73 And all that while right over him she hong  
 With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,<sup>1</sup>  
 As seeking medicine whence she was stong,  
 Or greedily depasturing delight ;  
 And oft inclining downe with kisses light,  
 For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,

<sup>1</sup> *In his sight*, i. e. on his eyes.

And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,  
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd ;  
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rew'd.<sup>1</sup>

74 The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay :

*Ah, see, whoso fayre thing doest faine<sup>2</sup> to see,*

*In springing flowre the image of thy day<sup>3</sup> !*

*Ah, see the virgin rose, how sweetly shee*

*Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,*

*That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may !*

*Lo ! see soone after, how more bold and free*

*Her bared bosome she doth broad display !*

*Lo ! see soone after how she fades and falls away !*

<sup>1</sup> *Rew'd*, pitied.

<sup>2</sup> *Faine*, rejoice, desire.

<sup>3</sup> *The image of thy day*, the emblem of thy life.

LXXIV., LXXV. — Subjoined are the corresponding stanzas in Fairfax's Tasso (xvi. 14, 15):—

“ The gently-budding rose, quoth she, behold,  
That first scant peeping forth with virgin beams,  
Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth upfold  
In their dear leaves, and less seen, fairer seems ;  
And after spreads them forth more broad and bold.  
Then languisheth and dies in last extremes ;  
Nor seems the same, that decked bed and bower  
Of many a lady, late, and paramour.

“ So, in the passing of a day, doth pass,  
The bud and blossom of the life of man,  
Nor e'er doth flourish more, but like the grass  
Cut down, becometh withered, pale and wan ;  
O gather then the rose while time thou has,  
Short is the day, done when it scant began ;  
Gather the rose of love, while yet thou mayst,  
Loving, be loved ; embracing, be embraced.”

75 *So passeth, in the passing of a day,  
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre ;  
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,  
That<sup>1</sup> earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre  
Of many a lady, and many a paramowre !  
Gather therefore the rose whilest yet is prime,<sup>2</sup>  
For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre :  
Gather the rose of love whilest yet is time,  
Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.<sup>3</sup>*

76 He ceast ; and then gan all the quire of birdes  
Their diverse notes t<sup>4</sup> attune unto his lay,  
As in approvaunce of his pleasing wordes.  
The constant<sup>4</sup> payre heard all that he did say,  
Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way  
Through many covert groves and thickets close,  
In which they creeping did at last display<sup>5</sup>  
That wanton Lady with her lover lose,<sup>6</sup>  
Whose sleepeie head she in her lap did soft dispose.

77 Upon a bed of roses she was layd,  
As faint through heat, or dight<sup>7</sup> to pleasant sin ;  
And was arayd, or rather disarayd,  
All in a vele of silke and silver thin,  
That hid no whit her alablaster skin,  
But rather shewd more white, if more mig<sup>1</sup> ·  
bee :  
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin ;

<sup>1</sup> *That*, that which.

<sup>2</sup> *Prime*, spring.

<sup>3</sup> *With equall crime*, to an equal degree.

<sup>4</sup> *Constant*, resolute.

<sup>5</sup> *Display*, discover.

<sup>6</sup> *Lose*, loose.

<sup>7</sup> *Dight*, prepared.



Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see  
Of scorched deaw, do not in th' ayre more lightly flee.

78 Her snowy brest was bare to ready spoyle  
Of hungry eies, which n'ote<sup>1</sup> therewith be fild ;  
And yet through languour of her late sweet toyle,  
Few drops, more cleare then nectar, forth distild,  
That like pure orient perles adowne it trild<sup>2</sup> ;  
And her faire eyes, sweet smyling in delight,  
Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrild  
Fraile harts, yet quenched not ; like starry light,  
Which, sparckling on the silent waves, does seeme  
more bright.

79 The young man, sleeping by her, seemd to be  
Some goodly swayne of honorable place<sup>3</sup> ;  
That certes it great pittie was to see  
Him his nobility so fowle deface :  
A sweet regard and amiable grace,  
Mixed with mauly sternesse, did appeare,  
Yet sleeping, in his well-proportiond face ;  
And on his tender lips the downy heare  
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms beare.

80 His warlike armes, the ydle instruments  
Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree ;

<sup>1</sup> *Note*, might not.

<sup>2</sup> *Trill*, flowed.

<sup>3</sup> *Place*, rank.

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LXXVII. 8. — *Fine nets*.] This alludes to the gossamer, which, when laden with dew-drops, falls to the ground, and is then observed from its sparkling in the sun. When it floats in the air, it is dry. Hence Spenser fancifully represents it as consisting of scorched or parched dew. II.

And his brave shield, full of old monuments,<sup>1</sup>  
 Was fowly ras't,<sup>2</sup> that none the signes might see;  
 Ne for them ne for honour cared hee,  
 Ne ought that did to his advauncement tend;  
 But in lewd loves, and wastfull luxuree,  
 His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend:  
 O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend.<sup>3</sup>

31 The noble Elfe and carefull Palmer drew  
 So nigh them, minding nought but lustfull game,  
 That suddein forth they on them rusht, and threw  
 A subtile net, which only for that same<sup>4</sup>  
 The skilfull Palmer formally did frame:  
 So held them under fast; the whiles the rest  
 Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.  
 The faire Enchauntresse, so unwares opprest,  
 Tryde all her arts and all her sleights thence out to  
 wrest<sup>5</sup>;

32 And eke her lover strove; but all in vaine:  
 For that same net so cunningly was wound,  
 That neither guile nor force might it distraine.<sup>6</sup>  
 They tooke them both, and both them strongly bound  
 In captive bandes, which there they readie found;  
 But her in chaines of adamant he tyde;

<sup>1</sup> *Moniments*, marks, or memorials.      <sup>4</sup> *That same*, i. e. purpose.

<sup>2</sup> *Ras't*, erased.

<sup>5</sup> *Wrest*, escape.

<sup>3</sup> *Blend*, blind.

<sup>6</sup> *Distraine*, rend.

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LXXXI. 5. — *Formally*.] That is, in a certain form. But we should probably read *formerly*. C.

For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound :  
 But Verdant (so he hight) he soone untyde,  
 And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applyde.

83 But all those pleasaunt bowres, and pallace brave,  
 Guyon broke downe with rigour pittillesse :  
 Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save  
 Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,  
 But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse,  
 Their groves he feld ; their gardins did deface ;  
 Their arbers spoyle ; their cabinets<sup>1</sup> suppressse ;  
 Their banket-houses burne ; their buildings race ;  
 And, of the fayrest late, now made the fowlest place.

84 Then led they her away, and eke that knight  
 They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad :  
 The way they came, the same retourn'd they right,  
 Till they arrived where they lately had  
 Charm'd those wild beasts that rag'd with furie mad ;  
 Which, now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,  
 As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad<sup>2</sup> ;  
 But them the Palmer soone did pacify.  
 Then Guyon askt, what meant those beastes which  
 there did ly.

85 Sayd he : “ These seeming beasts are men indeed,  
 Whom this Enchauntresse bath transformed thus ;  
 Whylome her lovers, which her lustes did feed,  
 Now turned into figures hideous,  
 According to their mindes like monstruous.”

<sup>1</sup> *Cabinets, cots.*

<sup>2</sup> *Lad, led.*

“Sad end,” quoth he, “of life intemperate,  
 And mournfull meed of ioyes delicious!  
 But, Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,<sup>1</sup>  
 Let them returned be unto their former state.”

86 Streightway he with his vertuous staffe them  
 strooke,  
 And streight of beastes they comely men became;  
 Yet being men they did unmanly looke,  
 And stared ghastly: some for inward shame,  
 And some for wrath to see their captive Dame:  
 But one above the rest in speciall,  
 That had an hog beene late, hight Grylle by name,  
 Repyned greatly, and did him miscall<sup>2</sup>  
 That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

87 Saide Guyon: “See the mind of beastly man,  
 That hath so soone forgot the excellence  
 Of his creation, when he life began,  
 That now he chooseth with vile difference  
 To be a beast, and lacke intelligence!”  
 To whom the Palmer thus: “The doughill kinde  
 Delightes in filth and fowle incontinence:  
 Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish minde;  
 But let us hence depart whilest wether serves and  
 winde.”

<sup>1</sup> *Aggrate*, please.

<sup>2</sup> *Miscall*, abuse.

---

LXXXVI. 7. — *Hight Grylle.*] In a dialogue by Plutarch, Gryllus, a companion of Ulysses, who had been changed into a swine by Circe, holds a conversation with him, and refuses to be restored to his human shape. II.

THE THIRDE BOOKE  
OF  
THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY.

- 1 It falls me here to write of Chastity,  
That fayrest vertue, far above the rest :  
For which what needes me fetch from Faëry  
Forreine ensamples it to have exprest ?  
Sith it is shrined in my Soveraines brest,  
And formd so lively in each perfect part,  
That to all ladies, which have it profest,  
Neede but behold the pourtraict of her hart ;  
If pourtrayd it might bee by any living art :
- 2 But living art may not least part expresse,  
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paynt :  
All<sup>1</sup> were it Zeuxis or Praxiteles,  
His dædale<sup>2</sup> hand would faile and greatly faynt,

<sup>1</sup> *All*, although.

<sup>2</sup> *Dædale*, skillful.

And her perfections with his error taynt :  
 Ne poets witt, that passeth painter farre  
 In picturing the parts of beauty daynt,<sup>1</sup>  
 So hard a workemanship adventure darre,  
 For fear through want of words her excellence to  
 marre.

3 How then shall I, apprentice of the skill  
 That whilome in divinest wits did rayne,  
 Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?  
 Yet now my luckelesse lott doth me constrainne  
 Hereto perforce : but, O dredd Soverayne,  
 Thus far forth pardon, sith that choicest witt  
 Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure playne,  
 That I in colour showes may shadow itt,  
 And antique praises unto present persons fitt.

4 But if in living colours, and right hew,  
 Thyselfe thou covet to see pictured,  
 Who can it doe more lively, or more trew,  
 Then that sweete verse, with nectar sprinckeled,  
 In which a gracious servaunt pictured  
 His Cynthia, his heavens fayrest light?  
 That with his melting sweetnes ravished,  
 And with the wonder of her beamës bright,  
 My senses lulled are in slomber of delight.

<sup>1</sup> *Daynt*, dainty.

---

III. 4. — *Luckelesse lot.*] Luckless, because he apprehends he shall not do justice to the subject. H.

IV. 5. — *A gracious servaunt.*] Sir Walter Raleigh, in his poem called "Cynthia"

6 But let that same delicious poet lend  
A little leave unto a rusticke Muse  
To sing his Mistresse prayse; and let him mend,  
If ought amis her liking may abuse:  
Ne let his fayrest Cynthia refuse  
In mirrours more then one herselfe to see;  
But either Gloriana let her chuse,  
Or in Belphebe fashioned to bee;  
In th' one her rule, in th' other her rare chastitee.

## CANTO I.

Gnyon encountreth Britomart:  
 Fayre Florimell is chased:  
 Duessaes traines and Malecass-  
 taes<sup>1</sup> champions are defaced.

<sup>1</sup> THE famous Briton Prince and Faery Knight,  
 After long wayes and perilous paines endur'd,  
 Having their weary limbes to perfect plight  
 Restord, and sory wounds right well recur'd,  
 Of the faire Alma greatly were procur'd<sup>2</sup>  
 To make there lenger soiourne and abode ;  
 But, when thereto they might not be allur'd  
 From seeking praise and deeds of armes abroad,  
 They courteous congé<sup>3</sup> tooke, and forth together yode.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> But the captiv'd Acrasia he sent,  
 Because of traveill long, a nigher way,  
 With a strong gard, all reskew to prevent,  
 And her to Faery Court safe to convey ;

<sup>1</sup> *Malecassa*, unchaste.

<sup>2</sup> *Procur'd*, entreated.

<sup>3</sup> *Congé*, leave.

<sup>4</sup> *Yode*, went.

---

I. 1. — *The famous Briton Prince.*] Prince Arthur remained in the house of Alma till the wounds he had received in his encounter with Maleger were healed. Sir Guyon, after destroying the Bower of Bliss, returned to the house of Alma, from which he and Prince Arthur now set forth. H.



That her for witnes of his hard assay  
 Unto his Faery Queene he might present :  
 But he himselfe betooke another way,  
 To make more triall of his hardiment,  
 And seeke adventures, as he with Prince Arthure went.

3 Long so they traveled through wastefull wayes,  
 Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did wonne.<sup>1</sup>  
 To hunt for glory and renowned prayse :  
 Full many countreyes they did overronne,  
 From the uprising to the setting sunne,  
 And many hard adventures did atchieve ;  
 Of all the which they honour ever wonne,  
 Seeking the weake oppressed to relieve,  
 And to recover right for such as wrong did grieve.

4 At last, as through an open plaine they yode,  
 They spide a knight that towards pricked fayre ;  
 And him beside an aged squire there rode,  
 That seemd to couch<sup>2</sup> under his shield three-square,  
 As if that age badd him that burden spare,  
 And yield it those that stouter could it wield :  
 He, them espying, gan himselfe prepare,  
 And on his arme addressse his goodly shield  
 That bore a lion passant in a golden field.

5 Which seeing, good Sir Guyon deare besought  
 The Prince, of grace, to let him ronne that turne.

<sup>1</sup> *Wonne*, dwell.

<sup>2</sup> *Couch*, bend.

---

IV. 9. — These are the legendary arms of Brute, from whom Britomartis is supposed to be descended.

He graunted : then the Faery quickly raught<sup>1</sup>  
 His poynant<sup>2</sup> speare, and sharply gan to spurne<sup>3</sup>  
 His fomy steed, whose fiery feete did burne  
 The verdant gras as he thereon did tread ;  
 Ne did the other backe his foote returne,  
 But fiercely forward came withouten dread,  
 And bent his dreadful speare against the others head.

6 They beene ymett, and both theyr points arriv'd ;  
 But Guyon drove so furious and fell,  
 That seemd both shield and plate it would have riv'd ;  
 Nathelesse it bore his foe not from his sell,<sup>4</sup>  
 But made him stagger, as he were not well :  
 But Guyon selfe, ere well he was aware,  
 Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell ;  
 Yet in his fall so well himselfe he bare,  
 That mischievous mischaunce his life and limbs did  
 spare.

6 Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke ;  
 For never yet, sith warlike arnes he bore  
 And shivering speare in bloody field first shooke,  
 He fownd himselfe dishonored so sore.  
 Ah ! gentlest knight that ever armor bore,  
 Let not thee grieve dismounted to have beene,

<sup>1</sup> *Raught*, reached.

<sup>2</sup> *Poynant*, piercing, sharp.

<sup>3</sup> *Spurne*, spnr.

<sup>4</sup> *Sell*, saddle.

---

VI. 6. — *But Guyon, &c.*] In this encounter between Guyon and Britomart, Upton discovers an historical allusion to the Earl of Essex's presuming to match himself with Queen Elizabeth, and adds, "And has not the poet with the finest art managed a very dangerous and secret piece of history?" II.

And brought to grownd, that never wast before ;  
 For not thy fault, but secret powre unseene ;  
 That speare enchaunted was which layd thee on the  
 greene !

8 But weenedst thou what wight thee overthrew,  
 Much greater griefe and shamefuller regret  
 For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,  
 That of a single damzell thou wert mett  
 On equall plaine, and there so hard besett :  
 Even the famous Britomart it was,  
 Whom straunge adventure did from Britayne fett<sup>1</sup>  
 To seeke her lover, (love far sought, alas !)  
 Whose image shee had seene in Venus looking-glas.

9 Full of disdainefull wrath, he fierce uprose  
 For to revenge that fowle reprochefull shame,  
 And, snatching his bright sword, began to close  
 With her on foot, and stoutly forward came ;  
 Dye rather would he then<sup>2</sup> endure that same.  
 Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to feare  
 His toward<sup>3</sup> perill, and untoward blame,  
 Which by that new rencounter he should reare<sup>4</sup> ;  
 For death sate on the point of that enchaunted speare .

10 And hasting towards him gan fayre perswade  
 Not to provoke misfortune, nor to weene

<sup>1</sup> *Fett*, fetch.

<sup>3</sup> *Toward*, near at hand.

<sup>2</sup> *Then*, than.

<sup>4</sup> *Reare*, raise, bring upon himself.

---

VIII. 6. — Britomartis is one of the names of Diana, and is very happily employed by Spenser to denote a martial Britoness.

His speares default to mend with cruell blade ;  
 For by his mightie science he had seene  
 The secrete vertue of that weapon keene,  
 That mortall puissaunce mote not withstond :  
 Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy <sup>1</sup> beene !  
 Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,<sup>2</sup>  
 To loose long-gotten honour with one evill hond.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>11</sup> By such good meanes he him discourselled  
 From prosecuting his revenging rage :  
 And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,  
 His wrathfull will with reason to aswage ;  
 And laid the blame, not to his carriage,  
 But to his starting steed that swarv'd asyde,  
 And to the ill purveyaunce of his page,  
 That had his furnitures <sup>4</sup> not firmly tyde :  
 So is his angry corage <sup>5</sup> fayrly pacifyde.

<sup>12</sup> Thus reconcilement was betweene them knitt,  
 Through goodly temperaunce and affection chaste,  
 And either vowd with all their power and witt  
 To let not others honour be defaste  
 Of friend or foe, whoever it embaste,<sup>6</sup>  
 Ne armes to beare against the others syde :  
 In which accord <sup>7</sup> the Prince was also plaste,  
 And with that golden chaine of concord tyde :  
 So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere <sup>8</sup> did ryde.

<sup>1</sup> *Happy*, successful.

<sup>2</sup> *Fond*, foolish.

<sup>3</sup> *Hond*, act, performance.

<sup>4</sup> *Furnitures*, equipments.

<sup>5</sup> *Corage*, heart.

<sup>6</sup> *Embaste*, insulted.

<sup>7</sup> *Accord*, agreement.

<sup>8</sup> *Yfere*, together.

---

XI. 3. — *Like treaty handeled.*] Made use of the same reason  
 'ing.

- 13 O goodly usage of those antique tymes,  
 In which the sword was servaunt unto right !  
 When not for malice and contentious crymes,  
 But all for prayse, and prooffe of manly might,  
 The martiall brood accustomed to fight :  
 Then honour was the meed of victory,  
 And yet the vanquished had no despight :  
 Let later age that noble use envý,  
 Vyle rancor to avoid and cruel surquedry <sup>1</sup> !
- 14 Long they thus traveled in friendly wise,  
 Through countreyes waste, and eke well edifyde,<sup>2</sup>  
 Seeking adventures hard, to exercise  
 Their puissaunce, whylome full dernly <sup>3</sup> tryde.  
 At length they came into a forest wyde,  
 Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sownd  
 Full griesly <sup>4</sup> seemd : therein they long did ryde,  
 Yet tract of living creature none they fownd,  
 Save beares, lyons, and buls, which romed them  
 arownd.
- 15 All suddenly out of the thickest brush,  
 Upon a milk-white palfrey all alone,  
 A goodly Lady did foreby <sup>5</sup> them rush,  
 Whose face did seeme as cleare as christall stone,  
 And eke, through feare, as white as whalës bone :  
 Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,  
 And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,

<sup>1</sup> *Surquedry*, insolence.

<sup>2</sup> *Edifyde*, built.

<sup>3</sup> *Dernly*, sadly.

<sup>4</sup> *Griesly*, grisly, terrible.

<sup>5</sup> *Foreby*, by.

Which fledd so fast that nothing mote him hold,  
And scarse them leasure gave her passing to behold.

16 Still as she fledd her eye she backward threw,  
As fearing evill that poursewd her fast;  
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,  
Loosely disperst with puff of every blast:  
All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast  
His hearie<sup>1</sup> beames, and flaming lockes dispredd,  
At sight whereof the people stand aghast;  
But the sage wisard telles, as he has redd,  
That it impörtunes<sup>2</sup> death and dolefull dreryhedd.<sup>3</sup>

17 So as they gazed after her a whyle,  
Lo! where a griesly foster<sup>4</sup> forth did rush,  
Breathing out beastly lust her to defyle:  
His tyreling<sup>5</sup> iade he fiersly forth did push  
Through thicke and thin, both over banck and bush,  
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,  
That from his gory sydes the blood did gush:  
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,  
And in his clownish hand a sharp bore-speare he  
shooke.

18 Which outrage when those gentle Knights did see,  
Full of great envy and fell gealosity,

<sup>1</sup> *Hearie*, hairy.

<sup>2</sup> *Impörtunes*, portends.

<sup>3</sup> *Dreryhedd*, sorrow.

<sup>4</sup> *Foster*, forester.

<sup>5</sup> *Tyreling*, hackney (?).

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XVIII. 2. — *Full of great envy, &c.*] Both *envy* and *gealosity* are used here in the good sense of indignation. C.

They stayd not to avise<sup>1</sup> who first should bee,  
 But all spurd after, fast as they mote fly,  
 To reskew her from shamefull villany.  
 The Prince and Guyon equally bylive<sup>2</sup>  
 Herselfe pursewd, in hope to win thereby  
 Most goodly meede, the fairest dame alive :  
 But after the foule foster<sup>3</sup> Timias did strive.

19 The whiles faire Britomart, whose constant mind  
 Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,  
 Ne reckt of ladies love, did stay behynd ;  
 And them awayted there a certaine space,  
 To weet if they would turne backe to that place :  
 But, when she saw them gone, she forward went,  
 As lay her iourney, through that perlous<sup>4</sup> pace,<sup>5</sup>  
 With stedfast corage and stout hardiment ;  
 Ne evil thing she feard, ne evil thing she ment.

20 At last, as nigh out of the wood she came,  
 A stately castle far away she spyde,  
 To which her steps directly she did frame.  
 That castle was most goodly edifyde,  
 And plaste for pleasure nigh that forrest syde :  
 But faire before the gate a spatious playne,

<sup>1</sup> *Avise*, consider.

<sup>4</sup> *Perlous*, perilous.

<sup>2</sup> *Bylive*, quick.

<sup>5</sup> *Pace*, pass.

<sup>3</sup> *Foster*, forester.

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XVIII. 6. — *The Prince and Guyon*, &c.] These adventures  
 are resumed in Canto IV. Stanza 45, and Canto VI. Stanza 54.

XVIII. 9. — *Timias*.] Timias is Prince Arthur's squire, sup-  
 posed to represent Sir Walter Raleigh. H.

Mantled with greene, itselfe did spredden<sup>1</sup> wyde,  
 On which she saw six knights, that did darrayne<sup>2</sup>  
 Fiers battaill against one with cruel might and  
 mayne.

21 Mainely<sup>3</sup> they all attonce upon him laid,  
 And sore beset on every side arownd,  
 That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismayd,  
 Ne ever to them yielded foot of grownd,  
 All had he lost much blood through many a wownd;  
 But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every way,  
 To which he turned in his wrathfull stownd,<sup>4</sup>  
 Made them recoile, and fly from dredd decay,  
 That none of all the six before him durst assay<sup>5</sup>:

22 Like dastard cures, that, having at a bay  
 The salvage beast embost<sup>6</sup> in wearie chace,  
 Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,  
 Ne byte before, but rome from place to place  
 To get a snatch when turned is his face.  
 In such distresse and doubtfull ieopardy  
 When Britomart him saw, she ran apace  
 Unto his reskew, and with earnest cry  
 Badd those same sixe forbear that single enemy.

23 But to her cry they list not lenden eare,  
 Ne ought the more their mightie strokes surceasse;  
 But, gathering him rownd about more neare,  
 Their direfull rancour rather did encrease;

<sup>1</sup> *Spredden*, spread.

<sup>2</sup> *Darrayne*, wage.

<sup>3</sup> *Mainely*, strongly.

<sup>4</sup> *Stownd*, moment, mood.

<sup>5</sup> I. e. attack him in front

<sup>6</sup> *Embost*, tired out.



Till that she rushing through the thickest preasse  
 Perforce departed their compacted gyre,<sup>1</sup>  
 And soone compeld to hearken unto peace :  
 Tho gan she myldly of them to inqyre  
 The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

24 Whereto that single Knight did answer frame :  
 "These six would me enforce, by oddes of might,  
 To chaunge my liefe,<sup>2</sup> and love another dame ;  
 That death me liefer<sup>3</sup> were then such despight,  
 So unto wrong to yield my wrested right :  
 For I love one, the truest one on grownd,  
 Ne list me chaunge ; she th' Errant Damzell hight  
 For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd  
 I have endurd, and tasted many a bloody wownd."

25 "Certes," said she, "then beene ye sixe to blame,  
 To weene your wrong by force to iustify :  
 For knight to leave his lady were great shame  
 That faithfull is ; and better were to dy.  
 All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,  
 Then losse of love to him that loves but one :  
 Ne may Love be compeld by maistry<sup>4</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> *Gyre*, circle.

<sup>2</sup> *Liefe*, love.

<sup>3</sup> *Liefer*, preferable.

<sup>4</sup> *Maistry*, superior power.

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XXIV 7. — *Th' Errant Damzell.*] Una, who is so called in  
 Book II. Canto I. Stanza 19.

XXV. 7. — *Ne may Love, &c.*]

"Love wil nouht buen constreyned by maistré.  
 Whan maistré commeth, the god of love anon  
 Beteth his winges, and fare wel, he is gon."

Canterbury Tales (Wright) 11076-78.

For, soone as maistery comes, sweet Love anone  
Taket h his nimble winges, and soone away is gone."

26 Then spake one of those six : " There dwelleth here  
Within this castle wall a lady fayre,  
Whose souveraine beautie hath no living pere ;  
Thereto so bounteous and so debonayre,<sup>1</sup>  
That never any mote with her compayre :  
She hath ordaind this law, which we approve,  
That every knight which doth this way repayre,  
In case he have no lady nor no love,  
Shall doe unto her service, never to remove :

27 " But if he have a lady or a love,  
Then must he her forgoe with fowle defame,<sup>2</sup>  
Or els with us by dint of sword approve,  
That she is fairer then our fairest Dame ;  
As did this Knight, before ye hether came."  
" Perdy," said Britomart, " the choise is hard !  
But what reward had he that overcame ?"  
" He should advaunced bee to high regard,"  
Said they, " and have our Ladies love for his reward.

28 " Therefore aread,<sup>3</sup> Sir, if thou have a love."  
" Love have I sure," quoth she, " but lady none ;  
Yet will I not fro mine owne love remove,  
Ne to your Lady will I service done,<sup>4</sup>  
But wreake your wronges wrought to this Knight  
alone,  
And prove his cause." With that, her mortall speare

<sup>1</sup> *Debonayre*, gracious.

<sup>2</sup> *Defame*, dishonor.

<sup>3</sup> *Aread*, declare.

<sup>4</sup> *Done*, do.

She mightily aventred<sup>1</sup> towards one,  
 And downe him smot ere well aware he weare<sup>2</sup>;  
 Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did  
 beare.

29 Ne did she stay till three on ground she layd,  
 That none of them himselfe could reare againe :  
 The fourth was by that other Knight dismayd,  
 All were he wearie of his former paine ;  
 That now there do but two of six remaine ;  
 Which two did yield before she did them smight.  
 " Ah ! " sayd she then, " now may ye all see plaine,  
 That Truth is strong, and trew Love most of might,  
 That for his trusty servaunts doth so strongly fight."

30 " Too well we see," saide they, " and prove too well  
 Our faulty weakenes, and your matchlesse might :  
 Forthy,<sup>3</sup> faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,  
 Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,  
 And we your liegemen faith unto you plight."  
 So underneath her feet their swords they mard,<sup>4</sup>  
 And, after, her besought, well as they might,  
 To enter in and reape the dew reward :  
 She graunted ; and then in they all together far'd.

31 Long were it to describe the goodly frame  
 And stately port of Castle Ioyeous,

<sup>1</sup> *Aventred*, adventured, aimed.

<sup>2</sup> *Weare*, were.

<sup>3</sup> *Forthy*, therefore.

<sup>4</sup> *Mard*, marred, debased.

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XXXI. 2. — *Castle Ioyeous*.] This is the name of Sir Lancelot's castle in the *Morte d'Arthur*. H.

(For so that castle hight by comun name,)  
 Where they were entertaynd with courteous  
 And comely glee of many gracious  
 Faire ladies, and of many a gentle knight ;  
 Who, through a chamber long and spacious,  
 Eftsoones them brought unto their Ladies sight,  
 That of them cleeped<sup>1</sup> was the Lady of Delight.

32 But for to tell the sumptuous aray  
 Of that great chamber should be labour lost ;  
 For living wit, I weene, cannot display  
 The roiall riches and exceeding cost  
 Of every pillour and of every post,  
 Which all of purest bullion framed were,  
 And with great perles and pretious stones embost ;  
 That the bright glister of their beamès cleare  
 Did sparckle forth great light, and glorious did ap-  
 peare.

83 These stranger Knights, through passing, forth  
 were led  
 Into an inner rowme, whose royallee  
 And rich purveyance<sup>2</sup> might unceath<sup>3</sup> be red<sup>4</sup> ;  
 Mote princes place beseme so deckt to bee.  
 Which stately manner whenas they did see,  
 The image of superfluous riotize,<sup>5</sup>  
 Exceeding much the state of meane<sup>6</sup> degree,  
 They greatly wondred whence so sumptuous guize  
 Might be maintaynd, and each gan diversely devise.

<sup>1</sup> *Cleped*, called.

<sup>2</sup> *Purveyance*, furniture.

<sup>3</sup> *Unceath*, with difficulty.

<sup>4</sup> *Red*, imagined.

<sup>5</sup> *Riotize*, extravagance.

<sup>6</sup> *Meane*, moderate.

34 The wals were round about appareiled  
 With costly clothes of Arras and of Toure ;  
 In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed  
 The love of Venus and her paramoure,  
 The fayre Adonis, turned to a flowre ;  
 A worke of rare device and wondrous wit.  
 First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which her assayd with many a fervent fit,  
 When first her tender hart was with his beautie smit :

35 Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she  
 Entyst the boy, as well that art she knew,  
 And wooed him her paramoure to bee ;  
 Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,  
 To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew ;  
 Now leading him into a secret shade  
 From his beauperes,<sup>2</sup> and from bright heavens vew,  
 Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,  
 Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert glade :

36 And, whilst he slept, she over him would spred  
 Her mantle colour'd like the starry skyes,  
 And her soft arme lay underneath his hed,  
 And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes ;  
 And, whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes<sup>3</sup>  
 She secretly would search each daintie lim,  
 And throw into the well sweet rosemaries,  
 And fragrant violets, and paunces<sup>4</sup> trim ;  
 And ever with sweet nectar she did sprinkle him.

<sup>1</sup> *Stowre*, distress.

<sup>2</sup> *Beauperes*, fair companions.

<sup>3</sup> *Spyes*, i. e. eyes.

<sup>4</sup> *Paunces*, pawsies.

37 So did she steale his heedelesse hart away,  
 And ioyd his love in secret unespyde :  
 But for she saw him bent to cruell play,  
 To hunt the salvage beast in forrest wyde,  
 Dreadfull<sup>1</sup> of daunger that mote him betyde,  
 She oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine  
 From chase of greater beastes, whose brutish pryde  
 Mote breede him seath unwares : but all in vaine ;  
 For who can shun the chance that dest'ny doth or-  
 daine ?

38 Lo ! where beyond<sup>2</sup> he lyeth languishing,  
 Deadly engored of a great wilde bore ;  
 And by his side the goddesse groveling  
 Makes for him endlesse mone, and evermore  
 With her soft garment wipes away the gore  
 Which staynes his snowy skin with hatefull hew :  
 But, when she saw no helpe might him restore,  
 Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,<sup>3</sup>  
 Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it lively grew.

39 So was that chamber clad in goodly wize :  
 And rownd about it many beds were dight,  
 As whylome was the antique worldës guize,  
 Some for untimely ease, some for delight,  
 As pleased them to use that use it might :  
 And all was full of damzels and of squyres,

<sup>1</sup> *Dreadfull*, fearful.

<sup>3</sup> *Transmew*, change.

<sup>2</sup> *Beyond*, at a distance.

Dauncing and reveling both day and night,  
 And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres ;  
 And Cupid still emongest them kindled lustfull fyres.

40 And all the while sweet musicke did divide  
 Her looser notes with Lydian harmony ;  
 And all the while sweete birdes thereto applide  
 Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,  
 Ay caroling of love and iollity,  
 That wonder was to heare their trim consórt.<sup>1</sup>  
 Which when those Knights beheld, with scornefull  
     eye  
 They sdeigned<sup>2</sup> such lascivious disport,  
 And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.<sup>8</sup>

41 Thence they were brought to that great Ladies vew,  
 Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed  
 That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,  
 As the proud Persian queenes accustomed :  
 She seemd a woman of great bountihed  
 And of rare beautie, saving that askaunce  
 Her wanton eyes (ill signes of womanhed)  
 Did roll too lightly, and too often glauce,  
 Without regard of grace or comely amenaunce.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Trim consórt*, pleasing concert.

<sup>8</sup> *Sort*, company.

<sup>2</sup> *Sdeigned*, disdained.

<sup>4</sup> *Amenaunce*, behavior.

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XL. 2. — *With Lydian harmony.*] The Lydian music was supposed to be of a soft and voluptuous character. Thus Dryden:—

“ Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.” II.

42 Long worke it were, and needlesse, to devise<sup>1</sup>  
 Their goodly entertainment and great glee :  
 She caused them be led in courteous wize  
 Into a bowre,<sup>2</sup> disarmed for to be,  
 And cheared well with wine and spiceree :  
 The Rederosse Knight was soone disarmed there ;  
 But the brave Mayd would not disarmed bee,  
 But onely vented up her umbriere,<sup>3</sup>  
 And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

43 As when fayre Cynthia, in darkesome night,  
 Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,  
 Where she may finde the substance thin and light,  
 Breakes forth her silver beames, and her bright hed  
 Discovers to the world discomfited,<sup>4</sup>  
 Of the poore traueiler that went astray  
 With thousand blessings she is heried<sup>5</sup> ;  
 Such was the beantie and the shining ray  
 With which fayre Britomart gave light unto the  
 day.

44 And eke those six, which lately with her fought,  
 Now were disarmd, and did themselves present  
 Unto her vew, and company unsought ;  
 For they all seemed courteous and gent,<sup>6</sup>  
 And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,  
 Which had them traynd in all civillitee,  
 And goodly taught to tilt and turnament ;

<sup>1</sup> *Derize*, describe.

<sup>2</sup> *Bowre*, chamber.

<sup>3</sup> *Vented up her umbriere*, raised her visor.

<sup>4</sup> *Discomfited*, dejected.

<sup>5</sup> *Heried*, praised.

<sup>6</sup> *Gent*, noble.



Now were they liegmen to this Ladie free,  
And her knights-service ought,<sup>1</sup> to hold of her in fee.

15 The first of them by name Gardantè hight,  
A iolly<sup>2</sup> person, and of comely vew;  
The second was Parlantè, a bold knight;  
And next to him Iocantè did ensew<sup>3</sup>;  
Basciantè did himselfe most courteous shew;  
But fierce Bacchantè seemd too fell and keene;  
And yett in armes Noctantè greater grew:  
All were faire knights, and goodly well beseene<sup>4</sup>;  
But to faire Britomart they all but shadowes beene.

46 For shee was full of amiable grace  
And manly terror mixed therewithall;  
That as the one stird up affections bace,  
So th' other did mens rash desires apall,  
And hold them backe that would in error fall:  
As hee that hath espide a vermeill rose,

<sup>1</sup> *Ought*, owed.

<sup>2</sup> *Iolly*, handsome.

<sup>3</sup> *Ensew*, follow.

<sup>4</sup> *Beseene*, appearing.

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XLIV. 9. — *Knights-service ought.*] The tenure by knights-service was the most honorable one known to the English law. To constitute it, a determinate quantity of land, called a "knight's fee," was necessary; and the tenant was obliged to attend the lord of whom he held to the war forty days in every year, if called upon. H.

XLV. 1. — *The first of them, &c.*] The names of these six persons are appropriate to the attendants upon *Malecasta*, or Incontinence. *Gardantè* means a gazer, or ogler; *Parlantè*, a prattler; *Iocantè*, a jester; *Basciantè*, one who kisses; *Bacchantè*, a drinker of wine; and *Noctantè*, a reveller by night. II.

To which sharpe thornes and breres the way for-  
stall,

Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,  
But, wishing it far off, his ydle wish doth lose.

47 Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight,  
All ignorant of her contráry sex,  
(For shee her weend a fresh and lusty knight,)  
Shee greatly gan enamoured to wex,  
And with vaine thoughts her falsed<sup>1</sup> fancy vex:  
Her fickle hart conceived hasty fyre,  
Like sparkes of fire which fall in sc slender flex,<sup>2</sup>  
That shortly brent<sup>3</sup> into extreme desyre,  
And ransackt all her veines with passion entyre.

48 Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience,  
And into termes of open outrage brust,<sup>4</sup>  
That plaine discovered her incontinence;  
Ne reckt shee who her meaning did mistrust;  
For she was given all to fleshly lust,  
And poured forth in sensuall delight,  
That all regard of shame she had discust,<sup>5</sup>  
And meet respect of honor putt to flight:  
So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathly sight.

49 Faire Ladies, that to love captived arre,  
And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,  
Let not her fault your sweete affections marre;  
Ne blott the bounty<sup>6</sup> of all womankind

<sup>1</sup> *Falsed*, deceived.

<sup>2</sup> *Flex*, flax.

<sup>3</sup> *Brent*, burnt.

<sup>4</sup> *Brust*, burst.

<sup>5</sup> *Discust*, thrown off.

<sup>6</sup> *Bounty*, goodness.

'Mongst thousands good, one wanton dame to find :  
 Emongst the roses grow some wicked weeds  
 For this was not to love, but lust, inclin'd ;  
 For love does alwaies bring forth bounteous <sup>1</sup> deeds,  
 And in each gentle hart desire of honor breeds.

50 Nought so of love this looser dame did skill,<sup>2</sup>  
 But as a cole to kindle fleshly flame,  
 Giving the bridle to her wanton will,  
 And treading under foote her honest name :  
 Such love is hate, and such desire is shame.  
 Still did she rove<sup>3</sup> at her with crafty glaunce  
 Of her false eies, that at her hart did ayme,  
 And told her meaning in her countenance :  
 But Britomart dissembled it with ignoraunce.<sup>4</sup>

51 Supper was shortly dight,<sup>5</sup> and downe they satt ;  
 Where they were served with all sumptuous fare,  
 Whiles fruitfull Ceres and Lyæus fatt  
 Pourd out their plenty, without spight<sup>6</sup> or spare ;  
 Nought wanted there that dainty was and rare :  
 And aye the cups their bancks did overflow ;  
 And aye betweene the cups she did prepare  
 Way to her love, and secret darts did throw ;  
 But Britomart would not such guilfull message know.

<sup>1</sup> *Bounteous*, virtuous.

<sup>2</sup> *Skill*, understand.

<sup>3</sup> *Rove*, shoot.

<sup>4</sup> *Dissembled it with ignoraunce*, feigned not to understand her conduct.

<sup>5</sup> *Dight*, prepared.

<sup>6</sup> *Spight*, grudge.

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LI. 3. — *Lyæus*.] A name of Bacchus, used here for wine, as Ceres is for food. H.

52 So, when they slaked had the fervent heat  
 Of appenite with meates of every sort,  
 The Lady did faire Britomart entreat  
 Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport  
 To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort :  
 But when shee mote not thereunto be wonne,  
 (For shee her sexe under that straunge purpórt<sup>1</sup>  
 Did use to hide, and plaine apparaunce shonne,)  
 In playner wise to tell her grievance she begonne ;

53 And all attonce discovered her desire  
 With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, and piteous  
 grieffe,  
 The outward sparkes of her in-burning fire :  
 Which spent in vaine, at last she told her briefe,  
 That, but if she did lend her short reliefe  
 And doe her comfort, she mote algates<sup>2</sup> die.  
 But the chaste Damzell, that had never priefe<sup>3</sup>  
 Of such malengine<sup>4</sup> and fine forgerye,<sup>5</sup>  
 Did easely beleve her strong extremitye.

54 Full easy was for her to have believe,  
 Who by self-feeling of her feeble sexe,  
 And by long triall of the inward grieffe  
 Wherewith imperious love her hart did vexe,  
 Could iudge what paines doe loving harts perplexe.

<sup>1</sup> *Purport*, disguise.

<sup>2</sup> *Algates*, at all events.

<sup>3</sup> *Priefe*, proof.

<sup>4</sup> *Malengine*, guile.

<sup>5</sup> *Forgerye*, deceit.

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L.H. 5. — *To loose*, &c.] To lay aside her arms, and relax the sternness of her demeanor. II.

Who meanes no guile, be guiled soonest shall,  
 And to faire semblaunce doth light <sup>1</sup> faith annexe :  
 The bird, that knowes not the false fowlers call,  
 Into his hidden nett full easely doth fall.

55 Forthy <sup>2</sup> she would not in discourteise wise  
 Scorne the faire offer of good will profest ;  
 For great rebuke it is love to despise,  
 Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request ;  
 But with faire countenance, as beseemed best,  
 Her entertaynd ; nath'lesse shee inly deemd  
 Her love too light, to wooe a wandring guest ;  
 Which she misconstruing, thereby esteemd  
 That from like inward fire that outward smoke had  
 steemd.

66 Therewith awhile she her flit <sup>3</sup> fancy fedd,  
 Till she mote winne fit time for her desire ;  
 But yet her wound still inward freshly bledd,  
 And through her bones the false instilled fire  
 Did spred itselſe, and venime close <sup>4</sup> inspire.  
 Tho were the tables taken all away ;  
 And every knight, and every gentle squire,  
 Gau choose his dame with *bascimano* <sup>5</sup> gay,  
 With whom he ment to make his sport and courtly  
 play.

57 Some fell to daunce ; some fel to hazardry <sup>6</sup> ;  
 Some to make love ; some to make meryment ;

<sup>1</sup> *Light*, ready.

<sup>2</sup> *Forthy*, therefore.

<sup>3</sup> *Flit*, rapid.

<sup>4</sup> *Close*, secret.

<sup>5</sup> *Bascimano*, hand-kissing.

<sup>6</sup> *Hazardry*, gaming.

As diverse witts to diverse things apply :  
 And all the while faire Malecasta bent  
 Her crafty engins to her close intent.  
 By this th' eternall lampes, wherewith high Love  
 Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,  
 And the moist daughters of huge Atlas strove  
 Into the ocean deepe to drive their weary drove.

58 High time it seemed then for everie wight  
 Them to betake unto their kindly rest :  
 Eftsoones long waxen torches weren light  
 Unto their bowres<sup>1</sup> to guyden every guest :  
 Tho, when the Britonesse saw all the rest  
 Avoided<sup>2</sup> quite, she gan herselfe despoile,  
 And safe committ to her soft fethered nest ;  
 Wher through long watch, and late daies weary toile.  
 She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite  
 assoile.<sup>3</sup>

59 Now whenas all the world in silence deepe  
 Yshrowded was, and every mortall wight  
 Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe ;  
 Faire Malecasta, whose engrieved spright  
 Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,  
 Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,  
 And, under the blaekvele of guilty night,

<sup>1</sup> *Bowres*, chambers.

<sup>3</sup> *Assoile*, put off.

<sup>2</sup> *Avoided*, departed.

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LVII. 8. — *And the moist daughters, &c.*] The Hyades, called moist because they set at twilight in the rainy months of August and November.

Her with a scarlott mantle covered  
That was with gold and ermines faire enveloped.

60 Then panting softe, and trembling every ioynt,  
Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she mov'd,  
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt  
To lodge the warlike Maide, unwisely loov'd ;  
And, to her bed approaching, first she proof'd  
Whether she slept or wakte : with her softe hand  
She softly felt if any member moov'd,  
And lent her wary care to understand  
If any puffe of breath or signe of sence shee fond.

61 Which whenas none shee fond, with easy shifte,  
For feare least her unwares she should abrayd,<sup>1</sup>  
Th' embroderd quilt she lightly up did lifte,  
And by her side herselfe she softly layd,  
Of every finest fingers touch affrayd ;  
Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake,  
But inly sigh'd. At last the royall Mayd  
Out of her quiet slomber did awake,  
And chaungd her weary side the better ease to take.

62 Where feeling one close couched by her side,  
She lightly lept out of her filed<sup>2</sup> bedd,  
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride<sup>3</sup>  
The loathed leachour : but the Dame, halfe dedd  
Through suddeine feare and ghastly drierihedd,<sup>4</sup>  
Did shrieke aloud, that through the hous it rong,

<sup>1</sup> *Abrayd*, awake.

<sup>2</sup> *Filed*, defiled.

<sup>3</sup> *Gride*, pierce.

<sup>4</sup> *Drierihedd*, horror.

And the whole family, therewith adredd,<sup>1</sup>  
 Rashly<sup>2</sup> out of their rouzed couches sprong,  
 And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

63 And those sixe knights, that Ladies champions,  
 And eke the Redcrosse Knight ran to the stownd,<sup>3</sup>  
 Halfe armd and halfe unarmd, with them attons<sup>4</sup> :  
 Where when confusedly they came, they fownd  
 Their Lady lying on the sencelesse grownd :  
 On th' other side they saw the warlike Mayd  
 Al in her snow-white smocke, with locks unbownd,  
 Threatning the point of her avenging blaed ;  
 That with so troublous terror they were all dismayd.

64 About their Ladye first they flockt arownd ;  
 Whom having laid in comfortable couch,  
 Shortly they reard out of her frozen swownd ;  
 And afterwarde they gan with fowle reproch  
 To stirre up strife, and troublous contecke<sup>5</sup> broch<sup>6</sup> :  
 But, by ensample of the last dayes losse,  
 None of them rashly durst to her approach,  
 Ne in so glorious spoile themselves embosse<sup>7</sup> :  
 Her succourd eke the Champion of the Bloody  
 Crosse.

65 But one of those sixe knights, Gardantè hight,  
 Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,  
 Which forth he sent with felonous despight

<sup>1</sup> *Adredd*, frightened.

<sup>2</sup> *Rashly*, hastily.

<sup>3</sup> *Stownd*, noise, alarm: or place.

<sup>4</sup> *Attous*, together.

<sup>5</sup> *Contecke*, contention.

<sup>6</sup> *Broch*, broach.

<sup>7</sup> *Embosse*, fatigue.



And fell intent against the Virgin sheene :  
 The mortall steele stayd not till it was seene  
 To gore her side ; yet was the wound not deepe,  
 But lightly rased her soft silken skin,  
 That drops of purple blood thereout did weepe,  
 Which did her lily smock with staines of vermeil  
 steep.

66 Wherewith enrag'd she fiercely at them flew,  
 And with her flaming sword about her layd,  
 That none of them foule mischiefe could eschew,  
 But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd:  
 Here, there, and every where, about her swayd  
 Her wrathfull steele, that none mote it abyde ;  
 And eke the Redcrosse Knight gave her good ayd,  
 Ay ioyning foot to foot, and syde to syde ;  
 That in short space their foes they have quite terrifyde.

67 Tho whenas all were put to shamefull flight,  
 The noble Britomartis her arayd,  
 And her bright armes about her body dight:  
 For nothing would she lenger there be stayd,  
 Where so loose life, and so ungentle trade,<sup>1</sup>  
 Was usd of knights and ladies seeming gent<sup>2</sup> :  
 So, earely, ere the grosse earthes gryesy<sup>3</sup> shade  
 Was all disperst out of the firmament,  
 They tooke their steeds, and forth upon their iourney  
 went.

<sup>1</sup> *Trade*, conduct.

<sup>2</sup> *Gent*, high-bred.

<sup>3</sup> *Gryesy*, moist, or foggy.

## CANTO II.

The Redcrosse Knight to Britomart  
 Describeth Artegall:  
 The wondrous Myrrhonor, by which she  
 In love with him did fall.

1 HERE have I cause in men iust blame to find,  
 That in their proper praise too partiall bee,  
 And not indifferent<sup>1</sup> to woman kind,  
 To whom no share in armes and chevalree  
 They doe impart, ne maken memoree  
 Of their brave gestes<sup>2</sup> and prowesse martiall:  
 Scarse doe they spare to one, or two, or three,  
 Rowme in their writtes<sup>3</sup>; yet the same writing small  
 Does all their deedes deface, and dims their glories all.

2 But by recórd of antique times I finde  
 That wemen wont in warres to beare most sway,  
 And to all great exploites themselves inclind,  
 Of which they still the girlond bore away;  
 Till envious men, fearing their rules decay,<sup>4</sup>  
 Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty:  
 Yet, sith they warlike armes have laide away,

<sup>1</sup> *Indifferent*, impartial.

<sup>3</sup> *Writtes*, writings.

<sup>2</sup> *Gestes*, deeds.

<sup>4</sup> I. e. the decline of their own authority.

They have exceld in artes and pollicy,  
That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke t' envý.

3 Of warlike puissaunce in ages spent,<sup>1</sup>  
Be thou, faire Britomart, whose prayse I wryte ;  
But of all wisdom bee thou precedent,  
O souveraine Queene, whose prayse I would endyte,  
Endite I would as dewtie doth excyte ;  
But ah ! my rymes to rude and rugged arre,  
When in<sup>2</sup> so high an obiet they doe lyte,  
And, striving fit to make, I feare doe marre :  
Thyselfe thy prayses tell, and make them knowen  
farre.

4 She, traveling with Guyon, by the way  
Of sondry thinges faire purpose<sup>3</sup> gan to find,  
T' abridg their iourney long and lingring day :  
Mongst which it fell into that Fairies mind  
To aske this Briton Maid, what uncouth<sup>4</sup> wind  
Brought her into those partes, and what inquest<sup>5</sup>  
Made her dissemble her disguised kind<sup>6</sup> :  
Faire lady she him seemd, like lady drest,  
But fairest knight alive, when armed was her brest.

<sup>1</sup> *Spent*, passed.

<sup>2</sup> *In*, i. e. on.

<sup>3</sup> *Purpose*, discourse.

<sup>4</sup> *Uncouth*, strange.

<sup>5</sup> *Inquest*, quest, or adventure.

<sup>6</sup> *Kind*, sex.

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III. 4. — *O souveraine Queene.*] This is an invocation to Queen Elizabeth. H.

IV. 1. — *Traveling with Guyon.*] This is a mistake. Guyon went in quest of Florimel, in the first Canto, and Britomart is now in company with the Red-cross Knight. H.

6 Thereat she sighing softly had no powre  
 To speake awhile, ne ready answeere make ;  
 But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,<sup>1</sup>  
 As if she had a fever fitt, did quake,  
 And every daintie limbe with horroure shake ;  
 And ever and anone the rosy red  
 Flasht through her face, as it had beene a flake  
 Of lightning through bright heven fulmined :  
 At last, the passion past, she thus him answered :

6 “ Faire Sir, I let you weete,<sup>2</sup> that from the howre  
 I taken was from nourses tender pap,  
 I have beene trained up in warlike stowre,  
 To tossen speare and shield, and to affrap<sup>3</sup>  
 The warlike ryder to his most mishap ;  
 Sithence<sup>4</sup> I loathed have my life to lead,  
 As ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,  
 To finger the fine needle and nyce thread ;  
 Me lever<sup>5</sup> were with point of foemans speare be  
 dead.

7 “ All my delight on deedes of armes is sett,  
 To hunt out perilles and adventures hard,  
 By sea, by land, whereso they may be mett,  
 Onely for honour and for high regard,  
 Without respect of richesse or reward :  
 For such intent into these partes I came,  
 Withouten compasse or withouten card,

<sup>1</sup> *Stowre*, struggles, contentions.

<sup>4</sup> *Sithence*, since.

<sup>2</sup> *Let you weete*, inform you.

<sup>6</sup> *Me lever*, I would rather.

<sup>3</sup> *Affrap*, strike.

Far fro my native soyle, that is by name  
The Greater Brytayne, here to seeke for praise and  
fame.

8 "Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery Lond  
Doe many famous knightes and ladies wonne,<sup>1</sup>  
And many straunge adventures to bee fond,  
Of which great worth and worship<sup>2</sup> may be  
wonne :

Which to prove, I this voyage have begonne.  
But mote I weet of you, right courteous Knight,  
Tydings of one that hath unto me donne  
Late foule dishonour and reprochfull spight,  
The which I seeke to wreake, and Arthegall he  
hight."

9 The word gone out she backe againe would call,  
As her repenting so to have missayd,  
But that he, it uptaking ere the fall,<sup>3</sup>  
Her shortly answered : "Faire martiall Mayd,  
Certes ye misavised beene t' upbrayd  
A gentle knight with so unknighthly blame :  
For weet ye well, of all that ever playd  
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,  
The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Wonne*, dwell.

<sup>2</sup> *Worship*, honor.

<sup>3</sup> I. e. before the words had fallen from her mouth.

<sup>4</sup> I. e. of "gentle knight."

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VII. 9. — *The Greater Brytayne.*] Church says that this means Wales, and is so called to distinguish it from Lesser Brittany, in France. Fairy Land is England proper. H.

10 "Forthy<sup>1</sup> great wonder were it, if such shame  
 Should ever enter in his bounteous<sup>2</sup> thought,  
 Or ever doe that mote deserven blame :  
 The noble corage<sup>3</sup> never weeneth ought  
 That may unworthy of itselfe be thought.  
 Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,  
 Least that too farre ye have your sorrow sought :  
 You and your countrey both I wish welfare,  
 And honour both ; for each of other worthy are."

11 The royall maid woxe inly wondrous glad,  
 To heare her Love so highly magnifyde ;  
 And ioyd that ever she affixed had  
 Her hart on knight so goodly glorifyde,  
 However finely she it faind to hyde.  
 The loving mother, that nine monethes did beare  
 In the deare closett of her painefull syde  
 Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,  
 Doth not so much reioyce as she reioyced theare.

12 But to occasion him to further talke,  
 To feed her humor with his pleasing style,  
 Her list<sup>4</sup> in stryfull<sup>5</sup> termes with him to balke,<sup>6</sup>  
 And thus replyde : " However, Sir, ye fyle  
 Your courteous tongue his prayes to compyle,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Forthy*, therefore.

<sup>2</sup> *Bounteous*, good, noble.

<sup>3</sup> *Corage*, heart.

<sup>4</sup> *Her list*, it pleased her.

<sup>5</sup> *Stryfull*, contentious.

<sup>6</sup> *Balke*, deal in cross purposes.

<sup>7</sup> *Compyle*, heap up.

---

X. 7. — Lest you have already gone too far in pursuit of undeserved revenge upon him who is the cause of your sorrow. C.

It ill beseemes a knight of gentle sort,  
 Such as ye have him boasted, to beguyle  
 A simple maide, and worke so hainous tort,<sup>1</sup>  
 In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

13 "Let bee therefore my vengeaunce to disswade,  
 And read,<sup>2</sup> where I that faytour<sup>3</sup> false may find."  
 "Ah! but if reason faire might you perswade  
 To slake your wrath, and mollify your mind,"  
 Said he, "perhaps ye should it better find:  
 For hardie thing it is, to weene by might  
 That man to hard conditions to bind;  
 Or ever hope to match in equall fight,  
 Whose prowesse paragone<sup>4</sup> saw never living wight.

14 "Ne soothlich<sup>5</sup> is it easie for to read  
 Where now on earth, or how, he may be fownd;  
 For he ne wonneth<sup>6</sup> in one certeine stead,<sup>7</sup>  
 But restlesse walketh all the world arownd,  
 Ay doing thinges that to his fame redownd,  
 Defending ladies cause and orphans right,  
 Whereso he heares that any doth confownd  
 Them comfortlesse, through tyranny or might;  
 So is his souveraine honour raisde to hevens hight."

15 His feeling wordes her feeble sence much pleased,  
 And softly sunck into her molten hart:  
 Hart, that is inly hurt, is greatly eased

<sup>1</sup> *Tort*, wrong.

<sup>2</sup> *Read*, declare.

<sup>3</sup> *Faytour*, deceiver.

<sup>4</sup> I. e. the like of whose prowesse.

<sup>5</sup> *Soothlich*, truly.

<sup>6</sup> *Wonneth*, dwelleth.

<sup>7</sup> *Stead*, place.

With hope of thing that may allegge<sup>1</sup> his smart ;  
 For pleasing wordes are like to magick art,  
 That doth the charmed snake in slomber lay :  
 Such secrete ease felt gentle Britomart,  
 Yet list the same efforce<sup>2</sup> with faind gainesay : —  
 So dishord ofte in musick makes the sweeter lay : —

16 And sayd : “ Sir Knight, these ydle termes forbear ;  
 And, sith it is uneach<sup>3</sup> to finde his haunt,  
 Tell me some markes by which he may appeare,  
 If chaunce I him encounter paravaunt<sup>4</sup> ;  
 For perdy one shall other slay, or daunt :  
 What shape, what shield, what armes, what steed,  
     what stedd,<sup>5</sup>  
 And whatso else his person most may vaunt.”  
 All which the Rederosse Knight to point aredd,<sup>6</sup>  
 And him in everie part before her fashioned.

17 Yet him in everie part before she knew,  
 However list her now her knowledge fayne,  
 Sith him whylome in Brytayne she did vew,  
 To her revealed in a mirrhour playne ;  
 Whereof did grow her first engrafted payne,  
 Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,  
 That, but the fruit more sweetnes did<sup>7</sup> contayne,  
 Her wretched dayes in dolour<sup>8</sup> she mote waste,  
 And yield the pray of love to lothsome death at  
     last.

<sup>1</sup> *Allegge*, allay.

<sup>2</sup> *Efforce*, extort.

<sup>3</sup> *Uneach*, hard.

<sup>4</sup> *Paravaunt*, publicly ?

<sup>5</sup> *Stedd*, place.

<sup>6</sup> *To point aredd*, exactly described

<sup>7</sup> I. e. should.

<sup>8</sup> *Dolour*, grief.



18 By straunge occasion she did him behold,  
 And much more straungely gan to love his sight,  
 As it in bookes hath written beene of old.  
 In Deheubarth, that now South-Wales is hight,  
 What time King Ryence raign'd and dealed right,  
 The great Magitien Merlin had deviz'd,  
 By his deepe science and hell-dreaded might,  
 A looking-glasse, right wondrously aguiz'd,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whose vertues through the wyde worlde soone were  
 solemniz'd.<sup>2</sup>

19 It vertue had to shew in perfect sight  
 Whatever thing was in the world contaynd,  
 Betwixt the lowest earth and hevens hight,  
 So that it to the looker appertaynd:  
 What ever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,  
 Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,  
 Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;  
 Forthy<sup>3</sup> it round and hollow shaped was,  
 Like to the world itselke, and seemd a world of glas.

20 Who wonders not, that reades so wonderous worke?  
 But who does wonder, that has red the towre

<sup>1</sup> *Aguiz'd*, fashioned.

<sup>3</sup> *Forthy*, therefore.

<sup>2</sup> *Solemniz'd*, celebrated.

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XX. — The story of this tower is apparently derived from some mediæval legend about the Pharos of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in which, perhaps, Phao took the place of the historical Arsinoe. The king was, no doubt, confounded with Ptolemy the Astronomer, who, says Warton, "was famous among the Eastern writers and their followers for his skill in operations of glass." C.

Wherein th' Aegyptian Phao long did lurk  
 From all mens vew, that none might her discour<sup>1</sup>,  
 Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre<sup>2</sup>?  
 Great Ptolomæe it for his lemans sake  
 Ybuided all of glasse, by magicke powre,  
 And also it impregnable did make;  
 Yet, when his Love was false, he with a peaze<sup>3</sup> it  
                   brake.

21 Such was the glassy globe that Merlin made,  
 And gave unto King Ryence for his gard,<sup>4</sup>  
 That never foes his kingdome might invade,  
 But he it knew at home before he hard<sup>5</sup>  
 Tydings thereof, and so them still debar'd:  
 It was a famous present for a Prince,  
 And worthy worke of infinite reward,  
 That treasons could bewray, and foes convince<sup>6</sup>:  
 Happy this realme, had it remayned ever since!

22 One day it fortun'd fayre Britomart  
 Into her fathers closet to repayre;  
 For nothing he from her reserv'd apart,  
 Being his onely daughter and his hayre;  
 Where when she had espyde that mirrhour fayre,

<sup>1</sup> *Discoure*, discover

<sup>2</sup> *Bowre*, chamber.

<sup>3</sup> *Peaze*, blow.

<sup>4</sup> *Gard*, protection.

<sup>5</sup> *Hard*, heard.

<sup>6</sup> *Convince*, discover.

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XXI. — Similar to this glassy globe were the mirror sent to Cambuscan by the king of Arabia and Inde (*Canterbury Tales*, v. 10446), the mirror erected by Virgil in Rome, described by Gower, and many others mentioned in romantic poetry. — See War ton's *History* Vol. II. p. 178. C.

Herselfe awhile therein she vewd in vaine :  
 Tho, her avizing<sup>1</sup> of the vertues rare  
 Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe  
 Her to bethinke of that mote to herselfe pertaine.

23 But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts  
 Imperious Love hath highest set his throne,  
 And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts  
 Of them, that to him buxome<sup>2</sup> are and prone .  
 So thought this mayd (as maydens use to done)  
 Whom fortune for her husband would allot ;  
 Not that she lusted after any one,  
 For she was pure from blame of sinfull blott ;  
 Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same  
 knot.

24 Eftsoones there was presented to her eye  
 A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,<sup>3</sup>  
 Through whose bright ventayle,<sup>4</sup> lifted up on hye,  
 His manly face, that did his foes agrize<sup>6</sup>  
 And frends to termes of gentle truce entize,  
 Lookt fourth, as Phœbus face out of the east  
 Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth arize :  
 Portly<sup>6</sup> his person was, and much increast  
 Through his heroicke grace and honorable gest.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Avizing*, bethinking.

<sup>2</sup> *Buxome*, yielding.

<sup>3</sup> *Wize*, manner.

<sup>4</sup> *Ventayle*, beaver, the part of the helmet which lifted up.

<sup>5</sup> *Agrize*, terrify.

<sup>6</sup> *Portly*, stately.

<sup>7</sup> *Gest*, carriage.

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XXII. 6. — *In vaine.*] Because, looking into it without any definite purpose, she saw nothing but her own image II.

25 His crest was covered with a couchant hownd,  
 And all his armour seemd of antique mould,  
 But wondrous massy and assured sownd,  
 And round about yfretted all with gold,  
 In which there written was, with cyphres old,  
*Achilles armes which Arthegall did win :*  
 And on his shield enveloped sevenfold  
 He bore a crowned litle ermilin,<sup>1</sup>  
 That dect the azure field with her fayre pouldred<sup>2</sup>  
 skin.

26 The Damzell well did vew his personage,  
 And liked well ; ne further fastned not,  
 But went her way ; ne her unguilty age  
 Did weene, unwares, that her unlucky lot  
 Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot :  
 Of hurt unwist most daunger doth redound :  
 But the false archer, which that arrow shot  
 So slyly that she did not feele the wound,  
 Did smyle full smoothly at her weetlesse<sup>3</sup> wofull  
 stound.<sup>4</sup>

27 Thenceforth the fether in her lofty crest,  
 Ruffed<sup>5</sup> of Love, gan lowly to availe<sup>6</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> *Ermilin*, ermine.

<sup>2</sup> *Pouldred*, spotted.

<sup>3</sup> *Wetlesse*, unconscions.

<sup>4</sup> *Stound*, plight.

<sup>5</sup> *Ruffed*, ruffled.

<sup>6</sup> *Availe*, sink.

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XXV. 6. — Arthegall (Arthur's peer) is meant for Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, and the arms seem to be devised in allusion to his name. URROX.

XXVI. 2. — *Ne further fastned not.*] Her thoughts dwelt no more upon it. II.

And her proud portance<sup>1</sup> and her princely gest,  
 With which she earst tryumphed, now did quaille:  
 Sad, solemne, sowre, and full of fancies fraile,  
 She woxe; yet wist she nether how, nor why;  
 She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did aile,  
 Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy;  
 Yet thought it was not love, but some melánocholy.

28 So soone as Night had with her pallid hew  
 Defaste<sup>2</sup> the beautie of the shyning skye,  
 And reft from men the worldes desired vew,  
 She with her nourse adowne to sleepe did lye;  
 But sleepe full far away from her did fly:  
 In stead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deepe  
 Kept watch and ward about her warily,  
 That nought she did but wayle, and often steepe  
 Her dainty couch with teares which closely<sup>3</sup> she did  
 weepe.

29 And if that any drop of slombring rest  
 Did chaunce to still<sup>4</sup> into her weary spright,  
 When feeble nature felt herselfe opprest,  
 Streightway with dreames, and with fantastick  
 sight  
 Of dreadfull things, the same was put to flight;  
 That oft out of her bed she did astart,  
 As one with vew of ghastly feends affright:  
 Tho gan she to renew her former smart,  
 And thinke of that fayre visage written in her hart.

<sup>1</sup> *Portaunce*, port.

<sup>2</sup> *Defaste*, defaced.

<sup>3</sup> *Closely*, secretly.

<sup>4</sup> *Still*, drop, flow.

30 One night, when she was tost with such unrest,  
 Her aged nurse, whose name was Glaucè hight,  
 Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,  
 Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,<sup>1</sup>  
 And downe againe her in her warme bed dight<sup>2</sup>:  
 “ Ah! my deare daughter, ah! my dearest dread,  
 What uncouth fit,” sayd she, “ what evill plight,  
 Hath thee opprest, and with sad drearyhead<sup>3</sup>  
 Chaunged thy lively cheare, and living made thee  
 dead ?

31 “ For not of nought these suddein ghastly feares  
 All night afflict thy naturall repose ;  
 And all the day, whenas thine equall peares  
 Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,  
 Thou in dull corners doest thyselfe inclose ;  
 Ne tastest princes pleasures, ne doest spred  
 Abroad thy fresh youths fayrest flowre, but lose  
 But leafe and fruite, both too untimely shed,  
 As one in wilfull bale<sup>4</sup> for ever buried.

32 “ The time that mortall men their weary cares  
 Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,  
 And every river eke his course forbears,  
 Then doth this wicked evill thee infest,  
 And rive with thousand throbs thy thrilled<sup>5</sup> brest :  
 Like an huge Aetn’ of deepe engulfed gryefe,  
 Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,

<sup>1</sup> *Keight*, caught.

<sup>2</sup> *Dight*, disposed, placed.

<sup>3</sup> *Drearyhead*, sorrow.

<sup>4</sup> *Bale*, sorrow.

<sup>5</sup> *Thrilled*, pierced.

Whence forth it breakes in sighes and anguish ryfe,  
As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused stryfe.

33 “ Ay me ! how much I feare least love it bee !  
But if that love it be, as sure I read  
By known signes and passions which I see,  
Be it worthy of thy race and royall sead,  
Then I avow, by this most sacred head  
Of my deare foster childe, to ease thy grieffe  
And win thy will. Therefore away doe dread ;  
For death nor daunger from thy dew reliefe  
Shall me debarre: tell me, therefore, my liefest liefe<sup>1</sup> !”

31 So having sayd, her twixt her armēs twaine  
Shee streightly<sup>2</sup> straynd, and colled<sup>3</sup> tenderly ;  
And every trembling ioynt and every vaine  
Shee softly felt, and rubbed busily,  
To doe the frozen cold away to fly ;  
And her faire deawy eies with kisses deare  
Shee ofte did bathe, and ofte againe did dry :  
And ever her impörtund not to feare  
To let the secret of her hart to her appeare.

15 The Damzell pauzd ; and then thus fearfully :  
“ Ah ! nurse, what needeth thee to eke<sup>4</sup> my paine ?  
Is not enough that I alone doe dye,  
But it must doubled bee with death of twaine ?  
For nought for me but death there doth remaine !”  
“ O daughter deare,” said she, “ despeire no whit :  
For never sore but might a salve obtaine :

<sup>1</sup> *Liefest liefe*, dearest dear.      <sup>3</sup> *Colled*, clasped round the neck

<sup>2</sup> *Streightly*, closely.

<sup>4</sup> *Eke*, increase.

That blinded god, which hath ye blindly smit,  
Another arrow hath your lovers hart to hit."

36 "But mine is not," quoth she, "like other wownd;  
For which no reason can finde remedy."

"Was never such, but mote the like be fownd,"

Said she; "and though no reason may apply  
Salve to your sore, yet Love can higher sty<sup>1</sup>

Then Reasons reach, and oft hath wonders donne."

"But neither god of love nor god of skye

Can doe," said she, "that which cannot be donne."

"Things ofte impossible," quoth she, "seeme, ere be-  
goune."

37 "These idle wordes," said she, "doe nought aswage

My stubborne smart, but more annoiaunce breed :

For no, no usuall fire, no usuall rage

Yt is, O nourse, which on my life doth feed,

And sucks the blood which from my hart doth bleed.

But since thy faithfull zele lets me not hyde

My crime, (if crime it be,) I will it reed.<sup>2</sup>

Nor prince nor pere it is, whose love hath gryde<sup>3</sup>

My feeble brest of late, and launched this wound wyde

38 "Nor man it is, nor other living wight ;

For then some hope I might unto me draw ;

But th' only shade and semblant<sup>4</sup> of a knight,

Whose shape or person yet I never saw,

Hath me subiected to Loves cruell law :

The same one day, as me misfortune led,

<sup>1</sup> *Stye*, mount.

<sup>2</sup> *Reed*, declare.

<sup>3</sup> *Gryde*, pierced.

<sup>4</sup> *Semblant*, appearance.



I in my fathers wondrous mirrhour saw,  
 And, pleased with that seeming goodlyhed,<sup>1</sup>  
 Unwares the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed.

39 “Sithens<sup>2</sup> it hath infixed faster hold  
 Within my bleeding bowells, and so sore  
 Now ranckleth in this same fraile fleshly mould,  
 That all mine entrailes flow with poisonous gore,  
 And th’ ulcer groweth daily more and more ;  
 Ne can my ronning sore finde remedee,  
 Other then my hard fortune to deplore,  
 And languish as the leafe faln from the tree,  
 Till death make one end of my daies and miseree !”

40 “Daughter,” said she, “what need ye be dismayd?  
 Or why make ye such monster of your minde?  
 Of much more uncouth<sup>3</sup> thing I was affrayd ;  
 Of filthy lust, contráry unto kinde<sup>4</sup> :  
 But this affection nothing straunge I finde ;  
 For who with reason can you aye reprove  
 To love the semblaunt pleasing most your minde,  
 And yield your heart whence ye cannot remove?  
 No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of Love.

41 “Not so th’ Arabian Myrrhe did sett her mynd ;  
 Nor so did Biblis spend her pining hart ;

<sup>1</sup> *Goodlyhed*, goodliness.

<sup>2</sup> *Sithens*, since that time.

<sup>3</sup> *Uncouth*, strange.

<sup>4</sup> *Kinde*, nature.

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XL. 2. — *Or why make, &c.*] Why speak of your passion as if it were monstrous or unnatural? II.

XLI. 1. — *Th’ Arabian Myrrhe, &c.*] Myrrha and Byblis are name. associated with classical tales of incestuous passion. II.

But lov'd their native flesh against al kynd,  
 And to their purpose used wicked art:  
 Yet playd Pasiphaë a more monstrous part,  
 That lov'd a bul, and learn'd a beast to bee:  
 Such shamefull lusts who loaths not, which depart  
 From course of nature and of modestee?  
 Swete Love such lewdnes bands<sup>1</sup> from his faire com-  
 pancee.

42 "But thine, my deare, (wel fare thy heart, my  
 deare!)

Though straunge beginning had, yet fixed is  
 On one that worthy may perhaps appeare;  
 And certes seemes bestowed not amis:  
 Ioy thereof have thou and eternall blis!"  
 With that, upleaning on her elbow weake,  
 Her alablaster brest she soft did kis,  
 Which all that while shee felt to pant and quake,  
 As it an earth-quake were: at last she thus bespake:

43 "Beldame,<sup>2</sup> your words doe worke me litle ease;  
 For though my love be not so lewdly bent  
 As those ye blame, yet may it nought appease  
 My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,  
 But rather doth my helpelesse grieffe augment.  
 For they, however shamefull and unkinde,<sup>3</sup>  
 Yet did possesse their horrible intent:  
 Short end of sorowes they therby did finde;  
 So was their fortune good, though wicked were **their**  
 minde.

<sup>1</sup> *Bands*, banishes.

<sup>3</sup> *Unkinde*, unnatural.

<sup>2</sup> *Beldame*, (here) grandmother, or good mother.

44 “ But wicked fortune mine, though minde be good,  
 Can have no end nor hope of my desire,  
 But feed on shadowes whiles I die for food,  
 And like a shadow wexe, whiles with entire  
 Affection I doe languish and expire.  
 I, fonder then Cephisus foolish chyld,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who, having vewed in a fountaine shere<sup>2</sup>  
 His face, was with the love thereof beguyld;  
 I, fonder, love a shade, the body far exyld.”

45 “ Nought like,” quoth shee; “ for that same wretch-  
 ed boy  
 Was of himselfe the ydle paramoure,  
 Both Love and Lover, without hope of ioy;  
 For which he faded to a watry flowre.  
 But better fortune thine, and better howre,<sup>3</sup>  
 Which lov’st the shadow of a warlike knight;  
 No shadow, but a body hath in powre:  
 That body, wheresoever that it light,  
 May learned be by cyphers, or by magicke might.

46 “ But if thou may with reason yet repress  
 The growing evill, ere it strength have gott,  
 And thee abandond wholly doe possesse;  
 Against it strongly strive, and yield thee nott  
 Til thou in open fielde adowne be smott:  
 But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,

<sup>1</sup> I. e. Narcissus

<sup>3</sup> *Howre*, i. e. lot.

<sup>2</sup> *Shere*, clear.

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XLV. 7. — *No shadow, &c.*] “ There is no shadow which has  
 not a body belonging to it.” H.

So that needs love or death must bee thy lott,  
 Then I avow to thee, by wrong or right,  
 To compas thy desire, and find that loved knight."

47 Her chearefull words much cheard the feeble  
 spright

Of the sicke Virgin, that her downe she layd  
 In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might ;  
 And the old-woman carefully displayd<sup>1</sup>  
 The clothes about her round with busy ayd ;  
 So that at last a litle creeping sleepe  
 Surprisd her sence. Shee, therewith well apayd,<sup>2</sup>  
 The dronken lamp down in the oyl did steepe,  
 And sett her by to watch, and sett her by to weepe.

48 Earely, the morrow next, before that day  
 His ioyous face did to the world revele,  
 They both uprose and tooke their ready way  
 Unto the church, their praiers to appele,<sup>3</sup>  
 With great devotion, and with litle zele :  
 For the faire Damzel from the holy herse<sup>4</sup>  
 Her love-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale ;  
 And that old Dame said many an idle verse,  
 Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to reverse.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Displayd*, spread.

<sup>2</sup> *Apayd*, satisfied.

<sup>3</sup> *Appelle*, i. e. prefer.

<sup>4</sup> *Herse*, rehearsal (of the service).

<sup>5</sup> *Reverse*, cause to return or depart.

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XLVII. 8. — *The dronken lamp, &c.*] The lamp is called *dronken*, because it drinks or consumes the oil. Upton says that she does not blow out the lamp because that was ill-ominous. H.

19 Retourned home, the royall Infant fell  
 Into her former fitt ; for why ? no powre  
 Nor guidaunce of herselfe in her did dwell.  
 But th' aged nurse, her calling to her bowre,<sup>1</sup>  
 Had gathered rew, and savine, and the flowre  
 Of camphora, and calamint, and dill ;  
 All which she in a earthen pot did poure,  
 And to the brim with coltwood did it fill,  
 And many drops of milk and blood through it did spill.

50 Then, taking thrise three heares from of her head,  
 Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,  
 And round about the pots mouth bound the thread ;  
 And, after having whispered a space  
 Certein sad words with hollow voice and bace,<sup>2</sup>  
 Shee to the Virgin sayd, thrise sayd she itt :  
 “ Come, daughter, come ; come, spit upon my face ;  
 Spitt thrise upon me, thrise upon me spitt ;  
 Th' uneven number for this busines is most fitt.”

51 That sayd, her rownd about she from her turnd,  
 She turned her contráry to the sunne ;  
 Thrise she her turnd contráry, and returnd  
 All cóntrary ; for she the right did shunne ;  
 And ever what she did was streight<sup>3</sup> undonne.  
 So thought she to undoe her daughters love :

<sup>1</sup> *Bowre*, chamber.

<sup>3</sup> *Streight*, immediately.

<sup>2</sup> *Bace*, low.

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L. 1. — *Then, taking, &c.*] The classic poets, especially Theocritus and Virgil, have supplied Spenser with the various processes of Glauce's incantation. H.

But love, that is in gentle brest begonne,  
 No ydle charmes so lightly may remove ;  
 That well can wnesse, who by tryall it does prove.

52 Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd awayle,  
 Ne slake the fury of her cruell flame,  
 But that shee still did waste, and still did wayle,  
 That through long languour and hart-burning  
 brame<sup>1</sup>

She shortly like a pyned ghost became  
 Which long hath waited by the Stygian strond.  
 That when old Glauçè saw, for feare least blame  
 Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,  
 She wist not how t' amend, nor how it to withstond.

<sup>1</sup> *Brame*, desire, Ital. *brama* (?).

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LII. 6. — *Hath waited.*] Because the body had not been buried.  
 H.

## CANTO III.

Merlin bewrayes to Britomart  
 The state of Arthegall:  
 And shews the famous progeny,  
 Which from them springen shall.

<sup>1</sup> **MOST** sacred fyre, that burnest mightily  
 In living brests, ykindled first above  
 Emongst th' eternall spheres and lamping <sup>1</sup> sky,  
 And thence pourd into men, which men call **Love**;  
 Not that same which doth base affections move  
 In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame;  
 But that sweete fit <sup>2</sup> that doth true beautie love,  
 And choseth Vertue for his dearest dame,  
 Whence spring all noble deedes and never-dying fame:

<sup>2</sup> Well did antiquity a god thee deeme,  
 That over mortall mindes hast so great might,  
 To order them as best to thee doth seeme,  
 And all their actions to direct aright:  
 The fatall <sup>3</sup> purpose of divine foresight  
 Thou doest effect in destined descents,  
 Through deepe impression of thy secret might,  
 And stirredst up th' heroës high intents,  
 Which the late world admyres for wondrous moni-  
 ments.

<sup>1</sup> *Lamping*, shining.

<sup>3</sup> *Fatall*, foreordained.

<sup>2</sup> *Fit*, passion.

3 But thy dredd dartes in none doe triumph more,  
 Ne braver prooffe in any of thy powre  
 Shewd'st thou, then in this royall maid of yore,  
 Making her seeke an unknowne paramoure,  
 From the worlds end, through many a bitter  
 stowre <sup>1</sup>:

From whose two loynes thou afterwarde did rayse  
 Most famous fruites of matrimoniall bowre,  
 Which through the earth have spredd their living  
 prayse,

That fame in tromp of gold eternally displayes.

4 Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame,  
 Daughter of Phœbus and of Memorye,  
 That doest ennoble with immortall name  
 The warlike worthies, from antiquitye,  
 In thy great volume of eternitye ;  
 Begin, O Clio, and recount from hence  
 My glorious Soveraines goodly auncestrye,  
 Till that by dew degrees, and long protense,<sup>2</sup>

Thou have it lastly brought unto her excellence.

5 Full many wayes within her troubled mind  
 Old Glauçè cast to cure this ladies grieve ;  
 Full many waies she sought, but none could find,  
 Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsel that is chiefe  
 And choisest med'cine for sick harts reliefe :  
 Forthy<sup>3</sup> great care she tooke,<sup>4</sup> and greater feare,  
 Least that it should her turne to fowle repriefe

<sup>1</sup> *Stowre*, peril

<sup>2</sup> *Protense*, extension.

<sup>3</sup> *Forthy*, therefore.

<sup>4</sup> I. e. she felt great concern.



And sore reproch, whenso her father deare  
Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune heare..

6 At last she her avisde,<sup>1</sup> that he which made  
That mirrhour, wherein the sicke damosell  
So straungely vewed her straunge lovers shade,  
To wect, the learned Merlin, well could tell  
Under what coast of heaven the man did dwell,  
And by what means his love might best be wrought :  
For, though beyond the Africk Ismaël  
Or th' Indian Peru he were, she thought  
Him forth through infinite endeavour to have sought.

7 Forthwith themselves disguising both in straunge  
And base atyre, that none might them bewray,  
To Maridunum, that is now by chaunge  
Of name Cayr-Merdin cald, they tooke their way :  
There the wise Merlin whylome wont (they say)  
To make his wonne,<sup>2</sup> low underneath the ground  
In a deepe delve,<sup>3</sup> farre from the vew of day,  
That of no living wight he mote be found,  
Whenso he counseld with his sprights encompass round.

8 And, if thou ever happen that same way  
To traveill, go to see that dreadfull place :

<sup>1</sup> *Arisle*, bethought.

<sup>3</sup> *Delve*, dell.

<sup>2</sup> *Wonne*, dwelling.

---

VI 7. — *The Africk Ismaël.*] The Moors, Bedouin Arabs, &c., inhabiting the northern parts of Africa, are supposed to be descendants of Ishmael. H.

VII. 4. — *Cayr-Merdin*, that is, city of Merdin or Merlin, is Caermarthen, in South Wales C.

It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)  
 Under a rock that lyes, a litle space  
 From the swift Barry, tombling downe **apace**  
 Emongst the woody hilles of Dynevowre :  
 But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace,  
 To enter into that same balefull bowre,<sup>1</sup>  
 For feare the cruell feendes should thee **unwares**  
 devowre :

9 But, standing high aloft, low lay thine eare,  
 And there such ghasly noyse of yron chaines  
 And brasen caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,  
 Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines  
 Doe tosse, that it will stonn thy feeble braines ;  
 And oftentimes great grones, and grievous stownds,<sup>2</sup>  
 When too huge toile and labour them constraines ;  
 And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing sowndes  
 From under that deepe rock most horribly rebowndes.

10 The cause, some say, is this : A litle whyle  
 Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend  
 A brasen wall in compas to compyle<sup>3</sup>  
 About Cairmardin, and did it commend  
 Unto these sprights to bring to perfect end :  
 During which worke the Lady of the Lake,  
 Whom long he lov'd, for him in hast did send ;  
 Who, thereby forst his workemen to forsake,  
 Them bownd, till his retourne, their labour not to  
 slake.

<sup>1</sup> *Bowre*, chamber.

<sup>3</sup> *Compyle*, pile together, construct.

<sup>2</sup> *Stownds*, (perhaps here) noises.

11 In the meane time, through that false ladies traine<sup>1</sup>  
 He was surprisd, and buried under beare,  
 Ne ever to his worke returnd againe :  
 Nath'lesse those feends may not their work forbear,  
 So greatly his commandement they feare,  
 But there doe toyle and traveile day and night,  
 Untill that brasen wall they up doe reare :  
 For Merlin had in magick more insight  
 Then ever him before or after living wight :

12 For he by wordes could call out of the sky  
 Both sunne and moone, and make them him obay ;  
 The land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,  
 And darksom night he eke could turne to day ;  
 Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,  
 And hostes of men of meanest thinges could frame,  
 Whenso him list his enimies to fray<sup>2</sup> :  
 That to this day, for terror of his fame,  
 The feends do quake when any him to them does name.

<sup>1</sup> *Traine*, artifice.

<sup>2</sup> *Fray*, terrify.

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XI. 2. — One day when Merlin and the Lady of the Lake were together in a cave in the forest of Arvantes where he had made a dwelling and a tomb, the wizard told the lady, in answer to an inquiry, that he would die before her, and desired that she would cause herself to be buried in the same tomb with him after her death. The lady, under pretence of a wish to see if the tomb were large enough for both, induced Merlin to lie down in it, and when she saw him stretched out in the tomb, she put down the lid, and closed it so, within and without, that no man could open it. — This account, taken from the Prophecies of Merlin, differs from that given in the Romance. See Southey's *Kyng Arthur*, Vol. II. p. 463. C.

13 And, sooth, men say that he was not the sonne  
 Of mortall syre or other living wight,  
 But wondrously begotten, and begonne  
 By false illusion of a guilefull spright  
 On a faire lady nonne, that whilome hight  
 Matilda, daughter to Pubidius  
 Who was the lord of Mathraval by right,  
 And coosen unto King Ambrosius ;  
 Whence he indued was with skill so merveilous.

14 They, here ariving, staid a while without,  
 Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,  
 But of their first intent gan make new dout  
 For dread of daunger, which it might portend:  
 Untill the hardy Mayd (with love to frend)  
 First entering, the dreadfull Mage<sup>1</sup> there fownd  
 Deepe busied 'bout worke of wondrous end,  
 And writing straunge charácters in the grownd,  
 With which the stubborne feendes he to his service  
 bownd.

15 He nought was moved at their entraunce bold,  
 For of their comming well he wist afore ;  
 Yet list them bid their businesse to unfold,  
 As if ought in this world in secrete store

<sup>1</sup> *Mage*, magician.

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XIII. 3. — *Wondrously begotten.*] According to one account, the father of Merlin was a demon, or spirit, and his mother a daughter of the king of Dimetia (South Wales). The king of Dimetia would have been lord of Dinevwr, not of Mathraval, which was the capital of Powys. For the names, Matilda and Pubidius, I know of no authority besides Spenser's. C.

Were from him lidden, or unknowne of yore.  
 Then Glaucè thus : “ Let not it thee offend,  
 That we thus rashly through thy darksom dore  
 Unwares have prest ; for either fatall end,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or other mightie cause, us two did hether send.”

16 He bad tell on ; and then she thus began :  
 “ Now have three moones with borrowd brothers  
     light  
 Thrise shined faire, and thrise seemd dim and wan,  
 Sith a sore evill, which this Virgin bright  
 Tormenteth and doth plunge in dolefull plight,  
 First rooting tooke ; but what thing it mote bee,  
 Or whence it sprong, I can not read aright .  
 But this I read, that, but if remedee  
 Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.”

17 Therewith th’ Enchaunter softly gan to smyle  
 At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well  
 That she to him dissembled womanish guyle,  
 And to her said : “ Beldame, by that ye tell  
 More neede of leach-crafte hath your damozell,  
 Then of my skill : who helpe may have elsewhere,  
 In vaine seckes wonders out of magick spell.”  
 Th’ old woman wox half blanck those wordes to  
     heare ;  
 And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare ;

18 And to him said : “ Yf any leaches skill,  
 Or other learned meanes, could have redrest

<sup>1</sup> *Fatall end*, some purpose of the Fates.

This my deare daughters deepe-engraffed ill,  
 Certes I should be loth thee to molest :  
 But this sad evill, which doth her infest,  
 Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,  
 And housed is within her hollow brest,  
 That either seemes some cursed witches deed,  
 Or evill spright, that in her doth such torment breed.<sup>7</sup>

19 The Wisard could no lenger beare her bord,<sup>1</sup>  
 But, brusting forth in laughter, to her sayd :  
 “ Glaucè, what needes this colourable word  
 To cloke the cause that hath itselfe bewrayd ?  
 Ne ye, fayre Britomartis, thus arayd,  
 More hidden are then sunne in cloudy vele ;  
 Whom thy good fortune, having fate obayd,  
 Hath hether brought for succour to appele ;  
 The which the Powres to thee are pleased to revele.”

20 The doubtfull Mayd, secing herselfe descryde,  
 Was all abasht, and her pure yvory  
 Into a cleare carnation suddaine dyde ;  
 As fayre Aurora, rying hastily,  
 Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye  
 All night in old Tithonus frosen bed,  
 Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly :  
 But her olde nurse was nought dishartened,  
 But vauntage made of that which Merlin had ared<sup>2</sup> ;

21 And sayd : “ Sith then thou knowest all our grieffe,  
 (For what doest not thou knowe ?) of grace I pray,

<sup>1</sup> *Bord*, trifling.

<sup>2</sup> *Ared*, declared.

Pitty our playnt, and yield us meet reliefe !”  
 With that the Prophet still awhile did stay,  
 And then his spirite thus gan fourth display :  
 “ Most noble Virgin, that by fatall lore  
 Hast learn’d to love, let no whit thee dismay  
 The hard beginne that meetes thee in the dore,  
 And with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppresseth sore :

22 “ For so must *all* things excellent begin ;  
 And eke enrooted deepe must be that tree,  
 Whose big embodied braunches shall not lin<sup>1</sup>  
 Till they to hevens hight forth stretched bee.  
 For from thy wombe a famous progenee  
 Shall spring out of the auncient Troian blood,  
 Which shall revive the sleeping memoree  
 Of those same antique peres, the hevens brood,  
 Which Greeke and Asian rivers stayned with their  
 blood.

23 “ Renowmed kings, and sacred emperours,  
 Thy fruitfull offspring, shall from thee descend ;  
 Brave captaines, and most mighty warriours,  
 That shall their conquests through all lands extend,  
 And their decayed kingdomes shall amend :  
 The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,  
 They shall apreare, and mightily defend  
 Against their forren foe that commes from farre,  
 Till universall peace compound all civill iarre.

24 “ It was not, Britomart, thy wandring eye  
 Glauncing unwares in charmed looking-glas,

<sup>1</sup> *Lin*, stop.

But the streight course of hevenly destiny,  
 Led with Eternall Providence, that has  
 Gayded thy glaunce, to bring His will to pas :  
 Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,  
 To love the prowest knight that ever was :  
 Therefore submit thy wayes unto His will,  
 And doe, by all dew meanes, thy destiny fulfill.”

25 “ But read,” saide Glaucè, “ thou Magitian,  
 What meanes shall she out-seeke, or what waies take?  
 How shall she know, how shall she finde the man?  
 Or what needes her to toyle, sith fates can make  
 Way for themselves, their purpose to pertake?”  
 Then Merlin thus : “ Indeede the fates are firme,  
 And may not shrinck, though all the world do shake:  
 Yet ought mens good endeavours them confirme,  
 And guyde the heavenly causes to their constant  
 terme.<sup>1</sup>

26 “ The man, whom heavens have ordaynd to bee  
 The spouse of Britomart, is Arthegall :  
 He wometh<sup>2</sup> in the land of Fayerree,  
 Yet is no Fary borne, ne sib<sup>3</sup> at all  
 To Elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,  
 And whylome by false Faries stolne away,

<sup>1</sup> *Constant terme*, fixed conclusion.

<sup>3</sup> *Sib*, kinsman.

<sup>2</sup> *Wonneth*, dwelleth.

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XXV. 5. — *Their purpose to pertake.*] To obtain a share in the happiness which they purpose to bring to pass. C.

XXVI. 1. — *The man, &c.*] The fabulous chronicle of British kings is here resumed from the tenth canto of the second book, stanza 68. H.



Whyles yet in infant cradle he did crall;  
 Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,  
 But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay :

27 “ But sooth he is the sonne of Gorlois,  
 And brother unto Cador, Cornish king;  
 And for his warlike feates renowned is,  
 From where the day out of the sea doth spring,  
 Untill the closure of the evening :  
 From thence him, firmly bound with faithfull  
     band,  
 To this his native soyle thou backe shalt bring,  
 Strongly to ayde his countrey to withstand  
 The powre of forreine Paynims which invade thy land.

28 “ Great ayd thereto his mighty puissaunce  
 And dreaded name shall give in that sad day;  
 Where also prooffe of thy prow<sup>1</sup> valiaunce  
 Thou then shalt make, t’ increase thy lovers pray :  
 Long time ye both in armes shall beare great sway,  
 Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,  
 And his last fate him from thee take away ;

<sup>1</sup> *Prow* (*preux*), brave.

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XXVII. 1. — *Gorlois*.] This Gorlois was the Duke of Cornwall. Uther Pendragon, the king of Britain, became enamored of his wife Igera, and having, by Merlin’s help, assumed the person of Gorlois, he became by her the father of Arthur; and after the death of Gorlois he married her. By Gorlois she had also a son Cador. So far the chronicles and romances. Spenser represents her as having another son by Gorlois, that is, Arthegall. H.

XXVII. 6. — *From thence*.] From Fairy land.

Too rathe<sup>1</sup> cut off by practise criminall  
Of secrete foes, that him shall make in mischief **fall.**

29 “ With thee yet shall he leave, for memory  
Of his late puissaunce, his ymage dead,  
That living him in all activity  
To thee shall represent. He from the head  
Of his coosen Constantius, without dread,  
Shall take the crowne that was his fathers right,  
And therewith crowne himselfe in th’ others stead :  
Then shall he issew forth with dreadfull might  
Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

30 “ Like as a lyon that in drowsie cave  
Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake ;  
And, comming forth, shall spred his banner brave  
Over the troubled South, that it shall make  
The warlike Mertians for feare to quake :  
Thrise shall he fight with them, and twice shall win ;  
But the third time shall fayre accordaunce make :  
And, if he then with victorie can lin,<sup>2</sup>  
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly in.<sup>3</sup>

31 “ His sonne, hight Vortipore, shall him succede  
In kingdome, but not in felicity :

<sup>1</sup> *Rathe*, early.

<sup>3</sup> *Earthly in*, i. e. the grave.

<sup>2</sup> *Lin*, stop.

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XXIX. 5. — Arthur, being mortally wounded in battle, gave up the crown to Constantine, the son of Cador. Spenser pretends that the rightful successor of Arthur would have been Arthegall, who, in that case, should be older than Cador. C.

Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,  
 And with great honour many batteills try;  
 But at the last to th' importunity  
 Of froward fortune shall be forst to yield:  
 But his sonne Malgo shall full mightily  
 Avenge his fathers losse with speare and shield,  
 And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

32 " Behold the man! and tell me, Britomart,  
 If ay more goodly creature thou didst see?  
 How like a gyaunt in each manly part  
 Beares he himselfe with portly maiestee,  
 That one of th' old heroës seemes to bee!  
 He the six Islands, comprovinciall  
 In auncient times unto great Britaine,  
 Shall to the same reduce, and to him call  
 Their sondry kings to doe their homage severall.

33 " All which his sonne Careticus awhile  
 Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppress;  
 Untill a straunger king, from unknowne soyle  
 Arriving, him with multitude oppresse;  
 Great Gormond, having with huge mightinesse  
 Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,  
 Like a swift otter, fell through emptinesse,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Fell through emptinesse, cruel through hunger.*

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XXXII. 6. — *The six Islands.*] These islands are Ireland, Iceland, Gothland, the Orkneys, Norway, and Dacia (Denmark). C.

XXXIII. 5. — *Great Gormond.*] Gormond was the son of an African king, and might have inherited his father's throne. But he despised to rule over a kingdom that he had not conquered. He accordingly issued an invitation to the brave youth of all heathendom

Shall overswim the sea with many one  
Of his Norweyses,<sup>1</sup> to assist the Britons fone.<sup>2</sup>

34 " He in his furie all shall over-ronne,  
And holy church with faithlesse handes deface,  
That thy sad people, utterly fordonne,<sup>3</sup>  
Shall to the utmost mountaines fly apace :  
Was never so great waste in any place,  
Nor so fowle outrage doen by living men ;  
For all thy citties they shall sacke and race,  
And the greene grasse that groweth they shall bren,<sup>4</sup>  
That even the wilde beast shall dy in starved den.

35 " Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,  
Proud Etheldred shall from the North arise,  
Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,  
And, passing Dee, with hardy enterprise,  
Shall backe repulse the valiaunt Brockwell twice,  
And Bangor with massacred martyrs fill ;  
But the third time shall rew his fool-hardise :  
For Cadwan, pittying his peoples ill,  
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons kill.

<sup>1</sup> *Norweyses*, Norwegians.

<sup>2</sup> *Fone*, foes.

<sup>3</sup> *Fordonne*, undone.

<sup>4</sup> *Bren*, burn.

---

to join him in a piratical expedition, and by their help made himself king of Ireland. The Norweyses (v. 9) may be regarded as a general name for his freebooting allies. According to some, Gormond was himself a Dane. C.

XXXV. 2.—*Proul Etheldred.*] In this stanza we have a glimmering of authentic history. In the beginning of the seventh century, Ethelfrith, the king of Bernicia, defeated the Welsh under Cadwan and Broemil, near Bangor, with great slaughter. But this was not until after the death of St. Augustine, who introduced Christianity among the Anglo-Saxons. H.

36 “ But, after him, Cadwallin mightily  
 On his sonne Edwin all those wrongs shall wreake;  
 Ne shall availe the wicked sorcery  
 Of false Pellite his purposes to breake,  
 But him shall slay, and on a gallowes bleak  
 Shaill give th’ enchaunter his unhappy hire :  
 Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,  
 From their long vassallage gin to respire,  
 And on their Paynim foes avenge their ranckled ire.

37 “ Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,  
 Till both the sonnes of Edwin he have slayne,  
 Offricke and Osricke, twinnes unfortunate,  
 Both slaine in battaile upon Layburne playne,  
 Together with the king of Louthiane,  
 Hight Adin, and the king of Orkeny,  
 Both ioynt partakers of their fatall payne :  
 But Penda, fearefull of like desteny,  
 Shall yield himselfe his liegeman, and sweare féalty :

38 “ Him shall he make his fatall instrument  
 T’ afflict the other Saxons unsubdewd :  
 He marching forth with fury insolent  
 Against the good King Oswald, who, indewd  
 With heavenly powre, and by angels reskewd,

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XXXVI. 1. — *Cadwallin mightily.*] In 633, Edwin, the king of Northumbria, was defeated by Cadwallon, king of North Wales, and slain. H.

XXXVI. 4. — Pellitus was a Spanish soothsayer, who gave Edwin intelligence of Cadwallon’s designs.

XXXVIII. 4. — *King Oswald.*] In 634, Cadwallon was totally defeated by Oswald, king of Northumbria, and slain in battle. H.

Al holding crosses in their hands on hye,  
 Shall him defeate withouten blood imbrewd:  
 Of which that field for endlesse memory  
 Shall Hevenfield be cald to all posterity.

39 “Whereat Cadwallin wroth shall forth issew,  
 And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,  
 With which he godly Oswald shall subdew,  
 And crowne with martiredome his sacred head:  
 Whose brother Oswin, daunted with like dread,  
 With price of silver shall his kingdome buy;  
 And Penda, seeking him adowne to tread,  
 Shall tread adowne, and doe him fowly dye;  
 But shall with guifts his lord Cadwallin pacify.

40 “Then shall Cadwallin die; and then the raine  
 Of Britons eke with him attonce shall dye;  
 Ne shall the good Cadwallader, with paine  
 Or powre, be hable it to remedy,  
 When the full time, prefixt by destiny,  
 Shal be expird of Britons regiment<sup>1</sup>:  
 For Heven itselfe shall their successe envy,  
 And them with plagues and murrins pestilent  
 Consume, till all their warlike puissaunce be spent.

41 “Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills  
 Of dying people, during eight yeares space,  
 Cadwallader, not yielding to his ills,  
 From Armoricke, where long in wretched cace  
 He liv'd, retourning to his native place,  
 Shal be by vision staide from his intent:

<sup>1</sup> *Regiment*, government.

For th' Heavens have decreëd to displace  
 The Britons for their sinnes dew punishment  
 And to the Saxons over-give their government.

42 " Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,  
 Be to the Briton babe that shal be borne  
 To live in thraldome of his fathers foe !  
 Late king, now eaptive ; late lord, now forlorne ;  
 The worlds reproch ; the eruell victors seorne ;  
 Banisht from princely bowre to wasteful wood !  
 O, who shall helpe me to lament and mourne  
 The royall seed, the antique Troian blood,  
 Whose empire lenger here then ever any stood !"

43 The Damzell was full deepe empassioned  
 Both for his griefe, and for her peoples sake,  
 Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned ;  
 And, sighing sore, at length him thus bespake :  
 " Ah ! but will Hevens fury never slake,  
 Nor vengeaunce huge relent itselke at last ?  
 Will not long misery late merey make,  
 But shall their name for ever be defaste,  
 And quite from of the earth their memory be raste ?"

44 " Nay, but the terme," sayd he, " is limited,  
 That in this thraldome Britons shall abide ;  
 And the iust revolution measured  
 That they as straungers shal be notifide <sup>1</sup> :  
 For twise fowre hundreth yeares shal be supplide, <sup>2</sup>  
 Ere they to former rule restor'd shal bee.  
 And their impórtune fates all satisfide :

<sup>1</sup> *Notifide*, marked, branded.

<sup>2</sup> *Supplide*, fulfilled.

Yet. during this their most obscuritee,  
 Their beames shall ofte breake forth, that men them  
 faire may see.

45 " For Rhodoricke, whose surname shal be **Great**,  
 Shall of himselfe a brave ensample shew,  
 That Saxon kings his frendship shall intreat ;  
 And Howell Dha shall goodly well indew  
 The salvage minds with skill of iust and trew :  
 Then Griffyth Conan also shall upreare  
 His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew  
 Of native corage, that his foes shall feare  
 Least backe againe the kingdom he from them should  
 beare.

16 " Ne shall the Saxons selves all peaceably  
 Enioy the crowne, which they from Britons **wonne**  
 First ill, and after ruled wickedly :  
 For, ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,  
 There shall a Raven, far from rising sunne,  
 With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,  
 And bid his faithlesse chickens<sup>1</sup> overonne  
 The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty  
 In their avenge tread downe the victors **surquedry**.<sup>2</sup>

47 " Yet shall a Third both these and thine subdew :  
 There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood

<sup>1</sup> *Faithlesse chickens*, heathen brood.    <sup>2</sup> *Surquedry*, insolence.

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XLV. — Roderic the Great succeeded to the principality of Wales about 843, and reigned some thirty years. Howel Dha died about 948, and Griffyth Conan in 1136. C.

XLVI. 5. — *A Raven*.] This refers to the invasion of the Danes.

XLVII. 2. — *A Lion*.] This is William of Normandy. *Neustria* was the ancient name of the northwest part of France. H.



Of Neustria come roring, with a crew  
 Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,  
 Whose claws were newly dipt in cruddy<sup>1</sup> blood.  
 That from the Daniske tyrants head shall rend  
 Th' usurped crowne, as if that he were wood,<sup>2</sup>  
 And the spoile of the countrey conquered  
 Amongst his young ones shall divide with bountyhed.<sup>1</sup>

48 “ Tho, when the terme is full accomplishid,  
 There shall a sparke of fire, which hath longwhile-  
 Bene in his ashes raked up and hid,  
 Bee freshly kindled in the fruitfull ile  
 Of Mona, where it lurked in exile;  
 Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,  
 And reach into the house that beares the stile  
 Of roiall maiesty and soveraine name:  
 So shall the Briton blood their crowne agayn reclame.

49 “ Thenceforth eternall union shall be made  
 Betweene the nations different afore,  
 And sacred Peace shall lovingly persuade  
 The warlike minds to learne her goodly lore,  
 And civile armes to exercise no more:

<sup>1</sup> *Cruddy*, curdled.

<sup>2</sup> *Wood*, mad.

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XLVIII. 2.— *There shall, &c.*] Llewellyn, the last of the native Welsh princes, made an unsuccessful resistance to Edward I., and was defeated and slain. Edward soon after created his own infant son Prince of Wales. H.

XLVIII. 9.— By the accession of Henry of Richmond to the crown. Henry, descended from the Tudors, was born in Mona, now called Anglesey. UPTON.

Then shall a royall Virgin raine, which shall  
 Stretch her white rod over the Belgicke shore,  
 And the great Castle smite so sore withall,  
 That it shall make him shake, and shortly learn<sup>1</sup> to fall

50 “ But yet the end is not ——” There Merlin stayd,  
 As overcomen of the spirites powre,  
 Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,  
 That secretly he saw, yet note discourse<sup>2</sup> :  
 Which suddain fitt and halfe extaticke stoure<sup>3</sup>  
 When the two fearefull women saw, they grew  
 Greatly confused in behaveoure :  
 At last, the fury past, to former hew  
 Hee turnd againe, and chearfull looks as earst did  
 shew.

51 Then, when themselves they well instructed had  
 Of all that needed them to be inquird,  
 They both, conceiving hope of comfort glad,  
 With lighter hearts unto their home retir'd ;  
 Where they in secret counsell close conspird,  
 How to effect so hard an enterprize,  
 And to possesse the purpose they desird :  
 Now this, now that, twixt them they did devise,  
 And diverse plots did frame to maske in strange dis-  
 guise.

<sup>1</sup> Qu. *lean* ?

<sup>3</sup> *Stoure*, paroxysm.

<sup>2</sup> *Note discourse*, might not discover.

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XLIX. 6. — *A royall Virgin.*] This is Queen Elizabeth, who assisted the Belgian provinces, and shook the power of the king of Castile (v. 8).

- 53 At last the nourse in her fool-hardy wit  
 Conceivd a bold devise, and thus bespake :  
 “ Daughter, I deeme that counsel aye most fit,  
 That of the time doth dew advauntage take :  
 Ye see that good King Uther now doth make  
 Strong warre upon the Paynim brethren, hight  
 Octa and Oza, whome hee lately brake  
 Beside Cayr Verolame in victorious fight,  
 That now all Britany doth burne in armës bright.
- 53 “ That therefore nought our passage may empeach,<sup>1</sup>  
 Let us in feigned armes ourselves disguise,  
 And our weake hands (need makes good schollers)  
     teach  
 The dreadful speare and shield to exercize :  
 Ne certes, daughter, that same warlike wize,  
 I weene, would you misseeme ; for ye beene tall  
 And large of limbe t’ atchieve an hard emprize ;  
 Ne ought ye want but skil, which practize small  
 Wil bring, and shortly make you a mayd martiall.
- 54 “ And, sooth, it ought your corage much inflame  
 To heare so often, in that royall hous,  
 From whence to none inferior ye came,  
 Bards tell of many wemen valorous,  
 Which have full many feats adventurous  
 Performd, in paragone<sup>2</sup> of proudest men :  
 The bold Bunduca, whose victorious

<sup>1</sup> *Empeach*, prevent.<sup>2</sup> *Paragone*, rivalry.

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LII. 5. — Uther died shortly after the battle at Verulam. The date of this enterprize would therefore be about 470, when Arthur begins to make his appearance in history.

Exploits made Rome to quake ; stout Guendolen ;  
Renowned Martia ; and redoubted Emmilen ; —

65 “ And, that which more then all the rest may sway,  
Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld :  
In the last field before Menevia,  
Which Uther with those forrein Pagans held,  
I saw a Saxon virgin, the which feld  
Great Ulfen thrise upon the bloody playne ;  
And, had not Carados her hand withheld  
From rash revenge, she had him surely slayne ;  
Yet Carados himselfe from her escapt with payne.”

66 “ Ah ! read,” quoth Britomart, “ how is she hight ? ”  
“ Fayre Angela,” quoth she, “ men do her call,  
No whit lesse fayre then terrible in fight :  
She hath the leading of a martiall  
And mightie people, dreaded more then all  
The other Saxons, which doe, for her sake  
And love, themselves of her name *Angles* call.  
Therefore, faire Infant, her ensample make  
Unto thyselfe, and equall corage to thee take.”

57 Her harty wordes so deepe into the mynd  
Of the yong damzell sunke, that great desire  
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Tynd*, kindled.

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LIV. 8, 9. — Guendolen is the wife of Loerine (Book II. Canto X. St. 17); Martia, the lawgiver (St. 42 of the same Canto) who Emmilen is, is uncertain. C.

LV. 5. — *A Saxon virgin.*] “ This Saxon virgin is, I believe entirely of Spenser’s own feigning.” — Upton.

And generous stout courage did inspyre,  
 That she resolv'd, unweeting<sup>1</sup> to her syre,  
 Advent'rous knighthood on herselfe to don ;  
 And counseld with her nourse her maides attyre  
 To turne into a massy habergeon<sup>2</sup> ;  
 And bad her all things put in readinesse anon.

58 Th' old woman nought that needed did omit ;  
 But all thinges, did conveniently purvay.  
 It fortun'd (so time their turne did fitt)  
 A band of Britons, ryding on forray  
 Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray  
 Of Saxon goods ; emongst the which was seene  
 A goodly armour, and full rich aray,  
 Which long'd to Angela, the Saxon queene,  
 All fretted round with gold, and goodly wel beseene.<sup>8</sup>

59 The same, with all the other ornaments,  
 King Ryence caused to be hanged hy  
 In his chiefe church, for endlesse monuments  
 Of his successe and gladfull victory :  
 Of which herselfe avising<sup>4</sup> readily,  
 In th' evening late old Glauce thether led  
 Faire Britomart, and, that same armory  
 Downe taking, her therein appareled  
 Well as she might, and with brave bauldrick garnished.

60 Beside those armes there stood a mightie speare,  
 Which Bladud made by magick art of yore,

<sup>1</sup> *Unweeting*, unknown.

<sup>8</sup> *Beseene*, appearing.

<sup>2</sup> *Habergeon*, coat of mail.

<sup>4</sup> *Arising*, bethinking.

And usd the same in batteill aye to beare ;  
 Sith which it had beene here preserv'd in store,  
 For his great vertues proved long afore :  
 For never wight so fast in sell<sup>1</sup> could sit,  
 But him perforce unto the ground it bore :  
 Both speare she tooke and shield which hong by it ;  
 Both speare and shield of great powre, for her pur-  
 pose fit.

61 Thus when she had the Virgin all arayd,  
 Another harnesse which did hang thereby  
 About herselfe she dight,<sup>2</sup> that the yong mayd  
 She might in equall armes accompany,  
 And as her Squyre attend her carefully :  
 Tho to their ready steedes they clombe full light ;  
 And through back waies, that none might them espy,  
 Covered with secret cloud of silent night,  
 Themselves they forth convoid, and passed forward  
 right.

62 Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond  
 They came, as Merlin them directed late :  
 Where, meeting with this Redcrosse Knight, she fond  
 Of diverse things discourses to dilate,  
 But most of Arthegall and his estate.  
 At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part :  
 Then each to other, well affectionate,  
 Friendship professed with unfained hart :  
 The Redcrosse Knight diverst<sup>3</sup> ; but forth rode Bri-  
 tomart.

<sup>1</sup> *Sell*, saddle.

<sup>2</sup> *Dight*, disposed.

<sup>3</sup> *Diverst*, diverged, turned off.

## CANTO IV.

Bold Marinell of Britomart  
 Is throwne on the Rich Strond:  
 Faire Florimell of Arthure is  
 Long followed, but not fond.

1 **WHERE** is the antique glory now become,  
 That whylome wont in wemen to appeare?  
 Where be the brave atchievements doen by some?  
 Where be the batteilles, where the shield and speare,  
 And all the conquests which them high did reare,  
 That matter made for famous poets verse,  
 And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?  
 Beene they all dead, and laide in dolefull herse?  
 Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reverse<sup>1</sup>?

2 If they be dead, then woe is me therefore;  
 But if they sleepe, O let them soone awake!  
 For all too long I burne with envy sore  
 To heare the warlike feates which Homere spake  
 Of bold Penthesilee, which made a lake  
 Of Greekish blood so ofte in Troian plaine;

<sup>1</sup> *Reverse*, return.

---

II. 5. — *Bold Penthesilee.*] Penthesilea is not mentioned by Homer. She came to the assistance of Priam during the latter years of the Trojan war. II.

But when I reade, how stout *Debora strake*  
 Proud *Sisera*, and how *Camill'* hath slaine  
 The huge *Orsilochus*, I swell with great *disdaine*.

3 Yet these, and all that els had *puissaunce*,  
 Cannot with noble *Britomart* compare,  
 As well for glorie of great *valiaunce*,  
 As for pure *chastitie* and *vertue rare*,  
 That all her goodly *deedes* doe well declare.  
 Well *worthie stock*, from which the *branches sprong*  
 That in late *yeares* so faire a *blossome bare*,  
 As thee, O *Queene*, the matter of my song,  
 Whose *lignage* from this *Lady* I derive along!

4 Who when, through *speaches* with the *Redcrosse*  
 Knight,  
 She learned had th' *estate* of *Arthegall*,  
 And in each point *herselfe* *informed* aright,  
 A *frendly league* of *love* *perpetuall*  
 She with him bound, and *congé* *tooke* *withall*.  
 Then he forth on his *iourney* did *proceede*,  
 To *seeke* *adventures* which *mote* him *befall*,  
 And win him *worship* through his *warlike* *deed*,  
 Which *alwaies* of his *paines* he made the *chiefest meed*.

5 But *Britomart* kept on her former *course*,  
 Ne ever *dofte* her *armes*; but all the way  
 Grew *pensive* through that *amarous* *discourse*,

---

II. 7. — *Stout Debora strake.*] This was done by *Jael*, and not *Deborah*. See *Judges* iv. 21. — 9. *Orsilochus*, a huge *Trojan* killed by *Camilla*, *Æneid*, XI. 690.

III. 8. — *O Queene*] *Queen Elizabeth*.



By which the Redcrosse Knight did earst display  
 Her lovers shape and chevalrous aray :  
 A thousand thoughts she fashiond in her mind ;  
 And in her feigning fancie did pourtray  
 Him, such as fittest she for love could find,  
 Wise, warlike, personable,<sup>1</sup> courteous, and kind.

6 With such self-pleasing thoughts her wound she  
 fedd,  
 And thought so to beguile her grievous smart ;  
 But so her smart was much more grievous bredd,  
 And the deepe wound more deep engord her hart,  
 That nought but death her dolour mote depart.<sup>2</sup>  
 So forth she rode, without repose or rest,  
 Searching all lands and each remotest part,  
 Following the guydaunce of her blinded guest,<sup>3</sup>  
 Till that to the sea-coast at length she her address.

7 There she alighted from her light-foot beast,  
 And, sitting downe upon the rocky shore,  
 Badd her old Squire unlace her lofty creast :  
 Tho, having vewd a while the surges hore  
 That gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,  
 And in their raging surquedry<sup>4</sup> disdaynd  
 That the fast earth affronted<sup>5</sup> them so sore,  
 And their devouring covetize restraynd ;  
 Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus complaynd.

8 " Huge sea of sorrow and tempestuous griefe,  
 Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long,

<sup>1</sup> *Personable*, handsome.

<sup>2</sup> *Depart*, remove.

<sup>3</sup> I. e. Love.

<sup>4</sup> *Surquedry*, insolence.

<sup>5</sup> *Affronted*, confronted.

Far from the hoped haven of reliefe,  
 Why doe thy cruel billowes beat so strong,  
 And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,  
 Threatning to swallow up my fearefull lyfe?  
 O, doe thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong  
 At length allay, and stint<sup>1</sup> thy stormy stryfe,  
 Which in thy troubled bowels raignes and rageth  
 ryfe!

9 " For els my feeble vessell, crazd and crackt  
 Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,  
 Cannot endure, but needes it must be wrackt  
 On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,  
 The whiles that Love it steres, and Fortune rowes :  
 Love, my lewd<sup>2</sup> pilott, hath a restlesse minde ;  
 And Fortune, boteswaine, no assuraunce<sup>3</sup> knowes ;  
 But saile withouten starres gainst tyde and winde :  
 How can they other doe, sith both are bold and blinde !

10 " Thou god of windes, that raigest in the seas,  
 That raigest also in the continent,  
 At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,  
 The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,  
 Unto the gladsome port of her intent !  
 Then, when I shall myselfe in safety see,  
 A table, for eternall monument

<sup>1</sup> *Stint*, stop.

<sup>3</sup> *Assuraunce*, steadiness.

<sup>2</sup> *Lewd*, ignorant.

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X. 7. — *A table, &c.*] It was the custom among the Romans for any one who escaped shipwreck to express his gratitude by jangling up, in the temple of Neptune, a tablet or picture representing the circumstances of his danger and escape. II.

Of thy great grace and my great ieopardie,  
Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto thee !”

11 Then sighing softly sore, and inly deepe,  
She shut up all her plaint in privy grieffe ;  
(For her great courage would not let her weepe ;)   
Till that old Glaucè gan with sharpe reprimand  
Her to restraine, and give her good reliefe  
Through hope of those which Merlin had her told  
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,  
And fetch their being from the sacred mould  
Of her immortall womb, to be in heaven enrolld.

12 Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde  
Where far away one, all in armour bright,  
With hasty gallop towards her did ryde :  
Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight<sup>1</sup>  
Her helmet, to her courser mounting light :  
Her former sorrow into suddein wrath  
(Both coosen<sup>2</sup> passions of distroubled spright)  
Converting, forth she beates the dusty path :  
Love and despight attonce her courage kindled bath.

13 As when a foggy mist hath overcast  
The face of heven and the cleare ayre engroste,<sup>3</sup>  
The world in darkenes dwels ; till that at last  
The watry southwinde, from the seabord coste  
Uphlowing, doth disperse the vapour lo'ste,<sup>4</sup>  
And poures itselfe forth in a stormy showre ;

<sup>1</sup> *Dight*, put.

<sup>2</sup> *Coosen*, kindred.

<sup>3</sup> *Engroste*, made thick.

<sup>4</sup> *Lo'ste*, dissolved.

So the fayre Britomart, having diselo'ste<sup>1</sup>  
 Her clowdy care into a wrathfull stowre,<sup>2</sup>  
 The mist of griefe dissolv'd did into vengeance powre.

14 Eftsoones, her goodly shield addressing<sup>3</sup> fayre,  
 That mortall speare she in her hand did take,  
 And unto battaill did herselfe prepayre.  
 The Knight, approching, sternely her bespake :  
 " Sir Knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make  
 By this forbidden way in my despight,  
 Ne doest by others death ensample take,  
 I read<sup>4</sup> thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast might,  
 Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight."

15 Ythrild with deepe disdain of his proud threat,  
 She shortly thus : " Fly they, that need to fly ;  
 Wordes fearen<sup>5</sup> babes : I meane not thee entreat  
 To passe ; but maugre thee will passe or dy " :  
 Ne lenger stayd for th' other to reply,  
 But with sharpe speare the rest made dearly  
 knowne.

Strongly the straunge knight ran, and sturdily  
 Strooke her full on the brest, that made her downe  
 Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her  
 crown.

<sup>1</sup> I. e. developed, transmuted.

<sup>2</sup> *Stowre*, fury.

<sup>3</sup> *Addressing*, adjusting.

<sup>4</sup> *Read*, advise.

<sup>5</sup> *Fearen*, frighten.

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XIV. 6. — *This forbidden way.*] In the romances of chivalry, it is not unfrequent for a knight to station himself at some particular spot, and to compel every one who passes to joust with him.

- 16 But she againe him in the shield did smite  
 With so fierce furie and great puissaunce,  
 That, through his three-square scuchin<sup>1</sup> percing  
 quite  
 And through his mayled hauberque,<sup>2</sup> by mischaunce  
 The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce :  
 Him so transfixed she before her bore  
 Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce ;  
 Till, sadly soucing<sup>3</sup> on the sandy shore,  
 He tumbled on<sup>4</sup> an heape, and wallowd in his gore.
- 17 Like as the sacred oxe that carelesse stands  
 With gilden hornes and flowry girlonds crownd,  
 Proud of his dying honor and deare bandes,  
 Whiles th' altars fume with frankincense arownd,  
 All suddeinly with mortall stroke astownd  
 Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore  
 Distaines the pillours and the holy grownd,  
 And the faire flowres that decked him afore :  
 So fell proud Marinell upon the Pretious Shore.
- 18 The martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,  
 But forward rode, and kept her ready way  
 Along the strond ; which, as she over-went,  
 She saw bestrowed all with rich aray  
 Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,<sup>5</sup>  
 And all the gravell mixt with golden owre :  
 Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay

<sup>1</sup> *Scuchin*, shield.

<sup>2</sup> *Hauberque*, coat of mail.

<sup>3</sup> *Sadly soucing*, falling heavily.

<sup>4</sup> *On*, i. e. in.

<sup>5</sup> *Assay*, proof, *value*.

For gold, or perles, or pretious stones, an howre,  
But them despised all, for<sup>1</sup> all was in her powre.

19 Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,  
Tydings hereof came to his mothers eare ;  
His mother was the blacke-browd Cymoënt,  
The daughter of great Nereus, which did beare  
This warlike soune unto an earthly peare,  
The famous Dumarin ; who on a day  
Finding the nymph asleepe in seeret wheare,<sup>2</sup>  
As he by chaunce did wander that same way,  
Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay.

20 There he this knight of her begot, whom borne,  
She, of his father, Marinell did name ;  
And in a rocky cave as wight forlorne  
Long time she fostred up, till he became  
A mighty man at armes, and nickle fame  
Did get through great adventures by him donne :  
For never man he suffred by that same  
Rich Stroud to travell, whereas he did wonne,<sup>3</sup>  
But that he must do battail with the Sea-nymphes  
sonne.

21 An hundred knights of honorable name  
He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made :

<sup>1</sup> *For*, notwithstanding.

<sup>3</sup> *Wonne*, dwell.

<sup>2</sup> *Wheare*, place (as in *everywhere*).

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XX. 2. — *Marinell*.] Upton conjectures that Lord Howard, the Lord High Admiral of England, is imaged under the character of Marinell, and that there is, in Stanza 22, an allusion to the rich prizes taken by him from the Spaniards. II.

That through all Farie Lond his noble fame  
 Now blazed was, and feare did all invade,  
 That none durst passen through that perilous glade:  
 And, to advaunce his name and glory more,  
 Her sea-god syre she dearely did perswade  
 T' endow her sonne with threasure and rich store  
 Bove all the sonnes that were of earthly wombes ybore.

22 The god did graunt his daughters deare demaund,  
 To doen his nephew <sup>1</sup> in all riches flow:  
 Eftsoones his heaped waves he did commaund  
 Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw  
 All the huge threasure, which the sea below  
 Had in his greedy gulfe devoured deepe,  
 And him enriched through the overthrow  
 And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe  
 And often wayle their wealth which he from them  
 did keepe.

23 Shortly upon that shore there heaped was  
 Exceeding riches and all pretious things,  
 The spoyle of all the world; that it did pas  
 The wealth of th' East, and pompe of Persian kings:  
 Gold, amber, yvorie, perles, owches,<sup>2</sup> rings,  
 And all that els was pretious and deare,  
 The sea unto him voluntary brings;  
 That shortly he a great lord did appeare,  
 As was in all the lond of Faery, or else wheare.

24 Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,  
 Tryde often to the seath of many deare,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Nephew*, grandson.    <sup>2</sup> *Owches*, jewels.    <sup>3</sup> *Deare*, deary.

That none in equall armes him matchen might •  
 The which his mother seeing gan to feare  
 Least his too haughtie hardines might reare  
 Some hard mishap in hazard of his life :  
 Forthy<sup>1</sup> she oft him counseld to forbear  
 The bloody batteill, and to stirre up strife,  
 But after all his warre to rest his wearie knife :

25 And, for his more assuraunce, she inquir'd  
 One day of Proteus by his mighty spell  
 (For Proteus was with prophecy inspir'd)  
 Her deare sonnes destiny to her to tell,  
 And the sad end of her sweet Marinell :  
 Who, through foresight of his eternall skill,  
 Bad her from womankind to keepe him well ;  
 For of a woman he should have much ill ;  
 A Virgin straunge and stout him should dismay<sup>2</sup> or  
 kill.

26 Forthy she gave him warning every day  
 The love of women not to entertaine ;  
 A lesson too too<sup>3</sup> hard for living clay,  
 From love in course of nature to refraine !  
 Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,  
 And ever from fayre ladies love did fly ;  
 Yet many ladies fayre did oft complaine,  
 That they for love of him would algates<sup>4</sup> dy :  
 Dy who so list for him, he was Loves enemy.

<sup>1</sup> *Forthy*, therefore.

<sup>3</sup> *Too too*, exceeding.

<sup>2</sup> *Dismay*, deprive of strength, overpower.

<sup>4</sup> *Algates*, by all means, absolutely.



27 But ah! who can deceive his destiny,  
 Or weene by warning to avoyd his fate?  
 That, when he sleepes in most security  
 And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,<sup>1</sup>  
 And findeth dew effect or soone or late;  
 So feeble is the powre of fleshly arme!  
 His mother bad him wemens love to hate,  
 For she of womans force did feare no harme;  
 So weening to have arm'd him, she did quite dis-  
 arme.

28 This was that woman, this that deadly wovnd,  
 That Proteus prophecide should him dismay;  
 The which his mother vainely did expownd  
 To be hart-wounding love, which should assay  
 To bring her sonne unto his last decay.  
 So ticle<sup>2</sup> be the termes of mortall state  
 And full of subtile sophismes, which doe play  
 With double sences, and with false debate,  
 T' approve the unknowen purpose of eternall fate.

29 Too trew the famous Marinell it fownd;  
 Who, through late triall, on that Wealthy Strond  
 Inglorious now lies in sencelesse swownd,  
 Through heavy stroke of Britomartis hond.  
 Which when his mother deare did understand,  
 And heavy tidings heard, whereas she playd  
 Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,  
 Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to have made  
 Gay girlonds from the sun their forheads fayr to shade.

<sup>1</sup> *Amate*, confound.

<sup>2</sup> *Ticle*, unstable.

80 *Eftesoones*<sup>1</sup> both flowres and girlonds far away  
 Shee flong, and her faire deawy locks yrent ;  
 To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,  
 And gamesom merth to grievous dreriment<sup>2</sup> :  
 Shee threw herselfe downe on the continent,<sup>3</sup>  
 Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swowne,  
 Whiles al her sisters did for her lament  
 With yelling outcries, and with shrieking sowne ;  
 And every one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

31 Soone as shee up out of her deadly fitt  
 Arose, shee bad her charett to be brought ;  
 And all her sisters, that with her did sitt,  
 Bad eke attonce their charettts to be sought :  
 Tho, full of bitter grieffe and pensife thought,  
 She to her wagon clombe ; clombe all the rest,  
 And forth together went, with sorow fraught :  
 The waves obedient to theyr beheast  
 Them yielded ready passage, and their rage surceast.

32 Great Neptune stooode amazed at their sight,  
 Whiles on his broad rownd backe they softly slid,  
 And eke himselfe mournd at their mournfull plight,  
 Yet wist not what their wailing ment, yet did,  
 For great compassion of their sorow, bid  
 His mighty waters to them buxome<sup>4</sup> bee :  
*Eftesoones* the roaring billowes still abid,<sup>5</sup>  
 And all the griesly monsters of the see  
 Stood gaping at their gate,<sup>6</sup> and wondred them to see.

<sup>1</sup> *Eftesoones*, immediately.

<sup>2</sup> *Dreriment*, sorrow.

<sup>3</sup> *Continent*, land.

<sup>4</sup> *Buxome*, yielding.

<sup>5</sup> *Abid*, abode.

<sup>6</sup> *Gate*, procedure.

33 A teme of dolphins raunged in aray  
 Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymoënt ;  
 They were all taught by Triton to obay  
 To the long raynes at her commaundement :  
 As swifte as swallowes on the waves they went,  
 That their brode flaggy finnes no fome did reare,  
 Ne bubling rowndell<sup>1</sup> they behinde them sent ;  
 The rest, of other fishes drawen weare,  
 Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did  
 sheare.

34 Soone as they bene arriv'd upon the brim  
 Of the Rich Strond, their charets they forlore,<sup>2</sup>  
 And let their temed fishes softly swim  
 Along the margent of the fomy shore,  
 Least they their finnes should bruze, and surbate  
 sore

Their tender feete upon the stony grownd :  
 And coming to the place, where all in gore  
 And cruddy<sup>4</sup> blood enwallowed they fownd  
 The lucklesse Marinell lying in deadly swownd,

35 His mother swowned thrise, and the third time  
 Could scarce recovered bee out of her paine ;  
 Had she not beene devoide of mortall slime,  
 Shee should not then have bene relyv'd<sup>5</sup> againe :  
 But, soone as life recovered had the raine,  
 Shee made so piteous mone and deare wayment,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Rowndell*, globule.

<sup>2</sup> *Forlore*, left.

<sup>3</sup> *Surbate*, batter.

<sup>4</sup> *Cruddy*, curdled.

<sup>5</sup> *Relyv'd*, brought to life.

<sup>6</sup> *Wayment*, lamentation.

That the hard rocks could scarce from tears re-  
fraine :

And all her sister nymphes with one consent  
Supplide her sobbing breaches<sup>1</sup> with sad complement.

36 " Deare image of my selfe," she sayd, " that is  
The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,  
Is this thine high aduancement? O, is this  
Th' immortall name, with which thee yet unborne  
Thy gransire Nereus promist to adorne?  
Now lyst thou of life and honor refte;  
Now lyst thou a lumpe of earth forlorne;  
Ne of thy late life memory is lefte;  
Ne can thy irrevocable desteny be wefte<sup>2</sup>!

37 " Fond Proteus, father of false prophecis!  
And they more fond that credit to thee give!  
Not this the worke of womans hand ywis,<sup>3</sup>  
That so deepe wound through these deare members  
drive.  
I feared love; but they that love doe live;  
But they that dye doe nether love nor hate:  
Nath'lesse to thee thy folly I forgive;  
And to myselfe, and to accursed fate,  
The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wisdom bought too  
late!

38 " O! what availles it of immortall seed  
To beene ybredd and never borne to dye?"

<sup>1</sup> I. e. the intervals of her sobbing.

<sup>3</sup> *Ywis*, surely.

<sup>2</sup> *Wefte*, waived, or avoided.

Farre better I it deeme to die with speed,  
 Then waste in woe and wayfull miserye :  
 Who dyes, the utmost dolor doth abyē<sup>1</sup> ;  
 But who that lives is lefte to waile his losse :  
 So life is losse, and death felicity :  
 Sad life worse then glad death ; and greater crosse  
 To see frends grave, then dead the grave self to en-  
 grosse.<sup>2</sup>

39 “ But if the heavens did his dayes envie,  
 And my short blis maligne,<sup>3</sup> yet mote they well  
 Thus much afford me, ere that he did die,  
 That the dim eies of my deare Marinell  
 I mote have closed, and him bed farewell,  
 Sith other offices for mother meet  
 They would not graunt ———  
 Yett, maugre them, farewell, my sweetest sweet !  
 Farewell, my sweetest sonne, sith we no more shall  
 meet ! ”

40 Thus when they all had sorowed their fill,  
 They softly gan to search his griesly wownd :  
 And, that they might him handle more at will,  
 They him disarmd ; and, spredding on the grownd  
 Their watchet<sup>4</sup> mantles frindgd with silver rownd,  
 They softly wipt away the gelly blood  
 From th’ orifice ; which having well upbownd,

<sup>1</sup> *Abye*, abide.

<sup>2</sup> *Engrosse*, occupy.

<sup>3</sup> *Maligne*, grudge.

<sup>4</sup> *Watchet*, pale blue.

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XXXIX. 9. — So the Second Edition. First Edition, “till we  
 againe may meet,” — an expression not appropriate to a Pagan.

They poured in soveraine balme and nectar good,  
Good both for erthly med'cine and for hevenly food.

41 Tho, when the lilly-handed Liagore  
(This Liagore whilome had learned skill  
In leaches craft, by great Apolloes lore,  
Sith her whilome upon high Pindus hill  
He loved, and at last her wombe did fill  
With hevenly seed, whereof wise Pæon sprong)  
Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staid still  
Some litle life his feeble sprites emong ;  
Which to his mother told, despeyre she from her flong.

42 Tho, up him taking in their tender hands,  
They easely unto her charett beare :  
Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,  
Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,  
And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare :  
Then all the rest into their coches elim,  
And through the brackish waves their passage  
shear<sup>1</sup> ;  
Upon great Neptunes necke they softly swim,  
And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

13 Deepe in the bottome of the sea, her bowre<sup>2</sup>  
Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,  
Like to thicke clouds that threat a stormy showre,  
And vaulted<sup>3</sup> all within like to the skye,  
In which the gods doe dwell eternally :

<sup>1</sup> *Shear*, cut.

<sup>2</sup> *Bowre*, chamber, dwelling.

<sup>3</sup> *Vaulted*, vaulted.

There they him laide in easy couch well dight,<sup>1</sup>  
 And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply  
 Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might :  
 For Tryphon of sea-gods the souveraine leach is hight.

44 The whiles the nymphes sitt all about him rownd,  
 Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight ;  
 And ofte his mother, vewing his wide wownd,  
 Cursed thè hand that did so deadly smight  
 Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight :  
 But none of all those curses overtooke  
 The warlike Maide, th' ensample<sup>2</sup> of that might ;  
 But fairely well shee thryvd, and well did brooke<sup>3</sup>  
 Her noble deeds, ne her right course for ought forsooke.

45 Yet did false Archimage her still pursew,  
 To bring to passe his mischievous intent,  
 Now that he had her singled from the crew  
 Of courteous knights, the Prince and Fary gent,<sup>4</sup>  
 Whom late in chace of beauty excellent  
 Shee lefte, pursewing that same foster<sup>5</sup> strong ;  
 Of whose fowle outrage they impatient,

<sup>1</sup> *Dight*, arranged.

<sup>5</sup> *Foster*, forester.

<sup>2</sup> I. e. who had given this specimen of her power.

<sup>3</sup> I. e. she suffered no evil in consequence of her exploit.

<sup>4</sup> *Gent*, noble.

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XLIII. 9. — *For Tryphon of sea-gods, &c.*] Tryphon's medical diploma is of Spenser's own conferring. There is no "leech of the sea-gods" in classical mythology. H.

XLIV. 5. — *Her dearest harts delight.*] This portion of the narrative is continued in Book IV. Canto XI. H.

XLV. 4. — *The Prince and Fary gent.*] Prince Arthur and Sir Guyon. The narrative is resumed from Canto I. Stanza 18.

H.

And full of firy zele, him followed long,  
To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her wrong.

46 Through thick and thin, through mountains and  
through playns,

Those two gret champions did attonce pursew  
The fearefull Damzell with incessant payns ;  
Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew  
Of hunter swifte and sent<sup>1</sup> of howndës trew.  
At last they came unto a double way ;  
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskéw,  
Themselves they did dispart, each to assay  
Whether more happy were to win so goodly pray.

47 But Timias, the Princes gentle squyre,  
That Ladies love unto his lord forlent,<sup>2</sup>  
And with proud envy and indignant yre  
After that wicked foster fiercely went.  
So beene they three three sondry wayes ybent :  
But fayrest fortune to the Prince befell ;  
Whose chaunce it was, that soone he did repent,  
To take that way in which that Damozell  
Was fledd afore, affraid of him as feend of hell.

48 At last of her far of he gained vew :  
Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,  
And ever as he nigher to her drew,  
So evermore he did increase his speed,  
And of each turning still kept wary heed ;  
Alowd to her he oftentimes did call,

<sup>1</sup> *Sent*, scent.

<sup>2</sup> *Forlent*, gave up.



To doe away vaine doubt and needlesse dreed :  
 Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall  
 Many meeke wordes to stay and comfort her withall.

49 But nothing might relent<sup>1</sup> her hasty flight ;  
 So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine  
 Was earst impressed in her gentle spright  
 Like as a fearefull dove, which through the vaine<sup>2</sup>  
 Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,  
 Having farre off espyde a tassell gent,  
 Which after her his nimble winges doth straine,  
 Doubleth her hast for feare to bee for-hent,<sup>3</sup>  
 And with her pineons cleaves the liquid firmament.

50 With no lesse hast, and eke with no lesse dreed,  
 That fearefull Ladie fledd from him that ment  
 To her no evill thought nor evill deed ;  
 Yet former feare of being fowly shent<sup>4</sup>  
 Carried her forward with her first intent :  
 And though, oft looking backward, well she vewde  
 Herselfe freed from that foster insolent,  
 And that it was a knight which now her sewde,  
 Yet she no lesse the Knight feard then that Villein  
 rude.

<sup>1</sup> *Relent*, slacken.

<sup>2</sup> *Raine*, realm.

<sup>3</sup> *For-hent*, taken, to her destruction. (Folios, *fore-hent*.)

<sup>4</sup> *Shent*, outraged.

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XLIX. 6. — *Tussell gent*.] The tassel or tercel is the male of the goshawk. The *tassel-gent* is commonly said to be so called on account of its tractability; but it more probably receives the name from those qualities which distinguish it from the base, un-  
 servicable breed of kestrels and stannels. C.

51 His uncouth<sup>1</sup> shield and straunge armes her dismayd,  
 Whose like in Faery Lond were seldom seene ;  
 That fast she from him fledd, no lesse afraid  
 Then of wilde beastes if she had chased beene :  
 Yet he her followd still with corage keene  
 So long, that now the golden Hesperus  
 Was mounted high in top of heaven sheene,  
 And warnd his other brethren ioyeous  
 To light their blessed lamps in Ioves eternall hous.

52 All suddainly dim wox the dampish ayre,  
 And griesly shadowes covered heaven bright,  
 That now with thousand starres was decked fayre:  
 Which when the Prince beheld, a lothfull sight,  
 And that perforce, for want of lenger light,  
 He mote surceasse his suit and lose the hope  
 Of his long labour ; he gan fowly wyte<sup>2</sup>  
 His wicked fortune that had turnd aslope,  
 And cursed Night that reft from him so goodly scope.<sup>3</sup>

53 Tho, when her wayes he could no more descry,  
 But to and fro at disaventure strayd ;  
 Like as a ship, whose lodestar suddainly  
 Covered with cloudes her pilott hath dismayd ;  
 His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,  
 And from his loftie steed dismounting low

<sup>1</sup> *Uncouth*, unknown, strange.

<sup>3</sup> *Scope*, i. e. prospect.

<sup>2</sup> *Wyte*, reproach.

---

[Ll. 1. — *His uncouth shield*.] Prince Arthur's shield was covered with a veil.

Did let him forage: downe himselfe he layd  
 Upon the grassy ground to sleepe a throw<sup>1</sup>;  
 The cold earth was his couch, the hard steele his pil-  
 lów.

54 But gentle Sleepe envyde him any rest;  
 Instead thereof sad sorow and disdain  
 Of his hard hap did vexe his noble brest,  
 And thousand fancies bett his ydle brayne  
 With their light wings, the sights of semblants  
 vaine:  
 Oft did he wish that Lady faire mote bee  
 His Faery Queene, for whom he did complaine;  
 Or that his Faery Queene were such as shee:  
 And ever hasty Night he blamed bitterlie:

65 "Night! thou foule mother of annoyaunce sad,  
 Sister of heavie Death, and nourse of Woe,  
 Which wast begot in heaven, but for thy bad  
 And brutish shape thrust downe to hell below,  
 Where, by the grim flood of Cocytus slow,  
 Thy dwelling is in Herebus black hous,  
 (Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe  
 Of all the gods,) where thou ungratious  
 Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horroure hideous:

56 "What had th' Eternall Maker need of thee  
 The world in his continuall course to keepe,  
 That doest all thinges deface, ne letttest see  
 The beautie of his worke? Indeed, in sleepe

<sup>1</sup> *Throw*, a while.

<sup>2</sup> *Semblants*, phantoms.

The slouthfull body that doth love to steep  
 His lustlesse<sup>1</sup> limbes, and drowne his baser mind,  
 Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deepe.  
 Calles thee, his goddesse, in his errour blind,  
 And great dame Natures handmaide chearing every  
 kind.

57 " But well I wote that to an heavy hart  
 Thou art the roote and nourse of bitter cares,  
 Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts :  
 Instead of rest thou lendest rayling<sup>2</sup> teares ;  
 Instead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares  
 And dreadfull visions, in the which alive  
 The dreary image of sad Death appeares :  
 So from the wearie spirit thou doest drive  
 Desired rest, and men of happinesse deprive.

58 " Under thy mantle black there hidden lye  
 Light-shonning Theft, and Traiterous Intent,  
 Abhorred Bloodshed, and vile Felony,  
 Shamefull Deceit, and Daunger imminent,  
 Fowle Horror, and eke hellish Dreriment<sup>3</sup> :  
 All these I wote in thy protection bee,  
 And light doe shonne, for feare of being shent<sup>4</sup> :  
 For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee :  
 And all, that lewdnesse<sup>5</sup> love, doe hate the light to see.

59 " For day discovers all dishonest wayes,  
 And sheweth each thing as it is in deed :

<sup>1</sup> *Lustlesse*, listless.

<sup>4</sup> *Shent*, shamed.

<sup>2</sup> *Rayling*, trickling.

<sup>5</sup> *Lewdnesse*, wickedness generally

<sup>3</sup> *Dreriment*, sorrow.

The praises of High God he faire displayes,  
 And His large bountie rightly doth areed<sup>1</sup> :  
 Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed  
 Which Darknesse shall subdue and heaven win :  
 Truth is his daughter ; he her first did breed  
 Most sacred virgin without spot of sinne :  
 Our life is day ; but death with darknesse doth begin.

60 " O, when will Day then turne to me againe,  
 And bring with him his long-expected light !  
 O Titan ! hast to reare thy ioyous waine ;  
 Speed thee to spred abroad thy beamës bright,  
 And chace away this too long lingring Night ;  
 Chace her away, from whence she came, to hell :  
 She, she it is, that hath me done despight :  
 There let her with the damned spirits dwell,  
 And yield her rowme to Day, that can it governe well."

61 Thus did the Prince that wearie night outweare  
 In restlesse anguish and unquiet paine ;  
 And earely, ere the Morrow did upreare  
 His deawy head out of the ocean maine,  
 He up arose, as halfe in great disdaine,  
 And clombe unto his steed. So forth he went  
 With heavy looke and lumpish pace, that plaine  
 In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent<sup>2</sup> :  
 His steed eke seemd t' apply<sup>3</sup> his steps to his intent.

<sup>1</sup> *Areed*, set forth.

<sup>2</sup> *Maltalent*, ill-will, spleen.

<sup>3</sup> *Apply*, ply ; to accommodate his pace.

## CANTO V.

Prince Arthur heares of Florimell:  
 Three fosters <sup>1</sup> Timias wound;  
 Belphebe findes him almost dead,  
 And reareth out of sownd.

1 WONDER it is to see in diverse mindes  
 How diversly Love doth his pageaunts play,  
 And shewes his powre in variable kindes <sup>2</sup>:  
 The baser wit, whose ydle thoughts alway  
 Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,  
 It stirreth up to sensuall desire,  
 And in lewd slouth to wast his carelesse day;  
 But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,  
 That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

2 Ne suffereth it uncomely Idlenesse  
 In his free thought to build her sluggish nest;  
 Ne suffereth it thought of ungentlenesse  
 Ever to creepe into his noble brest;  
 But to the highest and the worthiest  
 Lifteth it up that els would lowly fall  
 It lettes not fall, it lettes it not to rest;  
 It lettes not scarse this Prince to breath at all,  
 But to his first poursuit him forward still doth call.

<sup>1</sup> *Fosters*, foresters.

<sup>2</sup> *Variable kindes*, various sorts of men.

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II. 9. — *But to his first poursuit, &c.*] See Book I. Canto IX. Stanza 15.

3 Who long time wandred through the forest wyde  
 To finde some issue thence ; till that at last  
 He met a Dwarfe that seemed terrifyde  
 With some late perill which he hardly past,  
 Or other accident which him aghast <sup>1</sup> ;  
 Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,  
 And whether now he traveled so fast :  
 For sore he swat, and, ronning through that same  
 Thicke forest, was beseracht, and both his feet nigh  
 lame.

4 Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,  
 The Dwarf: him answerd : “ Sir, ill mote I stay  
 To tell the same. I lately did depart  
 From Faery Court, where I have many a day  
 Served a gentle lady of great sway  
 And high accompt throughout all Elfin Land,  
 Who lately left the same, and tooke this way :  
 Her now I seeke ; and if ye understand  
 Which way she fared hath, good Sir, tell out of  
 hand.” <sup>2</sup>

5 “ What mister wight,” <sup>3</sup> saide he, “ and how arayd ? ”  
 “ Royally clad,” quoth he, “ in cloth of gold,  
 As meetest may beseeme a noble mayd ;  
 Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enroll,  
 A fayrer wight did never sunne behold ;

<sup>1</sup> *Aghast*, terrified.

<sup>3</sup> *Mister wight*, sort of person.

<sup>2</sup> *Out of hand*, immediately.

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III. 3. — *He met a Dwarf.*] Who this dwarf was is told us in  
 Book V. Canto II Stanza 3.

And on a palfrey rydes more white then snow,  
 Yet she herselfe is whiter manifold;  
 The surest signe, whereby ye may her know,  
 Is, that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow."

6 "Now certes, Swaine," saide he, "such one, I  
 weene,  
 Fast flying through this forest from her fo,  
 A foule, ill-favoured foster, I have seene;  
 Herselfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,  
 But could not stay; so fast she did foregoe,<sup>1</sup>  
 Carried away with wings of speedy feare."  
 "Ah! dearest God," quoth he, "that is great  
 woe,  
 And wondrous ruth to all that shall it heare:  
 But can ye read,<sup>2</sup> Sir, how I may her finde, or  
 where?"

7 "Perdy, me lever were<sup>3</sup> to weeten that,"  
 Saide he, "then ransome of the richest knight,  
 Or all the good that ever yet I gat:  
 But froward fortune, and too forward<sup>4</sup> night,  
 Such happinesse did, maulgre,<sup>5</sup> to me spight,<sup>6</sup>  
 And fro me reft both life and light attone.<sup>7</sup>  
 But, Dwarfes, aread what is that Lady bright  
 That through this forrest wandreth thus alone;  
 For of her error<sup>8</sup> straunge I have great ruth and  
 mone."

<sup>1</sup> *Foregoe*, go forward.

<sup>2</sup> *Read*, say.

<sup>3</sup> *Me lever were*, I would rather.

<sup>4</sup> I. e. coming on too fast.

<sup>5</sup> *Maulgre*, curse on it.

<sup>6</sup> *Spight*, grudge.

<sup>7</sup> *Attone*, at once.

<sup>8</sup> *Error*, wandering.



8 "That Ladie is," quoth he, "whereso she bee,  
 The bountiest<sup>1</sup> virgin and most debonaire  
 That ever living eye, I weene, did see :  
 Lives none this day that may with her compare  
 In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,  
 The goodly ornaments of beautie bright ;  
 And is ycleped Florimell the Fayre,  
 Faire Florimell belov'd of many a knight,  
 Yet she loves none but one, that Marinell is hight..

9 "A Sea-nymphes sonne, that Marinell is hight, .  
 Of my deare dame is loved dearely well ;  
 In other none, but him, she sets delight ;  
 All her delight is set on Marinell ;  
 But he sets nought at all by Florimell :  
 For<sup>2</sup> ladies love his mother long ygoe  
 Did him, they say, forwarne through sacred spell :  
 But fame now flies, that of a forreine foe  
 He is yslaine, which is the ground of all our woe:.

10 "Five daies there be since he (they say) was slaine,  
 And fowre since Florimell the court forwent,<sup>3</sup>  
 And vowed never to returne againe  
 Till him alive or dead she did invent.<sup>4</sup>  
 Therefore, faire Sir, for love of knighthood gent<sup>5</sup>  
 And honour of trew ladies, if ye may  
 By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,<sup>6</sup>  
 Or succour her, or me direct the way,  
 Do one or other good, I you most humbly pray :

<sup>1</sup> *Bountiest*, best.

<sup>2</sup> *For*, against.

<sup>3</sup> *Forwent*, left.

<sup>4</sup> *Invent*, find.

<sup>5</sup> *Gent*, noble.

<sup>6</sup> *Hardiment*, courage.

11 " So may ye gaine to you full great renowme  
 Of all good ladies through the world so wide,  
 And haply in her hart finde highest rowme<sup>1</sup>  
 Of whom ye seeke to be most magnifide !  
 At least eternall meede shall you abide."  
 To whom the Prince : " Dwarfe, comfort to thee  
                   take ;  
 For, till thou tidings learne what her betide,  
 I here avow thee never to forsake :  
 Ill weares he armes, that nill<sup>2</sup> them use for ladies  
                   sake."

12 So with the Dwarfe he backe retourn'd againe,  
 To seeke his Lady, where he mote her finde ;  
 But by the way he greatly gan complaine  
 The want of his good Squire late left behinde,  
 For whom he wondrous pensive grew in minde,  
 For doubt of daunger which mote him betide ;  
 For him he loved above all mankinde,  
 Having him trew and faithfull ever tride,<sup>3</sup>  
 And bold, as ever squyre that waited by knights side :

13 Who all this while full hardly was assayd  
 Of deadly daunger which to him betidd :  
 For, whiles his Lord pursewd that noble Mayd,  
 After that foster fowle he fiercely ridd,  
 To bene avenged of the shame he did  
 To that faire Damzell. Him he chaced long

<sup>1</sup> *Rowme*, place.

<sup>3</sup> *Tride*, proved.

<sup>2</sup> *Nill*, will not.

Through the thicke woods wherein he would have  
hid

His shamefull head from his avengement strong,  
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

14 Nathlesse the villein sped himselfe so well,  
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedie beast,  
Or knowledge of those woods where he did dwell,  
That shortly he from daunger was releast,  
And out of sight escaped at the least ;  
Yet not escaped from the dew reward  
Of his bad deedes, which daily he increast,  
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard  
The heavie plague that for such leachours is prepard.

15 For, soone as he was vanisht out of sight,  
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,  
And cast t' avenge him of that fowle despight  
Which he had borne of his bold enimee :  
Tho to his brethren came, (for they were three  
Ungratious children of one gracelesse syre,)  
And unto them complayned how that he  
Had used beene of that foole-hardie Squyre :  
So them with bitter words he stird to bloodie yre.

16 Forthwith themselves with their sad instruments  
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme bylive,<sup>1</sup>  
And with him foorth into the forrest went  
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst revive  
In their sterne brests, on him which late did drive

<sup>1</sup> *Bylive*, quickly.

Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight :  
 For they had vow'd that never he alive  
 Out of that forest should escape their might ;  
 Vile rancour their rude harts had filld with such de-  
 spight.

17 Within that wood there was a covert glade,  
 Foreby<sup>1</sup> a narrow foord, to them well knowne,  
 Through which it was uneach<sup>2</sup> for wight to wade ;  
 And now by fortune it was overflowne :  
 By that same way they knew that Squire unknowne  
 Mote algates<sup>3</sup> passe ; forthy<sup>4</sup> themselves they set  
 There in await with thicke woods overgrowne,  
 And all the while their malice they did whet  
 With cruell threats his passage through the ford to let.<sup>5</sup>

18 It fortun'd, as they dezived had,  
 The gentle Squire came ryding that same way,  
 Unweeting of their wile and treason bad,  
 And through the ford to passen did assay ;  
 But that fierce foster, which late fled away,  
 Stoutly forth stepping on the further shore,  
 Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,  
 Till he had made amends, and full restore  
 For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

19 With that, at him a quiv'ring dart he threw  
 With so fell force, and villeinous despote,  
 That through his haberieon<sup>6</sup> the forkehead flew,

<sup>1</sup> *Foreby*, near to.

<sup>2</sup> *Uneach*, not easy.

<sup>3</sup> *Algates*, at all events.

<sup>4</sup> *Forthy*, therefore.

<sup>5</sup> *Let*, hinder.

<sup>6</sup> *Haberieon*, coat of mail.

And through the linked mayles empierced quite,  
 But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite :  
 That stroke the hardy Squire did sore displease,  
 But more that him he could not come to smite ;  
 For by no meanes the high banke he could sease,  
 But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine dis-  
 ease.<sup>1</sup>

20 And still the foster with his long bore-speare  
 Him kept from landing at his wished will :  
 Anone one sent out of the thicket neare  
 A cruell shaft headed with deadly ill,  
 And fethered with an unlucky quill ;  
 The wicked steele stayd not till it did light  
 In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill<sup>2</sup> ;  
 Exceeding grieffe that wound in him empight,<sup>3</sup>  
 But more that with his foes he could not come to  
 fight.

21 At last, through wrath and vengeaunce making way,  
 He on the bancke arrayvd with mickle payne ;  
 Where the third brother him did sore assay,  
 And drove at him with all his might and mayne  
 A forest-bill, which both his hands did strayne ;  
 But warily he did avoide the blow,  
 And with his speare requited him agayne,  
 That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,<sup>4</sup>  
 And a large streame of blood out of the wound did  
 flow.

<sup>1</sup> *Disease*, uneasiness.

<sup>2</sup> *Thrill*, pierce.

<sup>3</sup> *Empight*, infixed.

<sup>4</sup> *Throw*, thrust.

22 He, tumbling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite  
 The bitter earth, and bad to lett him in  
 Into the balefull house of endlesse night,  
 Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin.  
 Tho gan the battaile freshly to begin ;  
 For nathẽmore for that spectácle bad  
 Did th' other two their cruell vengeance blin,<sup>1</sup>  
 But both attonce on both sides him bestad,<sup>2</sup>  
 And load upon him layd, his life for to have had.

23 Tho when that villayn he aviz'd,<sup>3</sup> which late  
 Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,  
 Full of fiers fury and indignant hate  
 To him he turned, and with rigor fell  
 Smote him so rudely on the pannikell,<sup>4</sup>  
 That to the chin he clefte his head in twaine :  
 Downe on the ground his carkas groveling fell ;  
 His sinfull sowle with desperate disdain  
 Out of her fleshly ferme<sup>5</sup> fled to the place of paine.

24 That seeing now the only last of three,  
 Who<sup>6</sup> with that wicked shafte him wounded had,  
 Trembling with horror, (as that did foresee  
 The fearefull end of his avengement sad,  
 Through which he follow should his brethren bad,)  
 His bootelesse bow in feeble hand upcaught,

<sup>1</sup> *Blin*, cease.

<sup>2</sup> *Bestad*, beset.

<sup>3</sup> *Aviz'd*, perceived.

<sup>4</sup> *Pannikell*, brain-pan, skull.

<sup>5</sup> *Ferme*, lodging.

<sup>6</sup> I. e. he who.

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XXII. 9. — *And load*, &c.] Laid a load or weight of blows upon him in order to take his life. II.

And therewith shott an arrow at the lad ;  
 Which, fayntly fluttring, scarce his helmet raught,  
 And glauncing fel to ground, but him annoyed naught.

25 With that he would have fled into the wood ;  
 But Timias him lightly overhent,<sup>1</sup>  
 Right as he entring was into the flood,  
 And strooke at him with force so violent,  
 That headlesse him into the foord he sent ;  
 The carcas with the streame was carried downe,  
 But th' head fell backward on the continent.<sup>2</sup>  
 So mischief fel upon the meaners crowne<sup>3</sup> :  
 They three be dead with shame ; the Squire lives  
 with renowne :

26 He lives, but takes small ioy of his renowne ;  
 For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,  
 That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne ;  
 Yet still the blood forth gusht in so great store,  
 That he lay wallowd all in his owne gore.  
 Now God thee keepe ! thou gentlest Squire alive,  
 Els shall thy loving lord thee see no more ;  
 But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,  
 And eke thyselfe of honor which thou didst atchive.

27 Providence hevenly passeth living thought,  
 And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way ;  
 For loe ! great grace or fortune thether brought  
 Comfort to him that comfortlesse now lay.

<sup>1</sup> *Overhent*, overtook.

<sup>2</sup> *Continent*, dry land.

<sup>3</sup> I. e. upon the head of those that meant it.

In those same woods ye well remember may  
 How that a noble hunteresse did wonne,<sup>1</sup>  
 Shee, that base Braggadochio did affray,  
 And made him fast out of the forest ronne ;  
 Belphœbe was her name, as faire as Phæbus sunne.

23 She on a day, as shee pursewd the chace  
 Of some wilde beast, which with her arrowes keene  
 She wounded had, the same along did trace  
 By tract of blood, which she had freshly seene  
 To have besprinkled all the grassy greene ;  
 By the great persue which she there perceav'd,  
 Well hoped shee the beast engor'd<sup>2</sup> had beene,  
 And made more haste the life to have bereav'd :  
 But ah ! her expectation greatly was deceav'd.

29 Shortly she came whereas that woefull Squire  
 With blood deformed lay in deadly swownd ;  
 In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,  
 The christall humor stood congealed rownd ;  
 His locks, like faded leaves fallen to grownd,  
 Knotted with blood in bounches rudely ran ;  
 And his sweete lips, on which before that stownd<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Wonne*, dwell.

<sup>3</sup> *Stownd*, (sad) hour.

<sup>2</sup> *Engor'd*, shot through.

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XXVII. 5. — *Ye well remember may.*] See Book II. Canto III. Stanza 21.

XXVIII. 6. — *Persue.*] If this word is allowed to stand, it must be explained *pursuit*, i. e. the trampling of dogs. But it is not improbably a misprint for *issue*, the *per* being caught by the printer's eye from *perceav'd*. C.



The bud of youth to blossome faire began,  
Spoild of their rosy red, were woxen pale and wan.

30 Saw never living eie more heavy sight,  
That could have made a rocke of stone to rew,<sup>1</sup>  
Or rive in twaine: which when that Lady bright,  
Besides<sup>2</sup> all hope, with melting eies did vew,  
All suddainly abasht shee changed hew,  
And with sterne horror backward gan to start:  
But, when shee better him beheld, shee grew  
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart:  
The point of pittie perced through her tender hart.

31 Meekely shee bowed downe, to weete if life  
Yett in his frosen members did remaine;  
And, feeling by his pulses beating rife<sup>3</sup>  
That the weake sowle her seat did yett retaine,  
She cast to comfort him with busy paine:  
His double-folded necke she reard upright,  
And rubd his temples and each trembling vaine;  
His mayled haberieon<sup>4</sup> shee did undight,  
And from his head his heavy burganet<sup>5</sup> did light.

32 Into the woods thenceforth in haste shee went,  
To seeke for hearbes that mote him remedy;  
For shee of herbes had great intendiment,<sup>6</sup>  
Taught of the nympe which from her infancy  
Her nourced had in trew nobility:

<sup>1</sup> *Rew*, pity.

<sup>2</sup> *Besides*, without.

<sup>3</sup> *Rife*, frequently.

<sup>4</sup> *Haberieon*, coat of mail.

<sup>5</sup> *Burganet*, helmet.

<sup>6</sup> *Intendiment*, knowledge.

There, whether yt divine Tobacco were,  
 Or Panachæa, or Polygony,  
 Shee fownd, and brought it to her patient deare,  
 Who al this while lay bleding out his hart-blood neare.

33 The soveraine weede betwixt two marbles plaine <sup>1</sup>  
 Shee pownded small, and did in peeces bruze;  
 And then atweene her lilly handes twaine  
 Into his wound the iuice thereof did scruze <sup>2</sup>;  
 And round about, as she could well it uze,  
 The flesh therewith shee suppld <sup>3</sup> and did steepe,  
 T' abate all spasme and soke the swelling bruze;  
 And, after having searcht the intuse <sup>4</sup> deepe,  
 She with her scarf' did bind the wound, from cold to  
 keepe.

34 By this he had sweet life recur'd <sup>5</sup> agayne,  
 And, growing inly deepe, at last his eies,  
 His watry eies, drizzling like deawy rayne,  
 He up gan lifte toward the azure skies,  
 From whence descend all hopelesse <sup>6</sup> remedies:  
 Therewith he sigh'd; and, turning him aside,  
 The goodly Maide full of divinities  
 And gifts of heavenly grace he by him spide,  
 Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

<sup>1</sup> *Plaine*, smooth.

<sup>2</sup> *Scruze*, crush.

<sup>3</sup> *Suppld*, softened.

<sup>4</sup> *Intuse*, contusion.

<sup>5</sup> *Recur'd*, recovered.

<sup>6</sup> *Hopelesse*, unexpected.

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XXXII. 6. — *Divine Tobacco.*] Warton conjectures that this honorable mention of tobacco was intended as a compliment to Sir Walter Raleigh, by whom it had shortly before been introduced into England. H.

85 “ Mercy ! deare Lord,” said he, “ what grace is this  
 That thou hast shewed to me, sinfull wight,  
 To send thine angell from her bowre of blis  
 To comfort me in my distressed plight !  
 Angell, or goddesse, doe I call thee right ?  
 What service may I doe unto thee meete,  
 That hast from darkenes me returnd to light,  
 And with thy heavenly salves and med’cines sweete  
 Hast drest my sinfull wounds ! I kisse thy blessed  
 feete.”

36 Thereat she blushing said : “ Ah ! gentle Squire,  
 Nor goddesse I, nor angell, but the mayd  
 And daughter of a woody nymphe, desire  
 No service but thy safēty and ayd ;  
 Which if thou gaine, I shal be well apayd.<sup>1</sup>  
 Wee mortall wights, whose lives and fortunes bee  
 To commun accidents stil open layd,  
 Are bownd with commun bond of frailtee,  
 To succor wretched wights whom we captivd see.”

37 By this her damzells, which the former chace  
 Had undertaken after her, arryv’d,  
 As did Belphebe, in the bloody place,  
 And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriv’d  
 Of life, whom late their ladies arrow ryv’d<sup>2</sup> :  
 Forthy<sup>3</sup> the bloody tract they followd fast,  
 And every one to ronne the swiftest stryv’d ;  
 But two of them the rest far overpast,  
 And where their lady was arrived at the last.

<sup>1</sup> *Apayd*, satisfied.

<sup>2</sup> *Ryv’d*, pierced.

<sup>3</sup> *Forthy*, therefore.

38 Where when they saw that goodly boy with blood  
 Defowled, and their lady dresse his wownd,  
 They wondred much; and shortly understood  
 How him in deadly case theyr lady fownd,  
 And reskewed out of the heavy stownd.<sup>1</sup>  
 Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd  
 Farre in the woodes whiles that he lay in swownd,  
 She made those damzels search; which being stayd,  
 They did him set theron, and forth with them conveyd.

39 Into that forest farre they thence him led  
 Where was their dwelling; in a pleasant glade  
 With mountaines rownd about environed  
 And mightie woodes, which did the valley shade,  
 And like <sup>2</sup> a stately theatre it made,  
 Spreading itselſe into a spacious plaine;  
 And in the midst a little river plaide  
 Emongst the puny <sup>3</sup> stones, which seemd to plaine  
 With gentle murmure that his cours they did restraine.

40 Beside the same a dainty place there lay,  
 Planted with mirtle trees and laurells greene,  
 In which the birds song many a lovely lay  
 Of Gods high praise, and of their loves sweet teene,<sup>4</sup>  
 As it an earthly paradize had beene:  
 In whose enclosed shadow there was pight <sup>5</sup>  
 A faire pavilion, scarcely to be seene,  
 The which was al within most richly dight,  
 That greatest princes liking <sup>6</sup> it mote well delight.

<sup>1</sup> *Stownd*, exigence, situation.

<sup>2</sup> *Like*, as it were.

<sup>3</sup> *Puny*, porous.

<sup>4</sup> *Teene*, pain.

<sup>5</sup> *Pight*, placed.

<sup>6</sup> Later eds. *living*.

41 Thether they brought that wounded Squire, and  
layd

In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest.

He rested him awhile; and then the Mayd

His readie wound with better salves new drest:

Daily she dressed him, and did the best,

His grievous hurt to guarish,<sup>1</sup> that she might;

That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,

And his foule sore reduced to faire plight:

It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

42 O foolish physick, and unfruitfull paine,<sup>2</sup>

That heales up one, and makes another wound

She his hurt thigh to him recurd againe,

But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,

Through an unwary dart which did rebownd

From her faire eyes and gracious countenance

What bootes it him from death to be unbownd,

To be captiv'd in endlésse duraúnce

Of sorrow and despeyre without aleggeaunce<sup>3</sup>!

43 Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,

So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd:

Madnesse to save a part, and lose the whole!

Still whenas he beheld the heavenly Mayd,

Whiles dayly playsters to his wownd she layd,

So still his malady the more increast,

The whiles her matchlesse beautie him dismayd.<sup>4</sup>

Ah God! what other could he doe at least,

But love so fayre a lady that his life releast!

- *Guarish*, heal.

<sup>2</sup> *Paine*, labor.

<sup>3</sup> *Alleggeaunce*, alleviation.

<sup>4</sup> *Dismayd*, overpowered.

44 Long while he strove in his corageous brest  
 With reason dew the passion to subdew,  
 And love for to dislodge out of his nest :  
 Still when her excellencies he did vew,  
 Her souveraine bountie<sup>1</sup> and celestiall hew,  
 The same to love he strongly was constraynd :  
 But, when his meane estate he did reuew,  
 He from such hardy boldnesse was restraynd,  
 And of his lucklesse lott and cruell love thus playnd :

45 “ Unthankfull wretch,” said he, “ is this the meed,  
 With which her souverain mercy thou doest quight ?  
 Thy life she saved by her gracious deed ;  
 But thou doest weene with villeinous despight  
 To blott her honour and her heavenly light :  
 Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally  
 Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light :  
 Fayre death it is, to shonne more shame, to  
 dy :  
 Dye rather, dy, then ever love disloyally.

16 “ But if to love disloyalty it bee,  
 Shall I then hate her that from deathës dore  
 Me brought ? ah ! farre be such reproch fro mee !  
 What can I lesse doe then her love thereföre.  
 Sith I her dew reward cannot restore<sup>2</sup>  
 Dye rather, dye, and dying doe her serve ;  
 Dying her serve, and living her adore ;  
 Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve :  
 Dye rather, dye, then ever from her service swerve.

<sup>1</sup> *Bountie*, goodness.

47 " But, foolish boy, what bootes thy service bace  
 To her, to whom the hevens doe serve and sew<sup>1</sup>?  
 Thou, a meane squyre, of meeke and lowly place;  
 She, hevenly borne and of celestiaall hew.  
 How then? of all Love taketh equall vew:  
 And doth not Highest God vouchsafe to take  
 The love and service of the basest crew?  
 If she will not, dye meekly for her sake:  
 Dye rather, dye, then ever so faire love forsake!"

48 Thus warreid<sup>2</sup> he long time against his will;  
 Till that through weaknesse he was forst at last  
 To yield himselfe unto the mightie ill;  
 Which, as a victour proud, gan ransack fast  
 His inward partes, and all his entrayles wast,  
 That neither blood in face nor life in hart  
 It left, but both did quite drye up and blast;  
 As percing levin, which the inner part  
 Of every thing consumes and calcineth by art.

49 Which seeing, fayre Belphebe gan to feare  
 Least that his wound were inly well not heald,  
 Or that the wicked steele empoysned were:  
 Litle shee weend that love he close conceald.  
 Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeald

<sup>1</sup> Sew, follow, obey.

<sup>2</sup> Warreid, contended.

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XLVII. 2. — An allusion to the destruction of the Spanish fleet by storms. Timias's affection for Belphebe is thought to signify Raleigh's admiration for the Queen.

XLVIII. 9. — *Calcineth by art.*] This expression occasions some trouble if *levin* be explained lightning. *By art* would most naturally signify, in a wonderful or mysterious way. C.

When the bright sunne his beams theron doth beat ;  
 Yet never he his hart to her reveald ;  
 But rather chose to dye for sorow great,  
 Then with dishonorable termes her to entreat.

50 She, gracious lady, yet no paines did spare  
 To doe him ease, or doe him remedy :  
 Many restoratives of vertues rare  
 And costly cordialles she did apply,  
 To mitigate his stubborne malady :  
 But that sweet cordiall, which can restore  
 A love-sick hart, she did to him envý<sup>1</sup> ;  
 To him, and to all th' unworthy world forlore,  
 She did envý that soveraine salve in secret store.

61 That daintie rose, the daughter of her morne,  
 More deare then life she tendered, whose flowre  
 The girlound of her honour did adorne :  
 Ne suffred she the middayes scorching powre,  
 Ne the sharp northerne wind thereon to showre ;  
 But lapped up her silken leaves most chayre,<sup>2</sup>  
 Whenso the froward skye began to lowre ;  
 But, soone as calmed was the christall ayre,  
 She did it fayre dispred and let to flourish fayre.

52 Eternall God, in his almightie powre,  
 To make ensample of his heavenly grace,  
 In paradize whylome did plant this flowre ;  
 Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,  
 And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Envý*, grudge, deny.

<sup>2</sup> *Chayre*, chary.

<sup>3</sup> *Enrace*, implant.



That mortall men her glory should admyre.  
 In gentle ladies breste and bounteous race  
 Of woman-kind it fayrest flowre doth spyre,<sup>1</sup>  
 And beareth fruit of honour and all chast desyre.

53 Fayre ympes<sup>2</sup> of beautie, whose bright shining-  
 beames  
 Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,  
 And to your willes both royalties and reames<sup>3</sup>  
 Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might ;:  
 With this fayre flowre your goodly girlonds dight<sup>4</sup>  
 Of chastity and vertue virginall,  
 That shall embellish more your beautie bright,  
 And crowne your heades with heavenly coronall,  
 Such as the Angels weare before Gods tribunall !

54 To youre faire selves a faire ensample frame  
 Of this faire virgin, this Belphebe fayre ;  
 To whom, in perfect love and spotlesse fame  
 Of chastitie, none living may compayre :  
 Ne poysnous envy iustly can empayre  
 The prayse of her fresh-flowring maydenhead ;  
 Forthly she standeth on the highest stayre  
 Of th' honorable stage of womanhead,  
 That ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

55 In so great prayse of stedfast chastity  
 Nathlesse she was so courteous and kynde,  
 Tempred with grace and goodly modesty,

<sup>1</sup> *Spyre*, shoot forth.

<sup>2</sup> *Ympes*, daughters.

<sup>3</sup> *Reames*, realms.

<sup>4</sup> *Dight*, adorn.

That seemed those two vertues strove to fynd  
The higher place in her heroick mynd :  
So striving each did other more augment,  
And both encreast the prayse of womankynde,  
And both encreast her beautie excellent :  
So all did make in her a perfect complement.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Complement*, complete character.

## CANTO VI.

The Birth of fayre Belphœbe and  
 Of Amorett is told:  
 The Gardins of Adonis fraught  
 With pleasures manifold.

<sup>1</sup> WELL may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while  
 Ye wonder how this noble Damozell  
 So great perfections did in her compile,<sup>1</sup>  
 Sith that in salvage forests she did dwell,  
 So farre from court and royall citadell,  
 The great schoolmaistresse of all courtesy :  
 Seemeth that such wilde woodes should far expell  
 All civile usage and gentility,  
 And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

<sup>2</sup> But to this faire Belphœbe in her berth  
 The heavens so favorable were and free,  
 Looking with myld aspéct upon the earth  
 In th' horoscope of her nativitee,  
 That all the gifts of grace and chastitee  
 On her they poured forth of plenteous horne :  
 Iove laught on Venus from his soverayne see,<sup>2</sup>  
 And Phœbus with faire beames did her adorne,  
 And all the Graces rockt her cradle being borne.

<sup>1</sup> *Compile*, combine.

<sup>2</sup> *See*, seat.



Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bare  
 In this wilde forrest wandring all alone,  
 After she had nine moneths fulfilld and gone :  
 For not as other wemens commune brood  
 They were enwomb'd in the sacred throne  
 Of her chaste bodie ; nor with commune food,  
 As other wemens babes, they suck'd vitall blood :

6 But wondrously they were begot and bred,  
 Through influence of th' hev'ns fruitfull ray,  
 As it in antique bookes is mentioned.  
 It was upon a sommers shinie day,  
 When Titan faire his beamës did display,  
 In a fresh fountaine, far from all mens vew,  
 She bath'd her brest the boyling heat t' allay ;  
 She bath'd with roses red and violets blew,  
 And all the sweetest flowres that in the forrest grew :

7 Till, faint through yrkesome wearines, adowne  
 Upon the grassy ground herselfe she layd  
 To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slombring swowne  
 Upon her fell all naked bare displayd :  
 The sunbeames bright upon her body playd,  
 Being through former bathing mollifide,  
 And pierst into her wombe ; where they embayd<sup>1</sup>  
 With so sweet sence and secret power unspide,  
 That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructifide.

8 Miraculous may seeme to him that reades  
 So straunge ensample of conception ;

<sup>1</sup> *Embayed*, bathed.

But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades  
 Of all things living, through impression  
 Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion,<sup>1</sup>  
 Doe life conceive and quickned are by kynd<sup>2</sup>:  
 So, after Nilus inundation,  
 Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd  
 Informed<sup>3</sup> in the mud on which the sunne hath shynd.

9 Great father he of generation  
 Is rightly cald, th' authour of life and light;  
 And his faire sister for creation  
 Ministreth matter fit, which, tempred right  
 With heate and humour, breedes the living wight.  
 So sprong these twinnes in womb of Chrysogone;  
 Yet wist she nought thereof, but, sore affright,  
 Wondred to see her belly so upblone,  
 Which still increast till she her terme had full outgone.

10 Whereof conceiving shame and foule disgrace,  
 Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,  
 She fled into the wilderness a space,  
 Till that unweeldy burden she had reard,<sup>4</sup>  
 And shund dishonor which as death she feard:  
 Where, wearie of long traveill, downe to rest  
 Herselfe she set, and comfortably cheard;  
 There a sad cloud of sleepe her overkest,  
 And seized every sence with sorrow sore opprest.

<sup>1</sup> *Complexion*, condition, or constitution.

<sup>2</sup> *Kynd*, nature.

<sup>3</sup> *Informed*, shapeless (a Latinism).

<sup>4</sup> *Reard*, discharged (cf. IV. vi. 6).

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VIII. 7. — *So, after Nilus, &c.*] This story has already been alluded to, Book I. Canto I. Stanza 21.

11 It fortun'd, faire Venus having lost  
 Her little sonne, the winged God of Love,  
 Who for some light displeasure, which him crost,  
 Was from her fled as flit<sup>1</sup> as ayery dove,  
 And left her blisfull bowre of ioy above ;  
 (So from her often he had fled away,  
 When she for ought him sharpely did reprove,  
 And wandred in the world in straunge aray,  
 Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him  
                   bewray ;)

12 Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous,  
 The house of goodly formes and faire aspéct,  
 Whence all the world derives the glorious  
 Features of beautie, and all shapes select,  
 With which High God his workmanship hath deckt ;  
 And searched everie way through which his wings  
 Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect :  
 She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things,  
 Unto the man that of him tydings to her brings.

13 First she him sought in Court, where most he us'd  
 Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not ;  
 But many there she found which sore accus'd  
 His falshood, and with fowle infâmous blot  
 His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did spot :  
 Ladies and lordes she every where mote heare  
 Complayning, how with his empoynsed shot

<sup>1</sup> *Flit*, fleet.

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XI. 1. — *Venus having lost*, &c.] This incident was suggested by a very pretty idyl of Moschus, called "Love a Fugitive." H.

Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare,<sup>1</sup>  
 And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare.

14 She then the cities sought from gate to gate,  
 And everie one did aske, Did he him see?  
 And everie one her answerd, that too late  
 He had him seene, and felt the crueltee  
 Of his sharpe dartes and whot artilleree:  
 And every one threw forth reproches rife  
 Of his mischiévous deedes, and sayd that hee  
 Was the disturber of all civill life,  
 The enemy of peace, and authour of all strife.

15 Then in the countrey she abroad him sought,  
 And in the rurall cottages inquir'd;  
 Where also many plaintes to her were brought,  
 How he their heedelesse harts with love had fir'd,  
 And his false venim through their veines inspir'd;  
 And eke the gentle shepheard swaynes, which sat  
 Keeping their fleecy flockes, as they were hyr'd,  
 She sweetly heard complaine both how and what  
 Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile thereat.

16 But, when in none of all these she him got,  
 She gan avize<sup>2</sup> where els he mote him hyde:  
 At last she her bethought that she had not  
 Yet sought the salvage woods and forests wyde,  
 In which full many lovely nymphes abyde;  
 Mongst whom might be that he did closely<sup>3</sup> lye,  
 Or that the love of some of them him tyde:

<sup>1</sup> *Whyleare*, some time before.

<sup>2</sup> *Avize*, consider.

<sup>3</sup> *Closely*, secretly.



Forthy<sup>1</sup> she thither cast her course t' apply,  
To search the secret haunts of Dianes company.

17 Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came,  
Whereas she found the goddesse with her crew,  
After late chace of their embrewed<sup>2</sup> game,  
Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew<sup>3</sup>;  
Some of them washing with the liquid dew  
From of their dainty limbs the dusty sweat  
And soyle, which did deforme their lively hew;  
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;  
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

18 She, having hong upon a bough on high  
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste  
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,  
And her lanck loyues<sup>4</sup> ungirt, and brests unbraste,  
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;  
Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright  
Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,  
Now loose about her shoulders hong undight,  
And were with sweet ambrosia all besprinkled light.

9 Soone as she Venus saw behinde her backe,  
She was asham'd to be so loose surpriz'd;  
And woxe halfe wroth against her damzels slacke,  
That had not her thereof before aviz'd,  
But suffred her so carelesly disguiz'd  
Be overtaken. Soone her garments loose

<sup>1</sup> *Forthy*, therefore.

<sup>2</sup> *Embrewed*, wet with blood

<sup>3</sup> *Rew*, row.

<sup>4</sup> *Lanck loyues*, slender waist

Up-gath'ring, in her bosome she compriz'd  
 Well as she might, and to the goddesse rose ;  
 Whiles all her nymphes did like a girlond her enclose.

20 Goodly she gan faire Cytherea greet,  
 And shortly asked her what cause her brought,  
 Into that wilderness for her unneet,  
 From her sweete bowres and beds with pleasures  
                   fraught :  
 That sudein chaung she straung adventure thought.  
 To whom halfe weeping she thus answered :  
 That she her dearest sonne Cupido sought,  
 Who in his frowardnes from her was fled ;  
 That she repented sore to have him angered.

21 Thereat Diana gan to smile, in scorne  
 Of her vaine playnt, and to her scoffing sayd :  
 " Great pittie sure that ye be so forlorne <sup>2</sup>  
 Of your gay sonne, that gives ye so good ayd  
 To your disports ; ill mote ye bene apayd ! " <sup>3</sup>  
 But she was more engrieved, and replide :  
 " Faire sister, ill beseemes it to upbrayd  
 A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride ;  
 The like that mine may be your paine another tide. <sup>4</sup>

22 " As you in woods and wanton wilderness  
 Your glory sett, to ehace the salvage beasts,  
 So my delight is all in ioyfulnesse,  
 In beds, in bowres, in banckets, and in feasts :

<sup>1</sup> I. e. she concealed her bosom.

<sup>2</sup> *Forlorne, bereft.*

<sup>3</sup> I. e. you must be sadly discontented.

<sup>4</sup> *Tide, time.*

And ill becomes you, with your lofty creasts,  
 To scorne the ioy that Iove is glad to seeke :  
 We both are bownd to follow heavens beheasts,  
 And tend our charges with obeisaunce meeke :  
 Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to eeke <sup>1</sup> ;

23 " And tell me if that ye my sonne have heard  
 To lurke amongst your nimphe in secret wize,  
 Or keepe their cabins : much I am affeard  
 Least he like one of them himselfe disguise,  
 And turne his arrowes to their exercize :  
 So may he long himselfe full easie hide ;  
 For he is faire, and fresh in face and guize  
 As any nimphe ; let not it be envide." <sup>2</sup>  
 So saying, every nimphe full narrowly shee eide.

24 But Phœbe therewith sore was angered,  
 And sharply saide : " Goe, Dame ; goe, seeke your  
                   boy,  
 Where you him lately lefte, in Mars his bed :  
 He comes not here : we scorne his foolish ioy,  
 Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy :  
 But, if I catch him in this company,  
 By Stygian lake I vow, whose sad annoy  
 The gods doe dread, he dearly shall abyee <sup>3</sup> :  
 Hee clip his wanton wings that he no more shall flye."

25 Whom whenas Venus saw so sore displeasd,  
 Shee inly sory was, and gan relent <sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Eeke*, increase.

<sup>3</sup> *Abyee*, abide, pay for it.

<sup>2</sup> I. e. do not grudge him that praise. <sup>4</sup> *Relent*, soften, qualify.

What shee had said : so her she soone appeas'd  
 With sugred words and gentle blandishment,  
 Which as a fountaine from her sweete lips went  
 And welled goodly forth, that in short space  
 She was well pleas'd, and forth her damzells sent  
 Through all the woods, to search from place to  
     place,  
 If any tract of him or tidings they mote trace.

26 To search the God of Love, her nimphes she sent  
 Throughout the wandring forest every where :  
 And after them herselfe eke with her went  
 To seeke the fugitive both farre and nere.  
 So long they sought, till they arrived were  
 In that same shady covert whereas lay  
 Faire Crysogone in slombry traunce whilere ;  
 Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)  
 Unwares had borne two babes as faire as springing  
     day.

27 Unwares she them conceivd, unwares she bore :  
 She bore withouten paine, that she conceiv'd  
 Withouten pleasure ; ne her need implore  
 Lucinaes aide. Which when they both perceiv'd,  
 They were through wonder nigh of sence berev'd,  
 And, gazing each on other, nought bespake :  
 At last they both agreed, her seeming griev'd  
 Out of her heavie swowne not to awake,  
 But from her loving side the tender babes to take.

28 Up they them tooke, each one a babe uptooke,  
 And with them carried to be fostered :

Dame Phæbe to a nymphe her babe betooke<sup>1</sup>  
 To be upbrought in perfect maydenhed,  
 And, of herselfe, her name Belphœbe red<sup>2</sup> :  
 But Venus hers thence far away convayd,  
 To be upbrought in goodly womanhed ;  
 And, in her litle Loves stead which was strayd,  
 Her Amoretta cald, to comfort her dismayd.<sup>3</sup>

29 Shee brought her to her ioyous paradize  
 Wher most she wonnes, when she on earth does  
 dwell :  
 So faire a place as Nature can devise :  
 Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,  
 Or it in Gnidus bee, I wote not well ;  
 But well I wote by triall, that this same  
 All other pleasaunt places doth excell,  
 And called is, by her lost lovers name,  
 The Gardin of Adonis, far renownd by fame.

30 In that same gardin all the goodly flowres  
 Wherewith Dame Nature doth her beautify,  
 And decks the girlonds of her paramoures,  
 Are fetcht : there is the first seminary  
 Of all things that are borne to live and dye,  
 Accordiug to their kynds.<sup>4</sup> Long worke it were  
 Here to account the endlesse progeny

<sup>1</sup> *Betooke*, committed.

<sup>2</sup> *Red*, declared.

<sup>3</sup> *Dismayd*, dejected.

<sup>4</sup> *Kynds*, natures.

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XXX. 1. — *In that same gardin, &c.*] In the fable of Venus and Adonis, Adonis represents the sun, which quickens the growth of all things.

Of all the weeds<sup>1</sup> that bud and blossome there ;  
But so much as doth need must needs be counted<sup>2</sup> here.

31 It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,  
And girt in with two walls on either side,  
The one of yron, the other of bright gold,  
That none might thorough breake, nor overstride :  
And double gates it had which opened wide,  
By which both in and out men moten pas ;  
Th' one faire and fresh, the other old and dride :  
Old Genius the porter of them was,  
Old Genius, the which a double nature has.

32 He letteth in, he letteth out to wend  
All that to come into the world desire :  
A thousand thousand naked babes attend  
About him day and night, which doe require  
That he with fleshly weeds would them attire :  
Such as him list, such as eternall fate  
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,  
And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,  
Till they agayn returne backe by the hinder gate.

<sup>1</sup> *Weeds*, plants.

<sup>2</sup> *Counted*, recounted.

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XXXI. 8. — *Old Genius*.] Warton observes that the Genius here spoken of (who is the same as the Aglistes of Book II. XII. 48) seems to be that which is represented in the *Picture* of Cebes. "First you must know that this place is called Life. And the great crowd which is standing by the gate are those who are 'ust about to enter into Life. The Old Man who stands above, holding a paper in one hand and apparently pointing with the other, is called Dæmon (Genius). He assigns to every person as he comes in what he is to do," etc. C.

83 After that they againe returned beene,  
 They in that gardin planted bee agayne,  
 And grow afresh, as they had never seene  
 Fleshly corruption nor mortall payne :  
 Some thousand yeares so doen they there remayne,  
 And then of him are clad with other hew,  
 Or sent into the chaungefull world agayne,  
 Till thether they retourne where first they grew :  
 So, like a wheele, arownd they ronne from old to new.

84 Ne needs there gardiner to sett or sow,  
 To plant or prune ; for of their owne accord  
 All things, as they created were, doe grow,  
 And yet remember well the mighty word  
 Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,  
 That bad them to increase and multiply :  
 Ne doe they need, with water of the ford  
 Or of the clouds, to moysten their roots dry ;  
 For in themselves eternall moisture they imply.<sup>1</sup>

85 Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,  
 And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew :  
 And every sort is in a sondry bed  
 Sett by itselfe, and ranckt in comely rew<sup>2</sup> ;  
 Some fitt for reasonable sowles t' indew ;  
 Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare ;  
 And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew

<sup>1</sup> *Imply*, wrap up, contain.

<sup>2</sup> *Rew*, row.

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XXXIII. 1. — *After that, &c.*] In this and the following stanzas, the Pythagorean and Platonic doctrines of metempsychosis are expounded. H.

In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,  
That seemd the ocean could not containe them **there**.

36 Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent  
Into the world, it to replenish more ;  
Yet is the stocke not lessened nor spent,  
But still remains in everlasting store  
As it at first created was of yore :  
For in the wide wombe of the world **there lyes**,  
In hatefull darknes and in deep horróre,  
An huge eternal chaos, which supplyes  
The substaunces of Natures fruitfull progenyes.

37 All things from thence doe their first being **fetch**,  
And borrow matter whereof they are made ;  
Which, whenas forme and feature it does **ketch**.  
Becomes a body, and doth then invade <sup>1</sup>  
The state of life out of the griesly shade.  
That substaunce is eterne, and bideth so ;  
Ne, when the life decayes and forme does **fade**,  
Doth it consume and into nothing goe,  
But chaunged is and often altered to and froe.

38 The substaunce is not chaungd nor altered,  
But th' only forme and outward fashion ;  
For every substaunce is conditioned  
To chaunge her hew, and sondry formes to **don**,  
Meet for her temper and complexion :  
For formes are variable, and decay  
By course of kinde <sup>2</sup> and by occasion ;

<sup>1</sup> *Inva*de, come into.

<sup>2</sup> *Kinde*, nature.



And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,  
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

39 Great enmy to it, and to all the rest  
That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,  
Is wicked Tyme ; — who, with his scyth addrest,<sup>1</sup>  
Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly things,  
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,  
Where they do wither and are fowly mard :  
He flyes about, and with his flaggy winges  
Beates downe both leaves and buds without regard;  
Ne ever pittie may relent<sup>2</sup> his malice hard.

40 Yet pittie often did the gods relent,  
To see so faire thinges mard and spoiled quight :  
And their great mother Venus did lament  
The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight :  
Her hart was pierst with pittie at the sight,  
When walking through the gardin them she saw.  
Yet no'te<sup>3</sup> she find redresse for such despight :  
For all that lives is subiect to that law :  
All things decay in time, and to their end doe draw.

41 But were it not that Time their troubler is,  
All that in this delightfull gardin growes  
Should happy bee, and have immortall blis :  
For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes ;  
And sweete Love gentle fitts emongst them throwes,  
Without fell rancor or fond gealosity :

<sup>1</sup> *Addrest*, prepared, furnished.

<sup>3</sup> *No'te*, could not.

<sup>2</sup> *Relent*, soften.

Frankly each paramor his leman knowes ;  
 Each bird his mate ; ne any does envý  
 Their goodly meriment and gay felicity.

42 There is continuall spring, and harvest there  
 Continuall, both meeting at one tyme :  
 For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,  
 And with fresh colours decke the wanton pryme,<sup>1</sup>  
 And eke attonce the heavy trees they clyme,  
 Which seeme to labour under their fruites lode :  
 The whiles the ioyous birdes make their pastyme  
 Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,  
 And their trew loves without suspition tell abroad.

43 Right in the midst of that paradise  
 There stood a stately mount, on whose round top  
 A gloomy grove of mirtle trees did rise,  
 Whose shady boughes sharp steele did never lop,  
 Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did crop,  
 But like a girlond compassed the hight,  
 And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum did drop,  
 That all the ground, with pretious dew bedight,<sup>2</sup>  
 Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet de-  
 light.

44 And in the thickest covert of that shade  
 There was a pleasaunt arber, not by art  
 But of the trees owne inclination made,  
 Which knitting their rancke<sup>3</sup> braunches part to part,

<sup>1</sup> *Pryme*, spring.

<sup>3</sup> *Rancke*, luxuriant.

<sup>2</sup> *Bedight*, covered.

With wanton yvie twyne entrayld<sup>1</sup> athwart,  
 And eglantine and caprifole<sup>2</sup> emong,  
 Fashiond above within their inmost part,  
 That nether Phoebus beams could through them  
                   throng,  
 Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

45 And all about grew every sort of flowre,  
 To which sad lovers were transformde of yore ;  
 Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus paramoure  
 And dearest love ;  
 Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry shore ;  
 Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,  
 Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore  
 Me seemes I see Amintas wretched fate,  
 To whom sweet poets verse hath given endlesse  
                   date.

46 There wont fayre Venus often to enioy  
 Her deare Adonis ioyous company,  
 And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy :  
 There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,  
 Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,  
 By her hid from the world, and from the skill  
 Of Stygian gods, which doe her love envý ;  
 But she herselfe, whenever that she will,  
 Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill :

<sup>1</sup> *Entrayld*, twisted.

<sup>2</sup> *Caprifole*, woodbine.

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XLV. 8. — *Amintas wretched fate.*] This is supposed to allude to the untimely death of Sir Philip Sidney. H.

47 And sooth, it seemes, they say ; for he may not  
 For ever dye, and ever buried bee  
 In balefull night where all thinges are forgot ;  
 All be he subiect to mortalitie,  
 Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,  
 And by succession made perpetuall,  
 Transformed oft, and chaunged diverslie :  
 For him the father of all formes they call ;  
 Therefore needs mote he live, that living gives to all.

48 There now he liveth in eternall blis,  
 Ioying his goddesse, and of her enioyd ;  
 Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,  
 Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd <sup>1</sup> :  
 For that wilde bore, the which him once annoyd,  
 She firmly hath emprisoned for ay,  
 (That her sweet Love his malice mote avoyd,)  
 In a strong rocky cave, which is, they say,  
 Hewen underneath that mount, that none him losen <sup>2</sup>  
 may.

49 There now he lives in everlasting ioy,  
 With many of the gods in company  
 Which toether haunt, and with the winged boy,  
 Sporting himselfe in safe felicity :  
 Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty

<sup>1</sup> *Cloyd*, clawed.

<sup>2</sup> *Losen*, loosen.

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XLVIII. 5. — *For that wilde bore.*] Adonis representing the productive energy of nature, the wild boar is a type of winter during which that energy is suspended. II.

Ransackt the world, and in the wofull harts  
 Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,  
 Thether resortes, and, laying his sad dartes  
 Asyde, with faire Adonis playes his wanton partes.

50 And his trew Love, faire Psyche, with him playes,  
 Fayre Psyche to him lately reconcyld,  
 After long troubles and unmeet upbrayes,<sup>1</sup>  
 With which his mother Venus her revyld,  
 And eke himselfe her cruelly exyld :  
 But now in stedfast love and happy state  
 She with him lives, and bath him borne a chyld,  
 Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,<sup>2</sup>  
 Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late.

51 Hether great Venus brought this infant fayre,  
 The yonger daughter of Chrysogonee,  
 And unto Psyche with great trust and care  
 Committed her, yfostered to bee,  
 And trained up in trew feminitee<sup>3</sup> :  
 Who no lesse carefully her tendered  
 Then her owne daughter Pleasure, to whom shee  
 Made her companion, and her lessoned  
 In all the lore of love and goodly womanhead.

52 In which when she to perfect ripenes grew,  
 Of grace and beautie noble paragone,  
 She brought her forth into the worldës vew,  
 To be th' ensample of true love alone,

<sup>1</sup> *Upbrayes*, upbraidings.

<sup>3</sup> *Feminitee*, womanhood.

<sup>2</sup> *Aggrate*, please.

And lodestarre of all chaste affection  
 To all fayre ladies that doe live on grownd.  
 To Faery Court she came; where many one  
 Admyrd her goodly haveour, and fownd  
 His feeble hart wide launched with loves cruel wownd.

53 But she to none of them her love did cast,  
 Save to the noble knight, Sir Scudamore,  
 To whom her loving hart she linked fast  
 In faithfull love, t' abide for evermore;  
 And for his dearest sake endured sore,  
 Sore trouble of an hainous enemy,  
 Who her would forced have to have **forlore**<sup>1</sup>  
 Her former love and stedfast loialty,  
 As ye may elsewhere reade that ruefull history.

54 But well I weene ye first desire to learne  
 What end unto that fearefull damozell,  
 Which fledd so fast from that same foster **stearne**  
 Whom with his brethren Timias slew, befell:  
 That was, to weet, the goodly Florimell;  
 Who, wandring for to seeke her lover deare,  
 Her lover deare, her dearest Marinell,  
 Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,  
 And from Prince Arthure fled with wings of idle feare.

<sup>1</sup> *Forlore*, abandoned.

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LIII. 9. — *As ye may elsewhere.*] See the eleventh and twelfth cantos of this book.

## CANTO VII.

The Witches Sonne loves Florimell:  
 She flyes; he faines to dy.  
 Satyrane saves the Squire of Dames  
 From Gyaunts tyranny.

1 LIKE as an hynd forth singled from the heard,  
 That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,  
 Yet flyes away of her owne feete afeard;  
 And every leafe, that shaketh with the least  
 Murmure of winde, her terror hath encreast:  
 So fledd fayre Florimell from her vaine feare,  
 Long after she from perill was releast:  
 Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did heare,  
 Did seeme to be the same which she escapt whileare.

2 All that same evening she in flying spent,  
 And all that night her course continewed:  
 Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,  
 Nor wearinesse to slack her hast, but fled  
 Ever alike, as if her former dred  
 Were hard behind, her ready to arrest:  
 And her white palfrey, having conquered  
 The maistring<sup>1</sup> raines out of her weary wrest,<sup>2</sup>  
 Perforce her carried where ever he thought best.

<sup>1</sup> *Muistring*, mastering, or controlling.

<sup>2</sup> *Wrest*, wrist.

3 So long as breath and hable puissaunce  
 Did native corage unto him supply,  
 His pace he freshly forward did aduance,  
 And carried her beyond all ieopardy;  
 But nought that wanteth rest can long aby<sup>1</sup>:  
 He, having through incessant traveill spent  
 His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,  
 Ne foot could further move. The Lady gent  
 Thereat was suddein strook with great astonishment;

4 And, forst t' alight, on foot mote algates<sup>2</sup> fare,  
 A traveller unwonted to such way;  
 Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare, —  
 That Fortune all in equall launce<sup>3</sup> doth sway,  
 And mortall miseries doth make her play.  
 So long she traveild, till at length she came  
 To an hilles side, which did to her bewray  
 A litle valley subiect to<sup>4</sup> the same,  
 All coverd with thick woodes that quite it overcame.<sup>5</sup>

5 Through the tops of the high trees she did descry  
 A litle smoke, whose vapour thin and light  
 Reeking aloft uprolled to the sky:  
 Which cheurefull signe did send unto her sight  
 That in the same did wonne<sup>6</sup> some living wight.  
 Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,  
 And came at last, in weary wretched plight,  
 Unto the place, to which her hope did guye  
 To finde some refuge there, and rest her wearie syde.

<sup>1</sup> *Aby*, abide.

<sup>2</sup> *Algates*, at all events.

<sup>3</sup> *Launce*, balance.

<sup>4</sup> *Subiect to*, lying beneath.

<sup>5</sup> *Overcame*, came over, clothed.

<sup>6</sup> *Wonne*, dwell.



5 There in a gloomy hollow glen she found  
 A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes  
 In homely wize, and wald with sods around,  
 In which a Witch did dwell, in loathly weedes  
 And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes ;  
 So choosing solitarie to abide,  
 Far from all neighbours, that her divelish deedes  
 And hellish arts from people she might hide,  
 And hurt far off unknowne whomever she envie.

7 The Damzell there arriving entred in ;  
 Where sitting on the flore the Hag she found,  
 Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin<sup>1</sup> :  
 Who, soone as she beheld that suddain stound,<sup>2</sup>  
 Lightly upstartd from the dustie ground,  
 And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze  
 Stared on her awhile, as one astound,  
 Ne had one word to speake for great amaze ;  
 But shewd by outward signes that dread her sence  
 did daze.<sup>3</sup>

8 At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,  
 She askt, what devill had her thether brought,  
 And who she was, and what unwonted path  
 Had guided her, unwelcomed, unsought.  
 To which the Damzell, full of doubtfull thought,  
 Her mildly answer'd : “ Beldame,<sup>4</sup> be not wroth  
 With silly<sup>5</sup> virgin, by adventure brought

<sup>1</sup> *Gin*, contrivance.

<sup>2</sup> *Stound*, (here) surprise.

<sup>3</sup> *Daze*, dazzle, confound.

<sup>4</sup> *Beldame*, good mother.

<sup>5</sup> *Silly*, harmless.

Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,  
That crave but rowme to rest while tempest overblo'th."

9 With that, adowne out of her christall eyne  
Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,  
That like to \* orient perles did purely shyne  
Upon her snowy cheeke; and therewithall  
She sighed soft, that none so bestiall  
Nor salvage hart but ruth of her sad plight  
Would make to melt, or pitteously appall;  
And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight  
In mischiefe, was much moved at so pitteous sight;

10 And gan recomfort her, in her rude wyse,  
With womanish compassion of her plaint,  
Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,  
And bidding her sit downe to rest her faint  
And wearie limbs awhile: she nothing quaint<sup>1</sup>  
Nor 'sdeignfull of so homely fashion,  
Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,  
Sate downe upon the dusty ground anon;  
As glad of that small rest, as bird of tempest gon.

11 Tho gan she gather up her garments rent,  
And her loose lockes to dight in order dew  
With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament;  
Whom such whenas the wicked Hag did vew,  
She was astonisht at her heavenly hew,  
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,

<sup>1</sup> *Quaint*, nice.

---

\* All the old editions have *two*.

But or some goddesse, or of Dianes crew,  
 And thought her to adore with humble spright:  
 T'adore thing so divine as beauty were but right.

12 This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,  
 The comfort of her age and weary dayes,  
 A laesy loord,<sup>1</sup> for nothing good to donne,<sup>2</sup>  
 But stretched forth in ydlennesse alwayes,  
 Ne ever cast his mind to covet prayse,  
 Or ply himselfe to any honest trade;  
 But all the day before the sunny rayes  
 He us'd to slug,<sup>3</sup> or sleepe in slothfull shade:  
 Such laesinesse both lewd<sup>4</sup> and poore attonce him made.

13 He, comming home at undertime, there found  
 The fayrest creature that he ever saw  
 Sitting beside his mother on the ground;  
 The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,<sup>5</sup>  
 And his base thought with terrour and with aw  
 So inly smot, that, as one which hath gaz'd  
 On the bright sunne unwares, doth soone withdraw  
 His feeble eyne with too much brightnes daz'd,  
 So stared he on her, and stood long while amaz'd.

14 Softly at last he gan his mother aske,  
 What mister wight<sup>6</sup> that was, and whence deriv'd,

<sup>1</sup> Loord, lubber.

<sup>2</sup> Donne, do.

<sup>3</sup> Slug, drone.

<sup>4</sup> Lewd, ignorant.

<sup>5</sup> Adaw, stupety.

<sup>6</sup> Mister wight, kind of creature.

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XIII. 1. — *Undertime.*] *Undern* is properly nine o'clock in the morning, *undertime* the three hours from nine to twelve. Florimell had been riding *all night* (stanza 2). C.

That in so straunge disguizement there did maske,  
 And by what accident she there arriv'd?  
 But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,  
 With nought but ghastly lookes him answered;  
 Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd  
 From Stygian shores where late it wander'd:  
 So both at her, and each at other wondered.

15 But the fayre Virgin was so meeke and myld,  
 That she to them vouchsafed to embrace<sup>1</sup>  
 Her goodly port, and to their senses vyld<sup>2</sup>  
 Her gentle speach applyde, that in short space  
 She grew familiare in that desert place.  
 During which time the Chorle, through her so kind  
 And courtese use, conceiv'd affection bace,  
 And cast to love her in his brutish mind;  
 No love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.<sup>3</sup>

16 Closely<sup>4</sup> the wicked flame his bowels brent,<sup>5</sup>  
 And shortly grew into outrageous fire;  
 Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,  
 As unto her to utter his desire;  
 His caytive thought durst not so high aspire:  
 But with soft sighes and lovely semblaunces  
 He ween'd that his affection entire  
 She should aread<sup>6</sup>; many resembraunces  
 To her he made, and many kinde remembraunces.

<sup>1</sup> *Embrace*, bring down.

<sup>2</sup> *Vyld*, vile, low.

<sup>3</sup> *Tind*, kindled.

<sup>4</sup> *Closely*, secretly.

<sup>5</sup> *Brent*, burned.

<sup>6</sup> *Aread*, perceive.

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XVI. 8. — *Resembraunces*.] Imitations, exhibitions of affection; equivalent to "lovely (love-like) *semblances*," shows of love. C.

17 Oft from the forrest wildings<sup>1</sup> he did bring,  
 Whose sides empurpled were with smyling red ;  
 And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing  
 His maistresse praises sweetly caroled :  
 Girlonds of flowres sometimes for her faire hed  
 He fine would dight ; sometimes the squirrell wild  
 He brought to her in bands, as conquered  
 To be her thrall, his fellow-servant vild :  
 All which she of him tooke with countenance meeke  
 and mild.

18 But, past a while, when she fit season saw  
 To leave that desert mansion, she cast<sup>2</sup>  
 In secret wize herselfe thence to withdraw,  
 For feare of mischief, which she did forecast  
 Might [be] by the witch or by her sonne compast :  
 Her wearie palfrey closely, as she might,  
 Now well recovered after long repast,  
 In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,  
 His late miswandred wayes now to remeasure right ;

19 And earely, ere the dawning day appeard,  
 She forth issewed, and on her iourney went ;  
 She went in perill, of each noyse affeard  
 And of each shade that did itselfe present ;  
 For still she feared to be overhent<sup>3</sup>  
 Of that vile hag, or her uncivile sonne ;  
 Who when, too late awaking, well they kent<sup>4</sup>  
 That their fayre guest was gone, they both begonne  
 To make exceeding mone as they had beene undonne.

<sup>1</sup> *Wildings*, wild apples.

<sup>2</sup> *Cast*, considered how.

<sup>3</sup> *Overhent*, overtaken.

<sup>4</sup> *Kent*, knew.

20 But that lewd lover did the most lament  
 For her depart, that ever man did heare ;  
 He knockt his brest with desperate intent,  
 And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare  
 His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare :  
 That his sad mother, seeing his sore plight,  
 Was greatly woe-begon, and gan to feare  
 Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,  
 And love to frenzy turnd ; sith love is franticke hight.

21 All wayes shee sought him to restore to plight,<sup>1</sup>  
 With herbs, with charms, with counsel, and with  
 teares ;  
 But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell, might  
 Asswage the fury which his entrails teares :  
 So strong is passion that no reason heares !  
 Tho, when all other helpes she saw to faile,  
 She turnd herselfe backe to her wicked leares<sup>2</sup> .  
 And by her divelish arts thought to prevaile  
 To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

22 Eftesoones out of her hidden cave she cald  
 An hideous beast of horrible aspéct,  
 That could the stoutest corage have appald ;  
 Monstrous, mishapt,<sup>3</sup> and all his backe was spect  
 With thousand spots of colours queint elect<sup>4</sup> ;  
 Thereto so swifte that it all beasts did pas :  
 Like never yet did living eie detect ;  
 But likest it to an Hyena was,  
 That feeds on wemens flesh, as others feede on gras.

<sup>1</sup> I. e. to his usual state.

<sup>3</sup> *Mishapt*, misshaped.

<sup>2</sup> *Leares*, lessons, lore.

<sup>4</sup> *Queint elect*, oddly chosen.

- 23 It forth she cald, and gave it streight in charge  
 Through thicke and thin her to poursew apace,  
 Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,  
 Till her hee had attaind and brought in place,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or quite devourd her beauties scornfull grace.  
 The monster, swifte as word that from her went,  
 Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace  
 So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent  
 And passing speede, that shortly he her overhent.
- 24 Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh espide,  
 No need to bid her fast away to flie ;  
 That ugly shape so sore her terrifide,  
 That it she shund no lesse then dread to die ;  
 And her flitt palfrey did so well apply  
 His nimble feet to her conceived feare,  
 That whilst his breath did strength to him supply,  
 From perill free he her away did beare ;  
 But, when his force gan faile, his pace gan wex areare.<sup>2</sup>
- 25 Which whenas she perceiv'd, she was dismayd  
 At that same last extremity ful sore,  
 And of her safety greatly grew afrayd :  
 And now she gan approach to the sea shore,  
 As it befell, that she could flie no more,  
 But yield herselfe to spoile of greedinesse :  
 Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,  
 From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,  
 And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sicknesse.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I. e. to that place.

<sup>3</sup> I. e. committed her safety.

<sup>2</sup> I. e. fell behind, slackened.

26 Not halfe so fast the wicked Myrrha fled  
 From dread of her revenging fathers hond,  
 Nor halfe so fast to save her maydenhed  
 Fled fearfull Daphne on th' Ægean strond,  
 As Florimell fled from that monster yond,<sup>1</sup>  
 To reach the sea ere she of him were raught :  
 For in the sea to drowne herselfe she fond,<sup>2</sup>  
 Rather then of the tyrant to be caught :  
 Thereto fear gave her wings, and need her corage  
 taught.

27 It fortun'd, (High God did so ordaine,)  
 As shee arrived on the roring shore,  
 In minde to leape into the mighty maine,  
 A little bote lay hoving<sup>3</sup> her before,  
 In which there slept a fisher old and pore,  
 The whiles his nets were drying on the sand :  
 Into the same shee lept, and with the ore  
 Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand :  
 So safety fownd at sea, which she fownd not at land.

28 The monster, ready on the pray to sease,  
 Was of his forward<sup>4</sup> hope deceived quight,  
 Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,  
 But, greedily long gaping at the sight,  
 At last in vaine was forst to turne his flight,  
 And tell the idle tidings to his dame :  
 Yet, to avenge his divelische despight,

<sup>1</sup> *Yond*, furious, outrageous (*outré*).

<sup>2</sup> *Fond*, projected.

<sup>3</sup> *Hoving*, hovering, resting on the water.

<sup>4</sup> I. e. on the point of being gratified.



He sett upon her palfrey tired lame,  
And slew him cruelly ere any reskew came :

29 And, after having him embowelled  
To fill his bellish gorge, it chaunst a Knight  
To passe that way, as forth he traueiled :  
Yt was a goodly swaine, and of great might,  
As ever man that bloody field did fight ;  
But in vain sheows, that wont yong knights bewitch,  
And courtly services, tooke no delight,  
But rather ioyd to bee than seemen sich<sup>1</sup> ;  
For both to be and seeme to him was labor lich.<sup>2</sup>

30 It was to weete the good Sir Satyrane  
That raungd abrode to seeke adventures wilde,  
As was his wont, in forest and in plaine :  
He was all armd in rugged steele unfiled,<sup>3</sup>  
As in the smoky forge it was compilde,<sup>4</sup>  
And in his scutchin<sup>5</sup> bore a satyres hedd :  
He comming present, where the monster vildè  
Upon that milke-white palfreyes carcas fedd,  
Unto his reskew ran, and greedily him spedd.<sup>6</sup>

31 There well perceivd he that it was the horse  
Whereon faire Florimell was wont to ride,  
That of that feend was rent without remorse :

<sup>1</sup> *Sich*, such.

<sup>2</sup> *Lich*, like.

<sup>3</sup> *Unfiled*, unpolished.

<sup>4</sup> *Compilde*, put together.

<sup>5</sup> *Scutchin*, shield.

<sup>6</sup> I. e. hastened eagerly.

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XXX. 1. — *Sir Satyrane*.] Sir Satyrane reappears from the sixth canto of the first book, where we left him fighting with Sansloy. H.

Much feared he least ought did ill betide  
 To that faire maide, the flowre of wemens **pride**;  
 For her he dearely loved, and in all  
 His famous conquests highly magnifide:  
 Besides, her golden girdle, which did fall  
 From her in flight, he fownd, that did him sore **apall**.

32 Full of sad feare and doubtfull agony,  
 Fiercely he flew upon that wicked feend;  
 And with huge strokes and cruell battery  
 Him forst to leave his pray, for to attend  
 Himselfe from deadly daunger to defend:  
 Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh  
 He did engrave,<sup>1</sup> and muchell<sup>2</sup> blood did spend,  
 Yet might not doe him die; but aie more fresh  
 And fierce he still appeared, the more he did him **thresh**.

33 He wist not how him to despoile of life,  
 Ne how to win the wished victory,  
 Sith him he saw still stronger grow through **strife**,  
 And himselfe weaker through infirmity:  
 Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously  
 Hurling his sword away, he lightly leapt  
 Upon the beast, that with great cruelty  
 Rored and raged to be underkept;  
 Yet he perforce him held, and strokes upon him **hept**.

34 As he that strives to stop a suddein flood,  
 And in strong bancks his violence enclose,

<sup>1</sup> *Engrave*, cut into.

<sup>2</sup> *Muchell*, much.

---

XXXIV. 2. — The rhyme requires some such word as *con-*  
*strain*.

Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,  
 And largely overflow the fruitfull plaine,  
 That all the countrey seemes to be a maine,<sup>1</sup>  
 And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne<sup>2</sup>;  
 The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine  
 To see his whole yeares labor lost so soone,  
 For which to God he made so many an idle boone<sup>3</sup>:

85 So him he held, and did through might amate<sup>4</sup>:  
 So long he held him, and him bett so long,  
 That at the last his fiereenes gan abate,  
 And meekely stoup unto the victor strong:  
 Who, to avenge the implacable wrong  
 Which he supposed donne to Florimell,  
 Sought by all meanes his dolor<sup>5</sup> to prolong,  
 Sith dint of steele his carcas could not quell,  
 His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

86 The golden ribband, which that Virgin wore  
 About her selender waste, he tooke in hand,  
 And with it bownd the beast that lowd did rore  
 For great despight of that unwonted band,  
 Yet dared not his victor to withstand,  
 But trembled like a lambe fled from the pray<sup>6</sup>;  
 And all the way him followd on the strand,  
 As he had long bene learned to obay;  
 Yet never learned he such service till that day.

37 Thus as he led the beast along the way,  
 He spide far of a mighty Giauntesse

<sup>1</sup> *Maine*, sea.

<sup>2</sup> *Forlonne*, ruined.

<sup>3</sup> *Boone*, prayer.

<sup>4</sup> *Amate*, subdued.

<sup>5</sup> *Dolor*, pain.

<sup>6</sup> I. e. of some wild beast.

Fast flying, on a courser dapled gray,  
 From a bold Knight that with great hardinesse  
 Her hard pursewd, and sought for to suppressse:  
 She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,  
 Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,  
 Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of wire,  
 Whome she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

38 Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haste  
 He lefte his captive beast at liberty,  
 And crost the nearest way, by which he cast<sup>1</sup>  
 Her to encounter ere she passed by;  
 But she the way shund nathemore forthy,<sup>2</sup>  
 But forward gallopt fast; which when he spyde,  
 His mighty speare he couched warily,  
 And at her ran; she, having him descryde,  
 Herselfe to fight adrest, and threw her lode aside.

39 Like as a goshauke, that in foote doth beare  
 A trembling culver,<sup>3</sup> having spide on hight  
 An eagle that with plumy wings doth sheare  
 The subtile ayre stouping with all his might,  
 The quarrey throwes to ground with fell despight,  
 And to the batteill doth herselfe prepare:  
 So ran the Geauntesse unto the fight;  
 Her fyrie eyes with furious sparkes did stare,  
 And with blasphemous bannes<sup>4</sup> High God in peeces  
 tare.

<sup>1</sup> *Cist*, purposed.

<sup>2</sup> *Forthy*, therefore.

<sup>3</sup> *Culver*, dove.

<sup>4</sup> *Bannes*, curses.

---

XXXIX. 9. — That is, she swore by all the parts of God's body,  
 a kind of blasphemy once much in vogue, of which some relics are

- 40 She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,  
 Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd ;  
 But, ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,  
 His speare amidst her sun-brode shield arriv'd ;  
 Yet nathẽmore the steele asonder riv'd,  
 All were the beame in bignes like a mast,  
 Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driv'd ;  
 But, glauncing on the tempred metall, brast<sup>1</sup>  
 In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her past.
- 41 Her steed did stagger with that puissaunt strooke ;  
 But she no more was moved with that might  
 Then it had lighted on an aged oke,  
 Or on the marble pillour that is pight<sup>2</sup>  
 Upon the top of Mount Olympus hight,  
 For the brave youthly champions to assay  
 With burning charet wheelles it nigh to smite ;  
 But who that smites it mars his ioyous play,  
 And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.<sup>3</sup>
- 42 Yet, therewith sore enrag'd, with sterne regard  
 Her dreadfull weapon she to him address,  
 Which on his helmet martelled<sup>4</sup> so hard

<sup>1</sup> *Brast*, burst.

<sup>2</sup> *Pight*, placed.

<sup>3</sup> *Decay*, destruction.

<sup>4</sup> *Martelled*, hammered.

---

still preserved, such as 'zounds, 'sblood, &c., not to mention Bob Acres's "genteel" method, which, as he truly says, he did not invent. C.

XLI. 4, 5. — These lines may have been transposed by the printers. But Spenser's classical learning is not very accurate, and the writers of his time often represent the Olympic games as taking place on Mount Olympus. C.

That made him low incline his lofty crest,  
 And bowd his battred visour to his brest:  
 Wherewith he was so stund that he n'ote<sup>1</sup> ryde,  
 But reeled to and fro from east to west:  
 Which when his cruell enemy espyde,  
 She lightly unto him adioyned syde to syde;

43 And, on his collar laying puissaunt hand,  
 Out of his wavering seat him pluckt perforce,  
 Perforce him pluckt, unable to withstand  
 Or helpe himselve; and laying thwart her horse,  
 In loathly wise like to a carrion corse,  
 She bore him fast away: which when the knight  
 That her pursewed saw, with great remorse<sup>2</sup>  
 He nere was touched in his noble spright,  
 And gan encrease his speed as she encreast her flight.

44 Whom whenas nigh approaching she espyde,  
 She threw away her burden angrily;  
 For she list not the batteill to abide,  
 But made herselfe more light away to fly:  
 Yet her the hardy Knight pursewd so nye  
 That almost in the backe he oft her strake:  
 But still, when him at hand she did espy,  
 She turnd, and semblance of faire fight did make;  
 But, when he stayd, to flight againe she did her take.

45 By this the good Sir Satyrane gan wake  
 Out of his dreame that did him long entraunce,  
 And, seeing none in place, he gan to make  
 Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce

<sup>1</sup> *N'ote*, could not.

<sup>2</sup> *Remorse*, pity.

Which reft from him so faire a chevisaunce<sup>1</sup>:  
 At length he spyde whereas that wofull Squire,  
 Whom he had reskewed from captivaunce  
 Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the myre,  
 Unable to arise, or foot or hand to styre.<sup>2</sup>

46 To whom approching, well he mote perceive  
 In that fowle plight a comely personage  
 And lovely face, made fit for to deceive  
 Fraile ladies hart with loves consuming rage,  
 Now in the blossome of his freshest age:  
 He reard him up, and loosd his yron bands,  
 And after gan inquire his parentage,  
 And how he fell into the gyaunts hands,  
 And who that was which ehaced her along the lands.

47 Then trembling yet through feare the Squire be-  
 spake:  
 “That geauntesse Argantè is behight,<sup>3</sup>  
 A daughter of the Titans which did make  
 Warre against heven, and heaped hils on hight  
 To scale the skyes and put Iove from his right:  
 Her syre Typhoens was; who, mad through merth,  
 And dronke with blood of men slaine by his might,  
 Through incest her of his owne mother Earth  
 Whylome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth:

48 “For at that berth another babe she bore;  
 To wett, the mightie Ollyphant, that wrought  
 Great wreake<sup>4</sup> to many errant knights of yore,

<sup>1</sup> *Chevisaunce*, achievement.

<sup>2</sup> *Styre*, stir.

<sup>3</sup> *Behight*, called.

<sup>4</sup> *Wreake*, vengeance, spite.

And many hath to foule confusion brought.  
 These twiunes, men say, (a thing far passing thought,)  
 Whiles in their mothers wombe enclosed they were,  
 Ere they into the lightsom world were brought,  
 In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,<sup>1</sup>  
 And in that monstrous wise did to the world appere.

49 "So liv'd they ever after in like sin,  
 Gainst natures law and good behaveoure:  
 But greatest shame was to that maiden twin;  
 Who, not content so fowly to devoure  
 Her native flesh and staine her brothers bowre,<sup>2</sup>  
 Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,  
 And suffred beastes her body to deflowre,  
 So whot she burned in that lustfull fyre:  
 Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desyre:

50 "But over all the countrie she did raunge,  
 To seeke young men to quench her flaming thrust,<sup>3</sup>  
 And feed her fancy with delightfull chaunge:  
 Whom so she fittest findes to serve her lust,  
 Through her maine strength, in which she mos/  
                   doth trust,  
 She with her brings into a secret ile,  
 Where in eternall bondage dye he must,  
 Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,  
 And in all shamefull sort himselfe with her defile.

51 "Me seely<sup>4</sup> wretch she so at vauntage caught,  
 After she long in waite for me did lye,

<sup>1</sup> *Yfere*, together.

<sup>2</sup> *Bowre*, chamber.

<sup>3</sup> *Thrust*, thirst.

<sup>4</sup> *Seely*, simple.



And meant unto her prison to have brought,  
 Her lothsom pleasure there to satisfye;  
 That thousand deathes me lever<sup>1</sup> were to dye  
 Then breake the vow that to faire Columbello  
 I plighted have, and yet keepe stedfastly:  
 As for my name, it mistreth<sup>2</sup> not to tell;  
 Call me the S quyre of Dames; that me beseemeth  
 well.

52 “ But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw  
 That geauntesse, is not such as she seemd,  
 But a faire virgin that in martiall law  
 And deedes of armes above all dames is deemd,  
 And above many knightes is eke esteemd  
 For her great worth; she Palladine is hight:  
 She you from death, you me from dread, redeemd:  
 Ne any may that monster match in fight,  
 But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight.”

53 “ Her well beseemes that quest,” quoth Satyrane:  
 “ But read,<sup>3</sup> thou S quyre of Dames, what vow is  
 this,  
 Which thou upon thyselfe hast lately ta’ne?”  
 “ That shall I you recount,” quoth he, “ ywis,<sup>4</sup>  
 So be ye pleasd to pardon all amis.  
 That gentle lady whom I love and serve,

<sup>1</sup> *Me lever*, I would rather.

<sup>2</sup> *Mistreth*, signifieth.

<sup>3</sup> *Read*, explain.

<sup>4</sup> *Ywis*, certainly.

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LIII. 4. — “ *That shall I you recount,*” quoth he.] The tale of the Squire of Dames is a copy of the Host’s tale in Ariosto, Canto & XVIII. — WARTON.

After long suit and wearie servicis,  
 Did aske me how I could her love deserve,  
 And how she might be sure that I would never swerve.

54 "I, glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,  
 Badd her commaund my life to save or spill<sup>1</sup>:  
 Eftsoones she badd me with incessaunt paine  
 To wander through the world abroad at will,  
 And every where, where with my power or skill  
 I might doe service unto gentle dames,  
 That I the same should faithfully fulfill;  
 And at the twelve monethes end should bring their  
 names  
 And pledges, as the spoiles of my victorious games.

55 "So well I to faire ladies service did,  
 And found such favour in their loving hartes,  
 That, ere the yeare his course had compassid,  
 Thre hundred pledges for my good desartes,  
 And thrice three hundred thanks for my good  
 partes,  
 I with me brought and did to her present:  
 Which when she saw, more bent to eke<sup>2</sup> my smartes  
 Then to reward my trusty true intent,  
 She gau for me devise a grievous punishment:

56 "To weet, that I my travell should resume,  
 And with like labour walke the world arownd,  
 Ne ever to her presence should presume,  
 Till I so many other dames had fownd,

<sup>1</sup> *Spill*, spoil, destroy.

<sup>2</sup> *Eke*, increase.

The which, for all the suit I could propownd,  
 Would me refuse their pledges to afford,  
 But did abide for ever chaste and sownd."

"Ah! gentle Squyre," quoth he, "tell at one  
 word,

How many fowndst thou such to put in thy record?"

57 "Indeed, Sir Knight," said he, "one word may tell  
 All that I ever fownd so wisely stayd<sup>1</sup>;  
 For onely three they were, disposd so well,  
 And yet three yeares I now abroad have strayd,  
 To fynd them out." "Mote I," then laughing  
 sayd

The Knight, "inquire of thee what were those  
 three,

The which thy proffred curtesie denyd<sup>2</sup>?

Or ill they seemed sure avizd to bee,

Or brutishly brought up, that nev'r did fashions see.

58 "The first which then refused me," said hee,  
 "Certes was but a common courtisane;  
 Yet flat refusd to have adoe with mee,  
 Because I could not give her many a iane."  
 (Thereat full hartely laughed Satyrane.)

"The second was an holy nunne to chose,

Which would not let me be her chappellane,

Because she knew, she sayd, I would disclose

Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

<sup>1</sup> *Stayd*, staid, or discreet.

<sup>2</sup> *Denayd*, denied.

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LVIII. 4. — *Many a iane.*] Much money. — A Jane was a  
 small coin of Genoa (Janua).

- 59 "The third a damzell was of low degree,  
 Whom I in countrey cottage fownd by chaunce:  
 Full litle weened I that chastitee  
 Had lodging in so meane a maintenaunce<sup>1</sup>;  
 Yet was she fayre, and in her countenaunce  
 Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion:  
 Long thus I woo'd her with due óbservaunce,  
 In hope unto my pleasure to have won;  
 But was as far at last, as when I first begon.
- 60 "Safe her, I never any woman found  
 That chastity did for itselſe embrace,  
 But were for other causes firme and sound;  
 Either for want of handsome time and place,  
 Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.  
 Thus am I hopelesse ever to attaine  
 My Ladies love, in such a desperate case,  
 But all my dayes am like to waste in vaine,  
 Seeking to match the chaste with th' unchaste ladies  
 traine."
- 61 "Perdy," sayd Satyrane, "thou Squire of Dames,  
 Great labour fondly<sup>2</sup> hast thou hent<sup>3</sup> in hand,  
 To get small thankes, and therewith many blames;  
 That may emongst Alcides labours stand." —

<sup>1</sup> *Maintenaunce*, condition.

<sup>3</sup> *Hent*, taken.

<sup>2</sup> *Fondly*, foolishly.

---

LX. 1. — *Safe her*, &c.] Let it be remembered that these sentiments are put into the mouth of a light and vain profligate. No poet ever had a truer respect for woman than Spenser. H.

Thence backe returning to the former land,<sup>1</sup>  
Where late he left the beast he overcame,  
He found him not ; for he had broke his band,  
And was returnd againe unto his dame,  
To tell what tydings of fayre Florimell became.

<sup>1</sup> *Land*, place.

## CANTO VIII.

The Witch creates a snowy Lady like to Flormell:  
 Who wronged by carle, by Proteus sav'd,  
 Is sought by Paridell.

1 So oft as I this history record,  
 My hart doth melt with meere compassion,  
 To thinke how causelesse of her owne accord  
 This gentle Damzell, whom I write upon,  
 Should plonged be in such affliction,  
 Without all hope of comfort or reliefe;  
 That sure I weene the hardest hart of stone  
 Would hardly finde<sup>1</sup> to aggravate her grieffe:  
 For misery craves rather mercy then reprieffe.<sup>2</sup>

2 But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late  
 Had so enranckled her malitious hart,  
 That she desyrd th' abridgement of her fate,  
 Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.  
 Now when the beast, which by her wicked art  
 Late fourth she sent, she backe retourning spyde  
 Tyde with her golden girdle; it a part

<sup>1</sup> *Finde*, find itself disposed.

<sup>2</sup> *Reprieffe*, reproof.

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1. 3. — *Causelesse of her owne accord.*] Without having been a voluntary party to anything that caused her misfortunes. C.

Of her rich spoyles whom he had earst destroyd  
She weend, and wondrous gladnes to her hart applyde:

3 And, with it ronning hast'ly to her sonne,  
Thought with that sight him much to have reliv'd<sup>1</sup>;  
Who, thereby deeming sure the thing as'donne,  
His former griefe with furie fresh reviv'd  
Much more then earst, and would have algates<sup>2</sup> riv'd  
The hart out of his brest: for sith her dedd  
He surely dempt,<sup>3</sup> himselfe he thought depriv'd  
Quite of all hope wherewith he long had fedd  
His foolish malady, and long time had misledd.

4 With thought whereof exceeding mad he grew,  
And in his rage his mother would have slaine,  
Had she not fled into a secret mew,<sup>4</sup>  
Where she was wout her sprightes to entertaine,  
The maisters of her art: there was she faine  
To call them all in order to her ayde,  
And them coniure, upon eternall paine,  
To counsell her so carefully<sup>5</sup> dismayd  
How she might heale her sonne whose senses were  
decayd.<sup>6</sup>

5 By their advice, and her owne wicked wit,  
She there deviz'd a wondrous worke to frame,  
Whose like on earth was never framed yit;  
That even Nature selfe envide the same,

1 *Reliv'd*, reanimated.

2 *Algates*, by all means.

3 *Dempt*, deemed.

4 *Mew*, hiding-place.

5 *Carefully*, sorrowfully.

6 *Decayd*, impaired.

And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame  
 The thing itselfe. In hand she boldly tooke  
 To make another like the former dame,  
 Another Florimell, in shape and looke  
 So lively,<sup>1</sup> and so like, that many it mistooke.

6 The substance, whereof she the body made,  
 Was purest snow in massy mould congeald,  
 Which she had gathered in a shady glade  
 Of the Riphcean hils, to her reveald  
 By errant<sup>2</sup> sprights, but from all men conceald :  
 The same she tempred with fine mercury  
 And virgin wex<sup>3</sup> that never yet was seald,  
 And mingled them with perfect vermily<sup>4</sup> ;  
 That like a lively sanguine it seemd to the eye.

7 In stead of eyes, two burning lampes she set  
 In silver sockets, shyning like the skyes,  
 And a quicke moving spirit did arret<sup>5</sup>  
 To stirre and roll them like to womens eyes :  
 In stead of yellow lockes, she did devyse  
 With golden wyre to weave her curled head ;  
 Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thryse<sup>6</sup>  
 As Florimells fayre heare : and, in the stead  
 Of life, she put a spright to rule the carcas dead ; —

<sup>1</sup> *Lively*, life-like.

<sup>2</sup> *Errant*, wandering.

<sup>3</sup> *Wex*, wax.

<sup>4</sup> *Vermily*, vermilion.

<sup>5</sup> *Arret*, appoint.

<sup>6</sup> I. e. a third part.

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VI. 4. — *Riphæan hils.*] These were mountains (probably imaginary) in the north of Scythia. II.



8 A wicked spright, yfraught with fawning guyle  
 And fayre resemblance above all the rest,  
 Which with the Prince of Darkenes fell somewhyle<sup>1</sup>  
 From heavens blis and everlasting rest :  
 Him needed not instruct which way were best  
 Himselfe to fashion likest Florimell,  
 Ne how to speake, ne how to use his gest<sup>2</sup> ;  
 For he in counterfesaunce<sup>3</sup> did excell,  
 And all the wyles of wemens wits knew passing well.

9 Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,  
 Which Florimell had left behind her late ;  
 That whoso then her saw would surely say  
 It was herselfe whom it did imitate,  
 Or fayrer then herselfe, if ought algate<sup>4</sup>  
 Might fayrer be. And then she forth her brought  
 Unto her sonne that lay in feeble state ;  
 Who, seeing her, gan streight upstart, and thought  
 She was the Lady selfe whom he so long had sought.

10 Tho, fast her clipping<sup>5</sup> twixt his armës twayne,  
 Extremely ioyed in so happy sight,  
 And soone forgot his former sickely payne :  
 But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,  
 Coyly rebutted his embracement light ;  
 Yet still, with gentle countenaunce, retain'd  
 Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight :  
 Him long she so with shadowes entertain'd,  
 As her creatresse had in charge to her ordain'd :

1 *Somewhyle*, once on a time.

2 *Gest*, bearing.

3 *Counterfesaunce*, counterfeiting.

4 *Algate*, by any means.

5 *Clipping*, embracing.

- 11 Till on a day, as he disposed was  
 To walke the woodes with that his idole<sup>1</sup> faire,  
 Her to disport and idle time to pas  
 In th' open freshnes of the gentle aire,  
 A Knight that way there chaunced to repaire ;  
 Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine  
 That deedes of armes had ever in despaire,  
 Proud Braggadocchio, that in vauenting vaine  
 His glory did repose and credit did maintaine.
- 12 He, seeing with that chorle<sup>2</sup> so faire a wight  
 Decked with many a costly ornament,  
 Much merveiled .hereat, as well he might,  
 And thought that match a fowle disparagement :  
 His bloody speare eftesoones he boldly bent  
 Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare  
 Fell streight to ground in great astonishment :  
 " Villein," sayd he, " this lady is my deare ;  
 Dy, if thou it gainesay : I will away her beare."
- 13 The fearefull chorle<sup>2</sup> durst not gainesay nor dooe,  
 But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray ;  
 Who, finding litle leasure her to wooe,  
 On Tromparts steed her mounted without stay,  
 And without reskew led her quite away.  
 Proud man himselfe then Braggadochio deem'd,  
 And next<sup>3</sup> to none, after that happy day,

<sup>1</sup> *Idole*, image.

<sup>3</sup> *Next*, second.

<sup>2</sup> *Chorle*, churl.

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XI. 8. — *Proud Braggadocchio.*] Braggadochio reappears from the third canto of the second book.

Being possessed of that spoyle, which seem'd  
The fairest wight on ground and most of men esteem'd.

14 But, when hee saw himselfe free from poursute,  
He gan make gentle purpose<sup>1</sup> to his dame  
With termes of love and lewdnesse dissolute ;  
For he could well his glozing speaches frame  
To such vaine uses that him best became :  
But she thereto would lend but light regard,  
As seeming sory that she ever came  
Into his powre, that used her so hard  
To reave<sup>2</sup> her honor which she more then life pre-  
fard.

15 Thus as they two of kindnes treated long,  
There them by chaunce encountred on the way  
An armed Knight upon a courser strong,  
Whose trampling feete upon the hollow lay<sup>3</sup>  
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray  
That capons corage ; yet he looked grim,  
And faynd to cheare his lady in dismay,  
Who seemd for feare to quake in every lim,  
And her to save from outrage meekely prayed him.

16 Fiercely that straunger forward came ; and, nigh  
Approching, with bold words and bitter threat  
Bad that same boaster, as he mote on high,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Purpose*, conversation.

<sup>3</sup> *Lay*, lea.

<sup>2</sup> *Reave*, take away.

<sup>4</sup> I. e. As loudly as he could.

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XV. 3. — *An armed Knight.*] Sir Ferraugh, as we learn in the second canto of the fourth book.

To leave to him that lady for excheat,  
 Or bide<sup>1</sup> him batteill without further treat.<sup>2</sup>  
 That challenge did too peremptory seeme,  
 And filld his senses with abashment great;  
 Yet, seeing nigh him ieopardy extreme,  
 He it dissembled well, and light seemd to esteeme;

17 Saying, "Thou foolish Knight! that weenst with  
 words

To steale away that I with blowes have wonne,  
 And brought through points of many perilous swords.  
 But if thee list to see thy courser ronne,  
 Or prove thyselfe, — this sad encounter shonne,  
 And seeke els<sup>3</sup> without hazard of thy hedd."  
 At those proud words that other knight begonne  
 To wex exceeding wroth, and him aredd<sup>4</sup>  
 To turne his steede about, or sure he should be dedd.

18 "Sith then," said Braggadochio, "needes thou wilt  
 Thy daies abridge, through prooffe of puissaunce;  
 Turne we our steeds; that both in equall tilt  
 May meete againe, and each take happy chaunce."  
 This said, they both a furlongs mountenaunce<sup>5</sup>  
 Retird their steeds, to ronne in even race:  
 But Braggadochio with his bloody launce,

<sup>1</sup> *Bide*, bid, offer.

<sup>2</sup> *Treat*, parley.

<sup>3</sup> *Els*, some other.

<sup>4</sup> *Aredd*, advised.

<sup>5</sup> *Mountenaunce*, amount.

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XVI. 4. — *Excheat*.] *Escheat*. — Lands which are forfeited, or to which there is no heir, *escheat*, or revert to the lord of whom they are held. II.

Once having turnd, no more returnd his face,  
But lefte his Love to losse, and fled himselfe apace.

19 The Knight, him seeing flie, had no regard  
Him to pursew, but to the Lady rode ;  
And, having her from Trompart lightly reard,<sup>1</sup>  
Upon his courser sett the lovely lode,  
And with her fled away without abode<sup>2</sup> :  
Well weened he, that fairest Florimell  
It was with whom in company he yode,<sup>3</sup>  
And so herselfe did alwaies to him tell ;  
So made him thinke himselfe in heven that was in hell.

20 But Florimell herselfe was far away,  
Driven to great distresse by fortune straunge,  
And taught the carefull mariner to play,  
Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to chaunge  
The land for sea, at randon there to raunge :  
Yett there that cruell Queene Avengeresse,<sup>4</sup>  
Not satisfyde so far her to estraunge  
From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,  
Did heape on her new waves of weary wretchednesse.

21 For, being fled into the fishers bote  
For refuge from the monsters cruelty,  
Long so she on the mighty maine did flote,  
And with the tide drove forward carelesly ;  
For th' ayre was milde and cleared was the skie,  
And all his windes Dan Aeolus did keepe

<sup>1</sup> *Reard*, taken.

<sup>2</sup> *Abode*, delay.

<sup>3</sup> *Yode*, went.

<sup>4</sup> I. e. Fortune.

From stirring up their stormy enmity,  
 As pittying to see her waile and weepe;  
 But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe.

22 At last when droncke with drowsinesse he woke,  
 And saw his drover<sup>1</sup> drive along the streame,  
 He was dismayd; and thrise his brest he stroke,  
 For marveill of that accident extreame:  
 But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,  
 Which with rare light his bote did beautifye,  
 He marveild more, and thought he yet did dreame,  
 Not well awakte; or that some extasye  
 Assotted had his sence, or dazed was his eye.

23 But, when her well avizing<sup>2</sup> hee perceiv'd  
 To be no vision nor fantasticke sight,  
 Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd,  
 And felt in his old corage<sup>3</sup> new delight  
 To gin awake, and stir his frozen spright:  
 Tho rudely askte her, how she thether came?  
 "Ah!" sayd she, "father, I note read<sup>4</sup> aright  
 What hard misfortune brought me to this same;  
 Yet am I glad that here I now in safety ame.

24 "But thou, good man, sith far in sea we bee,  
 And the great waters gin apace to swell,  
 That now no more we can the mayn-land see,  
 Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,  
 Least worse on sea then us on land befell."

<sup>1</sup> *Drover*, boat (?).

<sup>2</sup> *Avizing*, looking at.

<sup>3</sup> *Corage*, heart.

<sup>4</sup> *Note read*, cannot explain.

Thereat th' old man did nought but fondly grin,  
 And saide, his boat the way could wisely tell:  
 But his deceitfull eyes did never lin<sup>1</sup>  
 To looke on her faire face and marke her snowy skin.

25 The sight whereof in his congealed flesh  
 Infixt such secrete sting of greedy lust,  
 That the drie withered stocke it gan refresh,  
 And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth brust:  
 The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.  
 Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hond,  
 Where ill became him, rashly would have thrust;  
 But she with angry scorne him did withstond,  
 And shamefully reprov'd for his rudenes fond.<sup>2</sup>

26 But he, that never good nor maners knew,  
 Her sharpe rebuke full litle did esteeme;  
 Hard is to teach an old horse amble trew:  
 The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,  
 Broke into open fire and rage extreme;  
 And now he strength gan adde unto his will,  
 Forcyn<sup>3</sup> to doe that did him fowle misseeme:  
 Beastly he threwe her downe, ne car'd to spill<sup>4</sup>  
 Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

27 The silly<sup>5</sup> Virgin strove him to withstand  
 All that she might, and him in vaine revild;  
 Shee struggled strongly both with foote and hand  
 To save her honor from that villaine vilde,

<sup>1</sup> *Lin*, cease.

<sup>2</sup> *Fond*, foolish, doting.

<sup>3</sup> *Forcyn*, using force.

<sup>4</sup> *Spill*, spoil.

<sup>5</sup> *Silly*, innocent.

And cride to heven, from humane helpe exild.  
 O ye brave knights, that boast this Ladies love,  
 Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild  
 Of filthy wretch? Well may she you reprove  
 Of falsehood or of slouth, when most it may behove!

28 But if that thou, Sir Satyran, didst weete,  
 Or thou, Sir Peridure, her sory state,  
 How soone would yee assemble many a fleete,  
 To fetch from sea that ye at land lost late!  
 Towres, citties, kingdomes, ye would ruinate  
 In your avengement and despiteous rage,  
 Ne ought your burning fury mote abate:  
 But, if Sir Calidore could it presage,  
 No living creature could his cruelty asswage.

29 But, sith that none of all her knights is nye,  
 See how the heavens, of voluntary grace  
 And soveraine favor towards chastity,  
 Doe succor send to her distressed cace:  
 So much High God doth innocence embrace<sup>1</sup>!  
 It fortun'd, whilst thus she stilly strove,  
 And the wide sea impórtuned long space  
 With shrilling shriekes, Proteus abrode did rove,  
 Along the fomy waves driving his finny drove.

30 Proteus is shepheard of the seas of yore,  
 And hath the charge of Neptunes mighty heard;

<sup>1</sup> *Embrace*, protect.



An aged sire with head all frowy<sup>1</sup> hore,  
 And sprinckled frost upon his deawy beard:  
 Who when those pittifull outcries he heard  
 Through all the seas so ruefully resownd,  
 His charett swifte in hast he thether steard,  
 Which, with a teeme of scaly phocas<sup>2</sup> bownd,  
 Was drawne upon the waves, that fomed him arownd.

31 And comming to that fishers wandring bote,  
 That went at will withouten card or sayle,  
 He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which smote  
 Deepe indignation and compassion frayle<sup>3</sup>  
 Into his hart attonce: streight did he hayle  
 The greedy villein from his hoped pray,  
 Of which he now did very litle fayle;  
 And with his staffe, that drives his heard astray,  
 Him bett so sore, that life and sence did much  
 dismay.

32 The whiles the pitteous lady up did ryse,  
 Ruffled and fowly raid<sup>4</sup> with filthy soyle,  
 And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes;  
 Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,  
 To save herselfe from that outrageous spoyle:  
 But when she looked up, to weet what wight  
 Had her from so infâmons fact assoyld,<sup>5</sup>  
 For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,  
 Downe in her lap she hid her face, and lowdly shrigh<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Frowy*, musty, mossy. But Qu. *frory*? frosty, as in next page.

<sup>2</sup> *Phocas*, seals.

<sup>5</sup> *Assoyld*, delivered.

<sup>3</sup> *Frayle*, soft.

<sup>6</sup> *Shrigh*, shrieked.

<sup>4</sup> *Raid*, defiled.

33 Herselfe not saved yet from daunger dredd  
 She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare.  
 Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fledd  
 From the sharpe hauke which her attached<sup>1</sup> neare,  
 And fals to ground to seeke for succor theare,  
 Whereas<sup>2</sup> the hungry spaniells she does spye  
 With greedy iawes her ready for to teare:  
 In such distresse and sad perplexity  
 Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see her by.

34 But he endeavored with speaches milde  
 Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,  
 Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,  
 Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was her told:  
 Yet all that could not from affright her hold,  
 Ne to recomfort her at all prevayld;  
 For her faint hart was with the frozen cold  
 Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh fayld,  
 And all her sences with abashment quite were quayld.

35 Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reard,  
 And with his frory<sup>3</sup> lips full softly kist,  
 Whiles the cold ysickles from his rough beard  
 Dropped adowne upon her yvory brest:  
 Yet he himselfe so busily addrest,<sup>4</sup>  
 That her out of astonishment he wrought;  
 And, out of that same fishers filthy nest  
 Removing her, into his charet brought,  
 And there with many gentle termes her faire besought.

<sup>1</sup> *Attached*, attacked.

<sup>2</sup> *Whereas*, where.

<sup>3</sup> *Frory*, frosty.

<sup>4</sup> *Addrest*, applied.

36 But that old leachour, which with bold assault  
 That beautie durst presume to violate,  
 He cast<sup>1</sup> to punish for his hainous fault :  
 Then tooke he him, yet trembling sith of late,<sup>2</sup>  
 And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate<sup>3</sup>  
 The Virgin whom he had abusde so sore ;  
 So drag'd him through the waves in scornfull state,  
 And after cast him up upon the shore ;  
 But Florimell with him unto his bowre<sup>4</sup> he bore.

37 His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,  
 Under a mightie rocke gainst which doe rave  
 The roring billowes in their proud disdaine,  
 That with the angry working of the wave  
 Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,  
 That seemes rough masons hand with engines keene  
 Had long while laboured it to engrave<sup>5</sup> :  
 There was his wonne<sup>6</sup> ; ne living wight was seene  
 Save one old nymph, hight Panopè, to keepe it  
 cleane.

38 Thether he brought the sory<sup>7</sup> Florimell,  
 And entertained her the best he might,  
 And Panopè her entertaind eke well,  
 As an immortall mote a mortall wight,  
 To winne her liking unto his delight :  
 With flattering wordes he sweetly wooed her,  
 And offered faire guiftes t' allure her sight ;

<sup>1</sup> *Cast*, considered how.

<sup>2</sup> I. e. since the late attack of Proteus.

<sup>3</sup> *Aggrate*, gratify.

<sup>4</sup> *Bowre*, home.

<sup>5</sup> *Engrave*, cut in.

<sup>6</sup> *Wonne*, dwelling.

<sup>7</sup> *Sory*, sad.

But she both offers and the offerer  
 Despysde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

39 Dayly he tempted her with this or that,  
 And never suffred her to be at rest :  
 But evermore she him refused flat,  
 And all his fained kindnes did detest ;  
 So firmly she had sealed up her brest.  
 Sometimes he boasted that a god he hight ;  
 But she a mortall creature loved best :  
 Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight ;  
 But then she said she lov'd none but a Faery Knight.

40 Then like a Faerie Knight himselfe he drest ;  
 For every shape on him he could endew :  
 Then like a king he was to her exprest,  
 And offred kingdoms unto her in vew  
 To be his leman and his lady trew :  
 But when all this he nothing saw prevaile,  
 With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,  
 And with sharpe threates her often did assaile ;  
 So thinking for to make her stubborne corage quayle.

41 To dreadfull shapes he did himselfe transforme :  
 Now like a gyaunt ; now like to a feend ;  
 Then like a centaure ; then like to a storne  
 Raging within the waves. Thereby he weend  
 Her will to win unto his wished eend :  
 But when with feare, nor favour, nor with all  
 He els could doe, he saw himselfe esteemd,  
 Downe in a dongeon deepe he let her fall,  
 And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

42 **Eternall thraldome** was to her more lief<sup>1</sup>  
**Then losse of chastitie, or chaunge of love :**  
**Dye had she rather in tormenting griefe**  
**Then any should of falsenesse her reprove,**  
**Or loosenes, that she lightly did remove.<sup>2</sup>**  
**Most vertuous Virgin ! glory be thy meed,**  
**And crowne of heavenly prayse with saintes above,**  
**Where most sweet hymnes of this thy famous deed**  
**Are still emongst them song, that far my rymes ex-**  
**ceed.**

43 **Fit song of angels caroled to bee !**  
**But yet whatso my feeble Muse can frame,**  
**Shal be t' advance<sup>3</sup> thy goodly chastitee,**  
**And to enroll thy memorable name**  
**In th' heart of every honourable dame,**  
**That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,**  
**And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.**  
**Yt yrkes me leave thee in this wofull state,**  
**To tell of Satyrane where I him left of late :**

44 **Who having ended with that Squire of Dames**  
**A long discourse of his adventures vayne,**  
**The which himselfe then ladies more defames,**  
**And finding not th' Hyena to be slayne,**  
**With that same Squire retourned back agayne**  
**To his first way : and, as they forward went,**  
**They spyde a Knight fayre pricking on the playne,**  
**As if he were on some adventure bent,**  
**And in his port appeared manly hardiment.**

<sup>1</sup> *Liefe*, dear.<sup>2</sup> *Remove*, change.<sup>3</sup> *Advance*, extol.

- 45 Sir Satyrane him towardes did addresse,  
 To weet what wight he was, and what his quest :  
 And, comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesse  
 Both by the burning hart which on his brest  
 He bare, and by the colours in his crest,  
 That Paridell it was : tho to him yode,  
 And, him saluting as beseemed best,  
 Gan first inquire of tydinges farre abrode ;  
 And afterwardes on what adventure now he rode.
- 46 Who thereto answering said : “The tydinges bad,  
 Which now in Faery Court all men doe tell,  
 Which turned hath great mirth to mourning sad,  
 Is the late ruine of proud Marinell,  
 And suddein parture of faire Florimell  
 To find him forth : and after her are gone  
 All the brave knightes, that doen in armes excell,  
 To savegard her ywandred all alone ;  
 Emongst the rest my lott (unworthy’) is to be one.”
- 47 “ Ah ! gentle Knight,” said then Sir Satyrane,  
 “ Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,  
 That hast a thanklesse service on thee ta’ne,  
 And offrest sacrifice unto the dead :  
 For dead, I surely \* doubt,<sup>1</sup> thou maist aread<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Doubt*, fear.

<sup>2</sup> *Aread*, conceive.

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XLV. 6. — *That Paridell it was.*] Paridell is an agreeable and accomplished libertine. The burning heart is also a part of the description of Lechery in the fourth canto of the first book. Paridell, according to Upton, represents the Earl of Westmoreland. II.

\* Qu. *sorely*?

Henceforth for ever Florimell to bee ;  
 That all the noble Knights of Maydenhead,  
 Which her ador'd, may sore repent with mee,  
 And all faire ladies may for ever sory bee."

48 Which wordes when Paridell had heard, his hew  
 Gan greatly chaung, and seemd dismaid to bee ;  
 Then said : " Fayre Sir, how may I weene it trew.  
 That ye doe tell in such uncerteintee ?  
 Or speake ye of report, or did ye see  
 Iust cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so sore ?  
 For, perdie, elles how mote it ever bee,  
 That ever hand should dare for to engore<sup>1</sup>  
 Her noble blood ! The hevens such crueltie abhorre."

49 " These eyes did see that they will ever rew  
 To have seene," quoth he, " whenas a monstrous  
 beast  
 The palfrey whereon she did travell slew,  
 And of his bowels made his bloody feast :  
 Which speaking token sheweth at the least  
 Her certeine losse, if not her sure decay<sup>2</sup> :  
 Besides, that more suspicion encreast,  
 I found her golden girdle cast astray,  
 Distaynd with durt and blood, as relique of the  
 pray."

<sup>1</sup> *Engore*, pierce, shed.

<sup>2</sup> *Decay*, destruction.

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XLIX. 8. — *I found her golden girdle cast astray.*] In the second stanza of this book, we are told that the beast went back with the girdle to the witch. H.

50 "Ay me!" said Paridell, "the signes be sadd;  
 And, but God turne the same to good soothsay,<sup>1</sup>  
 That ladies safetie is sore to be dradd:  
 Yet will I not forsake my forward way,  
 Till triall doe more certeine truth bewray."  
 "Faire Sir," quoth he, "well may it you succeed!  
 Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stay;  
 But to the rest, which in this quest proceed,  
 My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed."

51 "Ye noble Knights," said then the Squire of Dames,  
 "Well may yee speede in so praiseworthy payne!  
 But sith the sunne now ginnes to slake his beames  
 In dewy vapours of the westerne mayne,  
 And lose the tyme out of his weary wayne,  
 Mote not mislike you also to abate  
 Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe  
 Both light of heven and strength of men relate<sup>2</sup>:  
 Which if ye please, to yonder Castle turne your gate."

52 That counsell pleased well; so all yfere<sup>3</sup>  
 Forth marched to a castle them before;  
 Where soone arryving they restrained were  
 Of ready entraunce, which ought evermore  
 To errant knights be commune. Wondrous sore  
 Thereat displeasd they were, till that young Squire  
 Gan them informe the cause why that same dore  
 Was shut to all which lodging did desyre:  
 The which to let you weet will further time requyre.

<sup>1</sup> *Soothsay*, omen.

<sup>2</sup> *Relate*, bring back.

<sup>3</sup> *Yfere*, together.



## CANTO IX.

Malbecco will no straunge knights host,<sup>1</sup>  
 For peevish gealosity:  
 Paridell giusts with Britomart:  
 Both shew their auncestry.

1 **REDOUBTED** Knights, and honorable Dames,  
 To whom I leuell all my labours end,  
 Right sore I feare least with unworthie blames  
 This odious argument my rymes should shend,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or ought your goodly patience offend,  
 Whiles of a wanton lady I doe write,  
 Which with her loose incontinence doth blend<sup>3</sup>  
 The shyning glory of your souveraine light;  
 And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse knight.

2 But never let th' ensample of the bad  
 Offend the good: for good, by paragone<sup>4</sup>  
 Of evill, may more notably be rad<sup>5</sup>;  
 As white seemes fayrer macht with blacke attone<sup>6</sup>:  
 Ne all are shamed by the fault of one:  
 For lo! in heven, whereas all goodnes is,  
 Emongst the angels, a whole legione

<sup>1</sup> *Host*, entertain.

<sup>2</sup> *Shend*, disgrace.

<sup>3</sup> *Blend*, blind, dim.

<sup>4</sup> *Paragone*, contrast.

<sup>5</sup> *Rad*, discerned.

<sup>6</sup> *Attone*, at one, together.

Of wicked sprighes did fall from happy blis ;  
Wha' wonder then if one, of women all, did mis<sup>1</sup>?

3 Then listen, Lordings, if ye list to weet  
The cause why Satyrane and Paridell  
Mote not be entertaynd,<sup>2</sup> as seemed meet,  
Into that castle, as that squyre does tell.  
“ Therein a cancred crabbed carle<sup>3</sup> does dwell,  
That has no skill of court nor courtesie,  
Ne cares what men say of him ill or well :  
For all his dayes he drownes in privitie,  
Yet has full large to live and spend at libertie.

4 “ But all his mind is set on mucky pelfe,  
To hoord up heapes of evill-gotten masse,  
For which he others wrongs, and wreekes himselfe :  
Yet is he lincked to a lovely lasse,  
Whose beauty doth her bounty<sup>4</sup> far surpasse .  
The which to him both far unequal yeares  
And also far unlike conditions<sup>5</sup> has ;  
For she does ioy to play emongst her peares,  
And to be free from hard restrynt and gealous feares.

5 “ But he is old, and withered like hay,  
Unfit faire ladies service to supply ;  
The privie guilt whereof makes him alway  
Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy  
Upon her with his other blinked eye ;

<sup>1</sup> *Mis*, go astray.

<sup>2</sup> *Entertaynd*, received.

<sup>3</sup> *Carle*, churl.

<sup>4</sup> *Bounty*, virtue.

<sup>5</sup> *Conditions*, qualities.

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V. 5. — *His other blinked eye.*] *Other* as before, in the sense

Ne suffreth he resort of living wight  
 Approach to her, ne keepe her company,  
 But in close bowre<sup>1</sup> her mewes from all mens sight,  
 Depriv'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

6 “Malbecco he, and Hellenore she hight;  
 Unfitly yokt together in one teeme.  
 That is the cause why never any knight  
 Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme  
 Such as no doubt of him he neede misdeeme.”  
 Thereat Sir Satyrane gan smyle, and say:  
 “Extremely mad the man I surely deeme  
 That weenes, with watch and hard restraynt, to stay  
 A womans will which is disposd to go astray.

7 “In vaine he feares that which he cannot shonne:  
 For who wotes not, that womans subtiltyes  
 Can guylen<sup>2</sup> Argus, when she list misdonne?  
 It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,  
 Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,  
 That can withhold her wilfull-wandring feet;  
 But fast goodwill, with gentle courtesyes,  
 And timely service to her pleasures meet,  
 May her perhaps containe<sup>3</sup> that else would algates<sup>4</sup>  
 fleet.<sup>5</sup>”

<sup>1</sup> *Bowre*, chamber.

<sup>2</sup> *Guylen*, deceive.

<sup>3</sup> *Containe*, hold in.

<sup>4</sup> *Algates*, at all events.

<sup>5</sup> *Fleet*, flee.

---

of *one of two*. Malbecco was quite blind of one eye, and the other was “blincked” or dimmed. C.

VI. 1. — *Malbecco* means cuckold. *Hellenore* is derived from the Grecian Helen.

8 "Then is he not more mad," sayd Paridell,  
 "That hath himselfe unto such service sold,<sup>1</sup>  
 In dolefull thralldome all his dayes to dwell?  
 For sure a foole I doe him firmly hold,  
 That loves his fetters, though they were of gold.  
 But why doe wee devise of others ill,<sup>2</sup>  
 Whyles thus we suffer this same dotard old  
 To keepe us out in scorne, of his owne will,  
 And rather do not ransack all, and himselfe kill?"

9 "Nay, let us first," sayd Satyrane, "entreat  
 The man, by gentle meanes, to let us in ;  
 And afterwarde affray with cruell threat,  
 Ere that we to efforce it doe begin :  
 Then, if all fayle, we will by force it win,  
 And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,<sup>3</sup>  
 As may be worthy of his haynous sin."  
 That counsell pleasd : then Paridell did rise,  
 And to the castle-gate approcht in quiet wise :

10 Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desyrd.  
 The good man selfe, which then the porter playd,  
 Him answered, that all were now retyrd  
 Unto their rest, and all the keyes convayd  
 Unto their maister who in bed was layd,  
 That none him durst awake out of his dreme ;  
 And therefore them of patience gently prayd.  
 Then Paridell began to chaunge his theme,  
 And threatned him with force and punishment ex-  
 treme.

<sup>1</sup> I. e. who has married at all.

<sup>3</sup> *Mesprise*, contempt.

<sup>2</sup> I. e. talk of other's misfortunes.

- 11 But all in vaine ; for nought mote him relent :  
 And now so long before the wicket fast  
 They wayted, that the night was forward spent,  
 And the faire welkin<sup>1</sup> fowly overcast  
 Gan blowen up a bitter stormy blast,  
 With showre and hayle so horrible and dred,  
 That this faire many<sup>2</sup> were compeld at last  
 To fly for succour to a little shed,  
 The which beside the gate for swyne was ordered.
- 12 It fortun'd, soone after they were gone,  
 Another Knight, whom tempest thether brought,  
 Came to that castle, and with earnest mone,  
 Like as the rest, late entrance deare<sup>3</sup> besought ;  
 But, like so as the rest, he prayd for nought ;  
 For flatly he of entrance was refusd :  
 Sorely thereat he was displeasd, and thought  
 How to avenge himselfe so sore abusd,  
 And evermore the carle of courtesie accusd.<sup>4</sup>
- 13 But, to avoyde th' intollerable stowre,<sup>5</sup>  
 He was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,  
 And to that shed, to shrowd him from the showre,  
 He came, which full of guests he found whyl-  
     eare,<sup>6</sup>  
 So as he was not let to enter there :  
 Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,  
 And swore that he would lodge with them yfere,<sup>7</sup>

1 *Welkin*, sky.

2 *Many*, company.

3 *Deare*, earnestly.

4 I. e. of lack of courtesy.

5 *Stowre*, storm.

6 *Whyleare*, before (him).

7 *Yfere*, together.

Or them dislodg, all were they lief<sup>1</sup> or loth ;  
And so defyde them each, and so defyde them both.

14 Both were full loth to leave that needful tent,<sup>2</sup>  
And both full loth in darkenesse to debate<sup>3</sup> ;  
Yet both full lief<sup>4</sup> him lodging to have lent,<sup>4</sup>  
And both full lief<sup>4</sup> his boasting to abate :  
But chiefly Paridell his hart did grate  
To heare him threaten so despightfully,  
As if he did a dogge in kenell rate  
That durst not barke ; and rather had he dy  
Then, when he was defyde, in coward corner ly.

15 Tho, hastily remounting to his steed,  
He forth issew'd ; like as a boystrous winde,  
Which in th' earthes hollow caves hath long **ben hid**  
And shut up fast within her prisons blind,  
Makes the huge element, against her kinde,<sup>5</sup>  
To move and tremble as it were aghast,  
Untill that it an issew forth may finde ;  
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast  
Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth overcast.

16 Their steel-hed speares they strongly coucht, and met  
Together with impetuous rage and forse,  
That with the terrour of their fierce affret<sup>6</sup>  
They rudely drove to ground both man and horse,  
That each awhile lay like a sencelesse corse.  
But Paridell, sore brused with the blow,

<sup>1</sup> *Liefe*, willing.

<sup>2</sup> *Tent*, shelter.

<sup>3</sup> *Debate*, quarrel.

<sup>4</sup> I. e. if there had been room.

<sup>5</sup> *Kinde*, nature.

<sup>6</sup> *Affret*, encounter.

Could not arise, the counterchaunge to scorse<sup>1</sup>;  
 Till that young Squyre him reared from below;  
 Then drew he his bright sword, and gan about him  
 throw.

17 But Satyrane, forth stepping, did them stay,  
 And with faire treaty pacifide their yre:  
 Then, when they were accorded<sup>2</sup> from the fray,  
 Against that Castles lord they gan conspire,  
 To heape on him dew vengeance for his hire.  
 They beene agreed, and to the gates they goe  
 To burne the same with únquenchable fire,  
 And that uncurteous carle, their commune foe,  
 To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in grievous woe.

18 Malbecco seeing them resolv'd in deed  
 To flame the gates, and hearing them to call  
 For fire in earnest, ran with fearfull speed,  
 And, to them calling from the castle wall,  
 Besought them humbly him to beare with all,  
 As ignorant of servants bad abuse  
 And slacke attendaunce unto straungers call.  
 The knights were willing all things to excuse,  
 Though nought belev'd, and entraunce late did not  
 refuse.

19 They beene ybrought into a comely bowre,  
 And serv'd of all things that mote needfull bee;  
 Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,  
 And welcomde more for feare then charitee;

<sup>1</sup> *Scorse*, exchange, give back.

<sup>2</sup> *Accorded*, made to agree.

But they dissembled what they did not see,<sup>1</sup>  
 And welcomed themselves. Each gan undight  
 Their garments wett, and weary armour free,  
 To dry themselves by Vulcanes flaming light,  
 And eke their lately bruized parts to bring in plight.

20 And eke that straunger knight emongst the rest  
 Was for like need enforst to disaray :  
 Tho, whenas veiled was her lofty crest,<sup>2</sup>  
 Her golden locks, that were in tramells<sup>4</sup> gay  
 Upbounden, did themselves adowne display,  
 And raught unto her heeles ; like sunny beames,  
 That in a cloud their light did long time stay,  
 Their vapour vaded,<sup>5</sup> shewe their golden gleames,  
 And through the persant<sup>6</sup> aire shoote forth their  
 azure streames.

21 Shee also dofte her heavy haberieon,<sup>7</sup>  
 Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde ;  
 And her well-plighted<sup>8</sup> frock, which she did won<sup>9</sup>  
 To tucke about her short when she did ryde,  
 Shee low let fall, that flowd from her lanck<sup>10</sup> syde  
 Downe to her foot with carelesse modestee.  
 Then of them all she plainly was espyde  
 To be a woman wight, unwist to bee,  
 The fairest woman wight that ever eie did see.

<sup>1</sup> I. e. to be hospitably received.

<sup>7</sup> *Habericon*, coat of mail.

<sup>2</sup> *Plight*, order.

<sup>8</sup> *Well-plighted*, well-folded.

<sup>3</sup> I. e. when she had doffed her helmet.

<sup>4</sup> *Tramells*, braids.

<sup>9</sup> *Won*, use.

<sup>5</sup> *Vaded*, dissipated.

<sup>10</sup> *Lauck*, slender.

<sup>6</sup> *Persant*, sharp, clear.



22 Like as Bellona, being late returnd  
 From slaughter of the giaunts conquered, —  
 Where proud Encelade, whose wide nosethrils  
     burnd

With breathed flames like to a furnace redd,  
 Transfixed with her speare, downe tumbled dedd  
 From top of Hemus by him heaped hye, —  
 Hath loosd her helmet from her lofty hedd,  
 And her Gorgonian shield gins to untye  
 From her lefte arme, to rest in glorious victorie.

23 Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were  
 With great amazement of so wondrous sight ;  
 And each on other, and they all on her,  
 Stood gazing ; as if suddein great affright  
 Had them surprizd. At last avizing<sup>1</sup> right  
 Her goodly personage and glorious hew,  
 Which they so much mistooke, they tooke delight  
 In their first error, and yett still anew  
 With wonder of her beauty fed their hongry vew.

24 Yet note <sup>2</sup> their hongry vew be satisfide,  
 But, seeing, still the more desir'd to see,  
 And ever firmly fixed did abide  
 In contemplation of divinitee :  
 But most they mervaild at her chevalree  
 And noble prowesse which they had approv'd,

<sup>1</sup> *Avizing*, contemplating.

<sup>2</sup> *Note*, could not.

That much they faynd to know who she mote bee ;  
 Yet none of all them her thereof amov'd<sup>1</sup> ;  
 Yet every one her likte, and every one her lov'd.

25 And Paridell, though partly discontent  
 With his late fall and fowle indignity,  
 Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,  
 Through gracious regard of her faire eye,  
 And knightly worth which he too late did try,  
 Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight ;  
 Then they Malbecco prayd of courtesy,  
 That of his lady they might have the sight  
 And company at meat, to doe them more delight.

26 But he, to shifte<sup>2</sup> their curious request,  
 Gan causen<sup>3</sup> why she could not come in place ;  
 Her crased<sup>4</sup> helth, her late recourse to rest,  
 And humid evening, ill for sicke folkes cace :  
 But none of those excuses could take place ;  
 Ne would they eate, till she in presence came :  
 Shee came in presence with right comely grace,  
 And fairely them saluted, as became,  
 And shewd herselfe in all a gentle, courteous dame.

27 They sate to meat ; and Satyrane his chaunce  
 Was her before, and Paridell beside ;  
 But he himselfe<sup>5</sup> sate looking still askaunce  
 Gainst Britomart, and ever closely eide  
 Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not glide :

<sup>1</sup> I. e. questioned.

<sup>2</sup> *Shifte*, evade.

<sup>3</sup> *Causen*, assign reasons.

<sup>4</sup> *Crased*, impaired.

<sup>5</sup> I. e. Malbecco.

But his blinde eie, that sided<sup>1</sup> Paridell,  
 All his demeasure<sup>2</sup> from his sight did hide :  
 On her faire face so did he feede his fill,  
 And sent close<sup>3</sup> messages of love to her at will.

28 And ever and anone, when none was ware,  
 With speaking lookes, that close embassage bore,  
 He rov'd<sup>4</sup> at her, and told his secret care ;  
 For all that art he learned had of yore :  
 Ne was she ignoraunt of that leud lore,  
 But in his eye his meaning wisely redd,  
 And with the like him aunswerd evermore :  
 Shee sent at him one fyrie dart, whose hedd  
 Empoised was with privy lust and gealous dredd.

29 He from that deadly throw made no defence,  
 But to the wound his weake heart opened wyde :  
 The wicked engine through false influence  
 Past through his eies, and secretly did glyde  
 Into his heart, which it did sorely gryde.<sup>5</sup>  
 But nothing new to him was that same paine,  
 Ne paine at all ; for he so ofte had tryde  
 The powre thereof, and lov'd so oft in vaine,  
 That thing of course he counted, love to entertaine.

30 Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate  
 His inward grieffe, by meanes to him well knowne :  
 Now Bacchus fruit out of the silver plate

<sup>1</sup> *Sided*, was on the side towards.

<sup>2</sup> *Demeasure*, demeanor.

<sup>3</sup> *Closc*, secret.

<sup>4</sup> *Rov'd*, shot.

<sup>5</sup> *Gryde*, pierce.

He on the table dasht, as overthrowne,  
 Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne ;  
 And by the dauncing bubbles did divine,  
 Or therein write to lett his love be showne ;  
 Which well she redd out of the learned line :  
 A sacrament prophane in mistery of wine.<sup>1</sup>

21 And, whenso of his hand the pledge she raught,<sup>2</sup>  
 The guilty cup she fained to mistake,  
 And in her lap did shed her idle draught,  
 Shewing desire her inward flame to slake.  
 By such close signes they secret way did make  
 Unto their wils, and One-eyes watch escape :  
 Two eies him needeth, for to watch and wake,  
 Who lovers will deceive. Thus was the ape,  
 By their faire handling,<sup>3</sup> put into Malbeccoes cape.

32 Now, when of meats and drinks they had their fill,  
 Purpose was moved <sup>4</sup> by that gentle dame  
 Unto those knights adventurous, to tell  
 Of deeds of armes which unto them became,<sup>5</sup>  
 And every one his kindred and his name.  
 Then Paridell, in whom a kindly <sup>6</sup> pride  
 Of gracious speach and skill his words to frame

<sup>1</sup> I. e. wine being profanely used to symbolize unlawful love.

<sup>2</sup> *Raught*, reached.

<sup>5</sup> *Became*, happened.

<sup>3</sup> *Handling*, management.

<sup>6</sup> *Kindly*, natural.

<sup>4</sup> I. e. a proposition was made.

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to Helen, Hellenore's prototype. Ovid. Epist. XVII. 75, cited by Epton. C.

XXXI. 8. — *Thus was the ape*, &c.] To put an ape into one's hood or cap, is a proverbial expression for making a fool of him.

Abounded, being yglad of so fitte tide<sup>1</sup>  
 Him to commend to her, thus spake, of al well eide:

33 “Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,  
 And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,  
 Though whilome far much greater then thy fame,  
 Before that angry gods and cruell skie  
 Upon thee heapt a direfull destinie;  
 What boots it boast thy glorious descent,  
 And fetch from heven thy great genealogie,  
 Sith all thy worthie prayses being blent,  
 Their ofspring hath embaste, and later glory shent!

34 “Most famous worthy of the world, by whome  
 That warre was kindled which did Troy inflame,  
 And stately towres of Ilion whilome  
 Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name  
 Sir Paris far renownd through noble fame;  
 Who, through great prowesse and bold hardinesse,  
 From Lacedæmon fetcht the fayrest dame  
 That ever Greece did boast, or knight possesse,  
 Whom Venus to him gave for meed of worthinesse:

35 “Fayre Helene, flowre of beautie excellent,  
 And girlond of the mighty conquerours,  
 That madest many ladies deare<sup>2</sup> lament

<sup>1</sup> *Tide*, time.

<sup>2</sup> *Deare*, dearly.

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XXXIII. 8, 9. — “Since the stain which has come upon thine ancient renown has disgraced the offspring of thy great ancestors, and sullied thy glory in later times.” C.

The heauiē losse of their brave paramours,  
 Which they far off beheld from Troian toures,  
 And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander strowne  
 With carcasses of noble warrioures,  
 Whose fruitlesse lives were under furrow sowne,  
 And Xanthus sandy bankes with blood all over-  
 flowne!

36 “ From him my linage I derive aright,  
 Who long before the ten yeares siege of Troy,  
 Whiles yet on Ida he a shepeheard hight,  
 On faire Oenone got a lovely boy,  
 Whom, for remembrance of her passed ioy,  
 She, of his father, Paris did name;  
 Who, after Greekes did Priams realme destroy,  
 Gathred the Troian reliques sav’d from flame,  
 And, with them sayling thence, to th’ isle of Paros  
 came.

37 “ That was by him cald Paros, which before  
 Hight Nausa; there he many yeares did raine,  
 And built Nausicle by the Pontick shore;  
 The which he dying left next in remaine  
 To Paridas his sonne,  
 From whom I, Paridell, by kin descend:  
 But, for faire ladies love and glories gaine,

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XXXV. 9. — *Xanthus*.] Scamander and Xanthus are different names of the same river. He should have said Scamander and Simois.

XXXVI. 4 — *On faire Oenone*, &c.] Paris had a son by Oenone, a nymph of Mount Ida, before he went to Sparta. The rest of this narrative is the poet’s own invention. II.

My native soile have left, my dayes to spend  
In seeing<sup>1</sup> deeds of armes, my lives and labors end."

38 Whenas the noble Britomart heard tell  
Of Troian warres and Priams citie sackt,  
(The ruefull story of Sir Paridell,  
She was empassiond<sup>2</sup> at that piteous act,  
With zelons envy<sup>3</sup> of Greekes cruell fact<sup>4</sup>  
Against that nation, from whose race of old  
She heard that she was lineally extract:  
For noble Britons sprong from Troians bold,  
And Troynovant<sup>5</sup> was built of old Troyes ashes cold.

39 Then, sighing soft awhile, at last she thus:  
"O lamentable fall of famous towne,  
Which raignd so many yeares victorious,  
And of all Asie bore the soveraine crowne,  
In one sad night consumd and throwen downe!  
What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,  
Is not empierst with deepe compassiowne,  
And makes ensample of mans wretched state,  
That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at evening  
late!

40 "Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint  
Hath fownd another partner of your payne:  
For nothing may impresse so deare constraint  
As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne.

<sup>1</sup> *Seeing*, pursuing.

<sup>2</sup> *Empassiond*, moved.

<sup>3</sup> *Envy*, indignation.

<sup>4</sup> *Fact*, deed.

<sup>5</sup> *Troynovant*, London

But, if it should not grieve you backe agayne  
 To turne your course, I would to heare desyre  
 What to Aeneas fell; sith that men sayne<sup>1</sup>  
 He was not in the cities wofull fyre  
 Consum'd, but did himselfe to safety retyre."

41 " Anchyses sonne, begott of Venus fayre,"  
 Said he, " out of the flames for safegard fled,  
 And with a remnant did to sea repayre ;  
 Where he, through fatall errour,<sup>2</sup> long was led  
 Full many yeares, and weetlesse<sup>3</sup> wandered  
 From shore to shore emongst the Lybick sandes,  
 Ere rest he fownd. Much there he suffered,  
 And many perilles past in forreine landes,  
 To save his people sad from victours vengefull handes.

42 " At last in Latium he did arryve,  
 Where he with cruell warre was entertaind<sup>4</sup>  
 Of th' inland folke which sought him backe to drive,  
 Till he with old Latinus was constraind  
 To contract wedlock, so the Fates ordaind ;  
 Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood  
 Accomplished, that many deare complaind :  
 The rivall skaine, the victour (through the flood  
 Escaped hardly) hardly praisd his wedlock good.

43 " Yet, after all, he victour did survive,  
 And with Latinus did the kingdom part :  
 But after, when both nations gan to strive

<sup>1</sup> *Sayne*, say.

<sup>2</sup> *Fatall errour*, predestined wandering. <sup>3</sup> *Weetlesse*, unknowing.

<sup>4</sup> *Entertaind*, received.



Into their names the title to convert,  
 His sonne Iulus did from thence depart  
 With all the warlike youth of Troians bloud,  
 And in Long Alba plast his throne apart ;  
 Where faire it florished and long time stoud,  
 Till Romulus, renewing it, to Rome remoud.”<sup>1</sup>

44 “ There, there,” said Britomart, “ afresh appeared  
 The glory of the later world to spring,  
 And Troy againe out of her dust was reard  
 To sitt in second seat of souveraine king  
 Of all the world, under her governing.  
 But a third kingdom yet is to arise  
 Out of the Troians scattered ofspring,  
 That, in all glory and great enterprise,  
 Both first and second Troy shall dare to equalise.

45 “ It Troynovant is hight, that with the waves  
 Of wealthy Thamis washed is along,  
 Upon whose stubborne neck (whereat he raves  
 With roring rage, and sore himselfe does throng,  
 That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong)  
 She fastned hath her foot ; which standes so hy,  
 That it a wonder of the world is song  
 In forreine landes ; and all which passen by,  
 Beholding it from farre, doe thinke it threates the skye.

46 “ The Troian Brute did first that citie fownd,  
 And Hygate made the meare<sup>2</sup> thereof by west,  
 And Overt-gate by north : that is the bownd

<sup>1</sup> *Remoud*, removed.

<sup>2</sup> *Meare*, boundary.

Toward the land ; two rivers bownd the rest.  
 So huge a scope at first him seemed best,  
 To be the compasse of his kingdomes seat :  
 So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,  
 Ne in small meares containe his glory great,  
 That Albion had conquered first by warlike feat.”

47 “ Ah ! fairest Lady-Knight,” said Paridell,  
 “ Pardon I pray my heedlesse oversight,  
 Who had forgot that whylome I hard tell  
 From aged Mnemon ; for my wits beene light.  
 Indeed he said, if I remember right,  
 That of the antique Troian stocke there grew  
 Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,  
 And far abroad his mightie braunches threw  
 Into the utmost angle of the world he knew.

48 “ For that same Brute, whom much he did advance  
 In all his speach, was Sylvius his sonne,  
 Whom having slain through luckles arrowes glaunce,  
 He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,  
 Or els for shame, so fowle reproch to shonne,  
 And with him ledd to sea an youtbly trayne ;  
 Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,<sup>1</sup>  
 And many fortunes prov'd in th' ocean mayne,  
 And great adventures found, that now were long to  
 sayne.

49 “ At last by fatall course they driven were  
 Into an island spatious and brode,

<sup>1</sup> *Wonne*, continue.

The furthest north that did to them appeare :  
 Which, after rest, they, seeking farre abroad,  
 Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,  
 Fruitfull of all thinges fitt for living foode,  
 But wholly waste and void of peoples trode,<sup>1</sup>  
 Save an huge nation of the geaunts broode  
 That fed on living flesh, and dronck mens vitall blood.

50 “ Whom he, through wearie wars and labours long,  
 Subdewd with losse of many Britons bold :  
 In which the great Goëmagot of strong  
 Corineus, and Coulín of Debon old,  
 Were overthrowne and laide on th’ earth full cold,  
 Which quaked under their so hideous masse :  
 A famous history to bee enrold  
 In everlasting monuments of brasse,  
 That all the ántique worthies merits far did passe.

51 “ His worke great Troynovant, his worke is eke  
 Faire Lincolne, both renowned far away ;  
 That who from east to west will endlong seeke,  
 Cannot two fairer cities find this day,  
 Except Cleopolis ; so heard I say  
 Old Mnemon ! — Therefore, Sir,<sup>2</sup> I greet you well  
 Your countrey kin<sup>3</sup> ; and you entyrelly<sup>4</sup> pray  
 Of pardon for the strife which late befell  
 Betwixt us both unknowne.” So ended Paridell.

52 But all the while that he these speeches spent,  
 Upon his lips hong faire Dame Hellenore,

<sup>1</sup> *Trode*, tread, footstep.

<sup>4</sup> *Entyrelly*, sincerely.

<sup>2</sup> He addresses her as a knight.

<sup>3</sup> I. e. I welcome you for a countryman.

With vigilant regard and dew attent,<sup>1</sup>  
 Fashioning worldes of fancies evermore  
 In her fraile witt, that now her quite forlore<sup>2</sup>:  
 The whiles unwares away her wondring eye  
 And greedy eares her weake hart from her bore  
 Which he perceiving, ever privily,  
 In speaking, many false belgardes<sup>3</sup> at her let fly.

53 So long these knightes discoursed diversly  
 Of straunge affaires, and noble hardiment,  
 Which they had past with mickle ieopardy,  
 That now the humid night was farforth spent,  
 And hevenly lampes were halfendeale<sup>4</sup> ybrent<sup>5</sup>:  
 Which th' old man seeing wel, who too long thought  
 Every discourse, and every argument,  
 Which by the houres he measured, besought  
 Them go to rest. So all unto their bowres<sup>6</sup> were  
 brought.

<sup>1</sup> *Attent*, attention.

<sup>2</sup> *Forlore*, deserted.

<sup>3</sup> *Belgardes*, sweet glances.

<sup>4</sup> *Halfendeale*, the half part.

<sup>5</sup> *Ybrent*, burned.

<sup>6</sup> *Bowres*, chambers.

## CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore;  
 Malbecco her poursewes;  
 Fynds emongst Satyres, whence with him  
 To turne she doth refuse.

- 1 THE morow next, so soone as Phœbus lamp  
 Bewrayed had the world with early light,  
 And fresh Aurora had the shady damp  
 Out of the goodly heven amoved quight,  
 Faire Britomart and that same Faery Knight  
 Uprose, forth on their iourney for to wend:  
 But Paridell complaynd, that his late fight  
 With Britomart so sore did him offend,  
 That ryde he could not till his hurts he did amend.
- 2 So forth they far'd; but he behind them stayd,  
 Maulgre his host, who grudged grivously  
 To house a guest that would be needes obayd,  
 And of his owne him left not liberty:  
 Might wanting measure moveth surquedry.  
 Two things he feared, but the third was death;  
 That fiers young mans unruly maystery;  
 His money, which he lov'd as living breath;  
 And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept unceath.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Unceath*, with difficulty.

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II. 5. — *Might wanting measure, &c.*] Power unrestrained  
 leads to insolence.

3 But patience perforce; he must abide<sup>1</sup>  
 What fortune and his fate on him will lay:  
 Fond is the feare that findes no remedie.  
 Yet warily he watcheth every way,  
 By which he feareth evill happen may;  
 So th' evill thinkes by watching to prevent:  
 Ne doth he suffer her, nor night nor day,  
 Out of his sight herselfe once to absent:  
 So doth he punish her, and eke himselfe torment.

4 But Paridell kept better watch then hee,  
 A fit occasion for his turne to finde.  
 False Love! why do men say thou canst not see,  
 And in their foolish fancy feigne thee blinde,  
 That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doest binde,  
 And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,  
 And seest every secret of the minde;  
 Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee:  
 All that is by the working of thy deitee.

5 So perfect in that art was Paridell,  
 That he Malbeccoes halfen eye<sup>2</sup> did wyle;  
 His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,  
 And Hellenors both eyes did eke beguyle,  
 Both eyes and hart attonce, during the whye  
 That he there sojourned his woundes to heale;  
 That Cupid selfe, it seeing, close<sup>3</sup> did smyle

<sup>1</sup> *Abie*, abide.

<sup>3</sup> *Close*, secretly.

<sup>2</sup> *Halfen eye*, his one "blinked" or imperfect eye.

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III. 1. — *But patience perforce.*] A proverb equivalent to  
 "What can't be cured must be endured."

To weet how he her love away did steale,  
And bad that none their ioyous treason should reveale.

6 The learned<sup>1</sup> lover lost no time nor tyde  
That least advantage mote to him afford,  
Yet bore so faire a sayle, that none espyde  
His secret drift till he her layd abord.  
Whenso in open place and commune bord<sup>2</sup>  
He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speach  
He courted her ; yet bayted every word,  
That his ungentle hoste n'ote<sup>3</sup> him appeach  
Of vile ungentlenesse or hospitages breach.

7 But when apart, (if ever her apart  
He found,) then his false engins fast he plyde,  
And all the sleights unbosomd in his hart :  
Hē sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy dyde,  
And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde :  
Tho, when againe he him bethought to live,  
He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,<sup>4</sup>  
Saying, but if she mercie would him give,  
That he mote algates<sup>5</sup> dye, yet did his death forgive.

8 And otherwhyles with amorous delights  
And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine ;  
Now singing sweetly to surprize her sprights,  
Now making layes of love and lovers paine,  
Bransles,<sup>6</sup> ballads, virelayes,<sup>7</sup> and verses vaine ;

<sup>1</sup> *Learned*, i. e. skilful.

<sup>2</sup> *Bord*, table.

<sup>3</sup> *N'ote*, might not.

<sup>4</sup> *Belyde*, counterfeited.

<sup>5</sup> *Algates*, at all events.

<sup>6</sup> *Bransles*, brawls, dancing-tunes.

<sup>7</sup> *Virelayes*, a sort of rondeau.

Oft purposes, oft riddles, he devysd,  
 And thousands like which flowed in his braine,  
 With which he fed her fancy, and entysd  
 To take to his new love, and leave her old despyd.

9 And every where he might and everie while  
 He did her service dewtifull, and sewd  
 At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile ;  
 So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,  
 Who well perceived all, and all indewd.<sup>1</sup>  
 Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,  
 With which he many weake harts had subdewd  
 Of yore, and many had ylike misled :  
 What wonder then if she were likewise carried ?

10 No fort so sensible, no wals so strong,  
 But that continuall battery will rive,  
 Or daily siege, through dispurvayaunce<sup>2</sup> long  
 And lacke of reskewes, will to parley drive ;  
 And peece<sup>3</sup> that unto parley eare will give,  
 Will shortly yield itselfe, and will be made  
 The vassall of the victors will bylive<sup>4</sup> :  
 That stratageme had oftentimes assayd  
 This crafty paramoure, and now it plaine displayd :

<sup>1</sup> I. e. took, or applied to herself.

<sup>3</sup> *Peece*, castle.

<sup>2</sup> *Dispurvayaunce*, want of provisions.

<sup>4</sup> *Bylive*, quickly.

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VIII. 6. — *Purposes* means the game of cross-purposes, or questions and answers. A knowledge of riddles seems to have been an accomplishment so necessary to the character of a lover, that Slender, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, is greatly distressed on finding, when he is introduced to Anne Page, that his man had not his *Book of Riddles* about him. — TODD.



11 For through his traines<sup>1</sup> he her intrapped hath,  
 That she her love and hart hath wholly sold  
 To him without regard of gaine, or scath,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or care of credite, or of husband old,  
 Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fayre cucquóld.  
 Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee  
 Devized hath, and to her lover told.  
 It pleased well: so well they both agree;  
 So readie rype to ill, ill wemens counsels bee!

12 Darke was the evening, fit for lovers stealth;  
 When chaunst Malbecco busie be elsewhere,  
 She to his closet went, where all his wealth  
 Lay hid; thereof she countlesse summes did reare,<sup>3</sup>  
 The which she meant away with her to beare;  
 The rest she fyr'd, for sport or for despight:  
 As Hellene, when she saw aloft appeare  
 The Troiane flames and reach to heavens hight,  
 Did clap her hands, and ioyed at that dolefull sight.

13 This second Helene, fayre Dame Hellenore,  
 The whiles her husband ran with sory haste  
 To quench the flames which she had tyn'd<sup>4</sup> before,  
 Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste,  
 And ran into her lovers armes right fast;  
 Where streight embraced she to him did cry  
 And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past;  
 For lo! that guest did beare her forcibly,  
 And meant to ravish her, that rather had to dy!

<sup>1</sup> *Traines*, stratagems.

<sup>2</sup> *Scath*, injury.

<sup>3</sup> *Reare*, take away.

<sup>4</sup> *Tyn'd*, kindled.

- 14 The wretched man, hearing her call for ayd,  
 And ready seeing him with her to fly,  
 In his disquiet mind was much dismayd:  
 But when againe he backward cast his eye,  
 And saw the wicked fire so furiously  
 Consume his hart, and scorch his idoles face,  
 He was therewith distressed diversely,  
 Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place:  
 Was never wretched man in such a wofull cace.
- 15 Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,  
 And left the fire; love, money overcame:  
 But when he marked how his money burnd,  
 He left his wife; money did love disclame:  
 Both was he loth to loose his loved dame,  
 And loth to leave his liefest<sup>1</sup> pelfe behinde;  
 Yet, sith he n'ote<sup>2</sup> save both, he sav'd that same  
 Which was the dearest to his dounghill minde,  
 The god of his desire, the ioy of misers blinde.
- 16 Thus whilest all things in troublous uprore were,  
 And all men busie to suppress the flame,  
 The loving couple neede no reskew feare,  
 But leasure had and liberty to frame  
 Their purposst flight, free from all mens reclame;  
 And Night, the patronesse of love-stealth fayre,  
 Gave them safe conduct till to end they came:  
 So beene they gone yfere,<sup>3</sup> a wanton payre  
 Of lovers loosely knit, where list them to repayre.

<sup>1</sup> *Liefest*, dearest.

<sup>2</sup> *N'ote*, could not.

<sup>3</sup> *Yfere*, together.

17 Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,  
 Malbecco, seeing how his losse did lye,  
 Out of the flames which he had quencht whylere,<sup>1</sup>  
 Into huge waves of griefe and gealosye  
 Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye  
 Twixt inward doole<sup>2</sup> and felonous despight:  
 He rav'd, he wept, he stamp't, he lowd did cry;  
 And all the passions, that in man may light,  
 Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytive spright.

18 Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,  
 And did consume his gall with anguish sore:  
 Still when he mused on his late mischíefe,  
 Then still the smart thereof increased more,  
 And seemd more grievous then it was before:  
 At last, when sorrow he saw booted nought,  
 Ne griefe might not his Love to him restore,  
 He gan devise how her he reskew mought;  
 Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused thought.

19 At last resolving, like a pilgrim pore,  
 To search her forth whereso she might be fond,  
 And bearing him with treasure in close store,  
 The rest he leaves in ground. So takes in hond<sup>3</sup>  
 To seeke her endlong<sup>4</sup> both by sea and lond.  
 Long he her sought, he sought her far and nere,  
 And every where that he mote understand  
 Of knights and ladies any meetings were;  
 And of each one he mett he tidings did inquere.

1 *Whylere*, before.

2 *Doole*, grief.

3 *Takes in hond*, undertakes.

4 *Endlong*, in a continued course.

- 20 But all in vaine ; his woman was too wise  
 Ever to come into his clouch againe,  
 And hee too simple ever to surprise  
 The iolly Paridell, for all his paine.  
 One day, as hee forpassed<sup>1</sup> by the plaine  
 With weary pace, he far away espide  
 A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,  
 Which hoved<sup>2</sup> close under a forest side,  
 As if they lay in wait, or els themselves did hide.
- 21 Well weened hee that those the same mote bee ;  
 And, as he better did their shape avize,<sup>3</sup>  
 Him seemed more their maner did agree ;  
 For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,  
 Whom to be Paridell he did devise ;  
 And th' other, al yelad in garments light  
 Discolourd<sup>4</sup> like to womanish disguise,  
 He did resemble<sup>5</sup> to his lady bright ;  
 And ever his faint hart much earned<sup>6</sup> at the sight.
- 22 Aed ever faine he towards them would goe,  
 But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,  
 But stood aloofe, unweeting what to doe ;  
 Till that prickt forth with loves extremity,  
 That is the father of fowle gealosity,  
 He closely nearer crept the truth to weet :  
 But, as he nigher drew, he easily  
 Might seeerne that it was not his sweetest sweet,  
 Ne yet her belamour,<sup>7</sup> the partner of his sheet :

<sup>1</sup> *Forpassed*, passed along.

<sup>2</sup> *Hoved*, hovered, lurked.

<sup>3</sup> *Avize*, discern.

<sup>4</sup> *Discoloured*, variously colored.

<sup>5</sup> *Resemble*, liken, compare.

<sup>6</sup> *Earned*, yearned.

<sup>7</sup> *Belamour*, lover.

- 23 But it was scornfull Braggadochio,  
 That with his servant Trompart hoverd there,  
 Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe :  
 Whom such whenas Malbecco spyed clere,  
 He turned backe, and would have fled arere <sup>1</sup> ;  
 Till Trompart, ronning hastely, him did stay,  
 And bad before his souveraine lord appere :  
 That was him loth, yet durst he not gainesay,  
 And, comming him before, low louted <sup>2</sup> on the lay. <sup>3</sup>
- 24 The Boaster at him sternely bent his browe,  
 As if he could have kild him with his looke,  
 That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,  
 And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,  
 That every member of his body quooke.  
 Said he, “ Thou man of nought ! what doest thou  
                   here,  
 Unfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,  
 Where I expected one with shield and spere  
 To prove some deeds of armes upon an equall pere ? ”
- 25 The wretched man at his imperious speach  
 Was all abasht, and low prostrating said :  
 “ Good Sir, let not my rudenes <sup>4</sup> be no breach  
 Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid <sup>5</sup> ;  
 For I unwares this way by fortune straid,  
 A silly <sup>6</sup> pilgrim driven to distresse,  
 That seeke a Lady — ”    There he suddein sta

<sup>1</sup> *Arere*, backward.<sup>2</sup> *Louted*, bent.<sup>3</sup> *Lay*, lea, plain.<sup>4</sup> I. e. rusticity.<sup>5</sup> *Ill ypaid*, ill apaid, dissatisfied.<sup>6</sup> *Silly*, simple, humble.

And did the rest with grievous sighes suppressse,  
While teares stood in his eies, few drops of bitternesse.

26 “What lady, man?” said Trompart. “Take good  
hart,

And tell thy griefe, if any hidden lye :

Was never better time to shew thy smart

Then now, that noble succor is thee by,

That is the whole worlds commune remedy.”

That chearful word his weak heart much did  
cheare,

And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,

That bold he sayd : “O most redoubted Pere,

Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches cace to heare.”

27 Then sighing sore, “It is not long,” saide hee,

“Sith I enoyd the gentlest dame alive ;

Of whom a knight, (no knight at all perdee,

But shame of all that doe for honor strive,)

By treacherous decept did me deprive ;

Through open outrage he her bore away,

And with fowle force unto his will did drive ;

Which al good knights, that armes do bear this day,

Are bownd for to revenge and punish if they may.

28 “And you, most noble Lord, that can and dare

Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,

Cannot employ your most victorious speare

In better quarrell then defence of right,

And for a lady gainst a faithlesse knight :

So shall your glory bee advaunced much,

And all faire ladies magnify your might,

And eke myselfe, al bee I simple such,<sup>1</sup>  
Your worthy paine shall wel reward with **guerdon**  
rich."

29 With that, out of his bouget<sup>2</sup> forth he drew  
Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt;  
But he on it lookt scornefully askew,  
As much disdeigning to be so misdempt,<sup>3</sup>  
Or a war-monger<sup>4</sup> to be basely nempt,<sup>5</sup>  
And sayd: "Thy offers base I greatly loth,  
And eke thy words uncourteous and unkempt<sup>6</sup>:  
I tread in dust thee and thy money both;  
That, were it not for shame — " So turned from him  
wroth.

30 But Trompart, that his maistres humor knew  
In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,  
Was inly tickled with that golden vew,  
And in his eare him rownded<sup>7</sup> close behinde:  
Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the winde,  
Waiting advauntage on the pray to sease;  
Till Trompart, lowly to the grwnd inclinde,  
Besought him his great corage<sup>8</sup> to appease,  
And pardon simple man that rash did him displease.

1 I. e. although I am so humble.

2 *Bouget*, budget, pouch.

3 *Misdempt*, misconceived.

4 *War-monger*, mercenary soldier.

5 *Nempt*, named.

6 *Unkempt*, uncombed, rude.

7 *Rownded*, whispered.

8 *Corage*, heart.

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XXX. 5. — *Yet stoupt he not, &c.*] Braggadochio did not stoop to seize his prey, but remained quiet in the air, — an image derived from falconry.

31 Big looking like a doughty doucëpere,<sup>1</sup>  
 At last he thus : “ Thou clod of vilest clay,  
 I pardon yield, and with thy rudenes beare ;  
 But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,  
 And all that els the vaine world vaunten may,  
 I loath as dounge, ne deeme my dew reward :  
 Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pay :  
 But minds of mortal men are muchell mard  
 And mov'd amisse with massy mucks unmeet regard

32 “ And more ; I graunt to thy great misery  
 Gracious respect ; thy wife shall backe be sent :  
 And that vile knight, whoever that he bee,  
 Which hath thy lady reft and knighthood shent,<sup>2</sup>  
 By Sanglamort,<sup>3</sup> my sword, whose deadly dent<sup>4</sup>  
 The blood hath of so many thousands shedd,  
 I sweare ere long shall dearly it repent ;  
 Ne he twixt heven and earth shall hide his hedd,  
 But soone he shal be fownd, and shortly doen be  
 dedd.<sup>5</sup>”

33 The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,  
 As if the word so spoken were halfe donne,  
 And humbly thanked him a thousand sith,<sup>6</sup>  
 That had from death to life him newly wonne.  
 Tho forth the Boaster marching brave begonne  
 His stolen steed to thunder furiously,  
 As if he heaven and hell would overonne,

<sup>1</sup> I. e. champion, like one of the twelve peers of France.

<sup>2</sup> *Shent*, disgraced.

<sup>5</sup> *Doen be dedd*, put to death.

<sup>3</sup> I. e. Blood and Death.

<sup>6</sup> *Sith*, times.

<sup>4</sup> *Dent*, stroke.



And all the world confound with cruelty,  
That much Malbecco ioyed in his iollity.

34 Thus long they three together traueiled,  
Through many a wood and many an uncouth w  
To seeke his wife that was far wandered:  
But those two sought nought but the present pra,  
To weete, the treasure which he did bewray,<sup>1</sup>  
On which their eies and harts were wholly sett,  
With purpose how they might it best betray;  
For, sith the howre that first he did them lett  
The same behold, therwith their keene desires were  
whett.

35 It fortun'd, as they together far'd,  
They spide where Paridell came pricking fast  
Upon the plaine, the which himselſe prepar'd  
To giust with that brave straunger knight a cast,  
As on adventure by the way he past:  
Alone he rode without his paragone<sup>2</sup>;  
For, having filcht her bells, her up he cast  
To the wide world, and let her fly alone,—  
He nould<sup>3</sup> be clogd: so had he served many one.

36 The gentle Lady, loose at randon lefte,  
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide  
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne wefte<sup>4</sup>;  
Till on a day the Satyres her espide  
Straying alone withouten groome or guide:

<sup>1</sup> *Bewray*, discover.

<sup>3</sup> *Nould*, would not.

<sup>2</sup> *Paragone*, companion.

<sup>4</sup> *Wefte*, waif, wanderer.

Her up they tooke, and with them home her ledd,  
 With them as housewife ever to abide,  
 To milk their gotes, and make them cheese and  
 bredd;

And every one as commune good her handeled :

37 That shortly she Malbecco has forgott,  
 And eke Sir Paridell, all<sup>1</sup> were he deare ;  
 Who from her went to seeke another lott,  
 And now by fortune was arrived here,  
 Where those two guilers with Malbecco were.  
 Soone as the old man saw Sir Paridell,  
 He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,  
 Ne word he had to speake his grieffe to tell,  
 But to him louted<sup>2</sup> low, and greeted goodly well ;

88 And, after, asked him for Hellenore.

“ I take no keepe<sup>3</sup> of her,” sayd Paridell,  
 “ She wonneth<sup>4</sup> in the forrest there before.”  
 So forth he rode as his adventure fell ;  
 The whiles the Boaster from his loftie sell<sup>5</sup>  
 Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend ;  
 But the fresh swayne would not his leasure dwell,  
 But went his way ; whom when he passed kend,<sup>6</sup>  
 He up remounted light, and after faind to wend.

29 “ Perdy nay,” said Malbecco, “ shall ye not ;

But let him passe as lightly as he came :

For litle good of him is to be got,

<sup>1</sup> *All*, although.

<sup>2</sup> *Louted*, bent.

<sup>3</sup> I. e. I have no concern.

<sup>4</sup> *Wonneth*, dwelleth.

<sup>5</sup> *Sell*, saddle.

<sup>6</sup> *Kend*, perceived.

And mickle perill to bee put to shame.  
 But let us goe to seeke my dearest dame,  
 Whom he hath left in yonder forest wyld :  
 For of her safety in great doubt I ame,  
 Least salvage beastes her person have despoild :  
 Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine have toyld !”

40 They all agree, and forward them addresse :  
 “ Ah ! but,” said crafty Trompart, “ weete ye well,  
 That yonder in that wastefull wildernesse  
 Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell ;  
 Dragons, and minotaures, and feendes of hell,  
 And many wilde woodmen which robbe and rend  
 All travellers ; therefore advise ye well,  
 Before ye enterprise that way to wend :  
 One may his iourney bring too soone to evill end.”

41 Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,  
 And, with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,  
 Their counsell crav'd in daunger imminent.  
 Said Trompart : “ You, that are the most opprest  
 With burdein of great treasure, I thinke best  
 Here for to stay in safëtie behynd :  
 My Lord and I will search the wide forést.”  
 That counsell pleased not Malbeccoës mynd ;  
 For he was much afraid himselfe alone to fynd.

42 “ Then is it best,” said he, “ that ye doe leave  
 Your treasure here in some security,  
 Either fast closed in some hollow greave,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Greave, grove, tree.

Or buried in the ground from ieopardy,  
 Till we returne againe in safëty :  
 As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,  
 Hence farre away we will blyndfolded ly,  
 Ne privy bee unto your treasures grave."

It pleased : so he did : then they march forward brave.

43 Now when amid the thickest woodes they were,  
 They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,  
 And shrieking hububs<sup>1</sup> them approching nere,  
 Which all the forest did with horroure fill :  
 That dreadfull sound the Bosters hart did thrill  
 With such amazment, that in hast he fledd,  
 Ne ever looked back for good or ill ;  
 And after him eke fearefull Trompart spedd :  
 The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half dedd :

44 Yet afterwardes, close creeping as he might,  
 He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd.  
 The iolly Satyres full of fresh delight  
 Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly ledd  
 Faire Helenore with girlonds all bespredd,  
 Whom their May-lady they had newly made :  
 She, proude of that new honour which they redd,<sup>2</sup>  
 And of their lovely fellowship full glade,  
 Daunst lively, and her face did with a lawrell shade.

45 The silly man that in the thickett lay  
 Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore ;  
 Yet durst he not against it doe or say,

<sup>1</sup> *Hububs*, hubbubs, confused cries.

<sup>2</sup> *Redd*, declared, bestowed.

But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,<sup>1</sup>  
 To see th' unkindnes of his Hellenore.  
 All day they daunced with great lustyhedd,<sup>2</sup>  
 And with their horned feet the greene gras wore ;  
 The whiles their gotes upon the brouzes<sup>3</sup> fedd,  
 Till drouping Phœbus gan to hyde his golden hedd.

46 Tho up they gan their mery pypes to trusse,  
 And all their goodly heardes did gather rownd ;  
 But every Satyre first did give a busse  
 To Hellenore ; so busses did abound.  
 Now gan the humid vapour shed the grownd  
 With perly deaw, and th' Earthës gloomy shade  
 Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin rownd,  
 That every bird and beast, awarned, made  
 To shrowd themselves, whiles sleepe their sences did  
 invade.

47 Which when Malbecco saw, out of his bush  
 Upon his hands and feete he crept full light,  
 And like a gote emongst the gotes did rush ;  
 That, through the helpe of his faire hornes on hight,  
 And misty dampe of misconceyving night,  
 And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard,  
 He did the better counterfeite aright :  
 So home he marcht emongst the horned heard,  
 That none of all the Satyres him espyde or heard.

<sup>1</sup> *Engore*, pierce.      <sup>2</sup> *Lustyhedd*, lustiness.      <sup>3</sup> *Brouzes*, twigs.

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XLVII. 4. — *His faire hornes.*] His imaginary horns were now become real horns. This is the beginning of his transformation. — UPRON.

48 At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd,  
 Whereas his lovely wife emongst them lay,  
 Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,  
 Who all the night did minde his ioyous play :  
 Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,  
 That all his hart with gealosity did swell ;  
 But yet that nights ensample did bewray  
 That not for nought his wife them loved so well,  
 When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

49 So closely as he could he to them crept,  
 When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell,  
 And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,  
 He whispered in her eare, and did her tell,  
 That it was he which by her side did dwell ;  
 And therefore prayd her wake to heare him  
 plaine.  
 As one out of a dreame not waked well  
 She turnd her, and returned backe againe :  
 Yet her for to awake he did the more constraîne.

50 At last with irkesom trouble she abrayd<sup>1</sup> ;  
 And then perceiuing that it was indeed  
 Her old Malbecco, which did her upbrayd  
 With loosenesse of her love and loathly deed,  
 She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,  
 And would have wakt the Satyre by her syde ;  
 But he her prayd for mercy or for meed,  
 'To save his life, ne let him be descryde,  
 But hearken to his lore,<sup>2</sup> and all his counsell hyde.

<sup>1</sup> *Abrayd*, awoke.

<sup>2</sup> *Lore*, advice.

- 51 Tho gan he her perswade to leave that lewd  
 And loathsom life, of God and man abhord,  
 And home returne, where all should be renewd  
 With perfect peace and bandes of fresh accord,  
 And she receivd againe to bed and bord,  
 As if no trespas ever had beene donne :  
 But she it all refused at one word,  
 And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,  
 But chose emongst the iolly Satyres still to wonne.<sup>1</sup>
- 52 He wooed her till day-spring he espyde ;  
 But all in vaine : and then turnd to the heard,  
 Who butted him with hornes on every syde,  
 And trode downe in the durt, where his hore  
     beard  
 Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard.  
 Early, before the heavens fairest light  
 Out of the ruddy East was fully reard,  
 The heardes out of their foldes were loosed quight.  
 And he emongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.
- 53 So soone as he the prison dore did pas,  
 He ran as fast as both his feet could beare,  
 And never looked who behind him was,  
 Ne scarsely who before : like as a beare,  
 That creeping close amongst the hives to reare<sup>2</sup>  
 An hony-combe, the wakefull dogs espy,  
 And him assayling sore his carkas teare,  
 That hardly he with life away does fly,  
 Ne staves, till safe himselfe he see from ieopardy.

<sup>1</sup> *Wonne*, dwell.<sup>2</sup> *Reare*, carry off.

- 54 Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place  
 Where late his treasure he entombed had ;  
 Where when he found it not, (for Trompart bace  
 Had it purloyned for his maister bad,)  
 With extreme fury he became quite mad,  
 And ran away ; ran with himselfe away :  
 That who so straungely had him seene bestadd,<sup>1</sup>  
 With upstart haire and staring eyes dismay,  
 From Limbo lake him late escaped sure would say.
- 55 High over hilles and over dales he fledd,  
 As if the wind him on his winges had borne ;  
 Ne banck nor bush could stay him, when he  
                   spedd  
 His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne :  
 Griefe, and Despight, and Gealosity, and Scorne,  
 Did all the way him follow hard behynd ;  
 And he himselfe himselfe loath'd so forlorne,<sup>2</sup>  
 So shamefully forlorne of womankynd :  
 That, as a snake, still lurked in his wounded mynd.
- 56 Still fled he forward, looking backward still ;  
 Ne stayd his flight nor fearefull agony  
 Till that he came unto a rocky hill  
 Over the sea suspended dreadfully,  
 That living creature it would terrify  
 To looke adowne, or upward to the hight :  
 From thence he threw himselfe dispiteously,  
 All desperate of his fore-damned spight,  
 That seemd no help for him was left in living sight.

<sup>1</sup> *Bestadd*, circumstanced.<sup>2</sup> *Forlorne*, forsaken.



57 But, through long anguish and selfe-murdring  
 thought,  
 He was so wasted and forpined<sup>1</sup> quight,  
 That all his substance was consum'd to nought,  
 And nothing left but like an aery spright ;  
 That on the rockes he fell so flit<sup>2</sup> and light,  
 That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all ;  
 But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light,  
 Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,  
 That at the last he found a cave with entrance small :

58 Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there  
 Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion,  
 In dreary darkenes and continuall feare  
 Of that rocks fall, which ever and anon  
 Threates with huge ruine him to fall upon,  
 That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye  
 Still ope he keepes for that occasion ;  
 Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,  
 The roring billowes beat his bowre<sup>3</sup> so boystrouly.

59 Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed  
 But todes and frogs, his pasture poysonous,  
 Which in his cold complexion doe breed  
 A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,  
 Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,  
 That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,  
 Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,  
 Cros-cuts the liver with internall smart,  
 And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eternall dart.

<sup>1</sup> *Forpined*, pined away.

<sup>3</sup> *Bowre*, abode.

<sup>2</sup> *Flit*, unsubstantial.

60 Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,  
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,  
That death and life attonce unto him gives,  
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.  
There dwels he ever, miserable swaine,  
Hatefull both to himselfe and every wight ;  
Where he, through privy griefe and horroure vaine,  
Is woxen so deform'd that he has quight  
Forgot he was a man, and Gelosy is hight.

## CANTO XI.

Britomart chaceth Ollyphant;  
 Findes Scudamour distrest:  
 Assayes the House of Busyrane,  
 Where Loves spoyles are exprest.

<sup>1</sup> O HATEFULL hellish snake! what Furie furst  
 Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,  
 Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,  
 And fostred up with bitter milke of tine<sup>1</sup>;  
 Fowle Gealosity! that turnest love divine  
 To ioylesse dread, and mak'st the loving hart  
 With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,  
 And feed itselſe with ſelfe-consuming ſmart,  
 Of all the paſſions in the mind thou vileſt art!

<sup>2</sup> O let him far be baniſhed away,  
 And in his ſtead let Love for ever dwell!  
 Sweete Love, that doth his golden wings embay<sup>2</sup>  
 In bleſſed nectar and pure pleaſures well,  
 Untroubled of vile feare or bitter fell.<sup>3</sup>  
 And ye, faire Ladies, that your kingdomes make  
 In th' harts of men, them governe wiſely well,  
 And of faire Britomart enſample take,  
 That was as trew in love as turtle to her make.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Tine*, woe.

<sup>2</sup> *Embay*, bathe.

<sup>3</sup> *Fell*, gall

<sup>4</sup> *Make*, mate

3 Who with Sir Satyrane, as earst ye red,  
 Forth ryding from Malbeccoes hostlesse<sup>1</sup> hous,  
 Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled  
 From an huge Geaunt, that with hideous  
 And hatefull outrage long him chaced thus ;  
 It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare  
 Of that Argantè vile and vitious,  
 From whom the Squyre of Dames was reft whyl-  
 ere<sup>2</sup> ;

This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

4 For as the sister did in feminine  
 And filthy lust exceede all woman kinde ;  
 So he surpassed his sex masculine,  
 In beastly use,<sup>3</sup> all that I ever finde :  
 Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde  
 The fearefull boy so greedily poursew,  
 She was emmoued in her noble minde  
 T' employ her puissaunce to his reskew,  
 And pricked fiercely forward where she did him vew.

5 Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behinde,  
 But with like fiercenesse did ensew<sup>4</sup> the chace ;  
 Whom when the Gyannt saw, he soone resinde  
 His former suit, and from them fled apace :  
 They after both, and boldly bad him bace,

<sup>1</sup> *Hostlesse*, inhospitable.

<sup>2</sup> *Whylere*, lately.

<sup>3</sup> *Use*, habits.

<sup>4</sup> *Ensew*, follow.

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III. 8. — *Was reft whylere.*] See Canto VII. Stanza 37.

V. 5. — *Bad him bace.*] That is, they pursued the giant, who had been pursuing the young man. The expression is derived

And each did strive the other to outgoe ;  
 But he them both outran a wondrous space,  
 For he was long, and swift as any roe,  
 And now made better speed t' escape his feared foe.

6 It was not Satyrane, whom he did feare,  
 But Britomart the flowre of chastity ;  
 For he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,  
 But alwayes did their dread encounter fly :  
 And now so fast his feet he did apply,  
 That he has gotten to a forrest neare,  
 Where he is shrowded in security.  
 The wood they enter, and search everie where ;  
 They searched diversely ; so both divided were.

7 Fayre Britomart so long him followed,  
 That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,<sup>1</sup>  
 By which there lay a Knight all wallowed  
 Upon the grassy ground, and by him neare  
 His habericon,<sup>2</sup> his helmet, and his speare :  
 A little of, his shield was rudely throwne,  
 On which the Winged Boy in colours cleare  
 Depeincted was, full easie to be knowne,  
 And he thereby, wherever it in field was showne.

<sup>1</sup> *Sheare*, clear.

<sup>2</sup> *Habericon*, coat of mail.

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from the rustic game of prison-base, in which the two parties take turns in chasing each other. The meaning here is illustrated by a passage further on :

“ So ran they all, as they had bene ~~at~~ bace,  
 They being chased that did others chace.”

Book V. Canto VIII. St. 5. C.

- 8 His face upon the grownd did groveling ly,  
 As if he had beene slombring in the shade ;  
 That the brave Mayd would not for courtesy  
 Out of his quiet slomber him abraide,<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor seeme too suddeinly him to invade :  
 Still as she stood, she heard with grievous throb  
 Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,  
 And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,  
 That pittie did the Virgins hart of patience rob.
- 9 At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes  
 He sayd : “ O soverayne Lord, that sit'st on hye  
 And raignt in blis emongst thy blessed saintes,  
 How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty,  
 So long unwreaked of thine enemy !  
 Or hast thou, Lord, of good mens cause no heed ?  
 Or doth thy iustice sleepe and silent ly ?  
 What booteth then the good and righteous deed,  
 If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnes no meed !
- 10 “ If good find grace, and righteousnes reward,  
 Why then is Amoret in caytive <sup>2</sup> band  
 Sith that more bounteous <sup>3</sup> creature never far'd <sup>4</sup>  
 On foot upon the face of living land !  
 Or if that hevenly iustice may withstand  
 The wrongfull outrage of unrighteous men,  
 Why then is Busirane with wicked hand  
 Suffred, these seven monethes day, <sup>5</sup> in secret den  
 My Lady and my Love so cruelly to pen ?

<sup>1</sup> *Abrade*, rouse.

<sup>2</sup> *Caytive*, captive.

<sup>3</sup> *Bounteous*, virtuous.

<sup>4</sup> *Far'd*, walked.

<sup>5</sup> *Day*, time.

11 “ My Lady and my Love is cruelly pend  
 In dolefull darkenes from the vew of day,  
 Whilst deadly torments doe her chaste brest rend,  
 And the sharpe steele doth rive her hart in tway, —  
 All for she Scudamore will not denay.<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet thou, vile man, vile Scudamore, art sound,  
 Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay ;  
 Unworthy wretch to tread upon the ground,  
 For whom so faire a lady feeles so sore a wound.”

12 There an huge heape of singulfes<sup>2</sup> did oppresse  
 His strugling soule, and swelling throbs empeach<sup>3</sup>  
 His foltring toung with pangs of drerinesse,<sup>4</sup>  
 Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,  
 As if his dayes were come to their last reach.  
 Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit  
 Threatning into his life to make a breach,  
 Both with great ruth and terrour she was smit,  
 Fearing least from her cage the wearie soule would flit.

13 Tho, stouping downe, she him amoved light ;  
 Who, therewith somewhat starting, up gan looke,  
 And seeing him behind a stranger knight,  
 Where as no living creature he mistooke,  
 With great indignaunce he that sight forsooke,<sup>5</sup>  
 And, downe againe himselfe disdaine fully  
 Abiecting,<sup>6</sup> th’ earth with his faire forehead strooke :

<sup>1</sup> *Denay*, deny.

<sup>4</sup> *Drerinesse*, sorrow.

<sup>2</sup> *Singulfes* (for *singults*), sobs.

<sup>5</sup> *Forsooke*, turned from.

<sup>3</sup> *Empeach*, hinder.

<sup>6</sup> *Abiecting*, casting.

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XIII. 4. Where he wrongly supposed there was no living creature. C.

Which the bold Virgin seeing, gan apply  
Fit medicine to his griefe, and spake thus courtesly :

14 “ Ah ! gentle Knight, whose deepe-conceived griefe  
Well seemes t’ exceede the powre of patience,  
Yet, if that hevenly grace some good reliefe  
You send, submit you to High Providence ;  
And ever in your noble hart prepense,<sup>1</sup>  
That all the sorrow in the world is lesse  
Then vertues might and values<sup>2</sup> confidence :  
For who nill<sup>3</sup> bide the burden of distresse,  
Must not here thinke to live ; for life is wretched-  
nesse.

15 “ Therefore, faire Sir, doe comfort to you take,  
And freely read<sup>4</sup> what wicked felon so  
Hath outrag’d you, and thrald your gentle make.<sup>5</sup>  
Perhaps this hand may helpe to ease your woe,  
And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe ;  
At least it faire endeavour will apply.”  
Those feeling words so neare the quicke did goe,  
That up his head he reared easily ;  
And, leaning on his elbowe, these few words lett fl:

16 “ What boots it plaine<sup>6</sup> that cannot be redrest,  
And sow vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse eare ;  
Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,  
Ne worldly price, cannot redeeme my deare  
Out of her thraddome and continuall feare !

<sup>1</sup> *Prepense*, consider.

<sup>2</sup> *Values*, valor’s.

<sup>3</sup> *Nill*, will not.

<sup>4</sup> *Read*, explain.

<sup>5</sup> *Make*, mate.

<sup>6</sup> *Plaine*, complain of.



For he, the tyrant, which her hath in ward  
 By strong enchauntments and blacke magicke leare,<sup>1</sup>  
 Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,  
 And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to her gard.

17 “ There he tormenteth her most terribly,  
 And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,  
 Because to yield him love she doth deny,  
 Once to me yold, not to be yolde againe :  
 But yet by torture he would her constraîne  
 Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest ;  
 Till so she doe, she must in doole<sup>2</sup> remaine,  
 Ne may by living meanes be thence relest :  
 What boots it then to plaine that cannot be redrest !”

18 With this sad hersall<sup>3</sup> of his heavy stresse<sup>4</sup>  
 The warlike Damzell was empassiond<sup>5</sup> sore,  
 And sayd : “ Sir Knight, your cause is nothing lesse  
 Then is your sorrow, certes, if not more ;  
 For nothing so much pittie doth implore  
 As gentle ladyes helplesse misery :  
 But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,<sup>6</sup>  
 I will, with prooffe of last extremity,  
 Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you dy.”

19 “ Ah ! gentlest Knight alive,” sayd Scudamore,  
 “ What huge heroicke magnanimity  
 Dwells in thy bounteous brest ? what couldst thou  
 more,

<sup>1</sup> *Leare*, lore.

<sup>2</sup> *Doole*, grief.

<sup>3</sup> *Hersall*, rehearsal.

<sup>4</sup> *Stresse*, distress.

<sup>5</sup> *Empassiond*, moved.

<sup>6</sup> *Lore*, teaching. counsel.

If shee were thine, and thou as now am I?  
 O spare thy happy daies, and them apply  
 To better boot<sup>1</sup>; but let me die that ought;  
 More is more losse; one is enough to dy!"

"Life is not lost," said she, "for which is bought  
 Endlesse renown, that more then death is to be  
 sought."

20 Thus shee at length persuaded him to rise,  
 And with her wend to see what new successe  
 Mote him befall upon new enterprise:  
 His armes, which he had vowed to disprofesse,  
 She gathered up and did about him dresse,<sup>2</sup>  
 And his forwandred<sup>3</sup> steed unto him gott:  
 So forth they both yfere<sup>4</sup> make their progrésse,  
 And march, not past the mountenaunce of a shott,<sup>5</sup>  
 Till they arriv'd whereas their purpose they did plott.

21 There they, dismounting, drew their weapons bold,  
 And stoutly came unto the Castle gate,  
 Whereas no gate they found them to withhold,  
 Nor ward to wait at morne and evening late;  
 But in the porch, that did them sore amate,<sup>6</sup>  
 A flaming fire ymixt with smouldry<sup>7</sup> smoke

<sup>1</sup> *Boot*, advantage.

<sup>5</sup> I. e. a bow-shot's distance.

<sup>2</sup> *Dresse*, dispose.

<sup>6</sup> *Amate*, daunt.

<sup>3</sup> *Forwandred*, strayed away.

<sup>7</sup> *Smouldry*, smothering.

<sup>4</sup> *Yfere*, together.

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XIX. 9. — *That more then death is to be sought.*] The meaning appears to be, that "endlesse renown" is more to be *sought* than death is to be *avoided*. H.

And stinking sulphure, that with griesly hate  
 And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,  
 Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

22 Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,  
 Ne in that stownd<sup>1</sup> wist how herselfe to beare ;  
 For daunger vaine<sup>2</sup> it were to have assayd  
 That cruell element, which all things feare,  
 Ne none can suffer to approchen neare :  
 And, turning backe to Scudamour, thus sayd :  
 “ What monstrous enmity provoke we heare ?  
 Foolhardy as th’ Earthes children, the which made  
 Batteill against the gods, so we a god invade.

23 “ Daunger without discretion to attempt,  
 Inglorious, beast-like, is : therefore, Sir Knight,  
 Aread<sup>3</sup> what course of you is safest dempt,<sup>4</sup>  
 And how we with our foe may come to fight.”  
 “ This is,” quoth he, “ the dolorous despight,<sup>5</sup>  
 Which earst to you I playnd : for neither may  
 This fire be quencht by any witt or might,  
 Ne yet by any meanes remov’d away ;  
 So mighty be th’ enchauntments which the same do  
 stay.<sup>6</sup>

24 “ What is there ells but cease these fruitlesse paines,  
 And leave me to my former languishing !  
 Faire Amorett must dwell in wicked chaines,  
 And Scudamore here die with sorrowing !”

1 *Stownd*, exigency

2 *Vaine*, useless.

3 *Aread*, declare.

4 *Dempt*, deemed.

5 *Dolorous despight*, grievous vexation.

6 *Stay*, maintain.

“Perdy, not so,” saide shee ; “for shameful thing  
 Yt were t’ abandon noble chevisaunce,<sup>1</sup>  
 For shewe of perill, without venturing :  
 Rather, let try extremities of chaunce  
 Then enterprised praise for dread to disavaunce.<sup>2</sup>”

25 Therewith, resolv’d to prove her utmost might,  
 Her ample shield she threw before her face,  
 And her swords point directing forward right  
 Assayld the flame ; the which eftesoones gave place,  
 And did itselſe divide with equall space,  
 That through she passed, as a thonder-bolt  
 Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace  
 The soring clouds into sad showres ymolt<sup>3</sup> ;  
 So to her yold<sup>4</sup> the flames, and did their force revolt.<sup>5</sup>

26 Whome whenas Scudamour saw past the fire  
 Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay  
 With greedy will and envious desire,  
 And bad the stubborne flames to yield him way :  
 But cruell Mulciber<sup>6</sup> would not obay  
 His threatfull pride, but did the more augment  
 His mighty rage, and with imperious sway  
 Him forst, maulgre,<sup>7</sup> his fercenes to relent,  
 And backe retire all scorcht and pitifully brent.<sup>8</sup>

27 With huge impatience he inly swelt,<sup>9</sup>  
 More for great sorrow that he could not pas

<sup>1</sup> *Chevisaunce*, enterprise.

<sup>2</sup> *Disavaunce*, retreat from.

<sup>3</sup> *Ymolt*, melted.

<sup>4</sup> *Yold*, yielded.

<sup>9</sup> *Swelt*, swelled. See Vol III. 124, and IV. 203.

<sup>5</sup> *Revolt*, roll back.

<sup>6</sup> *Mulciber*, Vulcan, the fire.

<sup>7</sup> *Maulgre*, in spite of himself

<sup>8</sup> *Brent*, burned.

Then for the burning torment which he felt ;  
 That with fell woodnes<sup>1</sup> he effierced<sup>2</sup> was,  
 And, wilfully him throwing on the gras,  
 Did beat and bounse his head and brest ful sore :  
 The whiles the Championesse now entred has  
 The utmost<sup>3</sup> rowme, and past the foremost dore ;  
 The utmost rowme abounding with all precious store :

28 For, round about, the walls yclothed were  
 With goodly arras of great maiesty,  
 Woven with gold and silke so close and nere  
 That the rich metall lurked privily,  
 As faining to be hidd from envious eye ;  
 Yet here, and there, and every where, unwares  
 It shewed itselife and shone unwillingly ;  
 Like to' a discolour'd<sup>4</sup> snake, whose hidden snares  
 Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht back  
 declares.

29 And in those tapets<sup>5</sup> weren fashioned  
 Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate ;  
 And all of love, and al of lustyhed,<sup>6</sup>  
 As seemed by their semblaunt,<sup>7</sup> did entreat<sup>8</sup> :

1 *Woodnes*, madness.

2 *Effierced*, enraged.

3 *Utmost*, outermost.

4 *Discolour'd*, party-colored.

5 *Tapets*, tapestries.

6 *Lustyhed*, lustfulness.

7 *Semblaunt*, appearance.

8 *Entreat*, treat.

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XXIX. 1. — *And in those tapets, &c.*] Spenser here imitates Ovid's description of the tapestry woven by Arachne in her contest with Minerva. (Metam. VI. 103.) As usual with him, the poet departs somewhat from the classical mythology in his version of these stories. UPTON.

And eke all Cupids warres they did repeate,  
 And ernell battailes, which he whilome fought  
 Gainst all the gods to make his empire great ;  
 Besides the huge massáces, which he wrought  
 On mighty kings and kesars <sup>1</sup> into thraldome brought.

30 Therein was writt how often thondring Iove  
 Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,  
 And, leaving heavens kingdome, here did rove  
 In straunge disguise, to slake his scalding smart ;  
 Now, like a ram, faire Helle to pervart,  
 Now, like a bull, Europa to withdraw :  
 Ah, how the fearefull ladies tender hart  
 Did lively <sup>2</sup> seeme to tremble, when she saw  
 The huge seas under her t' obey her servaunts law !

31 Soone after that, into a golden showre  
 Himselfe he chaung'd, faire Danaë to vew ;  
 And through the rooffe of her strong brasen towre  
 Did raine into her lap an hony dew ;  
 The whiles her foolish garde, that litle knew  
 Of such deceipt, kept th' yron dore fast bard,  
 And watcht that none should enter nor issew ;  
 Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,  
 Whenas the god to golden hew himselfe transfard.<sup>3</sup>

32 Then was he turnd into a snowy swan,  
 To win faire Leda to his lovely <sup>4</sup> trade :  
 O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man

<sup>1</sup> *Kesars*, emperors.

<sup>2</sup> *Lively*, life-like.

<sup>3</sup> *Transfard*, transferred.

<sup>4</sup> *Lovely*, amorous.

That her in daffadillies sleeping made,  
 From scorching heat her daintie limbes to shade,  
 Whiles the proud bird, ruffling<sup>1</sup> his fethers wyde  
 And brushing his faire brest, did her invade :  
 Shee slept ; yet twixt her eielids closely spyde  
 How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his pryde.

33 Then shewd it how the Thebane Semelee,  
 Deceivd of gealous Iuno, did require  
 'To see him in his soverayne maiestee  
 Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,  
 Whens dearely she with death bought her desire.  
 But faire Alcmena better match did make,  
 Ioying his love in likenes more entire :  
 Three nights in one they say that for her sake  
 He then did put, her pleasures lenger to partake.

34 Twise was he seene in soaring eagles shape,  
 And with wide winges to beat the buxome<sup>2</sup> ayre .  
 Once, when he with Asterie did scape ;  
 Againe, whenas the Troiane boy so fayre  
 He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare :  
 Wondrous delight it was, there to behould  
 How the rude shepherds after him did stare,  
 Trembling through feare least down he fallen  
 should,  
 And often to him calling to take surer hould.

<sup>1</sup> *Ruffling*, ruffling.

<sup>2</sup> *Buxome*, yielding.

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XXXIII. 7. — *In likeness more entire.*] Jupiter appearing to her in a shape more like her own. C.

35 In Satyres shape Antiopa he snatcht ;  
 And like a fire, when he Aegin' assayd :  
 A shepeheard, when Mnemosyne he cateht ;  
 And like a serpent to the Thracian mayd.  
 Whyles thus on earth great Iove these pageaunts  
     playd,  
 The Winged Boy did thrust into his throne,  
 And, scoffing, thus unto his mother sayd :  
 " Lo ! now the hevens obey to me alone,  
 And take me for their Iove, whiles Iove to earth is  
     gone."

36 And thou, faire Phœbus, in thy colours bright  
 Wast there enwoven, and the sad distresse  
 In which that boy thee plinged, for despight  
 That thou bewray'dst his mothers wantonnesse,  
 When she with Mars was meynt<sup>1</sup> in ioyfulnesse :  
 Forthy he thrild<sup>2</sup> thee with a leaden dart  
 To love faire Daphne, which thee loved lesse ;  
 Lesse she thee lov'd then was thy iust desart,  
 Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy  
     smart.

37 So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinet ;  
 So lovedst thou the faire Coronis deare :  
 Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct ;

<sup>1</sup> *Meynt*, mingled

<sup>2</sup> *Thrild*, pierced.

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XXXV. 4. — *Thracian mayd.*] By the Thracian maid is meant Proserpina. UPRON.

XXXVI. 6. — *Leaden dart.*] The leaden darts of Cupid produced unhappy or unsuccessful passion. H.



Yet both in flowres doe live, and love thee beare,  
 The one a pounce,<sup>1</sup> the other a sweet-breare :  
 For grieft whereof, ye mote have lively seene  
 The god himfelfe rending his golden heare,  
 And breaking quite his garlond ever greene,  
 With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.<sup>2</sup>

88 Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,  
 The sonne of Climene, he did repent ;  
 Who, bold to guide the charet of the sunne,  
 Himfelfe in thousand peeces fondly<sup>3</sup> rent,  
 And all the world with flashing fire brent ;  
 So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame.  
 Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,  
 Forst him eftsoones to follow other game,  
 And love a shephards daughter for his dearest dame.

89 He loved Issé for his dearest dame,  
 And for her sake her cattell fedd awhile,  
 And for her sake a cowheard vile became :  
 The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile,  
 Whiles that from heaven he suffered exile.  
 Long were to tell each other lovely<sup>4</sup> fitt ;  
 Now, like a lyon hunting after spoile ;  
 Now, like a stag ; now, like a faulcon flit :  
 All which in that faire arras was most lively writ.

<sup>1</sup> *Pounce*, pansy.

<sup>2</sup> *Teene*, grief.

<sup>3</sup> *Fondly*, foolishly.

<sup>4</sup> *Lovely*, amorous.

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XXXIX. 8. — All the editions have *like a hag*. Jortin suggested *stag*, and this reading is confirmed by a passage cited by Upton from Natalis Comes, according to which Apollo transformed himself into a lion, a *stag*, and a hawk. C.

40 Next unto him was Neptune pictured,  
 In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke:  
 His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed  
 Dropped with bræckish deaw; his threeforkt pyke  
 He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did stryke  
 The raging billowes, that on every syde  
 They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,  
 That his swift charet might have passage wyde,  
 Which foure great hippodames<sup>1</sup> did draw in teme-  
 wise tyde.

41 His seahorses did seeme to snort amayne,  
 And from their nosethrilles blow the brynne streame,  
 That made the sparckling waves to smoke agayne  
 And flame with gold; but the white fomy creame  
 Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beame:  
 The god himselfe did pensive seeme and sad,  
 And hong adowne his head as he did dreame;  
 For privy love his brest empierced had,  
 Ne ought but deare Bisaltis ay could make him glad

42 He loved eke Iphimedia deare,  
 And Aeolus faire daughter, Arne hight,  
 For whom he turnd himselfe into a steare,  
 And fedd on fodder to beguile her sight.  
 Also, to win Dencalions daughter bright,  
 He turnd himselfe into a dolphin fayre;  
 And, like a winged horse, he tooke his flight  
 To snaky-locke Medusa to repayre,  
 On whom he got faire Pegasus that flitteth<sup>2</sup> in the ayre.

<sup>1</sup> *Hippodames*, sea or river horses.

<sup>2</sup> *Flitteth*, flieth.

- 43 Next Saturne was, (but who would ever weene  
 That sullein Saturne ever weend to love?  
 Yet love is sullein, and Satúrnlíke seene,  
 As he did for Erigone it prove,)  
 That to a centaure did himsefse transmove.<sup>1</sup>  
 So prov'd it eke that gracious god of wine,  
 When, for to compasse Philliras hard love,  
 - He turnd himsefse into a fruitfull vine,  
 And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.
- 44 Long were to tell the amorous assayes,<sup>2</sup>  
 And gentle pangues, with which he makéd meeke  
 \* The mightie Mars, to learne his wanton playes;  
 How oft for Venus, and how often eek  
 For many other nymphes, he sore did shreek;  
 With womanish teares, and with unwarlike smarts,  
 Privily moystening his horrid<sup>3</sup> cheeke:  
 There was he painted full of burning dartes,  
 And many wide woundes launched through his inner  
 partes.
- 45 Ne did he spare (so cruell was the elfe)  
 His owne deare mother, (ah, why should he so?)  
 Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himsefse,  
 That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,  
 Which he had wrought to many others moe.  
 But, to declare the mournfull tragedyes  
 And spoiles wherewith he all the ground did strow,—  
 More eath<sup>4</sup> to number with how many eyes  
 High heven beholdes sad lovers nightly theeveryes.

1 *Transmove*, transform.2 *Assayes*, attacks.3 *Horrid*, rough.4 *Eath*, easy.

46 Kings, queenes, lords, ladies, knights, and damsels  
gent,

Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort,  
And mingled with the raskall rablement,  
Without respect of person or of port,<sup>1</sup>  
To shew Dan Cupids powre and great effort:  
And round about, a border was entrayld<sup>2</sup>  
Of broken bowes and arrowes shivered short;  
And a long bloody river through them rayld,<sup>3</sup>  
So lively, and so like, that living sence it fayld.<sup>4</sup>

47 And at the upper end of that faire rowme  
There was an altar built of pretious stone  
Of passing valew and of great renowme,  
On which there stood an image all alone  
Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone:  
And winges it had with sondry colours dight,  
More sondry colours then the proud pavone<sup>5</sup>  
Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,  
When her discoloured bow she spreads through heavens  
hight.

48 Blyndfold he was; and in his cruell fist  
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,  
With which he shot at randon when him list,

<sup>1</sup> *Port*, carriage.

<sup>2</sup> *Entrayld*, entwined.

<sup>3</sup> *Rayld*, rolled.

<sup>4</sup> *Fayld*, deceived

<sup>5</sup> *Pavone*, peacock.

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XLVII. 9. — *Hevens hight*.] All the editions read *heven bright*; but this is so obviously a misprint, that I have made the change suggested by Upton. C.

Some headed with sad<sup>1</sup> lead, some with pure gold ;  
 (Ah man, beware how thou those dartes behold !)  
 A wounded dragon under him did ly,  
 Whose hideous tayle his lefte foot did enfold,  
 And with a shaft was shot through either eye,  
 That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye.

49 And underneath his feet was written thus ·  
*Unto the victor of the gods this bee ;*  
 And all the people in that ample hous  
 Did to that image bowe their humble knee,  
 And oft committed fowle idolatree.  
 That wondrous sight faire Britomart amazd,  
 Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,  
 But ever more and more upon it gazd,  
 The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile senses dazd

50 Tho, as she backward cast her busie eye  
 To search each secrete of that goodly sted,<sup>2</sup>  
 Over the dore thus written she did spye :  
*Bee bold.* She oft and oft it over-red,  
 Yet could not find what sence it figured :  
 But whatso were therein or writ or ment,  
 She was no whit thereby discouraged  
 From prosecuting of her first intent,  
 But forward with bold steps into the next roome went

51 Much fayrer then the former was that roome,  
 And richlier, by many partes,<sup>3</sup> arayd ;  
 For not with arras made in painefull loome,

<sup>1</sup> *Sad*, heavy.

<sup>2</sup> *Sted*, place.

<sup>3</sup> I. e. by many times.

But with pure gold, it all was overlayd,  
 Wrought with wilde antickes<sup>1</sup> which their follies  
     playd  
 In the rich metall, as they living were :  
 A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,  
 Such as false Love doth oft upon him weare ;  
 For Love in thousand monstrous formes doth oft ap-  
     peare.

52 And, all about, the glistring walles were hong  
 With warlike spoiles and with victorious prayes  
 Of mightie conquerours and captaines strong,  
 Which were whilóme captived in their dayes  
 To cruell love, and wrought their owne decayes<sup>2</sup> :  
 Their swords and speres were broke, and h  
     berques<sup>3</sup> rent,  
 And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes  
 Troden in dust with fury insolent,  
 To shew the victors might and mercilesse intent.

53 The warlike Mayd, beholding earnestly  
 The goodly ordinaunce of this rich place,  
 Did greatly wonder ; ne could satisfy  
 Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space :  
 But more she mervaild that no footings trace  
 Nor wight appear'd, but wastefull emptinesse  
 And solemne silence over all that place :  
 Straunge thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse  
 So rich purveyaunce,<sup>4</sup> ne them keepe with careful-  
     nesse.

<sup>1</sup> *Antickes*, fantastic figures.

<sup>2</sup> *Decayes*, ruins.

<sup>3</sup> *Hauberques*, coats of mail.

<sup>4</sup> *Purveyaunce*, furniture.

54 And as she lookt about, she did behold  
 How over that same dore was likewise writ,  
*Be bolde, Be bolde*, and every where, *Be bold* ;  
 That much she ruz'd, yet could not construe it  
 By any ridling skill or commune wit.  
 At last she spyde at that rowmes upper end  
 Another yron dore, on which was writ,  
*Be not too bold* ; whereto though she did bend  
 Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might intend

55 Thus she there wayted untill eventyde,  
 Yet living creature none she saw appeare.  
 And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde  
 From mortall vew, and wrap in darkenes dreare ;  
 Yet nould she d'off<sup>1</sup> her weary armes, for feare  
 Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse  
 Her heavy eyes with natures burdein deare,  
 But drew herselfe aside in sickernesse,<sup>2</sup>  
 And her welpointed wepons did about her dresse.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Nould she d'off*, she would not do off, doff.    <sup>3</sup> *Dresse*, dispose.

<sup>2</sup> *Sickernesse*, safety.

## CANTO XII.

The Maske of Cupid, and th' Enchan-  
ted Chamber are displayd;  
Whence Britomart redeemes faire A  
moret through charmes decayd.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> THO, whenas chearelesse night ycovered had  
Fayre heaven with an universall clowd,  
That every wight dismayd with darkenes sad  
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,  
She heard a shrilling trompet sound alowd,  
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory :  
Nought therewith daunted was her courage prowde,  
But rather stird to cruell enmity,  
Expecting ever when some foe she might descry.

<sup>2</sup> With that, an hideous storme of winde arose,  
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,  
And an earthquake, as if it streight would lose<sup>2</sup>  
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt :  
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt  
Ensewd, whose noyaunce fild the fearefull sted<sup>3</sup>  
From the fourth howre of night untill the sixt ;  
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,  
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persévered.

<sup>1</sup> I. e. wasted by magic arts.

<sup>3</sup> *Sted*, place.

<sup>2</sup> *Lose*, loosen.



3 All suddainly a stormy whirlwind blew  
 Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,  
 With which that yron wicket open flew,  
 As it with mighty levers had bene tore ;  
 And forth ysséwd, as on the readie flore  
 Of some théâtre, a grave personage,  
 That in his hand a braunch of laurell bore,  
 With comely haveour and count'nance sage,  
 Yclad in costly garments fit for tragicke stage.

4 Proceeding to the midst he stil did stand,  
 As if in minde he somewhat had to say ;  
 And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,  
 In signe of silence, as to heare a play,  
 By lively actions he gan bewray  
 Some argument of matter passioned<sup>1</sup> ;  
 Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,  
 And, passing by, his name discovered,  
 Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

5 The noble Mayd, still standing, all this vewd,  
 And merveild at his straunge intendiment<sup>2</sup> :  
 With that a ioyous fellowship issewd  
 Of minstrales making goodly meriment,

<sup>1</sup> *Passioned*, represented.

<sup>2</sup> *Intendiment*, meaning.

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III. 6. — *A grave personage, &c.*] The introduction to this procession of maskers was manifestly borrowed from the *dumb show*, which was wont to be exhibited before every act of a tragedy. This consisted of dumb actors, who, by their dress and action, prepared the spectators for the matter and substance of each ensuing act respectively. We have a specimen of this dumb show, introductory to the play in Hamlet. WARTON.

With wanton bardes, and rymers impudent;  
 All which together song full chearefully  
 A lay of loves delight with sweet concent<sup>1</sup>:  
 After whom marcht a iolly company,  
 In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

6 The whiles a most delicious harmony  
 In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,  
 That the rare sweetnesse of the melody  
 The feeble sences wholly did confound,  
 And the frayle soule in deepe delight nigh drownd:  
 And, when it ceast, shrill trumpets lowd did bray,  
 That their report did far away rebound;  
 And, when they ceast, it gan againe to play,  
 The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim aray.

7 The first was Fansy, like a lovely boy  
 Of rare aspect and beautie without peare,  
 Matchable ether to that ympe<sup>2</sup> of Troy,  
 Whom Iove did love and chose his cup to beare;  
 Or that same daintie lad, which was so deare  
 To great Alcides, that, when as he dyde,  
 He wailed womaulike with many a teare,  
 And every wood and every valley wyde  
 He fild with Hylas name; the Nymphes eke Hylas  
 cryde.

8 His garment nether was of silke nor say,<sup>8</sup>  
 But paynted plumes in goodly order dight,

<sup>1</sup> *Concent*, harmony.

<sup>2</sup> I. e. the youth Ganymede.

<sup>8</sup> *Say*, satin.

Like as the sunburnt Indians do aray  
 Their tawney bodies, in their proudest plight:  
 As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and  
     light,  
 That by his gate might easily appeare;  
 For still he far'd<sup>1</sup> as dauncing in delight,  
 And in his hand a windy fan did beare,  
 That in the ydle ayre he mov'd, still here and theare.

9 And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,  
 Who seemd of ryper yeares then th' other swayne,  
 Yet was that other swayne this elders syre,  
 And gave him being, commune to them twayne:  
 His garment was disguysed very vayne,  
 And his embrodered bonet sat awry:  
 Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did  
     strayne,  
 Which still he blew and kindled busily,  
 That soone they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did  
     fly.

10 Next after him went Doubt, who was yelad  
 In a discolour'd<sup>2</sup> cote of straunge disguise,  
 That at his backe a brode capuccio<sup>3</sup> had,  
 And sleeves dependaunt Albanesé-wyse<sup>4</sup>;  
 He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,  
 And nyce<sup>5</sup>ly trode, as thornes lay in his way,  
 Or that the flore to shrinke he did avyse<sup>6</sup>;

<sup>1</sup> *Far'd*. went. ●

<sup>2</sup> *Discolour'd*, many-colored.

<sup>3</sup> *Capuccio*, hood.

<sup>4</sup> I. e. Albanian fashion.

<sup>5</sup> *Nyce*, carefully.

<sup>6</sup> *Avyse*, perceive.

And on a broken reed he still did stay  
 His feeble steps, which shrunk when hard thereon  
 he lay.

11 With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed  
 Made of beares skin, that him more dreadfull made ;  
 Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need  
 Straunge<sup>1</sup> horror to deforme his griesly shade :  
 A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade  
 In th' other was ; this Mischiefe, that Mishap ;  
 With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,  
 With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap :  
 For whom he could not kill he practizd to entrap.

12 Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,  
 Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,  
 But feard each shadow moving too or froe ;  
 And, his owne armes when glittering he did spy  
 Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,  
 As ashes pale of hew, and winged heeld ;  
 And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,  
 Gainst whom he alwayes bent a brasen shield,  
 Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield.

13 With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome mayd,  
 Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold ;

<sup>1</sup> *Straunge*, foreign, or borrowed.

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XII. v. — *Which his right hand, &c.]* This circumstance is suitable to the nature of Fear, who is here justly represented as being more solicitous to defend himself than to hurt others; he therefore bears his shield on his right arm. CHURCH.

In silken samite<sup>1</sup> she was light arayd,  
 And her fayre lockes were woven up in gold:  
 She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold  
 An holy-water-sprinckle, dipt in deowe,  
 With which she sprinckled favours manifold  
 On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,  
 Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

14 And after them Dissemblaunce and Suspect  
 Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequal paire;  
 For she was gentle and of milde aspect,  
 Courteous to all and seeming debonaire,<sup>2</sup>  
 Goodly adorned and exceeding faire;  
 Yet was that all but paynted and pourloynd,  
 And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed  
     haire;  
 Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,  
 And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd:

15 But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,  
 Under his eiebrowes looking still askaunce;  
 And ever, as Dissemblaunce laught on him,  
 He lowrd on her with daungerous eye-glaunce,  
 Shewing his nature in his countenance;  
 His rolling eies did never rest in place,  
 But walkte<sup>3</sup> each where for feare of hid mischaunce,  
 Holding a lattis still before his face,  
 Through which he stil did peep as forward he did pace.

<sup>1</sup> *Samite*, a robe of very fine silk.

<sup>3</sup> *Walkte*, rolled, roved.

<sup>2</sup> *Debonaire*, gracious.

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XV. 8. — *Holding a lattis, &c.*] Suspect is drawn with a *lattice*:

16 Next him went Griefe and Fury matcht yfere<sup>1</sup>;  
 Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,  
 Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere,  
 Yet inly being more then seeming sad:  
 A paire of pincers in his hand he had,  
 With which he pinched people to the hart,  
 That from thenceforth a wretched life they ladd,  
 In wilfull languor and consuming smart,  
 Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

17 But Fury was full ill appareiled  
 In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,  
 With ghastly looks and dreadfull drierihed<sup>2</sup>;  
 For from her backe her garments she did teare,  
 And from her head ofte rent her snarled heare;  
 In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse<sup>3</sup>  
 About her head, still roming here and there:  
 As a dismayed deare in chace embost,<sup>4</sup>  
 Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

18 After them went Displeasure and Pleasaunce,  
 He looking lompish and full sullein sad,  
 And hanging downe his heavy countenance;  
 She chearfull, fresh, and full of ioyaunee glad,  
 As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad;  
 That evill matched paire they seemd to bee:  
 An angry waspe th' one in a viall had,

<sup>1</sup> *Yfere*, together.

<sup>3</sup> *Did tosse*: qu. *tost*?

<sup>2</sup> *Drierihed*, sorrow.

<sup>4</sup> *Embost*, hard pressed.

---

the allusion is to the Italian name *gelosia*; such blinds or lattices as one may see through, yet not be seen. URTOX.

Th' other in hers an hony-laden bee.  
Thus marched these six couples forth in faire degree.<sup>1</sup>

19 After all these there marcht a most faire Dame,  
Led of two grysie<sup>2</sup> villeins, th' one Despight,  
The other cleped Cruelty by name:  
She dolefull lady, like a dreary spright  
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,  
Had deathes owne ymage figurd in her face,  
Full of sad signes, fearfull to living sight;  
Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,  
And with her feeble feete did move a comely pace.

20 Her brest all naked, as nett<sup>3</sup> yvory  
Without adorne of gold or silver bright  
Wherewith the craftesman wonts it beautify,  
Of her dew honour was despoyled quight;  
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)  
Entrenched deep with knyfe accursed keene,  
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,  
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,  
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene:

21 At that wide orifice her trembling hart  
Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,  
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,  
And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Degree, step.

<sup>4</sup> Embayd, bathed.

<sup>2</sup> Grysie, squalid. Probably a misprint for *gryslie*.

<sup>3</sup> Nett, pure.

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XVIII. 8. — *An hony-laden bee.*] The old editions have *hony-lady bee*. But the quarto of 1590 abounds with misprints in this canto. C.

And those two villeins which her steps upstayd,  
 When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,  
 And fading vitall powres gan to fade,  
 Her forward still with torture did constraîne,  
 And evermore encreased her consuming paine.

22 Next after her, the Winged God himselve  
 Came riding on a lion ravenous,  
 Taught to obey the menage of that elfe  
 That man and beast with powre imperious  
 Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:  
 His blindfold eies he bad awhile unbinde,  
 That his proud spoile of that same dolorous  
 Faire dame he might behold in perfect kinde<sup>1</sup>;  
 Which scene, he much reioyced in his cruell minde.

23 Of which ful prowde, himselve uprearing hye,  
 He looked round about with sterne disdayne,  
 And did surway his goodly company;  
 And, marshalling the evill-ordered trayne,  
 With that the darts which his right hand did straine  
 Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did quake,  
 And clapt on hye his coulourd winges twaine,  
 That all his many<sup>2</sup> it affraide did make:  
 Tho, blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

24 Behinde him was Reproch, Repentaunce, Shame  
 Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent behinde:

<sup>1</sup> I. e. with perfect distinctness.

<sup>2</sup> *Many*, company.



Repentaunce feeble, sorowfull, and lame ;  
 Reproch despightful, carelesse, and unkinde ;  
 Shame most ill-favourd, bestiall, and blinde :  
 Shame lowrd, Repentaunce sigh'd, Reproch did  
 scould ;

Reproch sharpe stings, Repentaunce whips en-  
 twinde,

Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold :  
 All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

25 And after them a rude confused rout  
 Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read<sup>1</sup> :  
 Emongst them was sterne Strife ; and Anger stout ;  
 Unquiet Care ; and fond<sup>2</sup> Unthriftyhead ;  
 Lewd Losse of Time ; and Sorrow seeming dead ;  
 Inconstant Chaunge ; and false Disloyalty ;  
 Consuming Riotise ; and guilty Dread  
 Of heavenly vengeaunce ; faint Infirmitie ;  
 Vile Poverty ; and, lastly, Death with infamy.

26 There were full many moe like maladies,  
 Whose names and natures I note<sup>3</sup> readen well ;  
 So many moe, as there be phantasies  
 In wavering wemens witt, that none can tell,  
 Or paines in love, or punishments in hell :  
 All which disguized marcht in masking-wise  
 About the chamber by the Damozell ;  
 And then returned, having marched thrise,  
 Into the inner rowme from whence they first did rise.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Read*, tell.

<sup>2</sup> *Fond*, foolish.

<sup>3</sup> *Note*, cannot.

<sup>4</sup> *Rise*, come forth

27 So soone as they were in, the dore streightway  
 Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast  
 Which first it opened, and bore all away.  
 Then the brave Maid, which al this while was plast  
 In secret shade, and saw both first and last,  
 Issewed forth and went unto the dore  
 To enter in, but fownd it locked fast :  
 It vaine she thought with rigorous uprore  
 For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

28 Where force might not availe, there sleights and art  
 She cast to use, both fitt for hard emprize :  
 Forthy<sup>1</sup> from that same rowme not to depart  
 Till morrow next shee did herselfe avize,<sup>2</sup>  
 When that same Maske againe should forth arize.  
 The morrowe next appeard with ioyous cheare,  
 Calling men to their daily exercize:  
 Then she, as morrow fresh, herselfe did reare  
 Out of her secret stand that day for to outweare.<sup>3</sup>

29 All that day she outwore in wandering\*  
 And gazing on that chambers ornament,  
 Till that againe the second evening  
 Her covered with her sable vestiment,  
 Wherewith the worlds faire beautie she hath blent<sup>4</sup>:  
 Then, when the second watch was almost past,  
 That brasen dore flew open, and in went

<sup>1</sup> *Forthy*, therefore.

<sup>3</sup> *Outweare*, pass.

<sup>2</sup> *Arize*, bethink.

<sup>4</sup> *Blent*, blinded, dimmed.

\* Later editions have *wondering*.

XXIX. 6. — *Second watch*.] The second watch began at nine,  
 and ended at twelve. II.

Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,<sup>1</sup>  
Nether of ydle showes nor of false charmes aghast.

30 So soone as she was entred, rownd about  
Shee cast her eies to see what was become  
Of all those persons which she saw without.  
But lo! they streight were vanisht all and some<sup>2</sup>;  
Ne living wight she saw in all that roome,  
Save that same woefull Lady; both whose hands  
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,<sup>3</sup>  
And her small waste girt rownd with yron bands  
Unto a brasen pillour, by the which she stands.

31 And, her before, the vile Enchaunter sate,  
Figuring straunge charácters of his art;  
With living blood he those charácters wrate,  
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,  
Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart;  
And all perforce to make her him to love.  
Ah! who can love the worker of her smart!  
A thousand charmes he formerly did prove<sup>4</sup>;  
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast hart re-  
move.

32 Soone as that Virgin Knight he saw in place,  
His wicked bookes in hast he overthrew,  
Not caring his long labours to deface;

<sup>1</sup> *Forecast*, previously purposed.

<sup>4</sup> *Prove*, try.

<sup>2</sup> *All and some*, one and all.

<sup>3</sup> I. e. which ill agreed with her.

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XXXII. 3. — *Not caring, &c.*] Not caring whether he defaced  
his long labors or not. H.

And, fiercely running to that lady trew,  
 A murderous knife out of his pocket drew,  
 The which he thought, for villainous despight,  
 In her tormented bodie to embrew :  
 But the stout Damzell, to him leaping light,  
 His cursed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

33 From her, to whom his fury first he ment,  
 The wicked weapon rashly<sup>1</sup> he did wrest,<sup>2</sup>  
 And, turning to herselfe his fell intent,  
 Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,  
 That litle drops empurpled her faire brest.  
 Exceeding wroth therewith the Virgin grew,  
 Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,  
 And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,  
 To give him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

31 So mightily she smote him, that to ground  
 He fell halfe dead ; next stroke him should have  
                   skaine,  
 Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,  
 Dearly<sup>3</sup> unto her called to abstaine  
 From doing him to dy ; for else her paine  
 Should be remedillesse ; sith none but hee  
 Which wrought it could the same recure againe.  
 Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee ;  
 For life she him envýde, and long'd revenge to see :

23 And to him said : “ Thou wicked man, whose meed  
 For so huge mischiefe and vile villany

<sup>1</sup> *Rashly*, quickly.

<sup>3</sup> *Dearly*, secretly ; in a low voice.

<sup>2</sup> *Wrest*, turn aside.

Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed ;  
 Be sure that nought may save thee from to dy  
 But if that thou this Dame doe presently  
 Restore unto her health and former state ;  
 This doe, and live ; els dye undoubtedly.”  
 He, glad of life, that lookt for death but late,  
 Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date :

36 And, rising up, gan streight to over-looke  
 Those cursed leaves, his charmes back to reverse.  
 Full dreadfull thinges out of that balefull booke  
 He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,  
 That horroure gan the Virgins hart to perse,  
 And her faire locks up stared stiffe on end,  
 Hearing him those same bloody lynes reherse ;  
 And, all the while he red, she did extend  
 Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

37 Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,  
 And all the dores to rattle round about ;  
 Yet all that did not her dismaied make,  
 Nor slack her threatfull hand for daungers dout,<sup>1</sup>  
 But still with stedfast eye and courage stout  
 Abode, to weet what end would come of all :  
 At last that mightie chaine, which round about  
 Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,  
 And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces small.

38 The cruell steele, which thrild<sup>2</sup> her dying hart.  
 Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord ;  
 And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart

<sup>1</sup> *Dout*, apprehension.

<sup>2</sup> *Thrild*, pierced.

Her bleeding brest and riven bowels gor'd,  
 Was closed up, as it had not beene bor'd;  
 And every part to safëty full sownd,  
 As she were never hurt, was soone restor'd:  
 Tho, when she felt herselfe to be unbownd  
 And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the grownd:

39 Before faire Britomart she fell prostrate,  
 Saying: " Ah! noble Knight, what worthy meede  
 Can wretched lady, quitt from wofull state,  
 Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?  
 Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,  
 Even immortall prayse and glory wyde,  
 Which I, your vassall, by your prowesse freed,  
 Shall through the world make to be notifyde,<sup>1</sup>  
 And goodly well advaunce that goodly well was tryde."

40 But Britomart, uprearing her from grownd,  
 Said: " Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene,  
 For many labours more then I have found,  
 This, that in safetie now I have you seene,  
 And meane of your deliverance have beene:  
 Henceforth, faire Lady, comfort to you take,  
 And put away remembraunce of late teene<sup>2</sup>;  
 In sted thereof, know that your loving make<sup>3</sup>  
 Hath no lesse grieffe endured for your gentle sake."

<sup>1</sup> *Notifyde*, proclaimed.

<sup>3</sup> *Make*, mate.

<sup>2</sup> *Teeue*, sorrow.

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XXXIX. 9. — *And goodly well advaunce, &c.]* And properly extol the qualities that have been so well tried. II.

41 She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,  
 Whom of all living wightes she loved best.  
 Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond  
 Upon th' Enchaunter which had her distrest  
 So sore, and with foule outrages opprest:  
 With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygoe  
 He bound that pitteous lady prisoner now relest,  
 Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,  
 And captive with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

42 Returning back, those goodly rowmes, which erst  
 She saw so rich and royally arayd,  
 Now vanisht utterly and cleane subverst  
 She found, and all their glory quite decayd,  
 That sight of such a chaunge her much dismayd.  
 Thenceforth descending to that perlous porch,  
 Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd<sup>1</sup>  
 And quenched quite, like a consumed torch,  
 That erst all entrers wont so cruelly to scorch.

43 More easie issew now then entrance late  
 She found; for now that fained-dreadfull flame,  
 Which chokt the porch of that enchanted gate  
 And passage bard to all that thither came,  
 Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,  
 And gave her leave at pleasure forth to passe.  
 Th' Enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame  
 To have efforst the love of that faire lasse,  
 Seeing his worke now wasted, deepe engrieved was.

<sup>1</sup> *Delayd*, abated.

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XLI. 7. — Two superfluous syllables have crept in here, probably through the carelessness of the printer.

- 44 But when the Victoress arrived there  
 Where late she left the pensife Scudamore  
 With her own trusty squire, both full of feare,  
 Neither of them she found where she them lore<sup>1</sup> :  
 Thereat her noble hart was stonisht sore ;  
 But most faire Amoret, whose gentle spright  
 Now gan to feede on hope, which she before  
 Conceived had, to see her own deare knight,  
 Being thereof beguyld, was fild with new affright.
- 45 But he, sad man, when he had long in drede  
 Awayted there for Britomarts returne,  
 Yet saw her not, nor signe of her good speed,  
 His expectation to despaire did turne,  
 Misdeeming<sup>2</sup> sure that her those flames did burne ;  
 And therefore gan advize with her old squire,  
 Who her deare nourslings losse no lesse did mourne.  
 Thence to depart for further aide t' enquire :  
 Where let them wend at will, whilst here I doe re-  
 spire.\*

<sup>1</sup> *Lore*, left.<sup>2</sup> *Misdeeming*, judging wrongly.

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\* In the first edition of the Faerie Queene the five last stanzas of this canto bring the story of Sir Scudamore to a happy conclusion. In the place of them, the three concluding stanzas as given above are substituted in the second edition. By these alterations this third book not only connects better with the fourth, but the reader is kept in that suspense which is necessary in a well-told story. (Upton.) The stanzas which are omitted in the second edition, and printed in the first, are the following:—

43 At last she came unto the place, where late  
 She left Sir Scudamour in great distresso,



Twixt dolour and despight halfe desperate,  
 Of his loves succour, of his owne redresse,  
 And of the hardie Britomarts successe:  
 There on the cold earth him now thrown she found,  
 In wilfull anguish, and dead heavinesse,  
 And to him cald; whose voices knowen sound  
 Soone as he heard, himself he reared light from ground.

44 There did he see, that most on earth him ioyd,  
 His dearest love, the comfort of his dayes,  
 Whose too long absence him had sore annoyd,  
 And wearied his life with dull delayes:  
 Straight he upstarted from the loathed layes,<sup>1</sup>  
 And to her ran with hasty egernesse,  
 Like as a deare, that greedily embayes<sup>2</sup>  
 In the coole soile,<sup>3</sup> after long thirstinesse,  
 Which he in chace endured hath, now nigh breathlesse.

45 Lightly he clipt<sup>4</sup> her twixt his armēs twaine,  
 And streightly<sup>5</sup> did embrace her body bright,  
 Her body, late the prison of sad paine,  
 Now the sweet lodge of love and deare delight:  
 But the faire Lady, overcommen quight  
 Of huge affection, did in pleasure melt,  
 And in sweete ravishment pourd out her spright.  
 No word they spake, nor earthly thing they felt,  
 But like two senceles stocks in long embracement dwelt.

46 Had ye them seene, ye would have surely thought  
 That they had beene that faire Hermaphrodite,  
 Which that rich Romane of white marble wrought,  
 And in his costly bath causd to bee site<sup>6</sup>;  
 So seemd those two, as growne together quite,  
 That Britomart, halfe envying their blesse,  
 Was much empassiond in her gentle sprite,

<sup>1</sup> *Layes*, lease, lea.

<sup>2</sup> *Embayes*, bathes.

<sup>3</sup> *Soile*, water in which a deer takes refuge.

<sup>4</sup> *Clipt*, embraced.

<sup>5</sup> *Streightly*, closely.

<sup>6</sup> *Site*, placed.

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**XLVI. 4.** — *Costly bath.*] This statue was found in the baths of Diocletian.

And to her selfe oft wisht like happinesse:  
 In vaine she wisht, that fate n'ould<sup>1</sup> let her yet possessa.

47 Thus doe those lovers with sweet countervayle,<sup>2</sup>  
 Each other of loves bitter fruit despoile.  
 But now my teme begins to faint and fayle,  
 All woxen weary of their iournall<sup>3</sup> toyle;  
 Therefore I will their sweatie yokes assoyle<sup>4</sup>  
 At this same furrowes end, till a new day:  
 And ye, faire Swayns, after your long turmoyle,  
 Now cease your worke, and at your pleasure play;  
 Now cease your worke; to-morrow is an holy-day.

<sup>1</sup> *N'ould*, would not.

<sup>2</sup> *Countervayle*, exchange.

<sup>3</sup> *Iournall*, daily.

<sup>4</sup> *Assoyle*, loosen, release

## A P P E N D I X.

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### VARIATIONS FROM THE FIRST EDITION, 1590.

- Page 5, st. 5, v. 9, straunge (ed. 1609), O. strannq.  
" 8, st. 12, v. 9, as (2d ed.), O. in.  
" 11, st. 21, v. 5, infernall (2d ed.), O. internall.  
" 12, st. 24, v. 7, ought (2d ed.), O. nought.  
" 16, st. 36, v. 4, yron (ed. 1609), O. dying.  
" 18, st. 40, v. 7, but (2d ed.), O. and.  
" 18, st. 40, v. 7, golden (2d ed.), O. yron.  
" 22, st. 52, v. 6, with which, O. which with.  
" 25, st. 60, v. 4, intemperate (2d ed.), O. more temperate.  
" 30, st. 3, v. 8, come hether, hether (ed. 1609), O. come  
hether, come hether.  
" 45, st. 44, v. 8, no more (2d ed.), O. not thore.  
" 47, st. 48, v. 8, Prince Arthur (ed. 1609), O. Sir Guyon.  
" 53, st. 6, v. 9, Arthegall, O. Arthogall.  
" 54, st. 9, v. 1, weete, O. wote.  
" 57, st. 15, v. 3, capitaine (ed. 1609), O. capitaine.  
" 59, st. 21, v. 1, them (2d ed.), O. him.  
" 66, st. 37, v. 8, you love, O. your love.  
" 68, st. 42, v. 1, cheare, O. cleare.  
" 70, st. 48, v. 3, these (2d ed.), O. this.  
" 75, st. 60, v. 2, antiquitee, O. antiquitiee.  
" 81, st. 15, v. 1, straunge (ed. 1609), O. straung.  
" 85, st. 24, v. 8, it (2d ed.), O. he.  
" 92, st. 43, v. 1, Sisillus, O., and all the editions, Sifillus.  
" 109, st. 9, v. 9, they that bulwarke sorely rent (2d ed.), O.  
they against that bulwarke lent.  
" 114, st. 21, v. 8, there — there, O. their — their.  
" 118, st. 32, v. 5, unrest (2d ed.), O. infest.  
" 125, Arg., v. 1, by (2d ed.), O. through.  
" 125, Arg., v. 2, passing through (2d ed.), O. through passing.

- Page 132, st. 21, v. 1, heedfull (2d ed.), O. earnest.
- “ 134, st. 23, v. 9, monoceroses, O. monoceros.
- “ 141, st. 43, v. 7, mightiest, O. migtest.
- “ 143, st. 47, v. 6, foresee, O. forsee.
- “ 144, st. 51, v. 1, thereto (2d ed.), O. therewith.
- “ 146, st. 54, v. 7, hyacine (2d fol.), O. hyacint.
- “ 159, st. 1, v. 2, that (2d ed.), O. the.
- “ 164, st. 7, v. 6, thee, O. the.
- “ 177, st. 41, v. 8, lightly (ed. 1609), O. highly.
- “ 180, st. 47, v. 7, which (2d ed.), O. that.
- “ 185, st. 60, v. 8, wary (ed. 1609), O. weary.
- “ 198, st. 25, v. 6, Arthegall, O. Arthogall.
- “ 225, st. 44, v. 6, ere they to former (ed. 1609), O. ere they unto their former.
- “ 228, st. 50, v. 9, as earst (supplied from ed. 1609), O. omitted.
- “ 235, st. 5, v. 8, she (2d ed.), O. he.
- “ 238, st. 15, v. 6, speare (ed. 1609), O. speares.
- “ 243, st. 27, v. 6, fleshly (2d ed.), O. fleshy.
- “ 244, st. 30, v. 6, swowne, O. swownd.
- “ 247, st. 39, v. 9, sith we no more shall meet (2d ed.), O. till we againe may meet.
- “ 255, st. 59, v. 5, dayes dearest children (2d ed.), O. the children of day.
- “ 263, st. 19, v. 5, no, O. now.
- “ 267, st. 30, v. 7, better (2d ed.), O. bitter.
- “ 270, st. 39, v. 9, his (2d ed.), O. their.
- “ 270, st. 40, v. 4, loves sweet teene (2d ed.), O. sweet loves teene.
- “ 275, st. 53, v. 9, weare (ed. 1609), O. were.
- “ 279, st. 5, v. 3, bare, O. bore.
- “ 281, st. 12, v. 2, aspect, O. aspects.
- “ 286, st. 25, v. 5, which as a fountaine (ed. 1609), O. from which a fountaine.
- “ 286, st. 26, v. 4, both farre and nere (supplied from 2d ed.), O. omitted.
- “ 287, st. 29, v. 5, Gnidus (2d ed.), O. Gnidas.
- “ 291, st. 40, v. 6, saw, O. spyde.
- “ 292, st. 42, v. 5, heavy (2d ed.), O. heavenly.
- “ 293, st. 45, v. 4, supplied from ed. 1609, O. wanting.
- “ 296, st. 52, v. 9, launched, O. launch.
- “ 297, Arg., v. 4, Gyaunts, O. Gynunt.
- “ 297, st. 1, v. 8, she did heare, O. he did heare.

Page 300, st. 9, v. 3, to, O., and all editions, two.

- " 303, st. 18, v. 5, might be by the witch, O. might by the witch.
- " 314, st. 48, v. 4, and many hath to foule confusion brought (2d ed.), O. till him Chylde Thopas to confusion brought.
- " 321, st. 5, v. 1, advice (2d ed.), O. device.
- " 323, st. 9, v. 9, whom (ed. 1609), O. who.
- " 326, st. 17, v. 3, brought through, O. broght throgh.
- " 329, st. 25, v. 6, hond, O. hand.
- " 333, st. 37, v. 9, hight (2d ed.), O. high.
- " 339, st. 2, v. 4, attone, O. attonce.
- " 341, st. 7, v. 3, misdonne, O. disdonne.
- " 348, st. 27, v. 5, that (ed. 1609), O. with.
- " 355, st. 45, v. 3, neck (ed. 1609), O. necks.
- " 362, st. 8, v. 9, to (2d ed.), O. with.
- " 365, st. 18, v. 4, then (2d ed.), O. so.
- " 370, st. 31, v. 3, with thy (2d ed.), O. that with.
- " 370, st. 31, v. 7, vertnes pay (ed. 1609), O. vertuous pray.
- " 373, st. 40, v. 1, adresse, O. adrest.
- " 373, st. 40, v. 3, wastefull (2d ed.), O. faithfull.
- " 381, st. 2, v. 3, golden (ed. 1609), O. golding.
- " 389, st. 22, v. 8, as th' Earthes children, the wnich made (2d ed.), O. as the Earthes children which made.
- " 389, st. 23, v. 2, inglorious, beast-like (2d fol.), O. inglorious and beastlike.
- " 391, st. 27, v. 7, entred (2d ed.), O. decked.
- " 394, st. 36, v. 7, thee, O. the.
- " 395, st. 39, v. 6, each (2d ed.), O. his.
- " 395, st. 39, v. 8, stag, O., and all editions, hag.
- " 398, st. 47, v. 9, hevens hight, O., and all editions, heven bright.
- " 404, st. 7, v. 8, wood, O. word.
- " 405, st. 9, v. 3, other, O. others.
- " 408, st. 18, v. 5, drad, O. dread.
- " 409, st. 18, v. 8, hony-laden, O., and all editions, hony-lady.
- " 410, st. 21, v. 8, still (2d ed.), O. skill.
- " 412, st. 27, v. 3, and bore all away (2d ed.), O. nothing did remayne.
- " 412, st. 28, v. 1, there (ed. 1609), O. their.
- " 414, st. 33, v. 3, to herselfe (2d ed.), O. to the next.
- " 414, st. 34, v. 4, her (ed. 1609), O. him.
- " 416, st. 38, v. 5, bor'd (2d ed.), O. sor'd.

















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