THE WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.
THE WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENGER,

WITH

A SELECTION OF NOTES FROM VARIOUS COMMENTATORS;

And a Glossarial Index:

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF SPENGER,

BY THE REV. HENRY JOHN TODD, M.A.

ARCHDEACON OF CLEVELAND.

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THE WORKS OF SPENSER,

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SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE OF SPENGER.

EDMUND SPENGER, descended from the ancient and honourable family of Spenser, was born in London in East Smithfield by the Tower, probably about the year 1553. In what school he received the first part of his education, it has not been recorded. But we find that he was admitted, as a sizer, of Pembroke-Hall in Cambridge, on May 20, 1569; that he proceeded to the degree of Batchelor of Arts, Jan. 16. 1572-3; and to that of Master of Arts, June 26, 1576. That Spenser cultivated, with successful attention, what is useful as well as elegant in academical learning; is evident by the abundance of classical allusions in his works, and by the accustomed moral of his song. At Cambridge he formed an intimacy with Gabriel Harvey, first of Christ's College, afterwards of Trinity Hall; who became Doctor of Laws in 1585, and survived his friend more than thirty years. The correspondence between Spenser and Harvey will present to the reader several interesting particulars respecting both. That Spenser was an unsuccessful candidate for a fellowship in Pembroke-Hall, in competition with Andrews, afterwards the well-known prelate; the best-informed biographers of the poet have long since disproved. The rival of Andrews was Thomas Dove, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough. That some disappointment, however, 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; is rendered highly probable by the following passage in Harvey's Letter to him, at the close of his short but sharp and learned judgement of Earthquakes, dated April 7, 1560, and printed in the same year, p. 29. "And will you needes have my testimoniall of youre old Controllers new behaviour? A busy and dize heade; a brazen forehead; a ledden braine; a woodden

* See his Colin Clouts come home again, ver. 538; his Dedication of Mutopotmos to lady Carew; and the circumstance more fully noticed in the remarks, offered in this account of Spenser's Life, on that Dedication.
* Olyly's manuscript additions to Winstanley's Lives of the most famous English poets, copied by Isaac Reed Esqr. See also Chalmers's Suppl. Apology &c. p. 23.
* Prefixed by Dr. Farmer, in his own hand-writing, to the first volume of Hughes's second edition of Spenser, in the possession of Isaac Reed Esqr. See also Chalmers's Suppl. Apology &c. p. 23.
* Prefixed by Dr. Farmer, in his own hand-writing, to the first volume of Hughes's second edition of Spenser, in the possession of Isaac Reed Esqr. See also Chalmers's Suppl. Apology &c. p. 23.
* A long account of Harvey in Wood's Athenae Oxon. Vol. I. Fasti, col. 126. And a list of his writings in Tanner's Bibliotheca Brit-Hib. p. 362. See also the remark of E. K. the commentator on the Shepherd's Calendar, in the ninth Elegy, p. 388.—Webbe, in his Discourse of English Poetrie, 1556, asserts that Harvey was the "most special friend" of Spenser. Nash, however, the avowed enemy of Harvey, repeatedly ridicules Harvey's boast of his friendship with Spenser; and, notwithstanding his animadversions on Harvey's railing, rails with equal if not greater dippyness and petulance himself. He may ridicule Harvey's hexameters, as much as he pleases; of which kind of verses in English, Harvey indeed pompously announces himself as the inventor. But he cannot detract from the general merit of Harvey both as a poet and a scholar. His beautiful poem, prefixed to the Faerie Queene, and signed Hobbinol, bespeaks an elegant and well turned mind. Among his works are several productions of great ingenuity and profound research.
* See the Life of Spenser prefixed to the edition of the Faerie Queene, in 1751; the Biographia Britannica, vol. 6. Art Spenser, &c.
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF SPENSER.

wit; a copper face; a strong breast; a factious and elvish heart; a founder of novels; a confounder of his owne and his friends good gifts; a morning bookworm; an afternoon malfworm; a right juggler, as ful of his sleights, wyles, fetches, casts of Legerdernaine, toys to mocke apes withal, oddle shifts, and knavish practises, as his skin can holde:" He then proceeds to rebuke the circumstance of "many pupils, jackenmates and haile-fellowes-wel-met with their tutors; and, by your leve, some too, because forsooth they be gentlemen or great neires or a little neater and gayer than their fellows, (shall I say it for shame? believe me, tis too true,) their very own tutors!" To the notice of this abuse in academical instruction he subjoins a copious list of Latin reflections, full of indignation at its existence; one of which seems to point at the disagreeement already mentioned: "Cetera feræ, ut olim: Bellum inter capitœ et membrœ continuatuum." After having taken his last degree in Arts, therefore, we must suppose Spenser to have retired immediately from Cambridge; having no fortune to support an independent residence there, and apparently no prospect of furtherance in the society to which he belonged. It is remarkable, however, that he makes no mention of Pembroke-Hall either in his Letters or his poetry. The University he has repeatedly celebrated with filial regard.

It is said that he now went to reside with some relations in the North of England; not perhaps, as is vaguely asserted by most of his biographers, as a mere pensioner on their bounty, but perhaps as a tutor to some young friend. However, he now employed his poetical abilities, no doubt, on various occasions. I conceive it to be very probable that, long before this time, he had given proof of his attachment to the Muses, while at the same time he concealed his name, in several poems which are to be found in the Theatre for Worldlings; a work published in the year, in which he had become a member of the University. The similarity, almost minutely exact, of these poems to Spenser's Visions; to his Visions of Petrarch in particular, formerly translated, as the title tells us; is otherwise not easily to be explained. Spenser needed not to borrow such petty aids to fame. But my supposition, I think, is strengthened by the following observation, made by Harvey to Spenser in a second letter, edit. 1599. p. 41. "I like your Dreames passingly well; and the rather, because they savour of that singular extraordinary vein and invention, whiche I ever fancied moste, and in a manner admired onely in Lucian, Petrarche, Aretine, Pasquill, and all the most delicate and fine-conceived Grecians and Italians; (for the Romanes to speake of, are but verye ciphers in this kinde;) whose chiefest endeavoure and drifte was, to have nothing vulgare; but in some respecte or other, and especially in lively hyperbolicall amplifications, rare, queint, and oddle in every pointe; and, as a man would saye, a degree or two at the leaste above the reache and compass of a common schollers capacitie. In which respect notwithstanding, as well for the singularitie of the manner as the divinitie of the matter, I haerde once a Divine preferre Saint John's Revelacion before al the veriest Metaphysical Visions, and jollyest conceited Dreames or Estasies, that ever were devised by one or other, how admirable or superexcellent soever they seemed otherwise to the worlde. And truly I am so confirmed in this opinion, that, when I bethink me of the verie notablest and moste wonderful propheticall or poeticall Vision that ever I read or haerde, me seemeth the proportion is so unequal and there hardly appeareth any semblance of comparison; no more in a manner (especially for poets) than doth betwene the incomprehensible Wisedome of God, and the sensible wit of man. But what needeth this digression betweene you and me? I dare saye you wyll hold your selue reasonably wel satisfied, if youre Dreames be but as well esteemed in Englande as Petrarches Visions be in Italy: which, I assure you, is the very worst I wish you." The author of the Life of Spenser, prefixed to Mr. Church's edition of the Faerie Queene, makes this observation on Spenser's Visions; that they are little things, done probably when Spenser was young, according to the taste of the times for Emblems. The Theatre for Worldlings, I must

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1 This quotation certainly exhibits a choice example of Harvey's talent in the language of abuse; and Nash fails not to remind him of his "singular liberalitie and bountie in bestowing this beautifull encomium upon Doctor Ferne," in his Fore Letters confuted. 1592. Sign. E. 2.—The author of the Life of Spenser, in the Biographia Britannica, has suffered a singular error of the press, in this passage of Harvey's Letter, to pass unnoticed; by which, however, I grant, the severity of Harvey is somewhat softened; viz., "a copper face; a sattin breast, &c." The same ludicrous mistake occurs in the Life of Spenser, which is given in the Supplement to the Universal Magazine, vol. xlix. p. 33. &c.
ad, evidently presents a series of Eclogues. It may be therefore not unreasonably supposed that the Visions in that book; the Dreame commended by Harvey; and the Visions published by the bookseller while Spenser was in Ireland, which now regularly form a part of his Works; are originally the same composition, since altered and improved.

E. K. the commentator on the Shepheardes Calender, first published in 1579, informs us, that beside the Dreames, the Legends and Court of Cupid were then finished by Spenser, as well as his Translation of Moschus's Idyllion of wandering Love. He also relates that Spenser had written a Discourse under the title of the b English Poet; and that he purposed to present it to the publick: but he fulfilled not his intention. Spenser, in his Letter to Gabriel Harvey, dated October 16. 1579, speaks of "His Slumber, and other pamphlets" intended to be dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney; and in his Letter dated April 10. 1580, mentions also that his "Dreames and Dying Deliciana were then fully finished;" and that he designed soon "to sette forthe a booke, entitled Epithalamion Thesaurus." In the same Letter he also speaks of his Stearnana Dudleiana. These Legends, Court of Cupid, and Epithalamion, appear to be closely connected with circumstances since admitted into the Faerie Queene 1.

Sufficient has been said to prove the industry of Spenser, after his retirement from the banks of Cam. But the praise due to his diligence and genius must be highly augmented, when we add his Shepheardes Calender to the list of his labours already mentioned; which was published in 1579. Of this elegant Poem much is devoted to complaints, such as tender and unsuccessful lovers breathe; and a considerable part to observations that bespeak a pensive and a feeling mind. While resident in the North, he had fallen in love with a mistress, of no ordinary accomplishments, whom he has recorded under the name of Rosalind; who, after trifling with his honourable affection, preferred his rival. To subjects of this kind the pipe of pastoral poetry is often tuned; and thus Spenser soothed his unfortunate passion; while, in these plaintive strains, he has also interwoven several circumstances relating to his own history and to that of contemporaneous persons.

Before the publication of the Shepheardes Calender, he had been induced, by the advice of his friend Harvey, to quit his obscure abode in the country, and to remove to London. This removal is dated by Mr Ball, in his Life of Spenser prefixed to his edition of the Calender, in 1579. By Harvey, it is generally allowed, he was introduced to the accomplished Philip Sidney; who, justly appreciating the talents of Spenser, recommended him to his uncle the Earl of Leicester. The poet was also invited to the family-seat of Sidney at Penshurst in Kent, where he was probably employed in some literary service, and at least assisted, we may suppose, the Platonick and chivalrous studies of the gallant and learned youth who had thus kindly noticed him. We may thus understand the passage, as well the old commentators remark, in the fourth Eclogue, ver. 21.

Colin thou kenst, the southern Shepheards boye;
Him Love hath wounded &c.

"Seemeth hereby," says E. K., "that Colin pertaineth to some Southern nobleman, and perhaps in Surrey, or Kent the rather, because he so often nameth the Kentish downs, and before As liike as lase of Kent." In the sixth Eclogue also, where Hobbinol advises Colin to forsake the soil that had bewitcht him, and to repair to vales more fruitful, the commentator informs us that this is no poetical fiction, but a true description of the advice to which the poet had wisely listened. In the tenth Eclogue, Spenser celebrates the Earl of Leicester as "the Worthy whom

1 See the Epistle prefixed to the Shepheardes Calender, and the notes on the third Eclogue, p. 372.
2 See the Argument to the tenth Eclogue.
3 See the Farr. Qu. Book III. c. xii. st. 5, 6, &c. Book IV. Canto II. st. 10, 11, &c.
4 See what E. K. relates of this hard-hearted fair, in his notes on the first Eclogue, p. 355. The author of the Life of Spenser, prefixed to Church's edition of the Faerie Queene, observes, in consequence of E. K.'s information, that the name being well ordered will betray the very name of Spenser's Love and Mistress, "that as Rose is a common Christian name, so in Kent among the Gentry under Henry VI. in Fuller's Worthies, we find in Canterbury the name of John Lynde."—If Rose Lynde be the person designed, she has the humour also to have her poetical name adopted by Dr. Lodge, a contemporary poet with Spenser, who wrote a collection of Sonnets entitled Rosalind; and by Shakspeare, who has presented us with a very engaging Rosalind, in As you like it.
the Queen loves best;" according to E.K.'s illustration. The eleventh is conjectured to have been written at Penshurst. Nor was the poet unnoticed, in regard to his advancement in the world, by this nobleman; as we shall presently see.

The Dedication, therefore, of the Shepheard's Calender to "Maister Philip Sidney" is a proof of gratitude as well as of judgement; to which the poet, "not obvious, not obtrusive," modestly subscribes himself *Immerita*; by which appellation also Harvey afterwards addresses him in his Letters. The commentator on the Calender has prefixed to the Poem a Letter to Harvey, which displays with remarkable acuteness the design of the Pastoral; in which Spenser is styled the *unknown* and *new* poet, but who, "as soon as he shall be known, shall be beloved of all, embraced of the most, and wondered at of the best." Congenial as we may suppose the studies of Sidney and Spenser to have been, Sidney has not however given unqualified praise to the Calender. "The Shepheard's Calender," he says, in his *Defence of Poesie*, " hath much *poescie* in his Eclogues, indeede worthie the reading if I be not deceived. That same framing of his stile to an old rusticke language, I dare not allow; since neither Theocritus in Greece, Virgil in Latin, nor Sannazarius in Italian, did affect it." Yet Weble, in his *Discourse of English Poetry*, can find no blemish existing in it; and Francis Meres, in his *Wit's Treasury*, says, "As Theocritus is famed for his Idyllia in Greek, and Virgil for his Ecloges in Latin; so Spenser, their imitator in his Shepheard's Calender, is renowned for the like argument, and honoured for fine poetical invention and most exquisite wit." The Poem indeed gained so many admirers as to pass through five editions while Spenser lived. Yet the name of Spenser, as the author, appears for some time to have been not generally known. For to a manuscript translation of the poem into Latin verse by John Dove, preserved in the *Library of Caius College Cambridge*, a Dedication to the Dean and Subdean of Christ Church Oxford is prefixed, which shews the translator had never heard of Spenser, and had never seen the first edition of what he had translated. The Dean and Subdean, to whom this translation is addressed, are Dr. James and Dr. Heton, of whom the former held the Deanery from 1584 to 1596. It is remarkable that the translator speaks of this *unwritten* poem (to adopt the translator's own allusion (as almost buried in oblivion: "Prodiit (ornatissimi viri) anno salutis 1581 libellus quidam *abstactos* rithmo Angliceo elegantere compositus, qui vulgari nomine et titulo Calendarium Pastorum inscribaturum, insignissimo D. P. Sidneio dedicatum, cui tum noviter divulgato docti vehementer applauderunt. Quia illustriissimus eque suo patrocinio non indignum judicavit, eundem etiam latinitate donatum in vestri nominis dignitate apparere volui, vestrum nomen conjunctim afferre, vos patrones assecre, partim ut aliquam observantiam nec significationem vobis darem quibus me plurimum debeo agnosco, partim ut hoc opusculum suum prosa doctum et quasi sepulchrum de novo vestro lectioni secundum commendarem; vel, si non integrum, saltem *Æglogas* 7, 9, etc. quibus suseus inest longè divinissimus. Spero vobis non ingratum fore hoc meum studium, quem non sitis Morrelli, non Davides, non Palinodi, et pseudapostoli; sed Algrindi, sed Pierci, et Thomalini, orthodoxi pastores, &c." The poetical translation is by no means indifferent; and there is subjoined to it an Elegy, in very respectable Latin hexameters, on the death of *Algrind*, that is, Archbishop *Grindal*, whom Spenser designs, in his fifth Eclogue, under that anagrammatick name; as in the seventh he also designs Bishop Elmer or Aylmer, under that of Morrell.

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1 Sir Philip, however, in his *Defence of Poesie*, evidently alludes, with particular commendation, in the following passage, to the satirical turn of the *Shepheard's Calender*: "Is it then the *Pastorall Poeme* which is disliked? (For per chance where the hedge is lowest they will soonest leap over.) Is the poor pipe disdained, which sometimes, out of Melibes' mouth, can show the miserie of people under hard lords and ravening soldiers? And againe by *Tityrus*, what blessethesse is derived to them that lye lowest, from the goodness of them that sit highest? Sometimes, under the *previleg tales of woodes and sheepe*, can include the whole considerations of wrong doing and patience; sometimes shew that contentions for trifles can get but a trifling victorie, &c."  
2 *Viz* in 1579, 1581, 1590, 1591, 1597.  
3 Numbered 205 in the valuable collection of manuscripts belonging to this society.  
4 Archbishop Grindal appears, by these commendations of Spenser and Dave, to have been greatly respected on account of the mildness of his disposition. The puritans claimed him, unjustly, as their own. Dr. Drant, another contemporary poet, (of whom further mention is presently made,) wrote and published a poem also in praise of Grindal, which he named, by way of enuncciation, *Præstul*. The memory of Grindal indeed will continue to be the theme of gratitude, while Queen's College Oxford, and Pembroke Hall Cambridge, shall exist. See *Strype*'s *Life of this prelate*.  
5 Dr. Elmer or Aylmer, Bishop of London, excited the displeasure of Spenser perhaps, in consequence of his ceasing t-
If Mr. Dove's translation has represented the fame of the Shepheards Calender as sleeping, let us oppose to his evidence the acknowledged utility of the poem, within the period in which he deplors its supposed burial, as subservient not only to the solacing the troubled spirit, but to the illustration of perhaps the most abstruse subject within the circle of English Literature, The Logick of the Law! Abraham Fraunce, (a poet as well as a barrister, and the friend of Sir Philip Sidney,) who tells us that "seven yeares were almost overgone him since he began to be a medler with Logickall meditations, " published in 1583 "The Lawiers Logike;" and in his Preface he says he had read his meditations six times over within the seven years, "thrise at S. Johns collodged in Cambridge, thrise at Grays Inn in London. After application of Logike to Lawe," he continues, "and examination, of Lawe by Logike, I made playne the precepts of the one by the practise of the other, and called my booke, The Lawyers Logike; not as though Logike were tyed only unto Law, but for that our Law is most fit to expresse the precepts of Logike. Yet, because many love Logike that never learne Lawe, I have reteyned those oould examples of the new Shepheards Kalender, which I first gathered; and therentero added these also out of our Law bookes, which I lately collected."—I select a pithy illustration from the tenth chapter of the first book: "Of Opposites. Opposites are eyther Disparates or contraries. Disparates are sundry opposites whereof one is equally and in like manner opposed unto many. Hobbinoll in Aprill in his song of Elisa:

Bring here the pincis, and purple callimbine,
with gelliflowers:
Bring coronations, and sopis in wine, &c &c.

All which herbes bee equally differing one from another, and are therefore Disparates. M. Plowden, Fol. 170. a. b. Mes vn grosse nosme poyet conteigner diuers choses corporall, come Manor, Monastery, Rectory, Castell, Honor, et tiels semblables. Car eux sont choses compound, et poyent conteynier tout ensemble messanges, terreres, prees, bois, et tiels semblables." I will add another instance, which may perhaps entitle me to the thanks of the next editor of Plowden, as it exhibits a correction of that great lawyer! "Of Contraries. Repugnant arguments bee such contraries, whereof one is so opposite to one, or at the most to two, as that there can never any agreement bee found betwene them. So warre is onely opposite to peace: but covetousness to liberality and prodigalitie, yet more to prodigality. Perigot in August:

Ali Willy, when the hart is ill assaye,
How can bagpipe or lynta be well apaye?

Maister Plowden, Fol. 467. a. Et issint il apiert diversitie, (hee should have sayde rather Repugnowen,) enter les deux equities; car l'un abridge, l'autre enlale; l'un dymynisha, l'auter amplitie; l'un tolla de lo letter, l'auter ad al eco."

These remarkable circumstances relating to the first publication, by which Spenser became distinguished, being notices; it is now necessary to turn to his correspondence with Harvey. And the following Letter will at once inform us of his situation, his employment of time, and his expectations.

"To the Worshipfull his very singular good friend, Maister G. II. Fellow of Trinitie Hall in Cambridge.

Good Maister G.—I perceive by your most curteous and frendly letters your good will to be no lesse in deed, than I always esteemed. In recompence whereof, think I beseech you, that I wil spare neither speech nor wryting, nor aught else, whensoever and wheresoever occasion

Inveigh against the superior clergy; for "when he first became a preacher," says Sir John Harington, "he followed the popular phrase and fashion of the younger divines of those tymes, which was to inveigh against the superfluities of the churchmen ——of which not long after, by reading and conference, he was thoroughly cured.—Certain it is, no bishop was more persecuted and taunted by the puritans of all sorts then he was, by lyells, by scotts, by open railing, and privy backbiting." Briefe View of the State of the Ch. of Eng. 12mo. 1653, p. 18. See also a slander upon this bishop related in Fulke's Relentive to slay good Christians in true Faith, 12mo. Lond. 1590, p. 59.

1 "The Lawiers Logike, exemplifying the precepts of Logike by the practise of the common Lawe, by Abraham Fraunce, Lond. 1583."

466. A poetical Dedication to Henry Earle of Pembroke is prefixed. Fraunce is a writer of verses, and shines particularly as an English hexametrist. His Countesse of Pembrokes Yechurch, and his translation of part of Heliodorus, are written in melodious chyuels and spondaics, to the no small admiration of Sidney, Harvey, &c Sidney adopted, in his Arcadia, almost every kind of Latin verse for his English songs. Fraunce appears to have been intimate with Spenser, and to have seen the Fawrie Queen long before it was published.
shall be offered me: yea, I will not stay till it be offered, but will seek it in all that possibly I may. And that you may perceive how much your counsel in all things prevail with me, and how altogether I am ruled and over-ruled thereby; I am now determined to alter mine owne former purpose, and to subscribe to your advizement: being notwithstanding resolved still to abide your farther resolution. My principal doubts are these. First, I was minded for a while to have intermitted the uttering of my writings, least, by over-much cloying their noble cares, I should gather a contempt of myself, or else seeme rather for gaine and commoditie to doe it, for some sweetnesse that I have already tasted. Then also me seemeth the work too base for his excellent lordship, being made in honour of a private personage unknowne, which of some ywillers might be upbraided, not to be so worthie, as you knowe she is; or the matter not so weightie, that it should be offered to so weightie a personage, or the like. The selfe former title still liketh me well yet, and your fine addition no lesse. If these, and the like doubts, may be of importance in your seeming, to frustrate any parte of your advice, I beseeche you, without the least selfe love of your own purpose, concil me for the beste: and the rather doe it faithfully, and carefully, for that, in all things, I attribute so muche to your judgement, that I am evermore content to admililate mine owne determinations, in respecte thereof. And indee for your selfe, to, it sitteth with you now, to call your wits and senses together (which are alwayes at call) when occasion is so fairely offered of estimation and preferment. For whiles the yron is hote, it is good striking, and minds of nobles varie as their estates. Verum ne quid darius.

I pray you bethinke you well hereof, good Maister G. and forwith write me those two or three special points and caveats for the nonce: De quaestus in superfluis illis delittullis longissimis litteris tuis. Your desire to heare of my late beeing with hir Majestie, must dye in it selfe. As for the two worthy gentlemen, *Master Sidney, and Master Dyer,* they have me, I thank them, in some use of familiarity: of whom, and to whom, what speache passeth for your credite and estimation, I leave your selfe to conceive, having always so well conceived of my unfained affection, and zeale towards you. And nowe they have proclaimed in their aplewryan a general surceasing and silence of balde rymers, and also of the verie beste to: in steade whereof, they have, by authoritie of their whole senate, prescribed certaine lawes and rules of quantities of English sallables, for English verse: having had thereof already great practis, and drawn mee to their faction. Newe booke I heare of none, but only of one, that writing a certaine booke, called The Schoole of Abuse, and dedicating it to Maister Sidney, was for hys labor scornd; if at leaste it be in the goodnesse of that nature to scorne. Suche follie is not to regardre aforehande the inclination and qualitie of him, to whom wee dedicate our booke. Suche mighte I happily incurre, entitiling My *Stomber,* and the other pamphlets, unto his honor. I meant them rather to Maister Dyer. But I am, of late, more in love wyth my Englishis versifying, than with ryming: whyche I should have done long since, if I would then have followed your concill. Sedi tabiolum iam tam suspicabar cum Aschamo sapere; nume Adsum video egregios alre Polibus Anglicos.

Maister *E. K. hardly desirith to be commendede unto your Worshippe,* of whom, what

* The Earl of Leicester, I suppose.
* Sidney and Dyer appear to have been particular friends. Harvey calls them "the Castor and Pollux of poetry." In Davison's Poetical Rapscudle, edit. 1602, two pastoral Odes are to be found, made *by Sir P. Sidney upon his meeting with his two worthy friends,* and fellow-poets, Sir Edward Dier and M. Fulke Greville.
* Stephen Gosson; whose book was first published in 1579. He was a preacher, and a writer of verses; noted, according to Antony Wood, for his admirable penning of pastoral, yet very severe "against Poets, Pipers, Playners, and their Excusernts," as he is pleased thus to class them, in his Schoole of Abuse and in his Apologie (published in the same year) for the said didacticke work.
* A S Saturday Stomber, as it is entitled in the bookseller's address to the reader, prefixed to the Complaints.
* We lament the perverted taste of Spenser in this respect. But he afterwards paid little or no attention to this versifying. He means, by versifying, the unnatural adaptation of English verse to Latin prosody; of which further notice is presently taken.
* The commentator on the Shepheards Calender, whose labourers were joined to the poem on its first appearance. By the mention of Mystresse Kerkes, in the next paragraph, some have been led to assign the name of Edward Kerke to the old scholar. Some also have not failed to suppose that King might be the name; and, that the force of guessing might no further go, to imagine even the poet and the commentator the same person!
accompte he maketh, your selfe shall hereafter perceive, by hys paynefull and dutifull verses or your selfe.

Thus much was written at Westminster yesternight: but comming this morning, beeyng the sixteenth of October [1579] to Mystresse Kerkes, to have it delivered to the carrier, I receyved youre letter, sente me the laste weeke: whereby I perceyve you other whiles continue your old exercise of versifying in English: whych glorie I had now thought shoulde have bene onely ours heere at London, and the Count.

Truste me, your verses I like passingly well, and envey your hidden pains in this kinde, or rather maligne and grudge at your selffe, that woulde not once imparte so muche to me. But, once or twice, you make a breache in Maister Drant's rules: quod tamem condonabilius tando Poetica, tunc ipsius maxime in his rebus autoritati. You shall see, when we meete in London, (whiche, when it shall be, certifie us) howe fast I have followed after you in that course: beware, lest in time I overtake you. Verumtamen se solam sequar, (at seipsum et vice ipsum,) numeram sané assequar, dum vivam. And nowe requite I you with the like, not with the verie beste, but with the verie shortest, namely, with a fewe Iambickes. I dare warrant, they be precisely perfect, for the feete, (as you can easily judge) and varie not one inch from the rule. I will imparte yours to Maister Sidney, and Maister Dyer, at my nexe going to the courte. I praye you, keepe mine close to your selffe, or your verse entire friends, Maister? Preston, Maister? Still, and the reste.

Iambieum Trintrimum.

1. Unhappy Verse! the witnesse of my unhappe state,
Make thy selfe fluttering wings of thy fast flying
Thought, and fly forth unto my Love wheresoeuer she be:

Whether lying restlesse in heavy bedde, or else
Sitting so cheerlesse at the cheerfull boorde, or else
Playing alone carelesse on hir hevenlie virginals.

If in bed; tell hir, that my eyes can take no reste:
If at boorde; tell hir, that my mouth can cete no meale:
If at hir virginals; tel hir, I can heare no mirth.

Asked why? say, Waking love suffereth no sleepe:
Say, that raging love dothe appall the weakne stomake;
Say, that lamenting love marreth the musicall.

Tell hir, that hir pleasures were wone to lull me asleepe:
Tell hir, that hir beautie was wone to feede mine eyes:
Tell hir, that hir sweete tongue was wone to make me mirth.

Now doe I nightly waste, wanting my kindly reste:
Now doe I dayly starve, wanting my lively food:
Now doe I always dye, wanting thy timely mirth.

And if I waste, who will bewaile my heavy chaunce?
And if I starve, who will record my cursed end?
And if I dye, who will saye, This was immaterial?

I thought once agayne here to have made an ende, with a heartie Vale, of the best fashion:

* Among the many publications by Drant, I have not discovered these Rules; which may be a subject of deep lamentation to English hexameters, and pentameters, atque id genus omné, unless they have been more fortunate in their search! Tamer's list of his publications is copulous. Drant was of St. John's College, Cambridge, afterwards prebendary of Chichester and archdeacon of Lewes. See his character in Watson's Hist. of Eng. Poetry, vol. iii. p. 429.

* Preston, first of King's College, Cambridge, afterwards Master of Trinity Hall, was the author of "A Lamentable Tragedy mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the life of Cambises king of Pereia, etc," which is said to have rendered the author an object of ridicule. He wrote also "A goldflower or sweete marygold, wherein the frutes of ternam you may behold." See the Biographia Dramatica, Art. Preston, (Thomas) and Cambyses. See also Bibliograph. Poetica.

* Still, who was afterwards bishop of Bath and Wells, is believed to be the author of *Gammer Gurnion Nedde*, the earliest exhibition of what "looks like a regular comedy" in our language. See *Biograph. Dram. Art. Still*, (John) and Malone's *Hist. Acc. of the Eng. Stage*. "His breeding," says Sir John Harington, "was from his childhood in good litterature, and partly in musicke, which was counted in those days a preparative to divinitie." To conclude of this bishop, without flatterie, I hold him a rare man for praeching, for arguing, for learning, for living." *Briefe View of the State of the Church of England in Q. Lit. time*, &c, edit. 1653. 12mo. p. 119.

but loe! an ylfavoured mischaunce. My last farewell, whereof I made great accompt, and much marvelled you shulde make no mention thereof, I am nowe tolde, (in the Divels name) was thorough one mans negligence quite forgotten, but shulde nowe undoubtedly have beene sent, whether I hadde come, or no. Seing it can now be no otherwise, I pray you take all together, wyth all their faultes: and nowe I hope you will voucsafe mee an aswære of the largest size, or else I tell you true, you shall bee verye deepe in my debte; notwythstandyng thy other sweete, but shorte letter, and fine, but fewe verses. But I woulde rather I might yet see youre owne good selfe, and receive a reciprocall farewell from your owne sweetes mouth.

Ad Ornatisinimum circum, multis jam diei nominibus Clarissimum, G. H., Immerto sui, mox in
Gallias Navigaturi, *Envoxeō.*

Sic malus egregium, sic non inimicus amicum,
Signo; novus veterem jubet ipse Poeta Poetam
Salvere; ac carlo, post secula multa, secundo
Jam reducem, carlo magè quàm nunc ipse, secundo
Ut ter; Ecce deus (modo sit deus Ille, renixum
Qui voce in seculis, & juratos perdat amores.)
Ecce deus mihi clara debit modo signa marinus,
Et sua veligero lenis parat aequora ligno:
Mox sulpando suas ciam pater Æolus iras
Ponit, & ingentes animos Aquilonis——
Cuncta vijs sic apla melis; ego solus inπetus.
Nam mihi necio quæ more sacra vulnere, duèum
Fluctuat ancipiti pelago, dum navita proram
Invalidam validus rapt, hac Amor & raptit illuc;
Consilis Ratio melioribus usus, decus;
Immortalis levil diffìssa Cupidinis aren,
Angimus hoc dux, & porti vexamur in ipse.
Magne pharetrati nunc tu contemplaret Amoris
(Id tibi dīj nomen precer hand impune remittant)
Hostis nodos cxsolve, & eris mihi magnus Apollo;
Spiritus ad summos, scio, te generous honores
Existimāt, majusque; duxce spirare Poetam.
Quam levis est Amor, & tamen hand levis est amor omnīs:
Ergo nihil laudi rueptas aequa perenni,
Præq; sacro sanctâ splendoris imagine, tanti
Cætera que vecora uti numina vulgus adorat;
Prædix, Amicitias, Urbana pecula, Nummos,
Queue; placent oculis, Formas, Spectacula, Amores,
Conculcare solas ut humum, & ludibria sensus;
Digna meo certe Harveio, sententia digna
Orator Amplo, & generosus pector, quam non
Stolca formidet veterum sapientia, vinculis
Sanctè athemis, sapor hand tamen omnibus idem.
Distur effeiti proles faeunda Laetitas,
Quanlibet ignoti factata per aequora coeli,
Inq; procellosa longum exsur gurtge, pono
Præc tamen amplexu lachrymosa conjuxis, ortus
Cælestes, divum; thores sprevisse beatos:
Tantum Amor, & Muiler, vel amore potentior, illum;
Tu tamen illudis (tun Magnificentia tanta est,
Præq; subumbraèt splendoris imagine, tanti
Præq; illo, meritis famous, nomine parto;
Cætera que vecors uti numina vulgus adorat,
Prædix, Amicitias, Armenia, Peculux, Nummos,
Queue; placent oculis, Formas, Spectacula, Amores,
Queue; placent ori, quæq; auribus, omnìa tenus;
Ne tu grande sapis! (supor at sapientia non est)
Omnis & in parvis bene qui scit despuisse,
Sepe supercilii palmar sapientibus auerct;
Luæt Aristippus modo tetris turbas sophorum;
Mittia purpureo moderantem verba tyranno,
Luæt Aristippus dictamina vanæ sophorum,
Quæs levis omnes male torquet culcis umbra.
Et quisquis plebæus studet heroicus actis,
Despussa studet; sic gratia crescit ineptis.
Deniq; haeretges quisquis sua tempora vitis
Insignire voleat, populoque placere favent;
Despexèr ismanum dict, turcumq; pedænae
Stultifie landem quartt. Pater Ennius unus
Dictus, immo numeris sapient; huæatur at ipse
Carminis versus falsisse loquentia vino;
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF SPENSER.

Nee tu, (pace tua), nostri Cato maxime seceli,
Nomen honorati servum merece Poetae,
Quantunvis illustre eamus. & nobile carmen,
Ni stultite velis; sic doltorum omnia plena?
Tuta sed in medio superest viaurgitae; nam qui
Nee reliquis nimium vult desipuisse videri,
Nee sapulose nimis, sapientem dicere; unum
Hinc te merserit unda, illine omnib严肃us ignis;
Nee tu deficiat nimis aspermare fluctus,
Nee scir Dominami venientem in vota, nec aurum,
Si sapis, oblatum: Curii sae Fabriciaeque;
Lingue, viris misericis miseranda sophismata, quondam
Grande sui decus ij, nostri sed dedecus evi;
Nee sectare nimis; res utra: eritina plena.
Hoc bene qui callet (si quis tamen hoc bene callet)
Scribe vel invito sapientem hunc Socratem solum.
Vis facit una pios; justos facit altera. & altera
Egregie cordata, ac fortia pectora; verum
Omnem taccum punctum quo miscevit utile dulci.
Dij mihi duile diu delement, verum utile nunquam;
Utile nunc etiam, & ulimam quoq; dulce dedisse
Dij mihi, quippe dijs equalia maxima parvis,
Ni nimis invidient mortalibus esse beatiss.
Dulce simul tribuisse quant, simul utile; tanta
Sed Fortuna tua est, pariter quenq; utile quoq;
Dules dat ad placitum; saxe nos yeere nati
Quassitum imus cerm per inhospita Caussa longi,
Perq; Pyrenaeos montes, Babylononaq; turpem;
Quod si quassitum nec ibi inveniremus, ingen
Equor inexhaustus permenti erroribus utra,
Flectibus in medtis socijs quernus Ulysse:
Passibus inde decem fessis confitabantur acragm,
Nobile cui furtum quereni defuit orbis;
Namq; sinu pudet in patrio, tenebris; pudendis,
Non nimir ingenio Juvenem infelice virente
Officis frustra dependere viibus annos;
Frugibus & vaenas speratis cernare spiros.
Hominus ergo statui; quis eunti haust a precurt?
Et pede olivos fesso calcabimus Alpes.
Quis desit intera conditionis corre Britannos,
Quis tibi Litterados, quis carmen amore petulcum?
Musa sub Oebalij deserta cæcum ne montis,
Plebit inexhausto tum longa silentia plantum,
Lugebitq; sacrum lacrymis Helicona tacentum;
Harvelusq; bonus (charus licet omnibus ideum)
Her; suo merito propo saevior omnibus, unus
Angelus & Gabriel, quamvis comitatus amicis
Innumerus. Genijsq; chero stipatus amans,
Lametito tanum unum absentem sapere requirit;
Optabilis: Utinam meus his Edmundus ade set,
Qui nova scriptisset, nec amores continuiss set
Ipse nos & sese animo verbis: benignus
Fausta prececarum, Deus ilium aliquando requiescet! &c.

Plura vellem per Charitos, sed non licet per Munsas. Vale, Vale plumimum, Mi amabilissime Harveie, mee cordi, meorum omnium longe charissime.

I was minded also to have sent you some English verses, or rymes, for a farewell; but, by my truth, I have no spare time in the world, to thinke on such toyes, that you knowe will demand a freer head than mine is presently. I beseeche you by all your curtesies and graces, let me be answered, ere I goe: which will be, (I hope, I feare, I thinke) the next weeke, if I can be dispatched of my Lorde. I goe thither, as sent by him, and maintained most what of him: and there am to employ my time, my body, my minde, to his honours service. Thus, with many superhnrth performances and recommendations to your selfe, and all my friends with you, I end my last farewell, not thinking any more to write to you before I goe: and with all commendations to your faithfull credence the eternall memorie of our everlasting friendship; the inviolable memorie of our unspotted friendship; the sacred memorie of our vowed friendship; which I beseech you continue with usall writings, as you may; and of all things let me heare some newes from you. As gentle M. Sidney, I thanke his good worship, hath required of me, and so promised to doe againe. Qui moned, ut facias, quod jam facis; you know the rest

b See the quotation, however, presently cited from Harvey's answer to this Letter.
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF SPENSER.

You may always send them most safely to me by Mistresse Kerke, and by none other. So once again, and yet once more, farewell most hartily, mine owne good Master II. and love me, as I love you, and thinke upon poore Immerito, as he thinketh upon you.

Leyester House, this 16 of October, 1579.«

Per mare, per terrar,  
Virus mortuusq;  
Tuis Immerito.»

In Harvey’s answer to this Letter, dated “Trinitie IIall, 23. Octob. 1579,” he desires Spenser to give him “leave to playe the counsaylour a while?” and he conjures him, “by the contents of the Verses and Rynes enclosed,” (viz.Certaine Latin Verses, of the frailtice and mutabilitie of all things, seeing only vertue; written by M. Doctor Norton, paraphrastically varied by M. Doctor Gouldingham, translated by olde Maister Wythepol, and paraphrastically varied in English by Harvey himself;) “and by al the good and bad Spirites that attende upon the Authors themselves, immediately upon the contemplation thereof, to abandon all other fooleries, and honour Vertue, the onely immortal and surviving Accidents amongst so manye mortal and ever-perishing Substances.” After this judicious advice, he presently notices the English poem which Spenser had sent him: “Your Englishe Tryptaes I lyke better than perhaps you will easily believe; and am to requite them wyth better or worse, at more convenient leasure. Marry, you must pardon me, I finde not your warrant so sufficiently good and substantiall in lawe, that it can persuade me they are all so precisely for the feete, as your selfe over-partially weene and over-confidently avouche;” and he accordingly specifies some errors committed by Spenser in this example of English verse composed according to Latin rules; an attempt, which, however once the favourite employment of our poets in the age of Elizabeth, will be always too repulsive to gain many admirers or imitators; requiring, as it generally requires, a pronunciation most dismal, most unmusical, or most ridiculous; an attempt indeed, which has not escaped the lash of a just and indignant satire. From the unprofitable criticism of Harvey I therefore turn to a more important remark in his Letter, in which he appears to have been justified: “As for your speedy and hasty travell, methinks I dare still wager al the books and writings in my study, which you know ° I esteeme of greater value than al the golde and silver in my purse or chest, that you will not, that you shall not, I saye, bee gone over sea, for al your saying, neither the next nor the nexte weeke.” And indeed it may justly be doubted whether Spenser was ever employed on this intended com-

° He says in a former part of this letter that it was the sixteenth day of month. See p. xv. The date 5 at this conclusion, in the original publication, is therefore a mistake.

°° See bishop Hall’s Satires, B. i. Sat. iv. where he rightely calls effusions of this kind, “rhymeresse numbers;” and adds,

"Unbid lymbes flow from careless head!"

And in Sat. vi. having ridiculed those who scorne “the homespun thread of rhymes,” he proceeds:

"Whoever saw a cot, wuntan wild,  
Yelk’d with a slow-foot ox on fallow field,  
Can right arced how handesomly besets  
Dull spondees with the English daylights;  
If Dovre speake English in a drunkling cloud,  
Theick thwack, and riff raff, rear he out abond!  
Pie on the forged mint that did create  
New coin of words never articulate."

See also a judicious observation of Nash, in his Fourre Letters confuted, 1592. Sign. G. 3. “The hexameter verse I grant to be a gentleman of an amencnt house, (so is many an English beggar,) yet this cyme of ours hee cannot thrive in; our speech is too craggy for him to set his ploogh in; hee goes twitching and hoppinge in our language like a man running vpon quagmires vp the hill in one syllable, and downe the dale in another; retaining no part of that stately smooth gate, which he vants himself with amongst the Greeks and Latines.”

° Dr. Percy, the present bishop of Dromore, possesse, as I have been informed by Mr. Cooper Walker, some books which belonged to Harvey; in which are manuscript notes by this friend of Spenser. I have seen the following pieces, which were also part of Harvey’s library, and are now (bound in one volume) in the possession of James Hindley, Esq., in which are several observations written likewise by Harvey, applicable to the subjects of the several pieces; incidentally commending Gascoigne, bishop Watson, Chiche, and Ascham; and showing a great attachment to Italian literature, the taste indeed of that period.

4. An Italian Grammar, written in Latin by Nicolò Turliuo a Neapolitano, and turned into English by H. G. 1578.
mission; which, some of his biographers have asserted, constituted him Agent for the Earl of Leicester in France and other foreign countries. For, by the date of Spenser’s next Letter to Harvey, we find him still in London; and an interval of less than six months only had elapsed, since his mention of an appointment; a period hardly sufficient to have allowed him the exercise of such an appointment, even in a small degree; in regard to which we have also no further memorial.

Before I present the reader with Spenser’s next Letter to Harvey, it is necessary to observe that his first Letter, already given, affects the credibility of his pretended introduction to Philip Sidney, on account of his presentation to him of the ninth Canto of the first Book of the Faerie Queene; for it shews that he was known to Sidney previously to the publication of the Shepheard’s Calendar in 1579. This incontrovertible fact refutes the opinion also of a very elegant writer, and of others less known to fame that “the Dedication of the Shepheard’s Calendar seems to have procured Spenser his first introduction to Sir Philip Sidney.”

In Spenser’s second Letter to Harvey, some interesting remarks concerning his works occur.

To my long approved and singular good frende, Master G. H. Good Master H. I doubt not but you have some great important matter in hande, which at this while restraynest your penne, and wanted readiness in provoking me unto that, wherein your selfe now faulte. If there bee any such thing in hatching, I pray you hartily, let us knowe, before all the worlde see it. But if haply you dwell altogether in Justinian’s courte, and give your selfe to be devoured of secrete studies, as of likelyhood you doe: yet at least impart some your olde, or newe, Latine, or Englishse, eloquent and gallant poesies to us, from whose eyes, you saye, you keepe in a manner nothing hidden.

“Little newes is here stirred; but that olde greate matter still depending. His Honoure never better. I thinke the Earthquake was also there wyth you, (which I would gladly learn,) as it was here with us; overthrowing divers old buildings, and pieces of churches. Sure very strange to be hearde of in these countries, and yet I heare some saye, (I know not howe truely) that they have knowne the like before in their daies. Sed quid robis videtar magnus Philosophus?

“I like your late Englishse Hexameters so exceedingly well, that I also enable my penne sometime in that kinde: whyche I fynd indeede, as I have heard you often defende in worde, neither so harde nor so harshe, that it will easily and fairely yeelde it selfe to oure moother tongue. For the onely, or chiefest hardnesse, whyche seemeth, is in the accente; whyche sometime gapeth, and as it were yawneth ifavouredly; comming shorte of that it should, and sometime exceeding the measure of the number, as in Carpenter, the middle sillable being used shorte in speache, when it shall be read long in verse, seemeth like a lame gosling, that draweth one legge after hir; and Heaven, beeing used shorte as one sillable when it is in verse, stretched out with a diastole, is like a lame dogge that holds up one legge. But it is to be womane with custome, and rough words must be subdued with use. For, why a God’s name may not we, as else the Grekes, have the kindeome of our owne language, and measure our accentes by the sounde, reserving the quantitie to the verse?—Loe here I let you see my olde use of toying in rynes, turned into your artificial straightnesse of verse by this Tetrastichon. I beseech you tell me your fancie, without partialitie.

See yee the blindefaulde prest god, that feathered archer,
Of lovers miseries which maketh his bloody game?
Wote ye why, his mother with a veale hath covered his face?
Truste me, leas he my loovee happily chaunes to beholde.”—

I should have omitted the preceding paragraph, for the same reason as I have omitted Harvey’s criticism, if I had thought it justifiable to withhold from the reader any poetical fragment of Spenser; for to the name of poetry these English hexameters and pentameters, by

1 Life of Spenser, prefixed to the folio edition of his Works in 1679; and Hughes’s Life of Spenser, prefixed to both his editions of the Works.
2 Ellis’s Specimens of the early English Poets, Art. Spenser.
3 The Earl of Leicester.
4 Else is perhaps a misprint for ets or aets.
the expression of the author, evidently pretend; as does the wretched couplet immediately following:

"That which I eate, did I joy, and that which I greedily gorged;
"As for those many goodly matters leaf I for others."

Spenser afterwards requests Harvey to send him the Rules and Precepts of Art which he observes in quantities; or else to follow those which Drant had devised, Sidney improved, and himself augmented; lest their discrepancy in this important point should destroy each other's system! Spenser proceeds:

"Trust me, you will hardly believe what greate good liking and estimation Maister Dyer had of your satyrical verses, and I, since the viewe thereof, having before of my selfe had speciall liking of Englishes versifying, am even nowe aboute to give you some token what, and bowe well therein, I am able to doe: for, to tell you trueth, I mynde shortly, at convenient lesure, to sette forthe a booke in this kinde, whyche I entitle, Epitthalamion Thamesis; whyche booke 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 shewe his first beginning and offspire, and all the countrye that he passeth thorough, and also describe all the rivers throughout Englane, whyche came to this wedding, and their righte names, and right passage, &c. a worke, believe me, of much labour, wherein, notwithstanding, Master Holinshed hath muche furthered and advantaged me, who therein hath bestowed singular paines, in searching oute their course, til they fall into the sea."

\[O \\text{Tite, squid, ego,}\\]
\[Ecquid erit pretii?\\]

But of that more hereafter. Nowe, my Dreams, and Dying Pellicane, being fully finished, (as I partely signified in my laste letters) and presentely to bee imprinted, I wil in hande forthwith with my Faerie Queene, whyche I praye you haritly sende me with al expedition; and your friendly letters, and long expected judgement withal, whyche let not be shorte, but in all pointes such as you ordinarilye use, and I extraordinarilye desire. Multum vale. Westminster. Quarto non. Aprilis [Apr. 10.] 1590. Sed, amato te, Meum Corculum tibi se ex animo commendat plurimum: junkia mirata, te nihil ad literas suas respons dedisse. Vide quoque, no id tibi Capitale sit: nihii certe quidem erit, neque tibi herele impune, ut opinor. Iterum vale, et quinam voles sqvp. Yours always to commannde, Immerito.

Postscript.

I take best my Dreams shoulde come forth alone, being grown by means of the Glose, (running continually in manner of a paraphrase,) full as great as my Calendar. Therin be some things excellently, and many things wittily, discoursed of E. K., and the pictures so singularly set forth and portrayed, as, if Michael Angelo were there, he could (I think) nor amende the best, nor reprehend the worst. I know you would lyke them passing wel. Of my Stemmata Dediciana, and especially of the sundry apostrophes therein, addressed you knowe to whom, muste more advisement be had, than so lightly to sende them abroade: howbeit, trust me (though I doe never very well) yet, in my owne fancie, I never dyd better: Veruntamen te sequor, quin am aumen vero assequar."

While this Letter was on its way to Harvey, Harvey had dispatched a long epistle to Spenser, dated the 7th of April, the day after the earthquake had happened; to which event

1 Spenser, it seems, had prefixed to these satyrical verses a Sonnet. See Harvey’s Fourre Letters, and certaine Sonnets, 1592. Sign Vs, x. where Harvey, having given a dozen of his own hexameters, adds; "the verse is not unknown to many; and runneth in one of those unsatyrical Satyres, which E. K. Spenser long since embraced with an overleaving Sonnet: a token of his affection, not a testimony of his judgement." The Sonnet is lost; as is another poem also, of which E. K. has given us a line in his notes on the sixth Eologue of the Shepherds Calender.

2 This is a direct proof that Spenser had begun his great poem: he desires the opinion of his friend upon it; which, as we shall presently see, was not calculated to encourage the ardour of the poet.

3 This work appears, by a subsequent extract from Harvey’s Letter to Spenser, to have been written in Latin. It was, no doubt, a curious and valuable description of the Earl of Leicester’s genealogy; and "the sundry apostrophes therein" we may reasonably suppose to have been addressed to Sir Philip Sidney.
Spenser has adverted. The fluency of Harvey's abuse respecting the state of learning and discipline at that time in the University, exclusive of his "short but sharp and learned judgement of Earthquakes", forms the greater part of this epistle; from which I have already extracted what relates to Spenser's apparent disappointment at Cambridge; and of which species of illiberal remark no other specimen, I conceive, is necessary. What he says of Spenser's finished and intended poetry, is too important to be omitted: "Commende mee to thine owne good selfe, and tell thy Dying Pellegrin, and thy Dreames, from me, I wil now leave dreaming any longer of them, til with these eyes I see them forth indeede: And then againe, I imagine your *Magnificenza will holde us in suspense as long for your nine English Comedies, and your Latine *Stemmata Galeatiana: whiche two shal go for my mony, when all is done; especialyf if you woulde but bestow one seven nights polishing and trimming uppon eyther: Whiche, I pray thee, doe for my pleasure, if not for their sake, nor thine owne profitte.

There is also an allusion in it (worthy of quotation) to the *puritanical controversies which had existed at Cambridge; in regard to one of which Spenser had already expressed a strong opinion: "No more adoe about cappes and surpulses: Maister Cartwright night be forgotten: The man you wot of, conformable, with his square cappe on his rounde heade, and non resident at pleasure, &c."

After the Letter, from which the preceding extracts have been made, there follows, in the same publication, another without date, entitled "A gallant familiar Letter, containing an answer to that of M. Immerito, with sundry proper examples, and some precepts, of our Enlgiske reformed Versifying." Of examples which supply occasion principally for animadversion, and of precepts which administer no service to English literature, extensive notice, as I have before hinted, is hardly requisite. Prefixed, however, to the author's *Encomium Lauri, (one of his examples) is a curious remark addressed to Spenser: "Thinke upon Petrarches

* Arbor vittoressa, triumfale,
* Onor d'imperadore et di poete:

and perhappes it will advance the wynges of your Imagination a degree higher; at the least if any thing can be added to the loftinesse of his conceite, whom gentle Mistress Rosalinde once reported to have all the Intelligences at commandement, and an other time christened him Segnor Pegano."

This alludes to the pleasant days of love that were gone and past. And it is rather strange that Harvey should introduce a subject, of which the remembrance could not be very pleasing to a deserted lover. The *Encomium Lauri thus commences; which I cite, in order to introduce Nash's happy burlesque of it:

"What might I call this Tree? A Laurell? O bonny Laurell:
"Needes to thy bowes will I bow this knee, and vayle my bonetto."

And accordingly Nash, in the *Four Letters confluted, describes Harvey walking under the "ewe-tree at Trinity Hall," and addressing it in the very same terms; and as making "verses

m See p. xix. The date is ascertained by a copy of verses on the event in Yates's "Castell of courtesie, whereunto is adoined the holde of humilitie, &c." 4to. 1592. Nash is equally severe in regard to Harvey's judgement, and to his brother Richard Harvey's *Astrological discourses; he calls Gabriel "a raguish commenter upon earthquakes," and Richard's discourse "a lerd piece of prophesie--John Dolet's prophesie of flying dragons, comets, earthquakes, and inundations; of which every militer made a commenter, and not an oyster-witte but mocked it." See the *Four Letters confluted, 1592; and *Have with you to Saffron Walden, 1596.

n See p. ix., &c.

* An allusion to the *Faerie Queene. See Spenser's Letter to Sir Walter Raleigh: "In the person of Prince Arthur I sette forth Magnificence in particular, &c."

* The opposition to the "apparell and garments" prescribed by the Church of England, had indeed risen to such a height, as to occasion "A Declaration in the name and defence of certain Ministers in London, refusing to weare the apparell prescribed by the lawes and orders of the realme:" which gave rise to "A briefe examination of the same, in which the judgements of Peter Martyr and Bucer, on the point, are introduced, 4to. M. I. Impr. by R. Jugge. Spenser's affection to the non-conformists in this circumstance, is visible in the seventh Eclogue of his *Shepherd's Calendar.

c Cartwright was a noted non-conformist as well as a scholar, and is said to have been encouraged by the Earl of Leicester (Spenser's friend) in the well-known opposition to Whitgift. See Isaac Walton's *Life of Hooker. Cartwright had been fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and was Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, in the year when Spenser became a member of the University.
of weathercocks on the top of steeples, as he did once of the weathercooke of Allhallowes in Cambridge:

"O thou weathercocke, that stands on the top of Allhallowes,
Come thy wiles down, if thou dar'st for thy crowne, and take the wall on us!"

Harvey's *Encomium Lauri* is followed by what he calls *Speculum Tuscaniimi*, in other words, a representation of the Earl of Oxford, as Nash assures us, and as it was believed by others; although Harvey protests, on finding that "a company of speciall good fellowes would needs forsooth very courteously persnade the Earle that the *Mirrour of Tuscanismo* was palpably intended against him," he never meant to dishonour that nobleman with the least prejudicial word of his tongue or pen; and acknowledges his obligations to him while at Christ's College. The *Mirrour*, to whomsoever the application belongs, presents a curious description of a person whom (to adopt the phrase of Shakspeare) we must suppose "the glass of fashion," in these days, according to the Italian style; "a nobleman," says Nash, adopting the phrases of Harvey, distinguished by "new-fashioned apparel and Tuscanish gestures, cringing side necke, eyes glancing, finsonie smlocking," and again, speaking of these Letters to Spenser, he names the Earl of Oxford expressly: Harvey "came verie short but yet sharpe uppon my Lord of Oxford, in a rattling bundle of English hexameters!" Of which here follows a specimen, as it respects the new-fashioned apparel:

"For life Magnifico, not a beack but glorious in shew,—
"Stratte to the deoke, like a shirte; and close to the bretch, like a derving:
"A little apish hate, cowched fast to the pote, like an oyster:
"French canarwick ruffes, deep with a witnesse, starched to the purpose.
"Dlicate in speach, queynte in araye, consecitted in all poyntes;
"In courtly guyles, a passing singular oddle man;
"For Gallantes a brave Mirrour, &c."

In the next observble part of Harvey's Letter, is a metamorphosis of Spenser's Emblem to his third Echlogue into the new-fangled hexameters; an insult to simplicity, not indeed directly offered by Harvey himself; as it is the production, it seems, of his pupil *in this art of versifying*; which, however, he transcribes with apparent ecstasy, and complacently adds, in respect to the barbarous transformation, and to other specimens of his disciple's rapid progress, "not passing a word or two corrected by me!"

After jesting with Spenser on the probability of his "living by Dying Pellionnes, and purchasing great landes and lordshippes with the money which his Calendar and Dreams have [afforded] and will affourde him," he proceeds with the criticism on the *Dreams* already cited; and he adds this cold and tasteless remark upon the *Faerie Queene*: "In good faith I had once againe nigh forgotten your Faerie Queene: howbeit, by good chaunce I have nowe sent him home at the laste, neither in better nor worse case than I found him. And must you, of necessitie, have my judgement of hir in deede? To be plaine; I am voyde of al judgement, if your *nine Comedies*, whereunto, in imitation of Ierodotus, you give the names of the Nine Muses, (and in one man fannie not unworthy,) come not neerer Ariostes *Comedies*, euyther for the finenesse of plausible elucation, or the rareenesse of poetical invention, than that *Eliche Queene* doth to his *Orlando Furioso*; which, notwithstanding, you wil needes seeme to emulate, and hope to overgo, as you flatly professd yourself in one of your last Letters. Besides that, you know it hath bene the usual practise of the most exquisite and odde wittes in all nations, and specially in *Italie,

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* Four Lette.rs, &c. 1592.
* Four Letters confuted, &c. 1593.
* Have with you to Saffron-Walden, 1596. The same fact is repeated in this publication, and in the Four Letters confuted.
* See p. x., &c.
* "It is to be lamented," says Mr. Cooper Walker in a letter to me, "that Spenser's *nine Comedies*, so much extolled by Harvey, are lost. It is supposed they were not dramatick poems, but a series of lines in nine divisions like the *Traces of the Muses*, and that to each division was given the denomination of *Comedy*; the author using that term in the wide sense in which it was employed by Dante, Boccacio, and other early Italian writers. But I think the words of Harvey are decisive in regard to the form of these pies. For the *Comedies* of Ariosto, to which he compares the *Comedies* of Spenser, and to which he thinks they *come so near*, are *regular dramas*; as are the *Comedies* of Hibiscus, Machiaveli, and Aretino, with which he classes them."
rather to shew and advance themselves that way than any other; as namely, those three
dyscourses heads, Bibiena, Machiavel, and Areine, did, (to let Bembo and Ariosto passe,) with
the great admiration and wonderment of the whole countrey; being indeed reputed matchable
in all points, both for conceit of witte and eloquent deciphering of matters, either with
Aristophanes and Menander in Greek, or with Plautus and Terence in Latin, or with any other
in any other tong. But I wil not stand greatly with you in your owne matters. If so be the
Faery Queene be fairer in your eie than the Nine Muses, and Hobgoblin runne away with the
garland from Apollo; marke what I saye; and yet I will not say that [which] I thought; but
there an end for this once, and fare you well till God, or some good Auntell, putte you in a
better mind." To this injudicious opinion of the Faerie Queene, are subjoined some amatory complets,
written by Harvey at the request of "an honest country gentleman" his friend, (as he relates,) who
desired to present his mistress with a rhyming token of his affection. They are addressed
"To my good Mistresse Anne, the very lyfe of my lyfe, &c." and begin;

"Gentle Mistresse Anne, I am plaine by nature:
"I was never so farre in love with any creature, &c."

and I have mentioned them only to rescue Spenser from the charge of having composed them;
for Mr. Chalmers has said, that Shakspeare doubtless saw these verses of Spenser; which he
contends are the precedent for Shakspeare's epistle, and the archetype of his verses, to Anna
Hatherwaye. To the poetical offences of Spenser, however, these rhymes are clearly not to be added.—
To return to Spenser's employments: If, as it has been supposed, his journey to the continent
did not take place; he did not, however, remain long a stranger to the business of active life.
In July 1590, Sir Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, departed from England as Lord Lieutenant for
Ireland; to whom Spenser was appointed Secretary. In the Sidney Papers, published by
Collins, there is an excellent Letter of Sir Henry Sidney to this nobleman, on account of his
promotion, and with a view to assist his administration; Sir Henry having acted in that kingdom,
as Lord Justice or Lord Deputy, about eleven years. To Sir Henry Sidney also Lord Grey was
allied; and Sir Henry had married the Earl of Leicester's sister. Spenser, therefore, we may
reasonably suppose, was particularly indebted, on this occasion, to the recommendation of Lord
Leicester. Lord Grey was recalled in 1582. And with him Spenser probably returned to
England.

Of this nobleman Spenser has made frequent mention in his View of the State of Ireland;
defending his reputation against hasty censures; asserting, with affectionate zeal, his glory;
and expressing, with amiable gratitude, his obligations to him; on which point he dwells more
particularly in the Sonnet sent to his Lordship with the first edition of the Faerie Queene. To
the interest of Lord Grey, joined to that of Lord Leicester and Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser
probably owed the grant * from Queen Elizabeth of 3928 acres in the county of Cork, out of

* Apology for the Believers of the Shakspeare MSS. p. 176.
1 See the Life of Spenser, prefixed to Church's edition of the Faer. Qu. and the Biograph. Brit.
2 The very important Instructions to this Nobleman, on his appointment to the vice-royalty, are in the manuscript
Library at Lambeth Palace; and numbered 600. p. 252. Dr. Wilkins, formerly Librarian at Lambeth, has confounded
this nobleman with Lord Leonard Grey.
3 Philips, the nephew of Milton, in his Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum, published in 1675, relates that Sir Philip
Sidney procured Spenser the appointment of Secretary to Sir Henry Sidney; and that, upon Sir Henry's return to
England, Spenser's employment also ceased. This account is evidently erroneous. It is worthy of remark, however, that
a Mr. Spencer was employed in a confidential capacity, under the Irish administration soon after Sir Henry's time. But
this person was an aged man. See an account of the important employments on which he was deputed to England in the
MSS. No. 597. pp. 330, 341, 302, 306, &c. Sir William Pelham, Lord Justice of Ireland, speaks of this Mr. Spencer
with great respect, styling him "his brother Spencer, as now growinge into years, and having many waks deserved
some consideration from her Maiestie." This letter is dated Jan. 14, 1590.
4 Vol. I. p. 279, &c.
* It has been lately mentioned by an elegant critic, speaking of the poet's situation under Lord Grey in 1590, that
he wrote a Discourse on the State of Ireland, containing many judicious observations on the schemes of policy proper
for that country. His services to the crown were rewarded with a grant of 3028 acres in the county of Cork, &c." Dr.
Aikin's account of Spenser's Life, &c. prefixed to the edition of the poems in 1812. This seems to imply that Spenser's
the forfeited lands of the Earl of Desmond. The grant is said to be dated d June 27. 1536. In the October following he lost his friend and patron, Sir Philip Sidney; whose death he has tenderly lamented in the pastoral Elegy, entitled Astrophel; and whom he has taken many opportunities of introducing into his poetry as a model of virtue and honour and learning, as well as the theme of his own affection. Sidney indeed was universally admired and beloved. After this melancholy event, he repaired again to Ireland, being indeed obliged, by the royal patent, to cultivate the land assigned to him.

The residence of Spenser was at Kilecolm in the County of Cork. It is thus described by an able topographer. "Two miles Northwest of Doneraile is Kilecolm, a ruined castle of the Earls of Desmond; but more celebrated for being the residence of the immortal Spenser, where he composed his divine poem The Faerie Queene. The castle is now almost level with the ground. It was situated on the North side of a fine lake, in the midst of a vast plain, terminated to the East by the county of Waterford mountains; Bally-howra hills to the North, or, as Spenser terms them, the mountains of Mole; Nagle mountains to the South; and the mountains of Kerry to the West. It commanded a view of above half of the breadth of Ireland; and must have been, when the adjacent uplands were wooded, a most pleasant and romantick situation; from whence, no doubt, Spenser drew several parts of the scenery of his poem. The river Mulla, which he more than once has introduced in his poems, ran through his grounds." Here indeed the poet has described himself, as keeping his flock under the foot of the mountain Mole, amongst the cooly shades of green oaks by the shore of Mulla; and charming his oat pipe (as his custom was) to his fellow shepherd-swains.

In this delightful retreat he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, with whom he had formed an intimacy on his first arrival in Ireland; Raleigh being at that time a captain in the Queen's army. As Raleigh had greatly contributed, by his activity, to suppress the rebellion of Desmond; a considerable portion of that nobleman's forfeited property had been granted

View of the State of Ireland had occasioned the royal bounty. But that is a mistake. The View of the State of Ireland was not written before 1566, as I shall presently shew in my remarks on this eminent proof of Spenser's political abilities.

d Dr. Birch's Life of Spenser, prefixed to the edition of the Faerie Queene in 1751; and the Biograph. Brit. e Oldys, in his manuscript additions to Winstanley's Lives of the English Poets, says "that he could muster up two hundred authors who had spoken in praise of Sir Philip Sidney."

f The persons, to whom the forfeited lands were granted, were accordingly named Undertakers. See Dr. Birch's Life at supr. and the Biogr. Brit. It appears that the annual rent of Spenser's 3028 acres was valued at £ 17. 7s. 6d.


h See the Sonnets to the Earl of Ormond and Lord Grey; Colin Clouts come home again; and the Faer. Qu. iv. xi. 41, vii. vi. 36, &c.

i Colin Clouts come home again, ver. 57, &c. Mr. Thomas Warton has, with much elegance, represented him forming the following poetical wish in regard to this pleasant spot. The lines have not appeared in the late edition of Mr. Warton's Poems. They have been communicated to me by his nephew, the Rev. John Warton.

VOTUM SPENSERI.

Hoc cecinit facti Spenseris arundine cænæm.
Qua virdices saltus lucida Mulla rigat:
Dii facite, inter ovae interque armenta cænæm
Defecim, et sylvis me premat atra dies;
Ut mili muscoso fiat de espèsse bosum,
Quae recubat prono quercæ opaca jugo:
Quin ipso tumului de vertice pauloeul utrō
Laurus, et injuvæ precipitam hicdren:
Spissaques passantes venecentar clan-set capillus,
Et proper cænes plurimus bolet ovae.
Exulant alië pradivæ nmorum nanes,
Quæ reges, validi quæ jacüra duces:
Ingentis qua latæ operosa per atra templi
Funerea ingeminant organa rite melos;
Quæ sub fornicibus sublimumibus, orbis erubet,
Suspensum aureolis fulget aspelli notis:
Mï sat erit, vetere Rosalinda augeant amores,
Consuerat et vernas ante sepulchrum rosas.

1 Dr. Birch's Life of Spenser prefixed to the edit. of the Faer. Qu. 1751, and Biograph. Brit.
3 Twelve thousand acres in the counties of Waterford and Cork. See Cox's, and from him Leland's, Hist. of Ireland. The Biograph Britannica asserts, on no authority however, that Raleigh's division was no less than thirty thousand acres. The forfeited property of Desmond is said to have consisted of near five hundred and eighty thousand acres.
to him. Whether Raleigh came voluntarily to take a view of his late-acquired seignory; or whether he retired from the Court of England in consequence of a disagreement with the Earl of Essex, which some writers believe; it appears, that his visit to Kilcolman occasioned an event of high importance in the history of literature; the determination of Spenser to prepare his first three Books of the Faerie Queene for immediate publication.

In a Letter, dated "August 17, 1589, from Captain Francis Allen to Antony Bacon, Esqr it is related that "My Lord of Essex hath chased Mr. Raleigh from the Court, and confined him into Ireland." Perhaps then Raleigh did not directly touch upon the Irish coast, in his return from the Portugal expedition, as "some assert; but probably left England in the summer of 1589. A poet himself, and the author of a poem" in praise of the Queen, he could not but listen with delight to the design which Spenser had formed. Spenser tells us that Raleigh, sitting beside him under the shady alders on the banks of Mulla, often "provoked him to play some pleasant fit;"

"And, when he heard the musicke which I made,
"He found himselfe full greatly pleas'd at it:
"Yet, smulling my pipe, he tooke in hand
"My pipe, before that smoulded of many,
"And plaid thereon: (for well that skill he cond.)
"Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any."

Encouraged by the judgement of this accomplished person, as he had probably long before been by that of Sidney, Spenser soon afterwards committed his Faerie Queene to the press; for at the end of the third Book, which was the conclusion of the first edition, he explains the general nature of his poem in a Letter to Sir Walter, dated Jan. 23, 1589-90. Before the reader, who is unacquainted with Spenser's allegorical manner, shall peruse the poem; it is advisable for him to attend to this explanatory epistle. Both the title-page of the Work, and this Letter to Raleigh, inform us that the Faerie Queene was to have been "disposed into twelve Books, fashioning xii Morall Virtues." But this intention was not accomplished; of which circumstance I shall presently take further notice. I know not whether Spenser might be influenced, in his division of the Moral Virtues, by a work which specifies the twelve virtues becoming a man of rank and courage; for I have not been able to procure a sight of this rare and curious publication. But I think it right to mention the existence of such a book; and I cite De Bure as my authority: "Le Livre de droit d'Armes, &c. Paris, Verard, 1468. in fol. Cette edition est assez recherché à cause de son antiquité, qui la rend recommandable. Il se trouve à la fin des exemplaires une petite pièce qui contient en abrégé les XII Vertus que doit avoir un homme pour être Noble, & de noble courage. Cette dernière petite Pièce est en Rithme Françoise."

To the end of the third Book were annexed, beside the Letter to Raleigh, the poetical commendations of friends to whose opinion the Poem had been submitted; as of Raleigh himself, in two copies of verses subscribed W. R.; of Gabriel Harvey, under the name (by which he is repeatedly distinguished in Spenser's works) of Hobynoll; and of others, whose names it is now impossible to unravel with certainty by the help only of initial letters. These are followed by Spenser's Sonnets to various persons of distinction; the number of which is augmented in the next edition. It appears to have been the custom of the time for an author to present, with a copy of his publication, poetical addresses of this kind to his superiors.

 n The writers in the Biograph. Brit.
* Entitled Cynthia. See Spenser's Sonnet to Raleigh, sent with the first three Books of the Faerie Queene; his Letter to him explaining the design of the Poem; Colin Clouts come home again, ver. 166; and the Introduction to the third Book of the F. Q. This poem, which Spenser has highly commended, was never published.
 p Colin Clouts come home again, ver. 69, &c.
 q See also Warton's preliminary Essay on Spenser's allegorical character.
 r Bibliograph. Instructive, Sciences et Arts, No. 2130. Spenser's design probably suggested a hint to the author of the following work: "Vertue Triumphant, or a lively description of the Fourre Vertus Cardinali, dedicated to the Kings Maiestie, 4to. Lond. 1605." The dedication is signed, William Leighton.
 s The reader, who is conversant with ancient English poetry, must often have observed the numerous Sonnets prefixed.
That Spenser then completed the first three Books of his Faerie Queene in Ireland, is not only presumable from the visit of Raleigh, and from the Sonnets to the Earl of Ormond and the Lord Grey; but is further illustrated in his friend Lodowick Bryskett's "Discourse of Civill Life; containing the Ethike part of Morall Philosophie; a book published in 1606, but written, as Mr. Malone ingeniously conjectures, between 1584 and 1589. The Discourse is "written to the right honorable Arthur late Lord Grey of Wilton." The introduction describes a party assembled at the author's cottage near Dublin; consisting of "Dr. Long, Primate of Ardmagh; Sir Robert Dillon, Knight; M. Dormer, the Queenes Sollicitor; Capt. Christopher Carleil; Capt. Thomas Norreis; Capt. Warham St. Leger; Capt. Nicholas Davrey; and M. Edmond Spenser, late your Lordships Secretary; and Th. Smith, apothecary." Of this remarkable and valuable publication, in which Spenser describes, or is made to describe, the moral intention of his Poem, little notice has hitherto been taken. Some extracts from it, I am persuaded, will be highly acceptable to the reader. They bear eminent testimony to the amiable temper, as well as to the extensive learning, of Spenser.

The conversation having been directed to the writings of the ancient philosophers, Bryskett makes this remark. "Herein do I greatly envie the happinesse of the Italians, who have in their mother-tongue late writers that have, with a singular easie method, taught all that which Plato or Aristotle have confusedly or obscurely left written. Of which, some I have begun to reade with no small delight; as Alexander Piccolomini, Gio. Baptista Giraldi, and Guazzo; all three having written upon the Ethick part of Morall Philosophie both exactly and perspicuously. And would God that some of our counrmen would shew themselves so wel affected to the good of their countrie, (whereof one principal and most important part consisteth in the instructing of men to vertue,) as to set downe in English the precepts of those parts of Morall Philosophy, whereby our youth might, without spending of so much time as the learning of those other languages require, speedily enter into the right course of vertuous life. In the meantime while I must struggle with those bookes which I understand, and content myselfe to plod upon them, in hope that God (who knoweth the sincerenesse of my desire) will be pleased to open my understanding so as I may reape that profit of my reading, which I travell for. Yet is there a gentleman in this company, whom I have had often a purpose to intreate, that, as his leisure might serve him, he would vouchsafe to spend some time with me to instruct me in some hard points which I cannot of myselfe understand; knowing him to be not onely perfect in the Greek tongue, but also very well read in Philosophie both morall and naturall. Nevertheless, such is my bashfulness as I never yet durst open my mouth to disclose this my desire unto him, though I have not wanted some hurring thereunto from himselfe. For, of his love and kindness to me, he encouraged me long sithens to follow the reading of the Greeke tongue, and offered me his helpe to make me understand it. But now that so good an opportunitie is offered unto me to satisfy in some sort my desire, I thinke I should commit a great fault, not to myselfe alone, but to all this company, if I should not enter my request thus farre as to move him to spend this time, which we have now destined to familiar discourse and conversation, in declaring unto us the great benefites which men obtaine by the knowledge of Morall Philosophie, and in making us to know what the same is, what be the parts thereof, whereby vertues are distingushed from vices.—Therefore, said I, turning myselfe to M. Spenser, It is you, sir, to whom it pertaineth to shew yoursefle courteous now unto us all, and to make us all beholding unto you for the pleasure and profit which we shall gather from your speeches, if you shall vouchsafe to open unto us the goodly cabinet, in which this excellent treasure of vertues lieth locked up from the vulgar sort. And thereof in the behalfe of all, as for myselfe, I do most earnestly intreate

or subjoined, to works published in the age of Elizabeth. It was the age of adulation. I have had occasion to notice, in the instance of Henry Lok's "Ecclesiastica paraphrased," which was published in 1597, the circumstance of the Sonnet to each particular person being also detached from the rest, and transferred accordingly to the first leaf of the Copy of the work presented by the author.

* Lond. Printed for Ed. Blount, 1698. 4to. The book is not often to be met with.

† Dr. Birch mentions the book at the end of his Life of Spenser, prefixed to the edition of the Faerie Queene in 1751; but his account of it is very brief and unsatisfactory.

* Page 24, &c.
you not to say us nay. Unto which words of mine every man applauding, most with like words of request, and the rest with gesture and countenances expressing as much, M. Spenser answered in this manner.

"Though it may seeme hard for me to refuse the request made by you all, whom, every one alone, I should for many respects be willing to gratifie; yet, as the case standeth, I doubt not but, with the consent of the most part of you, I shall be excused at this time of this taske which would be laid upon me. For sure I am that it is not unknowne unto you, that I have already undertaken a work tending to the same effect, which is in heroidal verse, under the title of a Faerie Queene, to represent all the moral vertues; assigning to every Virtue a Knight, to be the patron and defender of the same; in whose actions and feats of armes and chivalry, the operations of that vertue, wherein he is the protector, are to be expressed; and the vices and unruly appetites, that oppose themselves against the same, to be beaten downe and overcome. Which work, as I have already well entered into, if God shall please to spare me life that I may finish it according to my mind; your wish, M. Bryskett, will be in some sort accomplished, though perhaps not so effectually as you could desire. And the same may very well serve for my excuse, if at this time I crave to be forborne in this your request; since any discourse, that I might make thus on the sudden in such a subject, would be but simple and little to your satisfactions. For it would require good advisement and premeditation for any man to undertake the declaration of these points that you have proposed, containing in effect the Ethicke part of Morall Philosophie. Whereof since I have taken in hand to discourse at large in my poeme before spoken, I hope the expectation of that work may serve to free me at this time from speaking in that matter, notwithstanding your motion and all your intreaties. But I will tell you how I thinke by himselfe he may very well excuse my speech, and yet satisfe all you in this matter. I have seene, as he knoweth, a translation made by himselfe out of the Italian tongue, of a dialogue comprehending all the Ethicke part of Moral Philosophy, written by one of those three he formerly mentioned; and that is by Giraldi, under the title of a dialogue of civil life. If it please him to bring us forth that translation to be here read among us; or otherwise to deliver to us, as his memory may serve him, the contents of the same; he shal, I warrant you, satisfe you all at the ful; and himselfe will have no cause but to thinke the time well spent in reviewing his labors, especially in the company of so many of his friends, who may thereby reape much profit; and the translation happily fare the better by some mending it may receive in the perusing, as all writings else may do, by the often examination of the same. Neither let it trouble him, that I so turne over to him againe the taske he would have put me to: for it fulleth out fit for him to verify the principall part of all this apologie, even now made for himselfe; because thereby it will appeare that he hath not withrawnse himself from service of the State to live idle, or wholly private to himselfe, but hath spent some time in doing that which may greatly benefit others; and hath served not a little to the bettering of his owne

* See his Letter to Harvey, already cited, dated April 10, 1580.
* The commencement of this Discourse explains the allusion of Spenser, "When it pleased you, my good Lord," says Bryskett to Lord Grey, "upon the decease of Master John Chaloner, her Maiesties Secretarie of this State, which you then governed as Lord Deputie of this Realme, to make choice of me to supply that place, and to recommend me by your honorable letters to that effect, I received a very sufficient testimonie of your good opinion and favourable inclination towards me. And albeit your intention and desire in that behalf took not effect, whether through my unworthinesse, or by the labour and practise of others; yet because your testimonie was to me instar multorum judicium, and because that repulse served you as an occasion to do me after a greater favour, I have evermore sithens carried a continual desire to shew myselfe thankfull to your Lordship. For when, at my humble suit, you vouchsaft to grant me libertie without offence to resign the office which I had then held seven yeares, as Clerk of this Counsell, and to withdraw myselfe from that thanklesse toyle to the quittenes of my intermitted studies, I must needs confesse, I held myselfe more bound unto you therefore then for all other the benefits which you had bestowed upon me, and all the declarations of honorable affection, whereof you had given me many testimonies before." Bryskett, in his address "to the gentle and discreet reader," relates that "the work had long layne by him." Among the Carew manuscripts in the Library at Lambeth palace, there is a Letter from Secretary Cecil to Sir George Carew, dated Nov. 19, 1600, (No. 604, p. 59,) wherein Cecil expresses "the regard he has of Mr. Bryskett as an ancient servitor in Ireland and well deserving;" and recommends his cause, respecting an interest which the Queen had granted him in the Abbey of Bridgetown, very strongy to Sir George: Bryskett being absent, and "now imploied by her Maj into the parties beyond the seas for her service." He appears to have held the office also of Clerk to the Council of Munster, after Spenser; of which circumstance I shall have occasion to take further notice.
mind, and increasing of his knowledge; though he for modesty pretend much ignorance, and
pleade want in wealth; much like some rich beggars, who either of custom or for covetousnes,
go to begge of others those things whereof they have no want at home.

“With this answer of M. Spenser, it seemed that all the company were wel satisfied: for
after some few speeches, whereby they had shewed an extreme longing after his worke of the
Faerie Queene, whereof some parcels had bin by some of them seene, they all began to press me
to produce my translation mentioned by M. Spenser, that it might be perused among them; or
else that I should, as neare as I could, deliver unto them the contents of the same, supposing
that my memory would not much faile me in a thing so studied, and advisedly set downe in
writing, as a translation must be.”

With this request Bryskett at length complied; and he accordingly proceeds to deliver his
translation of Giraldi; premising that “he must now presuppose that, whom he esteemes to
be as those gentlemen introduced [in the dialogue] by this author, have likewise moved the
same question which they did; to wit, What maner of life a gentleman is to undertake and
propose to himselfe, to attaine to that end in this world which among wisemen hath bene, and
is, accounted the best; beginning from the day of his birth, and so guiding him therein untill he
be meet to purchase the same end: And likewise, where any occasion of doubt or question for
the better understanding may happen in the Discourse, that some one of them, desiring to be
resolved therein wil demand such questions as shall be needfull.” A few questions are
accordingly proposed by Spenser, arising principally from the discussion of the doctrines of
Plato and Aristotle.

The first edition of the Faerie Queene being at length prepared for the press, it is probable
that Spenser accepted the proposal of Raleigh to accompany him to England. The Dedication
of Colin Clouts come home again represents that poem as “agreeing with the truth in circumstance
and matter;” and the patronage of Raleigh is thus related 7 in the Pastoral:

> "When thus our pipes we both had wareid weal,
> (Quoth he,) and each an end of singing made,
> He gan to cast great lykynge to my love,
> "And great dialyking to my lucklesse lot,
> That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
> Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.
> The which to leave, thenceforth he counselled mee,
> Unmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,
> And wend with him, his Cynthia to see;
> Whose grace was grete, and bounty most rewardfull.—
> So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
> He me persuaded forth with him to fare.—
> So to the sea we came, &c."

Raleigh afterwards introduced him to the Queen; and the Queen inclined her ear, with
satisfaction, to his 9 “simple song,” as Spenser modestly denominates his poetry.

It has been long a received opinion, that he was nominated Poet Laureate. His cotempora-
ries certainly considered him worthy of the title; and frequently speak of him in terms
appropriate to that distinction. Thus Webbe, in his Discourse of English Poetrie, published in
1566, contends that Spenser “may well wear the garlande, and step before the best of all
English poets.” And, what is very remarkable, in the third edition of the Shepheards Calender,
which was also published in 1566, the elder reading of the following verse in the twelfth
Eclogue, “The rurall song of carefull Colinet,” (where Colinet means Spenser), is changed into
“The laurell song &c.” The writer of the Sonnet addressed to Florio in his Second Frutes,
published in 1592, seems to point at Spenser by a similar expression:

> “So when that all our English witts lay dead,
> Except the Laurell that is ever greene,
> Thou with thy Frutes our barreness o’re-spread, &c.”

And Nash, in his Supplication of Pierce Penniless, published in the same year, declares that he

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2 Pages 163, 271, &c. to the end of the book.
7 Colin Clouts come home again, ver. 178.
9 Colin Clouts come home again, ver. 192, &c.
had intended to “decypher the excess of gluttonie at large, but that a new Laureat sav’d him the labor.” But the fact is, as Mr. Malone has accurately stated it:  

b “Undoubtedly Elizabeth had no Poet Laureate, till in February 1590-1 she conferred on Spenser a pension of fifty pounds a year, the grant of which was discovered some years ago in the Chapel of the Rolls; from which time to his death in 1599, he may properly be considered as filling this office, though, like most of his predecessors, and his two immediate successors, he is not expressly styled Laureate in his Patent.”

The discovery of this Patent by Mr. Malone, refutes the calumny which several biographers of Spenser have thrown upon the character of Lord Burleigh, in their relation of the following pretended circumstances: That Burleigh told the Queen the pension was beyond example too great to be given to a ballad-maker: That the payment of the pension was intercepted by Burleigh: That when the Queen, upon Spenser’s presenting some poems to her, ordered him the gratuity of an hundred pounds, his Lordship asked, with some contempt of the poet, What! all this for a Song? and that the Queen replied, Then give him what is reason: That Spenser, having long waited in vain for the fulfilment of the royal order, presented to her this ridiculous memorial;

"I was promis’d on a time
"To have reason for my rhyme:
"From that time unto this season
"I receiv’d nor rhyme nor reason:"

That these magical numbers produced the desired effect, in the immediate direction of payment to the insulted poet, as well as in the reproof of the adverse Lord Treasurer! Such is the substance of this marvellous opposition to the privilege conferred on Spenser by Elizabeth, varied and improved by the biographers; of which opposition the account originates, it seems, in the facetious Dr. Fuller’s Worthies of England, (a work published at the distance of more than seventy years afterwards,) unsupported by requisite authority.

The generosity of Elizabeth would, doubtless, have been the theme of Puttenham’s admiration, if it had been shewn a little sooner; for, in his Art of English Poesie, published in 1589, he has written a chapter, evidently with a view to excite her Majesty’s attention to the neglected bard of that period, entitled “In what reputation Poesie and Poets were in old time with Princes, and otherwise generally; and how they be now become contemptible, and for what causes.” The object of the author, I say, is apparent by his enumeration of the bounty of preceding English monarchs to the poets: “In later times, how much were Iehan de Melune and Guillaume de Loris made of by the French kinges; and Geoffrey Chancer, father of our English poets, by Richard the second, who, as it was supposed, gave him the maner of new Holme in Oxfordshire.—And king Henry the 8, her Majesties father, for a few Psalunes of David turned into English metre by Sternhold, made him groome of his privy chamber, and gave him many other good gifts. And one Gray, what good estimation did he grow unto with the same king Henry, and afterward with the Duke of Sommerset, Protectour, for making certaine merry Ballades, whereof one chiefly was, The hunte is vp, the hunte is vp. And Queene Mary, his daughter, for one Epithalamie or nuptiall Song made by Vargas, a Spanish Poet, at her marriage with king Phillip in Winchester, gave him during his life two hundred crownes pension.”

After the publication of the Faerie Queene in 1590, Spenser returned to Ireland. And such was now the fame of his poetical character, that the bookseller, for whom that work had been printed, eagerly collected together and published, in the succeeding year, “Complaints, containing sundrie small Poemes of the Worlds Vanitie, viz. 1. The Ruines of Time. 2. The Teares of the Muses. 3. Virgils Gnat. 4. Prospopopoa, or Mother Hubberds Tale. 5. The Ruines of

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* An apparent allusion to Faer. Qu. ii. xii. 3, where the poet describes the Guife of Greatinesse.
* Life of Dryden, p. 84.
* Dr. Birch’s Life of Spenser, p. xiii. But indeed the biographer seems not to rely implicitly on Fuller’s testimony.
* Chap. viii. p. 12.
Rome, by Bellay. 6. Muiopotmos, or the Tale of the Butterflies. 7. Visions of the World's Vanitie. 8. Bellayes Visiones. 9. Petrarches Visiones ; to which is prefixed the following address of "The Printer to the Gentle Reader. Since my late setting forth of the Faerie Queene, finding that it hath found a favourable passage amongst you; I have sithence endeavoured, by all good means, (for the better increase and accomplishment of your delights,) to get into my handes such smale Poemes of the same Authors as I heard were dispersit abroad in sundrie hands; and not easie to bee come by, by himselfe; some of them having bene diverslie imbeziled, and purloyned from him, since his departure over sea. Of the which I have, by good meanes, gathered togethier these fewe parcels present, which I have caus'd to bee imprinted altogether, for that they at seeme to containe like matter of argument in them; being all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie, verie grave and profitable. To which effect I understand that he besides wrote sundrie others, namelie, ¹ Ecclesiastes, and ² Canticum Canticorum, translated; ³ A Sennights Slumber; ⁴ The Hell of Lovers; his Purgotarie; being all dedicated to Ladies; so as it may seeme he meant them all to one volume: besides some other Pamphlets looselie scattered abroad; as ⁵ The Dying Pellicon; The Howers of the Lord; The Sacrifice of a Sinner; ⁶ The Seven Psalmes, &c. which when I can, either by himselfe or otherwise, attaine to, I meane likewise, for your favour sake, to set foorth; in the meane time praying you gentilie to accept of these, and graciously to entertaine the ¹ new Poet.

Of the pieces contained in the Complaints, the Muiopotmos alone is said to be a re-publication. Dr. Birch, and the author of the Life of Spenser prefixed to Mr. Church's edition of the Faerie Queene, assert that it had been published in 1590; and indeed it differs from the rest in bearing on the title the date of that year. For this reason I have given it the precedency, in this edition of Spenser's smaller poems; at the same time not denying that the date may be an error of the press; inasmuch as in the Visions of the World's Vanitie, and in the Visions of Petrarch, there is an address apparently intended to the Lady to whom the Muiopotmos is dedicat—

¹ The spirit of versifying the Psalms, and other parts of the Bible, at the beginning of the Reformation, was, says Mr. Warton, almost as epidemic as psalm-singing. Hist. of Eng. Poet. vol. iii. p. 180.

² Of Ecclesiastes I find Dr. Drant to have been a translator into Latin verse. See Tanner's Bib. Brit. p. 333. And I have seen a laboured poetical paraphrase of this Book in English, by Henry Lok, published in 1597.

³ In the age of Elizabeth, numerous were the poetical versions of the Cantic. See Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poet. vol. iii. p. 37. &c.

⁴ Tasso appears to have employed his pen in a very poetical manner in a Canzone, taken, in some degree, from the Song of Songs. See this beautiful Canzone, first printed from a manuscript in the Barberini Library at Rome, (N° 3089.) in Mary's Review, May 1706. Art. iv.

⁵ See before, p. xiv.

⁶ See his Hymne in honour of Love, ver. 265, where he describes the circumstances that "make a lovers life a wretches hell;" and where he adds, in his address to Love, ver. 278.

"So then thy folke, through pales of Purgatorie,
Dost beare unto thy blisse and heavens glorie."

⁷ See before, p. xx.

⁸ William Hunnis, a gentleman of the Chapel Royal under Edward the sixth, and afterwards Master of the Chapel under Elizabeth, might suggest to Spenser this employment of his time; for he wrote and published "Seven sohs of a sorrowfull sole for sinne, comprehending these seven Psalmes of the principie prophet David commonlie called Penitentiall; framed into a forme of familiar praiers, and reduced into meeter, &c." It appears that Cameons, the unfortunate hard of Portugal, had undertaken also a translation of these seven Psalmes. The account is related in a manner so interesting by Lord Strangeford, the elegant translator of part of Cameons's poetry, as to require no apology for its introduction here: "A cavalier named Ruy de Camera, having called upon our author [Cameons] to finish a poetical version of the seven penitential Psalmes; raising his head from his miserable pallet, and pointing to his faithful slave, he exclaimed, 'Alas! when I was a poet. I was young, and happy, and blest with the love of ladies; but now I am a forlorn deserted wretch. See! there stands my poor Antonio, vainly supplicating four-pence to purchase a little coals: I have them not to give him!' The cavalier, as Sosna quaintly relates, closed his heart and his purse, and quit the room. Such were the grandees of Portugal!" Poems &c. from the Portuguese of Luis de Cameons, &c. U. p. 30.

With respect to the translation of several select Psalmes into English verse, I think it not foreign to the subject of this note, and I conceive it due to the history of our Poetry, to mention that, among the numerous invaluable manuscripts which belonged to the late Duke of Bridgewater, and now belong to the Marquis of Stafford, there is a volume entitled, "The Soules Banquet, made up of divers divine Rarities;" in which are "Divers selected Psalmes of David, in verse, of a different composition from those used in the Church, by Fra: Davison esq. deceased, and other Gent." Of these translations, some are remarkably beautiful. The Poetical Rapsodie of Davison, already mentioned, (p. xxv.) was published in 1692, and in 1611.

¹ Ponsonby, the bookseller, has adopted the name which is applied to Spenser on the publication of the Shepheards Calendar; See the title to the Epistle of E. K. to Master Gabriel Harvey; to whom E. K. commends "the patronage of the new Poet."
cated; no separate title being affixed to the collection of *Visions* which immediately follow the *Muiopotmos*; of which circumstance the biographers have taken no notice.

The *Muiopotmos* is dedicated to Lady Carey; and is worthy of particular attention, on account of Spenser's elegant compliment to the Lady, connected with the avowal of his own honourable descent. "The faithfull minde and humble zeale, which I bear unto your Ladyship, may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and use the poor service thereof; which taketh glory to advance your excellent partes and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in honouring you; not so much for your great bounty to myself, which yet may not be un-mind'd; nor for name or kindreds sake by you vouchsafed being also regardable; as for that honorable name which yee have by your brave deserts purchas't to yourselfe, and spred in the mouths of all men." Lady Carey is also the poet's *Phillis in Colm Clouds come home again*; to whom he *repeats* the declaration of his alliance. This Lady was Elizabeth, one of the six daughters of Sir John Spenser or *Spencer* of Althorpe in Northamptonshire; and was married to Sir George Carey, who became Lord Hunsdon on the death of his father in 1596. She was the second daughter. Her issue was an only daughter. Whether Lady Elizabeth Carew, to whom one of the dedicatory Sonnets accompanying the first edition of the Faerie Queene is inscribed, be the same person, has been a matter of doubt. Yet Nash's Dedication of his *Chrifts Tears over Jerusalem* "to the most honored and vertuous the Lady Elizabeth Carey," seems to over-rule the doubt. "Divers wel-deserving poets have consecrated their endeavours to your praise. *Fames delect favourite, Maister Spencer, in all his writings* his prizeth you." This Lady, as it appears in the Dedication of another curious and very scarce *publication* by Nash to her daughter, was also a poetess of Spenser's School. The testimony to the merits of a mother and a daughter peculiarly accomplished, is too interesting to be omitted. "To the new kindled cleare Lampe of Virginitie, and the excellent adored high Wonder of sharpe Wit and sweete Beautie, Mistres Elizabeth Carey, sole Daughter and Heire to the thrise noble and renowned Sir George Carey, Knight Marshall, &c.—Against your perfections no tunc can except. Miraculous is your wit; and so is acknowledged by the wittiest poets of our age, who have vowed to enshrine you as their second Delia. Temperance her selfe hath not temperate behaviour than you; religious Pietie hath no humble hand-maide that she more delights in. A *worthie Daughter* are you of *so worthie a Mother*; borrowing, as another Phæbe, from her bright sunne-like resplendence, the orient beams of your raydiance. *Into the Muses societie her selfe she hath lately adopted, and purchast divine Petrarch another monument in England.*"

The *Ruines of Time*, which follow the *Muiopotmos*, Spenser dedicates to the Countess of Pembroke, the amiable and learned sister of Sir Philip Sidney. In this poem he deeply laments the loss of his early friend, Sir Philip; while he embalms, in a very interesting as well as grateful manner, the memory "of *his* stocke and famous familie." The poem is remarkable also for the judicious and honourable commendation which it gives of Camden.

The next poem is the *Tears of the Muses*, which Spenser inscribes to Lady Strange, who is Alice, the sixth daughter of Sir John Spenser; distinguished likewise in *Colin Clouds come home again* by the pastoral name of Amarillis. And it is observable that, in this Dedication also, the

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* The nobility of the *Spencers* has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I except them to consider the *Faery Queen* as the most precious jewel of their coronet. Gibbon's *Memoirs of his own Life and writings*.
* *Colin Clouds come home again*, ver. 534.
* The name is spelt both ways, as well in the various publications of the poet which appeared while he lived, as in ancient deeds relating to the honourable family from which he is descended. I have followed that orthography, to which we have been accustomed in respect to the poet's name, and which is copied from both his own editions of the *Faerie Queene*. Sir John Spencer died in 1580, and left five sons as well as six daughters. The family was soon after ennobled. At the present period, the family of *Spencer* is also rendered more particularly interesting in the literary history of this country, by the noble possessor of Althorp's well-known and judicious accumulation of rare and valuable books, and by the tenderness of the old poet again awakened in the strains of a learned nephew of the Duke of Marlborough.
* *Entitled "The Terrors of the Night, or, A Discourse of Apparitions. Post tenebras dies*. Tho. Nashe, London, *printed by John Danter for William Iones*, &c. 1594." 4to. Of this work no other copy at present is known to exist, except that which belonged to the late Duke of Bridgewater, and now belongs to the Marquis of Stafford.
* *Ruines of Time*, ver. 276.
pet introduces his connection with the family. "The causes, for which ye have thus deserved of me to be honoured, (if honour it be at all,) are, both your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinitie which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge." This Lady married Ferdinando, Lord Strange, who, by his father's death, became Earl of Derby in 1592. He died of poison April 16, 1594. He is lamented under the name of Amyntas in Colin Clout's Come Home Again; in the subsequent account of which poem I shall notice his accomplishments and his misfortune. He left by this Lady three daughters his coheirs. Spenser, speaking of her widowhood, represents her as

She conquered these poetical fears, however; and became in 1600 the third wife to Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, afterwards Baron of Ellesmere, and Viscount Brackley; by whom she had no issue. John, the only surviving son of the Lord Keeper by his first wife, married the Lady Frances, the second daughter of the Lady then his step-mother; and, almost immediately after the death of his father, was advanced to the Earldom of Bridgewater; an honour, which at the distance of about a century was elevated in his descendants to a Dukedom; but, in consequence of the late Duke dying unmarried, has returned to its original rank in the person of the Right Hon. John William Egerton, the present Earl; the amiableness of whose disposition, and the moral influence of whose public and private character, will still further endear to society the honourable names of those who are thus connected with the history of Spenser, and whose family also has been celebrated by the muse of Milton. The mask or poem written by Milton, entitled Arcades, further illustrates the account of the Lady, to whose patronage Spenser acknowledges his obligations. The Lord Keeper and the Lady jointly purchased the seat, called Harefield place, in Middlesex. Here, in the autumn of 1602, they were honoured with a visit by the Queen; who was received with all the accustomed pageantry of elder days; and, on her departure, was addressed with a farewell speech, and with the present of an anchor jewel, by "the place of Harvile personified, attired in black." And here the Arcades was performed, long after the death of her husband, by persons of her own family, the children (it is conjectured) of the Earl of Bridgewater; on whose account the inimitable mask of Comus also was composed, and by some of them represented.

Before I pass to the consideration of Virgil's Gnat, which follows the Tear of the Muses; it is necessary to observe that these tears or declamations, however elegant, present a melancholy picture of fancied or real discouragements to learning as then existing; which circumstance I shall further notice in the account of Mother Hubberst's Tale.

To the Tear of the Muses succeeds the translation of Virgil's Gnat, long since dedicated, as Spenser tells us, to the Earl of Leicester. The Dedication mentions an enigmatical wrong, which Spenser pretends to have received; and of which I do not consider myself the Oedipus, whom the poet challenges, to unfold the meaning. Mr. Upton conjectures this wrong, resulting from the Earl of Leicester's displeasure, to have been "owing to some kind of officious sedulity in Spenser, who much desired to see his patron married to the queen of England. The historians are full of the Queen's particular attachments to the Earl. She expressed, says Camden, such an inclination towards him, that some have imputed her regard to the influence of the stars. Melvil says, in his Memoirs, that queen Elizabeth freely declared that, had she ever designed to have married, her inclinations would have led her to make choice of him for a husband.

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2 ibid.
3 Colin Clout's Come hom again, ver. 566.
4 Collins, ut supr. p. 471. And MS. Pedigree of the Egerton family in the possession of the present Earl of Bridgewater.
5 Ibid.
6 Lyons's Middlesex, p. 106, &c.
8 See the edition of Milton published in 1601, vol. 5. p. 126, &c.
9 See the Dedication to the Poem.
10 Preface to his edition of the Faerie Queene, pp. xvi. xvii.
And, according to my plan, with respect to the historical allusions in the *Faerie Queene*, Prince Arthur means the Earl of Leicester."—Possibly the Earl's displeasure might have been excited, in consequence of Spenser's pleading in behalf of archbishop Grindal, who is believed to have incurred the Earl's enmity on account of his determination to prosecute an Italian physician, whom Leicester wished to protect, as a bigamist.

The next composition, in the *Complaints*, is *Mother Hubberds Tale*; which is dedicated to the Lady Compton and Mountegle. This Lady was Anne, the fifth daughter of Sir John Spenser, distinguished also, in the Pastoral of *Colin Clouts come home again*, by the name of Charillia. She was married first to Sir William Stanley, Lord Mountegle; next to Henry Compton, Lord Compton; and lastly to Robert Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset; whom the author of the Life of Spenser, prefixed to Mr. Church's edition of the *Faerie Queene*, has confounded with his father, Thomas Lord Buckhurst. I cannot agree with Mr. Malone, that this Lady was the widow of Lord Compton at the time of Spenser's inscribing this Poem to her; because Spenser tells us, in the Dedication, that "he had long sithens composed this Poem in the raw concept of his youth," and Lord Compton died in 1569. But in the Poem there is an allusion to Sir Philip Sidney, under the description of the *brave Courtier*, as then living; and he died in 1586. There seems also an allusion in it, by the expressions applied to the coxcomical Ape at Court, to the same person whom Harvey represents, in his answer to Spenser's Letter of April 7, 1580, as the mirror of Tuscanism, as a Magnifico, &c. The Lady therefore was now the wife of Lord Compton. But, in *Colin Clouts come home again*, she is the wife of Sackville. To this Lady, as to her Sisters, the Poem is inscribed, with "the humble affection and faithfull dutie, which," the poet urges, "I have alwaies professed, and am bound to beare to that house from whence yee spring."

In this satirical Poem, reflections on the general instability of Court-favour have often been cited as a proof of Lord Burleigh's opposition to Spenser:

"Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to Court, to sue for had-yest,
That few have found, and many one hath mist!
Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide:
To lose good dyues, that might be better spent;
To wast long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow;
To have thy Prince grace, yet want her Pearse;
To have thy asking, yet waite manie yeeres;
To fret thy sonie with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesses displeares;
To fawne, to erowche, to waite, to ride, to runne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.
Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendances spend!"

This passage is supposed to have been represented to Lord Burleigh as a censure upon him. But, at the close of the sixth Book of his *Faerie Queene*, Spenser denies that it was his intention, in any of his writings, to reflect on this "mighty peer." And, alluding to the monster Detraction who even "spares not the gentle Poet's rime," he proceeds;

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4 See Strype's *Life of Archbishop Grindal*, p. 224. And more particularly Harington's *Briefe View of the State of the Church*, &c. 1653, p. 5.
6 Inquiry into the authenticity of the pretended Shakespeare papers, &c. p. 63.
8 Harvey appears not to have approved of this poetical satire. For he writes; "I must needs say, Mother Hubberd in heat of choler, forgetting the pure sanguine of her sweete Faery Queene, wilfully overshott her malcontented selfe; as elsewhere I have specified at large, with the good leave of unsotted friendship."
These "former Writs" are conjectured by Mr. Upton, to be the *Pastorals*; in which the poet's commendations of archbishop Grindal, and his reflections on bishop Aylmer, are the topicks that were offensive to Burleigh. Grindal, whom Spenser reverenced, had certainly experienced some opposition from Burleigh, long before the publication of the *Pastorals*. In a very spirited letter to that nobleman, dated June 26, 1574, the prelate vindicates the attack made upon his character, to which Burleigh, it seems, had given credit; and demands, in consequence of his good name being thus unjustly blotted, and his office slandered, an immediate trial. Three years afterwards, being then archbishop of Canterbury, he was confined to his house and sequestered. And to this disgrace, after describing the merits of Grindal, Spenser alludes in the seventh Eclogue of the *Shepheards Calender*:

> Mor. But say mee, what is Algrind, hee  
> That is so oft bynempt?  
> Tho. Hec is a shepheard great in gre,  
> But hath bene long ypent, &c."  

The interference of the poet we must therefore suppose displeasing to the policy of the statesman.

But what can we say of the lines in the *Ruines of Time*, which evidently point at Burleigh?

> "For he, that now webs all things at his will,  
> Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper skil,  
> O griefe of griefes! O call of all good heartes!  
> To see that vertue should despised bee  
> Of him, that first was raise for vertuous parts,  
> And now, broad spreading like an aged tree,  
> Lets none shoot up that nigh him planted bee:  
> O let the man, of whom the Muse is scorned,  
> Nor alive nor dead be of the Muse adorned!"

I consider the *Ruines of Time* to have been written almost immediately after the publication of the first edition of the *Faerie Queene*; for it could not have been written till after the death of Sir Francis Walsingham, who died in April 1590; and Spenser's Letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, at the end of this edition, is dated in January 1599-90. With the *Faerie Queene* a Sonnet had been transmitted to Burleigh, in which Spenser endeavours to sooth the lord treasurer to an acceptance of his "idle rimes." But in vain. The Introduction to the fourth Book of the *Faerie Queene*, the continuation of the former edition, published in 1596, bears testimony to the coldness of Burleigh:

> "The rugged forehead, that with grave foresight  
> Weldes kingdoms causes and affaires of state,  
> My loosier rimes, I wote, doth sharply wite  
> For praising love, &c."

Burleigh's disapprobation was probably shewn at the first appearance of the *Faerie Queene*; and, to this disdain of his labours, I ascribe the honest indignation of the poet in the *Ruines of*

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1 State-Papers, by Murdin, p. 275.  
2 Strype's Life of Grindal, p. 231.  
3 These lines are inaccurately printed in many editions. But the first, and most flagrant, departure from the original is in the folio of 1611. In consequence of the alteration, the reader would look in vain for this allusion to a particular person; for the application is rendered general:

> "For such as now have most the world at will,  
> Scorn th' one and th' other &c."

And, in the remainder of the allusion, the singular number is discarded for the plural; which Hughes and others follow. The editor of the first folio thought the passage perhaps, thus generalised, a *happy touch at the times*; or was anxious, by the removal of particulars, to appease the shade of Burleigh!

4 See the note on the *Ruines of Time*, ver. 435.
Mr. Warton is of opinion that Burleigh was a Puritan; and that the Puritans, who were numerous in the time of Elizabeth, were peculiarly characterised for their hatred of poetry, however instructive. Yet the Earl of Leicester, I must observe, was the friend of Spenser and of the Puritans. And it has been justly observed by Dr. Birch, that Burleigh’s neglect of Spenser is not to be attributed so much to any personal prejudice against him or contempt of poetry, as to the poet’s early attachment to the Earl of Leicester, and afterwards to the Earl of Essex; who were both successively heads of a party opposite to the lord treasurer. Hence perhaps the expression of Spenser also in Mother Hubberds Tale:

"Of men of arms he had but small regard,
"But kept them lowe, and streigned verie hard.
"For men of learning little he esteemed, &c."

Mother Hubberds Tale must not be dismissed, without remarking the political knowledge which Spenser displays in it. Let the reader attentively peruse the poem from ver. 1119. to ver. 1224, and he will probably not deny the discernment of the poet, even if he applies his positions to the history of modern Europe. This Poem, I must add, was re-published in 1784, with a Dedication, highly satirical, to the Hon. Charles James Fox, by George Dempster, Esq. M.P.

The subsequent Poems in the Complaints have been already noticed.

By the date of the dedication of Daphnaida, (the next publication,) we find Spenser in London on the first of January, 1591-2. This beautiful Elegy was written upon the death of Douglas Howard, daughter and heir of Henry Lord Howard, Viscount Byndon; and wife of Arthur Gorge or Gorges Esquire, afterwards knighted. It is dedicated to her aunt, the Ladie Helena, Marchioness of Northampton. The afflicted husband is introduced into the Poem, under the name of Alecoun, as bewailing the death of a White Lioness which he had been so happy as to find, and had tenderly nursed. The White Lion being one of the Duke of Norfolk’s supporters to his armorial bearings, "the riddle of the loved Lionesse," as the poet calls it, is easily explained. In the Dedication Spenser avows the "goodwill which he bears unto Master Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue;" and again he notices him, with peculiar elegance, in "Colin Clouts come home again," not only as inconsolable for the loss of his beloved Daphne, but as known to the Muses and his comrades by notes of higher mood. Sir Arthur Gorges, however, has hitherto been recorded as a man of genius, without a proof of the assertion. I am happy to add his name to the list of English poets; and the reader will be pleased with the following specimen of his talents and his modesty. It is the Sonnet, addressed to the reader of "The Olympian Catastrophe, dedicated to the worthy memory of the most heroical Lord Henry, late illustrious Prince of Wales, &c. By Sir Arthur Gorges, Knight, 1612;" a poem in manuscript of considerable length, together with some Sonnets; preserved amongst numerous treasures of a similar nature, which belonged to the late Duke of Bridgewater, and now belong to the Marquis of Stafford.

* See p. xxix.
* See the note on Cartwright, p. xxi.
* Life of Spenser.
* From the information of Charles Dilly, Esq. by whom the work was published.
* See the Dedication.
* See ver. 177.
* See ver. 260, 291.
I come now to the consideration of the Pastoral, entitled *Colin Clouts come home again*; the Dedication of which to Sir Walter Raleigh is dated December 27. 1591. But that date must be an error of the press. The Poem exhibits internal evidence of having been written at a subsequent period. In the first place, there is a lamentation in it on the death of Ferdinando, Earl of Derby, who is styled *Amyntas*; an appellation by which Nash also appears to have distinguished him. This nobleman, as I have already stated, died in April 1594. He is described by Spenser as

> *"the noblest swaine,*
> *"That ever piped on an easter quill."
> *"Both did he other which could pipo, maintaine,
> *"And she could pipe himselfe with passing skill."*

Of his poetical abilities a specimen is preserved, in the Antiquarian Repertory, from a manuscript that belonged to Sir John Hawkins. Spenser incurred the gentle reproof of Nash, in consequence of his neglecting to salute this patron of learning in the same manner, as he had saluted other “English heroes,” at the end of the Faerie Queene. Spenser perhaps felt the reproof; and resolved, in this Poem, to make some atonement for his neglect. The estimation in which this nobleman was held, is described in very lively terms by Nash; and is worthy of citation as well on the account of the party commended as of the party blamed. “Yet from generall fame,” says Nash, “let me digress to my private experience; and, with a toung unworthy to name a name of such worthines, affectionatelic embuson, to the cies that woonder, the matchlesse image of honor and magnificent rewarde of vertue, Ioves eagle-borne Ganimed, thrice noble *Amyntas.*—None but Desert should sit in Fames grace; none but Hector be remembred in the chronicles of Prowesse; none but thou, most curteious *Amyntas,* be the second misticall argument of the Knight of the Redcrosse.—And heere, heavenlie *Spenser,* I am most highlie to accuse thee of forgetfulnes, that, in that honourable catalogue of our English Heroes which insueth the conclusion of thy famous Faerie Queene, thou wouldst let so speciall a piller of Nobilitie passe unsaluted. The verie thought of his far derived deceit, and extraordinarie parts wherewith he astonieth the world, and drawes all harts to his love, would have inspired thy forewearied Muse with new furie to procede to the next triumphs of thy statile Goddesse!—But, as I in favor of so rare a scholler suppose, with this counsell he refraind his mention in the first part, that he might with full saile proceed to his due commendations in the second. Of this occasion long since I happened to frame a Sonnet, which being whollie intendted to the reverence of this renowned Lord, to whom I owe all the utmoste powers of my love and dutie, I meant heere for variety of stile to insert.

> Perusing yesternight, with idle eyes,
> *The Fairy Singers* statelytun'd verse;
> And viewing, after chapmens wonted guise,
> What strange contents the title did rehearse;
> I straight leapt over to the latter end,
> Where, like the quaint comadians of our time,
> That when their Play is done do fat to ryme,
> I found short lines to sundry Nobles pend,
> Whom he, as speciall mirrours, singled fourth
> To be the Patrons of his Poetry:

*Colin Clouts come home again*, ver. 440.

*Lord Orford’s Royal-and Noble Authors.*

*Supplication of Pierce Pennesisesse, &c. 4to. 1592,* at the conclusion.
I read them all, and reverenc't their worth;
Yet wondred he left out thy memory.
But therefore, guest I, be supprest thy name,
Because few words might not comprise thy fame!

Beare with me, gentle Poet, though I conceive not aright of thy purpose, or be too inquisitive into the intent of thy oblivion; for however my conjecture may misse the cushion, yet shal my speech savour of friendship, though it be not aliend to judgement.” In Lodge’s *Illustrations of British History*, there is preserved a Letter of this nobleman to the Earl of Essex, dated Decemb. 19. 1593; which, the learned editor observes, “abounds with good sense, high spirit, and sweetness of temper. An untimely death undoubtedly defrauded him of a conspicuous situation in the history of his country.” Indeed his accomplishments, as well as his unnatural end occasioned by the resentment of the Jesuits, have been recorded in many publications.

But, besides the date of this nobleman’s death, there is another convincing proof that this Pastoral was written long after 1591 in the praise assigned to Daniel for his “passionate mischance,” which means his *Complaint of Rosamond* published with his Sonnets in 1592; and for his “tragick plaints,” which point out his first dramatick publication, the tragedy of *Cleopatra* in 1594.

The author of the Life of Spenser, prefixed to Mr. Church’s edition of the Faerie Queene, considers the circumstance of Sir Walter Raleigh’s disgrace at Court, in consequence of his criminal amour with the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, as likewise refuteing the date of 1591 in the Dedication of the Pastoral. And he is right in his conjecture, I think; but not exact in his statement. The disagreement between Raleigh and Lord Essex, although it occasioned Raleigh’s departure from Court, could not, I conceive, be the subject of the

—— “lamentable lay

“Of great unkindness, and of usage hard,

“Of Cynthia the Ladie of the Sea;”

which Spenser tells us was the song of his friend. A private Letter (as it is entitled) from Raleigh to Sir George Carew, dated Decemb. 27. 1599, of which our historians have taken no notice, seems to shew, that, however jealous Essex might be of him, he was still in favour with the Queen: “Cousen George. For my retrait from the Court, it was upon good cause, to take order for my prize. If in Irlande they thincke that I am not worth the respectinge, they shall much deceave themselves. I am in place to be beleved, not inferior to any man to plesure or displeasure the greatest; and my opinion is so receaved and beleved as I can anger the best of them; and therefore if the Deputy be not as reddy to steed me as I have hym to defend hym, be as it may, when S[ure] William fitz Williams shalbe in Engeland, I take myselfe farr his bettres by the honorable offices I hold, as also by that nicenesse to her Maiestye w[h] still I injoy, and never more. I am willinge to continew towards hym all friendlye offices, and I doubt not of the like from hym as well towards mee as my frinds, &c.” The displeasure of the Queen, then, is to be attributed to the culpability of Raleigh in regard to the lady whom I have mentioned; who also became an object of the royal anger, and was with Raleigh committed to the Tower in July 1592. She was one of her Majesty’s Maids of Honour. They were released from this confinement in the September following; and Raleigh, though perhaps not formally admitted to the presence of the Queen, was soon afterwards able to prove the restoration of her favour to

1 Vol. 3. p. 31. 2 See Ritson’s Bibliograph. Poetica. Art. Daniel. 3 Carew MSS. in the Library at Lamb-th Palace, N. 695. p. 140, erroneously entered p. 146 in Dr. Wilkins’s Catalogue. On the top of this original Letter is written, “A privat Letter from Sir Walter Ralegh to Sir G. C. 27. Decemb. 1599.” 4 Namely, Sir William Fitzwilliams, presently mentioned; who had before been Lord Justice, and Lord Deputy, of Ireland; and who was again appointed Lord Deputy in 1593. He was succeeded by Sir William Russell, in 1594. 5 See a letter from Sir Edward Stafford to Antony Bacon Esqr. dated July 30. 1599, in Birch’s Memoirs of Queen Eliz. vol. 1. p. 79. “If you have any thing to do with Sir Walter Raleigh, or have any love to make to Mrs. Throckmorton; at the Tower to morrow you may speake to them, if the countermand come not to-night; as some think will not be, and particularly he that hath charge to send them thither.” 6 See Collin’s Sidney-Papers, &c vol. 9. pp. 54, 55, where Raleigh appears, by a letter dated June 2. 1597, fully reinstated in the Queen’s favour, and graciously readmitted to her presence.
him by obtaining, from her, the manor of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, which Dr. Coldwell, on his promotion to the bishoprick of Salisbury, had consented to alienate to the Crown; from which prelate, however, there is a Letter, in the 8 Burleigh State-Papers published by Mardyn, addressed to Mr. Henry Brooke, and dated April 10. 1594, in which the conduct of Raleigh on this occasion appears to have been rapacious. But to prove further the influence of Raleigh, and that right well he had complained,

"That could great Cynthia's sore displeasure breake,
And move to take him to her grace again!"

I cite the contemporary authority of Sir John Harington: "And to speak first of the Knight who carried the spolia opima of this bishoprick; having gotten Sherborne castle, park, and parsonage; he was in those dayes in so great favour with the Queen, as I may boldly say, that with lesse suit then he was faine to make to her ere he could perfect this his purchase, and with lesse money then he bestowed since in Sherborne in building and buying out leases and in drawing the river through rocks into his garden, he might have very justly, and without offence of the Church or State, have compassed a much better purchase." It may be proper to add, that Sir Walter had made the only reparation in his power to the degraded character, and injured innocence, of the lady, by marrying her. Spenser has alluded to this intrigue, and its consequences, in the conclusion of the seventh canto of the fourth Book of the Faerie Queene, which was first published in 1596. The situation of Raleigh, before he "is restored to former grace again" in the subsequent canto, is described in Spenser's happiest manner. It is an interesting lamentation over a distressed and disgraced friend. It is the effusion of the Muse "in her sweetest saddest plight."

In consequence, then, of the facts which I have brought together, I am led to believe that Decemb. 27, 1594 or 1595 should be the date to the Dedication of Colin Clouts come home again. And, having attended to this point, I will now notice some of the contemporary characters which are introduced, under fictitious or real names, in this agreeable poem.

*The Shepherd of the Ocean* is Sir Walter Raleigh, who had introduced Spenser to the Queen.—Under the name of *Astrophel*, his other friend and patron, Sir Philip Sidney, "now dead and gone," is deplored; as under the same title he is the subject of Spenser's *Elegy* on his death.—*Amyntas*, as I have before observed, denotes the deceased Earl of Derby.—Under the appellation of *Aegyon*, as in the *Elegy* entitled Daphnaida, the accomplished and afflicted Sir Arthur Gorges is designed.—*Harpalus*, "now woxen aged" in the service of the Queen, is probably Barnaby Googe, who was first a retainer to Cecil, and afterwards in 1563 a gentleman-pensioner to the Queen; in which year he published his "Elegies, Epitaphs, and Sonnets."—By *Corydon*, who is described as "meany waged, yet ablest wit of most" whom Spenser knew, perhaps Abraham Francke is intended; who was the friend of Sidney, and the writer of several poems in English hexameters, as *The Lamentations of Amintas, &c*. The *Contesse of Pembroke's Ivychurch, &c*. *The Lamentations of Corydon, &c*. He was called to the Bar of the Court of the Marches of Wales; and, in 1590, was recommended by Henry Earl of Pembroke as a man in every respect qualified to be the Queen's Solicitor in that Court. But what became of him afterwards does not appear.—*Palin*, whom Spenser pronounces

------ "worthie of great praise
Albe he envie at my rustick quill;"

may mean Thomas Chaloner; a poet, whom Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, ranks with Spenser; selecting, as patterns "for elegyque and pastoral poesie, Sir Philip Sydney and Maister Chaloner, and that other gentleman who wrote the late Shepheardes Calender." And

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8 Page 575.
1 Brief View of the State of the Church of England, &c. edit. 1638, p. 89.—In short, Raleigh seems to have illustrated the truth of what Spenser so much condemns in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, ver. 519, 520.
2 See Bryant's edition of Philip's *Theatrum Pectorum Anglicorum*, p. 126.
Meret, in his Wits Treasury, ranks Chaloner "amongst the best for pastoral." Thus commended, he might be led to "envie at the rustick quill" of a poet, whom he perhaps considered a rival in this species of fame.—Alceo, I am induced to think, is intended for Thomas Watson; a writer of numerous sonnets and madrigals, and commended as the English Petrarch. He is also numbered among the principal writers of pastoral poetry; and is classed with Harvey, Leland, Newton, and others of his countrymen, for having attained good report, and honourable advancement, as a Latin poet. Spenser apparently wished him to "raise his tunes from lays," from songs and sonnets, to loftier themes. He has bestowed on Spenser a very neat encomium, which I have given in the note below.—Old Palemon seems to point at Thomas Churchyard, who wrote a prodigious number of poetical pieces; of which the bare list is sufficient to justify the humorous remark of Spenser, after he has observed that the melancholy pipe of this aged bard may make the hearer weep:

"Yet he himself may reed he more right.
"That sung so long untill quite hoarse he grew!"

Having been a most laborious writer for half a century, he is said to have died, poor, in 1604.

To these fictitious appellations succeed the real names of Alabaster and Daniel; of whom the former is represented by Antony Wood as "the rarest poet and Grecian that any one age or nation produced." He was educated in Trinity College, Cambridge. Of this distinguished person I will relate some circumstances, which were not known to Wood. Of his poem in manuscript, the Eliaecia, which Spenser highly celebrates, I have given an account in the note on its introduction into this Pastoral. He appears to have received an offer of the rectory of Brettenham in Suffolk from the Lord Keeper Egerton, which he declined, as being not agreeable to his expectation, in a Letter accompanied with a copy of elegant Latin hexameters to his Lordship. He relinquished, as Wood relates, the Church of England for that of Rome; but afterwards returned to his deserted mother, and obtained considerable ecclesiastical preferments. He died in 1640. His conversion to Popery had probably taken place about 1593, in which year he published his motives for his conduct. In 1604 he was engaged in a controversy, on account of his new profession of faith, with an antagonist of the highest reputation as a scholar and Protestant Divine, Dr. Will. Bedell, afterwards Bishop of Kilmore; an admirer and imitator also of Spenser. Alabaster was undoubtedly a man of great learning. In his Rozana, however, which Dr. Johnson has greatly extolled, there is certainly much false taste, as Mr. Warton long since observed. Herrick, in his Hesperides, has addressed a poem to him on the subject of his great attainments and various labours.

Of Daniel, who is well known to the lovers of our elder poetry, and valued for his judicious reflections as well as the sweetness of his language, an extensive account is unnecessary. By Spenser's distinguishing him as "a new shephard late up sprung," he alludes to his first pub-

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"Alceo" is likely a reference to the Latin poet Quintus Ennius. The text suggests that the poet's style is unusual and innovative, much like the rustic pipe described in the Spenserian sonnet. The author notes the poet's laborious nature and the challenges he faced in his career, highlighting his conversion and eventual return to the Church of England. The passage also mentions a correspondence with Lord Egerton and a controversy with another scholar, Dr. Bedell. The text further describes Daniel as a poet with distinctive qualities, reflecting on his values and the impact of his work. The final lines refer to Mr. Alabaster and his influence on Daniel's poetry, suggesting a complex interplay of innovation and tradition in the literary landscape of the time.
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF SPENSER.

lication, entitled "Delia, containing certayne sonnets, with the complaint of Rosamond," in 1592.

The "last, though not least," in Spenser's enumeration of English poets, is Action; under which name I believe Michael Drayton is designed. Spenser's praise of him as "a gentle shepheard," applies to his "Shepheards Garland, fashioned in nine Eglogs, &c." published in 1593. And the subsequent commendation;

" Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
  Doth like himselfe heroically sound;"

seems to point at his "Matilda, the faire and chaste daughter of the Lord Robert Fitzwater, &c." published in 1594; in the preface to which, Drayton informs "the true favorers of Poesie," that their "kind and favourable acceptance of his late discourse of the life and death of Piers Gaveston, emboldened him to publish this tragical historie of his Matilda." He pays the following compliment to Spenser, at the exordium of his Matilda, in an address to the Queen:

" And thou, O Beta, sovereigne of his thought;
  Englands Diana, let him thinke on thee!
  By thy perfections let his Muse be taught;
  And in his breast so deepre imprinted be,
  That he may write of sacred Chastitie;
  Though not like Colin in thy Britomart,
  Yet loves asmuch, although he wants his arte."

Of the Ladies celebrated in Colin Clouts come home again, Cynthia, the queen, is the most conspicuous object, on account of the praise applied as well to her general conduct as to her particular skill in "poetical composition."—"Urania, sister unto Astrofell," is Mary, Countess of Pembroke.—The "not less praiseworthy" Theana is Anne, the third wife of the Earl of Warwick who died in Feb. 1589-90; whose widow she remained till death. Spenser notices her exemplary widowhood in the Ruines of Time, as well as in this Pastoral. Nor has he omitted to mention her authority at Court; of which the reader may see several instances in the Sidney State-Papers, especially in the year 1595.—Her sister Marian is Margaret, Countess of Cumberland. To these Ladies Spenser dedicates his Four Hymns; which circumstance is further noticed in its place.—Mansilia is the Marchioness of Northampton, to whom Daphnaida is inscribed.—Galathes and Nereia appear to be Irish beauties, whose names I am not able to unravel.—To these succeeds the beautiful Lady Rich, under the poetical name of Stella, which was given her by Sir Philip Sidney; who, for her sake, wrote the poem entitled Astrophel and Stella, which was first published in 1591, and to which Spenser alludes:

" Ne lesse praisworthie Stella do I read,
  Though nought my praises of her needed are,
  Whom verse of noblest shepheard lately dead
  Hath prais'd and rais'd above each other starre."  

The early love of Sir Philip to this Lady is converted into a beautiful fiction, as we shall presently see, in Spenser's elegy on Sir Philip's death.—After the commendation of Stella, the three daughters of Sir John Spenser, of whom an account has been already given, are introduced to the reader's admiration. And the list of beauties concludes with the undiscovered names of Flavia and Candida.

The pastoral Elegy of Astrophel, devoted entirely to the memory of Sir Philip Sidney, and written perhaps on the immediate occasion in 1586, was, with Colin Clouts come home again, first published also in 1595. It is "dedicated to the most beautifull and vertuous Ladie, the Countess of Essex." This Lady had been the wife of Sidney, and was now married to the

* See also what has been already stated in regard to Spenser's commendation of Daniel, p. xxxvii.
* See references to the poetical compositions of queen Elizabeth, in the note on Colin Clouts come home again, ver. 188.
Earl of Essex. She was the daughter of the memorable Sir Francis Walsingham. Sir Philip left her an only daughter. His affectionate attention to this Lady and to her family, is abundantly shewn in his Will, preserved by Collins in his Memoirs of the Lives and Actions of the Sidneys. It had been first proposed for Sir Philip to marry a daughter of Secretary Cecil, on the recommendation of his uncle, the Earl of Leicester; and his own choice, in earlier days, is said to have been unsuccessfully fixed on Lady Rich. Of this latter circumstance Spenser makes an elegant use. It is necessary first to refute an error of a ludicrous kind, which the author of the Life of Spenser prefixed to Mr. Church’s edition of the Faerie Queene has committed, in saying that “the grief of Stella, the Countess of Warwick his aunt, for her Astrophel, (names which Sir Philip himself had rendered immortal,) makes a large part of this tender poem.” Stella is Sir Philip’s first love. And Spenser could not have been a stranger to this honourable attachment. Surely the poet would never have thus described the interview between a nephew and an aunt!

“*They stop’d his wound, (too late to stop it was!)”
“*And in their armes then softly did him reare :”
“*Then, as he will’d, unto his love’s loss,”
“*His dearest love, him dolefully did bere.”

No. The poet, with inimitable pathos, thus relates a feigned event,

“*To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,”
“*Which living were in love so firmly tied :”

He relates, that Stella, after many fruitless offices of tenderest love, barely witnessed the last pains of the wounded Astrophel, and followed him “like turtle chaste;” and then he most poetically adds:

“*The Gods, which all things see, this same beheld ;”
“*And, pittyng this povere of lovers trew,”
“*Transformed them there lying on the field”
“*Into one flowre that is both red and blew :”
“*It first grows red, and then to blow both fade,”
“*Like Astrophel, which thence was made,”
“*And in the midst thereof a star appears,”
“*As fairly form’d as any star in skyes ;”
“*Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares,”
“*Forth darting heames of beaute from her eyes :”
“*And all the day it standeth full of dew,”
“*Which is the teares that from her eyes did flow.”

To this Elegy by Spenser are added the lamentations of Sir Philip’s sister, the Countess of Pembroke, under the name of Clarinda; and also a collection of “flowers, that decked the herse” of Sidney, by Lodowick Bryskett and others.

Adhering to the chronological order in which Spenser’s poems were published, I am now to mention the Amoretts v. Sonnets. These are dated by Mr. Ball in 1592, who also represents the poet as married in 1593. But he is mistaken, I think, in both respects. The Sonnets were certainly not published before the year 1593, but were written most probably in the years 1592 and 1593; and appear to have been sent from Ireland, for publication, to Ponsonby his former bookseller. The dedication of them “to the right worshipfull Robert Needham, Knight,” ascertains this point.

“Sir,—To gratulate your safe return from Ireland, I had nothing so ready, nor thought anything so meet, as these sweete-conceited Sonnets, the deede of that wel deserving gentleman, maister Edmonde Spencer; whose name sufficiently warranting the worthinesse of the work, I do more confidently presume, to publish in his absence.—This gentle Muse for her former perfection long wished for in Englande, now at the length crossing the seas in your happy

7 Collins’s Mem. of the Lives and Actions of the Sidneys, p. 113.
8 Church’s Spenser, vol. i. p. xxx.
9 See Chalmers’s Supplemental Apology for the Believers in the Shakespeare-Papers, p. 28. “On the 19th of November 1594, was entered for William Ponsonbye in the Staturers’ Registers, a poem, entitled Amoretts and Epithalamion, written not long since by Edmond Spencer.”
companye, (tho' to yourself unknowne,) seemeth to make choysse of you &c. Yours in all dutifull affection, "W. P."

In these Sonnets the poet gives us the history of his courtship, not of a second Rosalind, but of a mistress eventually less obdurate though not less beautiful; whom, I conclude, he afterwards married. The Sonnets indeed often breathe the conceited as well as the delicate complaints of Petrarch. Still, however, they are verses addressed to the object of an honourable passion; verses dictated by the hopes of a wooer, who, testifying the most unbounded regard for his mistress, is anxious to obtain her approval of his own axiom,

"Sweet is the love that comes with willingness."

In the sixtieth Sonnet he informs us that he had then attained his fortieth year, and that one year had elapsed since the commencement of his love, which, referring to the date of his birth, was therefore in 1592. The sixty-second Sonnet presents us with an allusion to the year that was gone, and with the poet's expectation of smiling days in regard to the progress of his love. That expectation reaches almost to reality in the next Sonnet; and, in the sixty-fourth expands itself into rapture, in enumerating the various charms of the lady, with whom "he had found such grace" as to be indulged with "a kiss." The sixty-fifth Sonnet is an elegant specimen of amatory persuasion; an invitation to wedlock, in over-ruling the scruples of the lady who "fondly fears to lose her liberty." From this Sonnet to the eighty-third, the affection of the lady seems no longer doubtful, and the poet is eloquent in gratitude. The eighty-third Sonnet implies the delicacy of his sentiments in respect to some writing, or expression, with which the lady might have been offended; a composition, as Mr. Walker has observed, in the very spirit of Petrarch. In the eighty-fourth Sonnet, the praises of the lady are resumed. In the eighty-fifth, the indignation of the poet appears to be roused at the "forged lies," with which some officious babbler "had stirred up coals of ire in his true Love." With the three subsequent Sonnets the collection closes; and these three uniformly deplore the absence of the poet from his mistress.

The Epithalamion, published together with the Sonnets, bespeaks the happy termination of this courtship. It was written, Spenser says, "his owne Love's prayers to resound." He was married, as I suppose, in 1594; and though, at the close of Colin Clouts come home again, he calls on the shepherds to consider him then as the dying victim of Rosalind's tyranny; I consider it only as a poetical fiction, adapted to the subject of the colloquy. His strains, no doubt, were melancholy even in Ireland, till he met with the fair Elizabeth, the principal subject of his Sonnets and of his Epithalamion. That the marriage took place in Ireland, is evident by the address to the nymphs of Mulla in the Epithalamion; that it was celebrated at Cork, near which his castle of Kilcolman was situated, may be gathered by his appeal, in the same poem, to the "merchants daughters of the town" in behalf of his spouse's beauty; and that the mistress and the bride are one and the same person, may be asserted on the comparison, almost identical, of personal accomplishments in the sixty-fourth Sonnet and in the 171st and following verses in the Epithalamion.

To those, who would deny that the Sonnets of Spenser are not addressed to the object of his love, I can only recommend the separation of the Epithalamion from the Sonnets; requesting, however, at the same time a satisfactory answer, why the poet should have thus transmitted them to posterity, united.

The marriage is described to have taken place on St. Barnabas's day; which I suppose to be that of 1594. Of the estimation in which Spenser held the charms of his beautiful Elizabeth,

* That the name of his mistress was Elizabeth is evident by the discrimination which he makes, in his seventy-fourth Sonnet, between his love, his mother, and his queen; all bearing that "happy name:"

"The which three times thrice happy hath me made
"With gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.—
"Ye three Elizabeths for ever live,
"That three such graces did unto me give "

b That the name of his mistress was Elizabeth is evident by the discrimination which he makes, in his seventy-fourth Sonnet, between his love, his mother, and his queen; all bearing that "happy name:"

"The which three times thrice happy hath me made
"With gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.—
"Ye three Elizabeths for ever live,
"That three such graces did unto me give "
an eminent proof, besides those apparent in the Sonnets, occurs in the second part of the Faerie Queene, which was published in 1596, but had been written before the eightieth Sonnet was composed. He ranks her with the three Graces; at the same time not concealing the lowliness of her origin:

"Such were those goddesses which ye did see:
"But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst them traced,
"Who can aread what creature mote she bee,
"Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
"With heavenly gifts from heven first enfranced!
"But whatsoe sure she was, she worthy was
"To be the Fourth with those Three other placed:
"Yet was she certes but a crountre lasse;
"Yet she all other crountre lasses far did passe."—Faer. Qu. vi. x. 25.

These lines had been written during the period of courtship; for, in his eightieth Sonnet, he alleges that, tired with his long race through Faery land which his six books compile, he wishes to refresh himself; and, in his retirement, to divert his muse with the subject of his own Love's praise, adapted to strains of suitable humility:

"But let her prayses yet be low and meane,
"Fit for the handmady of the Faery Queene."

That Spenser was a batchelor, before he was married to this person, I am persuaded by the circumstance of no love-verses having been addressed by him, in the interval between the faithlessness of Rosalind and his introduction to Elizabeth, to any other lady. Some biographers, it seems, have asserted, without authority, that, having lost his first wife, the courtship of a second gave rise to the Amoretti.

The absence, which the three concluding Sonnets mention, is believed by the author of the Life prefixed to Mr. Church's edition of the Faerie Queene to allude to Spenser's visit to England, in July or August 1506, soon after his marriage, which he dates in that year; in order to print the second part of his Faerie Queene, and the other Poems which remain to be noticed. But to this supposition I cannot accede. Spenser must have been married at least as soon as at the period I have mentioned; as the account of children which he left, and the interference of the Privy Council in behalf of them and of their mother, presently cited, will justify me in believing.

The Four Hymns on Love and Beauty, which prove the author's zealous attachment to the Platonick school, are dated at Greenwich, Sep. 1, 1596, and are dedicated to the Countesses of Cumberland and Warwick; the name of the latter, however, being mistaken by the printer or the poet; as the Countess of Warwick was certainly Anne, the daughter of Francis Earl of Bedford. These sisters were also addressed by Henry Constable in a Sonnet, descriptive of their uncommon accomplishments. The Hymns, as the poet informs us, "were written in the greener times of his youth;" and are intended as a warning to thoughtless lovers, in the repeated reference which he makes in them to his own distress and disappointment in respect to Rosalind.

In the same year his Prothalamion was printed; a poem, or spousal verse, in honour of the double marriage of the Ladies Elizabeth and Catherine Somerset to H. Gilford and W. Peter, Esquires. And here he again notices, with commendable pride, his honourable descent:

"To the Countesses of Cumberland and Warwick, sisters.
"Sisters of spotlesse fame! of whom alone
"Malitious tongues take pleasure to speake well;
"How should I you commend, when eyther one
"All things in heaven and earth so far excell.
"The highest praise that I can give is this,
"That one of you like to the other is."
The exertions of the Earl of Essex in the expedition to Cadiz, are also ingeniously introduced into this elegant little Poem.

In the same year likewise, the second part of the Faerie Queene appeared; which had been entered for the same bookseller in the Stationers' Registers on the 20th January, 1595-6. And a new edition of the former part accompanied it. Of the remaining six books, which would have completed Spenser's original design, two imperfect Cantos Of Mutability are the only parts with which the publick has been gratified; and which were first inserted in the folio edition of the Faerie Queene in 1609, as a part of the lost Book, entitled The Legend of Constancy. Sir James Ware informs us, in his Preface to Spenser's View of the State of Ireland, which he printed at Dublin in 1633, that the poet finished the latter part of the Faerie Queene in Ireland; "which was soon after unfortunately lost by the disorder and abuse of his servant, whom he had sent before him into England;" being then a rebellious, as Camden's words are, "laribus ejectus et bonis spoliatus." Fenton, in his notes on Waller's poems, considers the assertion of Sir James Ware as entitled to no credit. "Instead of deploring," he says, "the fate of those six books which are supposed to be lost, I am entirely of opinion with Mr. Dryden, that, upon Sir Philip Sidney's death, Spenser was deprived both of means and spirit to accomplish his design. The story of their being lost in his voyage from Ireland, seems to be a fiction borrowed from the fate of Terence's Comedies, which itself has the air of a fiction, or at best is but a hearsay that passed upon the biographers without due examination." Dr. Birch contends, "that this ingenious poet and commentator will scarce convince his readers, that the death of Sir Philip Sidney was an event sufficient to prevent Spenser from finishing his Poem, when it is evident that he gave the world, after the loss of his patron, six books of it; at the same time promising the rest, of which we actually have remaining two Cantos upon Mutability, equal, if not superior, to any of the rest; and two stanzas of another Canto. And the authority of so considerable a writer as Sir James Ware, who lived near the time and was in a situation of informing himself about the fact, cannot justly be rejected as a mere unsupported hearsay, propagated without due examination. It is true in the 33d Sonnet of his Amoretti, written about the year 1592, [and addressed to his friend Lodowick Bryskett,] he speaks of the finishing of his Faerie Queene as prevented by the cruelty of his mistress; and in the 80th he desires a little refreshment after so long a task, as that of compiling the first six books of that Poem, and leisure to sing his 'love's sweet praise;' the contemplation of whose beauty would 'raise his spirit,' and enable him to undertake his second Work

'With strong endeavour and attention dew.'

But these Sonnets, allowing the subjects of them to have been real facts and not poetical fiction, were composed at least five or six years before the last six books of the Faerie Queene are supposed to have been lost; an interval long enough for so ready and inexhaustible a genius as our author's to complete them, whose years bore no proportion to the number and perfection of his works. For the loss of those books could not have happened till about 1596, because he mentions, in the title-page of the edition of that year, that the Poem would contain Twelve Books. But they must have perished, as Sir James Ware intimates, when he sent his servant to England in 1598, before his own last journey thither from Ireland, upon the plundering of his estate by the rebels there."

To these observations the author of the Life of Spenser in the Biographia Britannica makes the following reply. "I believe the reader is beforehand with me in his censure of Dr. Birch's reasoning, which is so notoriously inconsistent with the fact. The Faerie Queene was begun in 1579 at latest; the first three books were finished in 1590; and the next three in 1596. This

1 Chalmers's Supplemental Apology, &c. ut supr.
2 See before, p xx.
last, not to insist on the whole space, is an interval of six years, which is above twice the length of Spenser’s life after 1596. Thus the doctor’s argument, we see, instead of strengthening the testimony of Sir James Ware, serves rather to weaken it, and at the same time confirms the opinion of Mr. Fenton, that they were never finished; which therefore we have embraced.”

Of a similar opinion was the late Dr. Farmer. “It is a question of long standing,” says that learned critic, “whether a part of the Faerie Queene hath been lost, or whether the work was left unfinished: which may effectually be answered by a single quotation. William Browne published some poems in fol. 1616, under the name of Britannia’s Pastoral;—in one of which (B. ii. Song i.) he thus speaks of Spenser:

"He sung the heroic knights of faery land"  
"In lines so elegant, of such command,"  
"That had the Thracian plaid but halfe so well,"  
"He had not left Eurydice in hell,"  
"But, ere he ended his melodious song,"  
"An host of angels flew the clouds among,"  
"And rapt this swan from his attentive mates,"  
"To make him one of their associates,"  
"In heaven’s fair quire; where now he sings the praise"  
"Of Him that is the first and last of daies."

I may add, to this testimony cited by Dr. Farmer, the same remark made by Sir Aston Cokain, in his Poems, published in 1653, p. 8.

"If honour’d Colin, thou hadst liv’d so long"  
"As to have finished thy Faery Song,"  
"Not only mine but all tongues would confess,"  
"Thou hadst exceed old Meonides."

But, however these extracts may seem to affect the authority of Sir James Ware, I shall produce the evidence of a writer, anteriour to Browne and Cokain, in support of the narration that some of Spenser’s papers were destroyed in the rebellion of 1598; among which we may suppose certain parts of the remaining six books of the Faerie Queene to have existed. We find that many detached parts of the first three books of the Poem had been seen by several friends of Spenser, long before the publication of them in 1590. The same circumstance might have happened in regard to the concluding books; although I do not mean to contend that they were finished, or, to use the expression of Spenser to his friend Bryskett in regard to the first six books, that they were compiled, that is, collected into order for publication. The evidence which I offer, has escaped the notice of all who have written on this interesting subject.

It is the evidence of a writer contemporary with Spenser; of a writer highly respected as a scholar and a gentleman, John (afterward Sir John) Stradling; the friend of Camden and Sir John Harington. He appears as an author in 1597. In 1607 he published Epigrammatum Libri quator; of which epigrams many were evidently written before that year. He thrice addresses Spenser in this collection; and, in the following lines, clearly, however quaintly, bears testimony to a loss which must ever be deplored.

"Ad Edm. Spencer, eximium poëtam, de exemplaribus suis quibusdam manuscriptis, ab Hibernia ecelegibus igne crematis, in Hibernica defctione.

"Ingeniæ tantum nomin tibi flumen, vt ipsum"  
"Absumi flammis non susitisse potem,"  
"Flumen at ingenij partim tibi sorbit ignis;"  
"Quaquis, qui flumen devoret, ignis erat?"  
"Sylvestris populus sylvestres iniict ignes;"  
"Talibus obstante flumina nullæ pyrus."  

Epigr., Lib. iii. p. 40.

Two years after the publication of these Epigrams, the only manuscripts of Spenser which had escaped the fury of rebels were given to the publick, as I have already stated, under the title of part of the Legend of Constance.

While Spenser was in England in 1596, he, without doubt, presented his political treatise,

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Footnotes:

1 See before, p. xxviii.  
2 Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare.  
3 Wood’s Athen. Ox. vol. i. col. 504.
The View of the State of Ireland, to the queen, the great officers of state, and others. I thus account for the manuscript copy of the treatise in the Lambeth library; and for that which was found among the Lord Keeper Egerton’s papers, and now belongs to the Marquis of Stafford; and for that also which exists in the Publick Library at Mr Cambridge. That this treatise was finished in 1596, is proved by the date which Sir James Ware has prefixed to it in the first edition of it in 1633, published at Dublin from a manuscript in Archbishop Usher’s library; and by the concurrent dates of four manuscripts, which I have inspected. In one of these manuscripts, a note is inserted in an old and probably coeval hand-writing, which relates, that Spenser at that time held the following office in Ireland. “This booke was written by Edward [Edmund] Spenser, Clerk of the Counsell of the Province of Munster in Ireland in ano 1596.” To this office Mr. Boyle has been believed to be the immediate successor of the poet. But I find that Lodowick Bryskett, the friend of Spenser, was possessed of this situation after him. For it is affirmed, in Lodge’s Peerage of Ireland, that Bryskett surrendered the office of Clerk to the Council of Munster on March 31. 1600, in order that the queen might give it to Mr. Boyle, together with the custody of the Signet of the Province.

The View of the State of Ireland exhibits Spenser as a most interesting writer in prose, as well as a politician of very extensive knowledge, and an antiquary of various and profound erudition. It was probably composed at the command of the queen; several representations of the disorders in Ireland, and several plans of reformation, written perhaps not without prejudice, and, I may add, (considering the behaviour of Desmond, Tyrone, and their adherents,) not without hypocrisy, having been presented to the English government. Sir James Ware dedicated his publication of this treatise to Lord Wentworth, then Lord Deputy of Ireland; to whom he relates, that “the former turbulent and tempestuous times, with the miseries of several kindes incident unto them, are fully set out, and to the life, by Mr. Spenser, with a discovery of their causes and remedies, being for the most part excellent grounds of reformation. And so much may be justly expected from him in regard of his long abode, and experience of this kingdom.” In the Preface Sir James further observes, that Spenser’s “proofes, although most of them conjectural, concerning the original of the language, customs of the nation, and the first peopling of the several parts of the land, are full of good reading, and doe shew a sound judgement. They may be further confirmed by comparing them with Richard Cregh’s Booke De lingua Hibornica, which is yet extant in the original manuscript, and although mixed with matter of story leaning too much to some fabulous traditions, yet in other respects worthy of light. Touching the general scope intended by the author for the reformation of abuses and ill customs, this we may say; that although very many have taken pains in the same subject, during the raigne of Queene Elizabeth, and some before, as the author of the book intituled Salus Populi, and after him Patrick Finglas, chiefe baron of the Exchequer here and afterwards chief Justice of the Common Pleas, yet none came so neere to the best grounds for reformation, a few passages excepted, as Spenser hath done in this.”

From this favourable opinion the editor of Sir James Ware’s works in English dissents. He allows that there are some things in it very well written, particularly in regard to the political design of reducing Ireland to the due obedience of the English Crown; yet that, in the
history and antiquities of the country, he is often miserably mistaken, and seems to have indulged rather the fancy and licence of a poet than the judgement and fidelity requisite for an historian; besides his want of moderation. If this character, Dr. Birch observes, be a true one, we have the less reason to regret that Spenser did not finish another treatise, which he promised at the conclusion of his View, expressly upon the antiquities of Ireland. At the distance of more than half a century, he, who subscribes not to the preceding remark, will find many supporters of his dissent. "Civilization," says a modern writer, (who with great learning and success has discussed the Antiquities of Ireland), "having almost obliterated every vestige of our ancient manners, the remembrance of them is only to be found in Spenser; so that he may be considered, at this day, as an Irish antiquary." I join sincerely in the wish of Sir James Ware, that this treatise had, in some passages, been tempered with more moderation; but, as Sir James remarks, "the troubles and miseries of the time when he wrote it, doe partly excuse him." In some manuscripts of the Treatise which I have seen, the severity indeed of Spenser as well in respect to certain families, as to the nation in general, is considerably amplified. But I have not thought it necessary to specify every particular of dormant, and perhaps not justifiable, harshness. It is evident that Sir James Ware also had seen more than one manuscript of the treatise; as he selects a various reading from the best. And, in the library of Trinity College at Dublin, there is a manuscript of it, which, in the construction of some of the sentences, and in other instances, differs, as I have been informed, from the printed copy; and abounds with corrections and interlineations.

This treatise, the result of nice observation and minute inquiry, wears the appearance of having been composed in England in 1596. For it opens with Eudoxus's address to Irenæus, under the latter of which names Spenser intends himself, in the following manner: "But if that country of Ireland, whence you lately came, be of so goodly and commodious a soyl as you report, I wonder that no course is taken for the turning thereof to good purposes, and reducing that nation to better government and civility." And it is probable that Spenser expected considerable promotion, in consequence of the zeal and ability which he had thus displayed as a politician; for he tells us, in his Prothalamion, published in 1596, of his "sullen care

"Through discontent of his long fruitlesse stay
"In Prince's Court, and expectation vain
"Of idle hopes, &c."

He had arrived in England, we may suppose, at the beginning of the year; for the entry of the second edition of the Faerie Queen in the Stationers' Registers will countenance this opinion; and the Prothalamion, as is evident at the commencement of it, was written in the summer of that year.

In 1597 he is said to have returned to Ireland. And he returned, probably, with the expectation of passing his days in comfort with his family at Kilcolman. In the following year he was destined to an honourable situation. For Mr. Malone has discovered a Letter from queen Elizabeth to the Irish government, dated the last day of September 1596, recommending Spenser to be Sheriff of Cork. But, in the next month, the rebellion of the treacherous Tyrone burst forth with irresistible fury; and occasioned the immediate flight of Spenser and his family from Kilcolman. In the confusion attending this calamity, one of his children appears to have been left behind. The rebels, after having carried off the goods burnt the house, and this infant in it. Spenser arrived in England with a heart broken in consequence of these misfortunes, and died in the January following.7

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7 The observation of the Rev. Edward Ledwich to Joseph Cooper Walker, Esq; communicated to me by the latter.
8 By Mr. Cooper Walker; who also transmitted to me a considerable specimen of this manuscript, which was obligingly transcribed by Dr. Barrett, the learned librarian of the College.
10 Biograph. Brit.
11 See the conversation between Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden, presently cited.
12 In opposition to the monumental inscription in Westminster Abbey," says Mr. Chalmers, "I concur with Sir James Ware, and Mr. Malone, in saying, that Spenser died in 1599, though towards the end rather than the beginning of that year: For the preface of Betulidere, or, Garden of the Muse, which was printed in 1598, speaks of Spenser as an extant poet." Suppl. Apolog. p. 34, 35. But this is not correct. The date of 1598 on the monument is right. And
The date of Spenser's death, together with some circumstances attending it, has often been mis-stated. The precise day of his death is now asserted, for the first time, on the following authority communicated by the learned and reverend John Brand, Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries; which exists in the title-page of the second edition of the Faerie Queene, now in his possession, and which appears to have belonged originally to Henry Capell; after whose autograph, the date of 1598 is added. After the name of Ed. Spenser in the title-page, the following invaluable anecdote is preserved: "Qui obit apud diversorium in platea Regia, apud Westmonasterium iuxta London, 16°. die Januarij 1598°. Juxtaq; Geffereum Chaucer, in eadem Ecclesia supradict. (Honoratissimi Comitis Essexiae impensis) sepelit[ur.]" Henry Capell has added apud diversorium in the paler ink with which his own name is written. It appears then that the testimony of Camden, in regard to the place of Spenser's death, is correct; which was in King-street, Westminster, as he relates; and not, as others in opposition to his authority have reported, in King-street, Dublin. It appears also that he died at an inn or lodging-house, apud diversorium, in which he and his family had probably been fixed from the time of their arrival in England. It is remarkable that Mr. Capell should have omitted to notice a single circumstance of the extreme poverty in which Spenser is said to have died, if the bitterer circumstances of that kind had really attended his death. The burial having been ordered at the charge of the Earl of Essex, may surely be considered as a mark of that nobleman's respect for the poet, without proving that the poet was starved. Of the man who had thus perished a remarkable funeral might seem almost mockery; and yet the pall was held up by some of the poets of the time.

But Camden has said, that Spenser returned to England, poor; "in Angliam inops reversus." Deprived, by a general calamity, of his property in the province of Munster; he was, if we contrast his situation with better days, undoubtedly poor. Yet he was not without the certainty of at least a decent subsistence; and, I am persuaded, was not without friends. His annual pension of fifty pounds, granted him by the queen, was beyond the reach of the barbarous kerns of Munster; a sum by no means inconsiderable in those days. And we may at least believe, that a plundered servant of the Crown would not pass unnoticed by the government, either in regard to a permanent compensation, or to immediate relief if requisite. But the numerous narrators of Spenser's death, both "in prose and rhyme," have determined to give an unbounded meaning to Camden's inops; and have accordingly represented the poet as dying in extreme indigence and want of bread. Nor are the melancholy accounts of these narrators unattended with a prefatory remark on his life, which confutes itself. Camden says generally that, by a fate peculiar to poets, Spenser was always poor. But he notices no other situation that Spenser held than the secretariaship under Lord Grey. Thus the author of his Life in the Biographia Britannica says, "that this admirable poet and worthy gentleman had struggled with poverty all his life-time." And thus, in the notes to that life, are cited the pretended corrobiorations of the fact, which Dr. Birch and the author of the Life prefixed to Mr. Church's edition of the Faerie Queene have triumphantly produced from an old play, entitled The Return from Parnassus, &c. acted at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1606; and from Fletcher's Purple Island, a poem printed in 1633: in the former of which, the "soile," that is, England, is described as

"Denying maintenance for his deare relief,"

and as

"Scarce deigning to shut up his dying eye:"

And in the latter, he is exhibited to the pity of the reader, as one, whom though all the Graces and Muses nursed and all the great and learned admired,

Mr. Malone has since admitted that Spenser died in London, between the 1st of January and the 25th of March, 1598. See his edit. of Dryden's Prose-Works, vol. 2. p. 83.


* Poetis funeris deventibus," as Camden relates. See also the translation of his Hist. of Q. Eliz. p. 355. "His hears [was] attended by poets, and mournfull elegies and poems with the pens that wrote them thrown into his tomb."
To these may be added the lamentation of Jos. Hall, another poet, in his address to Dr. Will. Bedell on his pastoral "in Spenser's style," entitled "A Protestant Memorial, &c." first published in 1713.

"Thine be his [Spenser's] Verse; not his Reward be thine!
"Ah! me, that, after unbeweming care
"And secret want which bred his last misfare,
"His relics dear obscurely tomb'd lien
"Under unwritten stones, that who goes by
"Cannot once read, Lo! here doth Collin lie!"

But all these remarks are far exceeded by Mr. Pennant, who has conjectured, that what had been published in 1590 might have been composed in consequence of his distresses at a subsequent period! Speaking of the portrait of Spenser at Duplin Castle, he calls the poet "\textit{b} the sweet, the melancholy, romantick bard of a romantick queen; the moral, romantick client of the moral, romantick patron, Sir Philip Sidney; fated to pass his days in dependence, or in struggling against adverse fortune, in a country insensible to his merit; either at Court 'to lose good days, &c.' or in Ireland to be tantalized with the appearance of good fortune; to be seated amidst scenery indulgent to his fanciful muse; yet, at length, to be expelled by the barbarous Tyrone; to have his house burnt, and his innocent infant perish in the flames; to return home; to die in deep poverty; lamenting

\begin{center}
\textit{That gentler wits should breed,
Where thick skin shushe laugh at a scholler's need.}
\end{center}

May it not be imagined, that, in the anguish of his soul, he composed his Cave of Despair, as fine a descriptive poem as any in our language, F. Q. i. ix. 33, &c."

The authority of Mr. Warton has also countenanced the belief of Spenser's dying in abject poverty. But from his statement I am compelled, in more than the present instance, to dissent. "Spenser himself," says Mr. Warton, "\textit{d} died in Ireland, in the most wretched condition, amid the desolations of the rebellion in Munster; as appears from the following curious anecdote in Drummond, who has left us the heads of a conversation between himself and Ben Jonson.

\begin{quote}
4 B. Jonson told me that Spenser's goods were robbed by the Irish in Desmond's rebellion; his house, and a little child of his burnt, and he and his wife nearly escaped; that he afterwards died in Kings-street, [Dublin,] by absolute want of bread; and that he refused twenty pieces sent him by the Earl of Essex, and gave this answer to the person who brought them, That he was sure he had no time to spend them. Camden informs us, that Spenser was in Ireland when the rebellion broke out under Tyrone in 1588; but that, being plundered of his fortune, he was obliged to return to England, where he died in the same or the next year. Camden adds, that he was buried in the abbey of Westminster, with due solemnities, at the expense of the Earl of Essex. If Drummond's account be true, it is most probable, that the Earl, whose benefaction came too late to be of any use, ordered his body to be conveyed into England, where it was interred as Camden relates. It must be owned that Jonson's account, in Drummond, is very circumstantial; and that it is probable, Jonson was curious enough to collect authentick information on so interesting a subject. At least his profession and connections better qualified him to come at the truth. Perhaps he was one of the poets who held up Spenser's pall."
\end{quote}

The preceding account, given by Drummond, requires further examination. In the first place, Mr. Warton's insertion of Dublin into the narrative is unjustifiable; and erroneously leads the reader to bestow a greater weight on mere conversation, than on historical testimony. I cannot but question also the authority of Jonson, in regard to the pretended answer of Spenser to the messenger who brought him money from Lord Essex; that he was sure he had no time to spend it. Jonson relates, that the poet and his wife escaped the violence of the rebels; although he notices
no other child than that which was burnt. But two children, at least, were preserved; for a wife and children, as we shall presently discover, survived the poet. What then! would the tender-minded Spenser, with a wife and children "participating his temporary distress, think only of himself" on the melancholy occasion, and decline the offer of assistance so seasonable at least to them? I must require the corroboration of such a fact from the mouth of more witnesses than that of Jonson; especially when I consider what Drummond has recorded of his friend Ben, that he was guilty of "interpreting the best sayings, and deeds, often to the worst." If the Earl of Essex sent Spenser a donation, which is very probable, I am persuaded that it was not declined with the ungrateful and unnatural answer alleged by Jonson. To fugitives from their own abode, not possessed of an immediate supply for their wants, and resident at an inn, the generosity of Essex was well-timed; and it corresponds with the friendship which he had always shewn to Spenser. It would be an aid till the accustomed time of the payment of the royal pension to Spenser, and till his case had undergone an inquiry necessary to entitle him to publick remuneration.

But, leaving for a moment the particular point of Essex's generosity, may we not suppose that the poet experienced, in his present accidental want, the kindness "of the auncient house" of Spencer? In his earlier days he had been often obliged by persons of that noble family; and he appears not, by any subsequent circumstance, to have forfeited their notice. It is an extraordinary assertion of a late biographer of Spenser, where, speaking of the Spencers of Althorp, he says, "It does not appear that the poet ever claimed kindred with that house, or was acknowledged by it." The claim of kindred with that house, as we have seen, was the favourite theme of Spenser; and the admission of that claim was also repeatedly avowed by him. In his utmost need, then, can we believe him to have been so deserted as to want a morsel of bread? Was his poverty, the effect of national misfortune, a crime? Would none of those, who had acknowledged the private bands of his affinitie and honoured him with particular bounties, listen to the representation of the misery, in which a kinsman of whom they could not be ashamed, (a man of exemplary taste and learning and a man of blameless character,) was now involved?—When to this expectation of alleviated calamity we add the means of Spenser already mentioned, and the probability of Essex's generosity being not slighted; common sense and humanity seem to revolt at the supposition of Spenser's dying in want of bread.

Of Essex's friendly interference Mr. Warton has continued a mis-statement, in his History of English Poetry; subjoined to a very elegant discrimination between the accomplishments and the errors of that nobleman. "A few of his Sonnets are in the Ashmolean Museum, which have no marks of poetick genius. He is a vigorous and elegant writer of prose. But if Essex was no poet, few noblemen of his age were more courted by poets. From Spenser to the lowest rhymer, he was the subject of numerous sonnets or popular ballads. I will not except Sidney. I could produce evidence to prove, that he scarce ever went out of England, or even left London, on the most frivolous enterprise, without a pastoral in his praise, or a panegyric in metre, which were sold and sung in the streets. Having interested himself in the fashionable poetry of the times, he was placed high in the ideal Arcadia now just established; and, among other instances which might be brought, on his return from Portugal in 1589 he was complimented with a poem, called, 'An Eglogue gratulatorie entituled to the right honorable and renowned shepherd of Albions Arcadie, Robert earl of Essex; and for his returne lately into

* Mr. Chalmers is entirely of this opinion. "The Irish of Munster, rising universally in October 1599, laid waste the country and expelled the English. Neither Kielcolm nor Spenser were spared. He was thus constrained to return with his wife, and family, to England; but in ruined circumstances." Supplemental Apolog. p. 34.

1 See Drummond's character of Jonson in Bridges's edition of Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum Anglicorum, p. 248, which, however disadvantageously, is not, in the opinion of the learned editor, very unjustly drawn.

2 Dr. Alkin, in his Life of Spenser, prefixed to the edition of Spenser's Poetical Works in 1862.

3 See before, pages xxxi, xxxii, xxxiii, &c. 1 See the same pages.

4 See before, p. xlvii, xlix. The reader might also be led into this belief of Spenser's being starved by Oldham's Satire against Poetry; by Granger's Biographical History; by Dunster's edition of Phillips's Cider, p. 85, &c. &c.

5 See the Deductions to Mucipoim, and the Tears of the Muse.
England. This is a light in which Lord Essex is seldom viewed. I know not if the queen's fatal partiality, or his own inherent attractions, his love of literature, his heroism, integrity, and generosity, qualities which abundantly overbalance his presumption, his vanity, and impetuosity, had the greater share in dictating these praises. If adulation were any where justifiable, it must be when paid to the man who endeavoured to save Spenser from starring in the streets of Dublin, and who buried him in Westminster Abbey with becoming solemnity. By the death of the poet I can conceive Lord Essex to have been much affected. From his ingenuous and liberal mind the praises of such a man as Spenser would not easily be effaced. He was now on the eve of his departure to Ireland in the character of Lord Lieutenant; the appointment of which exalted station Spenser is believed to have recommended, in his View of the State of Ireland, to be bestowed on him, as "upon whom the eye of all England is fixed, and our last hopes now rest." Essex therefore was deprived of Spenser's political assistance; a circumstance (as I conceive) of great disappointment, if not of distress, to a vice-roy nominated at a period so critical. Nor can I read the following Letter, which Essex had occasion to write in the Autumn after his arrival in Ireland, without thinking that, in the general allusion to the dearest friends whom he has outlived, Spenser also is intended. It is an *original Letter to the Lord Keeper Egerton, on the loss of his eldest son Sir Thomas Egerton, who had accompanied Essex into Ireland, and who died there on the 23d of August, 1599, at the age of 25.*

"What can you receive from a cursed country but unfortunate newes I what can be my stile (whom heaven and earth are agreed to make a martyr) but a stile of mourning I not for myself that I smart, for I wold I had in my hart the sorrow of all my friends, but I mourn that my destiny is to overlive my dearest frendes. Of yt. losse yt is neither good for me to write nor you to reade. But I protest I felt myself sensibly dismembered when I lost my frend. Shew yt. strength in lyfe. Lett me, yt be Gods will, shew yt in taking leave of the world and hasting after my frends. Butt I will live and dy More yt. Ips then any mans living, ESSEX.

"Arbrackan this last of August," [1599.]

Little did the generous but unfortunate Essex then imagine, that the learned statesman, to whom this letter of condolence was addressed, would be directed very soon afterwards to issue an order for his execution. The original *warrant, to which the name of Elizabeth is prefixed, is now in the possession of the Marquis of Stafford; and the queen has written her name, not with that firmness observable in numerous documents existing in the same and other collections, but with apparent tremor and hesitation. Perhaps no apology will be expected for the long digression I have made on the history of Spenser's friend, and indeed the general friend of literature.

What became of the wife and children of Spenser immediately after his death, does not appear. The following original Letter proves, what I have asserted throughout this account of the Life of the poet, that he had *children besides the infant which is said to have perished in the flames; which has induced me to fix the date of his marriage earlier than in 1596. The Letter is from the Lords of the Privy Council in England to Sir George Carew, Lord President of Munster, "in the behalf of Mrs. Spenser."

* In the collection of the Marquis of Stafford.
\(^\text{p}\) This Warrant is in the most perfect preservation. It is one of the numerous important documents, subservient to the history of this country, which were carefully preserved by Lord Chancellor Egerton, and were bequeathed by the late Duke of Bridgewater to the present Marquis of Stafford.
\(^\text{q}\) "We think," says the author of the Life of Spenser prefixed to Mr. Church's edition of the Faerie Queene, "that Spenser could hardly leave more than one son; considering that, as before stated, one child was burnt." But this opinion is not correct.

\(^\text{r}\) In the Carew manuscripts at Lambeth Library, the original of this Letter and the copy exist. It is worthy of observation, that Sir George Carew, while he was Lord President of Munster, preserved the originals, and directed copies to be made of all the letters sent to him "from the lorde of her Maike, moste Honorable Pryvye Council." See Memorand. in MS. No. 620.
"After of Right hartie Comendaeons to y' lordship. By the inclosed Petition it may appear unto you the humble sute that is made vnto vs in the behalf of the wyff and children of Edmond Spenser late Clerke of the Counsell of that Provynce: In regard he was a Servitor of that Realme, we have ben moved to recommed the consideracion of the Sute made vnto vs, vnto y' lordship and withall to praye you, that you will vpon due informacion of the state of the Cause, and the wronges pretended to be done in preindice of the wyff and children of Spenser, afforde them that favoure and assistance w'the justice and equitie of the Cause shall deserve for recovery and holdinge those things w'th by right ought to appytene to them. And so we hyd you right hartely fare well: ffro the Court at Whytehall, the xxixth of March 1601.

[" Received in July 1601."]

"Yo' lordship's very lovinge frendes
"Jo Cant. Tho. Egerton, C.S.
"T. Buckhurst. Notingham.
"I. Fortescene. I. Herbert."

To this Letter the inclosed Petition is unfortunately not an accompaniment. It was probably deposited among the Munster records by the Lord President. I am inclined to think that the Petition was presented before the widow and children departed from England.

In regard, however, to the family, I am enabled to state that two sons certainly survived the poet; Silvanus and Peregrine; of whom the former was probably a native of the woody Kilcolman; and the latter perhaps was born in England soon after the arrival of Spenser and his wife from Ireland, or might be a posthumous child, and received his name from the strange and unexpected place of his birth. In "two manuscripts preserved in the library of Trinity College at Dublin, it appears that Silvanus, the son of Edmund Spenser, married Ellen Nangle, eldest daughter of David Nangle of Moneanmy in the county of Cork and of Ellen Roche who was daughter to William Roche of Ballyhowly in the county of Cork; and by that marriage he had two sons, Edmund and William Spenser. It further appears in Smith's History of the County and City of Cork, as the learned librarian Dr. Barrett remarks, that this family, called in the manuscripts Nangle of Moneanmy, is otherwise called Nagle; and the historian mentions "Ballygriffin, a pretty seat of Mr. David Nagle, below which is the ruined church of Monanmy, with a large chancel, and in it is a modern tomb of the Nagles." And Monanmy appears, in Smith's map of the county, a little way to the south of Kilcolman, the residence of Spenser. From the 1manuscript depositions relative to the rebellion of 1641, still remaining in the library just mentioned, persons of the name of Nagle of Monanmy, and also of the name of Roche, (the families to which Spenser's son was by marriage connected,) appear to have taken a part in those disturbances; and probably might, some of them at least, have forfeited their property. The biographers of Spenser have informed us that his "grandson Hugolin Spenser, was, after the restoration of King Charles the second, restored by the Court of Claims to so much of the lands as could be found to have been his ancestor's. This circumstance seems to prove that the estate had again been seized by rebels, as it had been in the time of the poet; for Peregrine Spenser, the father of Hugolin, is described, in the 1last-mentioned manuscript, by an attestation dated May 4. 1642, as "a Protestant, resident about the barony of Fermoy, and so impoverished by the troubles as to be unable to pay his debts;" and a part of the estate had been assigned to him by his elder brother Silvanus, as the Case of William Spenser, his nephew, will presently demonstrate. It no where appears that Silvanus, notwithstanding his connection with the popish families of Roche and Nagle, was involved in the rebellion of 1641. Hugolin, however, followed the example of Sir Richard Nagle, the

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2 MS. F. 2. 15. Pages 1511, 1563, 1573, 1607.
3 The biographers call him, inaccurately, the great-grandson of Spenser. See Birch, Church's edit. Faer. Qu., Biograph. Brit. &c.
4 Namely, MS. F. 2. 15. page 1607. And for all these notices in the Dub. in manuscripts I am highly obliged, through the kind application of Joseph Cooper Walker. Esq., to the Rev. Dr. Barrett.
attorney-general of James the second and the great persecutor of the Irish Protestants, in resisting the designs of the Prince of Orange; and was accordingly, after the revolution, outlawed for treason and rebellion. On this event his cousin William Spenser, the son of Silvanus, became a suitor for the forfeited property. The affair brought him to England; and his name is said to have procured him a favourable reception. By the poet Congreve he was introduced to Mr. Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, then at the head of the Treasury, through whose interest he obtained his suit. Dr. Birch has described him as a man somewhat advanced in years, and as unable to give any account of the works of his ancestor which are wanting. The "Case of William Spenser, printed on a single sheet, and since deposited by the republisher of it in the British Museum, has been accepted by the publick as a proof of that active perseverance, and liberal curiosity, by which Mr. George Chalmers is animated; and is too interesting to be omitted here.

"The Case of William Spencer, of Kilcolman, in the county of Cork, in the kingdom of Ireland, Esq. grandson and heir to Edmond Spenser the poet;—

"That Sylvanus Spencer, Esq. father of William, in his life-time, in order to prefer his second brother Peregrine in marriage, did give and assign to him part of his estate in the said county of Cork.

"Peregrine dies, and that part of the estate that was settled on him by Silvanus, descended and came to Hugoline, son of the said Peregrine.

"Hugoline, being seized and possessed of the said estate, was outlawed for treason and rebellion after the late revolution.

"William Spencer finding Hugoline's estate vested in the king, and being the next protestant heir, as also heir at law to him, that part of the estate being formerly vested in Sylvanus, (to whom William was eldest son and heir) did apply himself to his Majesty for a grant thereof; and by his petition did set forth his claim to the said estate, and also his services, sufferings, and losses, in the late rebellion in Ireland, in behalf of the government, which are very well known.

"Upon which petition his Majesty was graciously pleased to refer the same to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury in England, and they were pleased to refer it further to the Earls of Montrath, Drogheda, and Galloway, then Lords Justices of Ireland, to examine the matter, and make their report.

"The Lords Justices reported it back to the Lords of the Treasury of England: wherein they recommend the said William to his Majesty for his great services, sufferings, and losses, in the late troubles, and that he was next protestant heir to Hugoline, and to deserve his Majesty's grace and favour.

"His Majesty was thereupon graciously pleased to grant the said Hugoline's estate to the said William, by his letters patent bearing date at Dublin the fourteenth day of June, in the ninth year of his reign.

"That the said estate was then of the yearly value of sixty-seven pounds, seventeen shillings and six-pence.

"That there is a mortgage upon the said estate for five hundred pounds, which is yet unpaid.

"That it cost the said William above six hundred pounds, the best part of his fortune, in improving the said estate, and procuring the said grant, and hath received little or no profit thereof.

"For by a late act of parliament, all grants were made void in Ireland, and the forfeited estates were vested in trustees, to be sold for the use of the public; and whilst that act was in agitation, the said William was so disabled by sickness, that he could not apply himself to this honourable House for a saving clause, whereby the trustees have dispossessed the said William of the said estate, without any manner of consideration for his improvements and other charges about the same, to his utter ruin and impoverishment.

Dr. Birch, Church's edit. Faur. Q., and Biograph. Brit.

See the Supplemental Apology for the Believers in the Shakspeare-Papers, &c. 1799, pp. 35, 36, &c.
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF SPENSER.

"That this is conceived to be the only case of this nature in the whole kingdom of Ireland, he being the next protestant heir, and whose grandfather, Edmond Spencer, by his book, entitled, A View of Ireland, modulated the settlement of that kingdom, and these lands were given him by Queen Elizabeth, of blessed memory, for his services to the crown.

"That your petitioner having applied himself to this honourable House last sessions of parliament for relief herein:

"That the petitioner was referred to the trustees then in England, who reported the same to this honourable House; and, upon further consideration of that report, the same was refer'd to the trustees in Ireland, who now have made their report to this effect:—

"That the petitioner was very serviceable to the publick, by being a guide to his Majesty's General the Earl of Athlone, during the late wars in that kingdom.

"That he had 300 head of black cattle, and 1500 sheep taken from him, and had several houses burnt: That his family was stript, his house plundered, and his only son had above twenty wounds given him by the Irish army.

"That in consideration of his said services and sufferings, and of his being next protestant heir to Hugoline Spenser attainted, his Majesty was pleased to grant the forfeited estate of the said Hugoline to the petitioner in 1697, now set at sixty pounds per ann.

"That there is a claim heard and allowed as an incumbrance of 300l. absolute, on the said estate, and 200l. more in case Hugoline, who is very old and unmarried, dies without issue male.

"That the petitioner has expended near the sum mentioned in his petition, in making journies into England to procure his grant, in passing his patent in Ireland, and in building a house and planting an orchard on the premises, so that his grant has hitherto been a charge to him, and not an advantage; all which they submit to this honourable House.

"And the petitioner humbly hopes this honourable House will be pleased to take his case into consideration, and re-establish him in his said estate, or otherwise relieve him as to your great wisdom shall seem meet."

Dr. Birch informs the reader in 1751, that some of the descendants of Spenser were then remaining in the county of Cork. An Edmund Spenser of Mallow is yet remembered in Dublin; and the daughter of this gentleman, the last lineal descendant of the poet, is now married, as I am informed, to Mr. Burne, who fills, or lately filled, some office in the English-Custom-house; in whose possession an original picture of Spenser has been said to exist; but an inquiry after it has not been attended with success. Whether it may be confounded with the painting, reported to be at Castle-Saffron in the neighbourhood of Kilcolman, the seat of John Love, Esq., I am unable to say.

To the memory of Spenser a handsome monument, with an inscription, was erected in Westminster Abbey by Anne, Countess of Dorset. This mark of respect had been usually ascribed to the Earl of Essex, till Fenton, in his notes on Waller, related the discovery which he had made in the manuscript diary of Stone, master-mason to King Charles the first; that the monument was set up above thirty years after the poet's death, and that the Countess of Dorset paid forty pounds for it. In the inscription, however, the dates both of his birth and his death, owing to the blunder of the carver or the writer of the brief memorial, were false.

For he was stated to have been born in 1510, and to have died in 1596. This interval presents a lengthened span, of which little more than half was allotted to Spenser. "Obit immatura morte," says Camden in his little treatise describing the monuments of Westminster in 1600, "anno salutis 1598;," which expression, his dying an untimely death, is used not without propriety.

* Life of Spenser, prefixed to the edition of the Faerie Queene in 1751.
* From the information of Joseph Cooper Walker, Esq.
* By the gentleman mentioned in the preceding note.
* As Mr. Walker had been informed.
* Smith's Hist. of Cork, and Dr. Birch's Life of Spenser.
* See the Life of Spenser prefixed to Church's edition of the Faerie Queene, and the Biographia Britannica.
when we consider that Spenser died at the age of forty-five. The inscription as it now stands on the monument in the Abbey, is as follows.

**Heare lyes (expecting the second comminge of our Saviour Christ Jesus) the body of Edmund Spenser the Prince of Poets in his tyme whose divine spirit needs noe other witness then the Works which he left behinde him He was borne in London in the yeare 1553 and died in the yeare 1596.**

It should be observed that Camden's treatise just mentioned, does not pretend to give the monumental inscription of the poet; but introduces a suitable eulogium on a man so celebrated, in order to guide the curious, as it has been ingeniously conjectured, to that part of the Abbey in which his remains were deposited; for at that time no monument was erected to him. The whole eulogium in prose is this. "Edmundus Spenser Londinensis, Anglicorum Poetarum nostri seculi facilè princeps, quod eius poenam fuentibus Musis & victuro genio conscripta comprobant. Obiit immatura morte anno salutis 1598, & prope Galfredum Chaucerum conditur; qui feliicissimè poesin Anglicis literis primus illustravit." Then follow two copies of verses, which I shall have occasion presently to cite.

The death of Spenser appears to have been deeply lamented by poets who lived near the time, and probably were acquainted with him; by none, with greater tenderness, than William Browne, the most accomplished disciple in the school of Spenser. Describing him snatched from his admiring audience, in the midst of his sweetest minstrelsy, by the hand of death, he adds:

"A dampe of wonder and amazement strooke
Thetis' attendants; many a heavy bode;
Follow'd sweet Spenser, till the thickning yere
Sight's further passage stoppy'd. A passionate tears
Fell from each Nymph; no Shepherd's cheek was dry;
A doleful Dirge, and mournefull Elegie,
Flew to the shore." — Britannia's Pastoralis, edit. 1616. B. II. p. 27.

And in another part of the same work, alluding to the pastoral strains of Spenser, he has thus recorded his affection:

"Had Colin Clout yet liv'd, (but he is gone)
The best on earth, could tune a lovers mone;
Whose sadder tones Inform'd the rocks to wepe,
And laid the greatest griefes in quiet sleepe:
Who, when he sung (as I would do to mine)
His truest loves to his fair Rosaline,
Entic'd each shepheards care to heare him play, &c.
Iheaven rest thy soule! if so a swaine may pray:
And, as thy workes live here, live there for aye!"

The circumstance of his being buried near the grave of Chaucer, which is said to have been observed at his own desire, gave rise also to several encomiastic epitaphs; the first of which, some writers have been hastily led to consider as the poet's monumental inscription.

"Hic prope Chaucerum, Spensere poeta, poetam
Conderis, et versus quam tumulo propriot.
Anglicæ, te vivo, vixit plausique Poesiis;
Nunc mortuæa timent, te moriente, morit." 

Again:

"Hic prope Chaucerum situs est Spenserius, Illi
Proximus ingenio, proximus ut tumulo."

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b See the note (t.) on Spenser's Life in the Biographia Britannica.

1 See Weaver's *Mirror of Martyrs*, published in 1601. See also a beautiful poem, re-printed in Ellis's Specimens of the early English poets, vol. 20. p. 233, 1st. edit. See likewise P. Fletcher's *Purple Island*, published in 1633, B. L. st. 19, 20, 21.

1 See the Lives of Spenser prefixed to the folio edition of his Works in 1679, and to Church's edition of the Faer. Qu. in 1753.

1 Winstanley, in his Lives of the English Poets; and Sir T. Pope Blount, in his Remarks on Poetry, &c.—This and the two following epitaphs were probably among the verses, which were thrown into the poet's grave. The two last lines of this epitaph are, as Fenton has remarked, a servile imitation of Cardinal Beemo's epitaph on Sannazarus, and the immortal painter of Urbino. In the Biographia Britannica, the two epitaphs from Camden's book are printed together as one, without distinction.

m This and the preceding epitaph are given by Camden in his "Reges, Reginæ, Nobiles, et alii in Eccl. Coll. B. Petri Westmon. sepulti, &c."
Again:

"... Spenserus cubat hic, Chaucero etate priori
" Inferior, tumulo proximas, arte prior."

Now was the character of Spenser treated without particular respect, while he lived. He was seldom mentioned without the epithet of "great" or "learned." And indeed what poet of that period could pretend to his learning? In the list of all our most eminent poets indeed, an admirable critic has assigned, in respect to their erudition, the first place to Milton, the second to Spenser. And therefore, considering the exquisite taste, as well as the extensive learning of Spenser, the loss of his critical discourse entitled "The English Poet," is, as the same author has remarked, much to be regretted. Perhaps he would have there illustrated, by examples drawn from the writings of his countrymen who were distinguished in either school, the manner both of the Provençal and Italian poetry. But if his art of criticism has been lost, his own example as a poet has contributed to the production, in succeeding times, of the sublimest as well as the sweetest strains in which the lyre of English poetry has been tuned. To Dryden Milton acknowledged that Spenser was his original. In *Cowley, in *Dryden, in the facetious Butler, in Prior, in Pope, in Thomson, in Shenstone, in Gray, and in Akenside obligations of importance to the "oaten reed" and the "trumpet stern" of Spenser may without difficulty be traced. It is indeed a just observation, that more poets have sprung from Spenser than all our other English writers.

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* This occurs in the Book of *Cenotaphia, subjoined to Fitzgeraffrey's *Afflenti, sine Epigrammata, published in 1601.
* See the Shepheard's Content at the end of the *Affectionate Shepherd, sec. 1594. 4to. Speaking of love:
  "By thee great Collin lost his libertie;
  By thee sweet Astrophel forwent his joy."

See also Drayton's *Shepheardes Garland, 1593.

"For learned Collin laies his pipes to gage,
And is to sayrie gone a pilgrimage."

And in the *Lamentation of Troy &c. 1594, he is invoked as "the only Homer living," and intreated to write the story "with his fame-quickning quill." And Sir John Davies in his *Orchestra, 1596, exclaims:

"O that I could old Geographers Muse awake,
"Or borrow Collin's joyre heroike stile,
"Or smooth my rimes with Delias servants file."

In Camden's Remains published by Philpot, we are likewise presented with the following proof of the high estimation, in which he was held while living.

"Upon Master Edmund Spencer the famous Poet.
"As Delphes shrine one did a doubt propound,
"Which by the Oracle must be released;
"Whether of Poets were the best renown'd,
"Those that survive, or those that he deceased.
"The god made answer by divine suggestion,
"White Spencer is alive, it is no question."

William Smith has dedicated his *Chorist, or, The Complaint of the passionate despis'd Shepheard, in 1596, to Spenser, under the title of "the most excellent and learned Shepheard Collin Cloute;" and, in a concluding Sonnet, considers his friendly patronage as a shield against "raging Envie. Let me not omit the spirited address of Bishop Hall, in his first Book of Satires, published in 1597.

"But let no rebel satyr dare traduce
"The eternal legends of thy faerie muse,
"Renowned Spencer! whom no earthly wight
"Dares once to emulate, much less despight."


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* See before, p. xi.—What authority Mr. Wood has for Jo: Puttenham's being the author of the Art of English Poesy, I do not know. Mr. Wanley, in his Catalogue of the Harvey Library, says he had been told, that Edm: Spencer was the author of that book, which came out anonymous. But Sir John Harington, in his preface to Orlando Furioso P. 5 gives so hard a censure of that book, that Spencer could not possibly be the author. Letter from Tho. Baker to the Hon James West, printed in the *Europ. Magazine, April, 1798.
* Cowley tells us, he was made a poet by the delight he took in the Faerie Queene. "Essay xi. Of myself." Bishop Hurst has in his Library, at Hartlebury, a copy of the folio edition of the Faerie Queene, which had been Dryden's and Pope's but there is not a note by either. *Manuscript note by Dr. Farmer, prefixed to the sixth vol. of Hughes's *Spenser now in the possession of Isaac Reed, Esq.

* See Dr. Sewell's remark cited by Mr. Chalmers, *Suppl. Apologi, p. 33. I might add the zealous testimony also of several poetical writers in regard to the fame of Spenser. See Henry More's Preface to his *Philosophical Poems. See also his *Antidote &c. at the end of his *Dissertation on the Seven Churches, in the preface to which Sign O. 3. there is much allusion to Spenser. See likewise the Preface to Dr. Woodford's *Paraphrase on the Canticles &c. in the preface to which the highest commendations are bestowed on Spenser, and much sorrow expressed that his version of the Canticles is lost.—Some imagine that Bunyan, in his *Pilgrim's Progress, has been indebted
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often be read through; that to many readers it will prove not unfrequently very tedious; but that detached parts, after repeated perusals, will continue to give pleasure. To such assertions let me be permitted to subjoin the dissentient opinion of Pope, who, without any repulsive remarks on the want of unity and compression, and on the infelicity of ancient diction, thus acknowledges how much Spenser was his favourite from his early to his later years: "There is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the Faerie Queen when I was about twelve with a vast deal of delight; and I think it gave me as much, when I read it over a year or two ago." Nor may I omit a few more remarks in regard to the language of the Faerie Queen, which is asserted to be cast in a mould more antique than that in which the writer lived. This is but a repetition of Dryden's hasty censure; which is to be attributed to Jonson's condemnation of Spenser's obsolete language, directed, as Mr. Malone remarks, merely against the Pastoral; but since indiscriminately brought against all his works. "The language of the Faerie Queen," as Mr. Malone judiciously adds, "was the language of the age in which Spenser lived; and, however obsolete it might appear to Dryden, was, I conceive, perfectly intelligible to every reader of poetry in the time of Queen Elizabeth, though the Shephard's Calendar was not even then understood without a commentary."

But it is also asserted, that Spenser did not possess that rare elevation of genius, which places a man above the level of his age. In this remark, however, the support of Dryden is wanting; for Dryden says expressly of Spenser; "no man was ever born with a greater genius, or had more knowledge to support it." And it has been well observed by a very judicious critic, that "where the works of Spenser are original, they shew that he possessed energy, copiousness, and sublimity sufficient, if he had taken no model to follow, that would rank him with Homer and Tasso and Milton; for his greatest excellence is in those images which are the immediate foundation of the sublime: Fear, confusion, and astonishment, are delineated by him with a most masterly pen." To these marks of elevated powers I may add the attractive minuteness of Spenser's descriptions, which rarely terminate in the object described, but give an agreeable activity to the mind in tracing the resemblance between the type and anti-type. This, as the learned translator of Dante has observed to me, is an excellence possessed by Spenser in an eminent degree; and hence may be deduced the superiority of his descriptions over those of Thomson, Akenside, and almost all other modern poets.

If our conceptions of Spenser's mind may be taken from his poetry, I shall not hesitate to pronounce him entitled to our warmest admiration and regard for his gentle disposition, for his friendly and grateful conduct, for his humility, for his exquisite tenderness, and above all for his piety and morality. To these amiable points a fastidious reader may, perhaps, object some petty inadvertencies; yet can he never be so ungrateful as to deny the efficacy, which Spenser's general character gives to his writings; as to deny that Truth and Virtue are graceful and attractive, when the road to them is pointed out by such a guide. Let it always be remembered that this excellent poet inculcates those impressive lessons, by attending to which the gay and the thoughtless may be timely induced to treat with scorn, and indignation, the allurements of intemperance and illicit pleasure. Subservient as the poetry of Spenser is to the interests of private life, let it be cited also as the vehicle of sound publick spirit:

appear to have followed the severe and unjust opinion of Hume in regard to Spenser. See Nouv. Dict. Hist. Cen. art. Spenser.


Dryden's Prose-Works, vol. 3. p. 94. Dr. Alkin's Life of Spenser.


Neve's cursory Remarks on the ancient English Poets.

It is worthy of remark, that John Wesley, in the plan which he offers to those Methodists who design to go through a course of academic learning, recommends, (together with the Historical Books of the Hebrew Bible, the Greek Testament, Homer's Odyssey, Vell. Pater-curius, Enclid's Elements, &c.) to students of the second year, Spenser's Faerie Queen. See the second volume of Whitehead's Life of the Rev. John Wesley, &c. 1796.
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF SPENSER.

To the friends of Spenser, already mentioned in this account of his Life, we must add the name of John Chalkhill, Esq. the author of "Thealma and Clearchus, a Pastoral History, in smooth and easy verse," published long after his death by Isaac Walton, who calls him "an acquaintance and friend of Edmund Spenser." In this poem, says Walton, the reader will find many hopes and fears finely painted and feelingly expressed. It is an unfinished work; but, in what is presented to us, the attention of Mr. Chalkhill to the qualifications of his friend is obvious in many passages of a most attractive description, as well in regard to language as to taste. Of this author Walton gives a very engaging character; that he was well known in his time, and well beloved; for he was humble and obliging in his behaviour, a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent and prudent; and whose whole life indeed was useful, quiet, and virtuous. The friends of Spenser, omitting the Earl of Leicester, appear indeed to have been all men of unequivocal merit. And the reader is better pleased, when he considers Sir Philip Sidney as the Prince Arthur of the Faerie Queene, than when he is led to subscribe to the probable arguments of Mr. Upton that, under that character, Leicester is intended. "The great figure," he says, "which Leicester made in the Low Countries, added to his being a favourite of Elizabeth, made persons call him Arthur of Britann; and this I learn from Holinshed, where he is giving an account of the various shews and entertainments with which they received this magnificent peer: 'Over the entrance of the court-gate was placed aloft upon a scaffold, as if it had been in a cloud or skie, Arthur of Britann, whom they compared to the Earl.' This passage is highly in point for my conjecture in making Prince Arthur often covertly to allude to the Earl of Leicester, and apparently so when he is brought in to assist Belge and restore her to her right." But Mr. Upton has not denied the culpability of Leicester's character. The Christian Knight, he observes, "gives Prince Arthur the New Testament; a present, of which Leicester undoubtedly stood in need. Not such was Sidney; whose valour and generosity were equalled by his piety. And, while protected by such a patron, Spenser, I am persuaded, enjoyed his happiest days. But when he was gone, the remembrance of such a loss, and the coldness of Burleigh, gave rise to those querulous tones which sometimes deprive the poet's harp of half its sweetness.


2 As Dryden and others have considered him, See Facs. Qu. i. ix. 19.

3 The generosity of Sir Philip Sidney towards Spenser in particular, has not escaped exaggeration. In the Life of Spenser prefixed to the folio edition of his Works in 1679, in Hughes's Life of Spenser, and in the Life of Sidney given in the Biographiam Britannicam, it is asserted that Spenser's description of the Cave of Despair introduced him to Sir Philip; that the reading a few stanzas occasioned Sir Philip to order him a payment of fifty pounds; and that a continuation of the reading extended Sir Philip's bounty to two hundred pounds, which, however, he directed his steward to pay the poet immediately, lest he should bestow the whole of his estate on the writer of such verses. "To shame this idle tale," says the writer of the Life of Spenser in the Biographiam Britannicam, "we need only observe that the Faerie Queene may be said even to owe its birth to Sir Philip Sidney, who, quickly after his acquaintance with Spenser, discovered his genius to be formed for higher subjects than those lesser pieces which he had then written; and persuaded him for trumpet stern to change his oath revised."—I admit that the Faerie Queene owed its progress to the judicious encouragement of Sidney. But, although the pecuniary incident wears undoubtedly the appearance of an idle tale, I do not see why the description of the Cave of Despair might not have been one of the earliest poetical pieces which he had submitted to Sir Philip's inspection, as he had certainly begun the poem in 1579, and had received Harvey's opinion of it in 1580; and this passage is also in the first book; and thus, the very description, which is considered in an unqualified manner as an idle tale, might perhaps be one of those specimens of his genius by which Sir Philip was forcibly struck, and was induced to recommend him to sing no more his rural ditties, but to "build the loftiest rhymes." And Spenser it seems, was "by Sidney's speeches won."

4 It seems unnecessary to remark, as Mr. Chalmers has acutely observed, that, if the 1st treasurer Burleigh had set himself against Spenser, he never would have obtained either his pension or his land. Suppl. Apolog. p. 369. But Burleigh would not countenance the poet; and the reason has been assigned. See p. xxxv. Let us look back to the situations which Spenser held, and then we may judge whether his complaints if they were complaints respecting himself, were not rather highly coloured.

At the age of 26 he was admitted into the household of Leicester, and was patronised by that nobleman as well as Sidney.

At the age of 27 he was secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland.

At the age of 33 a grant of land was issued to him by the Crown.

At the age of 37 a pension of fifty pounds per annum was settled upon him by the royal bounty for life.
It remains to observe, that Spenser is the author of four Sonnets, which are admitted into this edition of his Works; of which three are prefixed to separate publications, and the fourth occurs in Letters by his friend Harvey. He is conjectured to be the author also of a Sonnet, signed E. S., addressed to Master Henry Peacham, and entitled "A Vision upon his Minerva." Fame has also assigned to him a string of miserable complets on Phillis, in a miserable publication called "Chorus Poetarum, &c. 1654." The verses on Queen Elizabeth's picture, in the gallery of royal personages at Kensington, have been likewise given to Spenser; but, with greater propriety, are ascribed by Lord Orford to the queen herself. Britain's Ida has usually been printed with the Works of Spenser, but it is agreed by the critics that the poem was not composed by him. I should have added, to the present collection, the translation of Axiochus attributed to him, if my endeavours to obtain it had been attended with success. In respect to this Socratic dialogue, as Mr. Upton calls it, it may be proper to offer a few words. In Herbert's "Typographical Antiquities," it is called "Plato's Axiochus; on the shortness and uncertainty of Life:" printed in Scotland in 1592. In Dr. Johnson's "Harleian Catalogue," it is entitled "Dialogue concerning the shortness and uncertainty of this Life, by Plato, translated by Edm. Spenser." In Mr. Steevens's account of "Antient Translations of the classic writers, it is alleged to be "Axiochus, a Dialogue attributed to Plato, by Edm. Spenser." Some readers will wonder when it is asserted that Plato wrote no Dialogue of this name. The Axiochus is the composition of Aeschines Socrates, and is one of the three Dialogues which have come down to us from that author. And if Edmund Spenser, the poet, be really the English translator, we cannot but be surprised that a scholar so accomplished should be misled in regard to the author of the original.

At the age of 43 or sooner he was Clerk of the Council of Munster, an office then reputed to be worth twenty pounds per annum.

"Slender therefore," as Mr. Chalmers judiciously remarks, "ought no longer to cast her obloquy on Elizabeth and Burleigh but on the Irish rebellion." (Supph. Apolog. ut supr. 17c. p. 439. The last of these Sonnets was prefixed to a work, which did not appear till the year after his death.

Mr. Waldron, in his Literary Museum, p. 9. Mr. Waldron grounds his opinion partly on this title, that the verses are Spenser's; as the poet has written Visions of the Worlds Vanity, &c. To these might be added, as of a kindred nature, his Dreams. It may not be improper to recapitulate the lost pieces of Spenser.

1. His translation of Ecclesiastes.
2. His translation of Cantica Cantorum.
3. The Dying Pelican.
4. The Hours of our Lord.
5. The Sacrifice of a Sinner.
6. The Seven Psalms.
7. Dreams.
8. The English Poet.
9. Legends.

* Anecdotes of Painting in England, vol. i. p. 151, &c. 2d. edit. 4to. 1755.
† Preface to his edition of the Faerie Queene, p. ix.
THE
FAERIE QUEENE.
DISPOSED INTO TWELVE BOOKES, FASHIONING XII. MORALL VERTUES.

Dedication.
TO THE MOST HIGH MIGHTIE AND MAGNIFICENT EMPRESSE WITHENED FOR PIETYE VERTYE AND ALL GRATIOUTS GOVERNMENT
ELIZABETH
BY THE GRACE OF GOD QUEENE OF ENGLAND FRAYNE AND IRELAND AND OF VIRGINIA DEFENDOVR OF THE FAITH ETC.
HER MOST HUMBLE SERVAUNT EDMYND SPENSER DOTH IN ALL HUMILITIE DEDICATE PRESENT AND CONSECRATE THESE HIS LABOURES TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITIE OF HER FAME.

A LETTER OF THE AUTHOR’S,
EXPONDING HIS WHOLE INTENTION IN THE COURSE OF THIS WORKE; WHICH, FOR THAT IT GIVETH GREAT LIGHT TO THE READER, FOR THE BETTER UNDERSTANDING IS HEREUNTO ANNEXED.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS
SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT;
LO. WARDEN OF THE STANNERVES AND HER MAJESTIES LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF CORNEWAYL.

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 haue thought good as well for amoying of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded,) to discover unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I haue fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or by-accidents, therein occasioned. The general end therefore of all the Booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline: which for that I conceived should be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historical fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter then for profile of the esample, I chose the Historye of King Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of envy, and suspition of present time. In which I haue followed all the antique poets historicall; first Homere, who in the persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good gouernour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis; then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Aeneas; after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando; and
A LETTER OF THE AUTHOR.

at-ely Tasso discuered them again, and formed both parts in two persons, namely that part which they in philosophy call Ethicke, or virtues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo; the other named Politicke in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellent poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of abrace Knight, perfected in the twelve private Morall Vertues, as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve booke: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encourged to frame the other part of Politicke Vertues in his person, after that he came to be king. To some I know this methode will seem displeasaunt, which had rather have good discipline delinued plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then clumsily enwrapped in allegorical deuices. But such, me seeme, should be satisfie with the use of these days, seeing all things accounted by their shoves, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to commune sense. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgement, formed a communewth, 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 gratious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So hane I laboured to do in the person of Arthure: whom I conceive, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delinued to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queene, with whose excellent beauty rauished, he awaking resolvd to seeke her out; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faerye Queene I meane Glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soueraine the Queene, and her kingdom in Faerye Land. And yet, in some places els, I do otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royal Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beutiful Lady, this latter part in some places I doe express in Belphoebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia: Phoeb and Cynthia being both names of Diana. So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth Magnificence in particular; which Vertue, for that (accorduig to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfecion of all the rest, and conteineith in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deeds of Arthure applyable to that Vertue, which I write of in that Booke. But of the xii. other Vertues, I make xii. other Knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history; Of which these three Booke contayn three.

The first of the Knight of the Redcrosse, in whom I expresse Holysye: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whom I sette forth Temperance: The third of Britomartia a Lady Knight, in whom I picture Chastity. But, because the beginning of the whole Worke seemeth abrupte and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three Knights severall Adventures. For the methode of a poet historical is not such, as of an historiographer. For an historiographer discourses of affayres orderly as they were done, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a poet thrusteth into the middest, even where it most concerneith him, and there recoursing to the things forepast, and diuining 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 desine that the Faery Queene kept her annnal feast xii. days; upon which xii. severall days, 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 clowndishye young man, who falling before the Queene 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 athenement of any Adventure, which during that feast should happen. That being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfithe through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white asse, with a Dwarf behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the arms of a Knight, and his speare in the Dwerfes hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faries, complaunted 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 Faerye Queene to assygne her some one of her Knights to take on him that expoyt. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that Adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gaineasying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him, that unless that armour which she brought, would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by St. Paul, v. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise: which being forthwith put upon him with dew furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And
VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR.

A vision upon this concept of the Faery Queen.

Me thought I saw the grave where Laura lay, Within that Temple where the vestale flame\nWas wont to burne; and passing by that way\nTo see that buried dust of living fame,\nWhose tomb faire Love, and fairer Virtue kept;\nAll suddeinly I saw the Faery Queen:\nAt whose approach the soul of Petrakre wept, And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen;\n(For they this Queen attended;) in whose stead Oblivion laid him down on Lauras herse;\nHereat the hardest stones were scene to bleed, And grones of buried ghosts the hevens did persse:\nWhere Homers spright did tremble all for griefe, And cursd th'o accessse of that celestiall Thife.

W. R.

Another of the same.

The praye of manner wits this Worke like profit brings, As doth the Cuckoes song delight when Philumena sings.\nIf thou hast formed right true Virtues face herein, Virtue herselfe can best discerne to whom they written bin.\nIf thou hast Beauty praysd, let Her sole looks divine Judge if ought therein be amis, and mend it by Her eire.\nIf Chastitie want ought, or Temperance her dew, Behold Her Princely mind vright, and write thy Queen 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 lovd, nor letters are of price, (Of all which speak our English tongue,) but those of thy device.

To the learned Shepherd.

Collyn, I see, by thy new taken taske, Some sacred fury hath enrich thy braynes, That leads thy Muse in haughty verse to make, And both the layes that longs to lowly swaynes That lifteth thy notes from Shepheardes unto Kings So like the lively Larks that mounting singes. Thy lovely Rosalinde seemes now forlorn; And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight: Thy changued hart now holds thy pypes in scorne, Those pretie pypes that did thy mates delight; Those trusty mates, that loved thee so well; Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave thee the bell, Yet, as thou carst with thy sweete roundelayes Didst stirre to glee our ladies in homely boweres, So moughtest thou now in these refyned layes Delight the dainty ears of higher powers, And so moughth they, in their deep skanning skil A lowe and grace our Collyns flowing quill.
And faire befall that Faery Queene of thine!
In whose faire eyes Love linckt with Vertue
Aye:
Confusing, by those hewties syres divine,
Such high conceits into thy humble wittes,
As raised hath poets Pastors eaten reedes,
From rustieke tunes, to chaunted heroiique deeds.

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

But, jolly shopheard, though with pleasing stile
Thou feast the humour of the courtly trayne;
Let not conceit thy settled sense begnile,
Ne daunnt be through envy or disdain.
Subiect thy doome to Her emprying sprite,
From whence thy Muse, and all the world, takes light.

FAYRE Thamus streame, that from Ludds stataley towne
Runst paying tribute to the ocean seas,
Let all thy Nymphe and Syrens of renowne
Be silent, whyle this Bryttaine Orpheus playes.
Nere thy sweet banks there lives that sacred Crowne,
Whose hand strowes palme and never-dying bayes.
Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring sonne,
Present her with this worthy Poets prayes:
For he hath taught hye drifts in Shepheardes weedes,
And deepe conceits now singes in Faeryes deeds.
R. S.

GRAVE Muses, march in triumph with prayses,
Our Goddessse here hath given you leave to land;
And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces
Bow downe his brow unto her sacred hand.
Deserts finites dew in that most princely doome,
In whose sweete brest are all the Muses breddle:
So did that great Augustus crst in Rome.
With leaves of fame adorn his Poets headle.
Faire be the guerdon of your Faery Queene,
Even of the fairest that the world hath scene !
II. B.

When stout Achilles heard of Helens rape,
And what revenge the States of Greece devis’d;
Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,
In womans weedes himselfe he then disguis’d:

But this devise Ulysses soone did spy,
And brought him forth, the chasse of warre to try.

When Spenser saw the fame was spread 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 scene;
To seeme a Shepheard, then he made his choice;
But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as Ulysses brought faire Thetis some
From his retir’d life to menage armes:
So Spenser was, by Sidney’s speaches, wonne
To blaze Her fame, not fearing future harmses:
For well he knew, his Muse would soone be tyred
In her high prais, that all the world admired.

Yet as Achilles, in those warlike frayes,
Did win the palme from all the Grecian Peeces:
So Spenser now, to his immortal prayse,
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feeces.
What though his taske exceed a humane witt:
He is excus’d, sith 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 prize
That unto such a workmanship is dew,
Both either prove the judgement to be naught,
Or els do shew a mind with envy fraught.

To labour to commend a piece of worke,
Which no man goes about to discommend,
Would raise a jealous doubt, that there did lurke
Some secret doubt whereto the praysse did tend:
For when men know the goodness of the wyne,
’Tis needless for the Hoast to have a sygnc.

Thus then, to show my judgement to be such
As can discerne of colours blacke and white,
As all to free my minde from curvies tuch,
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 goodness 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.
LUN. S.
VERSES

ADDRESSED, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE FAERIE QUEENE, TO SEVERAL NOBLEMEN, &c.

To the Right Honourable Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord High Chancellor of England etc.

Those prudent heads, that with their counsell wise
Whydon the pillors of ye 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 Emnus the elder African
So Maro oft did Cezars cares allay.
So you, great Lord, that with your counsell away
The burdein of this kingdom mightily,
With like delights sometimes may eke delay*
The rugged burre of carefull Policy;
And to these yele rymes lend litle space,
Which for their titles sake† may find more grace.
E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Northumberland.
The sacred Muses have made alwayes clame
To be the Nourses of Nobility,
And Registres of everlasting fame,
To all that name professe and chevalry.
Then, by like right, the noble Progeny,
Which then succeed in fame and worth, are tyde
To embrace the service of sweet Poetry,
By whose endeavours they are glorifie;
And eke from all, of whom it is envide,
To patronize the author of their praise, [dide,
Which gives them life, that els would soon have
And crownes their ashes with immortal baises.
To thee therefore, Right Noble Lord, I send
This present of my pains, it to defend.
E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Cumberland.
Redoubted Lord, in whose courageous mind
The flowre of chevalry, now blooming faire,
Doth promise fruitie worthy the noble kind
Which of their praises have left you the laire;
To you this humble present I prepare,
For love of vertue and of martial praise;
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
(As goodlie well ye shewd in late assaies,) Yet brave ensample of long passed daies,
In which trew honor ye may fashionable see,
To like desire of honor may ye raise,
And fill your mind with magunimite.
Receive it, Lord, therefore as it was ment,
For honor of your name and high descent.
E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxenford, Lord High Chamberlayne of England etc.

Receive, most Noble Lord, in gentle gree,‡
The unripe fruit of an unready wit;
Which, by thy countenance, doth crave to bee
Defended from foule Enuis poisoun bit.
Which so to doe may thee right well befit,
Sith th' antique glory of thine ancestry
Under a shadie vce is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long living memory,
Succeeding them in true Nobility:
And also for the love which thou dost beare
To th' Heliconian ymps, and they to thee;
They unto thee, and thou to them, most deare:

* ——— may eke delay] May smooth or soften. Todt.
† ——— for their titles sake] Their title being the Faerie Queene, who represented Queen Elizabeth. T. Warton.
‡ ——— gree.] Favour. Todt.

Deare as thou art unto thyselfe, so low.
That loves $ and honours thee; as doth behave.
E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Essex, Great Master of the Horse to her Highnesse, and Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

Magnicifick Lord, whose vertues excellent
Doe merit a most famous Poets Witt
To be thy living praises instrument;
Yet doe not sdeigne to let thy name be writ
In this base Poeme, for thee faire unfit:
Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby.
But when my Muse, whose feithers, nothing flitt,
Doe yet but flitt and lowly learn to fly;

§ That loves, &c.] Here is an ellipses of him before that. T. Warton.

[ || flirt.] Flitt is the adjective flite, thus written for the sake of the rhyme; as the verb flite, in other places. T. Warton.
With bolder wing shall dare aloft to sty
To the last praises* of this Faery Queene;
Then shall it make most famous memory
Of thine heroic parts, such as they becone:
Till then, vouchsafe thy noble countenance
To their first labours needed furtherance.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Earle of Ormond and Orssory.

Receive, most Noble Lord, a simple taste
Of the wilde fruit which salvage solt hath bred;
Which, being through long wars left almost wine,
With brutish barbarism is overspried:
And, in so faire a land as may be red,
Not one Parnassus, nor one Helicone,
Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,
But where thyselfe hast thy brave mansione:
There indee dwel faire Graves many one,
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits;
And in thy person, without paragon,
All goody bountie and true honour sits.
Such therefore, as that wasted solt doth yield,
Receive, dear Lord, in worth, the fruit of barren field.

E. S.

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 Majesty's Privie Council, &c.

And ye, brave Lord, whose goody personage
And noble deeds, each other garnishing,
Make you ensample, to the present age,
Of th' old hero's, whose famous offspring
The antique Poets want so much to sing;
In this same Pageant have a worthy place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian King,
That vainly threatened kingdomes to dispel,
Like flying doves ye did before you chace:
And that proud people, worsen insolent
Through many victories, didst first awake:
Thy praises everlasting monument
Is in this verse engraven semblably,
That it may live to all posterity.

E. S.

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,
The worlds sole glory and her sexes grace;
Here eke of right have you a worthie place,
Both for your nearnesse to that Faerie Queene,
And for your owne high merit in like case:
Of which, apparant proofe was to be seene,
When that tumultuus rage and fearfull decne;

* —— the last praises. The last praises of the Faerie Queene, signify nine more Books which Spencer had proposed to complete, according to his original plan. Those Sonnets, it must be remembered, were sent with the three first Books, which in the last line of this Sonnet the poet styles those first labours." T. Warton.
† Like flying doves ye did before, you chase. The defeat of the Spanish Armada is here hinted at. T. Warton.
‡ —— decne I din, noise. T. Warton

Of Northerne rebels ye did pacify, §
And their disollual powre defaced cleane,
The record of enduring memory,
Live, Lord, for ever in this lasting verse,
That all posteritie thy honor may rehersse.

E. S.

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

Most Noble Lord, the pillow of my life,
And Patron of my Muses pupilage;
Through whose large bountie, poured on me rife,
In the first season of my feble age,
I now doe live bound yours by vassalage;
(Sith nothing ever may redeeme, nor reave
Out of your endlesse debt, so sure a gage ");
Vouchsafe, in worth, this small gift to receive,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave
Of all the rest that I am tyde t' account:
Rude rhymes, the which a rustic Muse did weave
In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso Mount,
And roughly wrought in an unlearned loome:
The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favourable doome.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Lord of Buckhurst, one of her Majestie's 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 leisure to the same)
Thy gracious Sovereines praises to compile,
And her imperiall Majestie to frame
In loftie numbers and heroicke stile.
But, sith thou wast not so, give leave a while
To baser wit his power therein to spend,
Whose grosse defaults thy dainty pen may file,
And unadvised oversights amend.
But evermore vouchsafe it, to maintaine
Against vile Zolius backbitings vaine.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable Sir Francis Walsingham,
Knight, principall Secretary to her Majestie and one of her Honourable Privy Counsell.

That Manname Poets incomparable spirit,
Whose girland now is set in highest place,
Had not Mecenas, for his worthy merit,
It first advaunt to great Augustus grace,
Might long perhaps have liene in silence bace,
Ne bene so much admir'd of later age.
This lowly Muse, that learns like steps to trace,
Flies for like aide unto your patronage,§
(That are the great Mecenas of this age,
As well to all that civil artes professe,
As those that are inspir'd with martial rage,)
And craves protection of her feebleness:

§ —— ye did pacify, &c.] Namely, the rebellion raised in 1569.—Toro.
| —— incomparable] Incomparable. So unrivalled is invincible. Toro.
§ —— unto your patronage, &c.] See the Remains of Time, ver. 436, where Sir Francis is intended under the name of Meliboe. Toro.
TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND MOST VALIANT CAPTAIN, 
SIR JOHN NORMA, KNIGHT, LORD PRESIDENT OF 
MONTGUEST.

Who ever gave more honourable praise
To the sweet Muse then did the Martial crew,
That their brave deeds she might immortalize
In her shrill trumpe, and sound their praises dew?
Who then ought more to favour her then you,
Most Noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And Precedent of all that armes ensue?
Whose warlike prowess and manly courage,
Tempred with reason and advisement sage,
Had fild sad Belgicke with victorious spoile;
In Francue and Ireland left a famous gage;
And lately shal't the Lusitanian solfe.
Sith then each where thou hast dispreied thy fame,
Love him that hath eternized your Name.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS KNIGHT, SIR WALTER 
RALEIGH, LORD WARDEN OF THE SANNERVES, AND 
LIEUTENANT OF CORNWALKE.

To thee, that art the Sommers Nightingale,
Thy soveraine Goddesses most deare delight,
Why doe I send this rustieke Madrigale,
That may thy tunefull care unseason quite?
Thou onely fit this Argument to write,
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her 
bowre,
And dainty Love learnt sweetly to endite,
My rimes I know unsavory and sourwe,
To tast the streams that, like a golden showre,
Flow from thy fruitfull head of thy Love's praise;
Fitter perhaps to thender martiall showre,
Wheno thee list thy lofty Muse to raise:
Yet, till that Thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Cinthias praises be thus rudely 
showne.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST VIRTUOUS LADY, 
THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROOKE.

REMEMBRANCE of those that most heroike Spirit,
The hevens pride, the glory of our daies, [merit
Which now triumpheth (through immortall

* Let thy faire Cinthias praises, &c.] An allusion 
to the poem written by Sir Walter, entitled Cinthias. 

TO ALL THE GRATIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL LADIES IN THE 
COURT.

The Chian Peinement, when he was requir'd
To pourtrait Venus in her perfect heue;
To make his worke more absolute, desir'd
Of all the fairest Maides to have the vew.
Much more me needs, (to draw the semblant trew
Of Beauties Queene, the worlds sole wonder-
ment,)
To sharpe my sence with sundry Beauties vew,
And steale from each some part of ornament.
If all the world to seekke I overwent,
A fairer crew yet no where could I see
Then that brave Court doth to mine eie present;
That the world's pride seemes gathered there to
Of each a part I stole by cunning throttle: [Ioe,
Forgive it me, faire Dames, sith lesse ye have not
left.

1 Vouchsafe from him] It should be me. Church.
THE FIRST BOOK OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE;
CONTAYNING
THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE.

Lo! I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly shepheardes weeds,
And now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chyme 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 acred,
To blazon broade amongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

Help then, O holy virgin, chiefe of nyne,
Thy weaker novice to perform thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryme
The antique rolles, which there lie hidden still,
Of Faerie Knights, and fayrest Tanaquill
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:
O, help thou me to weake wise, and sharpen my dulcet song!

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

And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirror of grace and majestie divine,
Great ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like Phoebus lampe lambed through the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feele eyne,
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,

To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The Argument of mine afflicted stile:
The which to beare vouchsafe, O dearest Dread, a while.

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plane,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shieldes,
Wherein old dints of deeppe wounds did remaine
The cruel markes of many a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his fominge bitt,
As much disdayning to the curie to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemed, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his brest a bloudie crosse he bore,
The desire remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious budge he wore,
And dead as living ever, him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also soord,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word;
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydread.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious queene of Faery loud,) To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthlie thinges he most did crave:
And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne

To that true glorious type of thine,] Una, or Truth Church.
O dearest Dread.] The same expression we meet with below: i. vi. 2 "Vna his dear Dread," i.e. one whom he reverenced. Upton.
of his cheere.] Countenance. Todd.
soleme sad.] Sad, as Mr. Warton has observed, did not always imply sorrow, but gravity of countenance and deportment. Todd.
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to leurre;
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearn.

iv.
A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lovely ase more white then snow;
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimples was full low;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mourn'd, so was she sad,
And heave sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milke-white lamb she led.

v.
So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from royall lyagne came
Of ancient kings and queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal Feend with foule upre
Forwasted all their land, and them expel'd;
Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

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

vii.
Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farre away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
Whose loftie trees, yeald 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 allie wide,
With footing worse, and leading inward farr;
Faire harbour that them seems; so in they entred ar.

viii.
And forth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birds sweete harmony,
Which, the rein shrownde from the tempest dreed,
Seem'd in their song to scorne the crull sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling pine; the cedar proud and tall;
The vine-proppe elm; the poplar never dry;
The builder oake, sole king of forrests all;
The aspine good for staves; the cypresse funeral.

ix.
The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
And poets sage; the firre that weepeth still;

x.
The willow, worne of forborne paramours;
The eugh, obedient to the benders will;
The birch for shaftes; the sallow for the mill;
The mirrle sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;
The fruitfull olive; and the paltane round;
The carver holme; the maple seckdom inward sound.

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

xii.
"Be well aware," quoth then that Ladie mild,
"Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke;
"The danger hid, the place unknowne and wild,
Breeses dreadful doubts: oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without show: therefore your stroke,
Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made."
"Ah Ladie," sayd he, "shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Vertue gives her selfe light through darknesse far to wade."

xiii.
"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 wisedome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
To stay the steppe ere forced to retrace.
This is the wandering wood, this Eroirs den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read beware." "Fly, fly," quoth then
The fearfull Dwarfe: "this is no place for living men."

xiv.
But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull Knight could not for ought be staid;
But forth unto the darksom hole he went,
And looke in: his glistring armor made
A light glooming light, much like a shad;
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Half like a serpent horribly dispelde,
But th' other haife did womens shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile diستان.
And, as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long tail her den all overspre,
Yet was in knots and many boughites upwound,
Pointed with mortal sting: Of her there bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dogs; each one
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored:
Soone as that uncommond light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and sanned all were gone.

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous tail
About her cursed head; whose folds displaid
Were stretche now forth at length without entraile.
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plain.

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiued, he leapt
As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade his boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay;
Therewith enrag’d she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her speckled tail avaunst,
Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay,
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enthaunst;
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

His Lady, sad to see her sore constraint,
Cried out, "Now, now, Sir Knight, shew what ye bee;
Add faith unto your force, and be not fain;
Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee."
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
And his gall did grate for grieve and high disdain;
And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,

Yet, as is knoed and many boughites upwound] Many boughites, i.e. many circular folds. Upton.

The deadly bale. Bale is here used literally for poison, its genuine signification. T. Warton.

The trenchand blade] Fr. Trancher. cutt. Church.

Tho, wrapping up her wretched sterne around] i.e. Then wrapping all around her wretched tail. Upton.

And her huge traine
All suddenlie about her body wound,
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vain.
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endless traine!

To abate, to sink down, to alter. Upton.
Gathered themselves about her body round,
Weeping 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.

That detestable sight him much amaz'd,
To see th'unkindly impes, of heaven accurst,
Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gazed,
Having all satisfaction their bloody thirst,
Their bellies sowehe he saw with fulness burst,
And bowels gushing forth: Well worthy end Of such, as drunke her life, the which them marst!
Now needeth him no longer labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should content.

His Lady seeing all, that chauns't, from farre,
Approched in haste to greet his victorie;
And saide, "Faire Knight, borne under happie starre,
Who saw your vanquisht foes before you lye;
Well worthie be you of that armory,
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
And proof'd your strength on a strong enimie;
Your first adventure: Many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may!"

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 thenbrought.
So forward on his way (with God to Freund)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought:
Long way he travelled, before he heard of ought.

At length they chauns't to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long backe weeds yeald,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sedgee and 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 knoxt his brest, as one that did repent.

He faire the Knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire his quitted, as that courteous was;
And after asked him, if he did know
Of strange adventures, which abroad did pass.
"Ah! my dear sonne," quoth he, "how should,
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell, [alas!"

--- with God to frend] To befriended him.

Loose [Louting low.] This seems to have been proverbial expression. "They were very low in their bowings:" Ray. The word is used in the sense of servilely bowing often in Spenser, and in Chaucer and Skelton.

Requitèd, payed him back his salutations again.

Bidding his beadles all day for his tressas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell:
With holy father sits not with such things to mellow.

But if of danger, which hereby doth dwell,
And homebred evil ye desire to beare,
Of a strange man I can you tiding tell,
That wasteth all this crountry farre and neare.
"Of such," said he, "I chiefly doe inquire
And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth wear:
For to all knighthood it is faine disgrace,
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space."

"Far hence," quoth he, "in wastfull wilderness
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough great distresses."
"Now," said the Lady, "draweth toward night;
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwarde be: for what so strong,
But, wanting rest, will also want of might!
The same, that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves amongst.

"Then with the same take, Sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsel best."
"Right well, Sir Knight, ye have advised him,
Quoth then that aged man: "the way to win
Is wisely to advise: now day is spent;
Therefore with me ye may take up your In
For this same night." The Knight was well content:
So with that godly Father to his home they went.

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In travell to and fro: a little wyde
There was an holy chappell edifice,
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
His holy things each morn and eventide:
Therby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fontaine welled forth alway.

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement, where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas;
For that old man of pleasing words had store,
And well could file his tongue, as smooth as glass:
He told of saintes and popes, and evenmore
He strowed an Ave-Mary after and before.

--- with holp father sits not. It sits not. 'tis not becoming. It sitteth, it sitteth well. 'tis becoming: So we say, it sitteth well on a person.

--- an holy chappell edifice.] Built.

--- and well could file his tongue.] This expression we often find both in our poet, and in these old peers whom he imitated. "Tis a Gallician: "A ceu la langue bie ar afflitz." Upton.
The drooping night thus creepeth on them fast;
And the sad humor leading their eye-biides,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slumbering dew, the which to sleep them
biides.

Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes:
Where when all drovind in deadly sleepe he finishe,
He to his studie goes; and there amidles
His magic bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seeks out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy
minds.

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
Let none them read! thereof did verses frame:
With which, and other spelles like terrible,
He had awake blacke Phates grisly dame;
And cursed heven; and spake reprouchful 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 Coetus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

And forth he cald out of deep darknes dreed
Legions of sprights, the which, like light flies,
Fluttering about his ever-dammed head,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friends, or fray his enemies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest two,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by himselfe staid other worke to doe.

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deep,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repair.
Amid the bowels of the earth full speepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never pecke,
His dwelling is; there Tetlys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth sseepe
In silver dew his ever-dropping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

Whose double gates he findeth lockt fast;
The one faire fram’d of burnish bright lye,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their eminy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deep
In drowsie fit he finishe; of nothing he takes keep.

And, more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling
And ever-dripping raine upon the loft, [downe,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the
sowe

Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swomme.
No other noyse, nor peoples troubous cries,
As still are wont t’annoy the walled towne,

Might there be heard: but careless Quiet iles,
Wrapped in eternal silence farre from enimyes.

The messenger approching to him spake:
But his waste wordes returned to him in raine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and push with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he again
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.

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatened unto him the dreaded name
Of Heate: whereat he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his loquish head, with blame
Halfe angrily asked him, for what he came.
"Hether," quoth he, "me Archimago sent.
He that the stubborn sprietes can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false Dreame, that can delude the sleepers
sent."

The God obayde; and, calling forth straight way
A diverse Dreame out of his prison dark;
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heave head, devote of careful carke;
Whose senses all were straight benumb’d and
He, backe returning by the yvorie dore, [starke.
Remounted up as light as carefull harke;
And on his fife winges the Dreame he bore
In hast unto his lord, where he him left afore.

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram’d of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravished quight:
The Maker selle, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguil’d with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeeme for Una fit.

Now when that ydle Dreame was to him brount,
Unto that Elfin Knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fancy;
In sort as he him schoold privily,
And that new creature, borne without her dew,
Full of the Makers guyle, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady trowe, [lew.
Whose semblance she did carry under feigned

The world spersed, or sparsed, for dispersed, scattered, often occurs in our old writers. Todd.
The Faerie Queene

Canto I.

XLVII.
Thus, well instructed, to their workes they haste;
And, comming where the Knight in slumber 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 bliss and wicked toy.
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him playned, how that false winged boy
Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne dame
Pleasures toy,

And she her selfe, of beauteous sovereign Queene,
Espre Venus, screwed unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he, waking, evermore did weene
To be the chastest flore that aye did spring
On earthly bramne, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose leman to vile service bound:
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,
Hymin Io Hyman, dauncing all around;
Whilst freshest Flora her with yvy girlond crownd.

XLVIII.
In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted fear of doing ought amiss,
He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo! there before his face his Ladie is,
Under blacke stole hyding her batelyd hooke;
And as halfe blushing offered him to kis,
With gentile blandishment and lovely lookes,
Most like that Virgin true, which for her Knight
him took.

All cleane dismayed to see so uncouth sight,
And halfe enragd at her shamelesse guise,
He thought lawe slaine her in his fierce despight;
But, hasty heat temp'ring with sufferance wise.
He stayde his hand; and gan himselfe advise
To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
Wringing her hands, in women piteous wise,
Tho she wepe, to stirre up gentle ruth
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

XLIX.
And sayd, "Ah Sir, my liege lord, and my love,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruel fate,
And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,
Or the blind god, that doth me thus amate;
For hoped love to winne me certaine hate!
Yet thus perfors he bids me do, or die.
Die is my dew; yet rew my wretched state,
You, whom my hard avenging destinie
Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently:"

"Your owne deare sauct forste at first to leave
My fathers kingdom"—There she stopt with tears;
Her swollen hart her speech second to bereave;
And then againe begun; "My weake yerares,
Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly fears,
Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayle:
Let me not die in languor and long teares."

"Why, dame," quoth he, "what hath ye thus
dismayed? [affrayd?]
What frays ye, that were wont to comfort me

Canto II.

L.
By this the northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stelfast starre
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all that in the wide deep wandering are;
And carefull chauticleres with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,
Full envious that night so long his roome did fill:

LII.
When those accursed messengers of hell,
That feigning Dreame, and that faire-forged Spright,
Came to their wicked Maister, and gan tell
Their booteless paines, and ill-suceeding night:

1. I.——The northern wagoner &c.] The northern wagoner is Bothe, one of the constellations; his se'ven fold tome are the seven stars in the tail and hinder part of the Greater Bear, and vulgarly called Charles's Wain; and the stelfast starre is the Pole-star. O'Rei.
Who, all in rage to see his skillfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And said Proserpines wrath, them to affright.
But, when he saw his threatening was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes againe.

Eftsoones he tooke that miscarried Faire,
And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile airc,
Like a young Squire, in loves and lustyhed
His wanton daies that ever loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight;
Those two he toke, and in a secrete bed,
Covered with darkenes and misleading night,
Them both together laid, to joy in vaine delight.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned-faithfull hast
Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights
And dreames, gan now to take more soond 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 shamefull chaine:
Come, see where your false Lady doth her honour staine."

All in a maze he suddenly up start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who soone he brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely met;
In wanton lust and lend embracement;
Which when he saw, he burnt with jealous ire;
The cie of reason was with rage yblent,
And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was restraine of that aged sire.

Retournyng to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guilty sight,
He could not rest; but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe desproyt,
Yrksome of life, and too long Engrying night.
At last faire Hesperus in highest skie
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawnyng
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily; [light;
The Dwarfe him brought his steed: so both away
do fly.

Now when the rosy-fingered Morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through dewny aire;
And the high bils Titan discovered;
The royall Virgin shineke off drossyshed:
And, rising forth out of her basor bowre,
Lookt for her Knight, who far away was fled,
And for her Dwarfe, that wont to waite each bowre;—
Then gan she wall and wepe to see that woeful stowre.

And after him she roile with so much specede,
As her slowe beast could make; but all in vaine:
ror him so far had borne his light-foot stedle,
Prickd with wrath and fiery fierce disdainle,

v. 4. [full closely meet] Mingled. Mr. Tyrwhitt
says the word is derived from munge, Sax. T * won.

That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine;
Yet she her weary limbs would never rest;
But every hil and dale, each wood and plaine,
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle breast;
He so ungently left her, whose she loved best.

But subtil Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandering in woods and forrests,
(Th' end of his drift,) he praised 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.

He then devise himselfe how to disguise;
By for his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As ever Protes to himselfe could make:
Sometimes a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
New like a fox, now like a dragon fell;
That of himselfe he ote for feare would quake,
And oft would flye away. O who can tell
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of magic spell!

But now see ned best the person to put on
Of that good Knight, his late beguiled guest:—
It: mighty armes he was ycall anion,
And silver shield; upon his coward brest
A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
A bounch of leares discolour diversly.
Full illy knight he seemde, and wel addressd;
And, when he sate upon his courser free,
Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him to be.

But he, the Knight, whose semblant he did beare,
The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and jealous feare:
Will was his guide, and grieve led him astray.
At last him channst to meete upon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin, all arme to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy; full large of limbe and every joint
He was, and care not for God or man a point.

Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly Lady clad in scarlet red,
Purled with gold and pearl of rich assay;
And like a Persian mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave:
Her wanton palfrey all was overspre.
With thinell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridlerung with golden bels and bosses brave.

With faire disperto, and courting dalliance,
She intertainde her lover all the way:
But, when she saw the Knight his speare advance,
ix. 6. [doth make] Devise. Make. Lat. machinari,

x. 1. [the person to put on] This is a Latinism:
Personaum inducere. Umpen.
Shame soon left off her mirth and wanton play,
And had her Knight address his to the fray;
His foe was nigh at hand. He, pricking with pride,
And hope to win his Ladies heart that day,
Forth spurred fast; adowne his courser's side
The red blood trickling stain the way, as he did ride.

The Knight of the Redcrosse, when him he spilde,
Spurring so hote with rage dispisit that,
Gan fairely couche his speare, and towards ride:
Soone methe they both, both fell and furious,
That, daunted with their forces hideous,
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazd stand;
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe retuate, and each to other yealdeth land.

As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich-fleece flocke,
Their hornd fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meete, that, with the terror of the shocke
Astonied, both stand senseless as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the haging victory:
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quyteth cunn with cunn;
Each others equall paissance envies,
And through their iron sides with cruel spies
Does seek to perce; rephing courage yields
No footo to foe: the flasing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields:
And streams of purple blood new die the verdant fields.

"Curse on that Crosse," quoth then the Sarazin,
"That keepeth thy body from the bitter fit;"
Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou hastest bin,
Had not that charmce from thee forwarnd it:
But yet I wawes theye now assured sitt,
And hide thy har.
Therewith upon his crest
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glaucning downe his shield from blame him fairly blest.

Who, thereafter wondrous wroth, the sleepeing spark
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive;
And, at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steel et drite,
And cleft his head: He, tumbling downe alive,
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kiss,
Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh; at last it fitted is,
Whether the soules doe fly of men, that live amis

The Lady, when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woeful funerall;
But from him fled away with all her powre:
Who after her as lastily gan scowre,
Bidding the Darowe with him to bring away
The Sarazin's shield, signe of the conquourer:
Her soone he overtoke, and had to stay;
For present cause was none of dread her to dismay

Shlee turning backe, with ruefull countenaunce,
Crie, "Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
On silly Dame, subject to hard mischance,
And to your mighty will."
Her humblesse low
In so rich weedes, and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmove his stout heroick heart;
And said, "Deare dame, your suddaine overthrow
Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
And tel, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part."

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

"He, in the first floure of my freshest age,
Betrothed me unto the onely haira
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
Was never prince so faithful and so faire,
Was never prince so meeke and debonnaire;
But, ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest lord fell from high honors staire
Into the hands of lys accursed one,
And cruelly was slain; that shall I ever more!"

"His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, crownd,
And fro me hid; of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to mee unhappy maid,
O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid!
Then forth I went his 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 striker hind.

"At last it chanced this proud Sarazin
To meete me wandring; who perfore me led
With him away; but yet could never win

Barmeh. Church.

XXII. 5. — so meeke and debonnaire! Gracious, kind. Fr. The accustomed epithet of gallant knights.
Tom.
The fort, that ladies hold in soveraigne dread.  
There lies he now with foule dishonour dead.  
Who, whiles he liv'd, was called proud Sansoy,  
The eldest of three brethren; all three bred  
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sansoy;  
And twixt them both was born the bloude bold  
Sansoy.

xxvi.  
"In this sad plight, friendless, unfortunate,  
Now miserable I Fideessa dwell,  
Craving of you, in pitty of my state,  
To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well."  
He in great passion all this while did dwell,  
More busying his quicke eies, her face to view,  
Then his dull cares, to heare what shee did tell;  
And said, "Faire lady, hart of flient would rewe  
The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

xxvii.  
"Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,  
Having both found a new friend you to aid,  
And lost an old foe that did you molest;  
Better new friend then an old foe is said."  
With change of charie the seeming-simple maid  
Let fal her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,  
And yeeling saft, in that shee nought gainsaid,  
So forth they rode, he feining seemly merth,  
And shee coy lookes : so dainty, they say, maketh deth.

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

xxix.  
But this good Knight, soone as he them can spee,  
For the coole shade thim thither hastily got :  
For golden Phœbus, now ymounted his  
From fiery wheales of his faire chariot  
Hurled his beame so scorchie cruel hot,  
That living creature mote it not abide;  
And his new Lady it endured not.  
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide  
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

xxx.  
Faire-seemely pleasanthe one to other makes,  
With goodly purposes, there as they sit;  
And in his false fancy he her takes  
To be the fairest wight, that lived yet;  
Which to expressse, he bends his gentle wit;  

xxvi. 5.  He in great passion] Passion is frequently used by Spencer for any commotion of the mind. Here it signifies not the tristeable, but the softer passion of pity.  
Churc.  

xxvi. 9. — so dainty, they say, maketh deth.] Proverb: "Que rara, chara." Upton.  
xxx. 2. With goodly purposes;] Discoveres. Fr. pro-pose. Spencer frequently uses purpose for conversation.  
Churc.  

xxx. 3. And in his false fancy he her takes] "Nella fantasia falsata." Upton.

And, thinking of those branches greene to  
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit, [frage  
He plucked a bough; out of whose rife there came  
Small drops of gory blond, that trickled down the same.

xxxi.  
Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,  
Crying: "O spare with guilty hands to teare  
My tender sides in this rough ryal embard;  
But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare  
Least to you hap, that happened to me hearre,  
And to this wretched Lady, my deare love;  
O too deare love, love bought with death too deare!"

Astand he stood, and up his heare did move;  
And with that sudden horror could no member move.

xxii.  
At last whenas the dreadfull passion  
Was overpast, and manhood well awake;  
Yet musing at the strange occasion,  
And doubting much his sense, he thus bespoke:  
"What voice of damned ghost from Limbo lake,  
Or guileful spритfull wrangding in empty aire,  
(Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,)  
Sends to my doubtful cares these speaches rare,  
And muefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood to spare?"

Then, groining deep; "Nor damned ghost," quoth he,  
"Nor guileful sprit, to these these words doth  
But once a man Fradibio, now a tree; [speak a  
Wretched man, wretched tree! whose nature wake  
A cruel Witch, her cursed will to wreake,  
Hath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,  
Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,  
And scorcheing sunne does dry my secret vaines;  
For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me paines."

xxiii.  
"Say on, Fradibio, then, or man or tree."  
Quoth then the Knight: "by whose mischeivous  
Art thou mishapen thus, as now I see! [arts  
He oft finds med'cine who his griefe imparts;  
But double griefs afflicet concealing harts;  
As raging flames who striveth to suppressse."  
"The author then," said he, "of all my smarts,  
Is one Duessa, a false sorcellere,  
That many errant Knights hath brought to wretchednesse."

xxiv.  
"In prime of youthful yeares, when corage hott  
The fire of love and joye of chealvee  
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 encountered bee,  
That had a like faire Lady by his syde;  
Lyke a faire Lady, but did fowle Duessa hyle;

xxv.  
"Whose forged beauty he did take in hand  
All other Dames to have exceede farre;  
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,  
Mine, that did then shine as the morning starre  
So both to batteill fierce arraigned arre;"
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare; such is the dye of warre.
His Lady, left as a prize martall,
Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

"So doubly lov'd of Ladies unlike faire,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare
Whether in beauties glorie did excede;
A rosy girland was the victors meede,
Both seconde to win, and both seconde won to
So hard the discord was to be agreede. [bee;]
Freelissa was as faire, as faire mote bee,
And ever false Duesa seende as faire as shee.

"The wicked Witch, now seeing all this while
The doubtfull balalunce equally to sway,
What not by right, she cast to win by guile;
And, by her hellish science, raised straight way
A foasty 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.

"Then cried she out, 'Fye, fye, deformed wight,
Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
'To have before bewitched all mens sight:
'O leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine!'
Her leathely visage viewing with disdain,
Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,
And would have kild her; but with faigned paine
The false Witch did my wrathfull hand withhold:
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

"Thensforth I took Duessa for my Dame,
And in the Witch unwielding joyd long time;
Ne ever wist, but that she was the same:
Till on a day (that day is everie Prime,
When witches wont d' penance for their crime,)
I chaunted to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

"Her neather partes misshapen, monstrous,
Were hidde in water, that I could not see;
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would beleee to bee.
Thensforth from her most beautie companie
I gan refraine, in mindle to slipp away,
Soone as appeard safe opportunitie:
For danger great, if not assured deacy,
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

"The diuersle bag, by changes of my cheare,
Perceiv'd my thought; and, drown'd in sleepe night,
With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmear
My body, all through charmes and magicke might,
That all my senses were bereaved quight:
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lovers side me pight;
Where now enclosd in wooden wals full faste,
Banish't from living wights, our weare diacs we waste."

"But how long time," said then the Elfin Knight,
"Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?"
"We may not chaunge," quoth he, "this evil plight,
Till we be bathed in a living Well:
That is the terme prescribed by the spell."
"O how," sayd he, "mote I that Well out find,
That may restore you to your wonted well?"
"Time and sufified fates to former kynd
Shall us restore; none else from hence may us
unbynd."

The false Duesa, now Fidessa high,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good
Knight,
Full of sad feare and ghastly dremriment,
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, deal with feare her
fownd.

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew;
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swoune. Her eylids 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
Of her kist. At length, all passed feare,
He set her on her stede, and forward forth did
beare.

CANTO III.

Porsaken Truth long seekes: her Love,
And makes the lyne mylde;
Maries blind Devotions want, and fale.
In head of heachour lyfe.

Nought is there under heav'n's wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t' unwortheone wickednesse.
Through enveis snaries, or fortunes freakes
'mind.
I, wheter lately through her brighnesse bynd,
Or through allengace, 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 pitty I could dy.

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And now it is empassioned so depe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my fraye eies these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through gayleful handeling,
Though true as teech, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her Knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves dervyd to that vile Witches shayre.

Yet she, most faithful Ladie, all this while
Forsaken, woeful, solitarie majd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seke her Knight; who, subtly betrayd
Through that late vision which th' Enchaunter wroght,
Had her abandon'd: She, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tydinges none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhaste beast she did alight;
And on the grass the dainty limbs did lay
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight;
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layd her stol'n side: 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.

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lyon rushed suddeyny,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
Soone as the roayll Virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have atonce devourd her tender corse:
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage awaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazd, forgot his furious forse.

Instead thereof he kist her weare feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong;
As he her wronged innocencie did weet.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue averging wrong!
Whose yielded prye and proud submission
Still dreacling death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion;
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

"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 pricket, in pittle of my sad estate:
But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel hart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adorl
As the god of my life? why hath he me abord?"

Far from all peoples prase; Fears or cruel.

Redoming teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Wholly echoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazings stood;
With pittie calned, 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.

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong garde
Of her chast person, and a faithfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she wakd, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepar'd:
From her fayre eyes he took commandaine
And ever by her lookses conceived her intent.

Long shew she shewd through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandring Knigh shold pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espysde;
Till that at length she found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountain hore:
The same she followes, till at last she has
A dazned spyde slow-footing her afore,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

To whom approaching she to her gan call,
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand:
But the rude wench her answerd nought at all;
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand:
Till, seeing by her side the lyon standd,
With sudden feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away: for never in that land
Face of fayre lady she before did saw,
And that dreddly lyon looke her cast in deadly hew.

Full fast she fled, ne ever looke behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay:
And home she came, whereas her mother bylded
Sate in eternall night; nought could she say;
But, suddeine 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, wary Dame, and entrance did require:

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
She found them both in darksome corner pent:
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her heads, devoutly penitent:
Nine hundred Pater nosters every day,
And thrise nine hundred Ave she was wont to say.

And, to augment her painfull penance more,
Thris every weeke in ashes she did sitt,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore;  
And thrice-three times did fast from any bit:  
But now for feare her head she did forget;  
Whose needleless dread for to remove away,  
Faire Una framed words and count’naunce fit:  
Which hardly done, at length she gau then pray:  
That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

XV.
The day is spent; and commeth drowsie night,  
When every creature shrowled is in sleepe:  
Sad Una downe her eyes in weary plight;  
And at her feete the lyon watch doth keepe:  
In stead of rest, she doth lament, and weep,  
For the late losse of her deare-loved Knight,  
And sighes, and groans, and evermore does sleepe  
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night;  
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

XVI.
Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye  
Above the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,  
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lyse,  
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;  
He knocked fast, and often curst, and swear,  
That ready entrance was not at his call;  
For on his backe a heavy load he bare  
Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,  
Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall.

XVII.
He was, to weete, a stout and sturly thiefe,  
Want 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 careless slept;  
And spoilid the priests of their habiliments;  
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,  
Then he by comneing sleights in at the window crept.

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

XIX.
Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he bitt;  
Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,  
(The lyon trayed them,) him in to lett;  
He would no longer stay him to advize,  
But open breaks the dore in furious wize,  
And entering is; when that disdainfull b ast,  
Encontrring fierce, him suddeun doth surprize;  
And, seizing cruel clawes on trembling brest,  
Under his lordly foot he proudly hath suppress'd.

XX. Him booteth not resist, nor succour call;  
His bleeding heart is in the vengers hand;}  
Who straignt him rent in thousand piece small;  
And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty land  
Droneke up his life; his corse left on the strand,  
His fearefull frends weare out the wofull night,  
Ne dare to wepe, nor seeme to understand  
The heavie hap, which on them is slight;  
Afraid, least to themselves the like mishappen might.

XXI.
Now when broad day the world discovered has,  
Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke;  
And on their former journey forward pas,  
In wates unknowne, her wandring Knight to secke,  
With paines far passing that long-wandring  
That for his love refused deyte;  
[Grecke,  
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 yee.

XXII.
Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twayne,  
That blind old woman, and her daughter dear,  
Came forth; and, finding Kirkrapine there slayne,  
For anguish great they gan to rend their heart,  
And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to teare:  
And when they both had wept and wailid their fill,  
Then forth they ran, like two amazed deare,  
Halfe mad through malice and revenging will,  
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

XXIII.
Whome overtaking, they gan mosteonely bray,  
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry;  
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,  
And her accusing of dishonesty,  
That was the flower of faith and chastity:  
And still, amidst her rayling, she did pray  
That plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery  
Might fall on her, and follow all the way;  
And that in endless error she might ever stray.

XXIV.
But, when she saw her prayers nought prevail,  
Shee backe retourneid with some labour lost;  
And in the way, as shee did wepe and wail,  
A Knight her mett in mighty armes embost,  
Yet Knight was not for all his bragging host;  
But subtil Archimag, that Una sought  
By traynes into new troubles to have taste:  
Of that old woman tidings he besought,  
If that of such a Lady shee could tellen ought.

XXV.
Therewith she gan her passion to renew,  
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her hearre,  
Saying; that harlott shee too lately knew,  
That caused her shed so many a bitter teare;  
And so forth told the story of her fear;  
Much seemed he to mone her hapless chase;  
And after for that Lady did inquire;
Which being taught, he forward gan advance
His fair enchanting steed, and eke his charmed lance.

Ere long he came where Una travailed slow,
And that wild champion waying her beside;
Whom seeing such, for dread hee durst not show
Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde.
Unto an hill; from whence when she him spied,
By his like-seeing shiled her Knight by name
Shee weked it was, and towards him gan ride:
Approaching nigh she wist it was the same;
And with faire fearfull humblesse towards him shee came:

And weeping said, "Ah my long-lacked lord,
Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight?
Much feared I 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 loyons sight did mis,
My cheerfull day is turnd to chearlessse night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is:
But welcome now, my lute, and shining lampe of Idis!"

He there to meeting said, "My dearest dame,
Far be it from your thought, and frow my wil,
To thinke that knighthood I so much should
As you to leave that have me loved stil, [shame,
And chose in Faery court, of meere goodwill,
Where noblest Knights were to be found on earth.
The earth shall sooner leave her kindy ski.
To bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,
Then I leave you, my lief, yborn of hevenly berth.

"And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
Was for to seeke adventure in straung place;
Where, Archimago said, a feon strong
To many Knights did daily worke disgrace;
But Knight he now shall never more deface;
Good cause of mine excese that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and seas
Have vowe you to defend: now then your plaint appease."

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines: one loving howre
For many years of sorrow can dispence;
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sour.
Shee has forgot how many a woful stowre
For him she late endur'd; 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 toyd
so sore.

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,
Oft souit in swelling Thetys saltish teare;

Ere long having taud his tawney hide (bide,
With blustering breath of heaven, that none can
And scorching flame of fierce Orions hound;
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His cheerfull whistle merily doth sound,
And Nerues crowndes with cups; his mates him
pledge round.

Such lys made Una, when her Knight she found;
And eke the Enchanters loyons seemde no lesse
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from
Ground
His ship far come from watric wilderresse;
He hurkes out voyes, and Neptune oft doth bless.
So forth they past; and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distress,
In which she aske him, what the lyon ment;
Who told, her all that fell in journee, as she went.

They had not ridded far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastic heat,
Full strongly arm'd, and on a coursar free
That through his fiersnesse fomed all with sweat,
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryders spurd his chaffed side;
His booke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Crall revenge, which he in hart did hyde:
And on his shield Sans loj in bloody lines was
dyde.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre, [bear
And saw the red crosse, which the Knight did
He burnt in fire; and gan citoones prepare
Himselfe to battell with his couched speare.
Lath was that other, and did faint through fear
To taste th' untryed dint of deadly stealle;
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feel;
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron
heedle.

But that proud Paynim forward came so seere
And full of wrath, that, with his sharpe-head
speare,[peace
Through velynly crosed shiled he quite de
And, had his staggering steed not shronke for fear,
[bear
Through shiled and body eke he should him
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his sadle quite he did him beare:
He trembling rudely dowe to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of blood did gush.

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in minde to reave his life,
And proudly said; "Lo, there the worthe mee
Of him, that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife:
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strive,
In peace may passen over Lethe lake;
When mourning altars, purged with enimies life,
The black infernall Furies done aslak:
Life from Sansfoy thou tookest, Sansfoy shall from
dee take!"
XXXVII.

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una criéd, "O hold that heavié hand,
Dear Sir, what ever that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquish 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, whilst he fortune favour,ayne did thrive
In bloundy field; therefore of life him not deprive."

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

And said, "Why Archimago, lucklesse syre,
What doe i see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
Instead of foe to wound my friend anis?"
He answered nought, but in a trance still lay,
And on those guilefult dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit; which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay:

XL.

But to the Virgin comes; who all this while
Amased stands, herself so mockt to see
By him, who has the gerdon of his guile,
For so mislewing 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:

XLII.

But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
And high dislaine, whenas his soveraine Dame
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
And, ramping on his shield, did weene the same
Have 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 swer;
he drawes.

XLIII.

O then, too weake and feeble was the forse
Of savall beast, his puissance to withstand!
For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
As ever wielded speare in warlike hand;
And feates of armes did wisely understand.

---

Eftsoones he perced through his chaufed chest
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launche his lordly hart: with death opprest
He ro'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

XLI.

Who now is set to kepe the forborne Maid
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will!
Her faithfull gard remot'd; her hope dismaid;
Her selfe a yielded prey to save or spill!
He now, lord of the field, his pride to till,
With foule reproches and disdainfull spight
Her vildly entertaines; and, will or nill,
Bearest her away upon his courser light;
Her prayers nought prevaile; his rage is more of might.

XLIV.

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

---

CANTO IV.

To unfall Hous of Pryde Duesse
a gydes the faithfull Knight:
Where, brothers death to wreak, Samsay
Doth challenge him to fight.

XLV.

Young Knight whatever, that dost armes profess,
And through long labours hunted after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of fickleenesse,
In choice, and change, of thy dearloved 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 lightseness and inconstancie in love:
That doth this Redcrosse Knights ensample plainly prove.

XLVI.

Who, after that he had faire Una borne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie;
And false Duesse in her sted had borne,
Call'd Frikes", and so supposd to be;
Long with her traveld; till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished;
The house of mightie prince it seemed to be;
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which therether traveld.

XLVII.

Great troups of people traveld theretherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place;
But few returned, having scaped hard,
With balefull beggary, or foule disgrace;
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazar, by the hedges lay.
Thither Duesse badd him bend his pace;
For she is weare of the toilson way;
And also high consumed is the lingring day.

---
IV.

A stately palace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
And golden foile all over them dispaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismayd:
High lifted up were many loftie towers,
And goodly galleries far over hail,
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres;
And on the top a diall told the tymely bowres.

It was a goodly heape for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workmans witt:
But full great pitie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sitt:
For on a sandie hill, that still did slitt
And fall away, it mounted was full hie:
That every breath of heaven shak'd it:
And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

Arrived there, they pass'd in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide:
Yet charge of them was to a porter light,
Cold Malvemú, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dignit:
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that palace bright.

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Presence mount; whose glorious vow
Their frayle amaz'd senses did confound.
In living princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne Persia selfe, the name of pompous pride,
Like ever saw: And there a noble crew
Of Lords and Ladies stood on every side,
Which, with their presence frayre, the place much beautifide.

High above all a cloth of state was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;
On which there sate, most brave embellish'd
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene that shone, as Titans ray,
In glistening gold and perlesse precious stone;
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightness of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone:

Exceeding shone, like Phoebus fayrest childle,
That did presume his fathers fyrre wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde,
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and advancement rayne,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyeen,

He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
And, rapt with whirling wheelkes, inflames the skyen
With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to shyne.

So proud she shyned in her princely state,
Looking to heaven; for earth she did dislayne:
And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo, underneath her second full feete was bayne
A dreadful Dragon with an hideous trayne:
And in her hand she held a mirrour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
And in her selfe-lovd semblance took delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

Of grievous Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the queen of hell;
Yet did she think her pearlesse worth to pass
That parentage, with pride so she did swell;
And thunders love, that high in heaven doth dwell
And wield the world, she chaymed for her syre;
Or if that any else did love exceld;
For to the highest she did still aspire;
Or, if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd to be;
Yet right full kingdom she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native sovereignty;
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the scepter, which she now did hold;
Ne ruld her realme with lawes, but pellonic,
And strong advizement of six Wisaards old,
That with their counsels had her kingdom did uphold.

Soone as the Elfin Knight in presence came,
And false Dessa, seeming Lady fayre,*
A gentle husher, Vanitie by name,
Made rowne, and passage for them did prepare:
So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
Of her high throne; where they, on humble knee
Making obeysauce, did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her roiall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great unietee.

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
She thanked them in her disdainful wise;
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to showe
Of princesse worthy; scarce them had arise.
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:
Some frounce their curlid heare in courtly guise;
Some prancke their ruffles; and others trimly dignit
Their gay attyre: each other greater pride does_sight.

Goodly they all that Knight doe entertaine,
Right glad with him to have increast their crew;
But to Dessa' each one himselfe did payne
All kindnesse and fair courtesie to shew:
CANTO IV.

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faery mgest the middest crowd
Thought all their glory vaine in knightly vew,
And that great Princesse too exceeding proud,
That to strange Knight no better countenance allow'd.

xvi.

Suddain upriseth from her stately place
The roiall Danse, and for her coche doth call:
All hurtlen forth; and she, with princely pace,
As faire Aurora, in her purple fall,
Out of the east the dawning day doth call, [blaze.
So forth she comes; her heightnesse brode doth
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other, upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eyes amaze.

xvii.

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorning all with gold and girandons gay,
That seemed as fresh as Faire in her prime;
And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
Great Iunoes golden chayre; the which, they say,
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To loves high hous through heavens bras-paved way,
Drowne of fayre pecocks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus eyes their tayles dispredden wide.

xviii.

But this was drowne of six unequall beasts,
On which her six sage counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obey their bestiall beastes,
With like conditions to their kinde applyde:
Of which the first, that all the rest did gyde,
Was sluggish Idenesse, the worse of sin;
Upon a slouthfull ass he chose to ryde,
Aryd in habit blacke, and amis thin;
Like to an holy monch, the service to begin.

xix.

And in his hand his portesse still he bare,
That much was borne, but therin little reade;
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drownéd in sleepe, and most of his daies dadd;
Scarce could he once uphold his heavie bed,
To looken whether it were night or day,
May seeme the way the was very evil ledd,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went or else astry.

xx.

From worldly cares himselfe he did esoyne,
And greatly shamed manly exercise;
From everie worke he challenged esoyne,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise
His life he led in lawlesse riotise;

xxi. 3. *All hurtlen forth;]* All rush forth, push forward.

xxii. 2. *On which her six sage counsellours did ryde;]*
The moral allegory hints at the Seven deadly Sins, as they are called. The chief of all is Pride. She with her six sage counsellours make up the number. Upton.


xxiv. 1. *Excuse. This is a play on words.*

By which he grew to grievous malady:
For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,
A shaking fever raingd continually.
Such one was Idenesse, first of this company.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie syne;
His belly was upblowne with luxury;
And eke with fatinesse swollen were his eyne;
And like a crane his necke was long and lyne,
With which he swallowed excessive feast,
For want whereof poor people oft did pyne;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him detest.

In Greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad;
For other clothes he could not wear for heat:
And on his head an yvie garland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the sweat.
Still as he rode he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did bear a bouzing can;
Of which he spout so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can:
In shape and life more like a monster then a man.

Unfit he was for any wordly thing,
And eke unhaile once to stirre or go;
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drink was drowned so,
That from his frend he couldnone knew his fo;
Full of diseases was his carelesse
And a dry dropie through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew;
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery
Upon a bearded gote, whose rugged heare,
And whally eies, (the signe of gelosy,)
Was like the person selie, whom he did beare;
Who rought, 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 whoe does know the best of womens fantasy!

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which undermine did hide his filthinesse;
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follicks and new-fanglenesse;
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse;
And learned had to love with secret bookes;
And well could daunce; and sing with ruefulnesse;
And fortunes teif; and read in loving bookes;
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly hookes.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all, that he did love;

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all, that he did love;

xxv. 9. *gorre.* Fr. the throat. Here it means that which was swallowed. Upton.

xxvi. 6. *a houting can;]* A drinking can. Upton.
He hated all good works 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 famigle poynt witt
He does backish, and spightfull poison spues
From leprons mouth on all that ever wroght:
Such one vile Envy was, that fite in row did sitt.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a lion, lot for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandished about his leg:
His eies did hurle forth sparcles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld;
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming dead;
And on his dagger still his hand he hold,
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.

His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags rent;
Through unadvized rashnes woen wood
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengiment:
But, when the furious fitt was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent;
Yet, wifull man, he never would forecast,
How many mischieues should ensue his heedlesse last.

Full many mischiefes follow cruel Wrath;
Abhorred Bloodshed, and tumultuos Strife,
Unmanly Murder, and unthrifty Scath,
Bitter Despight with Rancours rusty knife;
And fretting Griefe, the enemy of life:
All these, and many evils moc haunt ire,
The swelling Splen, and Frenzy raging rife,
The shaking Palsey, and Saint Franceans fire:
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

And, after all, upon the wagon beame
Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the lazy tene,
So oft as Slowth still in the mine did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showting for joy; and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land;
And, underneath their feet, all scattered lay
Dead sculls and bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
To take the solace of the open aine.

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**xxiv. 1. His ruffin raiment** Mr. Church here observes, that *raffin* is ridiculous, from the Lat. *raffus*. I suspect, however, that the poet did not intend to specify the colour of the dress, but rather to give a very characteristic expression even to the raiment of Wrath. *Ruffin*, so spelt, denoted a swashbuckler, or, as we should now say, a bully. **Tod.**

**xxiv. 3. woen wood:** **Mod. Anglo-Sax. wood.** **Tod.**

**xxv. 3. unthrifty Scath.** Indiscreet mischife, says Mr. Church. **Tod.**
And in fresh flowing fields themselves to sport:
Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
The foul Duessa, next unto the chaine
Of proud Lucifer, as one of the traine:
But that good Knight would not so high repair,
Him selfe estranging from their joyance vain,
Whose fellowship seemd far unfit for warlike swaine.

XXXVIII.
So, having solaced themselves a space
With pleasance of the breathing fields yled,
They backe returned to the princely place;
Whereas an errant Knight in armes yeeld,
And heathenish shield, wherein with letters red
Was writ Sans joy, they new arrived found:
Enflam'd with fury and fiers hartlyd,
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

XXXIX.
Who, when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy
He spide with that same Fary champions page,
Bewraying him that did of late destroy
His eldest brother; burning all with rage,
He to him left, and that same envious gage
Of victors glory from his snatchet away:
But th' Elin Knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Disdaind to loose the meed he wonne in fray;
And, him encountering fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

XL.
Therewith they gan to burden greedily,
Redoubted battale ready to darryne,
And clash their shields, and shake their swords
on ly;
[traine : That with their sturre they troubled all the
Till that great Queene, upon eternall paine
Of high displeasure that ensemew might,
Commanded them their fury to restrain;
And, if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they shoulde the morrow next it fight.

XL.
"Ah dearest Dame," quoth then the Paynim bold,
"A pardon the error of enraged wight,
[hold Whom great grieve made forgett the raines to
Of reasons rule, to see this recreant Knight,
(No Knight, but treachour full of false despight
And shameful treason,) who through guile hath slayn
The provest Knight, that ever field did fight,
Even stont Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn?)
Whose shield he beares reheurst, the more to heap dislayn.

XXXIX. 7. — which ought that warlike wage.] That
is, which owed; which was the proper owner, or pos-

ressor of. Upton.

XL. 2. Redoubted battale ready to darryne.] This word
seems to be derived from the French arranger; so that,
to darryne battale, is to set the battle in array. T. Warton.

XL. 4. recreant Knight.] This ignominious phrase often occurs in romance. It not only means one
who yields himself to his enemy in single combat, but
a coward and a traitor. Tegg.

XL. 7. The provest Knight.] The most valiant Knight.
Togg.

Upton.

XLII.
"And, to augment the glory of his guile,
His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, doe
Is there possessed of the traytour vile;
Who reapes the harvest sowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloodie field, and bought with woe;
That — brothers hand shall dreafully rechnitt,
So be, O Queene, you eavall favour showe;"
Him lite answerd th' angry Elin Knight;
He never meant with words, but swords, to plead
his right:

XLIII.
But thrw his gaunlet, 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 enmy.
That night they pas in ioy and foly,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For steward was excessive Gluttony,
That of his plenty pourd forth to all:
Which doen, the chamberlain Slowth did to rest
them call.

XLIV.
Now whenas darksome Night had all displayd
Her coldblacke curtein over brightest skye;
The warlike yonthe, on dayntic couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victorie.
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden face
Arrested all that courtly company,
Uprose Duessa from her resting place,
And to the Paynim lodging comes with silent pace:

XLV.
Whom broade awake she findes, in troublous fitt,
Fore-casting, bow his foe he might annoy;
And him amoves with speaches seeming fitt,
"Ah deare Sansioy, next dearest to Sansfoy,
Cause of my new grieve, cause of my new ioy;
Joyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
And grieved, to thinke how foe did him destroy
That was the floure of grace and chevalrye;
Lo, his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I flye."

XLVI.
With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
And say on the secrete of her hart:
Then, sighing soft; "I learne that little sweet
Oft tempred is," quoth she, "with muchell smart;"
For, since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
Of deare Sansfoy, I never loyed 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 heavy stowre.

XLVII.
"At last, when perills all I weened past,
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unwweeting I was cast
By this false faytor, who unwortheire ware
His warlike shielde, whom he with guilefull snare
Entrapped slye, 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 Sansoy I gave.

"But since faire sunne hathesperst that lowring cloud,
And to my leathede life now shewes some light,
Under your beames I will me safely shrowd.
From dreadd storme of his disdainfull spight:
To you th' inheritance belongs by right.
Of brothers praye, to you eke longes his love.
Let not his love, let not his restlesse spight,
Be mereveng'd, that calleth to you above.
From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth endless move."

Thereto said he, "Faire dame, be sought dismaid
For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them
Ne yet of present perill be afraid: [gone.
For needlesse feare did never vantage none;
And helplesse hap it bothe not to more.
Dead is Sansoy, 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 hant."

"O, but I feare the fickle freakes," quoth shee,
"Of fortune false, and oddses of armes in field,
"Why, dame," quoth he, "what oddses can ever be,
Where both doe fight alike, to win or yiel?"
"Yea, but," quoth she, "he beares a charmed shield,
And eke enchanted armes, that none can perce;
Ne none can wound the man that doe them wield."
"Charned or enchanted," answerd he then fere,
"I no wittie reck; ne you the like neede to reheere.

"But, faire Fidessa, sithens fortunes guile,
Or enemie poore, hath now captvate you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while,
Till morrow next, that I the Elife subdue,
And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endue."
"Ay me, that is a double death," she said,
"With proud foes sight my sorrowe to renewe;
Where euer yet I be, my secret aide
Shall follow you." So passing forth, she him abaid.

CANTO V.
The faithfull Knight in equal field
Subdues his faithlesse foe;
Whose false Duessa saves, and for
His care to hell doth doe.

The noble hart that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with childe of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, until 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 doubtit turmament
With greatest honoure he should yeild might:
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

At last, the golden orientall gate
Of greates heaven gan to open fayre;
And Phoebus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie fayre;
And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy ayre.
Which when the wakeful Elffe perceiv'd, straight-
He startte up, and did him selfe prepare [way
In sunbright armes, and battailons array;
For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

And forth he comes into the common hall;
Where carely waite him many a gazyn eye,
To weett what end to straungere Knights may
There many ministrates make melancholy,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
And many barded, 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.

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In woven maile all armed warily;
And sterno lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Arabiy,
And dainty spices fetch from furthest Yud,
To kindle heat of corage privily;
And in the wine a solenn ote they bynd
To observe the sacred lawes of armes, that are as-
synd.

At last forth comes that far renowned Queene,
With royall pomp and princely maestit
She is bynguht into a pale 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
Sansfoys his shield is hangt with bloody hew:
Both those, the lawrell girldons to the victor dew.

A shrillling trompett sounnded from on hye,
And unto battail all themselves addresse:
Their shining shickles about their wresstes they tye,
And burning blades about their heades doe blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heavinesse:
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impress
Deeped dinted furrowes in the baddt mayle:
The yron walkes to wand their blowes are weak and fraile.

The Sarazin was stont and wondrous strong,
And heape blowes like yron hammers great.

2. In woven maile] Maille, Fr. maille, Ital. maglia, properly the mesh of a net, is applied to a coat of armour compounded with hooks and rings of iron with little meshes.

4. about their heades doe blesse.] Spenser has used this word, to signify the waving or brandishing of a sword. Hughes.
For after blood and vengeance he did long.

The Knight was fiercest, and full of youthful heat,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For all for praise and honour did he fight.
Both strikethryke, and beaten both doe beat;
That from their shields forth flyeth fire light,
And helmets, heven deep, shew marks of either might.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right:
As when a gyrfowl, seized of his pray,
A dragon hers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away:
With hideous horror both together smight,
And some more sore, that they the heavens affray:
The wise southsayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th' amaz'd vulgar telles of warres and mortal fight.

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
His sudden eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
Upon his Brothers shield, which long thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And said; "Ah! wretched some of woffull eyre,
Dost thou sit wayling by blanke Stygian lake;
Why lest here thy shield is hang'd for victors lyre t
And, sluggisheim, doest thy forces shake
To after-send his foe, that him may overtake t

"Go, Cautive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
And soone redeeme from his long-wandering woe:
Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield have quitt from dying foe."
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
That twice he reelde, readie twice to fall:
End of the doubleth battalle declin'd the
The lookers on; and lowd to him gann call
The false Duessa, "Thine the shield, and l, and all l"

Soon as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
Out of his swooning dreame he gan awake;
And quickning faith, that earst was waxen weak,
The creeping deadly cold away did shak.

Thou mov'd with wrath, and shame, and ladys
Of all attone he cast aveng'd to be,
[sake,
And with so exceeding furie at him strike,
That forced him to stoape upon his knee:
Had he not stope so, he should have cloven bee.

And to him said; "Goe now, proud miscarent,
Thyselle thy messager do to german deare;
alone he, wandering, thee too long doth want:
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth bearce."
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan rearce,
Him to have shaine; when lo! a darksome cloud
Upon him fell; he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls allowd,
But answer none receives; the darknes him does shrowd.

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running sayd; "O provest Knight,
That ever Ladie to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terror of your night,
And quench the flame of furious despight
And bloodie vengeance: lo! thi infernall Powrs,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Phoebus balefull bowres
The conquist yours; 1 yours; the shield and glory yours l"

Not all so satisfae, with gredy eye
He sought, all round about, his thristy blade
To bathe in blood of faithlesse enmy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He standes amaz'd how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets triumph sound on hie;
And running herals humble homage made,
Greetin him gladly with new victorie;
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitio

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene;
And, falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service scene:
Which she accepts with thankes and goodly gree,
Greatly advancing his gay chevaliere;
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 falls, and flyes to heaven bright.

Home is he brought, and layd in sumptuous bed:
Where many skilfull leaches him abide
To solde his hurts, that yet still freshely bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his wounds wide,
And softly gan embalme on everie side,
And all the white most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musickd did divide,
Him to besugue of griefe and agony:
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

As when a weare traveller, that strays
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,

With fill'd purse, and head with sorrow, he:
For many skilfull leaches him abide
To solve his hurts, that yet still freshely bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his wounds wide,
And softly gan embalme on everie side,
And all the white most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musickd did divide,
Him to besugue of griefe and agony:
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

VII. 5. And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat: And he doubled strokes like the threatens of dreaded thunders; 1 e. he doubled his strokes like thunder strokes. Upton.

VII. 2. His sudden eye.] His quick eye. CHURCH.

VII. 2. And soone redeemeth from his long-wandering woe.] His long-wandering woe.] the reader will understand this, if he turns to C. iv. st. 48. He was to wander, and walke by black Stygian lake, till his manes were expatled. UPTON.

X. 1. —— his Ladie.] That is, her whom he imagined to be Una. CHURCH.

XVI. 5. should fade.] Vanish. HOGGS.

XVII. 4. —— goodly gree.] Liking, or satisfaction. TOWN.

XVII. 7. —— sweet musick did divide.] To divide is a technical term. In musicke it signifies to play divisions.
Unwept of the perilous wandring waves,
Doth meete a cruel craftie crocodile,
Which, in false griefe hyding his harnemfull guile,
Doth weewe full sore, and sheldeth tender tears;
The foolish man, that pites all this while
His mourningfull plight, is swallowed up unwares;
Forgotten of his owne, that mindent others cares.

So wept Duessa untill eventyde,
That shynyn lampes in Ioves hight house were
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide;
But comes unto the place, where th' Hethen Knight,
In slumbering swonnord nigh voyd of vital spright,
Lay cover'd with inchantment cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wyle his wofull case she would not stay,
But to the easterne coast of heaven makes speedy way:

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phoebus chearefull face durst never vew,
And in a foole blacke pitchy mantle clad, [mew;
She findes forth comming from her darksome
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charret stood,
Already harnessed for journe new,
And cole-blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.

Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright,
Adorned with gold and jewels shinning cleare,
She greatly grew amased at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to feare;
(For never did such brightnessthere appeare ;
And would have backe returyd to her cave,
Untill the Witches speach she gan to heare,
Saying ; “ Yet, O thou dapsed Dame, I crave
Abyde, till I have told the message which I have.”

She stayd ; and forth Duessa gan proceede
“ O Than, most suteante grandmother of all,
More old than love, whom thon at first disted
Or that great house of gods celestiall ; [breede,
Which wast begot in Deuemorgons hall,
And sawst the secrets of the world unmade ;
Why suffredst thou thy Nephews deare to fall
With Elin sword, most shamefully betrade?
Lo, where the stout Sansfoyl doth sleepe in deadly shade !

And, him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold Sansfoyl shrieked underneath his speare;
And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on greening breste,
That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
O ! what of gods then boots it to be borne,
If old Avengles soues so evil heare !

Or who shall not great Nightes children scorne,
When two of three her Nephews are so fowle forborne !

“Up, then ; up, dreary Dame, of darknes Queene;
Go, gather up the reliques of thy race;
Or else goe, them avenge ; and let be seen
That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,
And can the children of fayre Light deface.”

Her feeling spaches some compassion mov'd
In harte, and changeing in that great motiers face;
Yet pitty in her harte was never prov'd
Till then ; So evemore she hated, never lov'd :

And said, “ Deare daughter, rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successes, which their foes enswor;
But who can turne the streame of destinee,
Or breake the chayne of strong necessite,
Which fast is tye to Ioves eternall seat ?
The soumes of Day he favoured, I see,
And by my runes thinkes to make them great:
To make one great by others losse is bad excheat.

“Yet shall they not escape so freely all ;
For some shall pay the price of others guilt:
And he, the man that made Sansfoyl to fall,
Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.
But what art thou, that dest of Nephews kilt ?”
“ I, that do sce nee not I, Duessa ame,”
Quoth she, “how ever now, in garments gilt
And gorgeous gold arrayd, I to thee came ;
Duessa I, the daughter of Decept and Shame.”

Then, bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked Witch, saying : “ In that fayre face
The false resemblance of Decept, I wisst,
Did closely lurke ; yet so truely seening grace
It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
Could it discerne ; though I the mother be
Of Falsbode, and roote of Duessses race.
O welcome, child, whom I have longed to see,
And now have scene unwares ! Lo, how I go with thee.”

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her hearde the fowle wellfavoured Witch;
Through mirkness to her ready way she makes,
Her twyfold teme (of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each unilch,) Did softly swam away, ne ever stamp
Unless she chaunst their stubborn mouths to twache ;
Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would cham,
And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

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xxiv. [is bad excheat.] Excheat or exe 'cut (Fr. escoute or eschoette) is a low term, and signifies any lands or profits that fall to a lord within his manor by forfeiture, &c. CHURCH.

xxvi. 4 Shall with his owne blood price] Price is here used as a verb, to pay the price of. CHURCH.

xxviii. 3 Through mirkness airc] Mirkness is darkness, and airc is dark. TODD.

xxvii. 8. Then, foming tarre.] Then foming what resembled tarre—Then as it were foming forth tarre. UPTON.
So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place, whereas the Paynim lay
Dread of outward sense and native strength,
Coverd with charmed cloud from view of day.
And sight of men, since his late heklesse fray.
His cruel wounds with crudely bloud conceale,
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heald:
So lay him in her charrett, close in night conceald.

And, all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakful dogs did never cease to bay;
As giving warning of no unwonted sound,
With which her yron wheeles did them affray,
And her darke grously looke them much damay.
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
With dreary shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howle
At her abborred face, so filthy and so foul.

Thence turning backe in silence softe they stole,
And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
To yawning gulfe of deepse Avernum hole:
By that same hole an entrance, darke and bace,
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to hell: there creature neuer past,
That backe returned without heavenly grace:
But dreadfull Furies, which their chains have brast,
And damned Sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

By that same way the direfull Dames doe drive
Their mournfull charrett, fill with ruyse blood,
And downe to Phoetus house are come bialive:
Which passing through, on every side them stade
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattiring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stonie eies; and all the hellish brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many solts sit wailing woefully;
And come to fiery flood of Phlegenton,
Whereas the danned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shreiling shriekes doe bellowse cry,
Cursing high Love, the which them thither sent.
The House of endlesse Paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternall torment.

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformd heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venemous;
And lilld forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gan to creare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, untill Dayes enony

Did him appease; then downe his taille he hong,
And sufferd them to passen quietly.
For she in hell and heaven had power equall.

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, he might from labour fin;
There thristy Tantalus hong by the chin;
And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw;
Typhon's lyons were stretched on a gin;
Theseus condemn'd to endlesse slomth by law;
And fifty sisters water in leks vessels draw.

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 ywroght by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, uncess, dolefull, comfortlesse,
In which sae Asenapius far apart
Imprisoned was in chains remedlesse:
For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

Hippolytus a tolly huntsman was,
That wont in charrett chace the foming bore;
He all his pecers in beauty did surpass;
But ladies love, as losse of time, forbore:
His wanton stepdame loved him the more;
But, when she saw her offred sweets refused,
Her love she turnd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treason false accusd,
And with her gealous terms he his open ears abroad:

Who, all in rage, his sea-god syre besought
Some cursed vengeance on his somne to cast:
From surging gulf two monsters streight were brought;
With dread wereof his chacing stedes aghast
Both charrett swifte and huntsman overcast.
His godly corps, on ragged cliffs great
Was quite dismembred, and his members chast
Scattered on every mountaine as he went,
That of Hippolytus was left no monument.

His cruell step-dame, seeing what was done,
Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing th' innocenice of her somne.
Which hearing, his rash syre began to rend
His heare, and lusty tong that did offend;
Tho, gathering up the requites of his smart,
By Dames meane who was Hippolyts friend,
Them brought to Asenaple, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and loyned every part.

Such wondrouses science in mans witt to rain
When love avizd, that could the dead revive,

The Faerie Queene.
And that expir'd could renew again,  
Of endless life he might him not deprive;  
But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,  
With flashing thunderbolt wounded sore;  
Where, long remaining, he did alwaies strive  
Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,  
And shake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

XLI.  
There amencient Night arriving, did aight  
From her high weary wayne, and in her armes,  
To Asæclusius brought the wounded Knight:  
Whom having softly disarrayd of armes,  
The to him discover all his harms,  
Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,  
If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,  
A forlorn man wroth from dore of death mote raise,  
He would at her request prolong her Nephews  
dates.  

XLII.  
"Aye, 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 endless penance for one fault I pay;  
But that redoubled crime with vengeance new  
Thou biddest me to eke? can Night defray  
The wrath of thundering love, that rules both Night  
and Day?"

XLIII.  
"Not so," quoth she; "but sith that heavens King  
From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,  
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing;  
And fearest not that more thee hurtin might,  
Now in the powre of everlasting Night!  
Goe to them, O thou far renowned some  
Of great Apollo, shew thy famous might  
In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne  
Great pains, and greater praise, both never to be done."  

XLIV.  
Her words prevaild: And then the learned leach  
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,  
And all things els, the which his art did teach:  
Which having scene, from thence arose away  
The Mother of dredd darknesse, and let stay  
Avenges somne there in the leaches cure;  
And, backe returning, took her wonded way  
To ronne her timely race, whilst Phoebus pure  
In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

XLV.  
The false Dessa, leaving noyous Night,  
Returnd to stately palacce of Dame Pryde:  
Where when she came, she found the Faery  
Knight  
Departed thence; abee (his woundes wyde  
Not thoroughly heal'd) 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 deep, huge numbers lay  
Of captive wretched thralls, that wayled night and  
day;  

XLVI.  
(A ruefull sight as could be scene with eie:)  
Of whom he learned had in secret wise  
The hidden cause of their captivitie;  
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,  
Through wastfull pride and wanton riotise,  
They were by law of that proud tyrannesse,  
Provoke with Wrath and Envyces false surmise,  
Condemned to that dungeon mercellesse,  
Where they should live in wo, and dye in wretchednesse.

XLVII.  
There was that great proud king of Babylon,  
That would compell all nations to adore  
And him, as emly God, to call upon;  
Till, through celestiall doome thrown out of dore,  
Into an ox he was transformd of yore.  
There also was king Cressus, that enhaunts  
His hart too high through his great riches store;  
And proud Antiochus, the which advaunts  
His cursed hand against God, and on his altares  
damst.

XLVIII.  
And, them long time before, great Nimrod was,  
That first the world with sword and fire war;  
And after him old Ninos far did pas | pryed;  
In princely pomp, of all the world obeyd.  
There also was that mightie monarch layd  
Low under all, yet above all in pride,  
That name of native syre did owre upbrayd,  
And would as Ammonis somne be magnifie;  
Till, seord of God and man, a shamefull death he dye.

XLIX.  
All these together in one heape were thrownwe,  
Like carkases of beasts in butchers stall.  
And, in another corner, wide were strowne  
The antique ruins of the Romances fall:  
Great Romulus, the grandsyre of them all;  
Proud Tarquin; and too lordly Lenthus;  
Stont Scipio; and stubborne Hanniball;  
Ambitious Sylla; and sterne Marius;  
High Caesar; great Pompey; and fiers Antonius.

L.  
Amongst these mightie men were women mixt,  
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:  
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfis  
With somne own blade her fowle reproches  
Spoke:  
Fayre Stheno, that her selfe did choke  
With wilfull chord, for wanting of her will;  
High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke  
Of asps stung her selfe did stoutly kill;  
And thousands moe the like, that did that dungeon  
fill.

LI.  
Besides the endless routes of wretched thrallses,  
Which thereth were assembled, day by day,  
From all the world, after their wofull fallses  
Through wicked pride and wasted welthes decay.  
But most, of all which in that dungeon lay;  
Fell from high princes courtes, or ladies bowres;  
Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,  
Consumed had their goods and thirstlesse  
bowres, | stowres.  
And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy

XLVIII.  
|  

with sword and fire warrayd:] Made war upon. Upton.

CHURCH.
Whose case whenas the careful Dwarf had tould,
And made ensample of their mournfull sight
Unto his Maister: he no longer would
There dwell in perill of like painedfull plight,
But carely rose; and, ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
He by a privy posterne toke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote he spyde:
For, dontlesse, death ensewed if any him deseryde.

CANTO VI.

From meesse bost by wondrous grace
Fayre Una is rest by.
Whom savage nation does adore,
And learns her wise behest.

As when a ship, that flyes fayre under sayce,
An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile;
The mariner yet halt amoured starrs
At perill past, and yet in doubt do starks
To ioy at his toulhappie oversight:
So doubly is distrst twixt ioy and cares
The dreadfulsse corage of this Elfin Knight,
Having escaped so sad ensamples in his sight.

Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed
The fayre Duess' had forst him leave behind;
And yet more sad, that Una, his deare Dreed,
Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind;
Yet eryne in her could never creature find:
But for his love, and for her own selfe sake,
She wanded had from one to other Ynd,
Him for to seeke, he ever would forsake;
Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtake:

Who, after Archimagges fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forest wilde;
And, turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have deffide,
And made the vassall of his pleasures wilde,
Yet first he cast by treatie, and by truynes,

Her to persuade that stubborne fort to yilde:
For greater conquest of hard love he gyues,
That workes it to his will, then he that it con-
straines.

With fawning wordes he courted her a while;
And, looking lovely and oft sighing sore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile:
But wordes, and lookes, and sighes she did abhore.

As rock of diamond stedfast evermore,
Yet, for to feed his lyrie lustfull eye,
He snatched the vele that hong her face before:
Then gan her beautey shyne as brightest skye,
And burnt his beastly hart t'enforce her chastity.

So when he saw his flattring artes to fayle,
And subtle engines bost from kattorie;
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
Whereof he weend possessed some to bee,
And win rich spoile of rausack chastitie.
Ah heavens! that doe this hideous act behold,
And heavenly Virgyn tims outraged see,
How can ye vengeance lust so long withhould,
And hurle not flashing flames upon that Paynim bold?

The piteuous Mayden, carefull, comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking
eyes;
(The list vain help of wenoses greate distresse,)
And with loud plaintes importunity the skyes;
That molten starrs doe drop like weeping eyes;
And Phebus, flying so most shamefull sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hydes for shame.

Can now devise to quit a thrall from such a plight?

Eternall Providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appears can make her selfe a way!
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From hony dewes to pluck the greyed pray.
Her shrill outeryes and shrikes so loud did cry,
That all the woodes and forestes did resound:
A troup of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dancing in a round,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd:

Who, when they heard that piteous strained voice,
In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,
And ran towards the far rebounded noyse,
To see what hurt so loudly did lament,
Unto the place they came incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin espoyde,
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,

1. The sorrowful Dwarf.

2. A place to lay dung or rubbish in.

3. That lay in waile her wrack for to bewaile.

4. To bewaile, meant not to lauuent her wrack; but, in old

5. Exceeding thought, i.e. which passeth all understanding.

6. Instantly.

7. A crowd was commonly used in a contumtuous manner.
Whose like he never saw, he durst not hyde;  
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place,  
There find the Virgin, dooleful, desolate,  
With ruffled rayments, and sayre blabred face,  
As her outrageous foe had left her late;  
And trembling yet through fear of former hate:  
All stand amaz'd at so uncouth sight,  
And gin to pitie her unhappy state;  
All stand astonied at her beautefull bright,  
In their rude eyes unworthy of so woffull plight.

She, more amaz'd, in double dread doth dwell;  
And every tender part for fear doth shake.  
As when a greedy wolf, through hunger fell,  
A seely lamb far from the flock doth take,  
Of whom he means his bloody feast to make;  
A lyon spyes fast running towards him,  
The innocent pray in hast he doth forsake;  
Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every limb  
With change of fear, to see the lyon looke so grim.

Such fearfull fitt assaied her trembling hart;  
Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to move, she had:  
The salvagge nation feelde her secret smart,  
And read her sorrow in her countenanc' sad:  
Their frowning forheads, with rough horns yched  
And rustick horror, all asye do lay:  
And, gently greming, shew a semblance glad  
To comfort her; and, fear to put away,  
Their backward-bent knees teach her humbly to obey.

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet committ  
Her single person to their barbarous truth;  
But still twixt fear and hope amaz'd does sitt,  
Late learn'd what harme to lusty trust ensu'd:  
They, in compassion of her tender youth  
And wonder of her beautefull soverainety,  
Are wonne with pitty and unwonted ruth;  
And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,  
Doe kisses her feets, and fawne on her with countenance playne.

Their harts she ghesseth by their humble guise,  
And yieldes her to extremitie of time:  
So from the ground she fearlesse doth arise,  
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:  
They, all as glad as birds of joyous pryme,  
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,  
Shouting, and singling all a shepherds ryme;  
And, with greene branches strowing all the ground,  
Do worship her as queene with olive girldon crownd.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,  
That all the woods with doubled eecho 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 awakened, commeth out  
To wease the cause, his weake steps governing  
And aged limbs on cypresse staddle stout;  
And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about.

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad,  
Or Baechus merry fruit they did invent,  
Or Cybeles frantickie rites have made them mad  
They, drawing nigh, unto their god present  
That flourse of fayth and beautefull excellent:  
The god himselfe, vewing that mirrour rare,  
Stood long amaz'd, and burst in his intent:  
His owne sayre Dryope now he thinkes not faire,  
And Phidoe fowle, when her to this he doth compair.

The wood-borne people fall before her flat,  
And worship her as goddesse of the wood;  
And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not, what  
To thinke of wight so fayre; but gazning stood  
In doubt to deene her home of earthly brood:  
Sometimes dama 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 buskin's to her knee.

By vow of her he ginneth to revive  
His ancient love, and dearest Cypariss;  
And callles to mid his pourtrairne alive,  
How sayre he was, and yet not sayre to this;  
And how he slew with glancing dart amisse  
A gentle bynd, the which the loyfe Loy  
Did love as life, above all worldly blissse;  
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after ioy;  
But pynd away in anguisha and selfewild annoy.

The woody nymphes, faire Hamadryades,  
Her to behold do therer rumne apace;  
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades  
Flocke all about to see her loyfe face;  
But, when they vewed have her heavenly grace,  
They envy her in their malitious mind,  
And fly away for fear of fowles disgrace;  
But all the Satyres soorne their woody kind.  
And henceforth nothing faire, but her, on earth they find.

Glad of such luke, the luckelessee lucky Mayd  
Did her content to please their feeble eyes;  
And long time with that salvagge people stayd,  
To gather breath in many miseries.  
During which time her gentle wit she ples;  
To teach them truth, which worship her in  
And made her th' Image of Idolatryes: [sayne];  
But, when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne  
From her own worship, they her asse would worship sayne.

—— on cypresse staddle stout.] Staddle, according to Dr. Johnson, is a Saxon word, denoting a foundation. Top.  
—— annoys.] Noyance, hurt. Church.
It fortune, a noble warlike Knight
By instant occasion to that forest came
To seek his kindred, and the lineage right;
From whence he took his well-deserved name:
He had in arms abroad wonne muchell fame,
And fild far laudes with glory of his might;
Plain, faithfull, true, and enie of shame,
And ever lovd to fight for Ladies right:
But in vaine glorious frays he hilde did delight.

A Satyres sonne yborne in forest wyld,
By strange adventure as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a Lady myld,
Fayre Thymysis the daughter of Labryde;
That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde
To Therion, a loose unruly swyne,
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.

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captive to his sensual deseve;
Till that with timly fruit her belly swelde,
And bore a boy unto that salvage syre:
Then home he sufferd her for to retyre;
For ransome leaving him the late-borne child:
Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,
He nouseled up in life and manners wylde,
Emongst wild beasts and woods, from lawes of men exile.

For all he taught the tender ymp, was but
To banish cowardize and bastard feare:
His tremblinge hand he would him force to put
Upon the lyon and the ruggled beare;
And from the she-beares teats her whelps to teare;
And eke wyld roting buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backes not made to
And the robuckes in flight to overtake: [beare;]
That everie beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

Thereby so fearlesse and so fell he grew,
That his owne syre and maister of his guise

Did often tremble at his horrid vew;
And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise
The angry beasts not rashly to despise,
Nor too much to provoke; for he would learne
The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
(A lesson hard,) and make the libbard sterne
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

For to make his powre approved more,
Wylde beasts in yron yokes he would compell;
The spotted panther, and the tusked bore,
The paraule swift, and the tigrd cruel,
The antelope and wolfe, both fies and fell;
And them constraine in equal tene to draw.
Such ioy he had their stubborne harts to quell,
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw;
That his behaste they feared, as a tyrans law.

His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne;
And chauns wont to meet him in the way,
After his sportes and cruelle pastime done;
When after him a lyonse did runne
That roaring all with rage did loud requeire
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:
The Lyon whelpe she saw how he did beare,
And hul in rugged armes withouten childish feare.

In these and like delights of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper years he taught;
And there abode, whilst any beast of name
Walt in that forest, whom he had not taught
To feare his force: and then his courage haught
Desyrd of forrence foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for strange adventures sought;
In which his might was never overthrowne;
But through al Faery lord his famous worth was blowne.

Yet evermore it was his maner faire,
Unto long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those syre and offpring auncient;
To see his syre and offpring auncient,
And now he thether came for like intent;
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Strange Lady, in so strange habiliment,

And, for to make his powre approved more,
Wylde beasts in yron yokes he would compell;
The spotted panther, and the tusked bore,
The paraule swift, and the tigrd cruel,
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Unto those syre and offpring auncient;
To see his syre and offpring auncient,
And now he thether came for like intent;
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Strange Lady, in so strange habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

He wondered at her wisecome hevenly rare;
Whose like in womans wit he never knew:
And, when her courteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew.
Bliming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And loyly to make proofe of her cruelty
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse and so trew:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learned her discipline of faith and verty.

But she, all vowd unto the Redcrosse Knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament;
Ne in this new acquaintance 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.

So on a day, when Satyres all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old,
The gentle Virgin, left behinde alone,
He led away with corage stout and bold.
Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe:
In vaine he seekes that, having, cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are past, and come now to the plaine.

The better part now of the lingering day
They travelld had, whences they far espide
A weary night wandring by the way;
And towards him they gan in fast to ride,
To weete of newes that did abroad betyle,
Or tidings of her Knight of the Redcrosse;
But he, them spying, gan to turne aside
For feare, as second, or for some feigned losse:
More greedy they of newes fast towards him do crosse.

A silly man, in simple weeds forworne
And sold with dust of the long dried way;
His sandales were with toiscome travell borne,
And face all tad with scorching sunny ray,
As he had travelld many a sommers day
Through boyling sands of Arabic and Ynde;
And in his hand a Jacobs stafle, to stay
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

The Knight, approching nigh, of him inquired
That now of ware, and of adventures new;
But warres, nor new adventures, none he heeld.
Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew
Or heard abroad of that her Champion trew,
That in his armour bare a croset red.
[rew
"Ay me! deare Dame," quoth he, "well may I
to tell the sad sight which mine eies have red;
These eies did see that Knight both living and eke did."
Yet ill thou blamest me, for having blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent:
That Redcrosse Knight, perdie, I never slew;
But had he beene, where carst his armes were lent,
Th' Enchanter vain his error should not
But thou his error shalt, I hope, now proven trew.

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile
Each other, bent his enimy to quell;
That with their force they perst both plate and male,
And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
That it would pitty any living eie:
Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raiile:
But floods of blood could not them satisfye:
Both hongred after death; both chose to win, or die.

So fiersly, when these Knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight retourne; increasing more
Their puissant force, and cruell rage atonc;
With heaped strokes more hugely then before;
That with their drery wounds, and bloody gore,
They both deformed, scarcely could bee known.
By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,
Led with their noise which through the aire was thrown,
Arriv'd, when they in erth their fruitful blood had sown.

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan revive the memory
Of his lead lusts, and late attempted sin;
And lefte the doubtfull battel hastily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie:
But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, staid,
And sternely had him other business phe.
Then Hunt the steps of pure unsuspectt Maid;
Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter speaches said;

"() foolish Faeries some, what fury mad
Hath thee incenst to hast thy donell fate?
Were it not better I that Lady had
Then that thou hast repentet it too late!
Most sencerefull man he, that himselfe doth hate
To love another: Lo then, for thine aye,
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate." So they to fight; the white the royall Maid Field farre awaye, of that proud Paynim sore afrayed.

Canto VII.
The Redcrosse Knight is captive made,
By Gramt proud opprest;
Prince Arthur meets with Una great-
ly with those newer distrest.

What man so wise, what earthly wit, so ware,
As to discry the crafty cunning traine,
By which Deceit doth music in visor faire,
And cast her colours died deep in grave,
To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame, faire,
The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine; Great maistersse of her art was that false Dame,
The false Duessa, cokted with Fidessses name.

Who when, returning from the dreary Night,
She found not in that perious Hous of Iryde,
Where she had left, the noble Redcrosse Knight,
Her hoped pray; she would no longer abide,
But forth she went to seek him far and wide.
Ere long she found, whereas he wearie sate,
To rest him selfe, forebey a fountain syde,
Disarmed all of yron-coted plate;
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

Hie feeds upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His swettie forehead in the breathing wynd,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
Wherein the cheerefull birds of sundry kynd
Doe chant sweet music, to delight his mynd:
The Witch approaching gan him fayrely greet,
And with reprooch of carelessnes unkynd
Upbraid, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With foul words tempring faire, sour gall with hony sweet.

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasansse of the joyous shade,
Which shielded them against the hoyling heat,
And, with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountain like a girldone made;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshely well,
Ne ever would through fervent somer fade:
The sacred nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

Canto VIII.

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing told,
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay
In secret shadow all this to behold;
And much rejoyced in their bloody fray:
But, when he saw the Danseel passe away,
He left his stond, and her pursed cpace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay.
But for to tell her lamentable case,
And eke this battel end, will need another place.

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Whose bubbling wave did ever freshely well,
Ne ever would through fervent somer fade:
The sacred nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.
The cause was this: One day, when Phaebe fayre
With all her band was following the chase,
This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching
ayre,
Satt downe to rest in midst of the race:
The goddess wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Theetoth she her waters wexed dull and slow;
And all, that drinke thereof, do faint and feele
grow.

Hereof this gentle Knight unweeting was;
And, lying downe upon the sandie gracie, 
Drook of the streame, as clare as christall
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
And mightie strong was turnd to feele frayle.
His chamaged powres at first themselves not
Till crueld cold his corage gan assayle, [felt;]
And chearful blood in fayntnes chill did melt,
Which, like a fever fit, through all his bodie
swelt.

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
Pourld out in loosnesse on the grassy ground,
Both careless of his health, and of his fame:
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sound,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rehownd,
That all the earth for terror seemed to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith
astound
Upstarted lightly from his looser Make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

But ere he could his armoure on him dight,
Or gett his shield, his monstrous enimy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
And hideous Geaunt, horrible and hie,
That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye;
The ground eke groned under him for drezd:
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed
The height of three the tallest sommes of mortall
seed.

The greatest Earth his oneouth mother was,
And blustering Eolus his boasted syre;
Who with his breath, which through the world
doeth pas,
Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,
And fild her hidden coves with stormie yre,
That she conceiued; and trebling the dewte,
In which the wombes of women do expyre,
Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly
slyme,
Puft up with emptie wynd, and fild with sinfall
cryme.

So growen great, through arrogant delight
Of th' high descent whereof he was yborne,

And through presumption of his matchless
might,
All other powres and knighthood he did sceone
Such now he marcheth to this man forborne,
And left to losse; his stalkinge steps are stayde
Upon a snappie oke, which he had torne;
Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
His mortall mace, wherewith his fomcn he dis
mayde.

That, when the Knight he spyde, he gan advancement
With huge force and insapporatle mayne,
And towards him with dreldfull fury prance:
Who haplessesse, and eke hopelessee, all in vaine
Did to him pace sad battle to darrayne,
Disarm, disgrate, and inwardly dismayde;
And eke so faint in every eyont and vaine,
Through that fraile fontain, which him feele
made,
That scarcely could he weeld his bottesse single
blade.

The Geaunt strowke so maynly merlesse,
That could have overthrowne a stony towre;
And, were not hevelly grace that did him blisse.
He had beene powldred all, as thin as flourw;
But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
And lightly lef from underneeth the blow:
Yet so exceeding was the villains powre,
That with the winde it did him overthrow,
And all his seences stound, that still he lay full low.

As when that divelish yron egin, wrought
In deepest hell, and framd by Furies skill,
With wondry nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
And rand with bollot roundw, ordaind to kill,
Conceiveth syre; the heavens it doth fill
With thundring noysw, and all the ayre doth choke,
That none can breath, nor see, nor hear at will;
Through smouldery cloud of dustish stickling
smoke;
That th' only breath him daunts, who hath escept
the stroke.

So damted when the Geaunt saw the Knight,
His heevie hand he heaved up on hye,
And him to dute thought to have lattred nyght,
Until Duesa loud to him gan crye;
"O great Orroglio, greatest under skye,
O! hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake;
Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,
But vanquissh thine eternall bondeslave,
And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy leman take."

He barked, and did stay from further harmys,
To gayne so goodly goverdon as she speake;
So willingly she came into his armes,
The other as willingly to grace did take,

vi. 2. — the sandie gracie.] Some particles, or gravel.
Grate from prati-ces. Upon.
vi. 3. — his looser Make.] Make here signifies compan-
ion. Church.
vi. 7. — do expyre.] That is, send forth, or bring
forth. Lat. expiro. Church.

xi. 6. — disgrace.] That is, dissolve, debouched.
CHURCH.
xiv. 4. — pouldred] Botten to dute. Fr. pouldzer
TODD.
not. 9. Th' only breath.] Only signifies alone
Church.
xiv. 7. — doe him not to dye.] The instances of this
expression are innumerable, both in Chaucre, and in our
author. This is, Je lui ferai mourir, Fr. Farallo mori
T. WARTON.
And was possessed of his newfound Make.
Then up he took the solemnised solemn corse:
And, ere he could out of his swoone awake,
Him to his castle brought with haste forse,
And in a dungeon deep he threw without remorse.

From that day forth Duesa was his deare,
And highly honourd in his haughtie eye:
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne set on her head full heye,
And her endowd with royall majesty:
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
And, peoples harts with awfull terror tye,
A monstrous Beast ybreed in filthy fen
He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den.

Such one it was, as that renowned snake
Which great Alcides in Stremo slow,
Long losted in the filth of Lerna lake:
Whose many heads out-budding ever new
Did breed him endless labor to subdue.
But this same Monster much more ugly was;
For seven great heads out of his body grew,
An eun brest, and back of scaly bras,
And all embred in blood his eyes did shine as glas.

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

The wofull Dwarf, which saw his Maisters fall,
(Whiles he had keepin of his grasing stood,) And valiant Knight become a caytive thrall;
When all was past, took up his Toflorome weed;
His mightie armoure, missing most at need;
His silver shield, now idle, maisterless;
His peynant speare, that many made to bleed;
The ruelfull monuments of heunesse;
And with them all departes, to tell his great distresse.

He had not travaild long, when on the way
He wofull Lady, wofull Una, met
Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,
Whilst Satyrame he from pursuit did let:
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,
And saw the signs that deadly tydings spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And lively breath her sad brest did forsake;
Yet might her piteous hart be seen to pant and quake.

The messenger of so unhappe newes [within];
Would faine have dyde; dead was his hart

Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:
At last, recovering hart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chaue her chyn,
And everie tender part does tosse and turne:
So hardly he the fittted life does win
Unto her native prison to retourne.
Then gins her grievd ghost thus to lament and mourn:

"Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle beheld,
Why doe ye longer feed on loahted light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith cruel fates the carefull threds unfold,
The which my life and love together tyde?"
Now let the stony dart of senseless Cold
Pierce to my hart, and pass through everie side
And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hyde.

"O lightsome Day, the lamp of highest Love,
First made by him mens wandring wayes to gyde;
When Darkeesse he in deepest dungeon drove:
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
And shut up heavens windowes shyning wyde:
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow brood,
And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
Myne eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
But, seeld up with death, shall have their deadly need."

Then downe againe she fell unto the ground;
But he her quickly reared up againe:
Thrice did she sink in doonwad in deadly swoond,
And thrise be her reviv'd with busie paine.
At last when Life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong Enmy,
With foltring tongue, and trembling everie vaine,
"Tell on," quoth she, "the wofull tragedy,
The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye:

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

Then gan the Dwarf the whole discourse declare;
The subtile trainses of Archimago old;
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre,
Bought with the blood of vanquisheth Paynims bold;
The wretched Payre transformd to trech mould;
The House of Pryde, and perillls round about;
The combat, which he with Sansioy did holde;
The lacklesse conflict with the Gyaut stount,
Wherin captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

---\quad to chaue her chyn.\quad{Upton.}
---\quad{Enmy.}\quad{Death.}\quad{Life and Death are here represented as persons; so are Sorrow and Fortune in the next stanza. \textit{Church.}}\]
XXVIII.

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortal eye be ever scene;
Not made of steele, nor of enduring brass,
(Such earthly mettals soon consumed beone.)
But all of diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massy entire mould,
Hew'n out of adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direful sword divide the substance would.

XXXIV.

For whose deare sake so many troubles did tosse
Then she did love the Knight of the Rederosse
For whose deare sake so many troubles did tosse

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:
And evermore, in constant carefull mind,
She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale:
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale,
She wandred many a wood, and measured many a vale.

At last she chancied by good hap to meet
A goodly Knight, faire marching by the way,
Together with his Squyve, arrayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined far away,
Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
Thereby his mortall blade full comely long
In yvory sheath, yearld with curios sliants,
Whose hiltts were burnishd gold; and handle strong
Of mother perle; and buckled with a golden tong.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brughtesse and great terrorsome
For all the crest a dragon did enfold [breed;]
With greecie paws, and over all did spread
His golden winges; his dreadfull hiecons held,
Clos: couched on the bever, second to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparclesfiery reed,
That suddeine haurror to faint hartts did show;
And sealy tayle was stretchd adowne his back full low.

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bouch of heares discouerd diversly,
With sprindled perle and gold full richli drest,
Did shake, and second to daunce for folly;
Like to an almond tree ymounted lye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave be colored daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble very one
At everie little breath, that under heaven is blowne.

His glitterand armoure. Spenser thus affectedly spells the participle glittering, in imitation of Chaucer.

T. Warton.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

XXXIX.

"What worlds delight, or joy of living speach,
Can hart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep,
And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach I
The careful Cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
Soone as I thinkd upon my bitter bile.
Such helpless harmes yet better hidden keep,
Then rip up griefe, where it may not availe;
My last left comfort is my woes to weep and waile."

XL.

"Ah Lady deare," quoth then the gentle Knight,
"Well may I ween your griefe is wondrous great;"
[spriect)
For wondrous great grieve grothen in my
Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
But, woefull Lady, let me you intrec
For to unfold the anguish of your hart
Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,
And counsell mitigates the greatest smart;
Found never help, who never would his hurts impart."

XLI.

"O! but," quoth she, "great grieve will not be toold,
And can more easily be thought then said."
"Right so," quoth he; "but he, that never would
Could never: well to might gives greatest aid."
"But grieve," quoth she, "does greater grow
Displaid, If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire.
"Despaire breeds not," quoth he, "where faith
Is staid." [paire.
"No faith so fast," quoth she, "but flesh does
Flesh may emparei?" quoth he, "but reason can
repaire."

XLII.

His goodly reason, and well-guided speach,
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach
Which love and fortune in her heart had wroght;
[brught
And said; "a faire sir, I hope good hap hath
You to inquiere the secrets of my grieve;
Or that your wisdome will direct my thought;
Or that your prowess can me yield reliefe;
Then heare the story sad, which I shall tell you brieve.

XLIII.

"The forlorn Maiden, whom your eyes have scene
The laughing stoke of Fortunes mockeries,
Am th' only daughter of a king and queene,
Whose parents deare (whiles equal deshines
Did roome about, and their felicities
The favourable heavens did not envi)h)
Did spred their rule through all the territories,
Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
And-Gebons golden waves doe wash continually:

XLIV.

"Till that their cruel cursed enemy,
An huge great Dragon, horrible in sight,
Bred in the Leahly lakes of Tartary,
With murderous raine, and devouring might,
Their kingdom spoil, and countrey wasted quight:
Themselves, for heare into his iawes to fall,
He forst to castle strong to take their flight;
Where, fast embard in mighty brasen wal,
He has them now four years besieged to make them thrall.

XLV.

"Full many Knights, adventurous and stout,
Have enterpriz'd that Monster to subdue:
From every coast, that heaven walks about,
Have thither the noble martil crew,
That famous harde achievements still pursue;
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.

XLVI.

"At last, yeld with far reported praise,
Which flying fame throughout the world had spred,
Of doughty Knights, whom Fary land did raise,
That noble order bight of Maidenhead,
Forwth to count of Gloriane I sped,
Of Gloriane, great queene of glory bright,
Whose kingdomes seat Cleopoli is red;
There to obtain some such redoubted Knight,
That parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

XLVII.

"Yt was my chance (my chance was faire and good)
There for to find a fresh unproved Knight:
Whose manly hands imbruad in guilty blood
Had never beene, ne ever by his night
Had throwne to ground the unregarded right:
Yet of his prowess prove he since hath made
(I witness am) in many a cruel fight;
The groining ghosts of many one disdaind
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

XLVIII.

"And ye, the forlorn relics of his powre,
His biting sword, and his devouring speare,
Which have endured many a dreadful stowre,
Can speake his prowess, that did cast you beare,
[heare
And well could rule; now he hath left you
To be the record of his ruesfull losse,
And of my d-evelful disaventurous deare;
O heave record of the good Rederosse,
Where have ye left your lord, that could't so well
you tose!"

XLIX.

"Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captive languor should redeeme:
Till all unwreeting an Enchameter had
His sence abused, and made him to misdeeme
My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,

XLVII. 4. That noble order bight of Maidenhead; Named
Knights of the Garther; This he does not say directly; but the noble order of Maidenhead; complimenting the Fairy
Queen or Q. Elizabeth. Upton.
XLVII. 2. — a fresh unproved Knight; As yet
untired in battle. Todd.
XLVII. 7. And of my d-evelful disaventurous deare;] Deere
is apparently used for hart, trouble, or misfortune. Todd.

XLVII. 3. Bred in the Leahly lakes of Tartary; The
poet should not have used Tartary here for Tartarus, as it might be so easily mistaken for the country of that name.
Warton.
That rather death desire then such despight,
Be judge, ye heavens, that all things right esteeme,
How I him lovd, and love with all my might!
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

Therefore, deare sir, your mightie powres assay.
The noble Knight alighted by and by
From loftie steed, and badd the Ladie stay.
To see what end of fight should him befal that day.

So with his Squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that castle wall;
Whose gates he found fast shut, ne living wight
To warde the same, nor answere comers call.
Then tooke that Squire an horne of bangle small,
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold
And tasselles gai; wyde wonders over all
Of that same horses great vertues weren told,
Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sound,
But trembling fear did feel in every vaine:
Three miles it might be easy heard around,
And echoes three answere'd it selfe againe:
No faulse enchantment, nor deceitfull traine,
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presentely was void and wholly vaine:
No gate so strong, no locks so firme and fast,
But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.

The same before the Gyaunts gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the ground,
And every dore of free-will open flew.
The Gyaunt selde dismayed with that sound,
Where he with his Duessa dalliance found,
In haste came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenance sterne, as one astounded,
And staggering steps, to weet what sudden stowe,
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded powre.

And after him the proud Duessa came,
High mounted on her many-headed Beast;
And every head with fyrice tongue did flame,
And every head was crown'd on his creast,
And bloody mouthed with late cruel feast.
That when the Knight beheld, his mightie shield
Upon his manly arm he soone adrest,
And at him fiercey flew, with corage fild,
And eger greedinessse through every member thrild.

Therewith the Gyaunt buckled him to fight,
Inland with scornewfull wrath and high disdain,
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight.
All arm'd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.
But wise and wary was that noble Perce;
And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did fayre avoide the violence him nere;

It botten nought to thinke such thunderbolts to bear;

CANTO VIII.

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 acqüit 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 Rodericke Knight in bands have dyde,
For whose deliverance she this Prince doth thether gyuyd.

They sadely travell'd thus, un'till they came
Nigh to a castle build'd strong and hye:

1. Mine onely foe.] That is, my greatest foe. Church.
2. With mighty mall.] That is, blow. Tod.
3. For, till I have acquiter.] Releas'd. Fr. acquitter.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

CANTO VIII.

THE FAIR QUEENE.

WILL.

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might:
The yde stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaimed sight,
Dide fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
That three yards deep a furrow up did throw:
The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
Dide groan full grievous underneath the blow:
And, trembling with strange feare, did like an er-quake shew.

As when almatchie love, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurtles forth his thundering dart with deadly food,
Enrold in flames, and smouldring drriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
The fiers threadforked eugen, 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.

His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,
He could not raven up againe so light,
But that the Knight him at advantage found:
And, whiles he haste rove his combred clubbe to quiet
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smott off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might;
Large streams of blood out of the truncked stock
Forth gushed, like fresh-water streams from riven rocke.

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
He lowly brayd with beastly yelling sound,
That all the fieldes rebellowed againe:
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine
An heard of bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Doe for the milky mothers want commaund,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing:
The neighbor woods arownd with hollow murmurr

That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw
The evil stowd that daungerd her estate,
Upto his side she hastily did draw [late,
Her dreadfull Beast; who, swnowe with blood of
Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,
[brandes.
And threatened all his heads like flaming
But him the Squire made quickly to retrace,
Encountring fiers with single sword in hand;
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight
And fiers disdaines, to be affronted so,
Enforst her purple Beast with all her might,
That stop out of the way to overthrow,
Scorrning the let of so unequall foe:
But nathemore would that courageous Swayne
To her yeold passage, gainst his Lord to goe;
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
And with his body hard the way atwixt them twaine.

Then tooke the angrie Witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, repelete with magic artes;
Death and despaye did many thereof sup,
And secret poysen through their inner partes;
Th' eternal bale of heavy wounded hartes:
Which, after charmes and some euaumentts said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes:
Therewith his sturdie corage soon was quayd,
And all his senses were with suddein dread dis-mayd.

So downe he fell before the cruel Beast,
Who on his neck his bloody claws did seize,
That life nigh crush out of his panting brest:
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize;
That when the carefull Knight gan well advise,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the Beast gan turne his erprie;
For wondrous anguish in his hart it woned,
To see his loved Squire into such thraldom brought;

And, high advanciing his blood-thirstie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heads so sore,
That of his puissance proud ensample made;
His monstrous scalpse down to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped more:
A sea of blood gushet from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments stayned with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field around;
That over shoes in blood he waded on the ground.

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,
That, to have heard, great horror would have bred;
And scourging th' emplty ayre with his long
Trayne,
Through great impatience of his grieved hede,
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie steed
Would have cast downe, and trod in durtie myre,
Had not the Gyaunt soone her succoured;
Who, all emrag'd with smart and franckie yre,
Came hur;yng in full fiers, and forst the Knight returne.

The force, which wont in two to be disperset,
In one alone left hand he now unites,
Which is through rage more strong than both
Were erst;
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
That strongest oake might seeme to overthrow:

Though he his deare was quayd] Quained, i. e. subdude. Troe

CANTO IX.

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

WILL.


As when almatchie love, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurtles forth his thundering dart with deadly food,
Enrold in flames, and smouldring drriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
The fiers threadforked eugen, 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.
The stroke upon his shield so heave lies,
That to the ground it doubled him full low:
What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous blow?

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
Did loose his vele by channeci, and open flew;
The light wherof, that hevens light did pas,
Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to see.
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 lie.

And eke the fruitfull-headed Beast, annazd
At flashing beams of that sunshiny shield,
Became stark blind, and all his senses hazd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And seconde himself as conquered to yield.
Whom when his Maistresse proude perceiv'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reclin,
Unto the Gyaunt lowly she gan call;

"O! helpe, Orgoglio; helpe, or els we perishall."

Whom when the Prince, to battell new addrest
And threatning high his dreadful stroke di'd see,
His sparkling blade about his head he blesst,
And smote off quite his left leg by the knee,
That downe he tumbled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift, [be,
Whose harp-strings with keene steele nigh heaven
The mightie trunck halfe rent with ragged rift
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearfull drift.

Or as a castle, reared high and round,
By subtle engins and malitious sight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe fallles; and with her heaped hight
Her hasty ruine does more heavy make,
And yields it selfe unto the victorius might:
Such was this Gyaunt fall, that seemd to shake
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake

The Knight then, lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall steelhe him smot againe so sore,
That headesse his unwedly bodie lay,
All wallow in his owne owle bloody gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store.
But, soone as breath out of his brest did pass,

That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,
Was vanisht quite; and of that monstrous mass
Was nothing left, but like an emptie blader was.

Whose grievous fall when false Ducca spyde,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned nitre radely throw away:
Such perchance grieve her shearse hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolesfull stound;
But, leaving all behind her, fled away:
The light-foot Squyre her quickly turned around,
And, by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his Lord, as his deserved pray.

The roiall Virgin which beheld from farre,
In pensive plight and sad perplexite.
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie,
With sober gladness and myld modestie;
And, with sweet byoyens chere, him thus bespake;
"Fayre branch of noblesse, flower of chevalrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How shall I quite the paynes, ye suffer for my sake!"

"And you, fresh bud of vertue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths dore,
What hath poore Virgin for such perrill past,
Wheresoe with you to reward? Accept therefore
My simple selfe, and service evermore.
And He that high does sit, and all things see
With equal eye, their merites to restore,
Behold what ye this day have done for mee;
And, what I cannot quite, requite with usuree!"

"But sith the heavens, and your faire handeling,
Have made you master of the field this day;
Your fortune master eke with governing,
And, well become, end all so well, I pray!
Ne let that wicked Woman scape away;
For she it is, that did my Lord betrail,
My dearest Lord, and depe in dungeon lay;
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all:
O beare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call!"

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squyre,
That scarlet Whore to keepe carefully;
Whykes he himselfe with greedie great desire
Into the castle entred forbyldy,
Where living creature none he did espye.
Then gan he lowly through the house to call;
But no man car'd to answere to his crye;
There raisd a solemne silence over all;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was scene in bowre
or hall!

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old man old, with beard as white as snow;
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guyde his wearie gate both too and fro;
For his eye sight him yawed long ygo;
And on his arme a bouch of keyes he bore,
The which mused rust did overgrow:
Those were the keyes of every inner dore;
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

XXXI.

But very àncoune sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his untoward pace;
For as he forward mov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turn'd his whilom face:
Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead;
This was the auentous Keeper of that place,
And foster father of the Gyaunt dead;
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

His reverend heares and holy gravitie
The Knight much honored, as be seemed 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.
Again he askt, where that same Knight was layd,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissance fell
Had made his caytive thrall: Asaine he sayde,
He could not tell; ne ever other answere made.

Then askt he, which way he in might pas:
He could not tell, againe he answerd.
Thereat the courteous Knight displeased was,
And said; "Old syre, it seems 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,
Arcad in graver wise what I demandn of thee."

His answere likewise was, He could not tell.
Whose seneclesee speach, and doted ignorance,
Whenas the noble Prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenance;
And calm'd his wrath with goody temperance.
Then, to him stepping, from his arme did reache
Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterrance.
Each dore he opened without any breach:
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.

There all within full rich arm'd 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 fility to be told)
With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
Which there were slaine, as sheep out of the fold,
Defiled was; that dreadful was to vew;
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

And there beside of marble stone was build
An altaire, curv'd with cunning macyger;
On which trew Christians blood was often spilt,
And holy martyres often doen to dye,
With cruel malice and strong tyrannye:
Whose blessed spirits, from underneath the stone,
To God for vengance cryde continually;
And with great grieue were often heard to groane
That hardest heart would blede to hear their piteous none.

Through every roonne he sought, and everie bow.
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
Amongst that bouch to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weft if living wight.
Were hones therewith, whom he enlargen might.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
These pitious plaintes and dolours did resound;
"O! who is that, which brings me happy choyce
Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
Yet live perfourc in balefull darknesse bound!
For now this three monnes have changed thrice their hew,
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the heavens chearfull face did vew:
O welcome, thou, that dost of death bring thydings trow!"

Which when that Champion heard, with percing
Of pitye deare his heart was thrilled sore; [point
And trembling horror ran through every inynt,
For ruth of gentle Knight so fowle forlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore
With furious force and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his fote could find no flore,
But all a decke descent, as dark as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

But neither darkenesse fowle, nor filthy hands,
Nor neyson smell, his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hatcht nicer hands,) But that with constant zeal and corage bold,
After long paines and labors manifold,
He found the meanes that Prisoner up to reare;
Whose felble thighs, unable to uphold
His pined corse, him scarce to light could heare;
A ruefull spectable of death and ghastly drewe.

His sad dull cies, deepe neck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwanted summe to view;
His bare thin cheeckes for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceived of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his lap to rew;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs
Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,
Were cleane consum'd; and all his vitall powres
Decayd; and all his flesh shronk up like withered flowres.
Whome when his Lady sae, to him she ran
With hasty joy: to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan;
Who earst in flowers of freshest youth was clad.
Tho', when her well of tears she wasted had,
She said: "Ah dearest Lord! what evil starre
On you hath frowned, and pourd his influence bad,
That of your selfe ye thus berebbed are,
And this misseeming how your manly looks doth marre!"

"But welcome now, my Lord in wele or woe;
Whose presence I have lackt too long a day:
And yfere Fortune mine avowed foe, [alas; Whose wrathful wreakes themselves doe now
And for these wronges shall treble penance pay
Of treble good: Good growves of evils priefe."
The charless Man, whom sorrow did dismay,
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe;
His long endured famine needed more releef.

"Faire Lady," then said that victorious Knight,
"The things, that grievous were to doe, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
Best musicke breeds delight in heasting care:
But th' only good, that growves of passed fearre,
Is to be wise, and ware of like againm.
This daies ensample hath this lesson deare
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortal men.

"Henceforth, Sir Knight, take to you wonded strenght,
And maister these mishaps with patient might:
Loe, where your foe lies stretcht in monstrous length;
And loe, that wicked Woman in your sight,
The roote of all your care and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her live, or die.
"To doe her die," quoth Una, "were despight,
And shame t'avenge so weake an enimy;
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly."

So, as she bad, that Witch they disrard,
And rodl of roial robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid;
Ne spared they to strip her nakd all.
Then, when they had despyd her tire and call,
Such, as she was, their eies might her behold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall;
A loathly, wrinkle bag, ill favoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And, as in hate of honorable clad,
Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald,
Her teeth out of her rotten gumes were feld,
And her sovre breath abominably smeld;
Her dried dugs, lyke bladders lacking wind,
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld;

Her wizled skin, as rough as maple rind,
So scabyl was, that would have loadth all woman-kind.

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 tale, with dong all fowly dight:
And eke her feete most monstrues were in sight;
For one of them was like an eagles claw,
With griping talants armd to greedy fight;
The other like a beares unevn paw:
More ugly shape yet never living creature saw.

Which when the Knights beheld, amazd they were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
"Such then," said Una, "as she seemeth here,
Such is the face of Falshood: such the sight
Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfesence knowne."
Thus when they had the Witch disrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open shone,
They let her goe at will, and wander waies unkowne.

O! goodly golden chayne, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in lovely wise;
And noble minde of yore alloyned were,
In brasse pursuitt of chevalrous emprize,
That none did others safety despise,
Nor aid envy to him, in need that stands;
But friendly each did others praise devize,
How to aduance with fovorable bands,
As this good Prince redeemeth the Redrosse Knight from bands.

Who when their powres, empayed through labor
With dew repast they had recrueed well, [long;
And that wakke captive wight now wexed strong;
Then list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell:
But, ere they parted, Una faire besought
That stranger Knight his name and nation tell;
Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankles thought.
"Faire Virgin," said the Prince, "ye me require
A thing without the compass of my wit:
For both the language, and the certain sire,
From which I sprong, from mee are hidden yitt.
For all so soone as life did me admit
Into this world, and shewed hevens light,
From mother's lap I taken was unitt,
And straights deliver'd to a Fairy Knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall might.

"Unto old Timon he me brought by live:
Old Timon, who in youthful yeares hath bene
In warlike feats 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 horee,
From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
His tumbling bilowers rolls with gentle roar:
There all my daies I trained mee up in vertuous lore.

"There the great magicien Merlin came,
As was his use, ofttimes to visit mee;
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And tutors nothrue to oversee.
Him oft and oft I askt in privite,
Of what liones and what signe I did spring.
Whose aumns were bad me still assured bee,
That I was some and heire unto a king, [bring.]
As time in her lust term the truth to light should

"Well worthy impe," said then the Lady gent,
"And pupil fit for such a tutors hand!
But what adventure, or what high intent,
Hath brought you hether into Fairy land,
Arade, Prince Arthur, crowne of martalli hand?"
* Full hard it is," quoth he, "to read aright
The course of heavenly cause, or understand
The secret meaning of th' Eternaill Might,
That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of living wight.

"For whether He, through fatal depee foresight,
Me hither sent, for cause to me unghest;
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rankle in my riven brest,
With forced fury following his behest,
Me hether brought by waves yet never found
You to have held I held myself yet lest.
"Ah! courteous Knight," quoth she, "what secret wound
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest heart on

"Dear Dame," quoth he, "you sleeping sparkes awake,
Which, troubled once, into huge flames will grow;
Ne ver will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moysture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life doe lye in ashes low.
Yet sithens silence lessenth not my fire,
m. 9. — in gentle thewes] In genteel accomplish-
mights. Churc.
v. 1. Well worthy impe.] Impe is child, derived per-
haps from the Welsh imp, a shoot or sucker. Tond.

But, told, it flames; and, hidden, it does glow;
I will reveale what ye so much desire:
Ah! Love, lay down thy bow, the whiles I may respyre.

"It was in freshest flowes of youthful yeares,
When corage first does crepe in manly chest;
Then first that cole of kindly heat appears
To kindle love in every living breaste:
But me had warned old Timons wise behaste,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdue,
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
As miserable lovers use to rew,
Which still wax old in wo, whiles woe still waxeth

"That ylle name of love, and lovers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enimy,
I ever seern'd, and loyd to sterrre up strife,
In midst of their mourndfull tragedy;
Ay went to laughe, when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire, which them to ashes brente;
Their gods himselfe, grieved at my libertie,
Shott many a dart at me with fiers intend;
But I them warded all with wary government.

"But all in vaine; no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sound,
But will at last be wonne with batterie long;
Or unawares at disadvantage found.
Nothing is sure that grows on earthly ground,
And who most trusts in arme of fleshly might,
And boastes in beauties chaine not to be bownd,
Doth soonest fall in disaventurous fight,
And yeldeles his eaytive neck to victours most despight.

"Ensemble make of him your haplesse joy
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prounder vaunt that proud avenging boy
Did soone pluck downe, and curd my libertee.
For on a day, prickt forth with iollite
Of losser life and heat of hardiment,
Raunging the forest wide on courser free, [sent
The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one con
Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent

"For wearied with my sportes, I did alight
From loafie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd
The verdant grass my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmetye fayre displayd:
Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
And slombtring soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
Her daintie hombes ful softlye downe did lay:
So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

"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 just time expired, should appear.
But, whether dreams delude, or true it were,
Was never hurt so ravish 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.

"When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
And sought but pressed gras where she had lyen,
I sorrowed all so much as carst 1 lyoyd,
And washed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divyoyd;
From that day forth I cast in carefull mynd,
To seek her out with labor and long tyne,
And never vowed to rest till her I fynd:
Nye monethes I seek in vaim, yet nil'll that vow
unbynd."

Thus as he spake, his visage waxed pale,
And chaunced of new great passion did bewray;
Yett still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire display;
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say:
"O happy Queene of Faries, that hast fownd,
Mongst many, one that with his prowess may
Defend thine honoure, and thy foes confound!
True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on
ground."

"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 patron of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthie
grace;
For onely worthie you through provses prieve,
Ye living man mote worthie be, to be her lief."

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden sume his glistring head gan shew,
And sad remembraunce now the Prince amoves
With fresh desire his voyadge to purswe:
Als Una carnd her travell to renew,
Then those two Knights, fast frendship for to bynd,
And love establish each to other trowe.
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gracefull mynd,
And eke, as pledges firme, right hands together
joynd.

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of diamond sure
Embowed with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherin were closed few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wound could heale incontinent.
Which to requite, the Redcrosse Knight him gave
A Booke, wherein his Saveours Testament
Was writ with golden letters rich and brave;
A worke of wondrous grace, and highte soles to
save.

xx.
Thus beene they parted; Arthur on his way
To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
With Uneas foe, that all her realme did pray.
But she, now weighing the decayed plight
And shrunken synewes of her chosen Knight,
Would not a while her forward course purswe,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadful fight,
Till he recovered had his former vue:
For him to be yet weake and wareie well she
knew.

So as they traveld, lo! they gan espie
An armed Knight towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other griesly thing, that him aghast.
Still, as he feld, his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behynd;
Als flew his steed, as he his bandes had brast,
And with his winged heelees did tread the wynd,
As he had been a yole of Pegasus his kynd.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
To be unarm'd, and curl'd uncombed haeres
Upstaring stille, dismayd with uncouth dread;
Nor drop of blood in all his face apparees,
Nor life in limbe; and, to increase his feares,
In fowle reproch of knighthodes 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 memore.

The Redcrosse Knight toward him crossed fast,
To weet what mister wight was so dismayd:
There him he findes all seeclesse and aghast,
That of himselfe he seemd to be aghast;
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
Till he these wordees to him deliver might;
"Sir Knight, aread who hath ye thus aghast,
And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight!
For never Knight I saw in such misseeming
plight."

He answerd nought at all; but adding new
Fear to his first amazment, staring wyde
With stony eyes and hartless hollow hew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
Infernal Furies with their chains untyde.
Him yett aghast, and yet againe, bespake
The gentle Knight; who nought to him replyd.
But, trembling every ioynt, did inflane,
And foltring tongue at last these wordes seemd forl. to
shake;

"For Gods deceare love, Sir Knight, doe me not
stay;
For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee 1"
Eft looking back would faime have rumue away;

xxi.
That tiresified him.
Aghast is here used as a verb; frequently he uses it as a participle.
Church.
xxii. As if his fearas] The thing which he feared
Tomb.
xxiv. Elf, afterwards, moreover, again. Church.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secrete cause of his perplexitie:
Yet nathen'tmore by his bold hartie speach
Could his blood-frozen hart emboldned bee,
But through the boldnes rather fear he did reach;
Yett, forst, at last he made through silence sudd'en breach:

"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 turrnd fro mee,
That I may tell this haplesses history!" [nye].
"Fear nought," quoth he, "no danger now is
Then shall you recount a muche full cause;"
Said he, "the which with this unlucky eye
I late beheld; and, had not greater grace
Me rest from it, had bene partaker of the place.

"I lately chaunte (would I had never chaunte!)
With a fayre Knight to keepen companee,
Sir Terwinc bight, that well himselfe advaunst
In all affayres, and was both bold and free;
But not so happy as mote happy bee:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent,
That him againe lov'd in the last degree;
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And joyd to see her lover languish and lament:

"From whom returning sad and comfortlesse,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that Villen, (God from him me bleesse !)
That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whylc?,
A man of hell, that calls himselfe Despoyre :
Who first us greetes, and after fayre aceses
Of tydings strange, and of adventures rare:
So creeping close, as snake in hidden weedes,
Inquirith of our states, and of our knighthly deeds,

"Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
Embost with bile, and bitter blying griece,
Which love had launched with his deadly darts;
With a wounding words, and termes of foule reprieue,
He pluckt from us all hope of dew relieue,
That earst us held in love of lingering life:
Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife;
To me he lent this trope, to him a rusty knife:

"With which sad instrument ofusty death,
That foull lover, loathing longer light,
A wyde way made to let forth living breath.
But I, more fearfull or more lucky wight,
Dismayed with that deformed dimissal sight,
Field fast away, halfe dead with dying fear:
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir Knight,
Whose like inferiority he charme may heare:
But God you never let his charmed speaches heare !"

"How may a man," said he, "with idle speach
Be wonne to spoyle the castle of his health!"

--that Treachour[7 Treachour, treachetour, traitor. Gall. trichour, Cepox.
For lever had I die &c. I had rather die than &c. CHURCH.
XXVII. Which wofull spectacle, approving trew
The woeful tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Redcrosse Knight did vew;
With faire zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold;
And to the Villein sayd; "Thou dammed wight,
The author of this fact we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right,
With thine owne blood to price his blood; here shed in sight!"

"What franticke fit," quoth he, "hath thus dis-trangt
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give!
What justice ever other judgement taung,
But he should dye, who merites not to live!
None els to death this man despayring drive
But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.
Is then uniaest to each his dew to give?
Or let him dye that longeth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here unmeet!

"Who travailes by the wareie 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 nytre stickie fast?
Most euious man, that greivies at neighbours good;
And fond, that layest in the woe thou hast;
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas the flood?

"He there does now enioy eternall rest [crave,
And happy ease, which thou dost want and
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."
CANTO X.

The Knigh|t was much enmoyed with his speach,  
That as a swords poynth through his hart did perse,  
And in his conscience made a secrete breoch,  
Well knowyn trew all that he did revers,  
And to his freshe remembrance did revers  
The uyle vew of his deformed crimes;  
That all his manly powres it did disper,  
As he were charmyed with inchaunted rimes;  
That ofteentimes he quakt, and faintyed ofteentimes.

In which amazement when the Miscreant  
Perceyved him to weake weake and fraile,  
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,  
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;  
To drive him to despare, and quite to quak,  
Hee showyd him painted in a table plaie  
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,  
And thousand feends, that doe them endless paine  
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remayne.

The sight whereof so throughly he did dismayd,  
That noight but death before his cies he saw,  
And ever burning wrath before him laid,  
By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes law.  
Then gan the Villen him to oversaw,  
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,  
And all that might him to perdition draw;  
And had him choose, what death he would desire:  
For death was dew to him, that had provokt Gods ire.

But, whenas none of them he saw him take,  
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,  
And gave it hym in hand: his hand did quake  
And trembled like a leaf of aspin grove,  
And troubled blood through his pale face was seenne  
To come and goe, with tidings from the heart,  
As it a running messenger had beone.  
At last, resolv'd to work his final smart,  
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine  
The crueld odde ran to her well of life,  
As in a swone: but, soone reliuy'd againe,  
Out of his hand she snatched the cursed knife,  
And threw it to the ground, encaged rife,  
And to him said: "Fie, fie, faint hearted Knight,  
What meanest thou by this reprochful strife?"

CANTO X.

Her faithful Knight faire Una brings  
To House of Holiness:  
Where he is taught repentance, and  
The way to heavly byte.

What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might  
And vaine assurance of mortality,  
Which, all so soon as it doth come to fight  
Against spiritual foes, yields by and by;  
Or from the fielde most cowardly doth fly!  
Ne let the mam ascriue 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.

There was an ancient House not far away,  
Renown'd throughout the world for sacred lore  
And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,  
It govern'd was, and guided evermore.  
Through wisdom of a Matrone grave and hore;  
Whose only joy was to relieve the needes.
Of wretched souls, and help the helplesse pore;  
All night she spent in bidding of her beds,  
And all the day in doing good and godly deeds.

Dame Celia men did her call, as thought  
From heaven to come, or therether to arise;  
The mother of three Daughters, well upbrought  
In godtly theues, and godtly exercise;  
The eldest two, most sober, chaste, and wise,  
Fidelia and Speranzia, Virgins were;  
Though spenned, yet wantyng wellheks solemnize;  
But faire Chariessa to a lovely fere
Was blicked, and by him had many pledges dere.

Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt;  
For it was swerly watched night and day.  
For feare of many foes; but, when they knockt,  
The porter opened unto them straitly way.  
He was an aged sire, all horie gray,  
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,  
Went on a stowe his flecke steps to stay,  
Hight Humili. They passe in, stooping low;  
For straitly and narrow was the way which he did show.

Each goedly thing is hardest to begin;  
But, entred in, a spation court they see,  
Both plaine and pleasant to be walked in;  
Where thence does meete a frankelin faire and free,  
And entertaines with comely courtousy glee;  
His name was Zele, that him right well became;  
For in his speaches and behaueour lee  
Did labour lively to express the same,  
And gladly did them guide, till to the hall they came.

There fayrelye they receive a gentle squere,  
Of mild demeanoure and rare courtesee,  
Right cleanly clad in comelye sad atyre;  
In word and deede that shewed great modestee,  
And knew his good to all of each degree;  
Hight Reverence: He them with speaches meet  
Does faire entreat; no courting nicker,  
But simple, trew, and she unfained sweet,  
As might become a squere so great persons to greet.

And afterwardes them to his Dame he leads,  
That aged Dame, the Lady of the place,  
Who all this while was busy at her bendes;  
Which done, she up arose with seameely grace,  
And toward them all matronely did pace.  
Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,  
Whom well she knew to spring from hevenly  
Her heart with toy unwonted illy swelled, [race],  
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld:

And, her embracing, said; "O happy earth,  
Whereon thy innocent foes doe ever tread!  
Most vertuous Virgin, borne of hevenly birth,  
That, to redeeme thy woefull Parents head  
From tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,  
Hast wandered through the world now long a day,  
Yet ceasest not thy weary soles to lead; [way]  
What grace hath thee now hether brought this  
Or doon thy feble feet unweeving hether stray!"

"Strange thing it is an errant Knight to see  
Here in this place; or any other wight,  
That hether turns his steps: So few there be,  
That chose the narrow path, or seeketh the right  
All keepe the broad high way, and take delighe  
With many rather for to goe astray,  
And be partakers of their evil plight,  
Then with a few to walke the rightest way:  
O! foolish men, why hast ye to your own decay!"

"Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbs to rest,  
O' Matrone sages," quoth she, "I hether came;  
And this good Knight his way with me addresect,  
Loved with thy prayers, and broade-blaazed fame,  
That up to heven is blowne." The amicent Dame  
Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,  
And entereteyned them both, as best became,  
With all the courtisies that she could devysye,  
Nor wanted ought to show her bounteouse or wise.

Thus as they gan of sondrie things devise,  
Low! two most goodly Virgins came in place,  
Ylinked armes in armes, in lovely wise;  
With countenancen demure, and modest grace,  
They ambred even steps and equall pace;  
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia bight,  
Like sunnys beames throw from her christall face  
That could have dazled the rash beholders sight,  
And round about her head shee shine like heven light.

She was arrayd all in lilly white,  
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,  
With wine and water fill up to the height,  
In which a serpent did hislife eufold,  
That horror made to all that did behold;  
But she no whitt did change her constant mood;  
And in her other hand she fast did hold  
[Call: A Booke, that was both signal and seald with  
Wherin darke things were writ, hard to be understood.

Her younger sister, that Speranzia bight,  
Was clad in blw; that her beseeemed well;  
Not all so chearefull seemed shee of sight,  
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell  
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell;  
Upon her armes a siluer anchor lay,  
Whereon she leaned ever, as beffell;  
And ever up to heven, as she did pray,  
Her stedfast eyes were bent, no swarved other way.

They, seeing Una, towards her gan wend,  
Who them encouters with like courtesee;  
Many kind speaches they betweene them spend
And greatly joy each other for to see: 
Then to the Knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unas meeke request,
And him salute with well beseeching gle;
Who faire them quites, as him beseeched best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

xvI.
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;
For she of late is lightned of her wombe, [more,
And hath encrease the world with one somme]
That her to see should be but troublesome."
"Indeed," quoth she, "that should her trouble sore;
But thankt be God, and her encrease so evermore!"

xvil.
Then said the aged Cecilia; "Deare dame,
And you, good Sir, I wote that of youre toyle
And labors long, through which ye hether came,
Ye both forwaried be: therefore a whyle
I read you rest, and to your bowres recolle.
Then called she a groome, that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and gan desolate.
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie held:
His name was meeke Obedience rightfully arrol'd.

xvill.
Now when their weare line hes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refreshed with dew repast,
Payre Una gan Fidelia payre request,
To have her Knight into her Schoolehous passe,
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And hear the wisdom of her wordes divine.
She granted; and that Knight so much agraste,
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

xix.
And that her sacred Booke, with blood ywritt,
That none could reade except she did them
She unto him disclosed every whitt: [each,
And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker wit of man could never reach;
Of God; of Grace; of Justice; of Free-will;
That wonder was to hear her goodly speach:
For she was hable with her wordes to kill,
And mayse againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

xx.
And, when she list poure out her larger sproght,
She would command the hastie 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 twy,
And eke huge mountains from their native seat
She would command themselves to bear away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat;
Almightie God her gave such powre and puissance great.

xxi.
The faithfull Knight now grew in little space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all hevenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortal life gan loath as thing forlore,
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
That he desire to end his wretched dayes:
So much the dart of shifull guilt the soule dismayes!

xxii.
But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her souer anchore, as was meet;
Ea has his sinnes so great and manifold
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubfull agony,
When him his dearest Una did behold
Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
She found her selfe assayld with great perplexity;

xxiii.
And came to Cecilia to declare her smart;
Who well acquainted with that commune plighe,
Which sinfull horror worke in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and advisement right;
And straightway sent with carefull diligence,
To fetch a leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grievous conscience,
And well could cure the same; his name was Patience.

xxiv.
Who, comming to that solew-diseased Knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief:
Which knowne, and all, that noy'd his heavie spright,
Well search'd, eftsoones he gan apply relief
Of salves and medicines, which had passing grief;
And thereto added wordes of wondrous might:
By which to ease he him recuret brief,
And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

xxv.
But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption and infected sin,
Not pung'd nor heal'd, behind remained still,
And festing sore did ranckle yet within,
Close creeping twixt the marow and the skin:
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,
Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
And with straight diet tame his stubborn malady.

xxvi.
In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate;
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate;

xxvii. 5. — passing grief, So in St. 31, "passing price," — surpassing, extraordinary. Church.
And made him pray both carfully and eke late:
And ever, as superfluous flesh did rot.
Amendment ready still at hand did work,
To pluck it out with pincers lyre whit.
That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted iott.

And bitter Penance, with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to dispie every day:
And sharp Remourse his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like as a well did play:
And sad Repentance used to embay.
His body in salt water smarting sore,
The filthy blusters of sin to wash away.
So in short space they did to health restore
The Man that would not live, but rest lay at deathes done.

In which his torment often was so great,
That, like a lyon, he would cry and rore;
And rend his flesh; and his own synews eat.
His owne deare Una, hearing evermore
His ruefull shrikes and groanings, often tore
Her gildisse garments and her golden heare,
For pitty 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.

Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience
And trow Repentance, they to Una brought;
Who, joyous of his cured conscience,
Hee dearly kist, and fairely eke besought
Himselfe to clear, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was wonen strong, and left her fruitfull nest:
To her favre Una brought this unacquainted guest.

She was a woman in her first estate,
Of wondrous beautie, and of bounty rare,
With goudly grace and commensurable
That was on earth not casie to compare;
Full of great love; but Cupids wanton snare
As hell she hated; chastise in worke and will;
Her necke and breasts were ever open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might sucke their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arrayed still.

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sportes, that ioyd her to behold;
Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake and young,
But thirst them forth still as they wexed old:
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adorned with gemmes and owches wondrous favre,
Whose passing price unearn was to be told:
And by her syde there sate a gentle payre
Of turde doves, she sitting in an eyvore chayre.

The Knight and Una entryng favre her greet,
And bid her ioy of that happy brood;
Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,
And entertaines with friendly cheerfull mood.
Then Una her besought, to be so good
As her virtuous rules to schoole her Knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood
In that sad House of Penaunce, where his spright
Had past the paines of hell and long-enduring night.

She was right ioyous of her last request;
And, taking by the hand that Faerie soone,
Gan him instruct in everie good behast,
Of Love; and Righteousnes; and Well to donne;
And Wrath and Hatred warliely to shoune,
That drew on mens Gods hatred and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordone:
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to gynde,
An auncient Matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisdome well deseryde;
Her name was Mercy; well knowne all
To be both gracios and eke liberal:
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To leade aright, that he should never fall
In all his waies through this wide worlles wave;
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.

The godly Matrone by the hand him bears
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Soctred with bushly thornes and ragged breares,
Which of this bare she remow'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And ever when his feet encombered were,
Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmly did beapeare:
As carefull nourse her child from falling oft does care.

Eftsoones unto an holy Hospital;
That was forby the way, she did him bring:
In which Seven Bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high heavens King,
Did spend their daies in doing godly thing:
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the wearie way were travelling:
And one sate waryng ever them before,
To call in commers-by, that needy were and pore.

The First of them, that eldest was and best,
Of all the house had charge and government,
As guardian and stward of the rest:
His office was to give entertainment
And lodging unto all that came and went;
As in his vouches as such him feast again,
And double quite for that he on them spent;
But such, as want of harboure did constraine:
Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

The Second was as almoner of the place:
His office was the hungry for to feed,

Who made a supposse past here used for

And Well to donne: Tha is, and of
Well doing. Upton.

First in precedence Curten,
And thirsty give to drinke : a worke of grace :  
He feard not once himselfe to be in heed,  
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  
pole.  

xxxix.  
The Third had of their wardrobe custody,  
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,  
The plumes of pride, and winges of vanity,  
But cloth's meet to keep keene cold away,  
And naked nature seemely to array ;  
With which bare wretched wights he dayly chab,  
The images of God in earthly clay ;  
And, if that no spare clothes to give he had,  
He owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.  

xl.  
The Fourth appointed by his office was  
Poor prisoners to relieve with gratious ayd,  
And captives to redeeme with price of bras  
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd :  
And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,  
That God to us forgiveth every bowre [layd] ;  
Much more then that why they in bands were  
And He, that harrowd hell with heaue stowre,  
The faulty soules from thence brought to his  
heavenly bowre.  

xli.  
The Fift had charge sick persons to attend,  
And comfort those in point of death which lay ;  
For them most needeth comfort in the end,  
When Sin, and Hell, and Death, 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 ;  
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.  

xlii.  
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 [save.  
They might appeare, when He their soules shall  
The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,  
Whose face He made all beasts to fear, and gave  
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.  
Ah, dearest God, me grant, I dead be not desuoed !  

xliii.  
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 judgement he their right would plead,  
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread  

xl. 8. —— that harrowd hell] Subduced hell. Todd.  
xlii. 2. —— to engrave.] To put into the grace, to bury.  
Church.  
xlii. 7. —— Whose face he made all beasts to fear, and pace  
All in his hand.] That is, into whose hand he  
ave all. T. Warton.  
xliii. 2. —— the tender orphans of the dead  
And wydowes ayd.] To aid the tender orphans and  

In their defence ; nor would for gold or fee  
Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread ;  
And, when they stood in most necessitie,  
He did supply their want, and gave them ever  
free.  

xliv.  
There when the Elfin Knight arrived was,  
The first and chiefest of the Seven, whose care  
Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas ;  
Where seeing Mercie, that his steps uphore  
And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare  
He humbly loute in mecke lowliness,  
And seemely welcome for her did prepare :  
For of their Order she was Patronesse,  
Albe Charissa were their chiefest Founderesse.  

xlv.  
There she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest,  
That to the rest more hable he might bee ;  
During which time, in every good behest,  
And godly worke of Almes and Charitee,  
Shee him instructed with great industree.  
Shortly therein so perfect he became,  
That, from the first unto the last degree,  
His mortall life he learned had to frame  
In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.  

xlvi.  
Thence forward by that painfull way they pas  
Forth to an Hill, that was both steep and hy ;  
On top whereof a sacred Chappell was,  
And eke a little Hermitage thereby,  
Wherein an aged holy man did lie,  
That day and night said his deviation,  
Ne other worldly busines did apply :  
His name was Hevenly Contemplation ;  
Of God and goodnes was his meditation.  

xlvii.  
Great grace that old man to him given had ;  
For God he often saw from heavens light :  
All were his earthly eien both blent and bad,  
And through great age had lost their kindly  
sight,  
Yet wondrous quick and persaunt was his  
As eagles eie, that can behold the sunne.  
That Hill they scale with all their powre and  
might,  
That his fraile thighes, nigh wearye and fordonne,  
Can faile ; but, by her helpe, the top at last he  
wonne.  

xlviii.  
There they doe finde that godly aged Sire,  
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed ;  
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire  
The mossy branches of an oke knife ded,  
Each bone might through his body well be red,  
And every sinew seene, through his long fast :  
For nought he car'd his carcasse long unfeid ;  
His mind was full of spirituall repast,  
And pyn'd his flesh to keep his body low and  
chast.  

xlix.  
Who, when these two approching he aspide,  
At their first presence grew agrieved sore,  

xlii. 7. —— did apply ;] Mind. Church.  
xlviii. 9. —— by her helpe,] That is, through mercy.  
Church.
That first him lay his hevenly thoughts aside;  
And had he not that Dame respected more,  
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,  
He would not once have moved for the Knight.  
They him saluted, standing far afore;  
Who, well them greeting, humbly did requite,  
And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious height?

"What end," quoth she, "should cause us take such paine,  
But that same end, which every living ought  
Should make his marke, high heaven to attaine?  
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right  
To that most glorious House, that gisstrth bright  
With burning starres and everliving fire,  
Whereof the keyes are to thy hand behiteit  
By wise Fidelia. She doth thee require,  
To shew it to this Knight, according his desire."

"Thrise happy man," said then the Father grave,  
"Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,  
And shewes the way his sinfull soul to save!  
Who better can the way to heaven aeraed  
Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred  
In hevenly throne, where thousand angels shine?  
Thou dost the prayers of the righteous seed  
Preseint before the Maiesty Divine,  
And His avenging wrath to clemency incline.

"Yet, since thou biddest, thy pleasure shall be done.  
Then come, Thon man of earth, and see the way;  
That never yet was seene of Fairies sonne;  
That never leads the traveler astray,  
But, after labors long and sad delay,  
Brings them to joyful rest and endless bliss,  
But first thou must a season fast and pray,  
Till from her bands the spright assailed is,  
And leave her strength recur'd from fraile infirmities."

That done, he leads him to the highest Mount;  
Such one, as that same mighty Man of God,  
That blood-red hillowes like a walled front  
On either side disparged with his red;  
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,  
Dwell forty daies upon; where, writ in stone  
With bloody letters by the hand of God,  
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone  
He did receive, while flashing fire about him shone:

Or like that sacred Hill, whose head full lie,  
Adorned with fruitfull olives all around,  
Is, as it were for endlessse memory  
Of that deare Lord who of thereon was found;  
For ever with a flowing girdon crowd:

Or like that pleasanta Mount, that is for ay  
Through famous poets verse each where renownd,  
On which the thrise three learned Ladies play  
Their hevenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

From thence, far off he unto him did shew  
A little path, that was both steepe and long,  
Which to a goody City led his view;  
[Strong]  
Whose wals and towres were builded high and  
Of perle and precious stone, that earthily tong  
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;  
Too high a ditty for my simple song!  
The City of the Great King hight it well,  
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see  
The blessed Angels to and fro descend  
From highest heven in gladsome companie,  
And with great joy into that City wend,  
As commonly as frend does with his frend.  
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,  
What stately building durest so high extend  
Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,  
And what unknown nation there empeoleyd were.

"Faire Knight," quoth he, "Hierusalem that is,  
The New Hierusalem, that God has build  
For those to dwell in, that are chosen his;  
His chosen people purg'd from sinfull guilt  
With precious blood, which cruellly was spilt  
On cursed tree, of that unspotted Lam,  
That for the sinnes of all the world was kilt:  
Now are they Saints all in that City sam,  
More dear unto their God then younglings to their dam."

"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 buildt of chrestall clene,  
Panthea, seend the brightest thing that was:  
But now by profe all otherwise I weene;  
For this great Citty that does far surpas,  
And this bright Angels towre quite dims that towre of glas."

Most trew," then said the holy aged man;  
"Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,  
The fairest pece that eie beholden can;  
And well becomes all Knights of noble name,  
That covett in th' immortal booke of fame  
To be eternized, that same to haunte,  
And doen their service to that soveraigne Dame,  
That glory does to them for guerdon grant;  
For she is hevenly borne, and heaven may insty vaut.

And thou, faire ymp, sprong out from English  
How ever now accetompt Elfinson soone, [race,  

As commonly] That is, in as loving and sociable a manner. Commonly has here the same sense as the Latin word communiter, that is, together. Jointly.

The fairest peace] Castle, building. Church.
Well worthy dost thy service for her grace,  
To aide a Virgin desolate forborne.  
But when thou famous victory hast wonne,  
And high amongst all Knights hast hong thy shield,  
Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest donne,  
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:  
For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows,  
yield.

"Then seek this path that I thee presage,  
Which after all to heaven shall thee send;  
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage  
To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,  
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end:  
[see,  
For thou amongst those Saints, whom thou doest  
Shall be a Saint, and thine owne Nations Freund  
And Patrone: Thou Saint George shalt called bee,  
Saint George of merry England, the signe of victorye."

"Unworthy wretch," quoth he, "of so great grace,  
How dare I thinkse such glory to attaine?"  
"These, that have it attayned, were in like case,"  
Quoth he, "as wretched, and liv'd in like paine."  
"But deeds of armes must I at last be faune  
And Ladies love to leave, so dearely bought!"  
"What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,  
Said he, "and batailles none are to be fought!  
As for loose loves, they're vaine, and vanish into nought."

"O let me not," quoth he, "then turne againe  
Backe to the world, whose loyces so fruitlesse are;  
But let me here for aie in peace remaine,  
Or straightway on that last long voyage fare,  
That nothing may my present hope empere."  
"That may not be," said he, "ne maist thou yitt  
Forgoe that royal Maides bequeathed cave,  
Who did her cause into thy hand committ,  
Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quitt."  

"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, old Father, why of late  
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,  
Whom all a Faeries some doe nominate?"  
"That word shall I," said he, "avouchen good,  
sth to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood."

"For well I wote thou springst from ancient race  
Of Saxon kings, that have with mightie hand,  
And many bloody batailles fought in place,  
High reard their royall throne in Britane hand,  
And vanquished them, unable to withstand:  
From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,  
There as thou slepest in tender swaddling band,  
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:  
Such, men do changelings call, so chang'd by  
Faeries theft.

I. This are we come unto my native soyle,  
To the place where all our perillles dwell  
Here hauntes that Feend, and does his daily  
spare;  
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 exell:

II.  

Such a word, as the counter signe forms a part of the  
watch-word appointed for the day. Todd.
That shall ye evermore renowned make
Above all Knights on earth, that battle undertake.

And pointing forth, "Lo! yonder is," said she,
"The brazen towre, in which my Parents deare
For dread of that huge Feend emprisoned he;
Whom I from far see on the wallies appeare,
Whose sight my feeble sonde doth greatly cheare;
And on the top of all I do espie
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare;
That, O my parents, might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!"

With that they heard a roaring hideous sound,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemed unache to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espide,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill:
But, all so soone as he from far deseryde [fill,
Those glistring armes that heuen with light did
Ho roused himselfe full blyth, and hastned them until.

Then balled the Knight his Lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herselfe withdraw as ye; [proof,
From whence she might behold that battaylles
And eke be safe from daunger far deseryde:
She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.—
Now, O thou sacred Muse, most learned dame,
Fayre ympes of Phoebus and his aged bryde,
The course of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike handes ennoblest with immortal name.

O, gently come into my feeble brest,
Come gently: but not with that mightie rage,
Wherewith the martiall troups thou dost infest,
And harts of great heroës dost enrage,
That nought their kindled courage may aswage;
Soone as thy dreadful trompe begins to sound,
The god of warre with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sound:
And seared nations doest with horror sterne astound.

Fayre goddesse, lay that furious fitt asyde,
Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bydyd,
Twixt that great Faery Queene and Paynim King,
That with their horror heven and earth did ring;
A worke of labour long, and endless prasse:
But now a while let downe that haughtie string,
Nor point of it ye knowe shall eever more.

And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
That I this Man of God his godly armes may
Idaze.

By this, the dreadful Beast drew nigh to maat
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.
Approaching nigh, he reared high afoare
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste;
Which, to increase his wondrous greatness more,
Was swoln with wrath and poysone, and with
bloody gore;

And over all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated cote of steale, so conched neare
That nought mote perce; ne might his corse be
harmed
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare;
Which, as an eagle, seeing praye appeare,
His aery plumes doth ronze full rudely dight;
So shaked he, that horror was to heare:
For, as the clashing of an armor bright,
Such noyse his ronzed scales did send unto the
Knight.

His flaggy wings, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes, that did his pionons bynd,
Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas bynd;
With which whenne he list the ayre to beate,
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
The clonudes before him fled for terror great,
And all the heavens stood still amazd with his
threat.

His huge long tayle, wound up in hundred foldes,
Does overspeed his long bras-sealy back,
Whose wretched bougethe when ever he unfoldes,
And thick-entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shields of red and blacke,
It sweepest all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but little lacke;
And at the point two stinges infixed are,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steale exceede
farre.

But stinges and sharpest steale did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruel rending claves:
Dead was it sure, as sure as death indeed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous paws,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble; for his deepe devouring lawes
Wyde gaped, like the grisely mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abyse all ravin fell.

Thir

And was arm'd all over &c. Church.

By this, the dreadful Beast drew nigh to maat
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Through which into his darke abyse all ravin fell.

Thir
And, that more wondrous was, in either law

Three ranks of yron teeth enraigned were,
In which yet trickling blood, and goblets raw,
Of late devoured bodis did appeare;
That sight thereof breed cold congealed feare:
Which to increase, and all at once to kill,
A cloud of smoothering smoke, and sulphure scare,
Out of his stinking gorse forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkleld living yre:
As two broad beacons, sett in open fields,
Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,
And warning give, that enemies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade;
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre:
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lampes were set, that made a
dreadfull shade.

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
Forelifting aloft his speckled breast,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great joyance of his new come guest.
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest;
As chaffed bore his bristles doth uprear;
And shook his scales to battle ready drest,
(That made the Redcrosse Knight night quake for feare,)  
As bidding bold defiance to his foe man nears.

The Knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might:
The pointed steele, arrival rudeely there,
His harder lyde would neither perce nor bight,
But, glanenting by, fourth passed forward right:
Yet, sere amoved with so puissant 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.

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towards him address:
But th'ydle stroke yet backe recouylyd in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enam'd the furious Beaste,
To be avenged of so great despit:
For never felt his imperceable breast
So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant Knight.

Then, with his waryng wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divide
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
Her liuing partes, and element unsound,
To bear so great a weight: He, cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round;
At last, low stoupring with unwedly sway,
Snatchet up both horse and man, to bear them quite away.

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as cawghen bow a shaft may send;
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
To let them downe before his flight's end:
As hagard hanke, presuming to contend
With hardly fowle above his hable might,
His wearie pommes all in vaine doth spend
To truss the pray too heavy for his flight:
Which, comming down to ground, does free itself by flight.

He so disseized of his graping grosse,
The Knight his threttiant speare again assayd
In his bras-plate d body to embosse,
[layd; And three mens strength unto the stroake he
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,
And glancing from his sealy necke did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd:
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the smoothe smart the Monster lowdly cryde.

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruel clawes he smachet the wood,
And quite asunder broke: Forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blakee gore blood,
That drowned all the land, whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill:
Trebyly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deep rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large
noesthrill.

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 yees,

hawk, being upon her wings, bends down violently to strike the fowl. CHURCH.

the subject plaine.] The plain beneath them. TODD.

hagard hanke.] A wild hawk. CHURCH.

hable might.] His proper strength. So the
Latin word habilis signifies. CHURCH.

xx. 1. He so disseized] Dispossessed. A law term. TODD.
xx. 3. to embosse.] Enclose. This word appears to have been formerly the same as embos, to shut or close up as in a box. The sense, therefore, is, The Knight endeavoured to sheathe, or lodge, his spear in the Dragon's body. TODD.
xx. 9. That with the smoothe smart] That smoothe smart. HITHER unknown to him. TODD.
xviii. 8. —— stoupring] A term in falconry, when a
Himselfe in streightner bandes too rash implyes,  
That to the ground he is forsoce constrainyd  
To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse  
From off the earth, with durtie blood distayned;  
For that reproachfull fall right lowly he dislaynd;

xxiv.  
And fereely toke his trenchand blade in hand,  
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,  
That nothing scend the praisse could with-  
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell; [stand:  
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,  
That deeper dint therein it would not make;  
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,  
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,  
But, when he saw them come, he did them still  
Forsake.

xxv.  
The Knight was wroth to see his stroke begnyld,  
And smot againe with more outrageous might;  
But backe againe the spargeing steele recoyld,  
And left not any marke where it did light,  
As if in damadant rocke it had beene sight.  
The Beast, impatient of his smarting wound  
And of so fierce and forcible despight,  
Thought with his wings to styel above the ground;  
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

xxvi.  
Then, full of griev and anguish vehement,  
He lowdely 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 asfard;  
The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,  
And through his armour all his body seard,  
That he could not endure so cruell caue,  
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to  
Unease.

xxvii.  
Not that great champion of the antique world,  
Whom famous poets verse so much doth name,  
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,  
So many furies and sharpe fites did haunt,  
When him the poysoned garment did enchant,  
With Centaures blood and bloody verses charmd;  
As did this Knight twelve thousand dooles daunt,  
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him armd;  
That erst him godly armd, now most of all him  
Harmd.

xxviii.  
Faynt, weary, sore, embayled, grievd, breamt,  
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and  
Inward fire,  
That never man such mismichies 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 bebeid,  
He cast to suffer him no more respiere,  
But was his sturdy steme about to weld,  
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground  
Him fell.

xxix.  
It fortuned, (as fayre it then befell,)  
Beynyng his backe, unwexting where he stood,  
Of amoncuent time there was a springing Well,  
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,  
Full of great vertues, and for medicine good:  
Whylores, before that cursed Dragon got  
That happy land, and all with innocent blood  
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot  
The Well of Life; ne yet his vertues had forgot:

xxx.  
For unto life the dead it could restore,  
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleanse wash away;  
Those, that with sickenesse were infected scrue,  
It could recure; and aged long decay  
Renew, as one were borne that very day.  
Both Sile this, and Jordan, did exell,  
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau;  
Ne can Cepheus, nor Hebrus, match this Well:  
Into the same the Knight back overthrown fell.

xxxii.  
Now gan the golden Phæbus for to steepe  
His fierie face in billowes of the west,  
And his faint steedes warred in ocean depe,  
Whiles from their journall labours they did rest;  
When that infernal Monyster, having kest  
His warrie Foe into that living Well  
Can high advance his broad discouerred breast  
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,  
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

xxxiii.  
Which when his pensive Lady saw from farre,  
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,  
As weening that the sad end of the waere;  
And gan to Highest God entirely pray  
That feared chance from her to turne away:  
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,  
All night she watcht; ne once adowne would lay  
Her dainty limbs in her sad draviment,  
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

xxxiv.  
The mowre next gan carely to appeare,  
That Titan rose to rumne his daily race;  
But carely, ere the mowre next gan reare  
Out of the sun faire Titans deawy face,  
Up rose the gentle Virgin from her place,  
And looked all about, if she might spy  
Her loved Knight to move his manly pace:  
For she had great doubt of his safety,  
Since late she saw him fall before his enimy.

xxxv.  
At last she saw, where he upstartred brave  
Out of the Well wherein he drenchd lay:  
As eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,  
Where he hath left his plumes all hory gray,  
And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,  
Like eyas hanke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly-buddled pines to assay,
And marvels at himselfe, stil as he flies:
So new this new-borne Knight to battell new did rise.

Thom when the damned Feend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wonderd at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enemy
It were, or other new supplied Knight.
He now, to prove his late-renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
That to the skull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dullest senses all disdain.

I wote not, whether the revenging stele
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 enset;
Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall, in his blood embroew;
For, till that stownd, could never wight him harme
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

The cruel wound enrage him so sore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping lions seemed to roar,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constrain.
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yielden it was faile;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afoore,
That high trees overthrow, and rocks in peeces tore:

The same advancing high above his head,
With sharper intended stang so rude him smott,
That to the earth he drove, as stricken dead;
Ne living wight would have him life behott:
The mortall stang his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seased,
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereon be gott:
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore disased,
Ne might his rending paine with patience be appeased.

But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare
Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
From leathed soile he can him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the far infixed stang:
Which when in vaine he tryde with strugling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge tafe he quite asunder cleft;
Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump he lefte.

Hart cannot thinke, what outrage and what cries,
With fowle enfouldred smoke and flashing fir
The hell-bred Beast threw forth unto the skies,
That all was covered with daunge and fire:
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged yre,
He cast at once him to avenge for all;
And, gathering up himselfe out of the mirle
With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast
withall.

Much was the Man encombrd with his hold,
In fear to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yet, how his talants to unfold;
Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy iaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruel claw
To reave by strength the Griped gage 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.

Tho, when he saw no power might prevail,
His trusty sword he cale to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiercely did his fee assaile,
And double blowses about him stoutly laid,
That glancling fire out of the yron plaid;
As sparcles from the andyvile use to fly,
When heavy hammeres on the wedg are swaid;
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping foote, him to defend thereby.

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield, [straine
Whens no strength nor stroks mote him con-
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield;
He smott thereat with all his might and maine,
That sought so wondrous puissance might sustaine:
Upon the joint the lucky steele did light, [twaine
And made such way, that he wdew it quite in
The paw ytewt missed not his minisht might,
But hong stong on the shield, as it at first was pigt.

For griefe thereof and divelish despieth
From his infernal fournace forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heavens light,
Enrold in dusky shoke and brimstone blew:
As burning Acta from his boyling stew
Both belch out flames, and rocks in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountains molten new,
Enwrapt in colde blacke clouds and filthy smoke,
That at the land with stench, and hevnen with hor-
or, choke.

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,
So sore him noyde, that forst him to retire
A little backward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire,

Hart with fowle enfouldred smoke] The sense is,
Together with fowle smoke and flashing fire enfouldred
thrown forth like thunder and lightning. Fr. feu&ord=frer CHURCH.
His minisht might.] His diminuio,
might. Todd.
noyd,] Annoyed, injured. Todd.
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It clauseth, (Eternall God that el amenc did guide,) As he recoiled backward in the mire
His nigh forswearied feele feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore torrid.

There grew a goodly Tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy red,
As they in pure vermillion had dide,
Whereof great vertues over all were reedges:
For happy life to all which thenceon fedd,
And life ete everlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed stedd
With his Almighty hand, and did it call
The Tree of life, the crime of our first Fathers fall.

In all the world like was not to be found,
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull ground,
As incorrupt Nature did them sow,
Till that dread Dragon all did overthrow.
Another like faire Tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whose did eat, cfisonses did know
Both good and ill: O mourning full memory!
That Tree through one Mans fault hath done us
all to dy!

From that first Tree forth flowed, as from a well,
A trickling streame of balme, most sovereign
And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had decawd bene with timely raine:
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave;
And deadly wounds could heale and reare againe
The senseless corse appointed for the grave:
Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

For nigh thereto the ever-damned Beast
Durst not approach, for he was deadly made,
And all that life preserved did detest;
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
By this the drooping Day-fight gan to fade,
And yield his ronne 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.

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare Knight, who, weary of long fight
And faint through loss of blood, did move not at all,
But lay, as in a dreame of deep delight, [might
Besmeared with precious balme, whose vertuous
Did heale his wounds, and searching heat alay;
Against she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

The ioyous day gan early to appeare;
And layre Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rose cheeke, for shame as blushing red:
Her golden locks, for last, were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clyme to her charret, all with flowers spred,
From heven high to chase the cheareless doare.
With merry note her lowd salutes the mounting larke.

Then freshly up arose the doughty Knight,
All healed of his hurts and wounds wide,
And did himselfe to battalle ready light;
Whose early Foe awaiting him beside
To have devoured, so soon as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He wexe disdain'd, and gan his fate to reare:
Nathlessse with wonted rage he him advanced
necare;

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought attace to him to have swallow quight,
And rushd upon him with outrageous pyde;
Who him recounting fierce as laukne in height,
Perforce rebatted back: The weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open law
Ran through his mouth with so impertune might,
That deepn emperst his darksome hollow how, And, back retyped, his life blood forth withall did draw.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did grone, as fecile so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundation waves have waft away,
With dreadfull pouse is from the mayneclaud rift,
And, rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay:
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

The Knight himselfe even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seemed;
And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approach for dread which she misdeem'd:
But yet at last, whenas the direfull Feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright
She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end:
Then God she pray'd, and thankt her faithfull Knight,
[night.
That had atchiev'd so great a conquest by his

[LV. 9. And, back retyped.] And, when drawn out back again. Fr. retire. Church.
LV. 4. —for dread which she misdeem'd.] That is, she durst not approach, through fear, which she misconceived, that the Knight had been oppressed by the fall of the Dragon. Church.
CANTO XII.

FAIRE UNA TO THE REDCROSSE KNIGHT.

THE COMELY VIRGINS CAME, WITH GIRLHADS LIGHT.
As fresh as flowers in meadow green do grow,
When morning dew upon their leaves doth light;
And in their hands sweet timbrels all upheld on light.

VII.

And, them before, the fryt of children young.
Their wanton sports and childish mirth did play,
And to the maydens sounding tymbrels song
In well attuned notes a joyous lay,
And made delightfull music all the way.

VIII.

Untill they came, where that faire Virgin stood.
As fayre Diana in fresh summers day
Beholds her nymphs enraught in shady wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christal flood.

Some heard, and fled; some heard, and well it faynd;
One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
Warn'd him not touch, for yet perhaps remain'd
Some lingering life within his hollow brest.
Or in his wosome might lurke some hidden nest
Of many dragonettes, his fruitfull seed.

Another said, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparkling fyre, and badd thereof take heed;
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

VIII.

The construction is, And did sing in well attuned notes to the sounding tymbrels of the maydens. Upton.

X.

One mother, whenas her foolhardy chyld
Did come too neare, and with his talents play,
Halfe dead through feare, her litte babe revyld,
And to her gossips gan in counsel say;
"How can I tell, but that his talents may
Yet scratch my some, or rend his tender hand!"
So diversely themselves in vaine they fray;

While some more bold to measure him high stand,
To prove how many acres he did spread of land.

XII.
Thus flocked all the folk him round about;
The whales that horrie King, with all his traine,
Being arrived where that Champion stout
After his foes descaseance did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and fayre does entertaine
With princely gifts of ivory and gold, [paine]
And thousand thanks he yeeldes for all this
Then when his Daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

XII.
And after to his palace he them bringes,
With shunes, and trompetts, and with clarions
And all the way the joyous people singes, [sweet;]
And with their garments strowes the paved street
Whence mounting up, they fynd perseverance
Of all, that royall princes court became;
And all the floore was underneath their feet
Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,
On which they lowly sit, and fitting purpose frame.

XIV.
What needs me toll their feast and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needs of dauntly dishes to devize,
Of comely services, or courtly trayne?
My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne
The large discourse of roiall princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and playne
For th' antique world excessive and pyrde did hate:
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

XV.
Then, when with meates and drinks of every kinde
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That ameneet Lord gan fit occasion finde
Of strange adventures, and of perils sad
Which in his trauell him befallen had,
For to demand of his renowned guest:
Who then with att'trance grave, and count'mance
From poyn't to poyn't, as is before express, [sad,
Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

XVI.
Great pleasure, mixt with pitifull regard,
That godly King and Queene did passionate,
Whyles they his pitifull adventures heard;
That oft they did lament his lyesse state,
And often blame the too impertune fate
That heapl on him so many wrathfull wreakes;
(For never gentle Knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruel froakes)
And all the while salt teares bedeawd the hearers cheekes.

XIII. 8. — scarlott of great name, M great celebrity. Tond.
XIII. 9. — and fitting purpose frame.] That is, their conversation was suitable to the occasion of their meeting.

Church.
XV. 9. — according his request.] That is, granting his request. Tond.
XV. 2. — did passionate.] That is, did express with affection. Upton.
XVI. 5. And often blame the too impertune fate.] The vewe, fete. Upton.
Wherewith her heavenly beaute she did hide,
Whiles on her weary journey she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did ware
All lily white, without spot or pride,
That seemd like silke and silver woven neare;
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

The blazyn brightestnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshiny face,
To tell, were as to strive against the streame:
My ragged rimes are all too rude and lace
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.

Ne wonder; for her own dearde loved Knight,
All were she daily with herselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestial sight;
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

so fairely right 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 excellenc:
Who with great wisdome 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.

All in the open hall amazed stood
At suddeynnesse of that unwary sight,
And wonderd at his breathless hasty mood;
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the King he did alight;
Where falling flat great humblesse he did make.
And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his handes that writ he did betake,
Which he disclosing, read thus, as the paper spake;

To thee, most mighty King of Eden fayre,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest
The wofull Daughter and forsaken Heyre
Of that great Empyre of all the West;
And bids thee be advised for the best;
 Ere thou thy Daughter linek, in holy band
Of wedlocke, to that new unkonow Guest:
For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another hand.

To me sad Mayd, or rather Widow sad,
He was affayned long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
False errant Knight, infamous, and fersware;
Witness the burning altars, which he swore,
And guilty heavens of his bold perfiury;
Which though he hath pollutted off of yore,
Yet I to them for judgement just doe fly,
And them coniure t' avenge this shamefull injury.

Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,
Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
Withhold, O soverayne Prince, your hasty bond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
Through weakness of my widowed or woe:
For Truth is strong; her rightfull cause to plead,
And shall finde friends, if need requireth soc.
So bids thee well to fare, thy neither friend nor foe,
Fidessa,

When he these bitter byting words had red,
The tydings strange did him abashed make,
That still he sate long time astonished,
As in great muse, no word to creature speake.
At last his solemn silence thus he brake,
With doubltfull eyes fast fixd on his Guest;
Redombt Knight, that for myne only sake
Thy life and honor late adventur;
Let nought be bid from me, that ought to be exprest.

What meane these bloody vowes and idle threat:
Throwe out from womanish impatient mynd?
What hevens? what altars? what enraged heates,
Here heaped up with terms of love unkynd,
My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bynd?
High God be witnessse, 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.

To whom the Redcrossse Knight this answere sent;
"My Lord, my King; be nought hereat dismayd,
Till well ye vote by grave intendiment,
What Woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
With breach of love and foialty betrayd.
It was in my mishapes, as hitherward
I lately travell'd, that unwares I strayd [hard;
Out of my way, through perils strange and
That day should faile me ere I had them all declard.

"There did I find, or rather I was found
Of this false Woman that Fidessa hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on ground,
Most false Dessa, 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 last I feared ill."
To have bene wrought by that false Sorceress. 
She, only she, it is, that erst did throw
This gentle Knight into so great distresse,
That death him did await in daily wretchesse.

"And now it seems, that she suborned hath
This crafty Messenger with letters vain,
To worke new whe and unprovided scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine; 
Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
Of this false Footman, dast with simplesenesc,
Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find. I gesshe,
The falsest man alive; who tries, shall find no lose."

The King was greatly moved at her speach;
And, all with sudden indignation fraught,
Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoones the gird, which on his side did wait,
Attach that Faytor false, and bound him strait:
Who seeming sorely chauffed at his hand,
As chained beare whom cruel dogs doe (att)
With ylle force did faime them to withstand;
And often semblance made to scape out of their hand.

But they him layd full low in dungeon deep,
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains;
And with continual watch did warily keep.
Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trys,
He could escape bowle death or deadly pains?
Thus, when that princes wrath was pacifide,
He can renew the late forbidden bains,
And to the Knight his Daughter dear he tyde
With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

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 fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thercion sprinkled wide;
At which the bushe tyde a groome of light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber lid,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For fear of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

Then gan they sprinkle 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 musinge did apply
Her curius skill the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull melancholy:
The whiles one sang a song of love and lollity.

During the which there was an heavenly noise
Heard soundeth through all the palace pleasantly,
Like as it had bene many an angels voice
Singing before th' Eternall Maiesty,
In their triumall triplicities on hye:
Yett wist no creature whence that hevenly sweet
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
Himselfe thereby refle of his sentences meet,
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

Great joy was made that day of young and old,
And solemn feast proclaimed through all the land,
That their exceeding worth may not be told;
Sullice it heare by signes to understand
The usall lioyes at knitting of loves bandle.
Thrice 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.

Her joyous presence, and sweet company,
In full content he there did long enjoy;
Ne wicked envy, ne vile gleelee,
His deare delights were able to annoy:
Yet, swimming in that sea of blissfull joy,
He sought forgot how he whilome had sworne,
In case he could that monstrus Beast destroy,
Unto his Faery Queene backe to retoune;
The which he shortly did, and Una left to mourn.

Now, strike your sailes, yee jolly mariners,
For we be came unto a quary rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessel of her loce.
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants suppilde; and then again abroad
On the long voyace whereto she is bent:
Well may she speede, and fairely finish her intent.

Our poet having brought his vessel into harbour, to refit and repair; let us, like travellers, talk over the wonders we have seen, and the regions we have passed over of fable, mystery, and allegory.

However the wise, and the grave, may affect to despise wonderful tales; yet well related, with novelty and variety, they work upon the heart by secret charmes and philters, and never fail both to surprise and to delight. But delight and entertainment are not all; for a good poet should instruct; not in the narration of particular facts, like an historian; but in exhibiting universal truths, as a philosopher; by showing the motives, causes, and springs of action; by bringing before your eyes truth in her lovely form, and reason in her beauteous and filthy shape: dore should be stripped, and hypocrisy laid open; and, while wonderful stories and representations of visionary images engage the fancy, the poet should all along intend these only as initiations into the more sacred mysteries of morals and religion.

Let you object to the probability of his stories, the poet names the time, when these wonders were performed, viz. during the minority of Prince Arthur; and mentions the very persons who performed them: Prince Arthur, St. George, Sir Saturano, Archimano, &c. nan, he points out the very places, wherein the adventures were achieved. If after so circumstantial a revocat of time, place,
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

CANTO I.

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

65

and persons, you will still not believe him, you must be
enrolled, I think, among the very miserants; for as to
his wonderful tales of enchantments, witches, apparitions,
&c. all this is easily accounted for by supernatural assis-
tance.

This first book bears a great resemblance to a tragedy,
with a catastrophe not unfortunate. The Redeorse
Knight and Una appear together on the stage; and the
scenery in the background was the scene of their happi-
sess; but, by the plots and pains of Archimago, they are separated; hence suspicions and
distresses: She with difficulty escapes from a lawless
Sarazin and Satyr, and he is actually made a prisoner by
a merciless Giant: When unexpectedly Prince Arthur,
like some god in a machine, appears, and releases the
Knight; who becomes a new man, and with new joy is
contracted to his ever-faithful Una.

If we consider the persons or characters in the drama,
we shall find them all consistent with themselves, yet
masterly opposed and contrasted: The simplicity and
innocence of Una may be set in opposition to the flaunting
falsehood of the Scarlet Whore: The pious Knight is
diametrically opposite to the impious Sarazin: the sly
hypocrite Archimago differs from the sophist Depair.
And in inaudible characters, if there is a sameness,
yet too there is a difference; as in the magnificence of
Prince Arthur, in the plainness of the Christian Knight,
and in the honest behaviour of Sir Sarwayne.

How well adapted to their places are the paintings of the
various scenes and decorations! Some appear horrible, as
the den of Error; Hell; the Giant; the cave of Despair;
the Dragon, &c. others terrible and wonderful, as the
magical cottage of Archimago; the plucking of the bloody
bough; the Sarazin's supernatural rescue and eure, &c.:
orthers of the pastoral kind, as the pleasing prospects of
the woods, and diversions of the wood-born people, with
old Sylvanus; or magnificent, as the description of Prince
Arthur, and the solemnizing of the contract of marriage
between the Knight and Una.

The scene lies chiefly in Fairy land, (though we have a
view of the house of Morpheus, in the first canto, and of
dell in the fifth,) and changes to the land of Eden, in the
eleventh and twelfth cantos.

Should we presume to lift up the mysterious veil,
worth with such subtle art and ornament, as sometimes
to seem utterly to hide, sometimes lying so transparent, as
to be seen through; should we take off, I say, this fabulous
covering; under it we might discover a most useful
moral: The beauty of truth; the features of error; the
hypocrisy; the pride and cruelty of false religion;
holiness completed in virtues; and the church, if not in its
triunphant, yet in its triunphing, state. Spenser, in his
letter to Sir W. K., tells us his poem is a continued
allegory: Wherefore the moral allusion cannot be
made apparent, we must seek (as I imagine) for an his-
torical allusion; and always we must look for more than
meets the eye or ear; the words carrying one meaning
with them, and the secret sense another.

UPTON.]

THE SECOND BOOK OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE;

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERANCE.

THE SECOND BOOK OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE;

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERANCE.

I.

Right well I wote, most mighty Soveraine,
That all this famous antique history
Of some th' abundance of an ylle braine
Will judged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of lust memory;
Sith none that breatheth living aire doth show;
Where is that happy land of Fairy,
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where shoue;
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

II.

But let that man with better sense advice,
That of the world least part to us is red;
And daily how through hardly enterprise
Many great regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous vesseell measured
The Amazon huge river, now found trew?
Or fruitfulllest Virginia who did ever vew?

III.

Yet all these were, when no man did them know,
Yet have from wisest ages hidden beene; [show.
And later time things more unknowne shall
Why then should wisdome man so much miswene,
That nothing is, but that which he hath scene!
What, if within the moones fauyre shining sphere,
What, if in every other starre unseen
Of other worlde he happily should heare?
He wonder would much more; yet such to some appeare.

IV.

Of Faery land yet if he more inquire,
By certaine signes, here sett in sondrie place,
He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre,
But yield his sense to bee too blunt and bace,
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
And thon, O fauyre Princesse under sky,
In this fauyre mirrour baist behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in land of Faery,
And in this antique ymage thy great anceste.

V.

The which O! pardon me thus to enfold
In covert vele, and wrapt in shadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold;
Which eells could not endure those beams bright,

IV. 1. — — more]. Greatly. The sense is, If he is
greatly desirous to know what place is meant by Fairy
land, Church.

F
But would be dazzled with exceeding light.
O! pardon, and vouchsafe with patient care
The brave adventures of this Faery Knight,
The good Sir Guyon, graciosly to heare;
In whom great rule of Temp'rancee goodly doth appearce.

CANTO I.

Guyon, by Archiasage abused,
The Redcross Knight avaytre;
Fynder Mondland and Amour shone
With Pleasures polished bootes.

1.
That cunning Architect of canered gayle,
Whom Princes late displeasure left in hands,
For falsed letters, and unhonored wyle;
Soone as the Redcrosse Knight he understandes
To beone departed out of Eden handes,
To serve againe his soveraine Elfin Queene;
His arrets he moves, and out of caytvous handes
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes unseen;
His shackles euncte lefte, himselfe escaped deanee

II.
And forth he fares, full of malicious mynd,
To worken mischicke, and avenging woe,
Wherever he that godly Knight may fynd,
His onely hart-sore and his onely foe;
Sith Una now he algates must forgive,
Whom his victorious handes did erst restore
To nativ ceune and kingdom late ygoe;
Where she enjoys sure peace for evermore,
As weatherbeaten ship arry'd on happy shore.

III.
Him therefore now the obiect of his spight
And deadly food he makes: him to offend
By forged treason, or by open fight,
He seekes, of all his drifte the aymed end:
Thereto his subtle engins he does bend,
His pracht witt and his fayre fyled tongue;
With thousand other sleights; for well he kund
His credit now in doublfull balleunce long;
For hardly could bee hurt, who was already stong.

IV.
Still, as he went, he craftie stales did lay,
With cunning traynes he to entrap unwarees,
And privy spyalts plant in all his way,
To weete what course he takes, and how he fares;
To ketch him at a vaunlage in his snares,
But now so wise and wary was the Knight
By tryall of his former harms and cares,
That he descryde, and shunned still, his sght:
The fish, that once was caught, new layt wil hardly byte.

V.
Nathlesse th' Enchanter would not spare his payne,
In hope to win occasion to his will;
Which when he long awaited had in vayne,
He changd his mynd from one to other ill:
For to all good he enimy was still.
Upon the way him fortunate to mee,
Fayre marching underneath a shady hill,
A godly Knight, all arm'd in harnesse mee;
That from his head no place appeared to his feetes.

VI.
His carriage was full comely and upright;
His countenance demure and temperate;
But yet so sterner and terrible in sight,
That cheard his friends, and did his foes amate:
He was an Elfin borne, of noble state
And mickle worship in his native land;
Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,
And knighthood tooke of good Sir Huons hand,
When with king Oberon he came to Fary land.

VII.
Him als accompanied upon the way
A comely Palmer clad in black attyre,
Of ryste yeares, and heare all hoarie gray,
That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
Least his long way his aged limbs should tire:
And, if by lookes one may the mind aare,
He seemed to be a sage and sober sirye;
And ever with slow pace the Knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to tread.

VIII.
Such whenas Archimago them did view,
He wended well to workes some unchoute wyle
Eftsoones, untwisting his deceptfull clew,
He gan to weave a web of wicked guyle,
And, with faire countenance and flattering style
To them approaching, thus the Knight bespake
"A Fayre some of Mars, that seeke with warlike spoyle,
And great atchiev'ments, great yourselfe to make,
Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake."
When that lewd ryuald, with yche hast advanc'd,
Laid first his filthie hands on Virgin cleene,
To spoyle her dainty corps, so faire and sheene
As on the earth, great mother of us all,
With living eye more faire was never scene
Of chastity and honour virginall:
Wines, ye heavens, whom in vaine to help did call

"How may it be," said then the Knight to his wroth,
"That Knight should knighthood ever so have shent?
"None but that saw," quoth he, "would weene
How shamefully that Mayd he did torment:
Her hony golden locks he rudeely rent,
And drew her on the ground; and his sharpe sword
Against her snowy breast he fiercely bent,
And threatned death with many a bloody word;
Tongue hates to tell the rest that eye to see abhord."

Therewith amoved from his sober mood, [fact?]
"And lives he yet," said he, "that wrought this
And doth the heavens afford him vital food?"
"He lives," quoth he, "and bonasteth of the fact,
Ne yet hath any Knight his courage crackt.
"Where may that treachour then," said he, "be found,
Or by what means may I his footing trast?"
"That shall I shew," said he, "as sure as hound
The stricken dear doth challenge by the bleeding wound."

He stayd not longer talke, but with fierce ye
And zealous haste away is quickly gone
To seke that Knight, where him that crafty Supposd to be. They do arrive anon [Squyre
Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,
With garments rent, and hearde disecheved,
Wringer her handes, and making piteous mene:
Her swollen eyes were more distrebbed,
And her faire face with teares was lowd blubbered.

The Knight, approaching nigh, thus to her said:
"Fair Lady, through fowle sorrow ill bedight,
Great pitty is to see thee dismayd,
And marre the blossom of thy beauty bright:
Forthy appease your griefe and heavy plight,
And tell the cause of your conceyled payne:
For, if he live that hath you done despight,
He shall you doe dew reconmence agayne,
Or els his wrong with greater puissance maintaine."

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise
She wilfull her sorrow did augment,
And offerd hope of comfort did despise:
Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
And scratcht her face with ghastly dreniment;

Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be scene,
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with sorrow had translixed bene:

Till her that Squyre bespake; "Madame, my liefe
For Gods deare love be not so wilfull bent,
But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,
The which good fortune doth to you present,
For what that bootes it to wepe and to wayment
When ill is chaunsht, but doth the ill increase,
And the weake minde with double woe torment?"
When she her Squyre heard speake, she gan appease
Her voluntarie paine, and seek some secret case.

Efsome she said; "Ah! gentle trustie Squyre,
What comfort can I, woulfull conceave!
Or why should ever I henceforth desyre
To see faire heavens face, and life not leave,
Sith that false Traytour did my honour reave?"
"False traytour cortes," said the Faerie Knight,
"I read the man, that ever would deceave
A gentle Lady, or her wrong through night:
Death were too litle paine for such a fowle despleit."

"But now, fayre Lady, comfort to you make,
And read who hath ye wrought this shamefull plight,
That short revenge the man may overtake,
Where tho he be, and soone upon him light."
"Cortes," said she, "I wote not how he bight,
But under him a gray steele he did wield,
Whose sides with analoged circles weren diet;
Upright he rode, and in his siluer shield
He bore a Bloodie Crosse, that quartred all the field."

"Now by my head," said Guyon, "much I muse,
How that same Knight should doe so fowle anis,
Or ever gentle Damzell so abuse:
For may I boldly say, he surely is
A right good Knight, and trew of word ywis:
I present was, and can it witness well,
When armes he swore, and straitly did enterpris
Th' Adventure of the Errant Damozell;
In which he hath great glory wonne, as I heare tell.

" Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
And fairely quit him of th' imputed blame;
Els, be ye sure, he dearly shall abyde,
Or make you good amendment for the same:
All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of shame.
Now therefore, Lady, rise out of your paine,
And see the salving of your blotted name.
Full lott shee seemd thereto, but yet did paine;
For she was silly glad her purpose so to gain.

Her purpose was not such as she did paine,
Ne yet her person such as it was scene;
But under simple shew, and semblant plaine,
Lurtst false Duessa secretly unseen,

Beware, lament. Upton.
Certainly, or truly. Todd.
As a chaste Virgin that had wronged beece;
So had false Archimago her disguise,
To chide her guile with sorrow and sad teene;
And eke himselfe had craftily devisd
To be her Squire, and do her service well aguised.

XXII.

Her, late forlorn and naked, he had found,
Where she did wander in waste wilderness,
Lurking in rocks and caves far under ground,
And with greene mosses coving her nakednesse
To hide her shame and loathly lillinesse,
 Sith her Prince Arthur of proud ornaments
And borrowd beauty spoyld: Her matelisse
Th' Enchaunter finding fit for his intents
Did thus revest, and deckt with dew habiliments.

XXIII.

For all he did was to deceive good Knights,
And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame
To lug in sloth and sensual delights,
And end their daisies with irenowmed shame,
And now exceeding griefe he overcame,
To see the Rederosse thus aduyneed hye
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Against his praise to stirre up enmyte
Of such, as vertues like mote unto him alyee.

XXIV.

So now he Guyon guided an amouch way
Through woods and mountains, till they came
Into a pleasant dale that lowly lay
[as last Betwixt two hills, whose high heads, overplast,
The valleys 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 liqoud cold,
After his travell long and labours manifold.

XXV.

" Lo! yonder he," cryde Archimago aloud,
"That wrought the shamefull fact which I did show;
And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
To fly the vengeance for his outrage dow;
But vaine; for ye shall dearly do him rew:
(So God ye speed and send you good successe!) Which we far off will here abide to vew,"
So they him left inflam'd with wrathfulnessse,
That straught against that Knight his speare he did addressse.

XXVI.

Who, seeing him from far so fierce to pricke,
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
And in the rest his ready speare did sticke;Tho, whenas he saw him towards pace,
He gan reconuer him in equall race.
They bene ymmet, both ready to affrap,
When suddeinly that Warrion gan abace.
His threatened speare, as if some new mishap
Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap;

XXVI. 2. — himselfe inclining.] Eecovered. Todd.
XXIX. 1. — So beene they both alone.] That is, friends again; at one, atonel, reconciled. Upton.
XXIX. 6. — saliannce.] Assault or shatly. Fr. saillier.
XXX. 1. — at cast.] Late. Chwenn
XXXI. 1. — well mote I shume.] Well may I be ashamed. Church.
XXX. 2. — The fond encheas! The foolish occasion. Church.
XXXI. 2. — ill bested.] In bad plight. Church.
XXVI. 4. — So he turne his earnest unto ge ne.] This familiar phrase is the language of romance. Chw is here again used by Spenser for began. Todd.
XXIXI. — avizd.] Saw. Fr. aviser. Church.
And that deare Crosse uppon your shield devizd,  
Wherewith above all Knights ye goodly seems  
aguizd!

**XXXII.**

"Joy may you have, and everlasting fame,  
Of late most hard attchev'ment by you donne,  
For which enrolled is your glorious name  
In heavenly regessers above the same, [wonne!  
Where you a Saint with Saints your seat have  
But wretched we, where ye have left your marke,  
Must now anew begin like race to romne.  
God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke,  
And to the wished haven bring thy weary barke!"

**XXXIII.**

"Palmer," him answered the Redcrosse Knight,  
"His be the praise, that this attchev'ment wrought,  
Who made my hand the organ of His might!  
More then goodwill to me attribute nought;  
For all I did, I did but as I ought.  
But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next esewes,  
Well mote yee thee, as well as can your thought,  
That home ye may report thric child happy newes!  
For well ye worthy bene for worth and gente thewes."

**XXXIV.**

So courteous congé 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 stedy stafte did point his way;  
His race with reason, and with words his will,  
From fowle intemperance he ofte did stay,  
And suffered not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.  

**XXXV.**

In this faire wize they travellid ylong yhere,  
Through many hard assayes which did betide;  
Of which he honour still away did bear,  
And spred his glory through all countrys wide.  
At last, as chaunte them by a forest side  
To passe, for succer from the scarcelling ray,  
They heard a riefull voice, that dearmly criide  
With piercing shriekes and many a dolorfay lay;  
Which to attend, awhile their forward steps they stay.

**XXXVI.**

"But if that carlesse hevenes," quoth she, "desprise  
The doome of lust revenge, and take delight  
To see sad pageantts of mens miseries,  
As bownd by them to live in lives despiate;  
Yet can they not warne Death from wretched wight.  
[to me],  
Come, then; come soone; come, sweetest Death,  
And take away this long leant loafight: [he,  
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines  
That long captived soules from weary thralldome free.

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**XXXVII.**

"But thou, sweete Babe, whom frowning froward fate,  
Hath made sad witnesses of thy fathers fall;  
Sith beven thee deigues to hold in living state,  
Long maist thou live, and better thrive withall  
Then to thy luckless parents did befall!  
Live thou! and to thy mother deaf attes,  
That cleare she dide from blemish criminall:  
Thy little hands embrowd in bleeding brest.  
Loo! I for pledges leave! So give me leave to rest!"

**XXXVIII.**

With that a deadly shriek she forth did throw  
That through the wood re-echoed againe;  
And after gave a groane so deep and low  
That seemd her tender hart was rent in twaine,  
Or thrid with point of thorough-piering paine:  
As gentle hyad, whose sides with cruel steele  
Through launched, forth her bleeding life does raine,  
Whiles the sad pang approching shee doth feel,  
Brakes out her latest breath, and up her eies doth secke.

**XXXIX.**

When which that Warriour heard, dismounting strict  
From his tall steel, he rush into the thick,  
And some arrived where that sad Pourtrait  
Of death and doleour lay, halfe death, halfe quick;  
In whose white alabaster brest did stick  
A cruel knife that made a grievously wound [thick,  
From which forth gusht a stream of gore-blood  
That all her goodly garments staind around,  
And into a deepes sanguine dide the grassy ground.

**XL.**

Pitifull spectacles of deadly smart,  
Besides a bubbling fontaine low she lay,  
Which she increased with her bleeding hart,  
And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray:  
Als in her lap a lovely Babe did play  
His cruel sport, in stead of sorrow dew;  
For in her streaming blood he did embuy  
His little hands, and tender joints embrow:  
Pitifull spectacles, as ever eie did yew!

**XLI.**

Besides them both, upon the soiled gras  
The dead corse of an armed Knight was spred,  
Whose armour all with blood besprinced was;  
His ruddy lips did smyle, and rosy red  
Did paint his chareful checks, yett being ded;  
Seemd to have bene a goodly personage,  
Now in his freshest flowre of lustyhed,  
Fitt to inflame faire Lady with loves rage,  
But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of his age.

**XLII.**

Whom when the good Sir Guyon did behold,  
His hart gan wexe as starke as marble stone,  
And his fresh blood did froze with fearfull cold,  
That all his senes seemd berefe atione:  
At last his mighty ghost gan depe to grone,  
As Ion, grudging in his great disdain,  
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe more

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**XXXVIII. 2.** into the thick. || The thicket. Todd.  
XXXIX. 4. did ray. || ditch. Todd.
Tell then, O Lady, tell what fatal priece
Hath with so huge misfortunes you opprest;
That I may cast to compass your relieve,
Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your griefe.

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hie,
As heven accusing guilty of her death,
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
In these sad words she spent her utmost breath;
Hear me then, O Man, the sorrowes that unchate
My Tong can tell, so far she sayd they pas!
Loo t his dead corpse, that lies here underneath,
The gentlest Knight, that ever on greene gras
Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir Mor-
dant was:

Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now!)
My Lord, my Love, my deare Lord, my deare
So long as hevene inst with equal brow
Love, Vouchsafed to behold us from above.
One day, when him high corage did enmove,
(As wond ye Knightes to seeke adventures wilde,
He pricked forth his paussenamt force to prove,
Me then he left enwombed of this childle,
This luckles childe, whom thus ye see with blood
delild.

Her blis is all in pleasure, and delight,
Wherewith she makes her lovers drunken mad;
And then with words, and weedes, of wondrous might,
On them she workes her will to uses bad:
My liefes Lord she thus beguiled had;
For he was flesh: (all flesh hath fraylite breed)
Whom when I heard to becne so ill bestad,
(Weake wretch) I wrapt myselfe in palmers weed,
And cast to seek him forth through danger and
great dreed.

Now had fayre Cynthia by even fournes
Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
And thrice three tymes had fild her crooked hornes
As she was to be seene; for him that may not
Whenas my woman her burdein would forbeare,
And bad me call Lucina to me nare.
Lucina came: a manchild forth I brought:
The woods, the nymphes, my bowres, my mid-
wives, weare:
Hard help at need! So deare thee, Babe, I
Yet nought too deare I deemed, while so my deare
I sought.

Ah! far be it," said he: "deare Dame, fro mee,
To hinder soles from her desired rest,
Or hold sad life in long captivitie:
For, all I seeke, is but to have redrest
The bitter pangs that doth your heart infest.

As sad] As heavy. Todd.

paine] Labour. Fr. Church.

To let] Hinder. Todd.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

LIV.  "Him so I sought; and so at last I found,
    Where him that Witch had thrall'd to her will,
    In chains of lust and lewd desirese ybownd,
And so transform'd from her former skill,
That me he now not, nether his owne ill;
    Till, through wise handling and faire governaunce,
    I him recurred to a better will,
    Purged from drugs of foulie intemperaunce:
    Then meanes I gan devise for his deliveraunce.

LVI.  "Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiv'd,
    How that my Lord from her I would repriue,
    With eyn thus clarned him paring she deceiv'd;
'Sad Verse, give death to him that death doe give,
    And losse of love to her that loves to live,
    So soone as Bacchus with the Nympe doth lineke!"
    So parted we, and on our journaie drive;
    Till, coming to this well, he stopt to drinke:
The chambe fulfill'd, dead suddenly he downe did sink.

LVII.  "Which when I, wretch"—Not one word more she sayd,
    But breaking of the end for want of breath,
    And slyling soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
    And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That seeing, good Sir Guyon could uncatch
    From tears abstatyne; for griefe his hart did grate;
And from so heevie sight his head did wretch,
    Accusing fortune, and too cruel fate,
    Which plonged had faire Lady in so wretched state.

LVII.  Then, turning to his Palmer, said; "Old syre,
    Behold the ymage of mortalitie,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tyre!
    When raging Passion with fierce tyrannie
Rolls Reason of her dew regalitie,
    And makes it servant to her basest part;
The strong it weakens with inimitation,
    And with bold furie armes the weakest hart:
The strong through pleasure soonest fallies, the weake through smart.

LVIII.  "But Temperance," said he, "with golden square
Betwixt them both can measure out a mean;
    Neither to melt in pleasures whott desire,
Nor frye in hartlesse griefe and dolefull tene:
    Thrice happy man, who fares them both awtesome;
But sith this wretched woman overcome
    Of anguish, rather then of crime, hath bene,
    Reserve her cause to her eternall doome;
And, in the mean, vouche safe her honorable toomble?"

LVX.  "Palmer," quoth he, "death is an equalle doome
To good and bad, the common 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 wills, wants so much of his rest:
    For all so greet shame after death I weene,
As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to bee.

LX.  So both agree their bodies to engrave:
The great earths wembe they open to the sky,
    And with sad cypressse seemeily it embrave;
Then, covering with a clod their closed eye,
    They lay therein their corses tenderly,
And bid them sleepe in everlastig peace;
    But, ere they did their utmost obsequy,
    Sir Guyon more affection to increace,
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should ay releace.

LXI.  The dead Knights sword out of his sheath he drew
With which he cut a lock of all their heare,
    Which melling with their blood and earth he throw
Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare;
    "Such and such evil God on Guyon rare,
And worse and worse, young Orphane, be thy payne,
    If I, or thou, dew vengeance doe forbear,
    Till giltie blood her guerdon doe obtayne!"
    So, shedding many teares, they closed the cairt agayne.

CANTO II.

Babes bloody hands may not be closed.
The face of Golden Brows;
    Her shoes Two Extremities,
    Streine her to banish shame.

L.  Thus when Sir Guyon with his faithful Guylde
    Had with dew rites and dolorous lament
    The end of their sad tragedie upyde,
The lide Babes up in his armes he hent; [ment
    Who with sweet pleasures, and bold Ilandish
    Gan snyde on them, that rather ought to weepe
    As carelesse of his wee, or innocent
    Of that was doen; that ruth emprioe deepe
In that Knigges hart, and wordes with bitter teare
did sleepe:

LIX.  _______ doth buriall teene;] Affords the melancholy rites of burial. Cruise.
LXI.  6. _______ To engrave;] Bury. Church.
LXI.  3. And with sad cypressse seemeily it embrave;] Decorate it with strewonments of funeral cypressse; as he calls the tree, Fr. Q. i. 1 8. Todd.
LX.  9. Bynempt] Dictated, or named; from be and nempt. Todd.
LXVII.  1. _______ may not be closed;] That is, cannot be cleansed. See st. 10. Church.
L.  4. _______ he hent;] Seized, took hold of. Sax. hende.
LXI.  podrehe. Todd.
II.

"Ah! lucklesse Bab, borne under cruell starre,
And in dead parents bellfull ashes bred,
Full little weenest thou what sorrowes are
Left thee for portion of thy livelyhed;
Poore Orphane! in the wide world scattered,
As budding branch from rent the native tree,
And thrown forth, till it be wither'd!
Such is the state of men! Thus enter we
Into this life with woe, and end with miserie!"

III.

Then, soft himselfe inclining on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(Do love does bath dislaubfull niecet)
His guilty hands from bloody gore to cleene:
He washed them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
For all his washing cleaner: Still he strove;
Yet still the litle hands were bloody seene:
The which him into great amaz'ment drove,
And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder clove.

IV.

He wist not whether blott of foule offence
Might not be purg'd with water nor with bath;
Or that High God, in lieu of innocencce
Imprinted had that token of His wrath,
To show how sore blood-guiltiness He hat'
Or that the charme and venume, which they drowne,
Their blood with secret fith infected hath,
Being diffused through the senseless tronck
That, through the great contagion, direful deadly stooke.

V.

Whom thus at gaze the Palmer gan to bode
With godly reason, and thus faire bespeak;
"Ye bene right hard amated, grantes Lord,
And of your ignorance great mercur'ill make,
Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistake.
But know, that secret vertues are infused
In every fontaine, and in eorie lake,
Which, who hath skill them rightly to have chused,
To proofs of passing wonders hath full ofte us'd:

VI.

"Of those, some were so from their soure indead
By great damae Nature, from whose frustfull pape
Their wellheades spring, and are with moisture dcound;
Which feeds each living plant with liquid sap,
And files with flowres faire Flomes painted lap:
But other some, by guiffte of later grace,
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had vertue pour'd into their waters bace,
And thenceforth were renowned, and sought from place to place.

VII.

"Such is this well, wrought by occasion strange,
Which to her nymph befall. Upon a day,
As she the woods with bow and shaftes did range,
The hardlesse hynde and roebucke to dismay,
Dan Fauns chauntist to meet her by the way,
And, kindling fire at her faire-burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties chase,

And chaced her, that fast from him did fly;
As hynde from her, so she fled from her enmy.

VIII.

"At last, when fayling breath began to faint,
And saw no meanes to scape; of shame affrayd,
She set her dounce to wepe for sore constraint;
And, to Diana calling loud for ayde,
Her deare besought to let her die a mayd.
The goddesse heard; and suddeine, where she sate
Welling out streams of carres, and quite dismayd
With stony fear of that rude rustick mate,
Transform'd her to stone from stedfast Virgins state.

IX.

"Lo! now she is that Stone; from whose two heads,
As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
Yet cold through fear and old conceived dreads:
And yet the Stone her semblance seems 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, unstained hath beene tryde.

X.

"From thence it comes, that this Babes bloody hand
May not be clesed with water of this well:
Ne certes, Sir, strive you it to withstand,
But let them still be bloody, as beffel,
That they his mothers innocencce may tell,
As she bequethd in her last testament;
That, as a sacred symbole, it may dwell
In her somes flesh, to mind revengement,
And be for all chaste Damas an endlesse monument.

XI.

He hearten'd to his reason; and the childe
Uptaking, to the Palmer gave to heare,
But his sad fathers armies with blood defilke,
An hevien load, himselfe did lightly recar;
And turning to that place, in which whyhare
He left his loftie steed with golden sell
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not
By other accident, that carst beffel, [there:
He is convaise; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

XII.

Which when Sir Guyon saw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appease,
And fairely fare on foot, however loth:
His double burden did him sore disease.
So, long they travelled with leste ease,
Till that at last they to a Castle came,
Built on a rocce adjoyning to the seas:
It was an ameince worke of antike fame,
And wondrous strong by nature and by skilfull frame.

XIII.

Therein three Sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one syre by mothers three;
Who, dying whylome, did divide this fort
To them by equall shares in equall fe:  
But stryfull mind and diverse qualitie
Drew them in partes, and each made others fe:
Still did they strive and daily disagree;
The eldest diu against the youngest goe,
And both against the middie meant to worken wo.

Where when the Knight arrive'ld, he was right well
Receive'ld, as Knight of so much worth became,
Of second Sister, who did far excell
The other two; Medina was her name,
A sober sad and comely courteous Dame;
Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guise,
In goodly garments that her well became,
Fayre marching forth in honorable wize,
Him at the threshold mett and well did enterprize.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie;
Soe in her speech, noe in her favour,
Was lighnesse sean or looser vanitie,
But gracious womanhood, and gravitie,
Above the reason of her youthly yeares;
Her golden lockes she roundly did upyte
In breaded tramels, that no looser heares
Did out of order stray about her daintie cares.

Whilst she her selfe thus busily did frame
Seemly to entertaine her new-comme guest,
Newes herof to her other Sisters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
Accounting each her friend with lavish fost:
They were two Knights of perellese puissancie,
And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
Which to these Ladies love did countenance,
And to his Mistress eac himselfe strove to ad- 

He, that made love unto the eldest Dame,
Was light Sir Huddibras, an hardy man;
Yet not so good of deedes as great of name,
Which he by many rash adventures van,
Since errant armes to sew he first began,
More huge in strength then wise in worke he was,
And reason with fowle-hardize over-ran;
Sterne melancholy did his courage pass,
And was, for terrorre more, all armd in shynig bras.

But he, that lov'd the youngest, was Sanslo,
He, that faire Una late owre estranged,
The most unruly and the boldest boy
That ever warlike weapons menag'd,

And all to lawlesse lust encourag'd
Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might
Ne ought he car'd whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right,
He, now this Ladies champion, chose for love to fight.

These two gay Knights, vow'd to so diverse loves,
Each other does envy with deadly hate,
And daily warre against his foeman moves,
In hope to win more favour with his mate,
And th' others pleasing service to abate,
To magnifie his owne. But when they heard
How in that place strange Knight arrived late,
Both Knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fiercely unto battell sterner structures prepar'd.

But ere they could proceed unto the place
Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
And cruell combat laynd in middle space:
With horrible assault and fury fell,
They hept huge strokes the scorned life to quell,
That all on uprole from her settled seat
The house was raz'd, and all that in did dwell;
Second that lowle thunder with amazenment great
Did rend the ratling skies with flames of foudking heat.

The noye thereof cald forth that stranger Knight,
To weet what dreadful thing was there in bond;
Where whens two brave Knights in bloody fight
With deadly ranceur he enraged fond,
His sunbroad shield about his wret he bong,
And shynig blade unsheathd, with which he ran
Unto that stead, their strife to understand;
And, at his first arrivall, them began
With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

But they, him spying, both with greedy forse
Attonece upon him ran, and him beset
With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
And on his shield like yron sledgeis bet.
As when a beare and tygre, being met
In cruel fight on Lybicke ocean wide,
Espye a traveller with feet surbit,
Whom they in equall pray hope to divide,
They stint their strife and him assayle on everie side.

But he, not like a weary traveller,
Their sharp assault right boldly did rebat,
And suffered not their blowes to bite him there,
But with redoubled blusses them backe did put:
Whose grievous mindes, which choler did enflit,
Against themselves turning their wrathfull aghast,

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But with redoubled blusses them backe did put:
Whose grievous mindes, which choler did enflit,
Against themselves turning their wrathfull aghast,
Gan with new rage their shields to hew and cut,
But still, when Guyn came to part their fight,
With heauie load on him they freshely gan to smight.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
Whom raging winds, threatening to make the
Of the rough rookes, doe diversely disease, [pray
Meetes two contrarie billows by the way,
That her on either side doe sore assay,
And boast to swallow her in greelly grave ;
Shoe, scorning both their spights, doe make wide way.
And, with her brest breaking the fomy wave,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire herself doth save : 

So boldely he him beares, and rudeth forth
Betwene them both, by conduct of his blade.
Wondrouses great prowess and herowic worth
He shewed that day, and rare ensample made,
When two so mighty warriours he dismayed :
Attonce he haued and strikes ; he takes and paies ;
Now forst to yield, now forcing to invade ;
Before, behind, and round about him kiaies :
So double was his paines, so double be his praise.

Straenge sort of fight, three valiant Knights to see
Three combates ioine in one, and to darraine
A triple warre with triple enmities,
All for their Ladies froward love to gaine,
Which, gotten, was but hate. So Love does raine
In stouset minds, and maketh monstrous warre ;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yet his peace is but continual iarre :
O miserable men, that to him subject arre ! 

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes,
The faire Medina with her tresses torn,
And naked brest, in pitty of their harnes,
Emongst them ran ; and, falling them beforne,
Besought them by the womb which they had borne,
And by the loyes which were to them most deare,
And by the knighthood which they surely had sworn,
Their deathly cruel discord to forbear,
And to her ius' conditions of faire peace to heare.

But her two other Sisters, standing by,
Her lowd gainesaid ; and both their champions bad
Pursew the end of their strong cunnty,
As ever of their loyes they would be glad :
Yet she with pitthy words, and counsell saide,
Still strove there stubbornes 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 ;

"Ah ! puissante Lords, what cursed evil spriest,
Or fell Erinmys, in your noble harts
Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
And bid you up to worke your withfull smarts !
Is this the joy of armes ! be these the parts
Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,
And not regard dews right and lust desiers !
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory unnes,
That more to mighty hands then rightfull cause doth trust.

"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 aboard !
O ! fly from wrath ; fly, O my deere Lord !
Sad be the sighs, and bitter fruits of warre,
And thousands furies wait on wrathfull sword :
Ne ought the praise of prowess more doth marre
Then bowle revenging rage, and base conten-
tions iarre."

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
And sunde so deep into their boyling breasts,
That downe they lett their cruel weapons fall,
And lowly did alase their lofty crests
To her faire presence and discrete behests.
Then she began a treaty to procure,
And stablish terms betwixt both their requests,
That as a law for ever should endure ;
Which to observe, in word of Knights they did assure.

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
After their weary sweat and bloody toile,
She then besought, during their quiet trague,
Into her lodging to repair a while,
To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
They soone consent : So forth with her they fare ;
Where they are well receiued, and made to spoile
Themselves of soiled armes, and to prepare
Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths to dainty fare.

And those two froward Sisters, their faire loves,
Came with them cke, all were they wondrouns both,
And faied cheare, as for the time behoves ;
But could not colour yet so well the troth,
But that their natures bad appeard in both ;
For both did at their second Sister grutch
And inly grieve, as deth an hidden moth
The inner garment frett, not th' utter touch ;
One thought her cheare too little, th' other thought too mutch.

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
Such entertainment base, she ought would eat,

--- 3. [trogue] A truce, or cessation of armes.
--- 5. [grace to reconcile.] To regain each other's favour. A Latinsm. Church.
Ne ought would speak, but evermore did seeme
As discontent for want of mirth or meat;
No solace could her paramour intreat
Her once to show, nor court, nor dalliance;
But with bent lowering brows, as she would threat,
She scowl, and frowned with froward countenance;
Unworthy of faire Ladies comely governance.

But young Perissa was of other mynd,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her Sisters kynd;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight:
In wine and meats she flowed above the banck,
And in excess exceeded her owne might;
In sumptuous tire she joyed her selfe to prance,
But of her love too havish: lide have she thanke!

Fast by her side did sitt the bold Sans oy,
Fitt mate for such a mincing minceon,
Who in her looseness tooke exceeding joy;
Might not be found a framaker of fray,
Of her leaved parts to make companion.
But Huddibras, more like a malcontent,
Did see and grieve at his bold fashion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment;
Yett still be satt, and inly did himselfe torment.

Betwixt them both the faire Medina sate
With sober grace and goodly carriage:
With equall measure she did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage;
That forward pair she ever would asswage,
When they would strive dwr reason to exceed;
But that same froward twaine would acrach,
And of her plenty adde unto their need:
So kept she them in order, and herselfe in heed.

Thus fairely shee attempred her feast,
And pleasd them all with meete saterie:
At last, when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,
She Guyon deare bestowed of curtisie
To tell from whence he came through jeopardy,
And whether now on new adventure bound:
Who with bold grace, and comely gravity,
Drawing to him the cies of all around,
From lofty siege began these words aloud to sound.

"This thy demand, O Lady, doth revive
Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,
Great and most glorious Virgin Queene alive,
That with her soveraine power, and scepter shene,
All Faery land does peaceably sustene,
In widest ocean shee her throne does reare,
That over all the earth it may be scene;
As mornig sunne her beams dispredned cleare,
And in her face faire peace and mercy doth appeare,

xxxvii. 2 — such a mincing minceon,] Such an
affected colonet. Fr. Mignan. Todd.
xxxviii. 5 — forward: ] That is, bold. Church.
xxxix. 9 From lofty siege began] Siege is scat. Fr. Siège. Church.

"In her the richesse of all heavenly grace
In chiefe degree are heaped up on hye:
And all, that els this worlds enclosure base
Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
Adornes the person of her Maiestate;
That men, beholding so great excellence
And rare perfection in mortality,
Doe her adore with sacred reverence,
As thÕ Idole of her Makers great magnificence.

"To her I homage and my service owe,
In number of the nobelst Knights on ground,
Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe
Order of Maydenhead, the most renouned,
That may this day in all the world be found.
An yearely solemn feast she wantes to make,
The day that first doth lead the yeare around,
To which all Knights of worth and courage bold
Resort, to heare of strange adventures to be told.

"There this old Palmer shewed himselfe that day,
And to that mighty Princesse did complaine
Of grievous mischeefes, which a wicked Fay
Had wrought, and many whelm in deadly paine,
Whereof he craved redresse. My Soveraine,
Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and joyes
Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,Eftsoones devisd redresse for such annoyes:
Me, all unfit for so great purpose, she employes.

"Now hath faire Phoebe with her silver face
Thriss the scene the shadowes of the neather world,
Sith last I left that honorable place,
In which her roiall presence is entrold;
Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
Till I that false Acrasia have wonne;
Of whose owle deades, too hideous to bee told,
I witnesse am, and this their wretched soule
Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly fordone."

"Tell on, sayre Sir," said she, "that dolefull tale,
From which sad rhut does seeme you to restraine,
That we may pitty such unhappie bale,
And learne from Pleasures poyson to abstaine:
Ill, by ensample, good doth often gayne." Then forward he his purpose gan purswe,
And told the story of the mortall payne,
Which Mordant and Amavia did rew;
As, with lamenting eyes, himselfe did lately vew.

Night was far spent; and now in ocean deep
Orion, flying fast from hissing Snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
When of his pittoesce tale he end did make
Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake
Those guestes beguyled did begnyle their eyes
Of kindly sleepe, that did them overtake.
At last, when they had markt the changed skies,
They wist their houre was spent; than each to rest
him hyes.

xlix. 9. As thÕ Idole] That is, as the image. Lat. idolatum
Church.
xli. 4. — entrold: ] It should be enrold, that is
encircled. Church.
CANTO III.

Valne Braggadochio, getting Guan-
born, is made the source
Of knighthood newes, and so of fauire
Belphoebe bowle forlorn.

I.

Soone as the morrow faire with purple beams
Disperseth the shadowes of the mistie night,
And Titan, playing on the eastern streames,
Gan clear the dewy ayre with springing light;
Sir Guyon, mindfull of his vow yplight,
Uprose from drowsie couch, and him address
Unto the journey which he had beheld;
His paissant armes about his noble breast,
And many-folded shield he bound about his wret.

II.

Then, taking congé of that Virgin pure,
The bloody-handed Babe unto her truth
Did earnestly commit, and her consiure
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle moriture ensath;
And that, so soone as riper yeares he raught,
He might, for memory of that dayes ruth,
Be called Ruddymane; and thereby taught
T' avenge his parents death on them that had it wrought.

III.

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone;
Patience performe: helplesse what may it boot
To fret for anger, or for griefe to mune?
His Palmer now shall foot no more alone,
So fortune wrought, as under greene woode's syde
He lately heard that dying Lady groane,
He left his steed without, and spaire byside,
And rushed in on foot to ayd her ere she dyde.

IV.

The whyles a Losell wandering by the way,
One that to bountie never cast his mynd,
Ne thought of honour ever did assay
His baser brest, but in his kestrull kynd
A pleasing vaine of glory he did fynd,
To which his flowing teeming and troublous spright
Gave him great ayd, and made him more inclyned;
He, that brave steed there finding ready dight,
Purloud both steed and spaire, and ran away full light.

V.

Now gan his hart all swell in iollity,
And of himselfe great hope and help conceiv'd,
That puffed up with smoke of vanity,
And with self-loved personage deceiv'd,
He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd
For such, as he him thought, or faire would bee:
But for in Court gay portance he perceiv'd
And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
Eftsoones to Court he cast t' advance his first degree.

VI.

And by the way he channell to espy
One sitting ylle on a sunny banke,
To whom avanuting in great bravery,
As peacekeke that his painted plumes doth pride,
He smote his courser in the trembling flanc,
And to him threatened his hart-thrilling speare:
The seely man, seeing him ryde so ranke
And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
And crying, "Mercy," loud, his pitious handes gan
rere.

VII.

Thercat the Searcrow wexed wonderous proud,
Through fortune of his first adventure faire,
And with big thundersong voice revyld him lowd;
"Vile caytie, vassall of dread and despayre,
Unworthye of the commune breathed ayre,
Whylie livest thou, dead dog, a longer day,
And does not unto death thyselfe prepare?
Dy, or thyselfe my captive yield for ay:
Great favour I thee grant for amsware thus to stay."

VIII.

"Hold, O deare Lord, hold thy dead-doing hand,"
Then lord he cryde, "I am your humble thrall."
"Ah wretch," quoth he, "thy destines withstand
My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
I give thee life: Therefore prostrate fall,
And kiss thy asrup; that thy homage bec.
"The Miser threw himselfe, as an offall,
Strictest at his foot in base humilitie,
And cleaped him the liege, to hold of him in fee.

IX.

So happy peace they made and faire accord,
Eftsoones this Liegenman gan to wepe more bold.
And, when he felt the folly of his Lord,
In his owne kind he gan himselfe unfoold:
For he was wise, witted, and grave old,
In cunning sleightes and practick knavere.
From that day forth he cast for to uphold
His ydle humour with fine flattery,
And blowe the bellowes to his swelling vanity.

X.

Trompart, fitt man for Braggadochio
To serve at Court in view of vaunting eye;
Vaine-glorousman, when fluttering wind doth blow
In his light winges, is lifted up to skye.
The scarce of knighthood and trae chevalrye,
To thynke, without desert of gentle deed
And noble worth, to be aduanced hie:
Such praye is shame: but honour, vertues meed,
Doth beare the payrest floure in honourable seed.

XI.

So forth they pas, a well consorted payre,
Till that at length with Archimage they meet:
Who seeing one, that shone in armourly faire,
On goodly courser thoundring with his feet,

V. 8. in greatest gree. In greatest estimation or liking. T.odd.
VI. 7. ryde so ranke. That is, ride so fiercely.
The man was much abashed at his beast;
Yet well he wist that whoso would contend
With either of those Knights on even coast,
Should neede of all his armes him to defend;
Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend:
When Braggadocchio said; “Once I did swerce
When with one sword seven Knights I brought to end,
Thenceforth in bataille never sword to bearn,
But it were that which noblest Knight on earth doth wear.”

“Perdy, Sir Knight,” said then th’ Enchaunter blive,
“That shall I shortly purchase to thy hand:
For now the best and noblest Knight alive
Prince Arthur is, that women in Faerie land;
He hath a sword, that flames like burning brand
The same, by my device, I undertake
Shall by to morrow by thy side be fonde.”
At which bold word that Boaster gan to quake,
And wondred in his minde what mote that monster make.

He staid not for more bidding, but away
Was sudden vanished out of his sight:
The northern winde his wings did broad display
At his command, and reared him up light
From off the earth to take his aerie flight
They lookt about, but no where could espie
Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright
They both nigh were, and each bad other flye:
Both fled attonece, he ever backe returned eye;

Till they that come unto a forrest greene. [feare;
In which they shrowd themselves from causeless
Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene.
Each trembling leafe and whistling wind they bearn,
As ghastly bug, does greatly them affacre:
Yet both doe strive their fearfullnesse to faine.
At last they heard a horne that shrilled cleare
Throughout the wood that echoed again,
And made the forrest ring, as it would rive in twaine.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush;
With hayse whereof he from his loftie steed
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
To hide his coward head from dying deed.
But Trompart stoutly stayed to taken heed
Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped
A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed, [fourth
That seemd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance borne of heavenly birth.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
But hevenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,  
Kindled above at the Heavens Makers light,  
And darted lyric beams out of the same.  
So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,  
That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:  
In them the blinmd gods his lustfull fire  
To kindle oft assayed, but had no might;  
For, with dread majestie and awful yre,  
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.  

Her yvorie forhead, full of bonnie brave,  
Like a broad table did itself dispire,  
For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,  
And write the battailes of his great governed;  
All good and honour might therein be red;  
For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake,  
Sweete words, like dropping honey, she did  
And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake  
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make.  

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,  
Under the shadow of her even browes,  
Working belgardes and amorous retrate;  
And everie one her with a grace endowes,  
And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes:  
So glorious mirrour of celestiall grace,  
And soveraine monument of mortall vowes,  
How shall frayle pen deserve his heavenly face,  
For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace!

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,  
She seemed, when she presented was to sight;  
And was yclad, for heat of scorching airc,  
All in a silken Camus lilly whight,  
Purled upon with many a foliéd plight,  
Which all above besprinkled was throughout;  
With golden aygulets, that glistred bright,  
Like twineckling starres; and all the skirt about  
Was hended with golden fringe.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat trayne,  
And her streight legs most bravely were embayld  
In gilden buskins of costly cordwaine,  
All bard with golden bendes, which were cuttiayld  
With curious antickes, and full fayre annayld;  
Before, they fastned were under her knee  
In a rich iewell, and therein entayld  
The ends of all the knots, that moie might see  
How they within their foldings close unwrapped bee:

And in her hand a sharpe borce-square she held,  
And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,  
Staft with steel-headed darts wherewith she quell  
The salvages beasts in her victorious play,  
Knitt with a golden bandricke which forelay  
Athrwart her snowy brest, and did divide  
Her dainty paps; which, like young fruit in May,  
Now little gan to swell, and being tife  
Through her thin weed their places only signifie.

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,  
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,  
And, when the winde amongst them did inspire,  
They waved like a penon wyde dispered,  
And low behind her backe were scattered;  
And, whether art it were or needlesse lap,  
As through the flowing forrest rash she fled,  
In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves did lap,  
And flourisheing fresh leaves and blossomes did enwrap.

Such as Diana by the sandy shore  
Of swift Euraotis, or on Cynthia greene,  
Whereall the nymphes have her unawares forlore,  
Wandereth alone with bow and arrows keene,  
To secye her game: Or as that famous queen  
Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,  
The day that first of Priame she was seene,  
Did show herselfe in great triumphant toy,  
To overew the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

Such when as hartlesse Trompart her did vew,  
He was dismayed in his coward minde,  
And doubted whether he himselfe should shew,  
Or fly away, or hide alone behinde;  
Both feare and hope he in her face did finde:  
When she at last him spying thus bespake:  
"Hayle, groome; didst not thou see a bleeding hynde,

...
Whose right hauch earst my stedfast arrow 
strate!
If thou didst, tell me, that I may her overtake,"

Wherewith reviv’d, this answer forth he threw;
"O goddess, (for such I thee take to be,) 
For neither doth thy face terrerill shew, 
Nor voyce sound mortal; I avow to thee, 
Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see, 
Sith earst into this forest wild I came, 
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."

To whom she thus—But ere her words enseed, 
Unto the bush her eye did suddein glance, 
In which vaine Braggadocchio was mewed, 
And saw it strive: She left her percing hance, 
And towards gan a deadly shaffte advance, 
In mind to marke the beast. At which sad 
stowne, 
Troost part forth stept, to stay the mortall channce, 
Out crying; "O! whatever hevenly powre, 
O earthly might thou be, withhold this deadly 
howre!"

"O! stay thy hand; for yonder is no game 
For thy fiers arrowes, them to exerceize; 
But loe! my Lord, my Liege, whose warlike name 
Is far renowned through many bold emprize: 
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies." 
She spake: With that he cruad out of his nest, 
Forth creeping on his cattive hands and thies; 
And standing stoutly up his lofty crest
Did fiercely shake, and roweze as comming late from 
rest.

As fearfull fowle, that long in secret cave 
For dread of soiring hauke herselfe hath hid, 
Not caring how, her silly life to save, 
She her gay painted plumes disorderd; 
Seeing at last herselfe from daunger rid, 
Peeps forth, and soone renews her native pride; 
She gins her feathers fowle disfigured 
Proudly to prume, and set on every side; 
She shakes of shame, no thinks how erst she did 
hide.

So when her goodly visage she beheld, 
He gan himselfe to vannte: But, when he vewd 
Those deadly tooles which in her hand she held, 
Soone into other fitts he was transmewd, 
Till she to him her gracious speche renwished: 
"All haile, Sir Knight, and well may thee befall, 
As all the like, which honor have purswed 
Through deeds of armes and prowess martillal! 
All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all."

To whom he thus; "O fairest under skie, 
Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy prase, 
That warlike feats doest highest glorifie.

Proudly to prume.] Smooth or set them in order. T. Warton.
transmewd.] Changed, transformed. Fr. transmute. Todd.

Therein I have spent all my yonthly daires, 
And many batailles fought and many fraies 
Throughout the world, whero so they might be 
Endevoring my dreame name to raise [found, 
Above the moone, that Fame may it resound 
In her eternall trum with laurell girlond round.

"But what art thou, O Lady, which doest range
In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
And doest not it for joyous Court exchanenge,
Amongst thine eual pares, where happy lis:
And all delight does reigne much more then this?
There thou maist love, and dearly loved be,
And swim in pleasure, which thou here dost mis;
There maist thou best be seen, and best maist 
see:
The wood is fit for beasts, the Court is fit for Thee."

"Whoso in pomp of proud estate," quoth she, 
"Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly lis, 
Does waste his daies in drakse obscurite,
And in oblivion ever buried is: 
Where eace abownds, yt’s cash to doe amis:
But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd 
Behaves with cares, cannot so easy mis.
Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,
Who seekes with painfull toile, shall Honor soonest 
yrad:

"In woods, in waves, in warres, she wents to dwell,
And wil he 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 easie is the way and passage plaine
To Pleasures palace; it may soone be spide,
And dale and night her dores to all stand open wide.

"In Princes Court"—The rest she would have sayd,
But that the foolish man, (fild with delight 
Of her sweete words that all his sence dismayled,
And with her wondrous beauty ravished quight,) 
Gan burne in filthy lust; and, leaping light, 
Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.
With that she, swarving backe, her iavelin bright 
Against him bent, and fiercely did menace: 
So turned her about, and fled away apace.

Which when the Pesuant saw, amaz he stood,
And grieved at her flight; yet durst he not 
Pursue her steps through wild unknowne wood; 
Besides he feared her wrath, and threatened short;
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgett: 
Ne card he greatly for her presence vayne,

Behaves] Here is an instance of behaves used in its primitive sense. Germ. haben, Anglo S. habban, 
5habban, topasses, use, or occupy. Some, "Who behaves, employs, uses &c. his limbs with labour, and his mind 
with care;" i. e. with study, and thought; as cura is 
used in Latin. Upton.

That is, base armes. Todd.

That is, useless; her presence was of no service or use to him. Upton.
But turning said to Trompart: "What fowle blest
Is this to Knight, that Lady should agayne
Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so proud
disdayne!"

"Pevdy," said Trompart, "let her pass at will,
Least by her presence damner mote befall.
For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)
But that shee is some powre celestiall?
For, whilst she spake, her great words did appall
My feeble corage, and my heart oppress,
That yet I quake and tremble over all."

"And lo!" said Braggadocicho, "thought no lesse,
When first I heard her horn sound with such
ghastliness.

"For from my mothers womb this grace I have
Me given by eternall destiny,
That earthly thing may not my corage brave
Dismay with fear, or cause one foote to flye,
But other hellish feuds, or powres on lyte:
Which was the cause, when cert that borne I heard,
Weening it had beene thunders in the skye,
I hid my selfe from it, as one afeard;
But, when I other knew, my self I boldly reared.

"But now, for fear 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 unftill therefore, that all might see
He had not trayned here in chavalere.
Which well that valiant courser did discern;
For he despisst to tread in dew degree, [sterne,
But clamid and found with corage fier, and
And to be casd that base burden still did ern.

CANTO IV.

Guent Doe Forre blod in chalane,
And stope Occasion;
Deliver Famo, and therefore
By Storie is right appear.

In brave pursuitt of honorable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Betwixt the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which unto thinges of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by nature influence;
As fates of armes; and love to entertaine;
But chiefly skill to ride scenes a science
Proper to gentle blood: Some others faigne
To menage steeds, as did this Vaunter; but in
vaine.

But he, the rightfull owner of that steede,
Who well could menage and sublow his pride,
The whites on foot was forced for to yeed
With that blacke Palmer, his most trusty guide,
Who suffred not his wandring fete to slide;

But when strong passion, or weake fleshliness,
Would from the right way secke to draw him wide,
He would, through temperance and steadfast
Teach him the weak to strengthen, and the strong
supprease.

It fortuned, forth faring on his way,
He saw from far, or seemed for to see,
Some troubous uprare or contenious fray,
Whereby he drew in hast it to agree.
A Mad Man, or that feigned mad to bee,
Drew by the heare along upon the ground
A handsom Stripling with great cuttee,
Whom sorne he bett, and gor'd with many a
wound,
That cheakes with teares, and sydes with blood,
did all abownd.

And him behynd a wicked Hag did stakke,
In ragged robes and filthy disarray;
Her other leg was lame, that shee no'te walke,
But on a stiffe her feeble steps did stay:
Her loakes, that loathly were and horrie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosely hang unroll'd;
But all behinde was bald, and wore away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold;
And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinkles old.

And, ever as she went, her young did walke
In foule reproch and termes of vile despight
Provoking him, by her outrageous talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight:
Sometimes she rarget him stones, wherewith to
smite;
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which she could not goe upright;
Ne any evil meanes she did forbcare,
That might him move to wrath, and indignation
rear.

The noble Guyon, mov'd with great remorse,
Approaching, first the Hag did thrust away;
And after, adding more impeneus forse,
His mighty hands did on the Madman lay,
And pluckt him backe; who, all on fire straight-
way,
Against him turning all his fell intent,
With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
And smott, and bit, and kickt, and scratcht,
and rent,
And did he wist not what in his avengement.

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had governance it well to guyde;
But, when the fanrick fit inflamed his spright,
His force was vaine, and strooke more often wyde
Then at the aymed marke which he had eye:
And oft himselfe he chauntst to hurt unwares,
Whylest reason, blent through passion, nought
descreyde;
But, as a blindfold bull, at random fares,
And where he hits nought knowes, and whom he
hurts nought cares.
And beckned him; the last help she had left: 
But he that last left helpe away did take, 
And both her hanges fast bound unto a stake, 
That she no’te stirc. Then gan her some to flye
Full fast away, and did her quite forsake: 
But Guyon after him in hast did rye, 
And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitye.

xv. 
In his strong armes he stilly him embraste, 
Who him gain-striving sought at all prevald: 
For all his power was utterly defaste, 
And furious fits at earst quite weren quaild: 
Oft he re’nforst, and oft his forces sayld, 
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor sake. 
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld, 
And both his hands fast bound behind his backe, 
And both his feet in letters to an yrone rache.

xvi. 
With hundred yron chains he did him bind, 
And hundred knots, that did him sore constrain; 
Yet his great yron teeth he did grind 
And grinnily gnash, threatening revenge in vaine: 
His burning yon, whom bloody strokes did slaine, 
Stared ful wide, and threw forth sparkes of fyre; 
And, more for ranck despight then for great paine, 
Shak’t his long locks coloured like copperwyre, 
And bitt his tawny beard to shew his raging yre.

xvii. 
With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes, 
"Fayre Sir," quoth he, "what man can shun the 
That hidden izes unwares him to surpryse ! [hap, Misfortune waifes advantage to entrap 
The man most wary in her whelming lap.
So me weake wretch, of many weakest one, 
Unweeting and unware of such mishap, 
She brought to mischile through occasion, 
Where this same wicked Villeine did me light upon.

xviii. 
"It was a faithlesse squire, that was the source 
Of all my sorrow and of these sad teares, 
With whom from tender deg of commune nourse 
Attence I was upbrought; and eft, when yeares 
More rype us reason lent to chose our pearses, 
Ourselves in league of vowed love we knitt 
In which we long time, without jealous fears 
Or faultlie thoughts, contynued as was fitt; 
And, for my part I vow, dissembled not a whitt.

xiii. 3. him] Her son. Church.
xiv. 4. — at earst] Instantly. Church.
xiv. 5. — re’nforst.] Reinforst, made fresh at- tempts. Church.
xvii. 4. — eft.] Afterwards. Church.
"It was my fortune, commune to that age,
To love a Lady fair of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And set in highest seat of dignitie,
Yet seemed no less to love than to be:
Long I her serv'd, and found her faithfull still,
Ne ever thing could cause us disagree:
[will]
Love, that two harts makes one, makes eke one
Each strouve to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

"My friend, bright Philemon, I did partake
Of all my love and all my privitie;
Who greatly joyous seemed for my sake,
And grations to that Lady, as to mee;
Ne ever wight, that mote so welcome be
As he to her, withouten blot or blame;
Ne ever thing, that she could think or see,
But unto him she would impart the same:
O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle dame!

"At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
That I that Lady to my spouse had wonne;
Accord of friends, consent of parents sought,
Affayrance made, my happiness begunne,
There wanted nothing but few rites to be done,
Which marriage make:
That day too farre did seeme!
Most joyous man, on whom the shining sunne
Did shew his face, myselfe I did esteeme,
And that my fals friend did no less joyous deceame.

"But, ere that wished day his beame disclosed,
He, either curving my toward good,
Or of himselfe to treason ill disposed,
One day unto me came in friendly mood,
And told, for secret, how he understood
That Lady, whom I had to me assyned,
Had both distaind her honorable blood,
And eke the faith which she to me did bynd;
And therefore wishte me stay, till I more truth should fynd.

"The gnawing anguish, and sharp gelosity,
Which his sad speech infused in my breaste,
Rancekled so sore, and festred inwardly,
That my engreewed mind could find no rest,
Till that the truth thereof I did out wroste;
And him besought, by that same sacred hand
Betwixt us both, to consulme me the best:
He then with solemn oath and plighted hand
Assur'd, ere long the truth to let me understand.

"Ere long with like against he boorded mee,
Saying, he now had houlted all the flource,
And that it was a groome of base degree,
Which of my Love was partner paramourne:

Who used in a darksome inner howre
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.

"This gracelesse man, for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmaid of my Lady deare,
Who, glad t' embosme his affection vile,
Did all she might more pleasing to appare.
One day, to worke her to his will more neare,
He woo'd her thus; Prynch, (so she light)
What great despyght doth fortune to thee beare,
Thus lowly to abuse thy beautie bright.
That it should not deface all others lesser light!

"But if she had her last helpe to thee lent,
'T adorn thy forme according thy desert,
Their blazing pride then woulest some have blent,
[part;]
And staynd their prayers with thy least good
Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,
The she thy Lady be;
approch the same ure:
For prove thereof, this evening, as thou art,
Array thyselfe in her most gorgeous gear,
That I may more delight in thy embraces deare.

"The mayden, proued through praise and mad
Through love,
Him hearkned to, and some herselfe arayd;
The white to me the treachour did remove
His craftie eunich; and, as he had said,
Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
The sad spectator of my tragodie:
[playd;]
Where left, he went, and his owne false part
Disguised like that groome of base degree,
Whom he had feigned th' abuser of my love to bee.

"Eftsouenes he came unto th' appointed place,
And with him brought Prynch, rich arayd,
In Claribellae clothes: Her proper face
I not discerned in that darksome shade,
But wented it was my Love with whom he playd.
Ah God! what horror and tormenting griefe
My hart, my handes, mine eyes, and all assayd;
Me liefer were ten thousand deathes priece
Then woule the gentle worme, and shame of such repriec.

"I home returning, fraught with fowl despight,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
Soone as my boathed Love appeare in sight,
With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent;
That after soone I dearely did lament;
For, when the cause of that outrageous deede
Demand'd I made plaine and evident,
Her faultie handmaid, which bate did broode;
Confest how Philemon her wrought to change
her weede.
XXX.

"Which when I heard, with horrible affright
And hellish fury all engaged, I sought
Upon myselfe that vengeance despret,
To punish: Yet it better first I thought
To wound my wrath on him, that first it
To Philemon, false faytoure Philemon, [wrought: I
cast to pay that I so deadlyly bought:
Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.

XXXI.

"Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,
To lose of Love adjoyning losse of Freund,
I meant to purge both with a third mischiefe,
And in my woes beginner it to end:
That was Pryerid; she did first offend,
She last should smart: With which cruel intent,
When I at her my murderous blade did bend,
She fled away with glastly dremiment,
And I, poursewinge my fell purpose, after went.

XXXII.

"Fearments gave her winges, and Rage enforc'd my flight;
Through woods and plains so long I did her chase,
Till this Mad Man, whom your victorious might
Hath nowe first bound, me met in middle space:
As I her, so he me poursewde space,
And shortly overtooke: I, brethning yre,
Sore chaufled at my stay in such a cace,
And with my heat kindled his cruel yre;
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inspyre.

XXXIII.

"Betwixt them both they have me doen to dye,
Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborne handelinge,
That death were better then such agony,
As griefe and fury unto me did bring;
Of which in me yet stickey the mortall sting,
That during life will never be appeased!"
When he thus ended up his sorrowing, [said;
Said Guyon; "Squyre, sore have ye beene dis,
But all your hurts may soone through temperance be easi."

Than gan the Palmer thus; "Most wretched man,
That to Affections does the bridde lend!
In their beginning they are weak and wan, [end:
But soone through suff'rence growe to fearefull
Whiles they are weake, betimes with them con-
tend;
For, when they once to perfect strength do grow,
Strong warres they make, and cruel battrie brand
Gainst fort of Reason, it to overthrow:
Wrath, Gelosy, Griefe, Love, this Squyre have
laideth thus low.

XXXIV.

"Wrath, Gelosy, Griefe, Love, do thus expell: 
Wrath is a fire; and Gelosy a weede;
Griefe is a floyd; and Love a monster fell;
The fire of sparks, the weede of little seede,
The flood of drops, the monster filth did breede: 
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth, do thus delay; 
The sparks soone quench, the springing seed out-
weed, 
The drops dry up, and filth wipe clean away; 
So shall Wrath, Gelosy, Griefe, Love, die and
decay."

XXXV.

"Unlucky Squyer," said Guyon, "sith thou hast
Falme into mischiefe through intemperance,
Henceforth take heed of that thou now hast past,
And gynde thy wales with warie governmance,
Least worst betide thee by some later chance.
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin."
"Phan I bight," quoth he, "Shall in advance Mine ancestry from famous Coradin,
Who first to myse your house to honour did begin."

XXXVI.

Thus as he spake, lo! far away they spyde
A Varlet running towards hastily,
Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,
That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
Which mingled all with sweate, did dim his eye. 
He soone approached, panting, breathing, all,
And all so soyled, that none could him descry.
His countenancce was bold, and hasted not
For Guyons lookes, but scornfully eye-glance at
him shot.

XXXVII.

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 wreathe this word was writ,
Burnt I doe burne: Right well beseeemed it
To be the shield of some redoubted Knight:
And in his hand two daires exceeding fit
And deadly sharp he held, whose heads were diet
In poysion and in blood of malice and despiete.

XXXVIII.

When he in presence came, to Guyon first
He boldly spake; "Sir Knight, if Knight thou
Abandon this forrested place at erst, [dec.
For fear of further harme, I counsel thee;
Or hide the channell at thine owne iepardie ры.
The Knight at his great boldnesse wondered;
And, though he scorn'd his ydle vanitie,
Yet mildly him to purpose answered;
For not to grow of nought he if conjectured;

XL.

"Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,
Yielded by him that held it forceably: [dest seeme
But whence should come that harme, which thou
To threat to him that minds his channell's sake?" "Perdy," sayd he, "here comes, and is hard by,
A Knight of wondrous powre and great assay,
That never yet encountered enmey;
But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay."

XLI.

"How hight he," then sayd Guyon, "and from
whence!"
"Pyrochles is his name, renowned farre

XXXVIII. 4. —— this word] This motto. Top.
XL. 1. Varlet.] Page or Squyer. In the old romances 
varlet is a common phrase for these attendants upon
Knights. Top.
For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
Full oft approved in many a cruel warre;
The brother of Cyniochles; both which are
The soomes of old Acrates and Despiet;
Acrates, sonne of Philogen and Larr;
But Philogen is some of Herches and Night;
But Herches sonne of Aternitie is light.

"So from immortall race he does proceede,
That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
Dread for his derring doe and bloody deed;
For all in blood and spoile is his delight.
His an w Asar, his in wrong and right,
That matter make for him to worke upon,
And stirre him up to strife and cruel fight.
Fly therefore, fly this fearfull stedd anoun,
Least thy foolishhard worke thy sad confusio.”

"His be that care, whom most it doth concerne,”
Said he; "but whether with such hasty flight
Art thou now hound’d for well made discourse.
Great cause, that carries thee so swiftly and light.
"My Lord," quoth he, "me sent, and straight
To seekc Occasion, where so she bee: [beight
For he is all disposed to bloody fight,
And breathes out wrath and hainous eracte.
Hard is his hop, that first falls in his jeapardye.”

"Mad man," said then the Palmere, "that does seekc
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife.
Shew cometh unsought, and shunned followes eke.
Happy ! who can abstrene, when Ranfur rife
Kindles Revenge, and threats his rustie knave:
Woe never wants, where every cause is caught:
And rash Occasion makes unquiet life!
"Then loe! winder bound she sits, whom thou hast
sought;" [brought] Saide Guyon; "let that message to thy Lord be

That when the Varlett heard and saw, straightway
He waxed wonderous wrath, and said; "Vile
Knight, [upbrai] That knights and knighthood doest with shame
And shewst th’ ensample of thy childish might,
With sily weake old woman thus to fight! Great glory and gay spoe sure last thou got,
And stoutly prov’d thy puissance here in fight!
That shall Pyroches well requite, I wott,
And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blott.

With that, one of his thrallant darts he threw,
Headed with yre and vengeable despiet;
The quivering Steele his aymed end well knew,
And to his hest itselfe intended right:
But he was wary, and, ere it enrap’t
In the meant marke, advauntst his shield atwen,
On which it seizing no way enter might,
But loose rebrowning left the forehead keen:
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where to be seen.

CANTO V.
Pyroches does with Guyon fight,
And Fauors charme unyte;
Who him sure wounds; whiles Asar to
Cyniochles for sydlyes.

Whoever doth to Temperance apply
His steallast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust mee, shall find no greater enuie,
Then stubborne Perturbation, to the same;
To which right wele the wise doe give that name;
For it the goodly peace of staid mindes
Does overthrow, and troubles warre proclaime;
His owne woe author, who so bound it findes,
As did Pyroches, and it willfully unbindes.

After that Varlets flight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine fast prickings Guyon spide
One in bright armes emblattled full strong,
That, as the sunny beams do glance and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemd him to enflame on every side:
His steel was bloody red, and fomed yre, [stive.
When with the mastring spur he did him roughly

Approaching nigh, he never said to greete,
Ne chaffy words, proud corage to provoke,
But pricket so fieres, that underneath his reck
The smouldring dust did round about himsmoke
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And, fayrly conching his steelheaded speare,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:
It hooeted might Sir Guyon, comming neare,
To thinke such hideous puissance on foot or beare;

But lightly shunned it; and, passing by,
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
That the sharpe steele, arriving forebly
On his broad shield, bitt not, but glaunmg fell.
On his horse necke before the quilited self,
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.

Sore bruazed with the fall he slow uprose,
And all enrag’d thus him loudly shent;
"Diskeall Knight, whose coward corage chose
To wraakc itselrne on best all innocent,
And shund the marke at which it should be ment;
Therby thine armes seem strong, but manhood frayl:

v. 10. The truncked beast.] The beast whose body was without the head. Lat. truncatus, maine or mangled. Topn.
v. 2. — shent.] Reproached, blamed. Upton.
v. 3. Diskeall Knight.] The word disciple from the Italian disciol, frequently occurs in the old romances, and carries with it the highest affrent, signifying perfidious, treacherous, &c. Topn.

Ibid. — corage.] Courage is, heart, or mind. Coragium, in the base Latinity, was used for cur. Upton.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

So hast thou oft with guile thine honor bent;
But lité may such guile thee now avayl,
If wou'dst force and fortune doe me not much fayl."

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
Of his sevenfolded shield away it tooke.
And, glancing on his helmet, made a large
And open gash therein: were not his targe
That broke the violence of his intent,
The wearey sowle from thence it would discharge;
Nathesse so sore a buff to him it lent,
That made him reele, and to his brest his beaver bent.

Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow,
And much asham'd that stroke of living arme
Should him dismay, and make him stope so low,
Though otherwise it did him little harme:
Tho', hurling high his yron braced arme,
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
That all his left side it did quite disarne;
Yet there the steel stayd not, but lity bate
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red flood-gate.

Deadly dismayd with horror of that dint
Pyrocles was, and grieved eke entyre;
Yet nathmore did it his fury stint,
But added flame unto his former fire,
That wel-nigh molt his hart in raging yre:
Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward,
Or strike, or hurtle round in warlike gyre,
Remember'd he, ne car'd for his souf;ard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruel tyrge far'd.

He hewed, and lasht, and foyn'd, and thundred
And every way did sicken into his life; [blowes,
Ne plate, ne male, could ward so mighty throwes,
But yielded passage to his cruel knife,
But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,
Was wary wise, and closely did away
Avantage, whilst his foe did rage most rife;
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him strayt,
And fals'd oft his blowes t' illude him with such hayt.

Like as a lyon, whose imperiall powre
A proud rebellious unicorn defyes,
T' avoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes,
And when him running in full course he spyes,
He slips aside; the whites that furious beast

Ang.'x-tax. blcn'dan, mise're, confused. Upton.
vi. 8. — but only bate] That is, did bite. Upton.
vi. 7. — or strike, or hurtle round in warlike gyre,] To hurtle round in warlike gyre, is to skirmish wheeling round the foe, to try striking him with advantage. Upton.
ix. 1. — foyn'd] Pushed as in fencing. Fr. folon, a thrust, poindre, ferire. Upton.
ix. 9. — And fals'd oft his blowes] That is, he made feints; he falsified his thrust in fencing by making feigned passes. From the Ital. falsate. Upton.

His precious horn, songht of his ennemies,
Strikes in the stooke, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

With such faire sleight him Guyon often fayld,
Till at the last all breathlesse, weary, faint,
Him spying, with fresh onsett he assayld,
And, kindling new his corage seeming quenct,
Strooke him so huggly, that through great constrainct
He made him stopre perf orce unto his knee,
And doe unwilling worship to the Saint,
That on his shield depainted he did see;
Such homagc till that instant never learned hee.

Whom Guyon seeing stope, poursewcd fast
The present offer of faire victory,
And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so lyce,
That straighten on ground made him full low to lyce;
Then on his brest his victor foote he thrust;
With that he cryde; "Mercy, doe me not dye,
Ne deeme thy force by fortunes deeme unym,
That hath (managre her spight) thus low me laid in dust."

Eftsoones his cruel hand Sir Guyon stayld,
Tempering the passion with advizement slow,
And maistering might on enmy dismayd;
For th' equal die of warre he well did knove:
Then to him said; "Live, and alleagancce owe
To him, that gives thee life and liberty;
And hencethenceby this dates ensample trow
That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardry,
Doe breede repentence late, and lasting inffany."

So up, he let him rise; who, with grim looke
And count'naunce sterno upstanding, gan to grind
His grated teeth for great disdesigne, and swooke
His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
KnoUed in blood and dust, for grief of mind
That he in ods of armes was conquered;
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
That him so noble Knight had mastsere;
Whose bounty more then might, yet both, he wondered.

Which Guyon marking said; "Be nightg agriev'd,
Sir Knight, that thus ye now subdewed arve:
Was never man, who most conquistes attchiev'd,
But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre;
Yet shortly gaynd, that losse exceeded farre:
Loose is no shame, nor to bee lesse then foe;
But to bee lesser then himselfe doth marre
Both loosers lost, and victours praysye alioe;
Vaine others overthrows who selo doth overthrow.

xl. 7. — [be] Pyrochles. Church.
xlii. 7. — trow] Believe. Church.
xv. 3. — most] Greatest. Todd.
xv. 5. — Yet shortly gaynd, that losse exceeded farre] That which gain for exceeded the loss. Upton.
xv. 7. — But to bee lesser then himselfe] This is a Grecism. Tthe inferior, i.e. inferior seino. Upton.
"Fly, O Pyrochles, fly the dreadful warre
That in thyselfe thy lesser partes do move;
Outrageous Anger, and woo-working Iarre,
Direfull Impatience and hart-murduring Love:
Those, those thy foes, those warriours, farremove,
Which thee to endlessse bale captivated lead.
But, sith in might thou didst my mercy prove,
Of consecution to the cause arread;
That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread."

"Dreadlesse," said he, "that shall I soone declare:
It was complained that thou hadst done great tort
Unto an aged Woman, poor and bare,
And thrall'd her in chains with strong effort.
Voide of all succour and needfull comfort;
That ill besomes thee, such as I 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 libertie."

Therat Sir Guyon smyleth; "And is that all?
Said he, "that thee so sore displeased hath!
Great mercie sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
Whose freedom shall thee tune to greatest saith!
Nathlesse now quench thy wrath embowing
Loo! there they bee; to thee I yield them free."
Therat he, wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leap, where he them bound did see,
And gan to brake the bands of their captivace.

Soone as Occasion felt her selfe untyle,
Before her Sonne could well assyed bee,
She to her use return'd, and straitly deuide
Both Guyon and Pyrochles; th' one (said shee)
Bycause he wonne; the other, because hee
Was wonne: So matter did she make of nought,
To stirre up strife, and garre them disagree:
But, soone as Furor was enlarged, she sought
To kindle his quencht fyre, and thousand causes wrought.

It was not long ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would algate with Pyrochles fight,
And his redeemr chaleng'd for his foe,
Because he had not well mainteynd his right,
But yielded to that same stranger Knight.
Now gan Pyrochles wax as wood as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together fiers engrasped bee,
Whyles Guyon standing by their uncouth strife does

Him all that while Occasion did provoke
Against Pyrochles, and new matter fram'd
Upon the old, him stirring to bee woke

Of his late wronges, in which she oft him blam'd
For suffering such abuse as knighthood sham'd,
And him disabled quite: But he was wise,
Ne would with vain occasions be inflam'd;
Yet otheres she more urgent did devise:
Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

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 yer-brond,
Which she in Stygian lake, ay burning bright,
Had kindled: that she gave into his hand,
That arm'd with fire more hardly hee mote him withstand.

Tho gan that Villcin wax 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 re.
And fewly batered his comely corse,
[more, That Guyon much disdigned so loathly sight,
At last he was compelld to cry perforse,
"Help, O Sir Guyon! helpe, most noble Knight,
To rid a wretched man from handes of hellish wight!"

The Knight was greatly moved at his playnt,
And gan him sight to succour his distresses,
Till that the Palmer, by his grave restraynt,
Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse,
And said; "Deare sonne, thy causeless ruth re-
Ne let thy stout hart melt in pitty vayne: [presso,
He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
And his foe fetted would release agayne,
Deserves to taste his follics fruit, repentcd payne."

Guyon obayd: So him away he drew
. From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to pursow.
But rash Pyrochles variell, Atin height,
When late he saw his Lord in heavie plight,
Under Sir Guyons piaasant stroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as ther he seemed in sight,
Fled fast away to tell his funerall
Unto his brother, whom Cymochles men did call.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike prays,
And glorious spoiles, purchas't in perilous fight:
Full many doughty knightes he in his dayes
Had doon to death, subelowe in equall frays;
Whose carkases, for terror of his name,
Of fowles and beasts he made the piteous prayers,
And hong their conquerd armes for more defame
On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,
The yle Acrasia, that with vaine delightes,
And ydle pleasures in her Bowre of Blisse,
Dedes charmeth her lovers, and the feeble spriekites
Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes ;
Whom then she doth trasforme to monstrous hewes,
And horribly missshapes with ugly sights,
Captive'd eternally in yron meues
And darksom dens, where Tais his face never shewes.

xxviii.
There Atin fownd Cymochles sojourning,
To serve his Lennams love : for he by kynd
Was given all to lust and loose living,
Whenever his fiers handes he free mote fynd:
And now he has pourd out his yule mynd
In daintie delices and lavish yowes,
Having his warlike weapons east behynd,
And flowers in pleasures and vaine pleasing toxys,
Mingled emongst loose ladies and lascivious boyes.

And over him art, stryving to compayre
With nature, did an arber greene dispred,
Framed of wanton yvie, florayng faire,
Through which the fragrant eglantine did spred
His prickling arnes, entrayld with roses red,
Which dainty odours round about them shrowe;
And all within with flowers was garnished.
That, when mylld Zephyrus emongst them blew,
Did breath out bounteous smels, and painted colors shrow.

And fast beside there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmering waved did play
Emongst the punny stones, and made a sorne,
To hul him soft aslepe that by it lay :
The wearie traveller, wandering that way,
Therein did often quench his thirsty heat,
And then by it his wearie liumes display,
(Whiles creeping slumber made him to forget
His former payne,) and wypt away his toilsom sweat.

An! on the other syde a pleasant grove
Was shott up high, full of the stately tree
That dedicated is ? Olympick love,
And to his sonne Aclare, whenas hee
In Nenus gayned goodly victore ;
Therein the mery birds of every sorte
Chanted alowe their chearefull harmony,
And made emongst themselves a sweete consort,
That quickned the dull sprieng with musicall comform.

There he him found all carelesly displaid,
In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,
Amist a flock of damzelles fresh and gay,
That round about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies and light meriment ;
Every of which did loosely disarray
Her upper parites of meet habiliments,
And shewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

And every of them strove with most delights
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew:
Some fraind faire lookes, glancing like evening lights;
Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew.
Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrue
The sugred frowour through his melting lips:
One boastes her beautie, and does yeeld to vew
Her dainty limbs above her tender hips;
Another her out boastes, and all for trystal strips.

He, like an adder lurking in the weedes,
His wandring thought in deepe desire does streep,
And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes.
Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
Whiles through their hids his wanton eyes do pepe
To steale a snatch of amorous conceit,
Whereby close fire into his hart does crepe;
So' he them deceives, deceivd in his deceipt,
Made drique with drugs of deare voluptuous recept.

Atin, arriving there, when him he spythe
Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approching to him lowly cryde,
"Cymochles; oh ! no, but Cymochles shade,
In which that many person late did fade!
What is become of great Acrates sonne?
Or where hath he hong up his mortal blade,
That hath so many haughty conquests wonne?
Is all his force forborne, and all his glory done ?"

Then, pricking him with his sharp-pointed dart,
He said: "Up, up, thou womanish weak Knight,
That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
Unmindful of thy praise and prouest might,
And weetlesse eke of lately-wroght despight;
Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on sencelose ground,
And groaneth out his utmost grudging sprieng
Through many a stroke and many a streaming wound,
Calling thy help in vaine, that here in lyoes art "
Around."
XXXVIII.

They bene ybrought; he quickly does him light,
And lightly mounted pæseth on his way:
Ne Ladies loves not sweet entreaties, might
Appesse his heat, or hasty passage stay;
For he as vawd to beene aveng'd that day
(That day itselfe seemed all too long)
On him, that did Pyrochles deare dismay:
So proudly pricketh on his courser strong;
And Atin ay him prickes with spurs of shame and wrong.

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CANTO VI.

Guyon is of immodest Merth
Led into hooke drewe;
Fights with Cymochles, while his bro-
Other burns in furrowe yeare.

I.

A HARDER lesson to blearne continuance
In joyous pleasure then in grievous paine:
For sweetness beeth allure the weaker sense
So strongly, that unethes it can renein:
From that which feele not covets faire
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies;
And fosc of life, she better can reaine:
Yet Vertue vanettes in both her victorises;
And Guyon in them all shewes goodly maisteries.

II.

Whom bold Cymochles travelling to finde,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passhe saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glauce of eye,
A little goddelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a little forest seemed outwardly.

III.

And therein sate a Lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweet solace to hercelve alone;
Sometimes she song as lowd as lark in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of merriment:
Matter of merthenough, though there were none,
She could devise; and thousand waies invent
To feed her foolish humour and vaine iolliment.

IV.

Which when far off Cymochles heard and saw,
He lowly cald to such as were abord
The little barke unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deep ford.
The merry Mariner unto his word
Soone hearkned, and her painted bote straightway
Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike
She in receiv'd; but Atin by no way [Lord
She would admit, albe the Knight her much did pray.

V.

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift then swallow sheres the liquid skye,
Withouen care or pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly:
Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by

It cut away upon the yielding wave,
(Ne care then her course for to apply,)  
For it was taught the way which she would have,
And both from rocks and flats itselfe could wisely save.

VI.

And all the way the wanton Damsell found
New mirth her Passenger to entertaine;
For she in pleasant purpose did abound,
And greatly joyed merry tales to taine,
Of which a store-house did with her remaine;
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became:
For all her wordes she swarmed with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in uttring of the same,
That turned all her pleasuance to a scoffing game.

VII.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would devise,
As her fantastick wit did most delight:
Sometimes her head she fondly would auzize
With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets light
About her necke, or rings of rushes plight:
Sometimes, to do him laughing, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaves light,
Or to behold the water worke and play
About her little friget, therein making way.

VIII.

Her light behaviour and boose dalliance
Gave wondrous great contentment to the Knight,
That of his way he had no sovenance,
Nor care of vawd revenge and ernell fight;
But to wenche wench did yield his martiall might.
So cause was to quench his fluxed minde
With one sweete drop of sensuell delight;
So cause is t'appear the stormy winde
Of malice in the calme of pleasant womankind.

IX.

Diverse discourses in their way they spent;
Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned
Both what she was, and what that usage ment,
Which in her cott she daily practised.
"Vaine man," said she, "that wouldest be reck
A stranger in thy home, and ignorant [owned
Of Phedria, (for so my name is red),
Of Phedria, thine owne fellow servant;
For thou to serve Acrasia thy selfe doest vaunt.

"In this wide inland sea, that hight by name
The lilde Lake, my wandering ship I row,
That knowesher port, and thether sayles by ayre,
Ne care ne fear 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 love
Can chaungemychare, or make me evermorn;
My lide boat can safely passe this perilous bourn."
XL
Whilest thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyed,
They were mid past the passage which he spake;
And come unto an Island waste and voyd,
That floted in the midst of that great Lake;
There her small gondelay her port did make,
And that gay payre isseeing on the shore
Disbursed her: Their way they forward take
Into the land that lai them faire before,
Whose pleasure she him shewed, and plentiefull
great store.

XII.
It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
Emongst wide waves sett, like a little nest,
As if it had by nature cunning hand
Bene choysely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensamle of the best:
No daintie flower or herbe that growes on ground,
No arboret with painted blossomes drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be found.
To bud out faire, and her sweete smels throwe at round.

XIII.
No tree, whose branches did not bravely spring;
No braunch, whereof a fine bird did not sitt;
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetely sing;
No song, but did containe a lovely ditt.
Trees, branches, birds, and songs, were framed
For to allure fraile mind to carelesse case.
[fit Carelesse the man soone weare,
And he wakke witt
Was overcome of thing that did him please:
So pleased did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

XIV.
Thus when shee had his eyes and senses fed
With false delights, and fild with pleasures vayn,
Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And laded him downe upon a grassye playn;
And her sweete selfe without dread or dislayn
She sett beside, laying his head disarmed
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
Where soone he slumberd fearing not be harmed:
The whiles with a love lay she thus him sweetely charmed;

XV.
Behold, O man, that tolesome pains doest take,
The flowers, the fields, and all that pleasant growes,
How they themselves doe thine ensample make,
Whilest nothing envious nature them forth throwes
Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,
They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh and faire,
And decke the world with their rich pomposse showes;
Yet no man for them taketh pains or care,
Yet no man to them can his carefull pains compare.

XVI.
The dily, lady of the flowring field,
The flore-deuce, her lovely paramoure,
Bide thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
And soone leave off this toysome weary stoure:

Loc! loc, how brave she deckes her bounteous
With silkyn curtens and gold coverletts, [boure,
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous belamoure!
Yet neither spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,
But to her mother nature all her care she letts.

XVII.
"Why then doest thou, O man, that of them all
Art Lord, and eke of nature Soveraine,
Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,
And wast thy loyous howres in needless paine,
Seeking for her daughter and adventures vaine?
What bootes it al to have and nothing use?
Who shall him rew that swimming in the maine
Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?
Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures chuse."

XVIII.
By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take:
Then she with liquors strong his eies did steepe,
That nothing should him lastily awake.
So she him lette, and did herselfe betake
Unto her boat again, with which shee elette.
The soulefull wave of that great grievous Lake:
Soone shee that Island far behind her lefte,
And now is come to that same place where first she wote.

XIX.
By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
Unto the other side of that wide strond
Where she was rowing, and for passage sought:
Him needed not long call; shee soon to honde
Her ferry brought, where she him hyding found,
With his sad Guide: himselfe she tooke aboord,
But the Blacke Palmer suffred still to stond,
Ne would for price or prayers once affoord
To ferry that old man over the perilous foord.

XX.
Guyon was loath to leave his Guide behind,
Yet being enticed might not backe retreue,
For the flitt barke, obaying to her mind,
Forth harnessed quickly as shee did desire,
Ne gave him leave to bid that courtesi sire
Adieu, but nimblie ran her wonted course
Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,
Whom neither wind out of their sent could force,
Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish source.

XXI.
And by the way, as was her wonted guize,
Her merry fitt she freshely gan to reare,
And did of joy and lollity deuize,
Herselfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare.
The Knight was courteous, and did not forbeare
Her honest merit and pleasure to partake;
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
And passe the bonds of modest merimeke,
Her dalliance he despis'd and follies did forsake.

XXII.
Yet she still followed her former style,
And said, and did, all that mote him delight,

XVII. 7. — her sumptuous belamoure] Her sumptuous leer. Tod.
XXII. 7. — and gibe, and geare.] To give is to jest, and geare is the old orthography of leer. Tod.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

[BOOK 11.

Till they arrived in that pleasant He,
Where sleeping late she left her other Knight.
But, whereas Guyon of that land had sight,
He wist himselfe amisse, and angry said;
"Ah! Dame, perdy ye have not done me right,
Thus to mislead me, whiles you obiad:
Me little needed from my right way to have straid."

XXII.

"Faire Sir," quoth she, "be not displeased at all;
Who fares on sea may not command 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 he in seas distrest."

Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in jest.

XXIV.

But he, halfe discontent, mote nathelesse
Himselfe appease, and issued forth on shore:
The iones whereof and happy fruitfulnessse,
Such as he saw, she gan him lay before, [more.
And all, though pleasant, yet she made much
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
The trees did bud, and early blossoms bore;
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that Gardins pleasures in their caroling.

XXV.

And she, more sweete then any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes entombe them heare a part,
And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
Their native minscie 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 amnes, or vow of martial guize,
Might not revive desire of knightly exercize:

XXVI.

But he was wise, and wary of her will,
And ever held his band upon his hart;
Yet would not seeme so rude, and thought ill,
As to despise so curtesse seeming part
That gentle Lady did to him impart:
But, fairly tempering, fond desire subdued,
And ever her desired to depart.
She list not heare, but her disports poursew,
And ever had him stay till time the tide renewed.

XXVII.

And now by this Cymochles howre was spent,
That he awok out of his yle dreme;
And, shaking off his drowsie dreame,
Gan him avize, howe ill did him becomm
In slouthful sleepe his molten hart to steme,
And quench the brand of his conceived yre.
Tho up he started, stird with shame extreme,
Ne staid for his Damsell to inquirre,
But Marched to the strand, there passage to require.

XXVIII.

And in the way he with Sir Guyon mett,
Accompanyde with Phaedria the faire:
Eftsoones he gan to rage, and ily fret;
Crying; "Let be that Lady debonnaire, [paire
Thou recreant Knight, and some thyselfe pre-
To battle, if thou meane thy love to geyn.
Loe! loe already how the fowles in aire
Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn
Thy cares for their pray, the gerdon of thy payn."}

XXIX.

And there-withall he fiercely at him flew,
And with importune outrage him assayld;
Who, soone prepare to field, his sword forth drew,
And him with equall valew counterayld:
Their mightic strokes their habiricous dismayd,
And naked made each others manly spalles;
The mortal steel despiestie entayld
Depe in theyr flesh, quite through theyron walles,
That a large purple streame adown their giambeaux falles.

XXX.

Cymochles, that had never mett before
So puissant foe, with recent despight
His proud presumed force increased more,
Disdaining to be held so long in fight.
Sir Guyon, grudgind not so much his might
As those unknightly raylinges which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,
Thereof devising shortly to be broke,
And doombing all his poerces redoubled every stroke.

XXXI.

Both of them high attone their hands enhaunst,
And both attone their huge blowes down did sway:
Cymochles sword on Guyons shield yglauast,
And therof nigh one quarter sherd away:
But Guyons angry blade so fiers did play
On th' others helmet, which as Titan shone,
That quite it clove his planed crest in tway,
And bared all his head unto the bone;
Where-with astonisst still he stood as senselesse stone.

XXXII.

Still as he stood, fayre Phaedria, that beheld
That deadly daunger, soone attwene them ran;

XXXVIII. 4. —Let be] Let yo. CHURCH.
Ibid. 4. —that Lady debonnaire,] Debonairr, applied to the Ladies, means elegant, winning, accomplished; to Knights, courteous and just. TODD.
XXXVIII. 9. — the gerdon of thy payn.] The reward of thy attempt to gain the Lady. CHURCH.
XXX. 2. —with importune outrage] Importune is cruel, savage, &c. as importunus in Latin; and thus Spenser has "importune fate." TODD.
XXX. 3. —with importune outrage] That is, to battle
Guerre, fold, bellam. UPTON.
XXX. 5. —habiricous] Stieve, and Gorgel of mail; armour covering the neck and breast. TODD.
XXX. 6. —spalles] Shoulders, Fr. espaldes. UPTON.
XXX. 7. —entayld] Embayled is usually employed for enrowd or encrowd. TODD.
XXX. 3. —presumed force] Strength that he had too high an opinion of. CHURCH.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

CANTO VI.

And at their feet herselfe most humbly feld,
Crying with piteous voyce, and count’neance wan,
"Ah, well away! most noble Lords, how can
Your cruel eyes endure so piteous sight,
To shed your lives on ground? Wo worth the
man,
That first did teach the cursed Steele to bight
In his owne flesh, and make way to the living
spright!

"If ever love of Lady did empriece
Your yvon brestes, or pittie could find place,
Withhold your bloody hands from battaile fierce;
And, sth for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yield, to stay your deadly stryfe a space."

"Most wretched woman and of wicked race,
That am the authour of this humilied deed,
And cause of death betweene two doughtie Knights
do breed!

"But, if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
Not this rude lynde of battaile, nor these armes
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterve,
And doodeful sorrows heape with deadly harms:
Such cruel game my scarnagos disares.
Another warre, and other weapons, I
Doe love, where Love does give his sweet alarms
Without bloodshed, and where the enimy
Does yield unto his foe a pleasant victory.

"Debatefull strife, and cruel enmyly,
The famous name of knighthood fowly shend;
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 friend,
And is for Venus loves renowned more
Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of
yore.

"Then by sheepe snydly. They, though full
To prove extremeties of bloody fight,
Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight:
Such powre have pleasing words! Such is the
Of courteous clemency in gentle hart!
Might, Now after all was ceas, the Envy Knight
Besought that Damzell suffer him depart,
And yield him ready passage to that other part.

She no lesse glad then he desirous was
Of his departue thence; for of her joy
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,

XXXII. 7. —Wo worth the man.] That is, Curst be
the man. Church.
XXXIV. 3. The which doeth men in bale to sterve.] Which
cause mankind to perish in trouble, vecfan, mori;
though now used in a particular sense, to die with hunger.
Upton.
XXXIV. 5. Such cruel game my scarnagos disasses.]
Scarnagos, skirmishes. Ital. scavamuchia, Gall. cecar-
menuche. Upton.
XXXV. 3. He light did pas.] He made light of
it; he passed over lightly. Upton.

Still solemn sad, or still dissemblay cofy;
Delighting all in armes and cruel warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did anno"
Troubled with terrour and unquiet iarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amove him
farre.

"Tho him she brought abord, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand;
The which on the dull waves did lightly flote,
And soon arrived on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome Guyon salied forth to hand,
And to that Damself thanks gave for reward.
Upon that shore he spyed Atin stand,
There by his maister left, when late he far’d
In Phaedrias flitt barch over that perilous sherd.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with Pyrocles sharp debatemen made;
Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter rate,
As sheheardes curre, that in darke eveninges
shade
Hath tracted forth some salvation beastes trade:
"Vile miscreancy," said he, "whether dost thou
fye
 invade! The shame and death, which will thee soone
What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,
That art thus fowly fled from famous enimy!"

With that he stiffly shooke his steelhead dart:
But sober Guyon hearing him so rayle,
Though somewhat moved in his mightie hart,
Yet with strong reason maisterd passion fraile,
And passed fayrely forth: He, turning tale,
Backe to the strong retyrd, and there still stadyd,
Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;
The whiles Cymochiles with that wanton Mayd
The hasty heat of his avowd revenge delayd.

Whylest there the Varlet stood, he saw from farre
An armed Knight that towards him fast ran;
He ran on foote, as if in lucklesse warre
His forlorned steed from him the victour wan:
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan;
And all his armoure sprinkled was with blood,
And soyled with durtie gore, that no man can
Discerne the hew thereof: He never stood,
But bent his hastie course towards the Ylle Flood.

The Varlet saw, when to the Flood he came
How without stop or stay he fierly kept,
And deepe himselfe beducked in the same,
That in the Lake his lofty crest was stemp,
Ne of his safite seemed care he kept;
But with his raging armes he rudely flash'd

XXXVIII. 5. —salted] Salted, that is, larpod. Lat.
salts. Church.
XXXVIII. 9. — that perilous sherd.] That is, Bourn
or boundary. T. Warton.
XXXIX. 1. Well could he him remember.] That is, Atin
well remembred Guyon. Church.
XXXIX. 5. — trade.] For tread, footsteps. Church.
XL. 9. — delayd.] Put away, removed from him.
Church.
THE WAVES ABOUT, AND ALL HIS ARMOUR SWEPT,
THAT ALL THE BLOOD AND SIGHT WAS WAISTED;
YET STILL HE BET THE WATER, AND THE BLOWES DAISHT.

XIII.
ATIN DREW NIGH TO WECT WHAT IT MOTE BEE;
FOR MUCH HE WONDRED AT THAT UNCOUTH SIGHT: [SEE,
WHOM SHOULD HE BUT HIS OWN DEARE LORD THERE
HIS OWN DEARE LORD PYRCHLES IN SAD PLIGHT,
READY TO DROWNE HIMSELF FOR FELL DESPAIR:
"HARROW NOW, OUT AND WELL AWAY!!" HE CRYED,
WHAT DILLISECONDS DAY HATH LENT THIS CURSED LIGHT,
TO SEE MY LORD SO DEADLY DAMNIFIED?
PYRCHLES, O PYRCHLES, WHAT IS THEE BETYDE?"

XLIV.
"I BURNE, I BURNE, I BURNE," THEN HOWD HE CRYE,
"O HOW I BURNE WITH IMPLACABLE FYRE!
YET NOW THE VICIS SOFETY INFLAMED,fy,
NEAR SEA OF LICE\^N COLD, NEAR LAKE OF MYRE;
NOTHING BUT DEATH CAN DOE ME TO REPLYE:"
"AH! I BE IT," SAYS HE, "FROM PYRCHLES FARRE,
AFTER PURSUEING DEATH ONCE TO REPLYE. [MARRE: OR THINK, THAT OUGHT THOSE PLEASANT HANDS NOT
DEATH IS FOR WRETCHES BORNE UNDER UNHAPPY STARR."*

XLV.
"PARDY, THEN IS IT FIT FOR ME," SAYS HE,
"THAT AM, I WEECE, MOST WRETCHED MAN ALIVE;
BURNING IN FLAMES, YET NO FLAMES CAN I SEE,
AND, DYING DAILY, DAILY YET REVIUE:"
"O ATIN, HELPE TO ME LAST DEATH TO GIVE!"
"THE VARLET AT HIS PLAIN WAS GRIEVED SO SOROE,
THAT HIS DEEPED-WOUNDED HURT IN TWO DID RIVE;
AND, HIS OWN HEALTH REMEMBERING NOW NO MORE,
DID FOLLOW THAT ENSAMPLE WHICH HE BLAM\^D AFORE.

XLVI.
INTO THE LAKE HE HELD HIS LORD TO AYD,
(SO LOVE THE DREAD OF DAUNGER DOETH DESPISE.)
AND, OF HIM CATCHING HOLD, HIM STRONGLY STAYD
FROM DROWNING; BUT MORE HAPLY HE THEN WISE
OF THAT SENS NATURE DID HIM NOT AWISE:
THE WAVES THEREOF SO SLOW AND SUGGLISH WERE,
ENGROSSED WITH MUD WHICH DID THEM FOWLE AGRISE,
THAT EVERY WEIGHTY THING THEY DID UPEBARE.
NE OUGHT MORE EVER SINKE DOWNE TO THE BOTTOM THERE.

XLVII.
WHILES THEY THEREFORE STRUGGLED IN THAT YDE WAVE,
AND STROVE IN VAIN, THE ONE HIMSELF TO DROWNE,
THE OTHER BOTH FROM DROWNING FOR TO SAVE;
LO! TO THAT SHORE ONE IN AN ANCIENT GOWNE,
WHOSE HUNGRY LOCKS GREAT GRAVITY DID CROWNE,
HOLDING IN HAND A GOODLY ARMING SWORD,
BY FORTUNE CAME, LEDD WITH THE TROUBLOUS SOWNE;
WHERE DRENCHED DEEPE HE FOUND IN THAT DULL FORD
THE CAREFULL SERVANT STIRRING WITH HIS RAGING LORD.

XLVIII.
HIM ATIN SPYING KNEW RIGHT WELL OF YORE,
AND LOWLY CALD; "HELP! HELPE, O ARCHIMAGE,

XLI. 6. HABIT KNOW, OUT AND WELL AWAY! HE CRYE;
[FLARE IS A FORM OF EXCLAMATION ANCIENLY USED IN
NORMANDY, TO CALL FOR HELP, OR TO RAISE THE HUE AND CRY
T. WATSON.

XLII. 8. DAMNIFIED? INJURED. TODD.
XLV. 5. HELPE &C.] THIS IS, ASSIST IN PUTTING AN
END TO MY MISERY. CHURCH.
XLVI. 5. DID HIM NOT AWISE?] DID NOT BETHEINK HIMSELF. FR. WYCHERL. CHURCH.

TO SAVE MY LORD IN WRETCHED PLIGHT FORLORE;
HELP WITH THY HAND, OR WITH THY COUNSEL SAGE;
WAKE HANDES, BUT COUNSEL IS MOST STRONG IMAG.
"HIM WHEN THE OLD MAN SAW, HE WOUBLURED SORE;
TO SEE PYRCHLES THERE SO RUDDY RAGE;
YET SITHENS HELPE, HE SAW, HE NEEDED MORE
THEN PITY, HE IN HAST APPROACHED TO THE SHORE;

XLIX.
"AND CALD; "PYRCHLES, WHAT IS THIS I SEE!
WHAT HELLISH FURY HATH AT EARTH THEE BENT?
FURIOUS EVER I THEE KNEW TO BEE;
YET NEVER IN THIS STRANGE ASTONISHMENT:"
"THESE FLAMES, THESE FLAMES," HE CRYE, "DOE
ME TORMENT!"
[SEE
"WHAT FLAMES, WHAT FLAMES," QUOTH HE, "WHEN I THEE PRESENT
IN DAUNGER RATHER TO BE DREN THEN BENT?"
HE,
"HARROW! THE FLAMES WHICH ME CONSUME," SAYS
"NE CAN BE QUENDH, WITHIN MY SECRET BOWELLES BEE.

L.
"THAT CURSED MAN, THAT CURD FEEND OF HELL,
FUROR, OH! FUROR HATH ME THUS BEDIGHT:
HIS DEADLY WOUNDS WITHIN MY LIVER SWELL,
AND HIS WOBBLE FYRE BURNS IN MINE ETERNALS BRIGHT.
KNELLED THROUGH HIS INFERNAL BROWN OF SPIGHT,
SITH LATE WITH HIM I BATTELLED VAIN WOULD HOUSE;
THAT NOW I WEEVE LOVES DANCED THUNDERLIGHT.
DOES SCORCH NOT HALFE SO SORRE, NOR DAMNED GHOSTO
IN FLAMING PHLEGETON DOES NOT SO FELLY ROSTE.""

LI.
WHICH WHEN AS ARCHIMAGO HEARD, HIS GRIEVE
HE KNEW RIGHT WELL, AND HIM ATTONE DISARM\^D;
THEN SARCHED HIS SECRET WOUNDS, AND MADE A PRIEND
OF EVERY PLACE THAT WAS WITH BRUSHING HARMD,
OR WITH THE HIDDEN FIER INL\^Y WARMD. [APPLYDYE.
WHICH DOEN, HE BALMES AND HERBES THERETO
AND EVERMORE WITH MIGHTIE SPELS THEM CHARMD;
THAT IN SHORT SPACE HE H\^S THEM QUALIFYDE,
AND HIM RESTORED TO HEALTH, THAT WOULD HAVE ALGATES
DYDE.

CANTO VII.
GUYON FINDES MAMMON IN A DELVE
SUMING HIS TREASURE HERE;
IS BY HIM TEMPTED, AND LED DOWNE
TO SEE HIS SECURE STORE.

1.
AS PILOT WELL EXPERTE IN PERILONS WAVE,
THAT TO A STEEDISH STARRE HIS COURSE HATH BENT,
WHEN FOGGY MISTES OR CLOUDY TEMPESTS HAVE
THE FAITHFULL LIGHT OF THAT FAIRE LAMPE YBLENT,
AND COVERED HEAVEN WITH HIDEOUS DREMRIMENT;
UPON HIS CARD AND COMPASS FIRMES HIS EYE;

XLIX. 2. AT EARTH] SUDDENLY. CHURCH.
Ibid. BENT? SEIZED. TODD.
XLIX. 7. DREN Then BENT?] DROWNED THAN BURNT.
CHURCH.

L. 9. SO FELLY ROSTE.] CRUELLY OR FIERCELY. ITAL. FELICIO.
TODD.

Ll. 9. THAT WOULD HAVE ALGATES DYDE.] THAT HAD WISHED BY ALL MEANS TO DIE.
TODD.

ARG. 2. HIS TREASURE HERE.] FROM THE ANGLO-S.
HOFVIT, ZORDIDAS, MUCIDUS; NOT HOARY, WHICH IS FROM HAY,
CANNUS. UPTON.

LX. 5. DREMRIMENT.] DARKNESS. CHURCH.
The maysters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steddy helme apply,
Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly;

So Guyon having lost his trusty Guyde,
Late left behind that Ydle Lake, proceeds
Yet on his way, of none accompanyde;
And evermore himselfe with comfort feeds
Of his own vertues and praise-worthie decedes.
So, long he yode, yet no adventure found,
Which Fame of her shrill trumpet worthy reedes:
For still he travelld through wide wastfull ground,
That noughtbut desert wilderness shewed all around.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade, [light,
Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heavens
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivil Wight,
Of grisly hew and fowle ill-favour'd sight;
His face with smoke was taud, and eies were bleard,
His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
His cole-clacke hands did seeme to have ben seard
In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like claws appeard.

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold;
Whose glistering glosse, darkned with filthy dust,
Well yet appeared to have beene of old
A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
Woven with antickes and wyld ymages:
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
And covetous desire with his huge thrensury.

And round about him lay on every side
Great heapes of gold that never could be spent;
Of which some were rude owre, not purifie
Of Mulceivers devouring eleament;
Some others were new driven, and distant
Into great ingowes and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment:
But most were scapant, and in their metal bare
The antique shapes of kings and Kesars straung
and rare.

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
And haste he rose for to remove aside
Those precious hils from stranger's envious sight,
And downe them pournd through an hole full
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide: [wide
But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand that trembled as one terrifyde:
And though himselfe were at the sight dismayd,
Yet him perfoure restraynd, and to him doubltfull
sayd;

The maysters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steddy helme apply,
Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly;

What art thou, Man, (if man at all thou art.)
That here in desert hast thine habitancce,
And these rich hils of welth doest hide apart
From the worldes eye, and from her right
usance?

Thereat, with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
In great disdain he answered; "Hardy Elfe,
That darest view my drefull countenance!
I read thee rash and heedlesse of thyselfe,
To trouble my still seate and heapes of precious pelfe.

God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,
That of my plenty pourre out unto all,
And unto none my graces do enuye:
Riches, renowne, and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
For which men swinke and sweat incessantly,
Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth have their eternaall brood.

Wherefore if me thou deigne to serve and sew,
At thy command lo! all these mountaines bee:
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew,
All these may not suffice, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be bornombed francke and free.
"Mammon," said he, "thy godheads vaunt is
And idle offers of thy golden fee; [vaile,
To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine
Proffer thy gifts, and fitter servaunts entertaine.

Me ill besits, that in deroing armes
And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,
Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing charmes,
With which weake men thou witchest, to attend;
Regard of worldly mucke doth lowly blend
And low alasse the high heroick spright,
That ioyes for crownes and kinglydes to contend:
Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes, be my
delight;
Those be the riches fit for an adventorous Knight.

Vaine glorious Elfe," said he, "doest not thou
That money can thy wantes at will supply?
Sheilds, steedes, and armes, and all things for thee
It can purvay in twinkleing of an eye; [meet,
And crownes and kinglydes to thee multiply.
Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne
Sometimes to him that low in dust doth ly,
And him that raingnd into his rowne thrust
downe;
And, whom I lust, do heape with glory and re
nowne?"

All otherwise," said he, "I riches read,
And deeme them roote of al disquiettese;
First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread.
And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
Leaving behind them griefe and heavinesse:
Infinite mischiefes of them doe arise;  
Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitterness;  
Outrageous wrong and hellish covetize;  
That noble heart, as great dishonour, doth despize.

xii.  
"Ne thine be kinglydome, ne the scepters thine;  
But realmes and rulers thou dost both confound,  
And loyall truth to treason doest incline:  
Witness the guiltlesse blood pour'd oft on ground;  
The crowned often shame; the slaver crownd;  
The sacred dialogue in peeces rent;  
And purple robe gored with many a wound;  
Castles surpriz'd; great cities sackt and brent;  
So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull government!

xiv.  
"Long were to tell the troubous stormes that tosse  
The private state, and make the life unsweet:  
Who swelling saysles in Caspian sea doth curse,  
And in frayle wood on Adriau'g doth fleet,  
Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet."  
Then Mammon weaxing wroth; "And why then?"  
"Ar sail mortall men so fond and undiscreet [sayd,  
So evil thing to seeke unto their ayt:  
And, having not, complaine; and, having it,  
upbrayd?"

xv.  
"Indeed?" quoth he, "through fowle-intemperance,  
Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise;  
But would they thinke with how small allowance  
Untroubled nature doth herselfe suffise,  
Such superfluities they would despise,  
Which with sad cares empace our native loyes.  
At the well-head the purest streames arise;  
But mucky filth his branching armes annoyes,  
And with uncomely weeds the gentle wave ace-  
loyes.

xvi.  
"The antique world, in his flowing youth,  
Fownd no defect in his Creators grace;  
But with glad thankes, and unproved truth,  
The guilts of soveraine bounty did embrace:  
Like angels life was then mens happy cace:  
But later ages pride, like corn-fed stood,  
Abus'd her plenty and fat-swolne encurece  
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed  
The measure of her meane and naturall first need.

xvii.  
"Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe  
Of his great grandmother with steele to wound,  
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe  
With sacrilege to dig: Therein he found  
Poundalnes of gold and silver to abownd,  
Of which the matter of his huge desire  
And pompous pride escoones he did compound?  
Then Avarice gan through his veins inspire  
His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire."

xxii.  
"What secret place," quoth he, "can safely hold  
So huge a masse, and hide from heavens eie?  
Or where hast thou thy womne, that so much gold  
Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?!  
"Come thou," quoth he, "and see." So by and by  
Through that thick covert he him led, and fownd  
A darksome way, which no man could descry,  
That deep descended through the hollow ground,  
And was with dread and horror compassed around.

xxiv.  
On th' other side in one consort there sate  
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,  
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate;  
But grasning Gealousy, out of their sight  
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight;  
And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,  
And found no place where safe he shroudl him self:  
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkes lye;  
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye

xxv.  
And over them sad Horror with grim how  
Did awaies sere, beating his yron wings;  
And after him owles and night-mavens flew,

xx.  
"Some," said he then, "lett be thy bitter scoreme  
And leave the rudeness of that antique age  
To them, that liv'd therin in state forlorn.  
Thou, that dost live in later times, must wage  
Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage.  
If then thee list my offered grace to use,  
Take what thou please of all this surplussage;  
If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse.  
But thing refused doe not afterward accuse."
The hateful messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings;
Whiles sad Cleopatra, sitting on a clifte,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hurt of flint asonder could have rife;
Which having ended after him she flyeth swift.

All these before the gates of Plato lay;
By whom they passing spake unto them brought
But th' Elfin Knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fill his inner thought.
At last him to a little dore he brought,
That to the gate of hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adjoinyng, ne them parted ought:
Betwixt them both was but a little stride,
That did the House of Richesse from hell-mouth divide.

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
Break in, and spoil the treasure there in gard:
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thether-wait
Approach, albe his drowsy den were next;
For next to Death is Sleep to be compar'd;
Therefore his house is unto his annex;
Here Sleep, there Richesse, and hel-gate them both betwext.

So soon as Mammon there arriv'd, the dore
To him did open and afforded way:
Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,
Ne darknesse him ne danger might dismay.
Soone as he entred was, the dore straightway
Did shutt, and from behind it forth there kept
An ugly Feend, more powre then dismall day;
The which with monstrous stalkle behind him stopt,
And ever as he went dew watch upon him kept.

Well hoped heere, ere long that hardy Guest,
If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,
Or lips he layd on thing that likt him best,
Or ever sleep his eie-stringz did unten,
Should be his pray; And therefore still on hye
He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greedy griepe to doe him dye,
And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
If ever he transgrest the fatal Stygian lawes.

That Houses form'd within was rude and strong,
Lyke an huge cave heuone out of rocky clifte,
From whose rough vaut the ragged breaches long
Embost with massy gold of glorious guitte,
And with rich metall loaded every riffe,
That heavy ruine they did seeme to threat;
And over them Arahne high did rife
Her cunning web, and spred her subtile nett,
Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more black
Then iet.

Both roofe, and floor, and walls, were all of gold,
But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darknes, that none could behold
The hew thereof: for vew of cherefull day
Did never in that House itselfe display,
But a faint shadow of uncertain light;

Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away;
Or as the moone, clothed with cloudy night,
Does shew to him that walkes in fear and sad allright.

In all that rounde was nothing to be scene
But huge great yron chests, and coffers strong,
All hard with double bands, that none could weene
Them to enforce by violence or wrong;
On every side they placed were long.
But all the ground with souls was scattered
And dead mens bones, which round about were flog;
Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcasses now left unburied.

They forward passe; ne Guyon yet spoke word,
Till that they came unto an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And shewd of richesse such exceeding store
As eie of man did never see before:
Ne ever could within one place be found.
Though all the wealth, which is or was of yore,
Could gatherd be through all the world around,
And that above were added to that under ground.

The charge thereof unto a covetous Spright
Commanded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous Feends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
Then Mammon, turning to that Warrior, said;
"Loe, here the world's blis! loe, here the end,
To which al men do ayme, rich to be made!
Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid."

"Certes," sayd he, "I'll thine offered grace,
Ne to be made so happy doe intend!
Another bles before mine eyes I place,
Another happiness, another end.
To them, that list, these base regards I lend;
But I in armes, and in achieveements brave,
Do rather choose my flitting honours to spend,
And to be lord of those that riches have,
Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile slave."

Thereth the Feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And grieved, so long to lacke his greedie pray;
For wel he weened that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his Guest to take thereof assay:
Had he so doen, he had him snatchly away
More light then culver in the faulcons fist:
Eternall God thee save from such decay!
But, wheras Mammon saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap unawares another way he wist.

Thence, forward he him ledd and shortly brought
Unto another rounde, whose dore fortheart
To him did open as it had beene taught:
Therein an hundred ramous were pight,
And hundred fournace all burning bright;
By every fournace many Feends did lyde,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight;
And every Feend his bawse pains applyde
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.
The Faerie Queene

XXXVI.
One with great hollows gathered filling ayre,
And with forst wind the dwell did inflame;
Another did the dying brands repayre
With yron tangs, and sprinkleth off the same
With liquide waves, fieris Vulcans rage to tame,
Who, maystrenge them, renewed his former heat:
Some seemed the drosse that from the metall came;
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great:
And every one did swineke, and every one did sweat.

XXXVII.
But, when an earthly wight they present saw
Glistring in arms and battailous array,
From their what work they did themselves with:
To wonder at the sight; for, till that day, [draw
They never creature saw that came that way:
Their staring eyes sparkeing with fervent fire
And ugly shapes did nigh the Man dismay,
That, were it not for shame, he would retrye;
Till that he thus bespake their sovereign lord and

XXXVIII.
"Behold, thou Faeries some, with mortall eye,
That living eye before did never see!
The thing, that thou diest crave so earnestly,
To woot whence all the wealth late shewed by mee
Proceeded, lo! now is reveald to thee.
Here is the fountain of the worlds goods!
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
Avise thee well, and change thy willful mood;
Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be with-
stood." 

XXXIX.
"Suffise it then, thou Money-god," quoth hee,
"That all thine ytle offers I refuse,
All that I need I have; what needest mee
To covet more then I have cause to use? [abuse;
With such vaine shewes thy worldlings yse
But give me leave to follow mine enterprise." 
Mammon was much displeasde, yet no'te he chuse
But bare the rigour of his bold mespresse;
And thenke him forward ledd, him further to
entise.

XL.
He brought him, through a darksome narrow eynt,
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 deyly he would:
In his right hand an yron club he held,
But he himself was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and senee, and well could wend
That cursed weapon, when his cruel foes he queld.

XLI.
Disdayne he called was, and did disdayne
To be so callyd, and who so did him call:
Sterne was his looke, and full of stomake vayne;
His portamee terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th' height of men terristrall;

XLII.
Like an huse gyant of the Titans race; [small,
That made him scorn all creatures great and
And with his pride all others powre defece:
More fitt amongst black fiendes then men to have
his place.

XLIII.
Some as those clutterand armes he did espye,
That with their brightnesse made that darknes
His harmfull club he gan to hurde hye, [light,
And threaten battell to the Faery Knight;
Who likewise gan himselfe to batell fight,
Till Mammon did his lusty hand withhold,
And conselld him abstaine from perilous fight;
For nothing might abash the Villein bold,
Ne mortall steale emprise his miscreated mould.

XLIV.
So having him with reason pacifyde,
And that fiers Carle commandoing to forbear,
He brought him in. The rounne was large and
wyde,
As it some gyeld or solene temple weare;
Many great golden pilours did upbeare
The massy roufe, and riches huge sustayne;
And every pilour decked was full desire
With crownes, and diademes, and titles vaine,
Which mortall princes wore whiles they on earth
did rayne.

XLV.
A route of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under skyce,
Which with great uprore prceeded to draw nere
To th' upper part, where was advanced hye
A stately siege of sovereign majestye;
And thereon sart a Woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royaltye,
That never earthly prince in such array
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pyrde display.

XLVI.
Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beam great brightness
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;
Naught lest most hevenly faire in deed and yew
She by creation was, till she did fail; [withall,
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crime

XLVII.
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 hells;
And all that peace did round about her swell
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climebe alfo, and others to excell;
That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,
And every linek thereof a step of dignity.

[Sy, Germ. Gilde. Upton.
XLVIII. 9. — rash desire to sty. The lexicographer informs us, that sty signifies to soar, to excavate; so that the sense, in the verse before us is, That was ambition, which is a rash desire of still ascending upward. T. Warton.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

CANTO VII.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward;
Some by close shuffling; some by flattery;
Others through friends; others for base regard;
And all, by wrong wiles, for themselves prepared:
Those, that were up themselves, kept others low;
Those, that were low themselves, held others
Ne suffered them to rise or greater grow: [hard,]
But every one did strive his fellow down to throw.

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,
What meant that preamble about that Ladies throne,
And what she was that did so high aspire!
Him Mammon answered; *That goodly one,
Whom all that folk with such contention
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is:
Honour and dignitie from her alone
Derived are, and all this world's bliss, [mis:
For which ye men doe strive; few get, but many

"And faire Philotome she rightely bight,
The fairest wight that woment under skie,
But that this darksome neither world her light
Both dim with horror and deformity,
Worthie of heven and lyfe felicitie,
From whence the gods have her for envy thrust:
But, sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust;
That she may thee advance for works and merits just."

Gramercy, Mammon," said the gentle Knight,
"For so great grace and offred high estate;
But I, that am frail flesh and earthily wight,
Unworthy match for such immortall mate
Myself well wote, and mine unequall fate:
And were I not, yet is my truth yplight,
And love avowed to other Lady late,
That to remove the same I have no might:
To change love causelose is reproch to warlike
Knight."

Mammon emmoved was with inward wrath;
Yet, forcing it to fayne, him forth hence led,
Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,
Into a Gardin goodly garnished
With hearts and fruits, whose kinds mone not be red:
Not such as earth out of her fruitfull woomb
Throws forth to men, sweet and well-savored,
But direfull deadly black, both leafe and blemm,
Fitt to adorn the dead and deck the derry toome.

There mournfull cypress grew in greatest store;
And trees of bitter gall; and heben sad;
Dead sleeping poppy; and black hellobore;
Cold coloquinte; and tetra mad;
Mortall summits; and ciehit bad,
With which th' minut Athenians made to dy
Wise Socrates, who, thereof quaffing glad,
Pour out his life and last philosophy.
To the fayre Critias, his dearest belamy!

The Gardin of Proserpine this hight:
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick arber goodly over-dight,
In which she often ned from open heat
Herselfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat:
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With branchees broad dispread and body great,
Cloathed with leaves, that none the wood mote see,
And laden all with fruit as thick as it might beo.

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' Euboean young man
Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out ran

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which Aeontius got his lover trow,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse
Here eke that famous golden apple grew, [swit:
The which amongst the gods false Atre threw;
For which th' Idefan Ladies disagreed,
Till partial Paris dempt it Venus dew,
And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greeks and Trojanists made to bleed

The warlike Elfe much wondered at this tree,
So faire and great, that shadowed all the ground;
And his broad branchees, laden with rich fee,
Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound.
Of this great Gardin, compact with a mound;
Which over-hanging, they themselves did steep
In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round;
That is the river of Cocytus deep, [weep.
In which full many soules do endless wyse and nd

Which to behold he clomb up to the banoke;
And, looking downe, saw many dammed wigles
In those sad waves, which direfull deadly stamke
Plonged continually of cruel sprightes,
That with their piteous cries, and yelling shrigges,
They made the further shore resounden wide:
Enmostat the rest of those same ruefull sights,
One cursed creature he by champaign spide,
That drenched lay full deep under the Garden side.

Depee was he drenched to the upmost chin,
Yet gasped still as coveting to drinke
Of the cold liquor which he waded in;
And, stretching forth his hand, did often thynke
To reach the fruit which grew upon the brincke;
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth,
Did fly alacke, and made him vainely swimcke,
The whites he sterv'd with hunger, and with thorn
He daily dyd, yet never throughly dyen couth.

l. 9. belamy.] Fair friend. Fr. bel ami. Church.

l. 7. dempt] Judged, or deemed. Anglo-Sax.
deman. Todd.
l. 10. shrigges.] Shrinks. Todd.
The Knight, him seeing labour so in vaine,  
Ask who he was, and what he meant thereby?  
Who, groning deepe, thus answerd him agayne:  
"Most cursed of all creatures under skye,  
Lo Tantalus, I here tormented lyce;  
Of whom high love wont whylome feasted bee;  
Lo, here I now for want of food doe dye!  
But, if that thou be such as I thee see, [mee!]  
Of grace I pray thee give to eat and drink to  
Nay, nay, thou greedly Tantalus," quoth he,  
"Abide the fortune of thy present fate;  
And, unto all that live in high degree,  
Ensemble be of mind intemperate,  
To teach them how to use their present state."

Then gan the cursed Wretch alowd to cry,  
Accusing highest love and gods ingrate;  
And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,  
As author of instincue, there to let him dye.

He lookt a little further; and espysde  
Another Wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent  
Within the river which the same did hyde:  
But both his handes, most filthy feculence,  
Above the water were on high extent,  
And faynd to wash themselves incessantly,  
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,  
But rather Fowler seemed to the eye;

So lost his labour vaine and ylle industry.

The Knight, him calling, asked who he was?  
Who, lifting up his head, him answerd thus;  
"I Pilate am, the falsest judge, alas!  
And most unjust; that, by unrighteous  
And wicked doome, to Iews despituse  
Delivered up the Lord of Life to dye,  
And did acquire a murderer felonous;  
The whites my handes I wast in purity,  
The whites my soul was soyled with foulue iniquitie."

Infinite moe tormented in like paine  
He there beheld, too long here to be told:  
Ne Mammon would there let him long remayne,  
For terror of the tortures manifold,  
In which the damned soules he did behold,  
But roughly him bespake: "Thou fearfull foule,  
Why takest not of that same fruit of gold!  
Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole,  
To rest thy wearey person in the shadow coole!"

All which he did to do him deadly fall  
In frayle intemperance through fainfull bayt;  
To which if he inclined had at all, [wyt,  
That dreadfull Feend, which did behinde him  
Would him have rent in thousand peeces strayt;  
But he was wary wise in all his way,  
And well perceived his deceitfull sleight,  
Ne suffered lust his safety to betray:  
So goodly did beguile the gylander of his pray.

And now he has so long remained theare,  
That vittall powres gan wyse both weake and wan  
For want of food and sleepe, which two upbear,  
Like mightie pillowrs, this fraye life of man,  
That none without the same endure can:  
For now three days of men were full outwrought,  
Since he this hardy enterprize began:  
Forthy great Mammon fayrely he besought  
Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him brought.

The god, though loft, yet was constrainyd t' obay;  
For longer time, then that, no living light  
Below the earth might suffred be to stay:  
So backe againe him brought to living light.  
But all so soone as he his enfeebled spright  
Gan sucke this vittall ayre into his brest,  
As overcome with too exceeding might,  
The life did flit away out of her nest,  
And all his sences were with deadly fit opprest.

CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, layd in swanne, is by  
Arrancs somnes despoyed;  
Whom Arthuere some hath reknewed,  
And Faynyn brethren fallad.

And is there care in heaven? And is there love  
In heavenly spirits to these creatures hace,  
That may compassion of their evils move? [cace.  
There is: else much more wretched were the:  
Of men then beasts: But O! th' exceeding grace  
Of Highest God that loves his creatures so,  
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,  
That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,  
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
To come to succour us that sacuer want!  
How oft do they with golden pines cleave  
The flitting skyes, like flying pursivant,  
Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!  
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;  
And all for love and nothing for reward:  
O, why should Hevenly God to men have such regard!

During the while that Guyon did abide  
In Mammons House, the Palmer, whom whycheare  
That wanton Maylde of passage had denide,  
By further search had passage found elsewhere;  
And, being on his way, approached neare  
Where Guyon lay in trauence: when suddenly  
He heard a voyce that called loud and cleare,  
"Come hether, come hether, O! come hastily!"  
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

The Palmer lent his ear unto the voyce,  
To weet who called so impurtimently:  
Againe he heard a more efferced voyce,
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

v.
Beside his head there sat a faire young man,
Of wondrous beauty: and of freshest years,
Whose tender laid to blossome new began,
And thrice faire above his equall peers:
His snowy front, umed with golden hearts,
Like Phoebus face adorn'd with sunny rays,
Divinely shone: and two sharpe winged sheares,
Decked with diverse plumes, like painted jayes,
Were fixed at his backe to cut his avery wyes.

vi.
Like as Cupido on Iden hill,
When having laid his eruell bow away
And mortall arrows, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murdrous spoiles and bloody pray,
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, Graces three;
The goddessse, pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers herself through sleepe beguilde to bee,
The whiles the other ladies mind theyr mery glee.

vii.
Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was [say,]
Through fear and wonder, that he nought could
Till him the Childe bespoke: "Long luck, alas,
Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay!
Whiles deadly fitt thy Puppill doth dismay,
Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend Sire!
But dread of death and dolor doe away;
For life ere long shall to her home retire,
And he, that breathlessse seems, shal corage bold respire.

"The charge, which God doth unto me arrett,
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forget, ne yet forget
The care thereof my selfe unto the end,
But evermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine: Watch thou, I pray;
For evil is at hand to him offend."
So having said, efoisoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanish quite away.

IX.
The Palmer seeing his lefte empty place,
And his slow eies beguiled of their sight,
Woxe sore afraid, and standing still a space
Gaze'd after him, as fowle escap't by flight:
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
Witha trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try;
Where finding life not ye't dislodged quight,
He much rejoys, and could it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

X.
At last he spide where towards him did pace
Two Paynim Knights al armed as bright as skie,
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
And far before a light-foote Page did fly.
That breathed strife and troublous emmune,
Those were the two sonsnes of Acrates old,
Who, meeting earst with Archimago sike
Foreby that Idle Strond, of him were told
That he, which earst them combatted, was Guyon bold.

xi.
Which to avenge on him they dearly vowd,
Wherev'ere that on ground they mote him find:
False Archimago provokt their corage proud,
And styriful Atin in their stubborne mind
Coles of contention and whot vengeance tind,
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.

xii.
Whom when Pyrocles saw, inflam'd with rage,
That Sire he fowl bespake; "Thou dotard vile,
That with thy brutenesse shend'st thy comely age,
Abandon soone, I read, the cautle spoyle
Of that same outcast carcas, that eerewhile
Made itselfe famous through false trechery,
And crownd his coward crest with knightly stile;
Loe! where he now inglorious doth lye,
To prove he lived li, that did thus fowly dye."

xiii.
To whom the Palmer fearlesse answered;
"Certes, Sir Knight, ye bene too much to blame,
Thus for to blot the honor of the dead,
And with fowle cowardize his carcas shame.
Whose living handes immortalizal his name.
Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold;
And envy base to barke at sleeping fame:
Was never wight that treason of him told:
Yourselle his prowess prov'd, and found him fiers
d and bold."

xiv.
Then sayd Cymocholes; "Palmer, thou dost dote,
No canst of prowess ne of knighthood deeme,
Save as thou seest or hearst: But well I wote,
That of his puissance tryall made extremee:
Yet gold all is not that doth golden seeme;
No al good Knights that shake well speare and shield:
The worth of all men by their end esteeeme;
And then dew praise or dew reproche them yield;
Bad therefore I him deeme that thus lies dead on field."

ix. 1. The Palmer seeing his lefte empty place.
ix. 2. And his slow eies beguiled & c.] That is, the
Palmer seeing his place empty, and his eye being beguiled of their sight, woxe sore afraid. Upton.
ix. 5. — to his charge behight.] To the charge
entrusted to him. Todd.
ix. 8. — and cou'd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht.] And protected it, as a
hen sits couring over her young chichen. Upton.
xi. 5. — tind.] Kindled, excited. Todd.
xi. 3. — brutenesse] Solitishness, stupidity of a
brute, brutishness. Upton.
xiii. 7. And envy base to barke at sleeping fame.] At
sleeping fame," i.e. at the fame of a person now dead;
of one now fallen asleep, expired, mortui. Upton.
the Faerie Queene

100

Good or bad," gan his brother fiers reply,
What do I recke, sith that he dide entire?
Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
The greedy hunger of revenging yere,
Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her own desire!
Yet, since no way is left to weake my spight,
I will him revee of armes, the victors hire,
And of that shield, more worthy of good Knight;
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armoure bright?

Fayr Sir," said then the Palmer supplicant,
"For knighthoods love doe not so lowe a deed,
Ne blame your honor with so shamefull vaunt
Of vile revenge: To spoil the dead of wood
Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed;
But leave these relics of his living might
To decke his heroe, and trap his tomb-blacke steed."
"What hereoe or steed," said he, "should he have
But be entomb'd in the raven or the kight!"

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 hecen lame
And covered shield: Well lend him so far space
Th' Enchauter by his armes and amurance,
When under him he saw his Lybian steed to praucen;

And to those brethren sayd; "Rise, rise ylyve,
And unto bataille doe yourselves address;
For yonder cometh the provest Knight alive,
Prince Arthur, flower of grace and nobleesse,
That hath to Paynim Knights wrought gret distresse,
And thousand Sarzins fowly done to dye."
That word so deepde in their harts imprese,
That both eftsoones started furiously,
And gan themselves prepare to bataille greedy.

But fiers Pyrochles, lacking his owne sword,
The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
And Archame besought, him that afford
Which he had brought for Braggadochio vaine.
"So would I," said th' Enchauter, "glad and Betecome to you this sword, you to defend, [faine
Or ought that els your honour might maintaine;

But that this weapons powre I well have kend
To be contrary to the worke which ye intend:

For that same Knights owne sword this is, of yore
Which Merlin made by his almighty art
For that his Noursling, when he knighthood wrose,
Therewith to deene his foes eternall smart.
The metall first he mixt with medewart,
That no enchantment from his dint might save;
Then it in flames of Actna wrought apart,
And seven times dipped in the bitter wave
Of hellis Styx, which hidden vertue to it gave.

The vertue is, that nether steele nor stone
The stroke thereof from entrance may defend;
Ne ever may be used by his foe;
Ne forst his rightful owner to offend;
Ne ever will it breake, ne ever bend;
Wherefore Mordacue it rightfully is hight.
In vaine therefore, Pyrochles, should I lend
The same to thee, against his Lord to fight;
For sure ye would deceive thy labor and thynight.

"Foolish old man," said then the Pagan wreth,
"That wicest words or charmes may force with stond;
Some shall thon see, and then beleve for trueth.
That I can carve with this inchaunted brand
His Lords owne flesh." Therewith out of bis hondi
That vertuous steed he rudely snatchet way;
And Guyons shield about his weste he bond;
So ready dight, fierce bataille to assay,
And match his brother proud in battaile array.

By this, that straunger Knight in presence came,
And goddely salved them; who nought againe
Him answered, as courtesie became;
But with sterne looks, and stomatchous dislaune,
Gave signes of grudge and discontentment vaine:
Then, turning to the Palmer, he gan spy
Where at his feet, with sorrowful demayne
And deadly blye, an armed corse did lye,
In whose dead face he red devout magnanimitie.

Sayd he then to the Palmer; "Reverend Syre,
What great misfortun 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.
"Not one, nor other," sayd the Palmer grave,
"Hath him belfane; but cloudes of deadly night
Awhile his heavy eyelids coverd he,
And all his senses drowned in deepemancessse wawe:

Which those his cruel foes, that stand hereby,
Making advantage, to revenge their spight,
Would him disarane and treaten shamefully;
Unworthio usage of redoubtless Knight!
But you, faire Sir, whose honourable sign
Doth promise hope of helpe and timely grace, 
Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight, 
And by your powre protect his feelde once t 
First prayse of knighthood is, fowle outrage to 
defence."

"Palmer," said he, "no Knight so rude, I weene, 
As to do smowe outraghe to a sleeping ghost: 
No was there ever noble corage scene, 
That in advantage would his puissance best: 
Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most. 
May bee, that better reason will aswage 
The rash revengers heat. Words, well disposed, 
Have secret powre t' appease inflamed rage: 
If not, leave unto me thy Knights last patronage."

Tho. turning to those brethren, thus bespoke; 
"Ye warlike payre, whose valourous great might, 
Itsecures, instronges to vengeance doe provoke, 
To wreake your wrath on this dead-seeing 
Knight, 
Mote othey lay the storme of your despight. 
And settle patience in so furious heat? 
Not to debate the chalenge of your right, 
But for his carkas pardon I entreat, 
Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest seat."

To whom Cymocheles said: "For what art thou, 
That mak'st thyselfe his daysmen-man, to prolong 
The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me now 
On this vide body from to wreak my wrong, 
And make his carkases the outcast doug? 
Why should not that dead carrion satisfy 
The guilt, which, if he lived had thus long, 
His life for dew revenge should scarce abyve 
The trespass still doth live, alace the person dye."

"Indeed," then said the Prince, "the evil dome 
Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leave; 
But from the grandsyre to the nephewes some 
And all his seede the earse often cleave, 
Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave; 
So staitly God doth judge. But gentle Knight, 
That doth against the dead his hand uppreare, 
His honour staines with rance and despight, 
And great disparagement makes to his former 
might."

Pyrocheles gan reply the second tyme, 
And to him said; "Now, felon, sure I read, 
How that thou art partaker of his cryme: 
Therefore by Termagasant thou shal be dead."
With that, his hand, more sad than lorn of lead, 
Uplifting high, he weene with Mordure, 
His owne good sword Mordure, to cleave his head. 
The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure, 
But, swarving from the marke, his Lordes life did assure.

Yet was the force so furious and so fell, 
That howe and man it made to reele asyle: 
Nathelse the Prince would not forsake his sell, 
(For well of yore he learned had to ryde,) 
But full of anger fierely to him cryde: 
"False traitour, miscarant, thou broken hast 
The law of armes, to strike foe undefende: 
But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt taste 
Right sowre, and feelde the law, the which thou hast 
defast."

With that his balefull speare he fiercely bent 
Against the Pagans brese, and therewith thought 
His cursed life out of her lodg have rent: 
But, ere the point arrived where it ought, 
That seven-fold shield, which he from Guyon 
brought, 
He cast between to ward the bitter stound: 
Through all those foldes the steelhead passage 
was to grant, 
And through his shoulder pers; wherewith to 
He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great 
And wrath, he to him leaped furious, 
"grieve And lowly saide; "By Mahounse, cursed thiefs, 
That direfull stroke thou denealy shalt aby.
Then, hurliing up his harmeful blinde on hy, 
Smote him so hargely on his haugethe crest, 
That from his saddle forced him to fly: 
Els mote it needes downe to his manly brese 
Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dis- 
posses.

Now was the Prince in dangerous distresse, 
Wanting his sword, when he on foot should figt: 
His single speare could doe him small redresse 
Against two foes of so exceeding might, 
The lest of which was match for any Knight. 
And now the other, whom he earst did daunt, 
Had read himselfe againe to cruel figt 
Three times more furious and more puissant, 
Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignorant.

So both attone him charge on either syde 
With hideous strokes and importable powre, 
That forced him his ground to traverse wyde, 
And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre; 
For on his shild, as thick as stormie showre, 
Their strokes did raine; yet did he never qualle, 
Ne backward shrinke; but as a stedfast towe, 
Whom foe with double battry doth assaile, 
Them on her bulwarks beaves, and bids ther 
ought availe.

So stently he withstood their strong assay; 
Till that at last, when he advantage spyde, 
His paynt speare he thrust with puissant sway 
At proud Cymocheles, whiles his shild was wyde, 
That through his thigh the mortall steele did 
gryde:

And importable powre.] Power not to be 
borne, as Mr. Upton observes; who adds, that importable is 
used by Chaucer. Todd.

--- cut or pierce. Todd.
He, swarving with the force, within his flesh
Did break the haunce, and let the head abyde:
Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,
That underneath his feet some made a purple
plesh.

Horribly then he gan to rage and rayle,
Cursing his gods, and himselfe dashing deepe:
Als when his brother saw the red blood rayle
Arlyene so fast, and all his armour steep;
For very felsense loud he gan to wepe,
And said; "Caytive, curse on thy cruel hond,
That twise hath spedd; yet shall it not thee kepe
From the third brunt of this my fatall brond:
Lo, where the dreefull Death behyn thy bache
doth stand!"

With that he strooke, and th' other strooke withall,
That nothing second mote bære so monstrous might:
The one upon his covered shield did fall,
And glauncing downe would not his owner byte:
But th' other did upon his troncheon Smyte,
Which hewing quite asunder, further way
It made, and on his haecqueton did lyte,
The which dividling with fineptune sway,
It setl in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
Red as the rose, thence gushed grievously;
That when the Paynim spyde the streaminge
Gave him great hart and hope of victory. [blood,
On th' other side, in hange 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
Cymocheles twise, that twise him forst his foot
revoke.

Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,
Sir Guyons sword he lightly to him raught,
And said; "Fayre sonne, great God thy right
hand blesse,
To use that sword so well as he it ought!"
Glad was the Knight, and with fresh course
When asagne he armed felt his hond; [raught,
Then like a lyon, which had long time saught
His robbed whelpes, and at the last them found
Emongst the shepherd swaynees, then woxedd wood
and yond:

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:
Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told;
Eft to Cymocheles twise so many fold;
Then, backe againe turning his base hond,
Them both attone compold with courage bold
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not
both withstand.

As salvage bull, whom two fierce mastives bayt,
When rancour doth with rage him once engoure,
Forgets with wary warde them to awayt,
But with his dreefull hones then drives afore,
Ore slings aloft, or treads downe in the flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disatine,
That all the forest quakes to hear him rore:
So rage'd Prince Arthur twist his foemen twaine,
That neither could his mightie puissance sustaine.

But ever at Pyrochles with him he smitt,
(Who Guyons shield cast ever him before,
Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtruet was writ,
) His hand relented and the stroke forbore,
Which of the Paynim saw'd from deadly slowre;
But him henceforth the same can save no more;
For now arrived is his fatall howre,
That no't avoved be by earthly skill or powre.

For when Cymocheles saw the fowle reproach,
Which them appeached; prietch with guilty shame
And inward griec, he fiercely gan approch,
Resold'yd to put away that loathly blame,
Or dye with honour and desert of fame;
And on the haubergh stroke the Prince so sore
That quite dispersed all the linked frame,
And piercde to the skin, but bit no more; [sleeves,
Yet made him twise to reche, that never mou'd

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharp regret
He stroke so hughly with his borrowd blade,
That it emperste the Pagans burganet;
And, cleaving the hard steele, did deepe invade
Into his head, and cruel passage made
Quite through his brayne: He, tombling downe
on ground,
[shade Breach'd out his ghost, which, to th' infernall
Fast flying, there eternall torment found
For all the sines wherewith his lowd life did abound.

Which when his german saw, the stony feare
Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd;
Ne thenecorth life ne corage did appeare
But, as a man whom heellish feendes have frayd,
Long trembling still he stoode; at last thus sayd;
"Traytour, what hast thou done? Now ever may
Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayd

XXXVII. 3. — the red blood rayle.] To rait is often
used by Spenser for to flow. Tood.
XXXVII. 5. For very felsense loud he gan to wepe.] He
gan to cry aloud for very firencesse. Tood.
XXXVIII. 7. [haecqueton] A jacket without sleeves,
according to the Glossary in Urry's Chaucer; more pro-
perly, the stuffed jacket worn under the armour. Tood.
XL. 4. — so well as he it ought! That is, So well
as the owner of it could have used it. Church.
XLVI. 2. — engoure.] From en and gore, to pierce, to
prick, to make bloody or gory. Upton.
XLVII. 2. — appouched?] Gnaured or impeached. Tood.
XLVII. 6. haubergh] A coat of mail, without sleeves,
made of plate or of chain-mail. Tood.
XLVII. 1. — renfierst] Reinforced, again made fierce
and bold. Upton.
XLVIII. 3. — burganet.] Fr. Bourgigneote, a Spanish
murrion, or steel headpiece. Church.
XLVIII. 1. his german] His brother. Tood.
Against that Knight! Harrow and well away!
After so wicked deed why liv'st thou longer day?

With that all desperate, as loathing light,
And with revenge desiring soon to dye,
Assembling all his force and utmost might,
With his own sword he fierce at him did flye,
And strooke, and found, and hast outragiously,
Without reason or regard. Well knew
The Prince, with patience and sufferance sly,
So hardy heat some coed to subdue:
Tho, when this breathlesse woxe, that battle gan renew.

As when a windy tempest bloweth hys,
That nothing may withstand his stormy stoure,
The blowes, as thinges affrayd, before him flye;
But, all so soone as his outrageous powre
Is haid, they fiercely then begin to showe;
And, as in scorn of his spent stormy spight,
Now all attone their malece forth do poure:
So did Prince Arthur beare himselfe in fight,
And suffered rash Pyrochles waste his ydle might.

At last whenas the Sarazin perceiv'd
How that strange sword refused to serve his neede,
But, when he stroke most strong, the dint deceiv'd;
He flung it from him; and, devoyd of dread,
Upon him lightly leaping without heed
Twixt his two mighty armes encompass fast,
Thinking to overthrowe and downe him tend;
But him in strength and skill the Prince surpast,
And through his nimble sleight did under him down cast.

Nought booted it the Paynim then to strive;
For as a bittern in the eagles clawe,
That may not hope by flight to scape alive,
Still wastes for death with dread and trembling ray;
So he, now subject to the victours law,
Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,
For vile disdainne and rancour, which did gnaw
His hart in twaine with sad melancholy;
As one that leaseth life, and yet despytsd by d.

But, full of princely bounty and great mind,
The Conqueror nought cared him to slay;
But, casting wronges and all revenge behind,
More glory thought to give life then decay,
And sayd; "Paynim, this is thy dismally day;
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscarance,
And my trew liegeman yield thyselfe for ay,
Life will I grant thee for thy valianc;
And all thy wronges will wipe out of my sove-

"Foole," sayd the Pagan, "I thy gift defye;
But use thy fortune, as it doth bethall;
And say, that I not overcome doe dye,
But in despight of life for death do call.
Wroth was the Prince, and sory yet withall,
That he so wilfully refused grace;
Yet, sith his fate so cruellly did fall,
His shining helmet he gan some unlace,
And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

By this, Sir Guyon from his tramece awak't,
Life having mastered her senceless foe;
And looking up, whenas his shield he lakt
And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe:
But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
Had lost, he by him spylde, right glad he grew,
And said; "Deare Sir, whom wandering to fro
I long have lackt, I joy thy face to vew!" Furse is thy faith, whom danger never fro me drew.

"But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
Of my good sword and shield?" The Palmer glad
With so fresh hew uprysing him to see,
Him answered; "Fayre sonne, be no whit sad
For want of weapons; they shall soone be had,
So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
Which that strange Knight for him sustained had,
And those two Sarazins confoundated late,
Whose carcasses on ground were horribly prostrate.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,
His hart with great affection was embayed,
And to the Prince, with bowing reverence dow,
As to the patron of his life, thus sayd:
"My Lord, my Liege, by whose most gratious nyd
I live this day, and see my foes subdow,
What may suffice to be for meede repayd
Of so great graces as ye have me shewed,
But to be ever bound"—

To whom the Infant thus; "Fayre Sir, what need
Good turnes be counted, as a servile bond,
To bind their doers to receive their med?
Are not all Knightes by oath bound to withstand
Oppressours powre by armes and puissant bond?
Suffise, that I have done my dew in place."
So goodly purpose they together fond
Of kindnesse and of courteous agrace;
The white false Archimage and Atin fled apace.

With his owne sword] With the Prince's own sword Mordacoe. Church.
Tho, when this breathlesse woxe, that battle gan renew.] Then, when this Paynim grew breathlesse, that Prince renewed battle. Upton.
That strange sword] That is, the sword that was not his own. Church.
But, when he stroke most strong, the dint deceived.] The impression made by the sword, or force with which he stroke, deceived him: for it did not wound its true master. Upton.
CANTO IX.

The House of Temperance, in which
Both sober Alcimus,
Desired of many foes, whom strangu-
er Knights to fight compel;

I.

Of all Gods workes, which doe this world adorn,
There is no one more faire and excellent
Than is mans body, both for powre and forme,
Whiles it is kept in sober government;
But none then it more foule and indecent,
Distempered with mirev and passions base;
It grows a monsttre, and incontinent,
Both lose his dignity and native grace:
Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

II.

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The Briton Prince receyving his stolne sword,
And Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth passed on their way in fayre accord,
Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord;
"Sir Knight, note 1 of you this court'sy read,
To weet why on your shield, so godlyy seord,
Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?
'full lively is the semblant, though the substance dead."

III.

"Fayre Sir," sayd he, "if in that picture deerd
Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew;
What note ye weene, if the trew lively-head
Of that most glorious visage ye did vew!
But ye the beauty of her mind ye knew,
That is, her bounty, and imperill powre,
Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew,
Of how great wonder would your thoughts devour,
And infinite desire into your spirite pour.

IV.

"She is the mighty Queen of Faery,
Whose faire retrait in my shield doe beare;
Shee is the flower of grace and chastity,
Throughout the world renowned far and near,
My Life, my Liege, my Soveraine, my Deare,
Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
And with her light the earth lumines cleare;
Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,
As well in state of peace, as preissance in warre."

V.

"Thrice happy man," said then the Briton Knight,
"Whom gracious bost and thyt great valiancye
Have made thee soldier of that Princessse bright,
Which with her bounty and glad conteemuerence
Doth bless her servants, and them high advance!
How may strange height hope ever to aspire,
By faithfull service and meete amenderence,
Unto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
For losse of thousand lives, to die at her desire."

VI.

Said Guyon, "Noble Lord, what need so great,
Or grace of earthly Prince so soveraine,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and eazily attaine!
But were your will her sold to entertaine,
And numbrd he amongst Knights of Maydenhed,
Great gueorden, well I wote, should you remaine,
And in her favor high bee reckoned,
As Artheall and Sophy now becne honored."

VII.

"Certes," then said the Prince, "I God awow,
That sith I armes and knighdhood first did plight,
My whole desire hath becne, and yet is now,
To serve that Queene with al my powre and might.
Now hath the sunne with his lamp-burning light
Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,
Sith of that Goddesse I have sought the sight,
Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
Heven doth to me eyvy and fortune favourable."

VIII.

"Fortune, the foc of famous cheuirane,
Seldom," said Guyon, "yields to vertue aile,
But in her way throwes mischicfe and mischaine,
Whereby her course is stoppt and passage staid.
But you, faire Sir, be not herewith dismayd,
But constant kepe the way in which ye stand;
Which were it not that I am els delaid
With hard adventure, which I have in hand,
I labour would to guide you through al Fary land."

IX.

"Grace andy Sir," said he; "but mote I weecte
What strange adventure doe ye now pursew?
Perhaps my succour or advizement meete
Mote stayd 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
From Faery Court. So talked they, the whiles
They wasted had much way, and measured many miles.

X.

And now fawe Phoebus gan decline in haste
His weary wagon to the westerne vale.
Whenas they spide a goodly Castle, plaste
Forcby a river in a pleasant dale;
Which choosing for that evenings hospitele,
They thether marcht; but when they came in
And from their sweaty courseres did avale, [sight,
They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
And every loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

XI.

Which when they saw, they weened howe reproch
Was to them done, their entrance to forstall;
Till that the Squire gan nigher to approach,
And wind his horn under the Castle wall,
That with the noise it shooke as it would fail.
Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire
The Watch, and lowd unto the Knights did call,
To weette what they so rudely did require:
Who gently answered, They entrance did desire.

19. — in this place.] That is, in the opposite charac-
ers of Prince Arthur and the Two Brethren. Curch.

1. — of famous cheuirane.] Cheuirane is
enterprise, from the Fr. cheuirane. Topp.

4. — aile.] Come down, diamound. Fr. acaller
Topp.

5. — to receive her pay.] Fr. solde, a soldeys pay. Curch.

8. — veniente.] Fr. veniente. Topp.

"Fly fly, good Knights," said he, "fly fast away, If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should; Fly fast, and save yourselves from neare decay; Here may ye not have entrance, though we would: We would and would againe, if that we could; But thousand enemies about us rave, And with long siege us in this Castle hound; Seven yeares this wise they us besieged have, And many good Knights slaine that have us sought to save."

Thus as he spoke, loe! with outrageous cry A thousand villains round about them swarm'd Out of the rocks and caves adjoyning nye; Vile cai'tive wretches, ragged, rude, deform'd, All threatening death, all in strange manner arm'd; Some with unweldy clubs, some with long speares, Some rusty knives, some staves in fier warm'd; Sterne was their looke; like wild amazed steares, Staring with hollow eies, and stiffe upstanding heares.

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, Unable their encounter to sustaine; For with such powerfull and impetuous maine Those Champions broke on them, that first they fled, Like scattered sheepe, whenas the shepheard A lion and a tigre doth espy [swaine With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nye.

A while they fled, but soone return'd againe With greater fury then before was found; And evermore their cruell Capitaine [rrownd, Sought with his raskall routs to enclose them And overcom't to tread them to the ground; But soone the Knights with their bright-burning blades [drawnd, Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confound; Hewing and slashing at their idle shades; For though they bodics seem, yet subsistance from them fades.

As when a swarme of gnats at eventide Out of the fenes of Allan doe arise, Their murmuring small trumpets sownden wide, While's in the aire their chusing army flies, That as a cloud doth scene to dimm the skies; Ne man nor beast may rest or take repast For their sharp:e wounds and noyous injuries, Till the fierce northern wind with bursting blast Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean cast.

Thus when they had that troublesome rout dispers't, Unto the Castle gate they come againe, And entrance croy'd, which was denied erst. Now when report of that their perrous paine, And combrous conflict which they did sustaine,

Came to the Ladies care which there did dwell, Shee forth iss. wed with a goodly traine, Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well, And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

Alma she called was; a Virgin bright, That had not yet felt Cupides wanton rage; Yet was shee wond' of many a gentle Knight, And many a Lord of noble parentage, That sought with her to lincke in marriage: For shee was faire, as faire mote ever bee, And in the flore now of her freshest age; Yet full of grace and goodly modestee, That even heven reloyed her sweete face to see.

In robe of lilie white she was arrayd, That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught; The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd, Braunched with gold and perlre most richly wrought; And borne of two faire damsels which were taught That service well: Her yellow golden heare Was trunmly wornen and in tresses wrought, No other tire she on her head did weare, But crownd with a garland of sweete rosierc.

Goodly shee entertain'd those noble Knights, And brought them up into her Castle hall; Where gentle court and gracious delight Shee to them made, with mildnesse virginall, Shewing herselfe both wise and liberall. There when they rested had a season dew, They her bountie of favour special Of that faire Castle to afford them vew: Shee granted; and, them leading forth, the same did shew.

First she them led up to the Castle wall, That was so high as fee might not it clime, And all so faire and feysable withall; Not built of brique, ne yet of stone and lime, But of thing like to that Egyptian slime, Whereof King Nine whileone built Babell towre But O great pitty, that no longer time So goodly workmanship should not endure! Soone it must turnne to earth: No earthly thing is sure

The frame thereof second partly circulate, And part triangulare; O worke divine! Those two the first and last proportions are; The one imperfect, mortall, feminine; Th' other immortal, 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 compac'ted made a goodly diapase.

Therinc two gates were placed seemly well: The one before, by which all in did pass; Did th' other far in workmanship excell; For not of wood, nor of enduring bras, But of more worthy substance fram'd it was:

Alma] That is, The Mind. CHURCH.
Rose-tree. CHURCH.
Doubly dispar'd, it did looke and close,
That, when it lecked, none might thorough pas,
And, when it opened, no man might it close;
Still opened to their friends, and closed to their foes.

Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,
Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,
Then iet or marble far from Ireland brought:
Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
Enchaished with a wanton yvie twine:
And over it a fayre portcullis hung,
Which to the gate directly did incline
With comely compass and comapcture strong,
Nether unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

Within the barbiean a Porter sate,
Day and night dely keepyng watch and ward;
Nor wight nor word mote passe out of the gate,
But in good order, and with deow regard;
Utterers of secrets he from thence debard,
Babblers of folly, and blazers of cryme:
His barum-beil might lowd and wyde be hard
When cause requyrd, but never out of time;
Early and late it rong, at evenyng and at prime.

And round about the porch on every syde
Twayne sixtene Warders satt, all armed bright
In glistening steely, and strongly fortifyd:
Tall yeomen seemed they and of great might,
And were encumrung ready stilly for fight.
By them as alma passed with her guestes,
They did cheyssance, as beseeemd right,
And then again returned to their restes:
The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gestes.

Thence she them brought into a stately hall,
Wherein were many tables fayre dispred,
And ready dight with drapets festivally.
Against the viandes should be ministred.
At th' upper end there sate, yelad in red
Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
That in his hand a white rod menagd;
He Steward was, hight Diet; type of age,
And in demayne sober, and in counsel sage.

And through the hall there walked to and fro
A lolly yeoman, Marshall of the same,
Whose name was Appetito; he did bestow
Both guestes and mante, whenever in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the steward badd. They both attone
Did dewty to their Lady, as became;
Who, passing by, forth ledd her guestes anone
Into the kitchen ronwe, ne spard for niceness none.

It was a vaut ybuilt for great dispence,
With many ranges reard along the wall,
And one great chimney, whose long tumell thence
The smoke forth threw; And in the midst of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall
Upon a mightie fornace, burning whott;
More whott then Actus, or flaming Mongiball:
For day and night it breet, ne ceased not,
So long as anything it in the caudron gott.

But to delay the heat, least by mischance
It might breake out and set the whole on fyre.
There added was by goodly ordinarie
An huge great pyre of hollewes, which did styre
Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.
About the caudron many Cookes accoyld
With hookes and ladles, as need did requyre;
The whyles the viandes in the vessell boyld,
They did about their business sweat, and sorely toyled.

The maister Cooke was caled Concoconce;
A carefull man, and full of comely guise:
The kitchin Clerke, that hight Digestion,
Did order all th' aleiates in seemly 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.

But all the liquor, which was fowle and waste,
Not good nor serviceable elles for ought,
They in another great round vessell plaste,
Till by a conduite pipe it thence were brought,
And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,
By secret wayes, that none might it espyp,
Was close contrin, and to the backgatre brought,
That elapsed was Fort Esquiline, whereby
It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

Which goodly order and great workmen skill
Whenas those Knightes beheld, with rare delight
And gazeing wonder they their mindest did fill;
For never had they scene so strange a sight.
Thence backe againe faire Alma led them right;
And soone into a goodly parlour brought,
That was with royall arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrahed nor wrought;
Not wrought nor pourtrahed, but casie to be thought:

And in the midst thereof upon the floura
A lovely bevy of faire Ladies sate,
Courted of many a lolly paramoure,
And each one sought his Lady to aggrae:

7. More what then Actus? or blazing Mongiball: | Actua, or, as it is likewise called, Montgiblet. Or is not a disjunctive particle. Upton.

xix. 1. — barbiean] The watch-tower, generally meaning a strong and lofty wall with turrets, intended for the defence of the gate and drawbridge of the old castles. Todd.


xix. 1. — dispence.] Consumption. He useth it for expense. F. Q. II. xii. 42. Church.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

And eke amongst them little 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.

Diverse delights they fownd themselves to please;
Some song in sweet consort: some laught for joy;
Some plaid with strawes: some ydly satt at ease;
But other some could not abide to toy,
All pleasure was to them griefe and annoy:
This round: that fauned: the third for shame did
Another seemed envious, or coy;
In her teeth did gnaw a rush:
But at these strangers presence every one did hush.

Somne as the gracious Alma came in place,
They all atonce out of their scales arose,
And to her homage made with humble grace:
Whom when the Knights beheld, they gan dispose
Themselves to court, and cuch a damzell chose:
The Prince by chance did on a Lady light,
That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
But somewhat sad and solemnke eke in sight,
As if some pensive thought constrainht her gentle spight.

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
Was frettet all about, she was arayd;
And in her hand a poplar branch did hold:
To whom the Prince in courteous manner sayd;
"Gente Madame, why beene ye thus dismayd,
And your faire beautie doe with sadnes spill it?
Lives any that you hath thus ill apayd?
Or doen you love, or doen you lack your will?
Whatever be the cause, it sure bescomes you ill!"

"Fayre Sir," said she, halfe in disdainful wise,
"How is it that this word in me ye blame,
And in your selfe doe not the same advise?
Him ill bescomes another fault to name,
That may unwares be blotted with the same:
Pensive I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
Through great desire of glory and of fame;
Ne ought I weene are ye therein behynth,
That have twelve months sought One, yet no where
can Her find?"

The Prince was inly moved at her spech,
Well weeting trew what she had rashly told:
Yet with faire semblannt sought to hyde the breach,
Which change of colour did perfurce unfold,
Now seeming flaming whozt, now stony cold:
Tho, turning soft aside, he did inquyre
What wight she was that poplar braunche did hold:
It answered was, her name was Prays-desire,
That by well doing sought to honour to asypre.

The whiles the Faery Knight did entertaine
Another Damzell of that gentle crew,
That was right fayre and modest of demeane,
But that too oth she changeth her native hev:

Strange was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
Close round about her tuckt with many a plight:
Upon her fist the bird, which shonmeth view
And keepest in covert close from living wight,
Did sitt, as yet ashamd how rude Pan did her sight.

So long as Guyon with her commund,
Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
And ever anone with rosy red
The basfull blood her snowy cheekes did dye,
That her became, as polisht ivory
Which cunning craftsmen hand hath overlaid
With fayre vermillion or pure castory.
Great wonder had the Knight to see the Mayd
So straunge passioned, and to her gently sayd:

"Fayre Damzell, seemyth 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 praye;
But, if ought else that I mote not devyse,
I will, if please you it discoure, assay
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may."

She answerd nought, but more abash for shame
Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face
The flashing blood with blushes did inflame,
And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
That Guyon mervayld at her uncoth face;
Till Alma him bespake; "Why wonder yee,
Faire Sir, at that which ye so much embrace?
She is the fountaine of your modestee;
You shamesastare, but Shamefastnes it selfe is eche."

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 goody game
Themselves did solace each one with his Dame,
Till that great Lady thence away them sought
To vew her Castles other wondrous frame:
Up to a stately turret she then brought,
Ascending by ten steps of alabaster wrought.

That turrets frame most admirable was,
Like highest heaven compassed around,
And liftid high above this earthly masse,
Which it surved, as hils doon lower ground:
But not on ground mote like to this be found;
Not that, which antique Cadmus whylome built
In Thebes, which Alexander did confound;
Nor that proud towre of Troy, though richly guilt,
From which yong Hectors blood by cruelle Greekes
was spilt.

The roffe hereof was arched over head,
And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily:
Two goodly beacons, set in watches stead,
Therein gave light, and flamd continually:

The roofe hereof was arched over head,
And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily:
Two goodly beacons, set in watches stead,
Therein gave light, and flamd continually:

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2. rashly] At a venture, that is, without knowing that she spake true. Church.
For they of living fire most subtly
Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
Cover'd with lids deviz'd of substance sly,
That readyly they shut and open might.
O, who can tell the praisys of that Makers might!

XLII.
Ne can I tell, nor can I stay to tell,
This partes great workmanship and wondrous
That all this other worlds worke doth excell,
And likest is unto that heavenly towre
That God hath build for his owne blessed bowre.
Therein were divers rownes, and divers stages;
But three the chiefest and of greatest powre,
In which there dwelt three honorable Sages,
The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their ages.

XLVIII.
Not he, whom Grecce, the nourse of all good arts,
By Phoebus doome the wisest thought alive,
Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
Nor that sage Pylian syre, which did survive
Three ages, such as mortal men contrive,
By whose advise old Prians citty fell,
With these in praise of polices mote strive.
These three in these three rownes did sondry dwell,
And counselled faire Alma how to govern well.

XLIX.
The First of them could things to come foresee;
The Next could of things present best advise;
The Third things past could keep in memorie:
So that no time nor reason could arize,
But that the same could one of these comprize.
Forth the First did in the forcpart sit,
That ought mote hinder his quicke prudence;
He had a sharp foresight and working wit
That never idle was, ne once would rest a whit.

L.
His chamber was dispainted all within
With sondry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of things dispersel thin;
Some such as in the world were never yet;
Ne can devized be of mortall wit;
Some daily scene and knownen by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies do li;
Infernal hags, centaurs, fiddles, hippocdames,
Apes, Lyons, eagles, owles, fools, lovers, children, dames.

LII.
And all the chamber filled was with fieses
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound
That they encombered all menes cares and eyes;
Like many swarmes of bees assembled round,
After their lives with honey do abound.
All those were idle Thoughtes and Fantasies,
Devices, Dreames, Opinions unsound,
Showes, Visions, Sooth-sayes, and Prophesies;
And all that fained is, as Leasings, Tales, and Lies.

LVI. [Covered with lids devis'd of substance sly. sly
is here used in the sense of thin, fin. Turn.
Spenser abounds with Latinisms, which makes me think that contrive may be from counter to; weaer out. Jortin.

LX. [The First of them &c. The allegorical persons here spoken of, are Imagination, Judgement, Memory.
Church.


LIII. [There sat a Man] The Judgement. Church.

LIV. [see.] Exchange. Church.
Amidst them all he in a chariot was set,
Tossing and turning them without end;
But for he was unhable them to fett,
A little Boy did on him still attend.
To reach, whenever he for ought did send;
And oft when things were lost, or laid amis,
That Boy them sought and unto him did lend:
Therefore he Amannestes cleft is;
And that Old Man Eunnestes, by their propertis.

The Knights there after did his reverence dwel,
And wondred at his endless exercise.
Then as they gan his library to view,
And antique regesters for to avise,
There chanced to the Princes hand to rize
An auncient booke, hight Briton Monuments,
That of this lands first conquest did devize,
And old division into regiments,
Till it reduced was to one mans governements.

Sir Guyon chaunst eke on another booke,
That hight Antiquities of Fairy Land:
In which whenas he greedily did looke,
Th’ offspring of Elives and Fairyes there he found,
As it delivered was from hole to hond;
Whereat they, burning both with fervent fire
Their Countreyes Annecstry to understand,
Cra’v’d leave of Alma and that aged Sire
To read those bookes; who gladly granted their desire.

CANTO X.

A Chronicle of Briton Kings,
From Brutus to Uthers rayne;
And Rolls of Elfin Empereours,
Till time of Gloriane.

Who now shall give unto me words and sound
Equall unto this haughty enterprise!
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from
My lowly verse may loftily arise,
[ground
And lift itselfe unto the highest skyes?
More ample spirit than hetherto was wont
Here needes me, whiles the famous Annecstryes
Of my most dreaded Sovereigne I recount,
By which all earthly Princes she doth far surmount.

Ne under sunne that shines so wide and faire,
Whence all that lives does borrow life and light,
Lives ought that to her Lineage may compare;

LVIII. 3. But for[ ] But because. CHURCH.
LVIII. 8. Therefore he Amannestes cleft is;
And that Old Man Eunnestes, by their properties.
These two are known “by their properties.”
The old man, being of infinite remembrance, was hence called
Eunnestes, from in bene and memoriae, annnemnisse. And the boy, that attended on this old man
was called Eamannestes, from amanuensis or annnemniss. rei
Inmortalis, recorder. UPTON.
LIX. 4. ——-assive.] To look upon. CHURCH.
LIX. 6. Briton Monuments.] That is, Briton’s monuments, or, the Antiquities of Britain. CHURCH.
LIX. 8. And old division into regiments.] That is, independent governments. UPTON.

Which though from earth it be derived right,
Yet doth itselfe stretch forth to heavens hight,
And all the world with wonder oversprede;
A labor huge, exceeding far my might!
How shall fable pen, with fear disparaged.
Conceive such soveraine glory and great bounty hed!

III. Argument worthy of Maecian quill;
Or rather worthy of great Phoebus rote,
Whereon the ruinis of great Ossa hill,
And triumphes of Phlegrean love, he wrote,
That all the gods admird his lofty note.
But, if some relish of that hevenly 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.

Thy name, O soveraine Queene, thy realm, and race,
From this renowned Prince derived arre,
Who mightily upheld that royall mace
Which now thou hast, to thee descending farre
From mighty kings and conquerours in warre,
Thy fathers and great-grandfathers of old,
Whose noble deeds above the northern starre
Inmortal Fame for ever hath eurol;
As in that Old Mans booke they were in order told.

The Land which warlike Britons now posess,
And, therein have their mighty empire raynd,
In antike times was salvadge wilderness,
Unpeopled, unmanurted, unprovid, unprayed;
Ne was it island then, ne was it paysd
Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought
Of merchants farre for proffits therein praysd;
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to have bene from the Celticke mayn-land
brought.

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,
Till that the venturous mariner that way
Learning his slip from those white rocks to save,
Which all along the southerne sea-coast lay
Threatning unheedy wreckes and rash decay;
For safety that same his sea-marke made,
And nam’d it Albion: But later day,
Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
Can more the same frequent, and further to invade

But far in land a salvadge nation dwelt
Of hideous giants, and halfe-beasty men,
That never tasted grace, nor godnesse felt;
But wild like beasts 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;
Of stature huge, and eke of corage bold,
That somes of men amazd their sternesse to behold

III. 2. rote.] A musical instrument. TODD.
V. 5. payss!] Poised. Fr. peser. To poise is thus used in Scotland. TODD.
VI. 7. Albion.] So called from the white rocks. CHURCH.
Borne of faire Imogene of Italy;
Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,
And Loaring left chief lord of Britany.
At last ripe age had him surrender late
His life, and long good fortune, unto final fate.

Loaring was left the soveraine lord of all;
But Albanian had all the northerne part,
Which of himselfe Alania he did call;
And Cumber did possess the westerne quarte,
Which Scone now from Logris doth depart:
And each his portion peaceably enjoyed.
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
That once their quiet government annoyd;
But each his paynes to others profit still employed.

Untill a Nation straung, with visage swart
And corage fierce that all men did affray,
Which through the world then swarmed in every
And overflown all countries far away, [part,
Like Noyes great flood, with their importune
This Land invaded with like violence away,
And did themselves through all the north displaie:
Untill that Loaring for his Realmes defence,
Did head against them make and strong munificence.

He them encountred, a confused rout,
Forthly the river that thyrmose was bight
The ancient Abus, where with courage stout
He them defeated in victorious flight,
And chaste so fiercely after fearfull flight,
That forst their chiefetain, for his safeties sake,
(Their chiefetain Humber named was aright.)
Unto the mighty streame he letake,
Where he an end of battlell and of life did make.

The King returned proud of victory,
And insolent won through unwonted ease,
That shortly he forgot the jeopardy,
Which in his Land he lately did appease,
And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:
He lov'd faire Ladie Estrild, loudly lov'd,
Whose wanton pleasureshim too much did please,
That quite his hart from Guendolenes remov'd,
From Guendolene his wife, though alwaies faithful
ful prov'd.

The noble daughter of Corniues
Would not endure to bee so vile disdained,
But, gathering force and corage valorous,
Encountred him in battlell well ordained,
In which him vanquished she to fly constraind:
But she so fast pursuad, that him she tooke
And threw in lands, where he till death remaind:
As his faire leman flying through a brooke
She overhent, nought moved with herpiteous look.

THE FAERIE QUEENE.
[BOOK II.

But whence they sprung, or how they were begott,
Un cathe is to assure; uncathe to wone.
That monstrous errour which doth some assott,
That Diocletianes fifty daughters and fifty shoon
Into this Land by chance have driven bene;
Where, comparing with feends and filthy sprights
Through vain illusion of their last unclene,
They brought forth geants, and such dreadful wights.

As far exceeeded men in their immeasur'd mights.

They held this Land, and with their filthinesse
Folliished this same gentle soyle long time;
That their owne mother hated her beastliness,
And gan abhorre her brood unkindly crime:
All were they borne of her owne native slime:
Until that Brutus, anciently deriv'd
From roiall stocke of old Assaracse line,
Driven by fatal error here arriv'd,
And them of their unjust possession depriv'd.

But ere he had established his throne,
And spred his empire to the utmost shore,
He fought great battlees with his salvage foe;
In which he them defeated evermore,
And many giants left on groning thore;
That well can witness yet unto this day,
The western Hogh, besprinckled with the gore
Of mighty Gornet, whom in stout fray
Corinues conquered, and cruelly did slay.

And eke that ample pitt, yet far renown'd
For the large leaque which Debon did compel
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of ground,
Into the which returning backe he fell:
But those three monstrous stones doe most excell,
Which that huge some of hideous Albion,
Whose father Heracles in Francon did quell,
Great Gommer threw, in fierce contention,
At bold Caunus; but of him was slaine anon.

In meed of these great conquests by them gott,
Corinues had that province utmost west
To him assigned for his worthy lott,
Which of his name and memorable jest
He called Corwalue, yet so called best:
And Debons shaye was, that is Devonshyre:
But Canute had his portion from the rest,
The which he called Caumans, for his hyre:
Now Caumans, which Kent we commonly inquyre.

Thus Brutus this Realme unto his rule subdewd,
And raigned long in great felicite,
Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes eschewd:
He left three sons, his famous progeny,
xix.

But both herselfe, and eke her daughter deare
 Begotten by her kingly paramount,
 The faire Sabrina, almost dead with feare,
 She there attacted, far from all succoure:
 The one she slew upon the present floor;
 But the sad virgin innocent of all
 Adowne the rolling river she did passe,
 Which of her name now Severne men do call:
 Such was the end that to disoboyall love did fall.

xx.

Then for her sonne, which she to Locrin bore,
 (Madan was young, unmeet the rule to sway,)
 In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
 Till riper years he taught and stronger stay:
 During which time her powre she did display
 Through all this Realme, the glory of her sex,
 And first taught men a woman to obey:
 But, when her sonne to mans estate did wex,
 She it surrendered, ne her selfe would lenger vexe.

xxi.

The Madan raigned, unworthy of his race;
 For with all shame that sacred throne he did.
 Next Memprise, as unworthy of that place,
 In which being consorted with Manild,
 For thirst of single kingdom him he kild.
 But Ebraneck salved both their infamies
 With noble deedes, and warreved on Bruencheld
 In Henault, where yet of his victories
 Brave monuments remaine, which yet that land envies.

xxii.

An happy man in his first days 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 twenty sonnes, which did apply
 Their minudes to prayse and chevalrous desire:
 Those germans did subdew all Germany,
 Of whom it hight; but in the end their syre
 With foule repulse from France was forced to retyre.

xxiii.

Which blott his sonne succeeding in his seat,
 The second Brute, the second both in name
 And eke in semblance of his puissance great,
 Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
 With recompence of everlasting fame:
 He with his victour sword first open'd
 The bowels of wide France, a forlorne Dame,
 And taught her first how to be conquered;
 Since which, with sondrie spoiles she hath been
 ransacked.

xxiv.

Let Scaldis tell, and let tell Hania,
 And let the marsh of Estambique tell,
 What colour were their waters that same day,
 And all the moore twixt Eversham and Deil,
 With blood of Henalois which therein fell.
 How oft that day did sad Bruchildis see
 The greene shield dyde in dolorous vermell

xix. 5. — upon the present floor: That is, upon the spot. Tooe.
xx. 2. — the rule to sway: Rule is here used for coron, as in st. 66. The sense is thus perspicuous: Madan was young, unfit to sway the realm. Tooe.

xxv.

His sonne king Leill, by fathers labour long,
 Enjoyd an heritage of lasting peace,
 And built Cairkeil, and built Cairlecon strong.
 Next Huddibras his realme did not encrease,
 But taught the Land from wearie wars to cease.
 Whose footsteps Bladud following, in arres
 Excelde at Athens all the learned preace,
 From whence he brought them to these salvage parts,
 And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne hurts.

xxvi.

Ensample of his wondrous facultie,
 Behold the boyling bathes at Cairbadon,
 Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
 And in their entrails, full of quick brimston,
 Nourish the flames which they are warmed upon,
 That to their people wealth they forth do well,
 And health to every forreynye nation:
 Yet he at last, contending to excell
 fell.
 The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief

xxvii.

Next him king Leyr in happie peace long reigned,
 But had no issue male him to succeed,
 But three faire daughters, which were well uprained
 In all that seemed fitt for kindly seed;
 Mongst whom his Realme he equally deended To have divided: Tho, when feelebe age
 Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
 He cald his daughters, and with speeches sage
 Inquired, which of them most did love her parentage.

xxvii.

The eldest Gonorill gan to protest,
 That she much more than her owne life him lov'd;
 And Regan greater love to him professed
 Then all the world, whenever it were proof'd;
 But Cordell said she lov'd him as behoov'd:
 Whose simple answere, wanting colours fayre
 To paint it forth, him to displeasance mooved;
 That in his crown he counted her no hayre,
 But twixt the other twain his Kingdom whole did shayre.

xxviii.

So wedded th' one to Maglan king of Scottes,
 And th' other to the king of Cambria,
 And twixt them shayned his Realme by equall lotes;
 But, without dowre, the wise Cordelia
 Was sent to Aganip of Celtina:
 Their aged syre, thus cased of his crowne,
 A private life led in Albania
 With Gonorill, long had in great renowne,
 That nought him griev'd to beene from rule depos'd downe.

xxx.

But true it is that, when the oyle is spent,
The light goes out, and wecke is throwne away;

xxiv. 9. But rather xe.] The sense is, Insomuch that it might then not so properly have been called "scath with guirdle," green shield, as "y scath with gogh," The red shield. Curnow.
xxvi. 6. That to their people wealth they forth do well; Forth do well, i. e. pour forth. Uranus.
So, when he had resign'd his regiment,
His daughter gan despise his drooping day,
And wearie wax of his continuall stay:
Tho to his daughter Regan he repayed,
Who him at first well used ev'ry way;
But, when of his departure she despayed,
Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayed.

XXXI.
The wretched man gan then arise too late,
That love is not where most it is profest;
Too truely tryde in his extremeast state!
At last, resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,
He to Cordelia himselfe address'd,
Who with entyre affection he receav'd,
As for her syre and king her seemed best;
And after all an army strong she leav'd, [reav'd.]
To war on those which him had of his Realme be-

XXXII.
So to his crowne she him restor'd againe;
In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
And after wild it should to her remaine:
Who peaceably the same long time did weld,
And all mens harts in dow obedience held;
Till that her sisters children, woken strong,
Through proud ambition against her rebell,
And overcommen kept in prison long,
Till weary of that wretched life herselfe she hong.

XXXIII.
Then gan the bloody brethren both to mine:
But fierce Cundah gan shortly to enry
His brother Morgan, prickt with proud disdain;
To have a pere in part of sovereigntie;
And, kindling coales of cruel enmy'ty,
Rais'd warre, and him in battle overthrow:
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 equal knew.

XXXIV.
His sonne Rivall' his dead crowne did supply;
In whose sad time blood did from heaven rayne.
Next great Gurgustus, then faire Cecily,
In constant peace their kin'domes did containe.
After whom Lago, and Kinmarke did rayne,
And Gorbogad, till far in years he grow'd:
Then his ambitious sonnes unto them twayne
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew;
Stout Ferrex and sterne Porrex in prison throw.

XXXV.
But O! the greedy thirst of roayl crowne,
That knowes no khedre, 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 mercilessse,
Most mercilessse of women, Wyden hight;
Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
And with most cruel hand him murdred pittlesse.

XXXVI.
Here ended Brutus sacred progeny,
Which had seven hundred years this scepter
With high renowne and great felicity:
[borne

The noble branch from th' antique stocke was borne
Through discord, and the roiall throne forborne.
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 glorious ancients.

XXXVII.
Then up arose a man of matchlesse might,
And wondrous wit to manage high affayres,
Who, stirr'd with pitty of the stressed plight
Of this sad Realme, cut into soundly shayres
By such as chayned themselves Brutus rightfull
Gathered the princes of the people base [hayres,
To take counsel of their common cares;
Who, with his wisdom won, him straights did choose,
Their King, and swore him fealty to win or lose.

XXXVIII.
Then made he head against his enimies,
And Ymer slow of Logris miscreate;
Then Ruddoc and proud Sater, both allyes,
This of Albany newly nominate,
And that of Cambry king confirmed late,
He overthrow through his owne valiancie;
Whose countries he reduc'd to quiet state,
And shortly brought to civile governance,
Now one, which earst were many made through variance.

XXXIX.
Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say
Were unto him reveal'd in vision;
By which he freed the travellers high-way,
The churches part, and ploughmans portion,
Restraining stealth and strong extortion;
The gracious Numa of great Britayne;
For, till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
By strength was wieldsd without pollicy;
Therefore he first wroth crowne of gold for dignity

XL.
Donwallo dyde, (for what may live for ay?)
And left two sonnes, of peerlesse prowess both
That sacked Rome too dearely did assay,
The recompence of their perfier'd oath; [wrest; And ransackt Greece well tryde, when they were
Besides subiected France and Germany,
Which yet their praise speake, all be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of Bremius and Belinus, kings of Britayne.

XLI.
Next them did Gurgunt, great Belinus sonne,
In rule succeede, and eke in fathers praise;
He Easterland subdewd, and Denmark wonne,
And of them both did hoy and tribute raise,
The which was dew in his dead fathers daies;
He also gave to fugitives of Spayne,
Whom he at sea found wandering from their waies,
A sente in Ireland safely to remayne, [layne.
Which they should hold of him as subject to Bri-

XLII.
After him raigned Guitheline his hayre,
The lustest man and trewest in his daies,

XXXVII 4. — Arraught.] Seized. Fr. arracher, to snatch or wrest. Todd.
Who had to wife Dame Mertia the hayre,
A woman worthy of immortal praise,
Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,
And wholesome statutes to her husband brought;
Her many deend to have bee of the Fayes,
As was Aegerie that Numa taught: [thought.
Those yet of her be Mertian lawes both nam'd and

Her some Sibillus after her did rayne:
And then Kimarua; and then Danius;
Next whom Moridius did the crowne sustayne;
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous
And cruell rancour din'd his valorous
And mightie deeds, should matched have the
As well in that same field victorious [best:
Against the foren Morans he exprest;
Yet lives his memorie, though carcass sleepe in rest,

Five sones he left begotten of one wife,
All which successively by turmes did rayne:
First Gorbonam, a man of vertuous life;
Next Archigald, who for his proud disdain
Deposed was from princevome soverayne,
And piteous Elduro put in his sted;
Who shortly it to him restor'd agayne,
Till by his death he it recovered;
But Peridure and Vigent him dischronized:

In wretched prison long he did remaine,
Till they out-raigned had their utmost date,
And then therein reseized was againe,
And ruled long with honorable state,
Till he surrendred realme and life to fate.
Then all the sones of these five brethren raiynd
By dew sucesse, and all their nephews late;
Even thyrse eleven descents the crowne retaynd,
Till aged Hely by dew heritace it gaynd.

He had two sones, whose eldest, called Lud,
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endlesse monuments of his great good:
The ruin'd wals he did recifice
Of Troyonvant, gaine strength of enimy,
And built that Gate which of his name is hight,
By which he lyes entomb'd solemnly:
He left two sones, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and Tanentius, pictures of his might.

Whilst they were young, Cassibane his eme
Was by the people chosen in their sted,
Who on him tooke the roiall diademe,
And goodly well long time it governed;
Till the prowde Romanes him disquieted,
And warlike Cesar, temptet with the name
Of this sweet island never conquered,
And envying the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion I hether came.

5. — layes.] Laws, for the rhyme's sake.

3. — reseized.] Had seizin or possession again;
reinstate in his kingdom. Upton.

7. — by dew success.] That is, by due succession;
in their due descents, as he expresseth it, st. 74. Church.

1. — their eme] Their uncle. Church.

Yet twise they were repulsed backe againe,
And twise renforst backe to their ships to fly:
The whiteis with blood they all the shore did
And the gray ocean into purple dy:
[staine,
Ne had they footing found at last perdie,
Had not Androgues, false to native soyle,
And ensious of his uncles soverantie,
Betrayd his country unto forenne spoyle. [foyle!
Nought els but treason from the first this land did

So by him Caesar got the victory,
Through great bloodshed and many a sad assay
In which himselfe was charged heavily
Of hardy Nennium, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.
Thenceforth this Land was tributarie made
Tambitious Rome, and did their rule obey,
Till Arthur all that reckoning deyard:
[sawyd
Yet off the Briton Kings against them strong!

Next him Tenantius raignd; then Kimbeline,
Went time th' Eternall Lord in fleshy slime
Enwombed was, from wretched Adams line
To purge away the guilt of sinful crime.
O joyous memorie of happy time,
That heavenly grace so plenteously displayed!
O too high ditty for my simple rime!

Soone after this the Romanes him warryd
For that their tribute he refused to let be payd.

Good Claudius, that next was Emperour,
An army brought, and with him bataille fought.
In which the King was by a treachetour
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought:
For Arvirage his brothers place supplie
Both in hisarmes and crowne, and by that draught
Did drive the Romanes to the weaker syde,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifide.

Was never King more highly magnifique,
Nor dredd of Romanes, than was Arvirage;
For which the Emperour to him allide
His daughter Genoiss in mariage;
Yet shortly he renounseth the vassallage
Of Rome againe, who hether hastily sent
Vespasion, that with great丰富多彩 and rage
Forwasted all, till Genoissa sent
Persuaded him to ceesse, and her lord to relent.

He die; 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

5. — enforst, I.e. forced, obliged. Church.

9. — foyle! Foli lhere significis to dekyt or conquer, as it also signifies, in F. Q. v. xx. 33, and in other places. Todd.

7. — by that draught] That is, by that resemblance, by the stratagem of putting on his Brother's armour.

5. — renforst] So all the editions. I think it should be enforst, i.e. forced, obliged. Church.

9. — foyle?] Foli here significis to dekyt or conquer, as it also signifies, in F. Q. v. xx. 33, and in other places. Todd.

7. — by that draught] That is, by that resemblance, by the stratagem of putting on his Brother's armour.

1.
Hither came Joseph of Arimathy, [say,]
Who brought with him the Holy Grable, (they
And I pracht the truth; but since it greatly did
decay.

This good King shortly without issue died,
Whereof great trouble in the Kingdome grew,
That did herselfe in sondry parts divide,
And with her powre her owne selfe overthrew,
Whilst Romane daily did the weake subdue:
Which seeing, stout Bundane up arose,
And taking armes the Britons to her drew;
With whom she marched straight against her foes,
And them unwares besides the Severne did enclose.

There with she them a cruell battell tryde,
Not with so good successe as shee deserv'd;
By reason that the captains on her syde,
Corrupted by Paulims, 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 than fly, or be captiv'd, herselfe she slew.

O famous monument of womens prayse!
Matchable either to Semiramis,
Whom antique history so high doth rayse,
Or to Hypsipil', or to Thomiris;
Her host two thousand thousand munred is;
Who, whiles good fortune favoured her might,
Triumphed oft against her enemiess;
And yet, though overcome in haplessse fight,
Shee triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

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 whom he did subdue.
Then gan Carusins tirannize anew,
And against the Romanes bent their proper powre;
But him Allectus treacherously slew,
And tooke on him the role of Emperoure:
Nathliesse the same enjoyed but short happy howre.

For Asclepiadate him overcame,
And left inglorious on the vanquish plate,
Without or robe or rag to hide his shame:
Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne;
But shortly was by Coyll in battell slaine;
Who after long debate, since Lucies tyme,
Was of the Britons first crownd Souveraine:
Then gan this Realme renew her passed prime:
He of his name Coylchester built of stone and lime.

Which when the Romanes heard, they hether sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whome King Coyll made an agreement,
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
Fayre Helen, the fairest living wight,
Who in all godly thewes and godly praise
Did far excell, but was most famous hight
For skill in musicke of all in her daies,
As well in curious instruments as cunning hies:

Of whome de did great Constantine begott,
Who afterward was emperour of Rome;
To which whiles absent he his mind did sett,
Octavious here leapt into his roome,
And it usurped by unrighteous doome:
But he his title juxtifice by might,
Slaying Traherne, and having overcome
The Romane legion in dreadfull fight:
So settled he his kingdom, and confirm'd his right.

But, wanting yssew male, his daughter deare
He gave in wedlocke to Maximian,
And him with her made of his kingdom heyre,
Who soone by meanses thereof the Empire war.
Till murdered by the frends of Gratian.
Then gan the Humnes 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.

The weary Britons, whose war-lable youth
Was by Maximian lately led away,
With wretched miseries and woeful ruth
Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
And daily spectacle of sad decay:
[yeares]
Whome Romane warres, which now fower hundred
And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;
Til, by consent of Commons and of Piears,
They crownd the second Constantine with joyous teares.

Who having oft in battell vanquished
Those speyledull Piets, and swarming Easterlings,
Long time in peace his Realme established,
Yet oft annoy'd with sondry bordragings
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein scaterlings
With which the world did in those dayes abound:
Which to outbarre, with painfull pyoning
From sea to sea he haft a mighty mound,
Which from Alchuid to Pauwelt did that border bound.

Three somnes he dying left, all under age;
By meanes whereof their uncle Vortigere
Usurpt the crowne during their pulpillage;
Which th' infants tutors gathering to fear
Then closely into Armoreck did heare:
For dreed of whom, and for those Piets annoyes,
He sent to Germany straungue aide to reare;
From whence eftsoones arrived here three howes
Of Saxons, whom he for his safety imployes.

Two brethern were their capityans, which bight
Hengist and Hornses, well approv'd in warre,
And both of them men of renowned might;
Who making vantage of their civile iarre,

4. — bordragings] Bordragings is an incursion on the borders or marches of a country. Torn.
5. — scaterlings] Scattered or dispersed rovers or vagabonds. Upton.
7. — strange aid to reare] To hire foreign troopers. Church.
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the Realme ere long they stronger are
Then they which sought at first their helping hand,
And Vortigern enforst the Kingdom to aband.

But, by the helpe of Vortigern his sonne,
He is againe unto his rule restor'd;
And Hengist, seeming sad for that was done,
Received is to grace and new accord.
Through his faire daughters face and flattering soone
After which, three hundred lords he slew
Of British blood, all sitting at his bord;
Whose donefull moniments who list to rew,
Th' eternall marks of treason may at Stonheng vew.

By this the sonnes of Constantine, which fled,
Ambrose and Uther, did rife yeares attayne,
And, here arriving, strongly challenged
The crowne which Vortigern did long detayne:
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slainye;
And Hengist eke soone brought to shamefull death.
Thenceforth Aurelius peaceable did rayne,
Till that through payson stopped was his breath;
So now entomb'd lies at Stonheng by the heath.

After him Uther, which Pendragon hight,
Succeeding—There abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other cesseure right;
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
Or th' author selue could not at least attend
To finish it: that so untimely breach
The Prince himselfe halfe seemed to offend;
Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,
And wonder of antiquitie long stopt his speach.

At last, quite ravished with delight to hear
The royall ofspring of his native land,
[deare Cryde out; "Deare Courtey! O how dearly
Ought thy remembrance and perpetuall land
Be to thy foster childe, that from thy hand
Did commen breath and nourrure receave!
How brutish is it not to understand
How much to Her we owe, that all us gave;
That gave unto us all whatever good we have!"

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 bosome so long leaves here to repeat;
It told how first Prometheus did create
A man, of many parts from beasts derry'd;
And then stole fire from heaven to animate
His worke, for which he was by Love derry'd
Of life himselfe, and hart-stringes of an egle ryv'd

That man so made he called Elfe, to weect
Quick, the first author of all Elfin kynd;
Who, wandering through the world with wearie
Did in the gardins of Aulins fynd
[Sec,
A goodly creature, whom he deem'd in mynd

To be no earthly wight, but either spright,
Or angel, th' author of all woman kynd;
Therefore a Fay he her according hight,
Of whom all Faryes spring, and fetch their lignage right.

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,
And puissant kings which all the world warrayd,
And to themselves all nations did subdow:
The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
Was Elfin; him all India obeyd,
And all that now America men call:
Next him was noble Elfinan, who laid
Clepolis foundation first of all:
But Elfinell enclosed it with a golden wall.

His sonne was Elfinell, who overcame
The wicked Gobblines in bloody field:
But Elfinant was of most renowned fame,
Who all of christall did Panthea build:
Then Elfinan, who two brethren gyanttes kild,
The one of which had two heandes, th' other three:
Then Elfinor, who was in magick skil;
He built by art upon the glassy see
A bridge of bras, whose sound hevens thunders seem'd to be.

He left three sonnes, the which in order rayned,
And all their ofspring, in their dew descents;
Even seven hundred princes, which maintayned
With mightie deeds their sondry governments
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, no much materiall:
Yet should they be most famous moniments,
And brave example, both of martail
And civil rule, to kings and states imperial.

After all these Elfinan did rayned,
The wise Elfinall in great majestie,
Who mightily that scepter did sustayned,
And with rich spoyleys and famous victorie
Did high advance the crowne of Faery:
He left two sonnes, of which faire Elferon,
The eldest brother, did untimely dy;
Whose emplt place the mightie Oberon
Doubly supplide, in spousall and dominion.

Great was his power and glory over all
Which, him before, that sacred seate did fill,
That yet remains his wide memoriall:
He dying left the fairest Tanaquill,
Him to succeede therein, by his last will:
Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
Therefore they Gloriant chant that glorius howre:
Long mayst thou, Gloriant, live in glory and great powre!

Beguyld thus with delight of novelities,
And naturall desire of Countrieys state,
So long they reed in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled they quite forgote;
Till gentle Alna, seeing it so late,
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
To thinke how supper did them long await:
So halfe unwillig from their bookes they brought,
And fayrly feasted as so noble Knightes she ought.
CANTO XI

The Enemies of Temperance

Resurge her dwelling place;
Prize Art, though they repent, and fowle
Malevolent effect.

I.

What warre so cruel, or what siege so sore,
As that, which strong Affections doe apply
Against the fairest of Reason evermore,
To bring the sovile into captivity !
Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage;
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Upon the partes, brought into their bondage:
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull vellengage.

II.

But in a body which doth freely yeeld
His partes to Reasons rule obedient,
And letth Her that ought the scepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is setted there in sure establishment.
There Alma, like a Virgin Queene most bright,
Doth flourish in all beauteous excellency;
And to her guests doth hometical banquet slight,
Attempted goodly well for health and for delight.

III.

Early, before the Morne with cromosin ray
The windowes of bright heaven open had,
Through which into the world the dawning Day
 Might looke, that maketh every creature glad,
Uprose Sir Guyon in bright armoured clad,
And to his purpos journey him prepared;
With him the Palmer eke in habit sad
Himselfe addrest to that adventure hard;
So to the rivers syde they both together far'd.

IV.

Where them awaited ready at the ford
The Ferriman, as Alma had behalf,
With his well-rigged bote: They goe abord,
And he eftsoones gan launch his barke fortoight,
Ere long they roved were quite out of sight,
And fast the land behynd them fled away.
But let them pas, whiles windie and wether right
Doe serve their turnes: here 1 a while must stay,
To see a cruell fight done by the Prince this day.

V.

For, all soone as Guyon thence was gon
Upon his voyaige with his trustie Guyde,
That wicked band of Vileains 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 fear
Their visages imprest, when they approched neare.

VI.

Them in twelve Troupes their Captein did dispart,
And round about in fittest steades did place,
Where each might best offend his proper part,
And his contrary object most defeace.
As every one seem'd meetest in that case.
Seven of the same against the Castle-Gate

In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
Which with incessant force and endless hate
They battr'd day and night, and entraunce did awaie.

VII.

The other Five five sondry wayes he sot
Against the five great Bulwarkes of that pyle,
And unto each a Bulwarke did arret,
'T assayl with open force or hidden guyle,
In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
They all that charge did fervently apply
With greedie malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they daly made most dreadful battery.

VIII.

The first Truppe was a monstrons cromation
Of fowle misshapen wightes, of which some were
Headed like owles, with heckeles uncomely bent;
Others like dogs; others like gryphous dreave;
And some had wings, and some had clawes to
And every one of them had lynces eyes; [teare
And every one did bow and arrows beare:
All those were lawlesse Lustes, corrupt Envyges,
And covetous Aspects, all cruel enimyes.

IX.

Those same against the Bulwarke of the Sight
Did lay strong siege and battaliouss assault,
Yet once did yeeld it respite day nor night;
But soon it Titan gan his head exault,
And soonie against his light withsault,
Their wicked engins they against it bent;
That is, each thing by which the eyes may fault:
But two them all more huge and violent,
Beautiful and Money, they that Bulwarke sorely rent.

X.

The second Bulwarke was the Hearing Sence,
Gainst which the second Truppe desigishment makes;
Deformed creatures, in strange difference:
Some having heads like harts, some like to snakes;
Some like wild hores late round out of the brakes:
Shamed Reprooches, and fowle Infamies,
Leasings, Backbytinges, and vain-glorius Crakes,
Bad Counsels, Prayses, and false Flatteries:
All those against that Fort did bend their batteries.

XI.

Likewise that same third Fort, that is the Smell,
Of that third Truppe was cruelly assayd,
Whose hideous shapes were like to feendes of hell,
Some like to hounds, some like to apes, dismayd;
Some, like to puttockes, all in plumes arayd;
All shapt according their conditions:

v. 3. — arrett.] Appoint, or assign. The poet often uses the word in this sense. TODD.

v. 6. — apply] Mind, observe. TODD.

ix. 7. That is, each thing by which the eyes may fault.] Their wicked engines, meaning each thing by which the eyes may offend, or be in fault. The substantive is vase into a verb. Envox.

x. 7. — Crakes.] Roostings. To crack, is still used in the North of England, and in Scotland, for to brag or boast. TODD.

xi. 4. — dismayd.] Dismayed is frighted. But I can hardly think that Spencer uses it here in that sense. Possibly by dismayed or dismay he means ugly, ill-shaped, in French maffet. JORTIN.
For by those ugly forms, were pourtrayed
Foolish Delights, and fond Abusions,
Which doe that Sense besiege with light illusions.

xii.
And that fourth Band which cruelly beat
Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the Taste,
Was, as the rest, a grysie rablement;
Some mouth’d like greedy oystriers; some faste
Like loathly todes; some fashioned in the waste
Like swine: for so deformd is Luxury,
Surfeit, Mislust, and unturfftie Waste,
Valne Feastes, and yile Superfluity:
All those this Senes Fort assayle incessantly.

xiii.
But the fift Troupe, most horrible of hew
And ferce of force, is dreadfull to report;
For some like smiles, some did like spiders shew,
And some like ugly unchins thick and short:
Crucely they assailest that fift Fort,
Armed with darts of scasnell Delight,
With stinges of careull Lust, and strong effert
Of feeling Pleasures, with which day and night
Against that same fift Bulwarke they continued fight.

xiv.
Thus these twelve Troupes with dreadfull power
Assailest that Castle restlesse siege did lay,
And evermore their hideous ordinance
Upon the Bulwarke cruelly did play,
That now it gan to threaten neare decay:
And evermore their wicked Capitain
Provokst them the breaches to assay, [gayn,
Sometimes with threats, sometimes with hope of
Which by the ransom of that Preece they should attain.

xv.
On the other syde, the assiged Castles Ward
Their restfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
And many boll repulse and many hard [payne,
Achievement wrougt, with perill and with
That goodly Frame from ruine to sustaine:
And those two brethren Gyanntes did defend
The walles so stoutly with their sturdie mayne,
That never entrance any durst pretend,
But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did send.

xvi.
The noble virgin, Ladie of the place,
Was much dismayed with that dreadful sight,
(For never was she so in evill case,)
Till that the Prince, seeing her wofull plight,
Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
Offering his service and his dearest life
For her defence against that Carle to fight,
Which was their Chiefe and th’ author of that stroke:
She him rememered as the patron of her life.

xvii.
Eftsoones himselfe in glittering armes he dight,
And his well proved weapons to him hent;
So taking courteous conge, he behight
Those gates to be unbar’d, and forth he went.
Fayre mote he thee, the prouest and most gent,
That ever brandished bright steel on hye!
Whom some as that unruly rablement
With his gay Squyre issaying did espie,
They reader a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry:

xviii.
And therewithall attone at him let fly
Their fluttering arrowes, thicke as flakes of snow,
And round about him rodeke impetuously,
Like a great water-flood, that trembling low
From the high mountains, threatens to overflown
With suddain fury all the fertile playing,
And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw
Adowne the streame, and all his vowes make vanye;
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustayne.

xix.
Upon his shield there heaped hyle he bore,
And with his sword dispersst the raskall fockes,
Which fled asonder, and him fell before;
As withered leaves drop from their dryed stockes,
When the wroth western wind does rave their locks:
And underneath him his Courageous steed,
The fierce Squamador, rode downe like doocks;
The fierce Squamador borne of heauenly seed;
Such as Laomedon of Phæbus race did breed.

xx.
Which suddain horror and confusst cry
When as their Captaine heard, in haste he yode
The cause to weet, and fault to remedy:
Upon a turee swift and fierce he rode,
That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
Whiles his longlegs high raught unto the ground:
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode;
But of such subtle substance and unsound,
That like a ghost he seem’d whose grave-clothes were unbound.

xxi.
And in his hand a bended bow was seene,
And many arrows under his right side,
All deadly daungerous, all cruel 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 salue, ne was there medicine,
That mote recurest their wounds; so only they did tine.

xxii.
As pale and wan as ashes was his looke;
His body leane and meagre as a rake;
And skin all whitered like a dryed rooke;
Thereto as cold and dryre as a snake;

xxvii. 3. behight] Commanded. Todd.
xxvi. 6, & 7. Th’guards, or garrisons. Todd.
xxvi. 9. these two brethren Gyanntes] Prince Arthur, and his Squire Timias: giants in prowess and in courage. Upton.
xxvii. 3. behight] Commanded. Todd.
That seemd to tremble evermore and quake:
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
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

Malerger was his name: And after him
There follow’d first at hand two wicked Hags,
With hoary locks 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 had lame,
Which with a staff all full of little snags
She did support, and Impotence her name:
But ’other was Impatience arm’d with raging flame.

Soone as the Carle from far the Prince espyde
Glistning in armes and warlike ornament,
His beast he fellly prickt on either syde,
And his mischivous bow full readie bent,
With which at him a cruel shaft he sent:
But he was warie, and it warded well
Upon his shield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:
Then he another and another did expell.

Which to prevent, the Prince his mortall speare
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
To be avenged of that shot whylcspear
But he was not so hardly to abide
That bitter stound, but, turning quicke aside
His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare;
Whom to pursue, the Infant after hide
So fast as his good courser could him beare;
But labour lost it was to weepe apprach immeare.

Far as the winged wind his tigre fled,
That vew of eye could scarce him ovtake,
Ne scarce his feet on ground were scence to tread,
Through his and dailes he speedy way did make,
Ne hede he ditch his readie passage brake,
And in his flight the Vильéine turnd his face
(As wonts the Tartar by the Caspian lake,
Whenas the Russian him in fight does chace),
Unto his tygres tale, and shot at him apace.

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedily Knight nigh to him drew;
And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
That him his foe more fiercely should pursowe:
But, when his meuch manner he did vew,
He gane avize to follow him no more,
But kepe his standing, and his Shaftes eschew,
Untill he quite had spent his perious store,
And then assaye him fresh, ere he could shift for more.

But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strow
His wicked arrows, gathered them againe,
And to him brought, fresh battellie to renew;
Which he espying cast her to restraine.

From yielding succour to that cursed Swaine,
And her attaching thought her hands to tye;
But, soon as him dismounted on the plaine
That other Hag did far away espye
Binding her Sister, she to him ran hastily;

And catching hold of him, as downe he bent,
Him backward overthrew, and downe him staid
With their rude handes and gryesly grapplement:
Till that the Vильéine, coming to their aye,
Upon him fell, and loco upon him lay’d:
Full little wanted, but he had him shaine,
And of the battell balefull end had made,
Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,
And commen to his reskev ere his bitter bane.

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
So feeble is mans state, and life unsound,
That in assurance it may never stand;
Till it dissolved be from earthly land!
Proofes be thon, Prince, the proues man alvyve,
And noblest borne of all in Briton land;
Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearly drive,
That, had not Grace thee blest, thou shouldest not survive.

The Squyre arriving, fiercely in his armes
Snatcht first the one, and then the other Jade,
His chiefest lettis and authors of his harms,
And them perfors with held with threatened blade,
Least that his Lord they should behinde invade:
The whiles the Prince, prickt with reprochful shame,
As one awake out of long slombring shade,
Reviviug thought of glory and of fame,
United all his powres to purge hisselfe from blame.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long bene underkept and down suppress’d,
With murmurous disdaineth doth inly rave,
And grudge, in so stricte prison to be prest,
At last breaks forth with furious unrest,
And strives to mount unto his native seat;
All that did carst it hinder and molest,
Yet now devours with flames and scorching heat,
And carries into smooke with rage and horror great.

So mightily the Briton Prince him rounz
Out of his holde, and broke his cautious bands;
And as a beare, whom angry curres have tound,
Having off-shakt them and escaet their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
Treads down and overthowes. Now had the Carle
Alighted from his tigre, and his bands
Discharged of his bow and deadly quar’le,
To seize upon his foe flatt lying on the marle.

Which now him turnd to disadvantage deare:
For neither can he fly, nor other harme,

\[xxiv. 8. \text{ quarrell, as before, in st. 24 Church.} \]
\[xxxiv. 2. \text{ nor other harme.} \text{ That is, otherwise Upton.} \]
But trust unto his strength and manhood meare,
Sith now he is far from his monstrous swarne,
And of his weapons did himselfe disirue.
The Knight, yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
Fiercely avointing his valorous right arme,
And him so sore smott with his yron nave,
That groveling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

Wel wenched he that field was then his owne,
And all his labor brought to happy end;
When suddein up the Villeine overthorwe
Out of his sworne arose, fresh to contend,
And gan himselfe to second battallie bend,
As hurnt he had not beene. Thereby there lay
An huge great stone, which stood upon one end,
And had not bene removed many a day; [way:
Some land-marke seemd to bee, or signe of sundry

The same he snatcheth, and with exceeding sway
Throw at his foe, who was right well aware
To shone the engin of his mean curtay;
It tooled not to thinke that thrw to take bee,
But ground he gave, and lightly leapt areare:
Eft fierce retournigne, as a faulcon fayre,
That once hath Failed of her sone full meane,
Remounts againe into the open ayre,
And unto better fortune doth herselfe prepare:

So brave retourninge, with his brandish blade
Ile to the Carle himselfe again addrest,
And stroke at him so sternelly, that he made
An open passage through his riven brest,
That hille the stecke behind his backe did rest;
Which drawing backe, he looked evermore
When the hurt blood should guess out of his chest,
Or his dead corse should fall upon the flore;
But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathime:

Ne drop of blood appeare shed to bee,
All were the wounde so wide and wondours
That through his carcass one might playnely see.
Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage to be deluded dus,
[quight, Again through both the sides he strooked him
That made his sprytnge to groome full pitious;
Yet nathimore teere did his groning sprynt,
But fresdly, as at first, prepared himselfe to fight.

Threat 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 magical
Illusion that did beguile his sense,
Or wondering ghost that wondred furnall,
Or aery spirtes under false pretence,
Or hellish fiend rayed up through devilish science.

His wonder far exceeded reasons reach,
That he began to doubt his dazed sight,
And oft of error did himselfe appeache:
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 second a mortal wight,
That was most strong in most infrincible;
Like did he never heare, like did he never see.

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 means of victory assay,
Or th' utmost yseew of his owne decay.
His owne good sword. Mordure, that never faileth
At need till now, he lightly throw away,
And his bright shield that sought him now aydeth;
And with his naked hands him fiercely assayd.

Twixt his two mighty armes him up he snatcheth,
And cruel the cares so against his breast,
That the disdainfull soile he thenese dispatcheth,
And th' ylle breath all utterly expresseth:
Tho, when he felt him dead, adowne he kest
The lumpish corse unto the sencedesse grownd;
Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,
That backe againe it did alofte rebound,
And gave against his mother Earth a groneful sound.

As when Ioves harnessed horing bird from lyce
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud dislayne,
The stone-dead quarry falls so forcible,
That yet rebounds against the lowly playne,
A second fall redoubling backe againe.
Then thought the Prince all peril sure was past,
And that he victor onely did remayn;
No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast
Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he down was cast.

Nigh his wits end then woxe th' amazed Knight,
And thought his labor lost, and travel vainly,
Against this lifesesse shadow so to fight:
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty mayne,
That, whiles he marveiled still, did still him payne;
Forthy he gan some other wayes advise,
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 reprise.

He then remembered well, that had bene sayd,
How th' Earth his mother was, and first him bore;
She eke, so often as his life decayed,
Did life with usury to him restore;
And rebound him up much stronger then before,
So soon as he unto her wombe did fall:
Therefore to ground he would him cast no more,
Ne him commit to grave terrestrial;
But bear him farre from hope of succour usual.

The French use expriuer and expriession in the same sense. Tott.

[quarry] A term in falconry. Any fowl that is flown at and killed. It is used for game in general. Church.

[reprise.] To take again. Fr. reprendre. Church.
XLVI.
The up he caught him twixt his puissant hands, 
And having scrutinized out of his carrion corse
The lothful life, now loosed from sinful bands, 
Upon his shoulders carried him perforce
Above three furlongs, taking his full course, 
Until he came unto a standing lake ;
Him thereinto he threw without remorse:
Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake:
So end of that Carles dayes and his owne paynes
did make.

XLVII.
Which when those wicked Hags from far did spye,
Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands;
And th'one of them with dreadfull yelling crye,
Throwing away her broken chains and bands,
And having quenched her burning fier-brands,
Hedlong herselvse did cast into that lake:
But Impotence with her owne wilfull hands
One of Malegers cursed darts did take,
So rvy'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.

XLVIII.
Thus now alone he conquerour remaines:
Tho, comming to his Squyre 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 Squyre, him helping up with speed,
With steadfast hand upon his horse did stay,
And led him to the Castle by the beaten way.

XLIX.
Where many Groomes and Squiers ready were
To take him from his steed full tenderly;
And eke the fairest Alma mett him there
With baume, and wine, and costly spicery,
To comfort him in his infirmitie:
Eftesoones she causd him up to be conveyd,
And of his armes desployed easily
In sumptuous bed shee made him to be layd;
And, al the while his wounds were dressing, by
him staid.

CANTO XII.
Gyron, by Palme's governance,
Passing through perilles great,
Both overthrew the Bowre of Elia, 
And Acrasie defeat.

I.
Now ginnes that goodly frame of Temperance
Farely to rise, and her adorned hed
To pricke of highest praye forth to advaunce,
Formerly grounded and fast settled
On firme foundation of true bountyrd:
And this brave Knight, that for this vertue fights,
Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,
Where Pleasure dwelles in sensamal delights,
Mongst thousand dangers and ten thousand magick
mightes.

1. 3. — Pleasure] The same as Acrasie or Acrasia.
see st. 48. Cunyn.
VIII.

Forty this night the Rock of vile Reproach,
A dangerous and detestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowl did once approach,
But yelling mewes, with seagull's hoot and bace,
And cormoynaunts, with birds of ravenous race,
Which still sat wat'ring on that wastfull clift
For spill of wretches, whose unhappy case,
After lost credit and consumed thirst,
At last them driven hither to this desirefull drift.

IX.

The Palmer, seeing them in safeties past,
Thus said; “Behold th' examples in our sights
Of lustfull luxurie and thrilesses wast!
What now is left of miserable wights,
Which spent their looser daies in lead delightes,
But shame and sad reproach, here to be red
By these rent reliques speaking their ill plightes!
Let all that live hereby be counselled
To shunne Rock of Reproach, and it as death to dread!”

X.

So forth they rowed; and that Ferrymen
With his stille waues did brush the sea so strong,
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubes dunned all along,
Whilest the salt brine out of the bollowes sprung.
At last far off they many Islands spy
On every side floating the floods among:
Then said the Knight; “Lo! I the land desery;
Therefore, old Syre, thy course doe thereunto apply.”

XI.

“That may not bee,” said then the Ferrymen,
“Least wee unweeting hap to be fordoome:
For those same Islands, seeming now and than,
Are not firme land, nor any certaine wonne,
But stragling plots, which to and fro doe romne
In the wide waters; therefore are they hight
The Wandering Islands; Therefore doe them shonne;
For they have oft drownes many a wandring wight
Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight.

XII.

“Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth vew,
Both faire and fruitful, and the ground dispread
With grassy greene of delectable biew;
And the tall trees with leaves apparelld
Are deckt with blossoms dyde in white and red,
That mote the passengers thereto allure;
But whoseover once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may never it recure,
But wandreth evermore uncertain and unsure.

XIII.

“As th’ isle of Deles worshyme, men report,
Amid th’ Aegaean sea long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certeine port,
Till that Latona travelling that way,
Flying from Iunoes wrath and hard assay,
Of her fayre twiss was there delivered,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
Thenceforth it firmly was established,
And for Apoloes temple highly herred.”

XIV.

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
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
Which seemed so sweet and pleasant to the eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
Upon the banke they sitting did espy
A daintie Damsell dressing of her heare,
By whom a little skippet floting did appeare.

XV.

She, them espying, loud to them can call,
Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore,
For she had cause to busie them withall;
And therewith lowly taught; But unthemoore
Would they once turne, but kept on as aore:
Which when she saw, she left her locks unight,
And running to her boat withouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did drive with all her power and might.

XVI.

Whom overtaking, she in mercy sort
Than gan to bord, and purpose diversly;
Now faining dalliance, and wanton sport,
Now throwing forth lawd wordes inmodestly;
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke for being loose and light;
Which not abiding, but more scornfully
Scorning at him that did her lustly wite,
She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

XVII.

That was the wanton Phaedria, which late
Did ferry him over the Idle Lake:
Whom nought regarding they kept on their gate.
And all her vaine allurements did forsake;
When them the wary Boteman thus bespake;
“If here now behove us well to avyse,
And of our safety good heedle to take;
For here before a perilous passage lyes,
Where many Mermaidz haunt making false melodie;

XVIII.

“But by the way there is a great Quicksand,
And a Whirlpoole of hidden jeopardy;
Therefore, sir Palmer, keepe an even hand;
For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly.”
Scarse had he saidde, when hard at hand they spy
That Quicksand nigh with water covered;
But by the checked wave they did desery
It plaine, and by the sea discoloured;
It called was the Quicksand of Unthriftied.

XIX.

They, passing by, a godly ship did see,
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And bravely furnishand as ship might bee,
Which through great disadventure, or mesprise,

xvii. 2. Than gan to bord.] To accost. Often used in this sense by Spenser. *Fr. Aborder. Town. The same. - and purpose diversly: That is, and discourse of different things. *Church. xvi. 2. - wite.] Blame. Terne. xvii. 2. - him.] Not the Palmer, but Sir Guyon *Church. xviii. 7. - the checked wave.] The poet uses checked for chequer’d, as the context shows. *Town.
Herselfe had ronne into that hazardize;
Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle
Labour'd in vaine to have receiued there prize,
And the rich wares to save from pitteous spoyle;
But neither toyle nor travaile might her backe recoyle.

On th' other side they see that perilous Poole,
That callyed was the Whirlpooles of Decay;
In which full many had with haplesse doole
Beene smucke, of whom no memorie did stay:
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
Like to a restlesse wheele, still running round,
Did covet, as they passed by that way,
To draw their bote within the utmost bound
Of his wide laboratory, and then to have them drouned.

But th' heedfull Boteman strongly forth did stretch
His brawny arm's, and all his bodie straine,
That th' utmost sandy breaketh they shortly fetch,
Whiles the dreadfull danger doth remaine.
Saddeene they see from midst of all the maine
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
And the great sea, put up with proud disdain,
To swell above the measure of his guise,
As threatening to devour all that his powre despise.

The waves come rolling, and the billowes more
Outragiously, as they enraged were,
Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive before
His whirling charret for exceeding fear;
For not one puffe of winde there did appeare;
That all the three thereat woze most afraid,
Unwitting what such horrore strange did reare.
Eftsoones they saw an hideous host array'd
Of huge sea-monsters, such as living seene dismayd:

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
Such as dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
Or shame, that over should so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped bee;
All dreadfull pountraets of deformitie: [whales; Spring-headed hydres; and sea-shouldeering Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee; Bright scolopendraes arm'd with silver scales; Mighty monoceros with immeasured tayles;]

The dreadful fish, that hath deserv'd the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadful hew;
The griesly wasserman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnesse to pursuie;
The horrible sea-satyre, that doth shew
His fearfull face in time of greatest storme; huge zifius, whom mariners eschew
No less close then rockes, as travellers informe;
And greedy rosmaries with visages deform'd:

--- sandy breach they shortly fetch.] What is made by the breaking in of the sea, they call a breach. They fetch, that is, they come up to arrive at Upton.

--- Or shame.] Be ashamed. Church.

--- Spring-headed hydres.] That is, hydres with heads springing or budding forth from their bodies. Urson. Ibd. --- sea-shouldeering whales.] Whales that shouldered on the seas before them. Upton.

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformed monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise and hollow rumbling rore
Came rushing, in the fourie waves cradled,
Which seem'd to fly for force: them to behold;
Ne wonder, if these did the Knight appall;
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall.

"Fear no more," then saide the Palmer well aviz'd,
"For these same monsters are not these in deed,
But are into these fearfull shapes disguised
By that same wicked Witch, to worke us dread,
And draw from on this journee 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.

Which Guyon hearing, streight his Palmer bad
To steer the bote towards that dolefull Mayd,
That he might know and ease her sorrow sad:
Who, him avizing better, to him sayd;
"Fair Sir, be not displeased if disobayed:
For ill it were to hearten her cry;
For she is inly nothing ill apayd;
But only womannish fine forryer,
Yourstubborne hart t' affect with fraile infirmity:
"To which when she your courage hath inclind
Through foolish pitty, then her guilefull baiy
She will enbosome 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 stayed stedfastnesse,
No ever shorneke, no ever sought to baiy
His tyre armes for toylesome wearesnesse.
But with his cares did sweape the watry wildest
esse.

And now they nigh approched to the sted
Whereas those Mernayds dwelt: It was a still
And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered
With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill:

--- By that same wicked [Witch.] Arcadia. Church.
--- And draw from on this journee to proceed.] And to draw us from proceeding on this journee; a Gregism, from to proceed, à qui te procède. Upton.
--- For she is inly nothing ill apayd.] That is, dissatisfied. Upton.
--- His tyre armes.] To baiy here signifies to rest Church.
On th' other side an high rocke toured still,
That twist them both a pleasant port they made,
And did like an halfe theatre full
There those five Sisters had continual trade,
And use to bath themselves in that deceptfull shade.

They were faire Ladies, till they fondly striv'd
With th' Heliconian Maides for mastery;
Of whom they over-come were depriv'd
Of their proud beautie, and th' one majesty,
Transform'd to fish for their bold surqueady;
But th' upper halfe their new retayned still,
And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
Which ever after they abused to ill,
T' allure weake travellers, whom gotten they did kill.

So now to Guyon, as he passed by,
Their pleasant tunes they sweetly thus apply'd;
"O thou fayre some of gentle Faeiry,
That art in mightie arms most magnifiey
Above all Knights that ever battell tryde,
O turne thy rudder letherward awhile;
Here may thy storme-bett vessels safely ryde;
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worldes sweet In from paine and wearesome turmoyle."

With that the rolling sea, resounding soft,
In his big base they fitly answered;
And on the rokke the waves breaking aloft
A soleme meane unto them measured;
The whites sweet zephyrus loud whistled
His treble, a strange kind of harmony;
Which Guyons senses softly tickled,
That he the Boteman bad row easy,
And let him hearse some part of their rare melody.

But him the Palmer from that vanity
With temperate advice discoueselled,
That they it past, and shortly gan descry
The land to which their course they levelled;
When suddely a grosse fog over spread
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 second one confused mas.

Theret they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
How to direct their way in darkenes wide,
But feared to wander in that wastefull mist,
For tombling into mischiefe mespyde:
Worse is the daunger hidden then descryde.
Suddenly an immoveable flight
Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering eride,
And with their wicked wings them ofte did smight,
And sore annoy'd, grooping in that grievous night.

Even all the nation of unfortunate
And fatall birds about them flocked were.

Such as by nature men abhorre and hate;
The ill-faste owle, deaths dreadfull messenger.
The hours night-raven, trump of dolefull drecr
The lether-winged balt, dayes eminy;
The ruefull strich, still waiting on the bere;
The whistler shrill, that whose hears doth dy;
The hellish harpyes, prophets of sad destiny:

All those, and all that els does horror breed,
About them flow, and fold their sayles with feare;
Yet staid they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stifely steare;
Till that at last the weather gan to clear,
And the faire land itselfe did plenyly show.
 Said then the Palmer; "Lo! where does appear
The sacred soile where all our perills grow!
Therefore, Sir Knight, your ready arms about you throw."

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 saddlied,
And his sage Palmer that him governed;
But th' other by his bote behind did stand.
They marched fayrly forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmely arm'd for every hard assay,
With constancy and care, gainst daunger and dismay.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roared outrageously,
As if that hungers poynt or Venus sting
Had them engag'd with fell surqueady;
Yet nought they feared, but past on hardly,
Untill they came in vew of those wide beasts,
Who all attone, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their upstering crests,
Ran towards to devoure those unexpected guests.

But, soone as they appereat with deadly threat,
The Palmer over them his staffe upheld,
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:
Eftesones their stubborne corages were queld,
And high advanced crests downe meekely feld;
Instead of fraying they themselves did feare,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld;
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appear;
All monsters to subdew to him that did it bære.

Of that same wood it frond'd was cunningly,
Of which Caduceus whilome was made,
Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,
With which he wont the Stygian realms invade,
Through ghastly horror and eternall shade;
Th' infemnal feuds with it he can asswage,
And Orenus tarme, whom nothing can persuade,
And rule the Furyes when they most doe rage:
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.

7. The ruefull strich. The scratch-owl, etc. strik. Upton.
8. — and fill their sayles with feare. That is, And fill'd their sails with fearful objects. Upton.
8. The sacred soile. The sacred soile is that enchanted, as sacro is used by the Italian poets. cn
cursat, abominable; for he calls it "the cursed land," F. Q. ii. 31. Upton.
That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see, 
Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee:

Therefore a god him sage Antiquity 
Did wisely make, and good Apollonies call:
But this same was to that quite contrary, 
The foe of life, that good envoys to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall 
Through guildefull semblants, which he makes us
He of this Gardin had the governall, 
[see: And Pleasures Porter was devized to bee, 
 Holding a staffe in hand for more formality.]

With diverse bowrees he daintily was deckt, 
And strowed round about; and by his side 
A mighty mazer bowle of wine was sett, 
As if it had to him bene sacrifice; 
Wherewith all now-comen guests he gratyfide:
So did he eke Sir Guyon pass by; 
But he his ylle curiosie defide, 
And overthrowd his bowle disdainfully, 
And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants sly.

Thus being entred, they behold around 
A large and spacious plane, on every side 
Strowed with pleasaunts; whose hayre grassy ground
Mantled with greene, and goodly beauteous 
With all the ornaments of Floras pride, 
Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in secrne 
Of nigard Nature, like a pompos bride 
Did decke her, and too lavishly adorn, 
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early morn.

Therrto the heavens alwayes joviall 
Looke on them lovely, still in stedfast state, 
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall 
Their tender buds or leaves to violate; 
Nor scorched heat, nor cold intemperate, 
T' afflic the creatures which therein did dwell; 
But the mildy ayre with season moderate 
Gently attempred, and disposd so well, 
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holesom smell:

More sweet and holesome then the pleasant hill 
Of Rhodope, on which the nimphi, that bore 
A gyant babe, herselfe for griefe did kill; 
Or the Thessalian Titane, whereof othere 
Fayre Daphne Phoebe hart with love did gave; 
Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repayre, 
Whenever they their heavenly bowres forlore; 
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fayre; 
Or Eden elfe, if ought with Eden more compayre.

Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aspections 
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sink into his sense, nor mind affect;  
But passed forth, and look'd still forward right,  
Brydling his will and mastering his might:  
Till that he came unto another gate;  
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight [dilate  
With bowes and branches, which did broad  
Their claspings armes in wanton wreatheings intri- 
cate];

LVII.  
So fashioned a porch with rare device,  
Arch'd over head with an embracing vine,  
Whose boughes hanging downe seemd to entice  
All passers-by to taste their luscious wine,  
And did themselves into their hands incline,  
As freely offering to be gathered;  
Some deepe empurpured as the hyacine,  
Some as the rubine laughing sweetely red,  
Some like faire emeraudes, not yet well ripened:

LVIII.  
And them amongst some were of burnish'd gold,  
So made by art to beautifie the rest,  
Which did themselves amongst the leaves enfold,  
As lurking from the vew of covetous guest,  
That the weake boughes with so rich load opprest  
Did bow adowne as overburdened.  
Under that porch a comely Dame did rest  
Chad in fayre weeds but fowle disordered,  
And garments loose that seemd unmucet for woman-hed:

LVII.  
In her left hand a cup of gold she held,  
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,  
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulmesse sweld,  
Into her cup she sanzul with dainty breach  
Of her fine fingers, without fowle empach,  
That so faire winepresse made the wine more sweet:  
Thereof she usd to give to drink to each,  
Whom passing by she happened to meet:  
It was her guise all stranguers goodly so to greet.

LVIII.  
So she to Guyon offer'd it to tast;  
Who, taking it out of her tender hond,  
The cup to ground did violently cast,  
That all in peeces it was broken fond,  
And with the liquor stained all the lond:  
Whereas Excesse exceedingly was wroth,  
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstand,  
But suffered him to passe, all were she both;  
Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward goth.

LX.  
One would have thought, (so cunningly the rude  
And scorned partes were mingled with the fine,  
That Nature had for wantonesse ensnde  
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;  
So striving each th' other to undermine,  
Each did the others worke more beautify;  
So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine:  
So all agreed, through sweete diversity,  
This Gardin to adorn with all variety.

LXI.  
And in the midst of all a fountain stood,  
Of richest substance that on earth might bee,  
So pure and shyny that the silver flood  
Through every chamell running one might see;  
Most goodly it with curious yngager  
Was over-wrongt, and shapes of naked boyes,  
Of which some second with lively illitie  
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,  
Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid toyes.

LXII.  
Infinit streams continually did well  
Out of this fountain, sweet and faire to see,  
The which into an ample laver fell,  
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,  
That like a little lake it seemed to bee;  
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,  
That through the wavesone might the bottom see,  
All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright,  
That second the fountain in that sea did sayle upright.

LXIII.  
And all the margent round about was sett  
With shady laurel trees, thence to defend  
The sunny beams which on the billowes bett,  
And those which therein bathed mote offend.  
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,  
Two naked Danzelles he therein espysde,  
Which therein lathing seemed to contend  
And wrestle wantonly, ne ear'd to hyde  
Their dainty partes from vew of any which them eyd.

LXIV.  
Sometimes the one would lift the other quight  
Above the waters, and then downe againe  
Her plong, as over-mastered 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:

LXIII.  
And all the margent round about was sett  
With shady laurel trees, thence to defend  
The sunny beams which on the billowes bett,  
And those which therein bathed mote offend.  
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,  
Two naked Danzelles he therein espysde,  
Which therein lathing seemed to contend  
And wrestle wantonly, ne ear'd to hyde  
Their dainty partes from vew of any which them eyd.

LV.  
In its primary sense, bathe; in its metaphorical delight or cherish. Todd.

LXIII.  
That is, to keep off. Verson.
Then suddeinly both would themselves unheale,  
And th' amorous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes reveal.

LXV.  
As that faire starre, the messenger of morn,  
His deere face out of the sea doth reare :  
Or as the Cyprian goddess, newly borne  
Of th' ocean's fruitful froth, did first appear:  
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare  
Christalline humor dropped downe apace.  
Whom ascertain when Gwynaw saw, he drew him nere,  
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace;  
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasure to embrac.

LXVI.  
The wanton Maidens him espying, stood  
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise ;  
Then th' one herselfe low ducked in the flood,  
Abasht that she a stranger did avise:  
But th' other rather higher did arise,  
And her two lilly paps aloft displayed,  
And all, that might his melting hart entyse  
To her delights, she unto him bewrayd;  
The rest, hid underneath, him more desirous made.

LXVII.  
With that the other likewise up arose,  
Another faire lockes, which formerly were bound  
Up in one knot, she low adowne did lose,  
Which flowing long and thick her cloth'd around,  
And th' yeorie in golden mantle gownd :  
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,  
Yet that which reft it no lesse faire was found ;  
So hold in lockes and waves from lookers theft,  
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

LXVIII.  
Withall she laughd, and she bashet withall,  
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,  
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.  
Now when they spyed the Knight to shake his pace  
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face  
The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,  
Their wanton merriments they did increace,  
And to him beckened to approach more neare,  
And shewed him many sights that corage cold could reare :

LXIX.  
On which when gazine him the Palmer saw,  
He much rebukd those wandering eyes of his,  
And counsel well him forward thence did draw.  
Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of Bliss,  
Of her fond favorites so nam'd amiss;  
When thine the Palmer ; "Now, Sir, well avise;  
For here the end of all our travell is :  
Here wounes Acrasia, whom we must surprise,  
Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise."

LXX.  
Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,  
Of all that mote delight a dainty care,  
Such as attorne might not on living ground,  
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:  
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,  
To read what manner musique that mote bee;  
For all that pleasing is to living care

LXIV. 3. — unheale,] Uncover. TOTT.
LXV.  
Was there consorted in one harmonie ;  
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree:

LXVI.  
The joyous birdes, shroudéd in chearefull shade,  
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;  
Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made  
To th' instruments divine resopsyndence meet;  
The silver-sounding instruments did meet  
With th' 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.

LXVII.  
There, whence that musick seemed heard to bee,  
Was the faire Witch herselfe now solacing  
With a new lover, whom, through sorcerie  
And witchcraft, she from faire did therfore bring  
There she had him now laid a slumbering  
In secret shade after long wanton toyes;  
Whilst round about them pleasantly did sing  
Many faire ladies and lascivious boyes,  
That ever mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

LXVIII.  
And all that while right over him she hung  
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,  
As seeking medicine whose she was strong,  
Or greedily depasturing delight;  
And oft inclining downe with kisses light,  
For fear of waking him, his lips bedew'd,  
And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,  
Quite molten into lust and pleasure low;  
Wherewith she sigh'd soft, as if his case she rew'd.

LXIX.  
The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay;  
Ah! see, whose fairest thing dost faire to see,  
In springing flower the image of thy day?  
Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she  
Doth first perceipe forth with bashfull modestie,  
That fairier scenes the lesse ye see her may:  
Lo! see soon after how more bold and free  
Her bared bosome she doth broad display;  
Lo! see soon after how she fades and falls away.

LXX.  
Sap! passeth, in the passing of a day,  
Of mortall life the leafes, the bud, the flower;  
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,  
That eart was sought to deck both bed and bowre  
Of many a lady and many a paramoure;  
Gather therefore the rose whilst ye last is prime,  
For some comes age that will her pride deslay.  
Gather the rose of love whilst ye last is time,  
Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime.

LXXI.  
He cease; and then gan all the quire of birdes  
Their diverse notes t' attune unto his lay,  
As in approvaunce of his pleasing words.  
The constant Paire heard all that he did say,  
Yet swarve not, but kept their forward way  
Through many covert groves and thickets close,  
In which they creeping did at last display.

LXXII. 3. — the image of thy day!] The emblem of thy life. CHURCH.
LXXII. 4. The constant Paire] The resolute, persevering companions. Lat. constans. CHURCH.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

That wanton Lady with her lover lose,
Whose sleepie head she in her lap did soft dispose.

LXXVII.
Upon a bed of roses she was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin ;
And was arayd, or rather disarrayd,
All in a veil of silke and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might bee ;
More subtle web Arachne cannot spin ;
Nor the fine nets, which oft we wove see
Of scorched deaw, do not in th' ayre more lightly flee.

LXXVIII.
Her snowy brest was bare to ready spyde
Of hungry eies, which n'ote therewith be fild ;
And yet, through langouir of her katesweet toyle,
Few drops, more clear then nectar, forth disspill,
That like pure oreles adowne it trild ;
And her faire eyes, sweet smyling in delight,
Moystened their fietie beams, with which she thurl
Fraile harts, yet quenched not ; like stary light,
Which, sparkling on the silent waves, does seeme
more bright.

The young man, sleeping by her, seemd to be
Some goodly swallowe of honorablc place;
That certes it great pitty was to see
Him his nobility so foulc deface:
A sweet regard and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternesse, did appeare,
Yet sleeping, in his well-proportioned face ;
And on his tender lips the downy heare
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms bear.

LXXX.
His warlike armes, the ytle instruments
Of sleeping praise, were long upon a tree ;
And his brave shield, full of old moniments,
Was fowly rast, that none the signes might see ;
Ne for them ne for honour careed he ;
Nor ought that did to his advancement tend ;
But in lewd loves, and wastfull luxurie,
His daves, his goods, his bodie he did spend ;
0 horrible enchantment, that him so did blind !

LXXXI.
The noble Elfc and carefull Palmer drew
So nigh them, minding not but lustfule game,
That sodainly forth they on them rushd, and throw
A subtile net, which only for that same
The skilfull Palmer formally did frame ;
So held them under fast; the wiles the rest
Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.
The faire Enchauntresse, so unaures opprest,
Tryde all her arts and all her sleights thence out to wreast ;

LXXXII.
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.
They tooke them both, and both they strongly bound.


In captive handes, which there they readie found :
But her in chains of adamant he tyde ;
For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound :
But Verdant (so he lught) he soone untyme,
And counsell sage in stead thereof to him applyde.

But all those pleasant bowres, and pallace brave,
Guyon broke downe with rigour pittilesse ;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnessse,
But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse ;
Their groves he fold ; their gardins did defece ;
Their arbors spoyle ; their cabinets suppressse ;
Their banket-houses burned ; their buildings race;
And, of the fiestrest late, now made the fowlest place.

Then led they her away, and eke that Knight
With them they led, both sorrowfull and sad ;
The way they came, the same return'd they
Till they arrived where they lately had [right,
Charm'd thosse wild beasts that rag'd with furie
Which, nowawaking, fierce at them gan fly, [mad ;
As in their Mistresse reskew, whom they had ;
But them the Palmer soone did pacify.
Then Guyon askt, what meant those beasts which there did ly.

Sayd he;  "These seeming beasts are men in deed,
Whom this Enchauntresse hath transormfcd thus ;
Whyldone her lovers, which her lustes did feed,
Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their mindes like monstruous ."  "Sad end," quoth he, "of life intemperate,
And mounful need of joyes delicious !
But, Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrage,
Let them returned be unto their former state."  

LXXXVII.
Said Guyon; "See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soone forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth with vile difference
To be a beast, and lacke intelligense !"  
To whom the Palmer thus ; "The eenghill kinde
Delights in filth and fowle incontinence ;
Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish minde ;
But let us hence depart whilste wether serves and winde."

{Thus are we come to the end of the second booke. The first booke which we have already examined, was religious; this treats of the foundation of all moral virtue, Temperance.

The connection of this book with the former, is visible,

LXXXVIII. 7.—— cabinets] Cots, the diminutive of cabin. Todd.
LXXXV. 1. Sayd he ] The L-vne. CHURCH.
not only from the whole thread of the story, but from lesser instances. See B. i. C. xii. st. 36, where the false prophet is bound, and yet escapes, and is now gone forth to trouble Fairy land, whose destruction will not be accomplished, till the throne of the Fairy queen is established in righteousness, and in all moral virtues. "He (Archimago) must be hasted a little season: He shall be hasted out of prison." Compare Recel. xix. 30, xx. 3, with B. i. C. xii. st. 36. And B. ii. C. i. st. 1.—The false prophet and deceiver had almost by his lies work'd the destruction of Sir Guyn and the Redcrose Knight, B. ii. C. i. st. 3. The Christian Knight was well warned, and well armed against his subtilties. Our moral Knight is now his chief object; who is sent upon a high adventure by the Fairy Queen, to bring captive to her court an Enchantress named Acrasia, in whom is imaged sensual pleasure or intemperance. The various adventures which he meets with by the way, are such as show the virtues and happy effects of temperance, or the vices and ill-consequences of intemperance.

The opening with the adventure of the bloody-handed babe, unites the beginning and end, and is conceived with great art. How opportunely does Prince Arthur appear, the hero of the poem! who is seeking the Fairy Queen, and by his adventures making himself worthy of that Glory to which he aspires. He preserves the life of Sir Guyn, and afterwards utterly extirpates that miscreated crew of seomondels, which, with their meagre, melancholy Captain, were besieging the Castle of Almea.—Shall I guard the reader against one piece of poor curiosity? not enviously to pry into kitchens, out-houses, sinks, &c., while he is viewing a palace: nor to look for moles and freckles, while he is viewing a Medicean Venus. I will venture to say, if he finds some things too easy, he will find other things too hard. "Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars," Proe ix. 1. This allegorical house is built with some spoils from the Pythagorean and Socratic writers.—Whilst the Prince is extirpating the foes of Almea, Sir Guyn sets forward on his quest, and attacks the Enchantrees in her own Island. And here our poet has introduced, keeping in view his general allegory, all those scions of miracles, to which Homer, mingling truth with fable, had given a poetical sanction long before; as of Scylla and Charybdis, the songs of the Syrens, floating Islands, men by enchantments and sensuality turned into beasts, &c. which marvellous kind of stories Romance-writers seldom forget. Circe, Alcina, Armida, are all rife to dress up Acrasia.

The characters in this book are the sage Palmer, the sober Guyn, the magnificent Prince Arthur, all well opposed to the cunning Archimago, and furious Sarazins, Braggadocio, and Trompart, are a kind of comic characters. Medina, Alma, and Belphoebe, are quite opposite to Medina's sisters, as likewise to Phædra and Acrasia. I am thoroughly persuaded myself, that Spenser has many historical allusions, and in this light I often consider his poem, as well as in that moral allegory, which is more obvious. In the last verse of this book, the Palmer says, "But let us hence depart whilst other serves and wind." Sir Guyn and the Palmer leave the Island of Acrasia, taking the Enchantress along with them, whom they immediately send to the Queen of Fairy land; they then repair to the house of Alma, and join the Briton Prince.

Urson.

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THE THIRDE BOOK OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE;
CONTAYNING
THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY.

I.
It falls me here to write of Chastity,
That fairest vertue, far above the rest:
For what which needs me fetch from Fairy
Forreine ensamples it to have express'd?
Sith it is shriven in my Soveraines brest,
And form'd so lively in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies, which it have profest,
Need but behold the portrait of her hart;
If pourtrayd it might bee by any living art:

II.
But living art may not least part express,
Nor life-resembling pencil it can pay't:
All were it Zeuxis or Praviteles,
His dedale hand would fail and greatly faynt,
And her perfections with his error taunt:
No poets witt, that passeth painter farre

n. 3. All were it] Although it were. Guenee.

n. 4. His dedale hand] Dedale hand, i.e. ingenious, cunning hand: ἀκρό τοι δαδάλης, artificiose manere. Urton.

In picturing the parts of beauty daynt,
So hard a workmanship adventure darre,
For fear through want of words her excellence to marre.

III.
How then shall I, apprentice of the skill
That whilome in divinest wits did rayne,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
Yet now my inkelesse lotth doth me constraine
Herceto performe: But, O divall Soveraine,
Thus far forth pardon, sith the best witt
Cannot your glorious portrait figure playne,
That I in colourd shawes may shadow it,
And antique praises unto present persons fitt.

IV.
But if in living colours, and right heav
Thyselfe thou covet to see pictured,

n. 7. daynt.] Old French, daire, daintie, fine, &c. Tod."
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

Who can it doe more lively, or more trow,
Then that sweete verse, with nectar sprinkeled,
In which a gracious servant pictured
His Cynthia, his heavens fairest light?
That with his melting sweetnes ravished,
And with the wonders of her beams bright,
My senses hulled are in slumber of delight.

But let that same delitious poet lead
A little leave unto a rustieke Muse
To sing his Mistresse praysse; and let him mend,
If ought amis her liking may abuse:
Ne let his fairest Cynthia refuse
In mirours more then one herselue to see;
But either Gloriana let her chuse,
or in Belphabe fashioned to bee;
In th' one her rule, in th' other her rare elastitee.

CANTO I.

Guyon encountreth Britamart;
Fayre Florimell is elosed;
Dunseis trumese and Mairecates are defaced.

I.
The famous Briton Prince and Faery Knight,
After long ways and perilous paines endur'ed,
Having their weary limbes to perfect plight
Restord, and soare wounds right well receiv'ed,
Of the fayre Alma greatly were procure'd
To make there longer soueraine and abode;
But, when thereto they might not be allow'd
From seeking praise and deeds of armes abrode,
They courteous congë tooke, and forth together yode.

II.
But the captiv'd Acrasia he sent,
Because of travell long, a higher way,
With a strong guard, all reskew to prevent,
And her to Faery Court safe to convoy;
That her for witness of his hard assay
Upto his Faery Queene he might present:
But he himselfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment,
And seek adventures, as he with Prince Arthur went.

III.
Long so they travailed through wastefull wayses,
Where daungters dwelt, and perils most did wome,
To hunt for glory and renowned praise:
Full many crouteryes they did overcom'd,
From the upringing to the setting saime,
And many hard adventures did strichere;
Of all the which they honoure ever wome,
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieve,
And to recover right for such as wrong did grieve.

At last, as through an open plain they yode,
They spied a Knight that towards pricked fayre;
And him beside an aged Squire there rode.

v. In which &c. This gracious servant is Sir W. Raleigh, our poets truly honoureth friend, & Eton, imagined and shadowed in this, as well as in the other bo's, under the name of Timothy. Upton.

w. wonne. Inhabit. Todd.

That scend to couch under his shield three-square,
As if that age badd him that burden spare,
And yield it those that stouter could it wield;
Ile, them espying, gan hiselue prepare,
And on his arme addresse his goodly shield
That bore a lion passant in a golden field.

v.

Which seeing good Sir Guyon deare besought
The Prince, of grace, to let him romne that turne
He grunted: then the Faery quickly taught
His poynant speare, and sharply gan to sporne
His fomy steed, whose fiery feete did burne
The verdit gras as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other backe his footes returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadful speare against the others head.

vi.

They beene ymett, and both the fayr points arriv'd;
But Guyon drove so furious and fell,
That scend both shield and plate it would have
Nathlesses it bore his foe not from his sell. [riv'd;
But made him stagger, as he were not well;
But Guyon selfe, ere well he was aware
Nigh a speares length behind his crupper fell;
Yet in his fall so well himselfe he bare,
That mischievous mischaunces his life and limb
Did spare.

vii.

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke;
For never yet, sith warfare armes he bore
And shivering speare in bloody field first shooke
He found himself dishonored so sore.
Ah! gentlesse Knight, that ever armow bore,
Let not thee grieve dismounted to have beene,
And brought to ground, that never was before
For not thy fault, but secret powre unseen
That speare enchanted was which layd thee or
The greenes!

viii.

But weanest thou what might thee overthrow,
Much greater grie and shamefuller regrett
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
That of a single Durneall thou wert mett
On equal plane, and there so hard beset:
Even the famous Britomart it was,
Whom strange adventure did from Britayne fell
To seeke her lover (love far songht alas?)
Whose image shee had scene in Venus looking-glas.

ix.

Full of disdainefull wrath, he fierce uprose
For to revenge that fowle reprochefull shame,
And sachteing his bright sword began to close
With her on foot, and stoutly forward came;
Dye rathor would he then endure that shame
Which when his palmer saw, he gan to feare
His toward peril, and untoward blame,
Which by that new recontre he should reare:
For Death sate on the point of that enchanted speare:

And hasteing towards him gan fayre persuade
Not to provoke misfortune, nor to weene

ix. Which by that new recontre &c. Recontre is an accidental combat or adventure. Vr. Recontre. Todd.
His speares default to mend with cruel blade;
For by his mightie science he had scene
The secret virtue of that weapon keene,
That mortal puissance mote not withstand:
Nothing on earth mote alasie happy beene!
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
A loose long-gotten honour with one evil hond.

By such good means he him discouesilled
From prosecuting his revenging rage;
And eke the Prince like treaty handeld,
His wrathfull will with reason to aswage;
And laid the blame, not to his carriage;
But to his starting need that swarve by side,
And to the ill purveyance of his Page,
That had his furnitures not firmly tyde:
So is his angry corage farly pacifyde.

Thus reconcilement was betwecne them knitt,
Through goodly temperance 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 enbase,
Ne armes to bear against the others syde:
In which accord the Prince was also plaste,
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde:
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

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 praye, and proofe of manly might,
The martial brood accustomed to right:
Then honour was the meed of victory,
And yet the vanquishd had no despight:
Let later age that noble use envy,
Vyle rancor to avoid and cruel surquedy!

Long they thus travelled in friendly wise,
Through countreyes waste, and eke well edifie,
Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
Their puissance, whylome full dernalty dyde:
At length they came into a forest wyde,
Whose hinedous horror and sad trembling sound
Full grievously seemed: Therein they long did ryde,
Yet tract of living creature none they found;
Save beares, lyons, and buls, which ronned them around.

All suddenly out of the thickest brush,
Upon a milke-white palfrey all alone,
A goodly Lady did forche them rush,
Whose face did seeeme as cleare as christall stone,
And eke, through feare, as white as whalke's bone:
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her stede with tinsell trappings shone,
Which feld so fast that nothing mote him hold,
And score them lesoure gave her passing to behold.

Still as she feld her eye she backward threw,
As fearing evil that pursewed her fast;
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
Loosly dispersit with puff of every blast:
All as a blazing starrre deth farre outcast
His heare beames, and flaming lockes dispredd,
At sight whereof the people stand aghast;
But the sage wisedal telles, as he has redd,
That it importune death and dolefull dreffyred.

As they asazed after her awylye,
Lo! where a grislyy fostere forth did rush,
Breathing out beastly lust her to defyle:
His tyring jade he fersly forth did push
Through thicke and thin, both over bank and bush,
In hope her to attache by hook or crooke,
That from his gory sydes the blood did gush:
Large were his limbs, and terrible his looke,
And in his clownish hand a sharp bone-speare he shooke.

Which outrage when those gentle Knights did see,
Full of great envy and fell gealousy
They stayd not to avise who first shold bee,
But all spurd after, fast as they mote flye,
To reskewh her from shamefull villanly.
The Prince and Guyon equallly bylve
Herselfe pursesued, in hope to win thereby
Most goodly meede, the fairest Dame alive:
But after the foule fostere Timias did strive.

The whiles faire Britomart, whose constant mind
Would not so lightly fallow 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 journey, through that perilous place,
With stedfast corage and stont hardiment:
Ne evil thing she feared, ne evil thing she met.

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 edifie,
And plaste for pleasure nigh that forrest syde:
But faire before the gate a spacios playne,
Mantled with greene, it selfe did spredden wyde,
On which she saw six Knights, that did darrayne
Fiers battaile against one with cruel might and mayne.

Mainely they all attone upon him laid,
And sore beseit on every side around,
That nigh he breathlesse grew,ye not Euindismaid,
Ne ever to them yielded foot of grown,
All had he lost much blood through many a wound:
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every way,
To which he turned in his wrathfull stownd,
Made them recoile, and flye from dredd decay,
That none of all the six before him durst assay:

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xvii. 2. foster | Forester. Todd.
xix. 9. against one | The Rector's Knight. Todd.
xxi. 5. All | Although. Church.
xxi. 9. before him durst assay | Durst attack him before, i. e. face to face. Church
Like dastard curtes, that, having at a bay
The salvage beast embist in wairie chace.
Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,
Ne byte before, but borne from place to place
To get a snatch when turned is his face.
In such distresse and doubltfull jeopardy
When Britomart him saw, she ran apace
Unto his rescwe, and with earnest cry
Badd those same sixe forbear toe single enmy

But to her cry they list not lend ear,
Ne ought the more their mightie strokes surcease;
But, gathering him round about more neare,
Their dierfull rancore rather did encrease;
Till that she rushing through the thickest preasse
Perforce dispersat their compacted gyre,
And soone compeld to hearken unto peace:
Tho gan she myldly of them to inquire
The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

Where, that single Knight did answere frame;
These sixe would me enforce, by oddes of might,
To change my life, and love another dame;
That death me fferer were then such despight,
So unse wise to yield my wreste to right:
For I love one, the truest one on ground,
Ne list me change; she th' Errant Damzell light;
For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd
I have endur'd, and tasted many a bloody wound.

"Cerets," said she, "then beene ye sixe to blame,
To weene your wrong by force to justify:
For Knight to leafe 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 that love that loues but one:
Ne may Love be compeld by maistry;
For, soone as maistry comes, sweete Love anone
Taketh his nimble wings, and soone away is gone.

Then spake one of those sixe: "There dwelthed here
Within this castle-wall a Lady faire,
Whose soveraine beautie hath no living pere;
Thereto so bounteouse and so dehonayre,
That never any more with her compayre:
She hath ordaind this lawe, which we approve,
That every Knight which doth this way repaiyre,
In case he have no Lady nor no Love,
Shall doe unto her service, never to remove:

"But if he have a Lady or a Love,
Then must he forgoe with fowle defame,
Or els with us by dint of sword approve,
That she is fairer then our fairest Dame;
As did this Knight, before ye hether came."
"Perdy," said Britomart, "the choise is hard!
But what reward had he that overcame?"

"He should advancede bee to high regard,"
Said they, "and have our Ladies love for his reward.

"Therefore are all, Sir, if thou have a Love;"
"Love have I sure," quoth she, "but Lady none;"
Yet will I not fro mine owne Love remove,
Ne to your Lady will I service done,
But wreeke your wronges wrought to this Knight alone,

And prove his cause."
With that, her mortall She mightily aventered towardes:
And dowe him smot ere well aware he weare;
And to the next she rode, and downe the next did beare.

Ne did she stay till three on ground she laid,
That none of them himselfe could reare againe:
The fourth was by that other Knight dismayd,
All were he ware of his former paine:
That now there do but two of sixe remaine;
Which two did yield before she did them smight.
"Ah!" said she then, "now may ye all see plaine,
That Truth is strong, and trew Love most of might,
That for his trusty servants doth so strongly right."

"Too well we see," said they, "and prove too well
Our faulty weakenes, and your matchlesse might.
Forthy, faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,
Which by her owne lawe to your lot doth light,
And we your liegemen faith unto you plight."
So underneathe her feet their swords they mard,
And, after, her besought, well as they might,
To enter in and reap the dew reward:
She graunted; and then in they all together far'd.

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
And stately port of Castle Joyeous,
(For so that Castle high by common name,) Where they were entraynd with courteous
And comely glee of many gratious
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 deeleed was the Lady of Delight.

But, for to tell the sumptuous array
Of that great chamber, should be labour lost;
For living wit, I weene, cannot display
The roiall riches and exceeding cost
Of every pillow and of every post,
Which all of purest bullion framed were,
And with great perles and pretios stones embost;
That the bright glister of their beame's cleare
Did sparkle forth great light, and glorious did appear.

These stranger Knights, through passing, forth were
Into an inner roome, whose royaltie
And rich purveyance might unfaith be red;
Mote Princes place besseene so deckt to bee.

Which stately manner whenas they did see,
The image of superfluous riotize,
Exceeding much the state of mane degree,
They greatly wondered whencesoever these
Might be maintayned, and each gau diversely devise.

The walls were round about apparelled
With costly clothes of Arras and of Toure;
In which with cunning hand was porstrahed
The love of Venus and her paramoure,
The faire Adonis, turned to a flower;
A worke of rare device and wondrous wit.
First did it shew the better balefull stowre,
Whereas her assayd with many a fervent fit,
When first her tender hart was with his beautifull smite:

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she
Entryst the boy, as well that art she knew,
And wondred how him her paramoure to bee;
Now making girldons of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden locks with honour dew;
Now leading him into a secreat shade
From his behaimers, and from bright heavens view,
Where he could sleepe she gently would perswade,
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert glade:

And, whilst he slept, she over him would spred
Her mantle colour'd like the starrie skyes,
And her soft arme lay underneathe his hed,
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
And, whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes
She secretly would search each daintie lim,
And threw into the well sweet rosemaryes,
And fragrant violets, and paunes trim;
And ever with sweet nectar she did sprinkle him.

So did she staeke his healess hart away,
And toy'd his love in secret mespyde;
But for she saw him bent to crucil play,
To hunt the salvage beast in forrest wyde,
Dreadfull of danger that mote him betide
She oft and oft advis'd him to refraine
From chase of greater beasts, whose brutish pryde
Mote breede him scath unwarres: but all in vaine;
For who can shun the chance that destyny doth ordaine!

So there beyond he lyeth languishing,
Deadly engored of a great wide bore;
And by his side the goddess groveling
Makes for him endlessse mone, and evermore
With her soft garment wipes away the gore
Which staynes his snowly skin with hatefull hew:
But, when she saw no helpe might him restore
Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,
Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it lively grew.

So was that chamber clad in goodly wise:
And round about it, many beds were dight,
As whylome was the antique worlds guize,
Some for untimely case, some for delight,
As pleased them to use that use it might:
And all was full of Damzels and of Squyres,
Dauinng and reveling both day and night,
And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres;
And Cupid still es ingest them kindled lustfulfyres.

And all the white sweet Musickie did divide
Her loosuer notes with Lydian harmony;
And all the white sweete birdes thereto applide
Their daintie lays and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of love and lollity,
That wonder was to heare their trim consort.
Which when those Knights beheld, with scornful eye
They signd such lascivious disport,
And boath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

There 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 seend a woman of great bountithed
And of rare beautie, saving that askaunce
Her wanten eyes (ill signes of womanede)
Did roll too lightly, and too often glance,
Without regard of grace or comely annenunce.

Long worke it were, and needless to devize
Their goodly entertainment and great glee:
She caused them be led in courteous wise
Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,
And cheered well with wine and spiceere:
The Redrosese Knight was soon disarmed there;
But the brave Mayd would not disarmed bee,
But onely vented up her umbriere,
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

As when fayre Cynthia, in darksome night,
Is in a noyous cloud enclosed,
Where she may finde the substance thin and light,
Breakes forth her silver beams, and her bright
Discovers to the world discomfited;
Of the poore traveller that went astray
With thousand blessings she is heried:
Such was the beautie and the shining ray,
With which fayre Britomart gave light unto the day.

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmed, and did themselves present
Unto her vew, and company unsought;
For they all seemed courtesee and gent,

XXXVIII.

[Book III.

XXXVIII. 7. — bemperers.] Fair companions, from beaup and pair, a peer, equal. Upton.
XXXVIII. 8. — with her two crafty spyes] Crafty spyes is here a paraphrase for eyes, but a very inartificial one;
as it may so easily be mistaken for two persons whom she employed, with herself, to search &c. T. Warton.
XXXVIII. 1. — where beyond] Beyond, that is, at some distance. Upton.

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XL. 1. — where beyond] Beyond, that is, at some distance. Upton.
And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,  
Which had them trayned in all civilitie,  
And goodly taught to tilt and tournament;  
Now were they ligien to this Ladie free,  
And her Knights service ought, to hold of her in  
fee.

XLIV.

The first of them by name Gardante hight,  
A lolly person, and of comely yew;  
"The second was Parlante, a bold Knight;  
And next to him Locante did ensue;  
Basciante did himselfe most courteous shew;  
But fierce Bacchante seemed too fell and keen;  
And yet in armes Nortante greater grew:  
All were faire Knights, and goodly well be-  
scene;  
But to faire Britomart they all but shadowes  

For shee was full of amiable grace  
And manly terror mixed therewithall;  
That as the one stird up affections base,  
So thother did mens rash desires aqual,  
And hold them backe that would in error fall:  
As he that hath espide a vermeil rose,  
To which sharp thornes and breces the way  
forstall,  
Dare not for dread his hardly hand expose,  
But, wishing it far off, his yde wish doth lose.

XLV.

Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight,  
All ignorant of her contrary sex,  
(For shee her wound a fresh and lusty Knight,)  
Shee greatly gan enamoured to wey,  
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:  
Her fickle Hart conceived hastyyre,  
Like sparkes of fire which fall in scelerd flex,  
That shortly brent into extreme desyre,  
And ramsackt all her veins with passion entyre.

XLVI.

Eftsoonnes shee grew to great impatience,  
And into termes of open outrage brast,  
That plainly discovered her incontinence;  
Ne reckt shee who her meaning did mistrust;  
For she was given all to fleshly lust,  
And pourd forth in sensuall delight,  
That all regard of shame she had discust,  
And meet respect of honor put to flight:  
So shamelesse beauty soon becomes a loathly sight.

XLVII.

Faire Ladies, that to love captvied arce,  
And chaste desires doe norishe in your mind,  
Let not her fault your sweete affections marre;  
Ne blot the bounty of all womankide [find:  
'Mongst thousands good, one wanton dame to  
Enmognst the roses grow some wicked weeds:  
For this was not to love, but lust, inclind;  
For love does alwaies bring forth bounteous deeds,  
And in each gentle hart desire of honor breeds.  

XLVIII. 3. — Ladie free, ] The term free is equal to our phrase of grated, of free or easy carriage. Tood.  
Ita discutere, to remove or put away. Upton.  

L. 9. But Britomart &c.] That is, Britomart seemed as though she understood her not. Church.

LII. 5. To lose her warlike limbs and strong effort:] That is, to let loose, or to unloose, her warlike limbs, and to lay aside her sternness, force or effort, to lose her effort, to relax a little. The same verb, with some difference of signification, is applied to two different substantives. Upton.

LIII. 5. — but if] Unless. Church.

LIII. 8. [of such malenging] Ghile. Tood.

LV. 1. Fortby she would not in discoursese wise] That is discourteously. Upton.
For great rebuke it is love to despise,  
Or rudely scorne a gentle harts request;  
But with faire countenance, as he seemed best,  
Her countrey: nathlesse she inly deem'd  
Her love too light, to weoe a wandering guest;  
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteem'd  
That from like inward fire that outward smoke had steem'd.

LXI.
Therewith awhile she her flit fancy fed,  
Till she moke winne fit time for her desire;  
But yet her wound still inward freshly bleed,  
And through her bones the false instilled fire  
Did spread itselfe, and venime close inspire.  
Tho were the tables taken all away;  
And every Knight, and every gentle Squire,  
Gan choose his Dame with bascionman gay,  
With whom he meant to make his sport and courteously play.

LXII.
Some fell to daunce: some fell to hazardry;  
Some to make love; some to make meryment;  
As diverse witts to diverse things apply:  
And all the while faire Malecasta bent  
Her crafty engins to her close intent.  
By this th' eternall lampes, wherewith high Love  
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspeut,  
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas strove  
Into the ocean deepe to drive their weary drove.

LXIII.
High time it seemed then for everie wight  
Them to betake unto their kindly rest:  
Eftesoomes long waxen torches weren light  
Unto their bowres to gudynen every guest:  
Tho, when the Britonese saw all the rest  
Avoided quite, she gan herselce despoile,  
And safe commit to her soft fethered nest;  
Wheer through long watch, and late daies weares toyle,  
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite assoile.

LXIV.
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 envious plighted  
Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,  
Lightly arose out of her weare bed,  
And, under the blacke vele of guilty night,  
Her with a scarlett mantle covered  
That was with gold and ermines faire enveloped.

LXV.
Then puyting softe, and trembling every ioynt,  
Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she mov'd,

LXVI. Which That is, which affable behaviour. CHURCH.  
LXVII. bascionman With bascionman, Itat. With kissing her hands: a phrase, perhaps common in our author's age, when Italian manners were universally affected. T. WARTON.  
LXVIII. &c.] The Hyades, a constellation of seven stars in the head of the Bull. CHURCH.  
LXIX. unto their bowres CHAMBERS. T. WARTON.  
LXX. assome Did put off, or was freed from. T. WARTON.

LXVIII. Then puyting softe.] Breathing softly. CHURCH.
CANTO II.

The Redcrosse Knight to Britomart
Describeth Arreigals;
The wondrous Myrrhour, by which she
In love with him did talh.

i.
Here have I cause in men inst blame to find,
That in their proper praise too partiall bee,
And not indifferent to woman kind,
To whom no share in armes and chevalhree
They doe impart, ne make memore.
Of their brave gestes and prowess martialis;
Scarse do they spare to one, or two, or three,
Rowme in their written; yet the same writing
small
Does all their deedes deface, and dims their glorys
all.

But by record of antique times I finde
That women wont in warres to bear most sway,
And to all great exploits themselves inclin'd,
Of which they still the girlond bore away;
Till envious men, fearing their rules decay,
Gan cowye straight lawes to curb their liberty:
Yet, sith they warlike armes have laide away,
They have exceed in artes and policy:
That now we foolish men that praysen gike t'envy.

ii.
Of warlike puissance in ages spent,
Be thou, faire Britomart, whose praysen I wyre:
But all wisdom bee thou precedent,
O soveraine Queene, whose praysen I would enlyte,
Endite I would as dewtie dothe exyce:
But ah! my rymes too rude and rugged are,
When in so hight an obiect they doe lyte,

And, striving fit to make, I feare, doe marre:
Thyselfe thy prayses tell, and make them known
farre.

She, travelling with Guinevere by the way
Of sondry things faire purpose gan to find,
Tabredg their journey long and lingers day:
Mongst which it fell into that Fairies mind
To ask this Briton Maid, what uncouth wind
Brought her into those partes, and what inquest
Made her dissemble her disguised kind:
Faire Lady she him seemd like Lady drest,
But fairest Knight alive when armed was her brest.

Thereat she sighing softly had no powre
To speake awhile, ne ready awnsere make;
But with hart-thrilling thorns and bitter stowre,
As if she had a fever fitt, did quake,
And every daintie limb with horror shake;
And ever and anon the rosie red
Flasheth through her face, as it had beene a flake
Of lightning through bright heven fulmined:
At last, the passion past, she thus him answered:

"Faire Sir, I let you weete, that from the howre
I taken was from nourse tender pap,
I have beene trained up in warlike stowre,
To tosen spere and shield, and to affrap
The warlike ryder to his most mishap;
Sithence I loathed have my life to lead,
As Ladies wont, in Pleasures wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread;
Me lever were with point of foemans speare be dead.

"All my delight on deeds of armes is set;
To hunt out perilles and adventures hard,
By sea, by land, whereso they be may be met,
Onely for honour and for high regard,
Without respect of richesse or reward:
For such intent into these partes I came,
Withouten compass or withouten card,
Far fro my native soyle, that is by name
The Greater Brytayne, here to seeke for praise and fame.

"Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery Loud
Doe many famous Knightes and Ladies beonne,
And many strange adventures to bee foun'd,
Of which great worth and worship may be beonne;
Which to prove, I this voyage have begonne.
But mote I weet of you, right courtesous Knight,
Tydings of one that hath unto me donne

iv. 6. —- and what inquest
Made her dissemble her disguised kind:] And what quest or adventure, which she now was in pursuit of, made her dissemble her kind, nature or sex. Erton.


vi. 9. [Me lever secre] I had rather, or it would be more pleasant to me. Todd.


viii. 2. —- wonne.] Dwelt. The same word rhymes to wonne, i.e. acquired, (as here,) in the preceding canto, st. 3. Words, thus spelt alike, but of different signification, are frequently employed as rhymes to each other in Italian and also in old English poetry. Todd.
Late foule dishonour and reprochfull spight,
The which I secke to wraake, and Arthegal he hight.

The worde gone out she backe againe would call,
As her repenting so to have missayd,
That he, it uptaking ere the fall,
Her shortly answered; "Faire martiaill Mayd,
Cortes ye misavised beene t' upbrayd
A gentle Knight with so unkindly blame:
For, weet ye well, of all that ever playd
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble Arthegal hath ever borne the name.

"Forthy great wonder were it, if such shame
Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,
Or ever doe that mote deserven blame:
The noble sorge never wenced 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 Country both I wish welfare,
And honour both; for each of other worthy are."

The royall Maid waxe inly wondrous glad,
To heare her Love so highly magnifiye:
And loyd that ever she affixed had
Her hart on Knight so gossly glorifiye,
However finely she it faind to hyde
The loving mother, that nine monethes did heare
In the deare closseth of her painfull syde
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
Doth not so much rejoicye as she rejoicyed theeare.

But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humor with his pleasing style,
Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke,
And thus replyde; "However, Sir, ye fyle
Your courteous tongue his prayses to compyle,
It ill besences a Knight of gentle sort,
Such as ye have him boasted, to beguyle
A simple Maide, and worke so haimous tort,
In Shame of Knighthood, as I largely can report.

"Let bee therefore my vengeance to dissipawe,
And read, where I that Faytour false may find."
"Ah! but if reason faire might you perswade
To take your wrath, and mollify your mind,"

*4. The noble courag never wenced ought
That may unworthy of itselfe be thought. The noble mind never entertains a thought unworthy of itself. Courag is used for heart or mind, often by our poet, as well as by Chaucer. Urson.*

**iii.** Her [lit.] She was pleased. Church.

*bid. — in stryfull termes &c.] This is Spenser's manner of spelling strikefull. The word has occurred before. Tod.**

**x.** ye fyle &c. See the note on his tongue. P. q. t. i. 35. Urson.

**xii.** Let bee therefore &c.] Let bee, let alone, omit. Urson.

**xii.** that Faytour false may find.] "Faitour, a lazy, idle fellow. Faitard, faitour, un presensx, piper. Lazure." Tod.
Betwixt the lowest earth and heavens hight,
So that it to the looker appeartayn'd;
Whatever foe had wrongt, or friend had faynd,
Therin discovered was, ne ought mot e pas,
Ne ought in secret from the same remayn'd;
Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,
Like to the world itselfe, and seemd a World of Glas.

Who wonders not, that reads so wondrous worke?
But who does wonder, that has red the Towre
Wherein th' Aegyptian Phao long did lurke?
From all mens vew, that none might her discoure,
Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?
Great Ptolomaeus for his Lemans sake
Ybuilt all of glasse, by magicke powre,
And also it impregnable did make;
Yet, when his Love was false, he with a peaze it brake.

Such was the glassy Globe that Merlin made,
And gave unto king Ryence for his gard,
That never foes his kigndome might invade,
But he it knew at home before he hard
Tydings thereof, and so them still debor'd:
It was a famous present for a prince,
And worthy worke of infinite reward,
That treasonous could bewray, and foes convince:
Happy this realme, had it remaynever since!

One day it fortunated Fayre Britomart
Into her fathers closet to repaire;
For nothing he from her reserv'd apart,
Being his onlye daughter and his hayre;
Where when she had espied that Mirthour fueyre,
Herselfe awhile therein she vewd in vaine:
Tho, her avizing of the vertues rare
That thereof spoken were, she gan againe
Her to bethinke of that mote to herselfe pertaine.

But as it falled, in the gentlesst harts
Imperious Love hath highest set his thron,
And tyramizeth in the bitter smarts
Of them, that to hym buxome are and prone:
So thought this Mayd (as maydens use to done)
Whom fortune for her husband would allot;
Not that she lasted after any one,
For she was pure from blame of sinful blott;
Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same knot.

Ethiozones there was presented to her eye
A comedy Knight, all arm'd in complete wise,

In man's face it brake:] That is, he brake it with a violent blow, with a stamp, with the weight of his stroke; for so we may interpret face from the Spanish pesa. Todd.

Convict his foes, according to Mr. Church; overthroned them, according to Mr. Utten; who adds, that Shakespeare uses convict in this sense very often. The Latin word convictus admits both interpretations. Todd.

That is, As she thought of nothing in particular, nothing was represented to her but her own person. Church.

Belythking herselv. Fr. d'auvoir. Church.

Yielding, or obedient. Todd.

Through whose bright ventayle lifted up on hye
His manly face, that did his foes agrize
And frends to termes of gentle truce intize,
Lookt forth, as Phoebus face out of the east
Betwixt two shydy mountaynes doth arize:
Portly his person was, and much increas
Through his heroike grace and honorable gest.

His crest was covered with a conchant hownd,
And all his armour seemd of aintique mould,
But wondrous massy and assured sownd,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was, with cyphers old,
Achilles armes which Arthegall did win:
And on his shield enveloped sevenfold
He bore a crowned little erumuel,
That deckt the azure field with her fayre pouldred skin.

The Damzell well did vew his personage,
And likd well; ne further fastned not,
But went her way; ne her unguility age
Did weene, unwares, that her unlucky lot
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot;
Of hurt unwise most danger doth redound:
But the false archer, which that arrow shot
So slyly that she did not feel the wound,
Did smyle full smoothely at her weetlesse wofull stound.

Thenceforth the fether in her lofty crest,
Ruffed of Love, gan lowly to avale;
And her proud pertunence and her princely gest,
With which she earst tryumphed, now did quale:
Sad, solemne, sovre, and ful of fancies fraile,
She woxe; yet wist she nether how, nor why;
She wist not, sily Mayd, what she did aile,
Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy;
Yet thought it was not love, but some melancholy.

So soone as Night had with her pallid hew
Defaste the beautie of the skyning skye,
And refte from men the worlds desired vew,
She with her nourse adowne to sleepe did dyde;
But sleepe full far away from her did flye;
Instead thereof sad sighes and sorrowes deep;
Ktpt watch and ward about her warily;
That nought she did but wayle, and often steepe
Her dainty conch with teares which closely she did wepe.

And if that any drop of sollabring rest
Did chaunce to still into her weary sprite,
When feele nature felt herselue opprest, [sight
straightway with dreams, and with fantastick

With her face pouldred skin.] That is, with her skin spotted, or variegated. T. Warton.

Unwise, unknowne. That is, Most danger arises from the harts we know not of. Church.

Ruffed of Love, gan lowly to avale.] Ruffed, i.e. ruffled, disorderd. Avale is to sink. Fr. avaler. Church.

With tears which closely &c.] That is, she wept silently that her nurse might not perceve it. Church.
Of dreadful things, the same was put to flight;
That oft out of her bed she did astart,
As one with vew of ghastly feonds affright:
Tho gan she to renew her former smart,
And thinkes of that faire visage written in her hart.

XXX.

One night, when she was tost with such unrest,
Her aged nourse, whose name was Ghancë hight,
Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,
Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
And dwayne againe in her warme bed her dight:
"Ah! my deare daughter, ah! my dearest dread,
What uncouth fit," sayd she, "what evill plight
Hath thee opprest, and with sad dreamyhead
Chaunged thy lively cheare, and living made thee dead!"

XXXI.

"For not of nought these suddain ghastly fears
All night afflict thy naturall repose;
And all the day, whenas thine equall pears
Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,
Thou in dull corners doest thyself inclose;
Ne tastest princes pleasures, ne doest sped
Abroad thy fresh youths fairest flowres, but lose
Both leafe and fruite, both too untimely shed,
As one in wilfull bale for ever buried.

XXXII.

"The time that mortall men their weary carea
Do lay away, and all wide beasts do rest,
And every river eke his course beforres,
Then doth this wicked evill thee infest,
And rive with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest:
Like an huge Acton of decepl enguilled gyve,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest, [ryfe,
Whenece forth it breaks in sighes and anguish
As smoke and sulphure mingled with confusde styre.

XXXIII.

"Ay me! how much I feare least love it bee!
But if that love it bee, as sure I read
By known signes and passions which I sec,
Be it worthy of thy race and royall send,
Then I avow, by this most sacred head
Of my deare foster child, to ease thy grifee
And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread;
For death nor danger from thy dew reliefe
Shall me debarre: Tell me therefore, my liefest liefe!"

XXXIV.

So having sayd, her twixt her armes twaine
Shee straitly straynd, and collect 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 dewy eies with kisses deare
Shee ofte did bathe, and ofte againe did dry;
And ever her impornt not to feare
To let the secret of her hart to her appeare.

XXX. 4. — keight.] Caught. UPTON.

XXXII. 5. — thy thrilled brest.] Thy breast pierced through. TOOD.

XXXIII. 7. — Therefore away doe dread.] It would have been more persisnec if the poet had written "Therefore doe away dready." TOOD.

XXXIV. 2. — called] Hung about her neck. Lat. colium. CHURCH.
But love'd their native flesh against ali kynd,
And to their purpose used wicked art:
Yet playd Pasiphae a more monstrous part,
That love'd a bull, and learn'd a beast to bee:
Such shamefull lustes who loathes not, which depart
From course of nature and of moestee?
Swete Love such lowdes bands from his faire company.

"But thine, my deare, (welfare thy heart, my deare!)
Though strange beginning had, yet fixted is
On one that worthy may perhaps appeare;
And certes scenes bestowed not amis:
Joy thereof have thou, and eternall bliss!"
With that, upleasning on her elbow weake,
Her abalaster brest she soft did kis,
Which all that while see he felt to pant and quake,
As it an earth-quake woe; at last she thus bespake;

"Beldame, your words doe worke me lide case;
For though my love be not so lowedly bent
As those ye blame, yet may it nought appease
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helplesse griefe augment.
For they, however shamefull and unkinde,
Yet did possess their horrible intent:
Short end of sorrowes they therby did finde;
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their minde.

"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 Cephius foolish chyld,
Who, having vewed in a fountain shere
His face, was with the love thereof beguyl
I, fonder, love a shade, the body far exyld."

Nought like, 'quoth she; 'for that same wretched
Was of himselle the ylle paramoure,
Both Love and Lover, without hope of joy;
For which he fadeth to a watry flower.
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
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 magickie might.

"But if thou may with reason yet repress
The growing evil, ere it strength have gott,

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

And thee abandon wholy do possess;
Against it strongly strive; and yield thee not
Til thou in open fieles adowne be smott:
But if the passion manyer thy enemie might,
So that needs love or death must be thy lot,
Then I avow to thee, by wrong or right
To compass thy desire, and find that loved Knight."

Herchiefewords much sheard the feele sprightly
Of the sicke Virgin, that her downe she layd
In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might;
And the old-woman carefully displayd
The clothes about her round with busy ayd;
So that at last a little creeping sleepe
Surprizd her sence: Shee, therewith well apayd,
The draken lamp down in the oyl did steepe,
And sett her by to watch, and sett her by to wepe.

Earlye, the morrow next, before that Day
His ioysus face did to the world reveal
They both uprose and tooke their ready way
Unto the church, their pricers to appeale,
With great devotion, and with little zeale:
For the faire Damzess from the holy herse
Her love-sick hart to other thoughts didsteale:
And that old Dame said many an idle verse,
Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to reverse.

Retourned home, the royall Infant fell
Into her former fitt; for why! no powre
Nor guidance of herselfe in her did dwell.
But th'aged nourse, her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered rew, and savine, and the flower
Of camphora, and camaliento, and dill;
All which she in a earthen pot did powre,
And to the brim with colowd did it fill,
And many drops of milk and blood through it did spill.

Then, taking thrise three heares from off her head,
They trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
And round about the pots mouth bound the thread.
And, after having whispered a space
Certain sad words with hollow voice and base,
Shee to the Virgin sayd, thrise sayd she itt;
"Come,daughter, come; come,speit upon my face;
Spitt thrise upon me, thrise upon me spitt;
Th' unwen number for this business is most fit."

That sayd, her round about she from her turnd,
She turned her contrary to the same;
Thisse her turnd contrary, and returned
All contrary; for she the right did shunne;
And ever what she did was straight undone.
So thought she to undoe her daughter's love:

Shee, therewith well apayd,] Old Glauce
well apayd, well satisfied, to see her ward taking a little rest, does not blow out the lamp, for that was til ommous; but steeps it, and thus extinguisheth it, in the oyl: and then sets herself to watch by her, and, lamenting her case, weeps over her.


Shere is transparent. Tod.
But love, that is in gentle breast begane,
No yule charms so lightly may remove;
That well can witnesse, who by tryall it does prove.

Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd arrayle,
Ne slake the fury of her cruel flame,
But that shee still did waste, and still did wylle,
That, through long languour and hart-burning breme,
She shortly like a pyned ghost became
Which long hath waited by the Stygian strond:
That when old Glauces saw, for feare least blame
Of her miscarriage should in her be found,
She wist not how famend, nor how it to withstand.

CANTO III.

Most sacred fyre, that burnes most mightily
In living breasts, ykinell first above
Amongst th' eternall spheres and lamping sky,
And thence pound into men, which men call love;
Not that same, which doth base affections move
In brutish minde, and filthy lust inflame;
But that sweete fit that doth true beautie love,
And chooseth Vertue for his dearest dame,
Whence spring all noble decees and never-dying fame:

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 aight:
The fatal purpose of divine foresight
Thou dost effect in destined descents,
Through depee impression of thy secret might,
And stirrest up th' hero's high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous monuments.

But thy dreed darters in none doe triumph more,
Ne braver proofs in any of thy powre
Show'dst thou, than in this royall Maid of yore,
Making her seem an unknowne Paramoure,
From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowre:
From whose two loynes thou afterwardes did
Most famous fruities of matrimoniall bowre,
Which through the earth have spread their living prayers,
That fame in trumpe of gold eternally displays.

Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame,
Daughter of Phoebus and of Memory,

That doest enoble with immortall name
The warlike worthies, from antiquity,
In thy great volume of Eternitie;
Begin, O Clio, and recount from hence
My glorious Sovereines goodly Amenestrye,
Till that by dew degrees, and long protense,
Thou have it lastly brought unto her Excellence.

Full many ways within her troubled mind
Old Glauces cast to cure this Ladies grief;
Full many ways she sought, but none could find,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsel that is chiefe
And choosest med'cine for sick harts reliefe:
Forthy great care she tooke, and greater feare,
Least that it should her turne to false reproe
And soe reprou, wherein her father deare
Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune heare.

At last she her advisde, that he which made
That Mirrour, wherein the sike Damessell
So strangelye weped her strange loveres shade,
To weet, the learned Merlin, well could tell
Under what coast of heaven the Man did dwell,
And by what means his love might best be
For, though beyond the Africk Ismael [wrought:
Or th' Indian Peru he were, she thought
Him forth through infinite endeavour to have sought

Fortwith themselves disguising both in straunge
And base attire, that none might them bewray,
To Maridumum, that is now by change
Of name Cuyr-Merlin calld, they tooke their way:
There the wise Merlin whylome want (they say)
To make his wome, low underneath the ground,
In a deepel delve, farre from the vew of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
Whensoe he counsell'd with his spriets encompass round.

And, if thou ever happen that same way
To travell, go to see that dreadful place:
It is a hideous hollow cave (they say)
Under a rock that lyeth a little space
From the swift Barry, trembling downe apace
Emongst the woody hilles of Dynewouro:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any case
To enter into that same basefull bowre,
For feare the cruel feendes should thee unwares devoure.

But standing high aloft low lay thine care,
And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines
And bracen camdrons thou shalt rumbling heare,
Which thousand spriets with long enduring paines
Doe tosse, that it will storm thy feele braines;
And oftentimes great groans, and grievous
stomachs,
When too huge toil and labour them constraines; And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing soundes From under that deepse rock most horribly re-
bowades.

The cause, some say, is this: A little whyle Before that Merlin dyde, he did intende A brasen wall in compass to compyle About Cairmarlin, 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 workmen to forsake, Then bownd, till his returne, their labour not to
shake.

In the meane time through that false Ladies traine He was surpris'd, and buried under beare, Ne ever to his worke returned againe: Nath'lesse those feendes may not their work for-
beare,
So greatly his commandement they earne, But there doe toyle and travaile day and night, Untill that brasen wall they up doe reare: For Merlin had in magic more insight Then ever him before or after living wight:

For he by words could call out of the sky Both summon and mine, and make them him obey; 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 things could Whensso him list his enimies to fray: [frame, That to this day, for terror of his fame. The feendes do quake when any to him they do name.

And, sooth, men say that he was not the soone Of mortall syre or other living wight, But wondrously begotten, and begonne By false illusion of a guileful spright On a fair lady Nonne, that whilome hight Matilda, daughter to Pudibund Who was the lord of Mathtraval by right, And cozen unto king Ambrosius: Whence he indue was with skill so meervolous.

They, here arriving, staid awhile without, Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend, But of their first intent gan make new dount For dread of danger, which it might portend: Untill the hardy Mayd (with Love to friend) First entering, the dreadful Mage there found Depeee busied 'bout worke of wondrous end, And writing strange characters in the ground, With which the stubborne feendes he to his ser-
vice bownd.

He nought was moved at their entrance bold, For of their comming well he wist afore; Yet list them bid their businesse to unfold, As if onght in this world in secrete store Were from him hidden, or unknowne of yore. Then Glauce thus: "Let not it thee offend, That we thus rashly through thy darksom dore Unwares have prest; for either fatall end, Or other mightie cause, us two did thither send."

He bad tell on: And then she thus began; [light "Now have three moones with borrowd brothers Thrice shined faire, and thrice second dim and wan, Sith a sore evill, which this Virgn bright Tormenteth and doth plunge in dolefull plight, First rooting tooke; but what thing it mete bee, Or whence it spring, I cannot read aright: But this I read, that, but if remedie Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see."

Therewith th' Enchaunter softly gan to smyle At her smooth speaches, weeting inly well That to him she dissemble wanish guyle, And to her said; "Beldame, by that ye tell More neede of leach-crafe hath your Damozell, Then of my skil: who helpe may have elsewhere, In vaine seekes wonders out of magic spell." Th' old woman wox half blanke those words to hear: And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appare;

And to him said; " If any leach skil, Or other learned meannes, could have redrest This my deare daughters deepe-engraffed ill, Certes I should be loth thee to molest: But this sad evill, which doth her infest, Doth courece of naturall cause farre exceed, And house in her hollow breast, That either seemes some cursed witches deed, Or evill spright, that in her doth such torment breed."

The Wrisard could no longer bear her bord, But, bursting forth in laughter, to her sayd; "Glauce, what needes this colourable word To cloke the cause that hath itselfe bewrayd? Ne ye, feeve Britomartis, thus arayd, More hidden are the sunne in clody veale: Whom thy good fortune, having fate obayed, Hath hether brought for succour to appeale; The which the Powres to thee are pleased to reveale."

The doubtfull Mayde, seeing herselfe deseryde, Was all abash, and her pure yvoyr Into a cleare carnation suddeine dyde;

xvi. 8. — fatal end.] Destiny. Church.

xvii. 8. — but if] Except or unless. Todd.

xvii. 5. — leach-crafe] The art of healing or of phisick. Todd.

viii. 8. Th’ old woman wox half blanke] Half con-
ounded and out of constancie. Upton.

ix. 1. [her bord.] Her feet, her pretence; for
what she said was not true. Todd.
As fayre Aurora, rising hastily,
Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye
All night in old Tithonus frozen bed,
Whereof she seeming ashamed inwardly:
But her old nurse was sought disheartened,
But vaunting made of that which Merlin had said;

And sayd; "Sith then thou knowest all our griefes,
(For what doest not thou knowe?) of grace I pray,
Pitty our playnt, and yield us meet relife!"
With that the Prophet still awhile did stay,
And then his spirit thus gan forth display;
"Most noble Virgin, that by fatall lore
Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee dismay
The hard beginne that meedes thee in the dore,
And with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppresseth sore;

"For so must all things excellent begin;
And eke enrosted deep must be that tree,
Whose big embodied branches shall not lin
Till they to heavens hight forth stretched bee.
For from thy wome a famous progenee
Shall spring out of the amnient Trojan blood,
Which shall revive the sleeping memore
Of those same antique peres, the heavens brood,
Which Greeke and Asian rivers stayned with their blood.

"Renowned kings, and sacred emperours,
Thy fruitful olispring, shall from thee descend;
Brave capitanes, and most mighty warriours,
That shall their conquests through all lands extend,
And their decayed kinglyames shall amend;
The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
They shall uprearre, and mightily defend
Against their forren foe that commes from farre,
Till universall peace compound all civill iarre.

It was not, Britomart, thy wandering eye
Glancing unwares in charmed Lookings glas,
But the straight course of hevenly destiny,
Led with Eternall Providence, that has
Guyded thy glance, to bring his Will to pas:
Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To love the prouest Knight that ever was;
Therefore submit thy wayes unto His Will.
And doe, by all dew meanes, thy destiny fulfill."

"Bat read," saide Glauce, "thou Magitian,
What meanes shall she out-secke, 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 shoke:
Yet ought mens good endeavours them conforme,
And guyde the heavenly causes to their constant termo.

"The Man, whom heavens have ordaind to bee
The spouse of Britomart, is Arthegall:

He wonneth in the land of Faymerry
Yet is no Eary bome, ne sib at all
To Elves, but sprong of seed terrestrial,
And whylome by false Faries stolne away,
Whyles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay:

"But sooth he is the some of Gorlois,
And brother unto Cadorn, 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; [band,
From thence him, firmly bound with faultfull
To this his native soyle than backe shalt bring,
Strongly to ayde his country to withstand
The powre of forraine Paynims which invade thy land.

"Great ayd thereto his mighty paissance
And dreaded name shall give in that sad day;
Where also proofe of thy proud valianse
Thou then shalt make, t'increas thy Lover's pray:
Long time ye both in armes shall beare great
Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
And his last fate him from thee take away;
Too rathe cut off by practise criminal
Of secrete foes, that him shall make in mischiefe fall.

"With thee yet shall he leave, for memory
Of his late paissance, his ymage dead,
That living him in all activity
To thee shall represent: He, from the head
Of his cossen Constantius, without dread
Shall take the crowne that was his fathers right,
And therewith crowne himselfe in other stead;
Then shall he isew forth with dreadful might
Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

"Like as a lyon that in throvise cave
Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake;
And, comming forth, shall spred his bannar brave
Over the troubled South, that it shall make
The warlike Mortians for feare to quake: [win;
Thrishe shall he fight with them, and twise shall
But the third time shall fayre accordance make:
And, if he then with victorie can lin,
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly In.

"His some, bight Vortipore, shall him succeede
In kingdome, but not in felicity:

[CHRISTIANITY] 4. — [sib] Relation. "No sib at all," i. e. he is no way related. CHURCH.
[CHRISTIANITY] 6. From theken] That is, From Fairy land. CHURCH.

[CHRISTIANITY] 8. [Ram] him, firmly bound with faultfull band.]
That is, him bound in wedlock. CHURCH.
[CHRISTIANITY] 8. Too rathe] Too early. TODD.

[CHRISTIANITY] 10. — his ymage dead. That is, He dead shall leave thee his image: Or, His image dead is, the image of him dead. When he dies, he shall leave thee a son the image of himselfe. TODD.

[CHRISTIANITY] 8. — can lin] Cease, or give over. TODD.
[CHRISTIANITY] 9. — his earthly In.] So he calls death, "the common In of rest." F. Q. n. l. 59. TODD.
Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,
And with great honour many battellis try;
But at the last to th' impomptiety
Of froward fortune shall be forst to yield:
But his some Malgo shall full mightily
Avenge his fathers losse with spear and shield,
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious fiel.

"Behold the Man! and tell me, Britomart,
If ay more goodly creature thou didst see?
How like a gyannst in each manly part
Beares he himselfe with portly majestie,
That one of th' old hero's seemes to bee?
He the six Islands, comprovinciall
In amenticnt times unto great Britaine,
Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
Their sondry kings to do their homage several.

All which his some Caretians awhile
Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppressse
Untill a straunger king, from unknowne soyle
Arriving, him with multitude oppressse
Great Gormond, having with huge mightinesse
Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
Like a swift otter, fell through emptiness,
Shall overswim the sea with many one
Of his Nerveyse, to assist the Britons fone.

He in his furie all shall over-romne,
And holy church with faithlesse handes defeace,
That thy sad people, utterly fordonne,
Shall to the utmost mountains fly apace:
Was never so great waste in any place,
Nor so foule outrage done by living men:
For all thy ceties they shall sacke and race,
And the greene grassse that growth they shall bren,
That even the wilde beast shall dy in starved den.

Whiles thus thy Britons doe in langnour pine,
Prond Etheldred shall from the North arise,
Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,
And, passing Dee, with hardy enterprise
Shall backe repulse the valiant Brockwel twice,
And Bangor with massacred martyrs fill;
But the third time shall rew his fool-hardye:
For Cadwan, pitting his peoples ill,
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thosond Saxons kill.

But, after him, Cadwallin mightily
On his some Edwin all those wronges shall wreake;
Ne shall avalle the wicked sorcery
Of false Pellite his purpose to breake,
But him shall slay, and on a gallowes bleak
Shall give th' enchanter 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 rankeld ire.

Ne shal he yet his wrath so mitigate,
Till both the soames of Edwin he have slayne,
Offricke and Oserike, twinnnes unfortunate,
Both shine in battle upon Layburne playne,
Together with the king of Loudhane,
Hight Adin, and the king of Orkeny,
Both laynt partakers of their fatal payne:
But Penda, fearfull of like destaney,
Shall yield himselfe his liegeman, and swear falsely:

"Him shall he make his fatal instrument
To afflict the other Saxons unsubbewed:
He marching forth with fury insolent
Against the good king Oswald, who indewd
With heavenly powre, and by angels reskedw,
All holding cresses in their hands on hye,
Shall him defeat withouten blood immbred:
Of which that field for endlesss memory
Shall Hevenfield be cald to all posterity.

Whereat Cadwallin wrath forth shall 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 kingdom buy;
And Penda, seeking him adowne to treed,
Shall treal adowne, and doe him fowly dye:
But shall with gifts his lord Cadwallin pacify.

Then shall Cadwallin die; and then the raine
Of Britons eke with him attone shall dye;
Ne shall the good Cadwallader, with paine
Or powre, be hable it to remedy,
When the full time, prefxt by destinity,
Shall be expird of Britons regiment:
For Heven itselfe shall their successe envy,
And them with plagues and murrins pestilent
Consume, till all their warlike puissuance be spent.

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 case
He liv'd, returning to his native place,
Shall by vision staide from his intent:
For th' Heaves have decreed to displace
The Britons for their sinnes dew punishment,
And to the Saxons over-give their government.

Then woe, and woe, and everlastinge woe,
Be to the Briton babe that shall be borne
To live in thraldome of his fathers foe!
Late king, now captive; late lord, now forlorne;
The worlds reproch; the cruel victors scorn;
Banish from princely bowre to wasteful wood! O!
Who shall helpe me to lument and mourne
The royall seed, the aughte Trojan blood,
Whose empire leuger here then ever any stond?"

The Damzell was full depee empassioned
Both for his griefe, and for her peoples sake,
Whose future woses so plain he fashioned;

XXXV. 7. — their fatal payne? That is, The fatal end of Offricke and Garicke.同
And, sighing sore, at length him thus bespake:
"Ah! but will Heavens fury never slake,
Nor vengeancce huge relent itselfe at last?
Will not long misery late mercy make,
But shall their name for ever be defaste,
And quite from off the earth their memory be raste?"

"Nay but the terme," sayde he, "is limited,
That in this thraldome Britons shall abide;
And the last revolution measured
That they as strangers shall be notisde:
For twice foure hundred yeares shall be suppleide,
Ere they to former rule restor'd shall bee,
And their impoytune fate all satisfie:
Yet, during this their most obscurete,
Their beames shall ofte breake forth, that men
them faire may see.

"For Rhodorieke, whose surname shal be Great,
Shall of himselfe a brave exampl se
Shall Saxon kings his friendship shall intreat;
And Howell Dha shall goodly well inde
The salvadge minds with skill of iust and trew:
Then Griffith Con can also shall uppreare
His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew
Of native corage, that his foes shall feare
Least back againe the kingdom he from them
should bare.

"Ne shall the Saxons selves all peaceably
Enjoy the crowne, which they from Britons
First ill, and after ruled wickedly:
[wonnewere
For, ere two hundred yeares be full oustronme,
There shall a Raven, far from rising suumce,
With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithlesse chickens overcome
The fruitfull plains, and with fell cruelty
In their avenge tread downe the victors surquedry.

"Yet shall a Third both these and thine subdew:
There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood
Of Neustria come rorng, with a crew
Of hungry wheelps, his battelous bold brood,
Whose claves were newly dip in cruelt blood,
That from the Danishe Tyrants head shall rend
Th' usurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
And the spoile of the countrey conquered
Amongst his yong ones shall divide with bounteyd.

"Tho, when the terme is full accomplisshed,
There shall a spark 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 reache into the house that bearres the stile
Of royall majesty and soveraigne name:
So shall the Briton blood their crowne againe
reclame.

"Theneforthe eternall union shall be made
Betwene the nations different afores,
And sacred Peace shall lovingly persuade
The warlike minds to learne her goodly lore,
And civile armes to exercise no more:
Then shall a Royall Virgin raine, which shall
Stretch her white rod over the Belgieke shore,
And the greate Castle smite so sore withall,
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learn to fall:

"But yet the end is not!—There Merlin stayd,
As overcomen of the spirites powre,
Or other ghastly spectacled dismayd,
That secretly he saw, yet note discerne:
Which sudden fit and halfe extactke stone
When the two fearfull women saw, they grew
Greatly confused in behavoure:
At last, the fury past, to former hew
Hee turnd againe, and cheerfull looks as carst did shew.

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 retird:
Where they in secret counsell close conspird,
How to effect so hard an enterprize,
And to possessse the purpose they desired:
Now this, now that, twixt them they did devize,
And diverse plots did frame to maske in strange disguise.

At last the nourse in her fool-hardy wit
Conceivd a bold devise, and thus bespake:
"Daughter, I deeme that councel aye most fit,
That of the time doth dew advantage take:
Ye see that good king Uther now doth make
Strong warre uppon the Paynym brethren, light
Octa and Oza, whom hee lately brake
Beside Cary Verolame in victorius fight,
That now all Britany doth burne in armes bright.

"That therefore nought our passage may empeache,
Let us in feigned armes ourselveses disguise,
And our weake hands (Need makes good scholers) teach
The dreadful speare and shield to exercize:
Ne certes, daughter, that same warlike wize,
I weene, would you misseeeme; for ye beene tall
And large of limbe t'atichve an hard empriize:
Ne ought ye want but skil, which practize small
Will bring, and shortly make you a Mayd martial.

"And, sooth, it ought your corage much inflame
To heare so often, in that roayl hons,
From whence to none inferior ye came,
Hardes tell of many wemen valoues,
Which have full many feats adventurous
Performd, in paragone of proudest men:
The bold Bundne, whose victorious
Exploys made Rome to quake; stont Gneuden:
Renowned Martix; and redoubted Eumilien;

1. 3 — dismayd." That is, ugly, ill-shaped. Church.
liii. 1 — empeache., Hinder. Todd.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

CANTO IV.

LV.
"And, that which more then all the rest may sway,
Late dayes ensample, which these eies beheld:"
In the last field before Menevia,
Which Uther with those forrein Pagans held,
I saw a Saxon virgin, the which feld:
Great Ulfin thres 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."

LV.
"Ah! read," quoth Britomart, "how is she hight?"
"Fayre Angela," quoth she, "men do her call,
No whith lesse fayre then terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a martall
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 courage to thee take."

LVI.
Her hardy words so deepe into the mynd
Of the young Damzell smake, that great desire
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
And generous stout courage did inspire,
That she resolv'd, unweecting to her syre,
Advent'rons knighthood on herselfe to don;
And counseld with her nourse her maides attyre
To turne into a massy habergeon;
And bad her all things put in readiness anon.

LVI.
Th' old woman nought that needed did omit;
But all things did conveniently purvay.
It fortuned (so time their turne did fit)
A band of Britons, ryding on forray.
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods; amongst which the was scene
A goodly armour, and full rich array,
Which long'd to Angles, the Saxon queene,
All fretted round with gold and goodly wel besene.

LIX.
The same, with all the other ornaments,
King Rynesse caused to be hanged hy
In his chiefe church, for endless monuments
Of his successe and gladfull victory:
Of which herselfe avising readily,
In the evening late Olivia thether led
Faire Britomart, and, that same armour
Downe taking, therin apparelled
Well as she might, and with brave bandrick garnished.

LX.
Beside those armes there stood a mightice speare,
Which Bladud made by magick art of yore,
And staid the same in battell ere to heare;
Sith which it had beene here preserv'd in store,
For his great vertues proved long alore:
For never wight so fast in sell could sit,
But him perfere unto the ground it bore:

Both speare she tooke and shield which long ly it;
Both speare and shield of great powre, for her purpose fit.

LXI.
Thus when she had the Virgins all arayed,
Another harnesse which did hang thereby
About herselfe she dight, that the yong Mayd
She might in equall armes accompany,
And as her Squyre attend her carefully:
The to their ready steedes they clome full light;
And through back waies, that none might them espy,
Covered with secret cloud of silent night,
Themselves they forth convaid, and passed forward right.

LXII.
Ne rested they, till that to Faery Loud
They came, as Merlin them directed late:
Where, meeting with this Redcrosse Knight, she
Of diverse thinges discourses to relate.
[fold
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 unfaied hart:
The Redcrosse Knight divers; but forth rode Britomart.

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CANTO IV.

Bold Marinel of Britomart
Is thowne in the Rich Stood;
Faire Florimell of Arthur is
Long followed, but not found.

Where is the antique glory now become,
That wholyne wom in women appeare?!
Where be the brave achievements done by some?
Where be the battellies, where the shield and speare,
And all the conquists which them high did rare.
That matter made for famous poets verse,
And bionfull men so oft abashit to heare?
Beene they all dead, and laide in dolfull herse?
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reverse?

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 Pentesilée, which made a lake
Of Grecish blood so ofte in Trojan plaine;
But when I reade, how stont Deborah strake
Proud Sisera, and how Camill hath slaine
The huge Orsilochus, I swell with grete disalaine.

Yet these, and all that els had puissance,
Cannot with noble Britomart compare,

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LV. 7. —her maides attyre
To turne &c.] That is, to change her maiden dress for a suit of armour. Church.

LV. 8. —forray] Foraging or pillaging, from the verb forray. Todd.


LXIII. 4. —[to dilate.] That is, enlarge upon, relate at large. Upton.

LXIII. 5. —diverse] Turned aside out of the road. Diverst is the same as diverted, from the Lat. diverto, to turn aside. Todd.

As well for glory of great valiancy,
As for pure chastitie and vertue rare,
That all her goodly deeds doe well declare.
Well worthie stock, from which the branches sprong
That in late yeares so faire a blossom bare,
As thee, O Queene, the matter of my song,
Whose ligance from this Lady I derive along!

Who when, through speaches with the Redcrosse Knight,
She learned had th' estate of Arthegall,
And in each point herselie informed aright,
A friendly league of love perpetuall
She with him bound, and longe tooke withall.
Then he forthe on his journey did proceede,
To seeke adventures which mote him befall,
And win him worship through his warlike deede,
Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefest need.

But Britomart kept on her former course,
Ne ever dothe her armes; but all the way
Grew pensive through that amorous discourse,
By which the Redcrosse Knight did carst 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, courteous, and kind.

With such self-pleasing thoughts her wound she feld,
And thought so to beguile her grievous smart:
But so her smart was much more grievous bred,
And the deepes wound more deep engord her hart,
That nought but death her dolore mote depart.
So forth she rode, without repos or rest,
Searching all lands, and each remotest part,
Following the guidence of her blinded guest,
Fill that to the sea-coast at length she her address.

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
And, sitting downe upon the rocky shore,
Badd her old Squyre unlace her lofty crest:
Tho, having vewd awhile the surges hore
That gainst the craggy clifts did loudly reore,
And in their raging surquedry displayd
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their devouring covetize restrayd:
Thereat she sighd deede, and after thus complaynd:

"Huge sea of sorrow and tempestuous griefe,
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long
Far from the hoped haven of reliefe,
Why doe thy cruel billowes beat so strong,
And thy mosty mountains each on others thron,
Threatning to swallow up my fearfull lyfe?
O, doe thy cruel wrath and spightful wrong

At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,
Which in these troubled bowles raigies and rageth ryfe!"

"For els my feeble vessel, crazed and crackt
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,
Cannot endure, but needes it must be wreackt
On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,
The whiles that Love it steres, and Fortune rowes:
Love, my lewd pilott, hath a restlesse minde;
And Fortune, boteswaine, no assurance knowes;
But saile withouten starres against tyle and winde:
How can they other doe, sith both are bold and blinde!"

"Thou god of windes, that raignest in the seas,
That raignest also in the continent,
At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,
The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
Unto the gladsome port of her intent!
Then, when I shall myselfe in safety see,
A table, for eternall moniment
Of thy great grace and my great leopardee,
Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto thee!"

Then sighing softly sore, and inly depee,
She shut up all her plaint in privy griefe;
(For her great courage would not let her wepee;
Till that old Glancee gan with sharpe reprieve Her to restraine, and give her good reliefe
Through hope of those, which Merlin had her Should of her name and nation be chiefe;
told
And fetch their being from the sacred monnld
Of her immortal womb, to be in heven eurolld.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde
Where far awaye one, all in armour bright,
With hasty gallop towards her did ryde:
Her dourour some she ceast, and on her dight
Her helmet, to her courser mounting light:
Her former sorrow into sudden wrath
(Both choosn passions of distrobbled spright)
Converting, forth she beates the dusty path:
Love and desigpht attone her corage kindled hath.

As when a foggy mist hath overcast
The face of heuen and the cleare ayre engrost,
The world in darknes dwells; till that at last
The watry southwinde from the seabord coste
Uplowing doth disperse the vapour loste,\nAnd pouer itselde forth in a stormy showre;\nSo the feyne Britomart, having discloste
Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowe,
The mist of griefe dissolv'd did into vengeance powre,

Eftsoones, her gladly shield addressing fayre,
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,

At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,
Which in these troubled bowles raigies and rageth ryfe!"

"For els my feeble vessel, crazed and crackt
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The mist of griefe dissolv'd did into vengeance powre,

Eftsoones, her gladly shield addressing fayre,
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
And unto battall did herselfe prepare.
The Knight, approaching, sternely her bespoke;
"Sir Knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make
By this forbidden way in my despight,
Ne doest by others death ensample take;
I read thee soone reture, whiles thou hast might,
Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight."

Ythrid with depe disdain of his proud threat,
She shortly thus; "Fly they, that need to fly;
Words fearen babels: 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 strange Knight ran, and sturdy Strooke her full on the brest, that made her downe
Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her crown.

But she againe him in the shield did smite
With so fierce furie and great puissance,
That, through his three-square secalin piercing quite
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischance
[glance:]
The wicked steele through his left side did
Him so transfixed she before her brest
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her lance;
Till, sadly soucing on the sandy shore,
He tumbled on an heap, and wallowed in his gore.

Like as the sacred axe that carelesse stands
With golden hornes and flowry gildrons crownd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bandes,
Whiles th' altars fume with frankincense around,
All suddenly with mortall stroke astound
Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distains the piloures and the holy crownd,
And the faire flowers that decked him afore:
So fell proud Marinell upon the Priches shore.

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 precious stones of great assay,
And all the gravell mixt with golden owre:
Wherat she wondred much, but would not stay
For gold, or perles, or precious stones, an howre,
But them despised all; for all was in her powre.

Whileis thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
Tyldings hereof came to his mothers care;
His mother was the blacke-browed Cyndon,
The daughter of great Neros, which did beare
This warlike sonne unto an earthly pearre,
The famous Dumarin; who on a day
Finding the nymph asleepe in secret whare,
As he by chance did wander that same way,
Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay.

XX. There he this Knight of her begot, whom borne
She, of his father, Marinell did name;
And in a rocky cave as wight forborne
Long time she fostred up, till he became
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
Did get through great adventures by him done:
For never man he suffered by that same
Rich Strond to travell, whereas he did wonne,
But that he must do battall with the Sea- nymphes some.

XXI. An hundred Knights of honorable name
He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made:
That through all Farie Loud his noble fame
Now blazed was, and feare did all invade,
That none durst passen through that perilous glade:
And, to advance his name and glory more,
Her sea-god syre she dearly did perswade
To endow her sonne with threasurer and rich store
Bove all the sonnes that were of earthly wombes ybore.

The god did graunt his daughters deare demand,
To doen his nephew in all riches flow:
Eftsoones he his heaped waves he did command
Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw
All the bne threasurer, which the sea below
Had in his greedy guile devoted deep,
And him enriched through the overthow
And wrekkes of many wretches, which did weep
And often wayle their wealth which he from them did keepe.

XXII. 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, yyorie, perles, owches, rings,
And all that els was pretious and deare,
The sea unto him voluntary brings;
That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,
As was in all the Lourd of Faery, or elsewhere.

XXIII. Thereto he was a doughty dreade Knight,
Tryde often to the scath of many deare.
That none in equall armes him matchen might:
The which his mother seeing gan to feare
Least his too laughtie hardines might reare
Some hard mishap in hazard of his life;
Forthy she oft him counseld to forbeare
The bloody fighte, and to stire up strife,
But after all his warre to rest his wearie knfe.

XXIV. And, for his more assurance, 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,
The sad end of her sweet Marinell:
Who, through foresight of his eternall skill,

XXIV. 2. Tryde often to the scath of many deare.] That is, Often dearly tried to the hurt (scath) of many. Chaucer.
XXIV. 3. — his wearie knife.] Knife is usually em played for sword in the old romances. Tona.
Bad her from womankind to kepe him well;  
For of a woman he should have much ill;  
A Virgin strange and stout him should dismay or  
kill.

Forthly she gave him warning every day  
The love of women not to entertain;  
A lesson too too hard for living clay,  
From love in course of nature to refraine!  
Yet he his mothers love did well retaine,  
And ever from fair Ladies love did fly;  
Yet many Ladies faire did oft complain,  
That they for love of him would aligates fly:  
Dy, whose list for him, he was Loves enmy.

But ah! who can deceive his destiny,  
Or weene by warning to avoyd his fate?  
That, when he sleepes in most security  
And safest scenes, him soonest doth amate,  
And findeth dew effect or soone or late;  
So feele is the powre of fleshly armes!  
His mother had him weemens love to hate,  
For she of womanes force did feare no harme;  
So weening to have arm'd him, she did quite disarame.

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,  
That Proteus propheciode should him dismay;  
The which his mother vainely did expound  
To be hart-woundinge love, which should assay  
To bring her sonne nato his last decay.  
So tickle be the termes of mortall state  
And full of subtile sophismes, which doe play  
With double sences, and with false debate,  
To approve the unknown purpose of eternall fate.

Too trew the famous Marinell it found;  
Who, through late triall, on that Wealthy Strond  
Inglorious now lies in senselessse swound,  
Through heavy stroke of Britomartis hand.  
Which when his mother deare did understand,  
And heavy tidings heard, whereas she playd  
Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,  
Gathering sweete dassidilies, to have made  
Gay girondes from the sun their forheade fayre to  
shade;

Eftesoones both flowres and girondes far away  
She flong, and her faire deawe lockes yrent;  
To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,  
And gameson merth to grievous dveriment:  
Sche threw herselwe downe on the continent,  
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swone,  
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament  
With yolling utternes, and with shrieking sowne;  
And evere one did teare her girond from her  
crowne.

Soone as she up out of her deadly fitt  
Arose, she bad her charret to be brount;  
And all her sisters, that with her did sitt,  
Bad eke attonce their charrettes to be sought:  
Tho', full of bitter griefe and pensive thought,  

She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the rest;  
And forth together went, with sorrow fraught:  
The waves obedyent to theyre behest  
Them yielded ready passage, and their rage  
suceast.

Great Neptune stooke amazed at their sight,  
Whileys on his broad rownd backe they softly slid,  
And eke himselfe mounde at their mourse ful plight,  
Yet wist not what their walling ment, yet did,  
For great compassion of their sorow, bid  
His mighty waters to them buxome bee:  
Eftesoones the roaring billowes still abid,  
And all the grisly monsters of the see  
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

A tene of dolphins ranged in aray  
Drew the smooth charrett of sad Cymoënt;  
They were all taught by Triton to obey  
To the long raynes at her commandement:  
As swifte, as swallows on the waves they went,  
That their brode flaggy finnes no fone did rearre,  
Ne bubbling rondell they behinde them sent;  
The rest, of other fishes drawnen weare,  
Which with their finny ears the swelling sea did  
sheare.

Some as they b. me arriv'd upon the brim  
Of the Rich Strond, their charretes they forlore,  
And let their temed fishes softly swim  
Along the sargent of the fomy shore, [sore  
Least they their finnes should bruze, and surkate  
Their tender feete upon the stony ground:  
And comming to the place, where all in gore  
And crudely blood enswallowed they found  
The lucklesse Marinell lying in deadly swound,

His mother swomned thrisse, and the third time  
Could scarce recovered bee out of her paine;  
Had she not bee devoted of mortall slime,  
She should not then have bene relyv'd againe:  
But, soone as life recovered had the raine;  
Shee made so piteous mones and deare wayment,  
That the hard rocks could scarce from tears remove;  
And all her sister nymphes with one consent  
Suppilde her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

"Deare image of my selfe," she sayd, "that is  
The wretched done of wretched mother borne,  
Is this thine high advancement? O I is this  
Th' immortall name, with which thee yet unborne  
Thy grandsire Nereus promist to adore?  
Now lyest thou of life and honor rest;  
Now lyest thou a humpe of earth forbourne;  
Ne of thy late life memory is lefte;  
Ne can thy irrevocable destiny bee werte!"

"Fond Proteus, father of false prophecys!  
And they more fond that credit to thee give!"

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xxvi. 3. A lesson too hard] This is an old form of expression, to signify exceeding. Todd.  
Not this the worke of womans hand ywis,
That so depe wound through these dear members drive.
I feared love; but they that love doe live;
But they that love, doe neither love nor hate:
Nath'lesse to thee thy folly I forgive;
And to myselfe, and to accursed fate,
The guilt I doe ascribe: dear wisdom bought too late!

"O! what availes it of immortall seed
To becone ybred and never borne to dye!
Fare better, if it deeme to die with speed;
Then waste in woe and wayfull miserie:
Who dyes, the utmost dolor doth aby;
But who that lives, is left to waile his losse:
So life is losse, and death felicity:
[Cross]
Sad life worse then glad death; and greater
To see friends grave, then dead the grave selfe to engrossse.

But if the heavens did his days envie,
And my short blys maligne; yet mote they well
Thus much affoord me, ere that he did die,
That the dim cies of my deare Marinell
I mote have closed, and him bed farewell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
They would not graunt—
Yett! mangre them, farewell, my sweetest Sweet!
Farewell, my sweetest some, sith we no more
shall meet!

Thus when they all did sorrowed their fill,
They softly gan to search his grievely wound:
And, that they might him handle more at will,
They him disarmed; and, spreading on the ground
Their watchet mantles frindgld with silver round,
They softly wipt away the gelly blood
From th' orifice; which having well upbound,
They pound in soveraine balsme and nectar good,
Good both for earthly medicins and for hevenny food.

Tho, when the lilly-handed Liagor
(This Liagor whilome had learned skill
In leaches craft, by great Apollonies lore,
Sith whilome upon high Pindus hill
He loved, and at last her womb he did fill
With hevenly seed, whereof wise Paeon sprong.)
Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staid still
Some little life his feele sprites enong;
Which to his mother told, despeere she from her long.

Tho, up him taking in their tender bands,
They easely unto her charrett beare:
Her tene at her commandement quiet stands,
While they the corse into her wagon waare,
And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare:
Then all the rest into their coches elime,
And through the brackish waves their passage sheare:

Upon great Neptunes necke they softly swim,
And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

Depee in the bottome of the sea, the bowre
Is built of hollow billowes heaped yhe,
Like to thicke clouds that threat a stormy shoure,
And vanted all within like to the skye,
In which the gods doe dwell eternally:
There they him laide in easy couch well dight;
And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply
Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might:
For Tryphon of sea-gods the soveraine leach is hight.

The whiles the nymphes sitt all about him round,
Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight;
And ofte his mother, vewing his wide wound,
Cursed the hand that did so deadly smight
Her dearest some, her dearest harts delight:
But none of all those curses overtooke
The warlike Maide, th' censamble of that might;
But fayrely well shee thrysted, and well did brooke
Her noble decees, ne her right course for ought forsooke.

Yet did false Archimagre her still purswe,
To bring to passe his mischievous intent,
Now that he had her singled from the crew
Of courteous Knights, the Prince and Fary gent,
Whom late in chace of Beauty excellent
Shee lefte, pursweing that same foster strong;
Of whose foule outrage they impatient,
And full of firy zeale, he followed long,
To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her wrong.

Through thick and thin, through mountains and through playns,
Those two great Champions did attone purswe,
The fearfull Damozell with incessant payns.
Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew
Of hunter swite and sent of hownde's trew.
At last they came unto a double way;
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
Themselves they did dispart, each to assay,
Whether more happy were to win so goodly pray.

But Timias, the Prince's gentle Squyer,
That Ladies love unto his Lord forlent,
And with proud envy and indignant yre
After that wicked foster fiercely went:
So becme they Three three sondry wayes ybent:
But fayrest fortune to the Prince befell;
Whose channse it was, that soone he did repent,
To take that way in which that Damozell
Was fledd afore, afrraid of him as feend of hell.

At last of her far off he gained vew,
Then gan he freshly prickte his fonny steed,
And ever as he nigher to her drew,

But Timias, the Prince's gentle Squyer,
That Ladies love unto his Lord forlent.) But
Timias, the Squyer of Prince Arthur, had given up, before
levant, that lady unto his Lord. It should be therefore
forecett. Uron.
So evermore he did increase his speed,  
And of each turning still kept wary head:  
Alowd to her he oftentimes did call  
To doe away vaine doubt and needless dread:  
Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall  
Many meekew words to stay and comfort her withal.

But nothing might relent her hasty flight;  
So depe the deadly feare of that foule swaine  
Was cast impressed in her gentle spright;  
Like as a seearefull dove, which through the raine  
Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,  
Having farre off espide a tassell gent,  
Which after her her nimble winges doth straine,  
Doubleth her hast for feare to bee for-hent,  
And with her pineous cleaves the liquid firmament.

With no lesse hast, and eke with no lesse dread,  
That seearefull Ladie fled from him that men  
To her no evill thought nor evill deed:  
Yet former feare of being fouly shent  
Carried her forward with her first intent:  
And though, oft looking backward, well she  
Herselfe freed from that foster insolent, [yvede  
And that it was a Knight which now her sweode,  
Yet she no lesse the Knight feard then that Willien rude.

His uncoth shield and strange armes armes her dismayd,  
Whose like in Faery Land were seldom scene;  
That fast she from him fled, no lesse afrayed  
Then of wilde beasts 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 wrant his other brethren joyous  
To light their blessed lamps in Joves eternall hous.

All sudenly dim waxe the dampish ayre,  
And griesly shadowes covered heaven bright,  
That now with thousand starrs was decked fayre:  
Which when the Prince beheld, a lothfull sight,  
And that perfource, for want of longer light,  
Ho mote surecasse his suit and lose the hope  
Of his long labour; he gan fowly wyte  
His wicked fortune that had turnd ayslope,  
And cursed Night that reft from him so goodly scope.

Tho, when her wayes he could no more desery,  
Bat to and fro at disaventure striad;  
Like as a shippe, whose lodestar sudenly  
Covered with clouds her pilott had dismayd;  

His wearesome pursuit perforce he staid,  
And from his loffe steed dismounting low  
Did let him forage: downe himselfe he layd  
Upon the grassy ground to sleepe a throw;  
The cold earth was his couch, the hard steele his pillow.

But gentle Sleepe envyde him any rest;  
Instead thereof sad sorow and disdaine  
Of his hard hap did vexe his noble breest,  
And thousand Fancies bett his yde brayne  
With their light wings, the sights of semblants  
Of did he wish that Lady faire mote bee [vaine  
His Faery Queene, for whom he did complaine;  
Or that his Faery Queene were such as shee:  
And ever hasty Night he blamed bitterlie:

"Night! thou foule mother of annoyance sad,  
Sister of heave 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 floud of Cocytus low,  
Thy dwelling is in Herebus black hous,  
(Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe  
Of all the gods,) where thou ungneas  
Halfe of thy days doest lead in horror hideous;"

"What had th' Eternall Maker need of thee  
The world in his continuall course to keepe,  
That doest all things deface, ne lettest see  
The beautie of his worke? Indeed in sleepe  
The slouthfull body that doth love to sleepe  
His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his bascnd mind,  
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Syggran deepe  
Calles thee his goddess, in his errour blind,  
And great dame Natures handmaid cheeryng every kind.

"But well I wote that to an heavy hart  
Thou art the roote and nourse of bitter cares,  
Breeder of new, reawner of old smarts  
Instead of rest thou ledest rayling teares;  
Instead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares  
And dreadfull visions, in the which alive  
The dreary image of sad Death appeares:  
So from the weeare spirit thou dost drive  
Desired rest, and men of behappinesse deprive.

"Under thy mantle blacke there hidden lye  
Light-shouning Theife, and traiterous Intent,  
Abhorred Bloodshed, and vile Felony,  
Shamefull Deceipt, and Dnaguer immanent,  
Fowe Horror, and eke hellish Dreviment;  
All these I wote in thy protection bee,  
And light doe shonme, for feare of being shent:  
For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee;  
And all, that lewdnesse love, doe hate the light to see;"

"For Day discovers all dishonest ways,  
And sheweth each thing as it is in deed:  
The prayers of High God he faire displayes,  

a throw;] A short space, a little while.  

a prospect.  

a throw;] A short space, a little while.  

By.
And his large bountie rightly doth areed:
Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed
Which Darknesse shall subdue and heaven win:
Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed
Most sacred Virgin without spot of sinne:
Our life is day; but death with darknesse doth begin.

"O, when will Day then turne to me againe,
And bring with him his long-expected light!
O Titan hast to reare thy joyous waine;
Speed thee to sprede abroad thy beams bright,
And chase away this too long lingering 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 rowne to Day, that can it governe well."

Thus did the Prince that wareie night outwarc
In restlesse anguish and unquiet paine:
And carefully, ere the Mordid uppreare
His deawy head out of the ocean maine,
He up arose, as halfe in great disdaine,
And clomb unto his steed: So forth he went
With heavy looke and lumpish pace, that plaine
In him bewraid great grudge and malatent:
His steed eke second C apply his steps to his intent.

Wonder it is to see in diverse mindes
How diversely Love doth his pageants play,
And shewes his powre in variable kindes:
The baser wit, whose yle thoughts away
Are wont to cleave into the lowe clay,
It stirreth up to sensual desire,
And in lewd slout to wast his careless day;
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth it uncomely Idlenesse
In his free thought to build his sluggish nest;
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentleness
Ever to crepe into his noble brest;
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifthe it up that els would lowly fall:
It lettes not fall, it lettes it not to rest;
It lettes not scarce this Prince to breath at all,
But to his first pursuit him forward still doth call:

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 peril which he hardly past,
Or other accident which him agast;
Of whom he asked, where he lately came,
And whethers now he travelled so fast:

Forsore he swat, and, running through that same
Thicke forest, was beserach and both his feet nigh lame.

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
The Dwarfe him answerd; "Sir, ill mote I stay
To tell the same: I lately did depart
From Faery Court, where I have many a day
Served a gentle Lady of great sway.
And high accompt throughout all Elfin Land,
Who lately left the same, and tooke this way:
Her now I seek; and if ye understand
Which way she fared hath, good Sir, tell out of hand."

"What mister wight," saide he, "and how arayd?"
"Royally clad," quoth he, "in cloth of gold,
As meestest may becomm a noble mayd;
Her faire lockes in rich circlet be entwined,
A fayrer wight did never come behinde;
And on a palfrey rydes more white then snow,
Yet she herself: is whiter manifold;
The surest signe, whereby ye may her know,
Is, that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow."

"Now certes, Swaine," saide he, "such one, I weene,
Fast flying through this forest from her so,
A faide ill-favoured foster, I have seen;
Herselfe, well as I might, I reskewd that,
But could not stay; so fast she did foregoe,
Carried away with wings of speedy fear."

"Ah fairest God," quoth he, "that is great
And wondrous ruth to all that shall it hear:
But can ye read, Sir, how I may her finde, or where?"

"Perdy me lever were to wecten that,"
Saide he, "then runsome of the richest Knight,
Or all the good that ever yet I gat:
But froward fortune, and too farrow night,
Such happynesse did, maulgre, to me spight,
And fro me reft both life and light atone.
But, Dwarfe, aread what is that Lady bright
That through this forest wandred thus alone;
For of her errour some I have great ruth and mone."

"That Ladie is," quoth he, "where so she bee,
The bontiest Virgin and most deobonair,
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 beauty bright;
And is ycleped Florinell the fayre,"

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 peril which he hardly past,
Or other accident which him agast;
Of whom he asked, where he lately came,
And whethers now he travelled so fast:

Forsore he swat, and, running through that same
Thicke forest, was beserach and both his feet nigh lame.
Faire Florimell belov'd of many a Knight, 
Yet she loves none but one, that Marinell is light; 
X.  
"A Sea-nymphes some, that Marinell is light, 
Of my deare Dame is loved dearly 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 Ladies love his mother long ygoe Did him, they say, forwarne through sacred spell: 
But fame now flies, that of a forwarne foe 
He is yslaine, which is the ground of all our woe."

X.  
"Five daies there be since he (they say) was slaine, 
And fourw since Florimell the Court forwent, 
And vowed never to returne againe 
Till him alive or dead she did haver. 
Therefore, faire Sir, for love of knighthood gent 
And honour of true Ladies, if ye may 
By your good counsell, or bold hardimen, 
Or succour her, or me direct the way, 
Do one or other good, I you most humbly pray:"

XI.  
"So may ye gaie to you full great renowne 
Of all good Ladies through the worlde so wide, 
And haply in her hart finde highest rowme 
Of whom ye seeke to be most magnifique! 
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 sill them use for Ladies sake."

XII.  
So with the Dwarfe he back retorn'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 true and faithful ever tride, 
And bold, as ever Squeyre that waitted by Knights side;"

XIII.  
Who all this while full hardely was assayd 
Of deadly daunger which to him betidd: 
For, whiles his Lord pursuwd that noble Mayd, 
After that foster fowle he fiercely ridd 
To bone avenged of the shame he did 
To that faire Damzell: Him he chaced long (hid 
Through the thicke woods wherein he would have 
His shamefull head from his avengement strong, 
And oft him threatened death for his outrageous wrong."

XIV.  
Nathlesse the villain spied himselfe so well, 
Whether through swiftnesse of his specifie beast, 
Or knowledge of those woods where he did dwell,

That shortly he from daunger was releas'd, 
And out of sight escaped at the least; 
Yet not escaped from the daw reward 
Of his bad deeds, which daily he increas't, 
Ne ceased not, till him oppress'd hard. 
The heauie plague that for such leacoures is prepar'd."

XV.  
For, soone as he was vanisht out of sight; 
His coward courrage gan emboldned bee, 
And cast't avenge him of that fowle despit 
Which he had borne of his bold enime: 
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 fowle-hardie Squeyre: 
So them with bitter words he stird to bloody yre.

XVI.  
Forthwith themselves with their sad instruments 
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme bylve, 
And with him forth into the forrest went 
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst revive 
In there sterne brests, on him which late did drive 
Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight: 
For they had vow'd that never he alive 
Out of that forest should escape their might; 
Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with such desipt:

Within that wood there was a covert glade, 
Forsdy a narrow foord, to them well knowne, 
Through which it was meane for wight to wade; 
And now by fortune it was overlowne: 
By that same way they knew that Squire un-knowne 
Mote algates passe; forthy themselves they set 
There in aweit with thick woods overgrowne, 
And all the while their malice they did whet 
With cruel threats his passage through the ford to let.

XVII.  
It fortuned, as they devised had, 
The gentle Squeyre came ryding that same way, 
Unweeting of their wilde and treason bad, 
And through the ford to passen did assay; 
But that fierce foster, which late fled away, 
Stontly foorth stepping on the further shore, 
Him boldy had his passage there to stay, 
Till he had made amends, and full restore 
For all the damage which he had him done afore.

XVIII.  
With that, at him a quv'ring dart he throw 
With so fell force, and villainous despite, 
That through his habiereon the forerkhead grew, 
And through the linked mayles empercie 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 meane the high banke he could sease, 
But laboured long in that deep ford with vaine disease.
And still the foster with his long borne speare
Him kept from landing at his wished will;
Anone one sent out of the thicket more
A cruel shaft headed with deadly ill,
And fethered with an unlucky quill;
The wicked steele stayd not till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
Exceeding grieve that wound in him empight,
But more that with his foesehe could not come to fight.

At last, through wrath and vengeance, making way
He on the baneke arryvd 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 straung,
But warily he did avoide the blow,
And with his speare requited him agayne,
That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,
And a large stremoe of blood out of the wound did flow.

He, tombling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite
The bitter earth, and bad to lett him in
Into the balefull house of endless night,
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin;
Tho gan the battalle freshly to begin;
For natheclore for that spectacle bad
Did th' other two their cruel vengeance blin,
But both atone on both sides him bestad,
And lead upon him layd, his life for to have had.

Tho when that villayn he aviz'd, which late
Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,
Full of fiers fury and indignant hate
To him he turned, and with rigor fell
Snote him so rudely on the pannikell,
That to the chin he eftete his head in twaine;
Downe on the ground his carrius groveling fell;
His sinfull soyle with desperate dislaine
Out of her fleeshly ferme fled to the place of paine.

That seeing, now the only last of three
Who with that wicked shafte him wounded had,
Trembling with horror, (as that did foresee)
The fearfull end of his avengement sad, (had,)
Through which he follow should his brethren
His bootelles bow in feeleb hand upbeught,
And therewith shot an arrow at the Lad;
Which fayllyng fluttering scarce his helmet raught,
And gloomly fell to ground, but him annoyance fraught.

With that, he would have fled into the wood;
But Timias him lightly overthrew;
Right as he entering was into the flood,
And strooke at him with force so violent,
That headlesse him into the foord he sent;
The carcas with the streame was carried downe,
But th' head fell backward on the continent;

So mischief fel upon the meanners crowne:
They three be dead with shame; the Squire lives with renowne:

He lives, but takes small joy of his renowne;
For of that cruel wound he bled so sore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly swoone;
Yet still the blood forth gushd in so great store,
That he lay wallowed all in his owne gore.
Now God thee kepe! 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 atchieve.

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.
In those same woods ye well remember may
How that a noble hunteresse did wome,
Shee, that base Braggadochio did affray,
And made him fast out of the forest ronce;
Belphoebe was her name, as faire as Phoebus sunne.

Shee on a day, as she purswed the chase
Of some wilde beast, which with her arrows keene
She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tract of blood, which she had freshly seen;
To have besprinkled all the grassy greene;
By the great pource which she there perceaved
Well Hope shee the beast engord had beene,
And made more haste the life to have bereavd;
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceaved.

Shortly she came whereas that woefull Squire
With blood deformed lay in deadly swoond;
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The christall humor stood congealed round;
His locks, like faded leaves fallen to ground,
Knotted with blood in bunches rudely ran;
And his sweete lips, on which before that stound
The bud of youth to blossom faire began,
Spoild of their rosy red were wozen pale and wan.

Saw never living cie more heavy sight,
That could have made a rocke of stone to rew,
Or rive in twaine: which when that Lady bright,
Besides all hope, with melting eies did vew,
All suddenly abashed shee changed hew,
And with serene horror backward gan to start:
But, when shee better him beheld, shee grew
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart;
The point of pitty perced through her tender hart.

Meekely shee bowed downe, to weete if life
Yett in his frozen members did remaine;
And, feeling by his pulses beating rife
That the weake soole her seat did yett retaine,
Shee cast to comfort him with busy paine:

Oh! it seems to be a word of his own,
And is softer than pursuot. Church.

Having no hopes that he was alive. Church.
His double-folded necke she wore upright,
And rub'd his temples and each trembling vaine;
His mayled habercion she did undight,
And from his head his heavy burganet did light.

XXXI.
Into the woods thenecessin haste shee went,
To seek for herbses that mote him remedy;
For shee of herbes had great intendment,
Tought of the nymphke which from her infancy
Her souredec had in trew nobility:
There, whether yt divine tobacco were,
Or panachea, or polygony,
She found, and brought it to her patient deare,
Who al this while lay bleeding out his hart-blood neare.

XXXII.
The soveraine weede betwixt two marbles plaine
Shee pownded small, and did in peccees bruze;
And then atweeke his lilly handes twaine
Into his wound the juice thereof did scrueze;
And round about, as she could well it use,
The flesh therewith she suppled and did steape,
'Thatate all spasme and sole the swelling bruze;
And, after having searcht the intense deephe,
She with her scarf did bind the wound, from cold to keepe.

XXXIV.
By this he had sweet life recur'd agayne,
And, groning inly deepse, at last his eies,
His wrait eies drizling like dewy rayne,
He up gan life toward the azure skies,
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:
Therewith he sigh'd; and, turning him aside,
The goodly Maide full of divinitie
And gifts of heavenly grace he by him spide,
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

XXXV.
"Mercy! deare Lord," said he, "what grace is this
That thou last shewed to me sinfull wight,
To send thine Angell from her bowre of bliss
To comfort me in my distressed plight!
Angell, or goddesse doe I call thee right?
What service may I doe unto thee meete,
That last from darkenes me returnd to light,
And with thy hevenly salves and med'cines sweete
Hast drest my sinfull wounds! I kiss thy blessed feete."

XXXVI.
Thereat she blushing said; "Ah! gentle Squire,
Nor goddesse I, nor angell; but the mayd
And daughter of a woody nymphke, desire
No service but thy safety and ayd;
Which if thou gav'st, I shal be well apayd.
We: mortall wights, whose lives and fortunes bee
To commone accidents stil open layd,
Are bownd with commone bond of frailte,
To succor wretched wights whom we captived see."

XXXVII.
By this her damzells, which the former chace
Had undertaken after her, arryv'd,
As did Belphoebe, in the bloody place,
And thereby deemed the beast had bene depriv'd
Of life, whom late their Ladies arow ryv'd:
Forthey the bloody tract they followed fast,
And every one to ronne the swiftest styrv'd:
But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their Lady was arrived at the last.

XXXVIII.
Where when they saw that goodly Boy with blood
Defowled, and their Lady dresse his wound,
They wondred much; and shortly understood
How him in deadly case their Lady found,
And reskewed out of the heavy stownd.
Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
Farre in the woodes whiles that he lay in swonnd,
She made those damzels search; which being stayd,
They did him set therecon, and forth with them convayd.

XXXIX.
Into that forest farre they thence him led
Where was their dwelling; in a pleasant glade
With mountaines round about environed
And mightie woodes, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately theatre it made
Spreading itself into a spitous plaine;
And in the midst a little river plaied
Enomost the puny stones, which second to plaine
With gentle murmure that his course they did restraine.

XL.
Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurells Greene,
In which the birds song many a lovely lay
Of Gods high praise, and of their sweet loves teece,
As it an earthly paradise had beene;
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A faire pavilion, scarce to be seene,
The which was al within most richly dight,
That greatest princes living it mote well delight.

XLI.
Theither they brought that wounded Squyre, and layd
In easie couche his feble limbes to rest.
He rested him awhile; and then the Mayd
His readie wound with better salves new drest:
Daily she dressed him, and did the best,
His grievous hurt to guarish, that she might;
That shortly she his doleour hath redrest,
And his foule sore reduced to faire plight:
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

XLII.
O foolish physick, and unfruitfull paine,
That heales up one, and makes another wound!
She his hurt thigh to him recur'd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,
Through an unwary dart which did rebownd
From her faire eyes and gracie countenance,
What bootes it him from death to be unbowned,
To be captived in endlesse durnance
Of sorrow and despeyre without aleggeance!

XLIII. 3. For shee of herbes had great intendment.] Ital.
intendimento, intendment, understanding. Upton.

XXXIII. 4. —— serue:] Squeeze. Perhaps from serue.

TODD.

XXXIII. 8. —— the intuse depee.] The contusion depep.

Upton.
Stil 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 when he held the heavenly Mayd,
Whiles daily playsters to his wound she layd,
So still his malady the more increas,
The whiles her matchless beauty him dismayd.
Ah God! what other could he do at least,
But love so fayre a Lady that his life recast!

"Unthankfull wretch," said he, "is this the meed,
With which her soveraine mercy thou dost requite! 
Thy life she saved by her gratusious deed; 
But thou dost weene with vilious 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.

"But foolish boy, what bootest thy service base
To her, to whom the hevens doe serve and sew?
Thou, a meane Squyre of meke and lowly place;
Sicke, heavly borne and of celestiall hew,
How then of all love taketh equall vew:
And doth not Highest God vouchsafe to take
The love and service of the basest crew?
If she will not; dye meekly for her sake;
Dye; rather dye then ever so faire love forsake!"

Thus warrieid 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 entryales 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.

Which seeing fayre Belphoebe gan to feare
Least that his wound were inly well not healed,
Or that the wicked steele empouysned were:
Little shee weend that love he close conceald.
Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeald
When the bright sunne his beams thron et doth
Yet neuer he his hart to her revealed;
{beat:
But rather chose to dye for sorrow great
Then with dishonorable termes he to entreat.

Sye, gracious Lady, yet no pains did spare
To doe him ease, or doe him remedy:
Many restoratives of vertues rare,
And costly cordials she did apply,
To mitigate his stubborne malady:
But that sweet cordiall, which can restore
A love-sick hart, she did to him envy;
To him, and to all th' unworthy world forlore,
She did envy that soveraine salve in secret store.

The dainty rose, the daughter of her morn,
More deare then life she tendered, whose flowre
The girond of her honour did adorn:
Ne suffred she the middadays scorching powre,
Ne the sharp northerne wind thereon to showre;
But lappd up her silken leaves most chayre,
Whens the froward skye began to lowre;
But, soone as calmed was the cristall ayre,
She did it fayre disprede and let to florish fayre.

Eternal God, in his almighty powre,
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
In paradise whytome did plant this Flowre;
Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,
And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrase,
That mortall men her glory should admyre.
In gentle Ladies breste and bounteous race
Of woman-kind it fayrest Flowre doth spyre,
And beareth fruit of honour and all chaste desire.

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright shining beames
Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,
And to your willes both royalties and reames
Subdue, through conquest of your wondrous might:
With this fayre Flowre your goodly gironds
Of Chastity and Vertue virginnal,
{light
That shall embellish more your beautie bright,
And crowne your heades with heavenly coronall,
Such as the Angells wereare before God's tribunal!

To youre faire selves a faire ensample frame
Of this faire Virgin, this Belphoebe fayre;
To whom, in perfect love and spotless fame
Of Chastitie, none living may comparrye:
Ne peynous Envy justly can emparye
The praysie of her fresh-flowr'ing Maydenhead;
Forth she standeth on the highest stayre
Of th' honorable stage of womanhead,
That Ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

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lxxi. 1. — grow hole,] Sound, entire. Tod.
CANTO VI.

The Birth of faire Belphoebe and
Of Amoret is told;
The Gardening of Adamis fraught
With pleasures manifold.

Well may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while
Ye wonder how this noble Damozell
So great perfections did in her compile,
Sith that in salvage forests she did dwell,
So farre from Court and royall Citadell,
The great schoolmaistresse of all Courtesy:
Seemeth that such wild woods should far expell
All civile usage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

But to this faire Belphoebe in her Berth
The heavens so favorable were and free,
Looking with mylid aspect upon the earth
In th' horoscope of her nativite,
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne;
Jove laugh'd on Venus from his soverayn see,
And Phoebus with faire beams did her adorn,
And all the Graces rock her cradle being borne.

Her Berth was of the wombe of morning dew,
And her concepcion of the ioyous prime;
And all her whole creation did her shew
Pure and unspotted from all loslyth crime
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.
So was this Virgin borne, so was she bred;
So was she trayned up from time to time
In all chaste vertue and true bountith,
Till to her dew perfection she were ripen.

Her mother was the faire Chrysogone,
The daughter of Amphias, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree;
She bore Belphoebe; she bore in like case
Fayre Amoretta in the second place;
These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did
The heritage of all celestial grace; [share
That all the rest it seemd they robb'd bare
Of bounty, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.

It was a goddely storie to declare
By what strange accident faire Chrysogone
Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bare

In this wilde forest wandring all alone,
After she had nine moneths fulfild and gone:
For not as other wemens commanne brood
They were enwombed in the sacred throne
Of her chaste bodie; nor with commune food,
As other wenmes babes, they sucked vitall blood:

But wondrously they were bogot and bred
Through influence of th' hevens fruitfull ray,
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
It was upon a sommers shinie day,
When Titan faire his beams did display,
In a fresh fountaine, far from all mens view,
She bath'd her brest the boyling heat t'allay;
She bath'd with roses red and violettes blew,
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forest grew:

Till faint through yrsome wearies adowne
Upon the grassy ground herself she layd;
To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slumbering swowne
Upon her fell all naked bare displayd;
The sunbeames bright upon her body playd,
Being through former bathing mollied,
And piersst into her wombe; where they embayd
With so sweet sence and secret powre unsipide,
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructified.

Miraculous may seeme to him that reade
So strange example of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades
Of all things living, through impression
Of the sunbeames in moistest complexion,
Doe life conceive and quickened are by kynd:
So, after Inmans imputation,
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd
Informed in the mud on which the sunne hath shyned.

Great father he of generation
In rightly caky, th' authour of life and light;
And his faire sister for creation
Ministreth matter fit, which, tempered right,
With hente and humour, breeds the living wight.
So sprong these twinnes in womb of Chrysogone;
Yet wist she nouth thereof, but sore affrighted
Wondred to see her belly so upblone,
Which still inereast till she her terme had full outgone.

Whereof conceiving shame and foule disgrace,
Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard
She fled into the wilderness a space,
Till that unwweekly burden she had reard,
And shumd dishonour which as death she feard:
Where, weare of long travaill, downe to rest
Herselfe she set, and comfortably cheard;
There a sad cloud of sleepe her overkest,
And seizd every sence with sorrow sore opprest.

It fortuned, faire Venus having lost
Her little sonne, the winged god of love,
Who for some light displeasure, which him crosst,
Was from her fled as fit as a very dove,
And left her blisfull bowre of ioy above;
(So from her often he had fled away,

**v. 9. — a perfect complement.] A complete charac-
ter. Lat. complementum. ChurcH.**
When she for ought him sharply did reprove,
And wondred in the world in strange array,
Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him
bewray ;)

XII.

Hi for to secke, she left her heavenly hose,
The house of goodly formes and faire aspects,
Wherein all the world derives the glorious
Features of beautie, and all shapes select, [deckt ;
With which High God his maniship hath
And searched everie way through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect :
She promis kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
Unto the man that of him tydings to her brings.

XIII.

First she him sought in Court, where most he us'd
Wylome to haunte, but there she found him not ;
But many there she found which sore accus'd
His falshood, and with fowle infamous blot
His cruel decedes and wicked wyles did spot :
Ladies and Lordes she every where mote heare
Complayning, how with his empoysed shot
Their woufull harts he wounded had whyllere,
And so had left them languishing twixt hope and
fear.

XIV.

She then the Cities sought from gate to gate,
And everie one did ask, Did he him see ?
And everie one her answeard, that too late
He had him see, and felt the cruelte
Of his sharpe darts and whot artillicere ;
And every one thew forth reproches rife
Of his mischivous decedes, and sayd that hee
Was the disturber of all civill life.

The enimy of peace, and authour of all strife.

XV.

Then in the Countrey she abroad he sought,
And in the rurall cottages inquir'd ;
Where also many plaintes to her were brought,
How he their heedlesse harts with love had fir'd,
And his false venim through their veinies inspird ;
And eke the gentle shepherd swaynes, which sat
Keeping their fiecy flockes as they were hyr'd,
She sweetly heard complainde both how and
what
Her sonne had to them done ; yet she did smile
therat.

XVI.

But, when in none of all these she him got,
She gan avize where els he mote him hyde :
At last she her bethought that she had mort
Yet sought the salvage Woods and Forests wyde,
In which full many lovely Nymphaes abyde
Mongst whom behold that he did closely lyce,
Or that the love of some of them him tyde :
Forthy she theret cast her course t' apply,
To search the secrect haunts of Dianes company.

XVII.

Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came,
Whereas she found the goddesse with her crew,
After late clace of their embrewed game,
Sitting beside a fontaine in a row :
Some of them washing with the liquid dew

XVIII. 4. — Her slender waist.

Church.

XVIII. 7. — for hindring &c.] That they might not
hinder. Church.
Or keepe their cabins: much I am affoord
Least he like one of them him selfe disguise,
And turne his arrows to their exercize:
So may he long him selfe full easie hide;
For he is faire, and fresh in face and guise
As any nymph: let not it be envi'd.
So saying every unphill full narrowly shee eide.

But Phoebe therewith sore was angered,
And sharply saide; "Goe, dame; goe, secke your boy,
Where you him lately lefte, in Mars his bed:
He comes not here; we seorne his foolish toy,
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 aby:
Hee clip his wanton wings that he no more shall flye."

Whom whenas Venus saw so sore displeased,
Shee inly sory was, and gan relent
What shee had saide: so shee shee soone appeased
With sugred words and gentle blandishment,
Which as a fountaine from her sweete lips went
And wellod gladly 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.

To search the god of love her nymphes she sent
Throughout the wandring forest every where:
And after them herselfe eke with her went.
To secke the fugitive both farre and nere.
So long they sought, till they arrived were
In that same shady covert whereas lay
Faire Stygian, in slombery trauance whilere;
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
Unwares had borne two Babes as faire as springing day.

Unwares she them conceiv'd, unwares she bore:
She bore withouten paine, that she conceived
Withouten pleasure; ne her need implore
Lucinaes aide: Which when they both perceiv'd
They were through wonder nigh of sense berev'd,
And gazing each on other nought bespeak;
At last they both agreed her seeming griev'd
Out of her heavie swonne not to awake,
But from her losing side the tender Babes to take.

Up they them tooke, each one a Babe up tooke,
And with them carried to be fostered:
Dame Phoebe to a nymph shee Babe betooke
To be upbrough in perfect Maydenhed,
And, of herselfe, her name Belphoebe red:
But Venus hers thence far away envayld,
To be upbrough in goodsly womannah;

And, in her little Loves stead which was strayd,
Her Amorettas end, to comfort her dismayd.

She brought her to her loyous Paradize
Where most she wonnes, when she on earth doth
So faire a place as nature can devize: [dwell,
Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
Or in Gudius bee, I wote not well;]
But well I wote by trivall, that this same
All other pleasant places doth excell,
And called is, by her lost lovers name,
The Gardin of Adonis, far renownd by fame.

In that same Gardin all the goodly flowers,
Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautify
And deckes the girldons of her paramours,
Are fesh: There is the first seminary
Of all things that be borne to live and dye,
According to their kynds. Long worke it were
Here to account the endlessse progeny
Of all the weeds that bud and blossom there;
But so much as doth need must needs be counted here.

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 throughe 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.

He leteth in, he leteth 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 attaye:
Such as him list, such as eternall fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with sainfull mire,
And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,
Till they agayn returne backe by the hinder gate.

After that they againe retorned beene,
They in that Gardin plantand bee agayne,
And grow afresh, as they had never seene
Fleshly corruption nor mortall payne: [renayne,
Some thousand yeares so doen they there
And then of him are chad with other hew,
Or sent into the chamgefull world agayne,
Til they returne where first they grew:
So, like a wheele, around they romme from old to new.

Ne needs there gardiner to sett or sow,
To plant or proue; for of their owne accord
All things, as they crested 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

To tell aver, to number. Churc.
Or of the clouds, to moisten their roots dry; 
For in themselves eternall moisture they imply.

XXXVI.
infinite shapes of creatures there are bred, 
And uncount formes, which none yet ever knew.
And every sort is in a sondry bed
Sett by itselfe, and ranckt in comely rew.
Some fitt for reasonable sowles to indew;
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare;
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes new
In endlessse ranckets alonge enraungeth were,
That seemed the ocean could not containe them there.

XXXVII.
Daily they growe, and daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to replenish more; 
Yet is the stocke not lesseed nor spent,
But still remainses in everlasting store.
As it at first created was of yore:
For in the wide wombe of the world there lies,
In hatefull darknes and in deepe horrore,
An huge eternall Chaos, which supplies
The substances of Natures fruitfull progenies.

XXXVIII.
All things from thence do their first being fetch,
And borrow matter whereof they are made;
Which, whenas forme and feature it doeth ketch,
Becomes a body, and doth then invade
The state of life out of the grisly shade.
That substance is eterne, and bideth so;
Ne, when the life decays and forme doth fade,
Doth it consume and into nothing gee,
But changed is and often altered to and froe.

XXXIX.
The substance is not changed nor altered,
But th' only forme and outward fashion;
For every substance is conditioned
To change her hew, and sondry formes to don,
Meet for her temper and complexion:
For formes are variable, and decay
By course of kinde and by occasion;
And that faire flower of beautie fades away,
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

XXX. 
Great enmy to it, and to all the rest
That in the Garden of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Time: who with his scyth address,
Does mow the flowrin herbes and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
Where they do wither and are lowly mard:
He flyes about, and with his flayly wings
Beateth downe both leaues and buds without regard,
Ne ever pitty may relent his malice hard.

XL.
Yet pitty 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 grieved with pity at the sight,
When walking through the Garden them she spyde,
Yet note she find redresse for such despit:
For all that lives is subject to that law:
All things decay in time, and to their end doe draw.

XLI.
But were it not that Time their troublor is,
All that in this delightfull Garden growes
Should happy bee, and have immortal bliss:
For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes;
And sweet Love gentle fights amongst them throws,
Without fell rancor or foule gealosy:
Franckly each paramour his leman knows;
Each bird his mate; ne any does envy
Their goodly meriment and gay felicity.

XLII.
There is continuall spring, and harvest there
Continuall, both meeting at one tyme;
For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,
And with fresh colours decke the wanton pyrnic,
And eke attone the heavy trees they clyme,
Which seeme to labour under their fruities lode;
The whiles the joyous birds make their pastyme
Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their trew loves without suspicion tell abrode.

XLIII.
Right in the midst of that Paradise
There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of mitrel trees did rise,
Whose shady boughes sharp steele did never lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,
But like a girdon compassed the height,
And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum did drop,
That all the ground, with precious deaw bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.

XLIV.
And in the thickest covert of that shade
There was a pleasant arber, not by art
But of the trees owne inclination made,
[part, Which knitting their rancke branches part to
With wanton yvie-twine entrayld athwart,
And eglantine and caprifo leaue,
Fashioned above within their inmost part,
That neither Phoebus beams could through them throng,
Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

XLV.
And all about grew every sort of flowre,
To which sad lovers were transformd of yore;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phoebus paramoure
And dearest love;
Foolish Narcissus, that likes the watry shore;
Sad Amaranthus, made a floure but late;
Sad Amaranthus, whose golden gree
Me seems I see Aminta wretched fate,
To whom sweet poesies verse hath given endless date.

XXXIV. 9. — imply.] Wrap vp, that is, they contain in themselves eternal moisture. Lat. implico. Church.
XXXV. 5. — inducere, to put on, to be clothed with. Church.
XXXIX. 2. — relent.] Soften. Fr. relentir. Church.

XLI. 3. — of the trees owne inclination made. That is, made by the trees bending themselves downward. Lat. inclinatio. Church.
XLV. 9. — Aminta wretched fate.] The wretched fate of Aminta. Aminta here perhaps means Sir Philip
There went fawre Venus often to enjoy
Her deare Adonis toyous company,
And reap sweet pleasure of the wanton boy:
There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,
Lapped in flowres and prentious spycery.
By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of Stygian gods, which doe her love envy;
But she herself, whenever that she will,
Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill:

And sooth, it seems, 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 perpetually.
Transformed oft, and chamaung diverslie;
For him the father of all fowmes they call;
Therefore needs mote he live, that living gives to all.

There now he liveth in eternal bliss,
Ioying his goddesse, and of her enioyd;
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruel tuske him deadly cloyd;
For that wilde bore, the which him once annoyd,
She firmly hath enprisoned for ay,
(That her sweet Love his maleice mote avoyd.)
In a strong rocky cave, which is, they say,
Hewen underneath that mount, that none him losen may.

There now he lives in everlasting joy,
With many of the gods in company
Which tither haunt, and with the winged boy,
Sporting himselfe in safe felicity:
Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
Ransackt the world, and in the wofull harmes
Of many wretches set his triumphes lyce,
Theither resortes, and, laying his sad darters
Asyde, with faire Adonis playes his wanton partes.

And his trew Love faire Psyche with him playes,
Fayre Psyche to him lately reconcyld,
After long troubles and unmeet upbrayes,
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 hath him borne a chylde,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggregae,
Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late.

Hether great Venus brought this Infant fayre,
The younger daughter of Chrysgonee,
And unto Psyche with great trust and care
Committed her, y fostered to bee

Sidney, as Mr. Upton also conjectures; for all the poets lamented his untimely death; and, I may add, he is described by Spenser, in his Elegy on his death, as one of those lovers who were of yore transformed to flowers. Todd.

The Witches sone loves Florimell:
She flyes; she faires to dy.
Strymone saves the Syrue of Dames,
From Cygnats tyrannye.

LIKE as an hynd forth sungled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
Yet flyes away of her owne feete afeard;
And every leafe, that skaketh with the least
Murmure of whisle, her terror hath euercast.
So fledde fayre Florimell from her vaine feare.
Long after she from peril was releast;
Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did heare,
Did seeme to be the same which she escapt whileare.

All that same evening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continuued:
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent.
Nor wearinesse to slack her hast, but fled
Ever alike, as if her former dre'd
Were hard behind, her ready to arrest:
And her white palfrey, having conquered
The mastring raines out of her weary wret,
Perforce she carried where ever she thought best.

m.
So long as breath and hable puissanee
Did native corage unto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did advance,
And carried her beyond all jeopardy;
But nought that wanteth rest can long aby:
He, having through incessant travell spent
His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,
Ne foot could further move: The Lady gent
Thereat was sudden strook with great astonishment;

iv.
And, forst t' alight, on foot mote algates fare
A traveller unmownted to such way;
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That Fortune all in equall balance doth sway,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long she travelli'd, till at length she came
To an hilles side, which did to her bewray
A little valley subj ect to the same,
All coverd with thick woods that quite it overcame.

v.
Through th' tops of the high trees she did desery
A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light
Recking aloft uprolled to the sky:
Which carefull signes did send unto her sight
That in the same did wonne some living wight.
Eftsoomes her steps she thereunto apply'd,
And came at last in wearey wretched plight
Unto the place, to which her hope did gyde
To finde some refuge there, and rest her wearey syde.

vi.
There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage, built of sticks and reedes
In homely wize, and wald with sods around;
In which a Witch did dwell, in lathely weedes
And wilfull want, all carefulse of her needes;
So choosing s solitarie to abide
Far from all neighbours, that her divelish deedes
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hunte far off unknowne whenever she envi'd.

vii.
The Damzell there arriving entred in;
Where sitting on the floor the Hag she dre'd
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin:
Who, soone as she beheld that suddien stound,
Lightly uppstart from the dustie ground,
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awile, as one astounding,
Ne had one word to speake for great amaze;
But shewd by outward signes that dread her sence
did daze.

weariness to slack (i. e. to slacken. Fr. valetir,) her flight.

Church.

iii. 5. — aby: J. Abide. TOOB.
iv. 4. — in equall balance: Balance. TOOB.
iv. 9. — overcame: Came over it. UPtoN.
vii. 3. — about some wicked gin: J. Confrivance, snare,
abbreviated from engine; commonly used in Spenser's time. TOOB.

At last, turning her feares 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, be not wroth
With silly Virgin, by adventure brought
Unto your dwelling, ignorant and lost,
That crave but rowne to rest while tempest overblo'th."

With that adowne out of her christall eyne
Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
That like two orient perles did purely shine
Upon her snowye cheeke; and therewithall
She sighed soft, that none so bestiall
Nor salvage hart but ruth of her sad plight
Would make to melt, or pitieously appall;
And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight
In mischeife, was much moved at so piteous sight;

And gan recomfert 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 foot,
And wearey limbs awhile: She nothing quaint
Nor's deignfull of so homely fashion,
 Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,
Sate downe upon the dusty ground anon;
As glad of that small rest, as bird of tempest gen.

Theo gan she gather up her garments rent,
And her loose lockes to light in order dew
With golden wretched and gorgeous ornament;
Whom such wondrous the wicked Hag did vew,
She was astonisht at her heavenly hew,
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
But or some goddesse, or of Dianes crew,
And thought her to adore with humilde spright;
T' adore thing so divine as beauty were but right.

This wicked woman had a wicked some,
The comfort of her age and weary daies,
A lacy lord, for nothing good to done,
But stretched forth in yldenesse alwayes,
Ne ever cast his mind to covet prayse,
Or ply himselfe to any honest trade;
But all the day before the sunny wayes
He use'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade;
Such basinesse both lewed and poore attone him made.

He, comming home at underime, there found
The fayrest creature that he ever saw
Sitting beside his mother on the ground;
The sight whereof did greatly him adow,
And his base thought with terrour and with awe.
So inly smot, that as one, which had gaz'd

x. 5. — She nothing quaint: Quaint is here used in the sense of nice, as colaut in old French is for deainty. She was not so nice or so dishastful as to decline submitting to her present situation. TOOB.

XII. 1. — underime: Understyte, the afternoon, toward the evening. UPtoN.
On the bright sunne unawares, doth soone withdraw,
His feeble eye with too much brightnes daz'd;
So starr'd he on her, and studded long while amaz'd.

xiv.
Softly at last he gan his mother ask.
What mister wight that was, and whence deriv'd,
That in so strange disguisedmizement there did maske,
And by what accident she there arriv'd?
But she, as one nigh of her wits deprived,
With nother but glanfully looks 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 wonder'd.

xv.
But the fayre Virgin was so meek and myld,
That she to them vnouchsafed to embrace
Her goodly port, and to their senses vyld
Her gentle speach apply'd, that in short space
She grew familiar in that desert place. [kind
During which time the Cheole, through her so
And courteuse tae, conceiv'd affection bace,
And cast to love her in his brust fuld mind;
No love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.

xvi.
Closely the wicked flame his bowels bren,
And shortly grew into outrageous fire;
Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
As unto her to utter his desire;
His cativye thought durst not so high aspire:
But with soft sighes and lovely semblances
He ween'd that his affection entire
She should arread: many resemblances
To her he made, and many kinde remembrances.

xvii.
Oft from the forest wildings he did bring,
Whose sides emperumed were with smyly red;
And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing
His mistresse prizes sweetly evoked:
Girlandes of flowres sometimes for her faire hel
He fine would dight; sometimes the squired 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 meek
And milde.

xviii.
But, past a while, when she fit season saw
To leave that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wise herselfe thence to withdraw,
For fear of mischiefe, which she did forecast
Might by the witch or by her somme compast;
Her weare palfrey, closely as she might,
Now well recoverd after long repast,
In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
His late miswandered wayes now to remembrace right.

xix.
And carely, ere the dawning day appear'd,
She forth issu'd, and on her journey went;
She went in perill, of each noyse afford
And of each shade that did itselfe present;
For still she feared to be overtaken
Of that vile Hag, or her unevidee Sonne;
Who when, too late awaking, well they kent
That their fayre Guest was gone, they both begonne
To make exceeding mone as they had beene euendome.

xx.
But that lewd lover did the most lament
For her depart, that ever man did heare;
He kneelde 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 woebegon, and gaunt to fear;
Least his faire senses were emperisht quight,
And love to frenzy turnd; sith love is frantickie bight.

xxi.
All waves shee sought him to restore to plight,
With herbs, with charmes, with counsel, and with tears;
But tears, nor charmes, nor herbs, nor counsel,
Asswage the fury which his entrails teares;
So this was passion that made reason heares;
Tho, when all other helphs she saw to faile,
She turnd herselle bace to her wicked leares;
And by her divilish arts thought to prevail;
To bring her backe againe, or worke her final bale.

xxii.
Eftsoones out of her hidden cave she cale
An hideous beast of horrible aspect,
That could the stoutest corage have appall;
Monstrous, mishap'd, and all his backe was spect
With thousand spots of colours quinte elect;
Thereto so swift that it all beasts did pas;
Like never yet did living eie detect;
But likest it to an hyena was
That feeds on wemen flesh, as others feede on grass.

xxiii.
It forth she cale, and gave it streight in charge
Throgh thicke and thin her to poursew apace,
Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
Till her hee had attaine and brought in place,
Or quite devourd her beanties scornfulle grace.
The monster, swift he as word that from her went,
Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace
So sure and swifly, through his perfect sent
And passing speede, that shortly she her overhent.

xxiv.
Whom when the fearfull Damzell high espide,
No need to bid her fast away to fis;
That ugly shape so sore her terrife,
That it she shud no lesse then dreed to die;
And her flitt palfrey did so well apply
His nimble foot to her conceived leare,
That whilest his breath did strengthe to him
From perill free he her away did beeace [supply,
But, when his force gan faile, his pace gan wax areare.

xv. 2. What mister wight. What kind of creature, Fr. metier, It. mestiere, & Lat. ministerium. Uprun.
xx. 9. No love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.] Tind is excited. Anglo-Sax. Temean. Todd.
xvi. 7. his affection entire] His inward affection. Todd.
xxii. 7. to her wicked leares] Leave are lessons. So lear'd or ler'd is learned. Tom.
xxiii. 5. of colours quinte elect] Quainily or oddly chosen; metier. Uprun.
Which wheres she perceiv'd, she was dismay'd
At that same last extremity ful sore,
And of her safety greatly grew a fray'd:
And now she gan approach to the sea shore,
As it befell, that she could flie no more,
But yield herselfe to spoile of greedinessse:
Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,
From her dulle horse, in desperate distresse,
And to her feet betook her doubtfull sickenesse.

Not halfe so fast the wilted Myrhh fled
From dread of her revenging fathers bond;
Nor halfe so fast to save her mayned
Fled fearfull Daphne on th' Aegean strand;
As Florimell fled from that monster yond,
To reach the sea ere she of him were taught:
For in the sea to drowne her selfe she fould,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:
Thereto fear gave her wings, and need her courage taught.

The monster, ready on the praye to sease,
Was of his forward hope deceived quight;
Ne durst assay to wade the perlicous seas,
But, greedily long gaping at the sight,
At last in vaine was forst to tumne his flighe,
And tell the idle tidinges to his Dame:
Yet, to avenge his divelish despight,
He set upon her paltry tired laine,
And swed him cruelly ere any reskew came:

And, after having him embowelled
To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunnt a Knight
To passe that way, as farth he travelled:
Yt was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,
As ever man that bloody field did fight;
But in vain he shewes, that wont yong Knights bewith,
And courtly services, tooke no delight;
But rather loyd to bee than seemen sich:
For both to be and seeme to him was labor lich.

It was to weete the good Sir Satyrane
That raungl abrode to seeke adventures wilde,
That in the sea to drowne her selfe she fould,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:
She fould, she found in her heart, she chose rather to drown
herself than to be caught of that tyrant. Furrow.

As was his wont, in forest and in plaine:
He was all arm'd in rugged steel untill,
As in the smoky forge it was compile,
And in his scutchin bore a satyses held:
He comming present, where the monster vilde
Upon that milke-white palversey carcas fedd,
Unto his reskew ran, and greedily him spedd.

There well perceiv'd he that it was the horse
Whereon faire Florimell was wont to ride,
That of that feend was rent without remorso:
Much feared he least ought did ill betide
To that faire Maide, the flower of womans pride:
For her he dearly loved, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnifie:
Besides, her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he found, that did him sore appall.

Full of sad fear and doubtfull agony
Fiercely he flew upon that wicked feend;
And with huge strokes and cruel battery
Him forst to leave his pray, for to attend
Himselfe from deadly danger to defend:
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engrave, and muchell blood did spend,
Yet might not doe him die; but nie more fresh
And fierce he still appearde, the more he did him thresher.

As he that strives to stop a sudden flood,
And in strong bancks his violence enclose,
Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,
And largely overlow the fruitfull plaine,
That all the country seemes to be a maine,
And the rich furrowes fote, all quite fordone
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine
To see his whoole yeares labor lost so soone,
For which to God he made so many and an idle boone.

So him he hold, and did through might amate:
So long he held him, and him cott so long,
That at the last his fiercenes gan abate,
And meekely stomp unto the victor strong:
Who, to avenge the implacable wrong
Which he supposed done to Florimell,
Sought by all meanes his dolor to prolong,
Sith dart of steel his carcuses could not quell;
His maker with her charmess had framed him so well.

The golden ribband, which that Virgin wore
About her selshend waste, he took in hand,
And with it bouned the beast that lowd did ran:
For great despit of that unwonted hand,

And to her feet betook her doubtfull sickenesse.

That is, she committed her safety, which was then doubtfull,
to the care of her feet. Guenne.

"from the monster yond," that is, from beyond the monster. Hume.

For in the sea to drowne herselfe she fould,
Rather than of the tyrant to be caught: She fould, she found in her heart, she chose rather to drown herself than to be caught of that tyrant. Furrow.

That is, much blood. Tourn
XCLVI. Thus as he led the beast along the way,
He spied far off a mighty Giauntesse,
Fast flying, on a conquer dappled gray,
From a bold Knight that with great hardinesse
Her hard pursuay, and sought for to suppresss:
She bore before her lap a dolefull Squyre,
Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,
Fast bounden hand and foot with cords of wire,
Whome she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

Which wheras Satyrane beleth, in haste
He left his captive beast at liberty,
And crest the nearest way, by which he cast
Her to encounter ere she passed by;
But she the way shud nathemoore forthy,
But forward gallop fast; which when he spyde,
His mighty speare he couched warily,
And at her ran; she, having him descyde,
Herselfe to fight adrest, and threw her lode aside.

Like as a goshanke, that in footo doth beare
A trembling culver, having spide on hight
An eagle that with plumy wings doth share
The subtile ayre stouping with all his might,
The quarrey throwes to ground with fell despight,
And to the baiteill doth herselfe prepare:
So ran the Giauntesse unto the fight;
Her lyric eyes with furious sparkes did stare,
And with blasphemos bannes High God in pecceis tare.

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd;
But, ere the stroke could seize his armed peace,
His speare amids her sun-brode shield arriv'd:
Yet nathemoore the steele asonder rived;
All were the beame in bignes like a mast,
Ne her out of the stedfast sadle driv'd
But, glancing on the tempeched metall, beast
In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her past.

Her steed did stagger with that puissant strouke;
But she no more was moved with that might
Then it had lighted on an aged eke,
Or on the marble pillow that is light
Upon the top of mount Olympus light,
For the brave youthful champions to assay
With burning charret wheedles it nigh to smite;
But who that smites it mars his boyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruimus decay.

Yet, therewith sore curag'd, with stern regard
Her dreadfull weapon she to him adrest,

XCLVII. 6. —— SPOT FROM THE PRAY.] From the pray, i. e. from some wild beast which would have made a prey of her; pratoa for predator. Upton.

XCLX. 9. And with blasphemos bannes High God in pecceis tare.] Bannes are curges. The phrase in pecceis tare, means the violence with which she uttered her rage. Todd.

Which on his helmet martelled so hard
That made him how incline his lofty crest,
And bowd his battred visour to his brest;
Whereby he was so asonder mad,
Yet rode to and fro from east to west.
Which when his cruel eminy espied,
She lightly unto him adjourned syde to syde;

And, on his collar layning puissante hand,
Out of his wavering seat him pluckt perforsse,
Perforsse him pluckt unable to withstand
Or helpe himselfe; and laying thart her horse,
In leathly wise like to a carrion corse,
She bore him last away: when which the Knight
That his pursedweu saw, with great remorse
He neare was touched in his noble spright.
And gan encrease his speed as she encreas her flight.

Whom wheras nigh approching she espied,
She threw away her burden angrily;
For she list not the battell to abide,
But made herselver more light away to fly:
Yet her the hardly Knight pursedweu so nye
That almost in the backe he oft her strake:
But still, when him at hand she did espy,
She turned, and semblance of faire fight did make;
But, when he stayd, to flight again she did her take.

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 cutst that cruel chance
Which rest from him so faire a chevisance;
At length he spyde whereas that woeful Squyre,
Whom he had reskewed from captivancie
Of his stronge foe, by tombeld in the myre,
Unable to arise, or foot or hand to styre.

To whom approching, well he mote perceive
In that fewle plight a comely personage
And lovely face, made fit for to descive
Fraile Ladies hart with loves consuming rage,
Now in the blossom of his freshest age;
He ward him up and loosed his yron bands,
And after gan inquire his parentage,
And how he fell into that Gyaunts hands,
And who that was which chaced her along the lands.

Then trembling yet through feare the Squire
"That Giauntesse Arganic is belight, [bespake]
A daughter of the Titans which did make
Warre against heven, and had possed his right
To scale the skyes and put base from his right:
Her syre Typronous was; who, mad through mirth,
And dromone 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:

"For at that berth another babe she bore;
To weet, the mightlie Ollyphant, that wrought
Great wreake to many errant Knights of yore,  
And many hath to holy confusion brought.  
These twaines, men say, (a thing far passing  
thought,)  
[were,]  
Whiles in their mothers wombe enclosed they  
Ere they into the lightsom world were brought,  
In lefshly lust were mingled both yfere,  
And in that monstros wise did to the world appere.

XCV.

"So liv'd they ever after in like sin,  
Gainst natures law and good behavionire:  
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin;  
Who, not content so falsely to devour  
Her native flesh and staine her brothers bowre,  
Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,  
And suffered beastes her body to defloue;  
So what she burned in that lastfull fyre:  
Yet all that might not shake her sensuall deyre:

L.

"But over all the countrie she did range,  
To seeke young men to quench her flaming thirst,  
And feed her fancy with delightfull change:  
Whom so she fittest finds to serve her lust,  
Through her maine strength, in which she most  
She with her bringes into a secret lie, [both trust,  
Where in eternall bondage dye he must,  
Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,  
And in all sumnefull sort himselfe with her defile.

LIL.

"Me seely wretch she so at vauntage caught,  
After she long in waite for me did lye,  
And meant unto her prison to have brought,  
Her lothsome pleasure there to satisfy;  
That thousand deaths me lever were to dye  
Then brake the vow that to faire Columbll  
I plighted have, and yet kepe stedfastly:  
As for my name, it mistreth not to tell;  
Call me the Squyre of Danes; that me besemeth well.

LII.

"But that bold Knight, whom ye pursuing saw  
That Genuetisse, is not such as she seend,  
But a faire Virgin in that in martiall law  
And deedes of armes above all Danes is deended,  
And above many Knights is eke esteemed  
For her great worth; she Puldonie is hight:  
She you from death, you me from dread,  
reended:  
Ne any may that monster match in fight,  
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight."

LIL.

"Her well beseeemes that quest;" quoth Satyrane:  
"But read, thou Squyre of Danes, what vow is this,  
Which thou upon thyselfe last lately ta'en?  
That shall I you recont," quoth he, "wys,  
So be ye please to pardon all amiss.

L. 2. — Thrust.] Thrust. Thou.
L. 3. — It mistreth not] It signifieth not, it needs not: ital. mestiere, need, occasion. Upton.

LIL. 1. Her well beseeemes that quest.] Quest is a term properly belonging to romance, importing the expedition in which the knight is engaged, and which he is obliged to perform. It is a very common word with Spencer.

T. Warton.

That gentle Lady whom I love and serve,  
After long suit and weare service,  
Did ask me how I could her love deserve,  
And how she might be sure that I would never  
swerve.

LV.

"I, glad by any means her grace to gain,  
Badd her command my life to save or spill:  
Eftsoones she badd me with incessant paine  
To wander through the world abroad at will,  
And every where, where with my power or skill  
I might doe service unto gentle Danes,  
That I the same should faithfully fullfil;  
And at the twelve monethes end should bring  
their names  
And pledges, as the spoiles of my victorious  
games.

LVI.

"So well I to faire Ladies service did,  
And found such favour in their loving hartes,  
That, ere the yeare his course had compassd,  
Three hundred pledges for my good desares,  
And thrice three hundred thanks for my good  
 partes,  
I with me brought and did to her present:  
Which when she saw, more bente to eke my  
smarts  
Then to reward my trusty true intent,  
She gan for me devise a grievous punishment;

LXX.

"To weet, that I my travell should resume,  
And with like labour walke the world a round,  
Ne ever to her presence should presume,  
Till I so many other Danes had found,  
The which, for all the suyt I could propound,  
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,  
But did abide for ever chaste and sound.  
"Ah! gentle Squyre," quoth he, "tell at one word,  
How many found'st thou such to put in thy record?"

LXXI.

"Indeed, Sir Knight," said he, "one word may tell  
All that I ever found so wisely stayd,  
For onely three they were disposed so well;  
And ye't three yeares I now abrode have strayd,  
To find them out." "Mote I," then laughing sayd  
The Knight, "inquire of thee what were these  
three,  
The which thy profred courtesie denayd?  
Or ill they seemed sure avizd to bee,  
Or brutishly brought up, that nev'r did fashions see?"

LXXII.

"The first which then refused me," said he,  
"Certes was but a common courtisane;  
Yet flat refuse to have adoe with mee,  
Because I could not give her many a jane,"  
(Thereat full hartely laughed Satyrane.)  
"The second was an holy nunne to chose,  
Which would not let me be her chappellaine,  
Because she knew, she sayd, I would disclose  
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose."

LXXIII. 4. Because I could not give her many a jane  
Many a janes, i.e. "much money." T. Warton.
Full little weened I that chastitee
Had lodging in so meane a maintenance;
Yet was she faire, and in her countenance
Dwelt simple truth in stately fashion;
Long thus I wou'd her with due observance,
In hope unto my pleasure to have won;
But was as far at last, as when I first began.

"Safe her, I never any woman found
That chastity did for itself embrace,
But were for other causes flame and sound;
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for fear of shame and fowle disgrace.
Thus am I hopelesse ever to attaine
My Ladie's love, in such a desperate case,
But all my dyes am like to waste in vaie,
Seeking to match the chaste with th' unchaste
Ladies traine?"

"Perdy," saide Satyrane, "thou Squyre of Daumes,
Great labour fondly hast thou bent in hand,
To get small thankes, and therewith many ladies;
That may amongst Alcides labours stand."
Thence lacke returning to the former land,
Where late he left the beast he overcame,
He found him not; for he had broke his band,
And was returnd againe unto his Dame,
To tell what tydings of fayre Florimell became.

CANTO VIII.

The Witch creates a snowy Lady like to Florimell,
Who wrong'd by Care, by Proteus is'd,
Is sought by Pandell.

So oft as I this history record,
My hart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke how causeless of her owne accord
This gentle Damzell, whom I write upon,
Should plonged be in such affliction
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe;
That sure I weene the hardest hart of stone
Would hardly finde to aggravate her griefe;
For misery craves rather mercy then reproof.

But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enranked her malicious hart,
That she desyrd th' abridgement of her fate,
Or long enharment of her painefull smart.
Now when the beast, which by her wicked art
Late forth she sent, she lacke returning spyle
Tyde with her golden girdle to a part
Of Her rich spoyle whom he had cast destroyd.
She weened, and wondrous glaunes to her hart
Applyde:

lix. Seeking to match the chaste with th' unchaste
ladies traine.] That is, seeking to make up the number
300 of each. Uproun.

1. 2. How causeless of her own accord? How causeless,
how without any just cause; of her own accord, for she
was in pursuit of Marfell. Uprous.

1. 3. reproof.] For reproof. Church.

And, with it running hastly to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to have reliev'd;
Who, thereby demeaning the thing as done,
His former grieue with fuyre fresh revi'd [riv'd]
Much more than carst, and would have algest
The hart out of his brest: for sith her dedd
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriv'd
Quite of all hope wherewith he long had feld
His foolish madly, and long time had misseid.

With thought whereof exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would haue slaine,
Had she not fled into a secret mew,
Where she was wont her sprights to entertaine,
The maisters of her art: there was she faine
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them conjure, upon eternall paule,
To counsell her so carfully dismayd
How she might heale her sonne whose senses were decayd.

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 envie the same,
And gradg'd to see the counterfet should shame
The thing itsel: In hand she boldly tooke
To make another like the former Dane,
Another Florimell, in shape and looke
So lively, and so like, that many it mistooke.

The substance, whereof she the body made,
Was purest snow in massy mould congeald,
Which she had gathered in a shady glade
Of the Ripphian hills, to her reveald
By errant sprights, but from all men conceald:
The same she tempred with fine mercury
And virgin waxe that never yet was seald,
And mingled them with perfect vermily;
That like a lively sanguine it seende to the eye.

Instead of eyes two burning lampes she set
In silver sockets, shyning like the skyes,
And a quicke moving spirit did arret
To stirre and roll them like to womens eyes:
Instead of yellow locks she did devyse
With golden wyre to weve her curled head:
Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thryse
As Florimells fayre heare: and, in the stead
Of life, she put a spright to rule the carcas dead;

A wicked spright, yfraught with fawning guyle
And fayre resemblance above all the rest,
Which with the Prince of Darkenesse fell somewhatly
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 gost;

iii. — reliev'd.] To have reanimated him. Todd.


vii. 4. Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thryse
As Florimells fayre heare.] That is, was not d
third part so yellow. Uprous.
For he in counterfesuance did excell,
And all the wyles of wemen wits knew passing well.

Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,
Which Florimell had left behind her late;
That whose thon her saw, would surely say
It was herselfe whom it did imitate,
Or fayrer then herselfe, if ought algate
Might fayrer be. And then she forth her brought
Unto her some that lay in feele state;
Who seeing her gan straight upstart, and thought
She was the Lady selle whom he so long had sought.

Tho, fast her clipping twixt his armes twayne,
Extremely loyed in so happy sight,
And soone forgot his former nickely payne:
But shes, the more to seeme such as she light
Coly rebulted his embracement light;
Yet still, with gentle countenance, retain’d
Enough to hold a fode in vaine delight:
Him long she so with shadowes entertain’d,
As her creatresse had in charge to her ordain’d:
Till on a day, as he disposed was
To walke the woods with that his idole faire,
Her to disport and idle time to pas
In th’open freshnes of the gentle aire,
A Knight that way there chaunc’d to repairne;
Yet Knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine
That deedes of armes had ever in despaire,
Proud Braggadocchio, that in vauing vaine
His glory did repose and credit did maintain:

He, seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight
Decked with many a costly ornament,
Much merveiled theret, as well he might,
And thought that match a fowle disparragement;
His bloody speare etesones he boldly bent
Against the silly Clowne, who dead through fare
Fell straight to ground in great astonishment:
"Villein," sayd he, "this Lady is my deare;
Dy, if thou it gainesay: I will away her beare."

The fearfull Chorle durst not gainesay nor dore,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the pry;
Who, finding little lesure her to woe,
On Tromparts steed her mounted without stay,
And without reskew led her quite away.

Proud man himselfe then Braggadocchio decon’d,
And next to none, after that happy day,
Being possessed of that spoyle, which seem’d
The fairest wight on ground and most of estemde’.

But, when he saw himselfe free from poursute,
He can make gentle purpose to his Dame
With termes of love and lewdnesse dissoleute;
For he could well his glowing 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 her honor which she more then life prefard.

Thus as they two of kindness treated long,
There them by chance encountered on the way
An armed Knight upon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feete upon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunders, and did nigh affray
That Capons courage; yet he looked grim,
And faynd to cheere his Lady in deamry;
Who seemd for feare to quake in every limb,
And her to save from outrage meekly prayed him.

Fiercely that Stranguer forward came; and, nigh
Approching, with bold words and bitter threat
Bad that same Boaster, as he mote on high,
To leave to him that Lady for excheat,
Or bide him battell without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory scene,
And fild his senses with abashment great;
Yet, seeing nigh him jeopardy extreme,
He it dissemled well, and light seemd to esteeme;

Saying, "Thou foolish Knight, that wearest with
words
To steale away that I with blowes have wonne.
And brought through points of many perillous swords!
But if thee lyst to see thy couersse home,
Or prove thyselfe; this sad encounter shonne,
And seek els without hazard of thy helde."
At those proud words that other Knight begonne
To vex exceeding wreth, and him arred
To turne his steede about, or sure he should be dode.

"Sith then," said Braggadocchio, "necles thew w:
Thy daies alridge, through proofs of puissance,
Ture thee our steeds; that both in equal til
May meeke againe, and each take happy chaunce."
This said, they both a furlongs maintenaunce
Retird their steeds, to romme in even race:
But Braggadocchio with his bloody lance
Once having turned, no more returnd his face,
But lefte his love to losse, and fled himselfe space.

The Knight, him seeing flie, had no regard
Him to pursewe, but to the Lady rode;
And, having her from Trompart lightly receawd,
Upon his courser sett the lovy lode,
And with her fled away without abode:
Well weened he, that fairest Florimell
It was with him in company he yode,
And so herselfe did alwayes to him tell;
So made him thinke himselfe in heven that was in hell.

xv. 3. An armed Knight | Sir Ferquaite. Todd.
xv. 4. — the hollow lay | A lay or lay of land, ab
Ange-Sax. | ley, terra, leag, campus: Skinner. Upton.
xvi. 3. But that same boaster, as he mote on high,
To leave to him &c.| He commanded that same
boaster (as he might answer it to his peril) in high terms
on high, i.e. highly. Upton.
xvi. 4. To leave to him that Lady, for excheat. | As an
excheat, as his right, who was lord of the manor, and true
owner of all strayed fair ladies. Upton.
xviii. 5. — a furlongs maintenaunce | The amount
of a furlong’s distance from each other. Church
But Florimell herselfe was far away,  
Driven to great distresse by fortune strange,  
And taught the careful mariner to play,  
Sith late mishapen had her compell to change  
The land for sea, at random there to range:  
Yett there that cruel queen avengeresse,  
Not satisfyde so far her to estrange  
From courtly bliss and wondred happiness,  
Did heape on her new waves of weary wretchednesse.

For, being fled into the fishers bote  
For refuge from the monsters cruelty,  
Long so she on the mighty maine did flote,  
And with the tide drove forward carelesly;  
For th'ayre was milde and cleared was the skie,  
And all his windes dan Aeolus did keepe  
From stirring up their stormy enmy,  
As pittingly to see her waile and wepe;  
But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe.

At last when droncke with drowsinesse he woke,  
And saw his drover drive along the streame,  
He was dismayed; and thriue his breast he stroke,  
For marveill of that accident extremelye:  
But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,  
Which with rare light his bote did beautifie,  
He marvied more, and thought he yet did dreame  
Not well awaketh; or that some extasye  
Assosset had his sence, or dazed was his eye.

But, when her well ayzing bee perceiv'd  
To be no vision nor fantasick sight,  
Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd,  
And felt in his old corage new delight  
To gin awake, and stir his frozen spright:  
The rudely asketh how, how she thether came!  "Ah!" sayd she, "father, I note read aright  
What hard misfortunes brought me to this same;  
Yet am I glad that here I now in safety ame.

"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 befolly."  
Thereat th' old man did nought but fondly grin,  
And sayde, his boat the way could wisely tell:  
But his deceiffull eyes did never lin  
To looke on her faire face and marke her snowy skin.

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh  
Inflix such secrete sting of greedy lust,  
That the drie witherled stocke it gan refresh,  
And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth burst;  
The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.  
Rudely to her he leapt, and his rough hand,  
Where ill became him, rashly would have thrust;  
But she with angry scornse him did withstand,  
And shamefully reproved him his rudenes fond.

But he, that never good nor maners knew,  
Her sharpe rebuke full little did esteeme;  
Hard is to teach an old horse amble trow;  
The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,  
Broke into open fire and rage extreme;  
And now he strength gan adde unto his will,  
Foreyg to doe that did him fowle missense:  
Beasty he threwe her downe, he car'd to spill  
Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

The silly Virgin strove him to withstand  
All that she might, and him in vaine revild;  
Shee strugled strongly both with foote and hand  
To save her honor from that vilanne vile,  
And cried to heven, from humane help exild.  
O ye brave Knights, that boast this Ladies love,  
Where be ye now, when she is high desill  
Of filthy wretch! well may she you reproove  
Of falsehood or of slouth, when most it may be-love!

But if that thou, Sir Satyrum, didst weete,  
Or thou, Sir Peridurle, her sory state,  
How soone would yee assemble many a flete,  
To fetch from sea that ye at land lost hte!  
Toweres, citie, and kingdomes, ye would minute  
In your avengement and dispiteous rage,  
Ne ought your burning fury note abate:  
But, if Sir Calidore could it præseong,  
No living creature could his cruelty assavage.

Proteus is shepheard of the seas of yore,  
And hath the charge of Neptune's mighty heard;  
An aged sire with head all frowny here,  
And sprinkled frost upon his dewy hearde;  
Who when those pittifull outries he heard,  
The sea showered with all the seas so rauuely resonall,  
His charlett swifte in hast he thether steerwr,  
Which with a teeme of seale Phœnas bound  
Was drawne upon the waves, that foamed him arownd.

And comming to that fishers wandering bote,  
That went at will withouten card or sayle,  
He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which smote  
Deepe indigation and compassion frayle  
Into his hart attone: straight did he layle  
The greedy villein from his hoped pray,  
Of which he new did very little sayle.

But 6. that cruel queen avengeresse. That is, queen, a term of reproach.  
CHURCH.  
XXV. fond. Foolish, indecent.  
CHURCH.  
XXVII. The silly Virgin] Perhaps seely, that is, harmless, innocent.  
CHURCH.  
XXX. all frowny here. All mousy hear.  
TOWN.
And with his staffe, that drives his heard astray,  
Him beth so sore, that life and sense did much dismay.

XXXI.
The wholes the piteous lady up did ryse,  
Ruffled and lowly raid with filthy soyle,  
And blabberd face with tears of her faire eyes;  
Her heart nigh broken was with weary soyle,  
To save herselfe from that outrageous spoyle:  
But when she looked up, to weet what wight  
Had her from so infamous fact assoyld,  
For shame, but more for fear of his grim sight,  
Downe in her lap she hid her face, and lowly shrignt.

XXXII.
 Herselfe not saved yet from damger dreed  
She thought, but chang'd from one to other  
Like as a scarefull partridge, that is field [fear]  
From the sharpe hanke which her attacked heare,  
And fale to ground to seeke for succor theave,  
Whereas the hungry spaniells she does spy  
With greedy aues her ready for to teare:  
In such distresse and sad perplexity
Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see her by.

XXXIII.
 But he endevored with speaches milde  
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,  
Bidding her fawre no more her lowman vide,  
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  
Bennumbd so inly that her wits nigh fayld,  
And all her sences with abashment quite were quayld.

XXXIV.
 Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reard,  
And with his frory lips full softly kist,  
Whiles the cold ysickles from his rough beard  
Dropped adowne upon her yvory breast:  
Yet he himselfe so busily address,  
That her out of astonishment he wrought;  
And, out of that same fishers filthy nest  
Removing her, into his charret brought,  
And there with many gentle termes her faire be-  
songht.

XXXV.
 But that old leachour, which with bold assault  
That beautie durst presume to violate,  
He cast to punish for his hainous fault;  
Then took he him yet trembling sith of late  
And tyde behind his charret, to aggrage  
The Virgin whom he had abuse so sore;  
So drag'd him through the waves in scornful state,  
And after cast him up upon the shore;  
But Florimell with him unto his bowre he bore.

XXXVI.
 His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,  
Under a mightie rocke gaine which doe rave  
The roving billowes in their proud dishaine,  
That with the angrey working of the wave  
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,  
[keene  
That seems rough maosons hand with engines  
Had long while laboured it to engrave:  
There was his womne; ne living wight was scene  
Save one old nymph, hight Panope, to keepe it cleane.

XXXVII.
 There he brought the sory Florimell,  
And entertained her the best he might,  
(And Panope her entertaind eke wel,)  
As an immortal mote a mortal wight,  
To winne her liking unto his delight:  
With flattering words he sweetly wooed her,  
And offered faire guftes t' allure her sight;  
But she both offers and the offerer
Desypse, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

XXXVIII.
 Dayly he tempted her with this or that,  
And never suffered 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 mortal creature loved best:  
Then he would make himselfe a mortal wight;  
But then she said she lov'd none but a Faery
Knight.

XXXIX.
 Then like a Faery Knight himselfe he drest;  
For every shape on him he could endow;  
Then like a king he was to her express,  
And offred kingdoms unto her in vew  
To be his Leman and his Lady trew:  
But, when all this he nothing saw prevale,  
With harder mennes he cast her to subdow,  
And with sharpe threatens her often did assayle:  
So thinking for to make her stubborne courage quayle.

XL.
To dreadfull shapes he did himselfe transforme:  
Now like a gyaunt; now like to a feend;  
Then like a centaure; then like to a storme  
Raging within the waves; Therry he weened  
Her will to win unto his wished end;  
But when with feare, nor favon, nor with all  
He els could doe, he saw himselfe extermend,  
Downe in a dungon depe he let her fall,  
And threatened there to make her his eternal thrall

XLI.
Eternaall thraddome was to her more liefe  
Then losse of chastitie, or change of love:  
Dye had she rather in tormenting griefe  
Then any shold of falsenesses her reprove,  
Or looseness, that she lightly did remove.  
Most vertuous Virgin! glory be thy meed,  
And crowne of heavenly prayse with saultes above,  
Where most sweet hymnes of this dyfamous deed  
Fexceed:  
Are still enmosth them song, that far my rymes

XLII.
Fit song of angels caroled to bee!  
But yet wha se my fcele Muse can frame,  
Shal be t' advance thy goody chastitice,  
And to enroll thy memorable name  
In th' heart of every honourable Dame,  
That thy thy vertuous deeds may imitate,  
And be partakers of thy endless fame.  
Yt yrkes me leave thee in this woeful state,  
To tell of Satyrane where I him left of late:

XLII. 2 — endow [:] Put on.  Church.  
XLIII. 3. Yt yrkes me It yeex me to leave thee thus &c.  
Tubb.
XIV.

Who having ended with that Squyre of Dames
A long discourse of his adventures vayne,
The which himselfe then Ladies more defames,
And finding not the hyena to be sloane,
With that same Squyre returned backe againe
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 maind hardiment.

XLV.

Sir Satyrane him towards did address,
To weet what wighthe was, and what his quest:
And, comming nigh, eisones he gan to-gesse
Both by the burning hart which on his breast
He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
That Paridell it was: Tho to him yode,
And, him saluting as beseeemed best,
Gan first inquire of tydings farre abrode;
And afterwaeres on what adventure now he rode.

XLVI.

Who thereto answering said: "The tydings 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 sudden parture of faire Florimell
To find him forth: and after she are gone
All the brave Knightes, that dene in armes excell,
To safegard her ywandered all alone;
Emongst the rest my lott (unworthy) is to bee."

XLVII.

"Ah! gentle Knight," said then Sir Satyrane,
"Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
That hast a thankeless service on thee tane,
And offrest sacrifice unto the dead:
For dead, I surebly doubt, thou maist aread
Henceforth for ever Florimell to bee;
That all the noble Knightes of Maydenhead,
Which her ador'd, may sore repent with mee,
And all faire Ladies may for ever sory bee."

XLVIII.

Which wordes when Paridell had heard, his new
Gan greatly chaung, and seemed dismayed to bee;
Then sayd: "Fayre Sir, how may I weene it trow,
That ye doe tell in such uncerteine?"
Or speake ye of report, or did ye see
Just 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
Hernoble blood! The hevens such cruellie ahoure."

XLIX.

"These eyes did see that they will ever rone
T' have scene," quoth he, "whenas a monstrous
The palfrey whereon she did travell slew,[beast]
And of his bowles made his bloody feast:
Which speaking token sheweth at the least
Her certain losse, if not her secure decay:
Besides, that more suspicion increaseth,
I found her golden girdle east astrar,
Distayned with durt and blood, as relique of the pray."

L.

"Ah me!" said Paridell, "the signes be sadde;
And, but God turne the same to good soodsay,
That Ladies safetie is sore to be dradd:
Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
Till triall doe more ceritene truth bewray."
"Faire Sir," quoth he, "weel may if you succeed!
Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stay;
But to the rest, which in this quest proceed,
My labour addes, and be partaker of their speed."

LII.

"Yenoble Knight," said then the Squyre of Dames,
"Well may ye speede in so praiseworthy panye!
But sith the same now ginnes to sake his beames
In deavy vapours of the western mane,
And lose the teme out of his weary wayne,
Mote not mislike you also to abate
Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe
Both light of heaven and strength of men relate:
Which if ye please, to yonder Castle turne your gate."

LIII.

That counsell pleased well; so all yfere
Forth marched to a Castle them before;
Where soone arriveng they restrained were
Of ready entrannce, which ought evermore
To errant Knightes be commune: Wombrows sore
Theretce displeased they were, till that young Squyre
Gan them informe the cause why that same dore
Was shut to all which lodging did desire:
The which to let you weet will further time requyre.

-

CANTO IX.

Malabarre will no strange Knights host,
For peevish godown:
Paridell chuses with Britomart;
Both shew their ancestor.

I.

REDOUNTED Knightes, and honorable Dames,
To whom I levell all my labours end,
Right sore I feare least with unworthy blame
This obious argument my rymes should shend,
Or ought your goodly patience offend,
Whiles of a wanton Lady I doe write,
Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
The shying glory of your soveraine light;
And knighthood feele defaced by a faithlesse Knight.

II.

But never let th' ensample of the bad
Offend the good: for good, by paragone
Of evil, may more notably be rad; [attone:]
As white seemes fayrer maucht with blacke
Ne all are shamed by the fault of one:
For lo! in heven, whereas all goodnes
Enmongst the angels, a whole legion
Of wicked spightes did fall from happy bles;
What wonder then if one, of women all, did mis?

III.

Then listen, Lordings, if ye list to weet
The cause why Satyrane and Paridell

1. 8. —— relate:) Bring back again. Uron.
1. 9. And knighthood foule &c.) That is, And of knight hood fouly defaced &c. CHurch.
1. 4. —— with blacke attone:) That is, together, at once, at one. Uron.
1. 9. —— did mis?) Err. CHurch.
Mote not be entertaynd, as seemed meet,
Into that Castle, as that Squyre doth tell.
Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,
That has no skill of court nor courteous,
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.

But all his mind is set on mucky pelfe,
To hoord up heapes of evil-gotten masse,
For which he others wrongs, and wreckes
Yet is he lincked to a lovely Lasse,
Whose beauty doth her beauty far surpass;
The which to him both far unequall yeares
And also far unlike conditions has;
For she does joy to play amongst her pearces,
And to be free from hard restraynt and jealous fears.

Malbecco he, and Hellencore she hight;
Unfitly yoked together in one teeme.
That is the cause why never any Knight
Is sufferd here to enter, but he seeme
Such as no doubt of him he need misdeeme.
Therefor Sir Satyrane gan sayme, and say;
"Extremly mad the man I surely deeme [stay
That weenes, with watch and hard restraynt to
A worans will which is disposed to go astray.

In vaine he fears that which he cannot shoume:
For who woteth not, that womanes subteties
Can gyuen Argus, when she list misdeeme?
It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brazen walls, nor many wakelife spyes,
That can withhold her wilfull-wandering feet;
But fast goodwill, with gentle courteous,
And timely service to her pleasures meet,
May her perhaps contain that else would algethees feete.

Then is he not more mad," sayd Paridell,
"That hath himselfe unto such service sold,
In dolefull thrallde all his dayes to dwell?

For sure a foole I doe him firmely hold,
That loves his fetters, though they were of gold.
But why doe wee devise of others ill,
Whylethes thus we suffer this same Dotard old.
To kepe us out in scorne, of his owne will,
And rather do no ransack all, and himselfe kill?"

Nay, let us first," sayd Satyrane, "entreat
The man by gentle meanes, to let us in;
And afterwardelets affray with cruel 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 mespris,
As may be worthy of his haynous sin."
That counsell pleased: Then Paridell did rise,
And to the Castle-gate approch in quiet wise:

Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desyrd.
The good man selde, which then the porter played,
Him answered, that all were now returnd
Unto their rest, and all the keyes conveyed
Unto their Maister who in bed was layd,
That none him hurst awake out of his dreme;
And therefore then of patience gently prayd.
Then Paridell began to change his theme,
And threatened him with force and punishment extreme.

But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent:
And now so long before the wicked fast
They wayted, that the night was forward spent,
And the faire welkin fowly overcast
Gan blowen up a bitter stormy blast,
With showre and hayle so horrible and dred,
That this faire many were compeld at last
To fly for succour to a little shed,
The which beside the gate for swyne was ordered.

It forund, soon after they were gone,
Another Knight, whom tempest thether brought,
Came to that Castle, and with earnest mone,
Like as the rest, late entrance deare besought;
But, like so as the rest, he prayed for nought;
For flatly he of entrance was refusd:
Sorely thereat he was displeased, and thought
How to avenge himselfe so sore abused,
And evermore the Carle of courteous accend.

But, to avoyde th' intollerable stowre,
He was compell to seeke some refuge neare,
And to that shed, to shrowd him from the showre,
He came, which full of guests he found whylere,
So as he was not let to enter there:
Whereat he gan to wax exceeding wroth,

Whylethes thus we suffer &c. The construction is
Whyles thus we suffer this same old Dotard, of his owne will, (i.e. having his own will,) to keep us out in scorne, & contempt of us.

This faire many Company. Spenser repeatedly uses many in this sense.

Earnestly desir'd admittance; seeing it was so late in the night.

The sense must be, "accused him of discourtey, of rudeness."

Jortin.
And swore that he would lodge with them yeare
Or them dislodge, all were they liefe or loth;
And so defyde them each, and so defyde them both.

Both were full loft to leave that needfull tent,
And both full loft in darkenesse to debate;
Yet both full liefe him lodging to have let,
And both full liefe his boasting to abate:
But chiefly Paridel his hart did grate
To heare him threaten so despathfully,
As if he did a dogge in kennel rate.
That dare not barkke; and rather had he dy
Then, when he was defyde, in coward corner ly.

Tho, hastily remounting to his steed,
He forise, willed; like as a boystrous winde,
Which in th'earthes hollow caves hath long ben
And shut up fast within her prision blind,
[Hid] Makes the huge element, against her kinde,
To move and tremble as it were against,
Until that it an issew forth may finde;
Then forth it breaks, and with his furious blast
Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth overcast.

Their steel-led speares they strongly cought, and
Together with impetuous rage and force, [met That with the terrore of their fierce afferct
They rudey drove to ground both man and horse,
That each awhile lay like a senselesse corse.
But Paridel sore brused with the blow
Could not arise, the counterenchanche to scarce;
Till that young Snyvre him carred from below;
Then drew he his bright sword, and gan about him throw.

But Satyrane forth stepping did them stay,
And with faire treaty pacifie thier yre:
Then, when they were accorded from the fray,
Against that Castles Lord they gan conspire,
To heape on him new vengeance for his hire.
They beene agreed, and to the gates they goe
To burn the same with unequallable fire,
And that uncurteous Carle, their commune foe,
To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in grievous woe.

Mallecoo seeing them resolved in deed
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
For fire in earnest, ran with fearfull speeed,
And, to them calling from the castle wall,
Besought them humbly him to beare withall,
As ignorant of servants had abuse
And slacke attendance unto strangers call.
The Knights were willing all things to excuse,
Though ought belev'd, and entrance late did not refuse.

They beene ybrught into a comely bowre,
And servd of all things that mote needfull bee;
Yet secretly their haste did on them lowre,
And welcomed more for feare then charitie;
But they dissembled what they did not see,
And welcomed themselves. Each gan undight
Their garments wett, and weary armouer free,
To dry themselves by Vulcanes flaming light,
And eke their lately broided parts to bring in plight.

And eke that straungre Knight amongst the rest
Was for like need enforst to disary:
Tho, whenas vailed was her lofty creast.
Her golden locks, that were in trimmells gay
Updeonned, did themselfes adown display
And rought unto her heales; like sunny beames,
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded, shewe their golden gleames,
And through the azure aire shoothe forth their per- sant streams.

Shee also dofte her heavy laburicon,
Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde;
And her well-plighted frock, which shee did won
To tucke about her short when shee did ryde,
Shee low let fall, that flowed from her lank syde
Downe to her foot with careless modestee.
Then of them all shee plainly was espoyde
To be a woman-might, untisst to bee,
The fairest woman-might that ever cie did see

Like as Bellona (being late returned
From slaughter of the giants conquered; [unand Where proud Encelade, whose wide nosethirles
With breathed flames like to a furnace reild,
Transfix'd with her speare downe tombled ded
From top of Ilenus by him heaped lyce)
Hath loosed her helmet from her lofty held,
And her Gorgonian shield gins to utyue
From her lefte armes, to rest in glorious victory.

Which whens 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 suffice great affright
Had them surprizd: At last avising right
Her goodly personage and glorious bee,
Which they so much mistooke, they tooke delight
In their first error, and yet still anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hongry yew

Yet n'ote their hongry yew be satisfie,
But, seeing, still the more desir'd to see,
And ever firmeely fixed did abide
In contemplation of divinitie:
But most they merveilld at her chevalree

[BOOK IIII.

Yeare.

[BOOK III.

Yeare.

[BOOK III.

Yeare.

[BOOK IIII.

Yeare.
And noble prowess which they had approv'd,
That much they faynd to know who she mote bee;
Yet none of all them her thereof amov'd;
Yet every one her like, and every one her lov'd.

And Paridell, though partly discontented
With his late fall and foul 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.

But he, to shifte their curious request,
Gan causen why she could not come in place;
Her erased helth, her late recourse to rest,
And humi'd evening ill for sickie folks ease:
But none of those excuses could take place;
Ne would they cate, till she in presence came;
She came in presence with right comely grace,
And fairely them saluted, as became,
And shewed herselfe in all a gentle courteous Dame.

They sate to meat; and Satyrane his champaigne
Was her before, and Paridell beside;
But he himselfe sate looking still askance
Gainst Britonart, and ever closely cide
Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not glide;
But his blinde eie, that sided Paridell,
All his demeanoure from his sight did hide:
On her faire face so did he feede his fill,
And sent close messages of love to her at will:

And ever and anon, when none was ware,
With speaking lookes, that closed embassage bore,
He rov'd at her, and told his secret care;
For all that art he learned had of yore:
Ne was she ignorant of that loud lore,
But in his eye his meaning wisely redd,
And with the like him answered evermore:
Shee sent at him one fye! dart, whose hedd
Empoiuned was with privy lust and gealous dredd.

He from that deadly throw made no defence,
But to the wound his weake heart open'd wyde:
The wicked engine through false influence
Past through his cies, and secretly did gyde
Into his heart, which it did sorely gyde.
But nothing new to him was that same paine,
Ne paine at all; for he so ofte had tryde
The powre thereof, and lovd so oft in vaine,
That thing of course he counted, love to entertaine.

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate
His inward griefs, by meanes to him well knowne:
Now Bacchus fruit out of the silver plate
He on the table dash't, as overthrown;
Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne;
And by the dauncheing bubbles did divine,

Or therein wrote to lett his love be showne;
Which well she red out of the learned line:
A sacrament profane in mistery of wine.

And, whenso of his hand the pledge she raught
The guilty cup she fained to mistake,
And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
Shewing desire her inward flame to slake.
By such close signes they secret way did make
Unto their wils, and one eies watch escapte:
Two eies him needeth, for to watch and wake,
Who lovers wills deceive. Thus was the ape,
By their faire handling, put into Malbeccoes cape.

Now, when of meats and drinks they had their fill
Purpose was mov'd by that gentle Dame
Unto those Knights adventurous, to tell
Of deeds of armes which unto them became,
And every one his Kindred and his Name.
Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pride
Of gracious speach and skill his words to frame
Abound'd, being glad of so fitte tide
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of al well eile:

"Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,
And in thine ashes buried lowe dut lie,
Though whilome far much greater then they name,
Before that angry Gods and cruel skie
Upon thee heapt a direful destinie;
What bote it boast thy glorious descent,
And fetch from heven thy great genealogie,
Sith all thy worthie prayscs being blent
Their ospring hath embaste, and later glory shent!"

"Most famous Worthy of the world, by whome
That warre was kindled which did Troy inflame,
And stately towres of Lion whilome
Brought unto basefull ruine, was by name
Sir Paris far renowned throug noble fame;
Who, through great prowess and bold hardinesse,
From Lacedaemon fetched the fairest Dame
That ever Greece did boast, or Knight possesse,
Whom Venus to him gave for need of worthinesse;"

"Fayre Helene, floure of beautie excellent,
And girdond of the mighty conquerors,
That madest many ladies dare lament
The heaviest losse of their brave paramours,
Which they far off beheld from Trojaunsoures,
And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander strowne
With carcasses of noble warrours
Whose fruitlesse lives were under furrow sowne,
And Xanthus sandy bankes with blood all overflowne!"

"From him my lineage I derive aright,
Whose long before the ten years siege of Troy,
Whiles yet on Ida he a shepheard lighted,
On faire Oenone got a lovely boy,
Whom, for remembrance of her passed joy,
She, of his father, Paris did name;
Who, after Greeks did Priams realm destroy,
Gathered the Trojan reliques sav'd from flame,
And, with them saying thence, to th' isle of Paros came."
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

XXXVII.

"That was by him call'd Iaros, which before
Hight Nausa; there he many yeares did raine,
And built Nanoisle by the Pontick shore;
The which he lying lefte next in remaine
To Paradis his sonne,
From whom I Paradell by kin descend:
But, for faire ladies love and gloryes gained,
My native soile have lefte, my dayes to spend
In seewing deeds of armes, my lives and labors end."

XXXVIII.

Whenas the noble Britamart heard tell
Of Trojan warres and Priam's citie sackt,
(The ruefull story of Sir Paradell),
She was empasmed at thatpiteous act,
With zelous envy of Greekes cruel fact
Against that Nation, from whose race of old
She heard that she was linearly extract;
For noble Britons sprung from Trojans bold,
And Troyanovant was built of old Troyes ashes cold.

XXXIX.

Then, sighing soft awhile, at last she thus:
"O lamentable fall of famous town,
Which smagd 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 emerist with deep compassionove,
And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
That flowes so fresh at morn, and fades at evening late!"

"Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint
Hath found another partner of your paine:
For nothing may impresso soe deare constraint
As countries cause, and commune foes dislayne.
But, if it should not grieve you backe agayne
To turne your course, I would to heare desire
What to Aenest fell; sith that men sayne
He was not in the citie wofull fyre
Consu'md, but did himselfe to safest retyre."

"Anchyses some begott of Venus fayre,
Said he, "out of the flames for safegard fled,
And with a remittant did to sea repaire:
Where he, through fatall errour long was led
Full many yeares, and weetless wandering
From shore to shore amongst the Lybick saudes,
Ere rest he found: Much there he suffered,
And many perillls past in forreine landes,
To save his people sad from victours vengefull handes:

"At last in Latium he did arryve,
Where he with cruel warre was entertained
Of th' inland folke which sought him backe to
Till he with old Latians was constrained [drive,
To contract wedlock, so the fates ordain'd;
Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplish'd; that many deare complain'd:
The rivall slaine, the victour (through the flood
Escaped hardly) hardly praid his wedlocke good."

XXX.

"Yet, after all, he victour did survive,
And with Latinus did the kingdom part:
But after, when both nations gan to strive
Into their names the title to convert,
His sons Ilius did from thence depart
With all the warlike youth of Troians bold,
And in Long Alba plast his throne apart;
Where faire it flourished and long time stond,
Till Romulus, renewing it, to Rome remov'd."

XXXI.

"There; there," said Britomart, "afresh appear
The glory of the later world to spring,
And Troye againe out of her dust was reard
To sitt in second seat of soveraine king
Of all the world, under her governing;
But a third kingdom yet is to arise
Out of the Troians scattered offspring,
That, in all glory and great enterprize
Both first and second Troy shall dare to equalise.

"It Troyanovant is hight, that with the waves
Of wealthie Thaniss washed is along,
Upon whose stubborn neck (whereat he raves
With roring rage, and sore himselfe doth throng,
That all men feare to tempt his lowes strong)
She fastned hath her foot; which stands so hy,
That it a wonder of the world is song,
In forreine landes; and all, which passen by,
Beholding it from farre doe think it threatnes the skye.

"The Trojan Brute did first that citie found,
And Iligate made the meare thereof by West,
And Overt-gate by North: that is the bound
Toward the land; two rivers bound the rest.
So hale a scope at first him seemed best,
To be the compass of his kinglumenes seat:
So hale a mind could not in lesser rest,
Ne in small meares containe his glory great,
That Albion had conquer'd first by warlike feat."

XXXII.

"Ah fairest Lady Knight," said Paradell,
"Pardon I pray my heedlesse oversight,
Who had forgot that whylome I heard tell
From aged Mnemon; for my wits beene light.
Indeed he said, if I remember right,
That of the antique Trojan stocke there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous bight,
And far abroad his mighty branches threw
Into the utmost angle of the world he knew.

"For that same Brute, whom much he did advance
In all his speach, was Sylvius his sonne,
Whom having slaine through huckles arrows
Glance,
He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,
Or els for shame, so fowle reproch to shame.
And with him held to sea an youthe trayne;
Where wearie wandering they long time did wonne,
And many fortunes prov’d in th’ ocean mayne,  
And great adventures found, that now were long  
to sayne.

"At last by fatal course they driven were  
Into an Island spitous and brode,  
The furthest North that di’d to them appear:  
Which, after rest, they, seeking farre abrode,  
Found it the fittest soyle for their abode.  
Fruitfull of all things fit for living food;  
But wholly waste and void of peoples trode,  
Save an huge nation of the genants brode  
That fed on living flesh, and dromen mens vitall blood.

"Whom he, through weary wars and labours long,  
Sublewd with losse of many Britons bold:  
In which the great Goomagot of strong  
Corinicus, and Coulin of Debon old,  
Were overthrownne and lade on th’ earth full cold,  
Which quaked under their so hideous masse:  
A famous history to be enroled  
In everlasting monuments of brasse.  
That all the antique Worthish merits far did passe.

"His worke great Troyovant, his worke is eke  
Faire Linclene, both renowned far away;  
That who from East to West will endong sekke,  
Cannot two faier cities find this day,  
Except Cleopollis; so heard I say  
Old Mnemon: Therefore, Sir, I greet you well  
Your countray kin; and you entirely pray  
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell  
Betwixt us both unknowne.” So ended Paridell.

But all the while, that he these speeches spent,  
Upon his lips hong faire Dame Hellenore  
With vigilant regard and dew attend,  
Fashioning worldes of fauncies evermore  
In her fraile witt, that now her quite forlore:  
The whiles unaures away her wondering eye  
And greedy eaves her weake hart from her brest:  
Which he perceiving, ever privily,  
In speaking, many false belgardes at her let fly.

So long these Knights discoursed diversly  
Of strange affaires, and noble hardiment,  
Which they had past with mickle jeopardy,  
That now the humid night was farforth spent,  
And hevenly lumps were halfendeale ybrent:  
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 were brought.


Church.

II. belgardes] Beautiful looks. Fr. belles regardes.

IIII. halfendeale] Half; a word used by Chaucer.

CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore;  
Malbecco her pious eyes;  
Faire younger Stryveys, whoence with him
To tume out doth science.

I.  

The morrow next, so soon as Pheebus lamp  
Dowrayed had the world with early light,  
And fresh Aurora had the shady damp  
Out of the goody heven anoved quight,  
Faire Britomart and that same Faery Knight  
Uprose, forth on their journey 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

II.  

So forth they far’d; but he behind them stayd,  
Managre his host, who grudgingly gravely  
To house a guest that would be needes obeyd,  
And of his owne him lefte no liberty:  
Might wanting measure moveth surquary;  
Two things he feared, but the third was death;  
That fierce Youngmans unruly mystery;  
His Money, which he lovd as living breath;  
And his faire Wife, whom honest long he kept  
uneath.

III.  

But patience perforce; he must ablue  
What fortune and his fate on him will lay:  
Fond is the fear that findes no remedie.  
Yet warily he watcheth every way,  
By which he feareth evil happen may;  
So th’ evil thinkes by watching to prevent:  
Ne doth he suffer her, nor night nor day,  
Out of his sight herselffe once to absent:  
So doth he punish her, and eke himself torment.

IV.  

But Paridell kept better watch then hee,  
A fit occasion for his turne to finde.  
False Love! why do men say thou eanst not see  
And in their foolish fancy feigne thee blinde,  
That with thy charmes the sharpest sight does binde,  
And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,  
And seest every secret of the minde;  
Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee:  
All that is by the working of thy deitee.

V.  

So perfect in that art was Paridell,  
That he Malbeeceos halfen eye did wyle;  
His halfen eye he willed wondrous well,  
And Hellenors both eyes did eke beguile,  
Both eyes and hart attonce, during the whyle  
That he there solurnned his wounds to heale;  
That Cupid selde, it seeing, close did smyle  
To wect how he her love away did steale,  
And bad that none theirs treason shoulde reveale.

VI.  

The learned Lover lost no time nor tyde  
That least advantage mote to him afford,  
Yet bore so faire a sayde, that none espyde  
His secret drift till he her layd abord.  
Whens in open place and commune borst  
He fortun’d her to meet, with commune speach
He courted her; yet bayed every word,
That his ungentle hoste note him approach
Of vile ungenteenesse or hospitages breach.

But when apart (if ever her apart
He found) then his false engins fast he pleyde,
And all the sleights unsound in his hart:
He sigh'd, he solde, he swound, he perdy dyde,
And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde:
Tho, when againe he him bethought to live,
He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,
Saying, but if she mercie would him give,
That he note algates dye, yet did his death forgive.

And otherwyls 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, ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine;
Oft purpose, oft riddles, he devysd,
And thousands like which flowed in his braine,
With which he fed her fancy, and outysd
To take to his new love, and leave her old despyd.

And every where he might and everie while
He did her service Hewtfull, and sowd
At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile;
So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,
Who well percieved all, and all intend,
Thus finly did he his false nets dispired,
With which he many weake harts had subdownd
Of yore, and many had ylike misled:
What wonder then if she were likewise carried?

No fort soensible, no wals so strong,
But that continuall battery will rive,
Or daily siege, through disporuyance long
And lacke of reskewes, will to parley drive;
And peece, that unto parley care will give,
Will shortly yield itselfe, and will be made
The vassall of the victors will bylyve:
That stratageme had oftentimes assayd
This crafty paramoure, and now it plainely display'd.

For through his traines he her intrapped hath,
That she her love and hart hath whold sold
To him without regard of gaine, or scath,
Or care of credite, or of husband old,
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a feare cueftold,
Nought wants but time and place, which shortly
Devizd hath, and to her Lover told. [shee
It pleased well: So well they both agree;
So readie rype to ill ill wemens counsels bee !

Darke was the evening, fit for lovers stealth.
When chanust Malbecco busie he elsewhere,
She to his closet went, where all his wealth

Lay hid; thereof she countesse summes did care,
The which she meant away with her to bear;
The rest she fry'd, for sport or for despiete
As Hellene, when she saw aloft appeare
The Troiane flames and reach to heavens height,
Did clap her hands, and joyned at that doleful sight;

The second Hellene, fayre Dame Hellenore,
The whiles her husband ran with sorry haste
To quench the flames which she had tynd before,
Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste,
And ran into her Lovers arms right fast:
Where straight embrac'd she to him did cry
And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past;
For lo! that Guest did bear her forcibly,
And meant to ravish her, that rather had to dy!

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 search his idle face,
He was therewith distracted diversly,
Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place:
Was never wretched man in such a wofull case.

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,
And left the fire; Love Money overcame:
But, when he marked how his money burn'd,
He left his wife; Money did Love disdain:
Both was he loth to loose his loved dame,
And loth to leave his liegest pelfe behinde;
Yet, sith he no'te save both, he sayd that same
Which was the dearcest to his downhill minde,
The god of his desire, the joye of misers blinde

Thus whilst all things in troublous uprare were
And all men busie to suppress the flame,
The loving couple neede no reskew fear,
But pleasure had and liberty to frame
Their purpofe flight, free from all mens reclaim;
And Night, the patronesse of love-stealth fayre,
Gave them safe conduct till to end they came:
So beene they gone yfere, a wanton payre
Of lovers loosely knit, where list them to repaire.

Soone as the cruel flames yslaked were,
Malbecco, seeing how his losse did ly,
Out of the flames which he had quenched whylere,
Into huge waves of griefe and gledesye
Full depe enplonged was, and drown'd nye
Twixt inward doele and felonous despiete:
He rov'd, he wept, he stampt, he lowd die cry;
And all the passions, that in man may light,
Dil him attone oppresse, and vex his cavalier spright.

Long thus he chawd the end of inward griefe,
And did consume his gall with anguish sore:
Still when he mused on his late mistyfe,
Then still the smart thereof increased more,

That rather had to dy !] Que mallet mort,
ironically. Upton.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

And seemed more grievous then it was before:
At last when sorrow he saw bawed nought,
Ne griefe might not his Love to him restore,
He can devise how here he rescawd mought;
Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused thought.

At last resolving, like a pilgrim sore,
To search her forth whereas she might be fond,
And treasure in close store, the rest he leaves in ground:
So takes in hand to seek her endlong both by sea and land.
Long he her sought, she sought her far and nere,
And every where that he mote understand
Of Knights and Ladies any meetings were;
And of each one he met he tidings did inquire.

But all in vaine; his woman was too wise
Ever to come into his doome againe,
And hee too simple ever to surprise
The slyly Paridell, for all his paine.
One day, as he forpassed by the plaine
With weary pace, he far away espide
A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
Which hove close under a forest side,
As if they lay in wait, or els themselves did hide.

Well weened hee that those the same mote bee;
And, as he better did their shape avize,
Him seemed more their manner did agree;
For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom to be Paridell he did devise;
And th' other, al yclad in garments light
Discoulord like to womanian disguis,
He did resemble to his Lady bright;
And ever his fault hart much earned at the sight:

And ever faire 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 jealousy,
He closely nearer crept the truth to weo:
But, as he higher drew, he easily
Might scarce that it was not his sweetest Sweet,
Ne yet he Belamour, the partner of his sheet:

But it was scornfull Braggadochio,
That with his servant Trompart hovred there,
Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe:
Whom such whens Malbecco spied clere,
He turned backed, and would have fled aree;
Till Trompart, running hastely, him did stay
And bad before his soveraine lord appere:
That was him loth, yet durst he not gainsay,
And comming him before low louted on the lay.

The Roaster at him sternely bent his browe,
As if he could have kild him with his booke,
That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,
And awfull terrour deepe into him strooke,

That every member of his body quooke.
Said he, "Thou man of nought! what doest thou
Unfitly furnish with thy bag and booke, here
Where I expected one with shield and sper
To prove some deeds of armes upon an equal pere!"

The wretched man at his imperious speach
Was all abashd, and low prostrating said;
"Good Sir, let not my rudeens be no breach
Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For I unwares this way by fortune straid,
A sily pilgrim driven to distress,
That seek a Lady."—There he sudden staid,
And did the rest with grievous sighes suppress,
While teares stood in his eies, few drops of bitterness.

"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 earful word his weak heart much did cheare,
And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,
That bold he sayd: "O most redounded Pere,
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches case to heare."

Then sighing sore, "It is not long," said hee,
"Sith I enjoyed the gentlest Dame alive,
Of whom a Knight, (no Knight at all perde,
But shame of all that doe for honor strive,)"—
By treacherous deceipt did me deprive;
Through open outrage he her borow away,
And with fowle force unto his will did drive;
Which al good Knights, that armes do bear this day,
Are bound for to revenge and punish if they may.

"And you, most noble Lord, that can and dare
Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,
Cannot employ your most victorious sparc,
In better quarrall then defence of right,
And for a Lady gainst a faithlesse Knight:
So shall your glory be advanced much,
And all faire Ladies magnify your might,
And eke mine selfe, alleo I simple such,
Your worthy paine shall wel reward with guerdon rich."

With that out of his bouget forth he drew
Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt:
But he on it lookt scornfully askew,
As much diseigning to be so misdemp,
Or a warmonger to be basely nemp;
And sayd: "Thy offers base I greatly loth,
And eke thy words uncouternce and unkempt:
I tread in dust thee and thy money both;
That, were it not for shame"—So turned from him wroth.

But Trompart, that his Maistres humor knew
In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,

out of his bouget] Budget or pouch. Fr. bougette. Todd.
To the wide world, and let her fly alone;
He could be clod: So had he served many one.

The gentle Lady, loose at random left,
Wide the green-y wood long did walke, and wander
At widele adventure, like a forlorn wefe;
Till on a day the Satyres her espie
Straying alone withouten groome or guide:
Her up they tooke, and with them home her led, 
With them as homewife ever to abide, [breeled;
To milk their goates, and make them cheese and
And every one as commune good her handede.

That shortly she Malbecco has forgot,
And eke Sir Paridell all were he deare;
Who from her went to seeke another lott,
And now by fortune was arrive here,
Where those two guilers with Malbecco were.
Soone as the old man saw Sir Paridell,
He hinted, and was almost dead with feare,
Ne word he had to speake his griefe to tell,
But to him louted low, and grated goody well.

And, after, asked him for Hellenore:
"I take no kepe of her," sayd Paridell,
"She wolneth in the forest there before;
So forth he rode as his adventures fell;"
The whiles the Boaster from his loftie sell
Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;
But the fresh Swayne would not his leisure dwell,
But went his way; whom when he passed kend,
He up remounted light, and after faind to wend.

"Perdy nay," said Malbecco, "she shall ye not;
But let him passe as lightly as he came:
For litel good of him is to be got,
And mickle perill to bee put to shame.
But let us goe to seeke my dearest Daine,
Whom he hath left in yonder forest wyld:
For of her safety in great doubt I ame,
Least salvage beastes her person have despoyley.
Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine have toyld!"

They all agree, and forward them addresses:[well, "Ah! bat," said crafty Trampart, "weete ye
That yonder in that wastefull wilderness
Huge monsters haunte, and many dangers dwell;
Dragons, and minotaures, and feroces of hell,
And many wilde woodsman which robbe and rend
All travellers; therefore advise ye well,
Before ye enterpris that way to wend:
One may his journee bring too soone to evil end,"

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,
And, with pale eyes fast fixt on the rest,
Their counsell ayd'd in danger imminent
Said Trampart; "You, that be the most opprest
With burdein of greattreasure, I thinkke best
Here for to stay in saftie byvond:
My Lord and I will search the wide forest."
That counsell pleased not Malbecco es mynde;
For he was much afraid himselfe alone to fynde.

XXXVI. 3. — woife.] A stray, or wanderer. Todd.
XLII.

"Then is it best," said he, "that ye doe leave Your treasure here in some security, Either fast closed in some hollow grave, Or buried in the ground from jeopardy, Till we returne againe in safety: As for us two, least doubt of us ye have, Hence farre away we will blinfolded ly, Ne privie bee unto your treasures grave." It pleased; so he did: Then they march forward brave.

XLIII.

Now when amid the thickest woodes they were, They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill, And shriking hubbubs them approaching nere, Which all the forest did with horroure fill: That dreadful sound the Bosters hart did thrill With such amazement, that in haste he fledd, Ne ever looked back for good or ill; And after him eke fearfull Trompart spedd: The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half dead:

XLIV.

Yet afterwardes, close creeping as he might, He in a bush did hyde his fearfull head. The lolly Satyres full of fresh delight Came syne out Forth, and with them nimblly ledd Faire Helenore with girldons all bespred, Whom their May-lady they had newly made: She, proude of that new honour which they reed, And of their lovely fellowship full glade, Dauntly lived, and her face did with a lawrell shade.

XLV.

The silly man that in the thickest lay Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore; Yet durst he not against it doe or say, But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore, To see th' unkindnes of his Hellenore. All day they daunced with great lustyheed, And with their horned feet the greene gras wore; The whites their gotes upon the bronzes fodd, Till drooping Phoebus gan to hyde his golden hedd.

XLVI.

Tho up they gan their mery pypes to trusse, And all their goodly heardes did gather round; But every Satyre first did give a busse To Hellenore; so busses did abound. Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground With perly dew, and th' Earths gloomy shade Did dim the brightnesse of the wekkin round, That every bird and beast awar'd made To shrowd themselves, while sleep their sensces did invade.

XLVII.

Which when Malbecco saw, out of the bush Upon his handes and feete he creft full light, And like a gote engomt the gotes did rush; That, through the helpe of his faire horses on high, And misty dampe of misconceiving night, And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard, He did the better counterfeite aright:

XLII. 3 Either fast closed in some hollow grave—
Ne privy bee unto your treasures grave.] These words are not the same; the former means a groove.

So home he marcht amongst the horned heard, That none of all the Satyres him espied or heard.

XLVIII.

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd, Whereas his lovely wife amongst them lay, Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude, Who all the night did mind his joyous play: Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day, That all his hart with gealousy did swell; But yet that nights ensample did bewray That not for nought his wife them lovd so well, When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

XLIX.

So closely as he could he to them crept, When ware of their sport to sleepe they fell, And to his wife, that now full soundly slept, He whispered in her care, and did her tell, That it was he which by her side did dwell; And therefore prayd her wake to heare him As one out of a dreame not waked well [plaine. She turnd her, and returned backe againe: Yet her for to awake he did the more constraine.

L.

At last with irkesome trouble she abrayd; And then perceiving, 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 need, To save his life, ne let him be descryde, But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde.

LI.

Tho gan he her perswade to leave that lewd And loathsom life, of God and man abhorr, And home returne, where all should be renewed With perfect peace and bandes of fresh accord, And she receivd againe to bed and bord, As if no trespas ever had beene done: But she it all refused at one word, And by no means would to his will be wonne, But chose amongst the lolly Satyres still to wonne.

LII.

He woode her till day-spring he espide; But all in vaine: and then turnd to the heard, Who butted him with horns on every syde, And trode downe in the dury, where his horse head 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 quigh And he emognst the rest creft forth in sory pligh.

LIII.

So soone as he the prison-dore did pas, He ran as fast as both his feet could beare, And never looked who behind him was, Ne scarcely who before: like as a beare, That creeping close amongst the hives to reare An hony-combe, the wakefull dogs espy, And him assaying sore his carkas teare, That hardly he with life away does fly, Ne stayes, till safe himselfe he se vor from jeopardy.

LIV.

Ne staid he, till he came unto the place Where late his treasure he entombd had;
Where when ne found it not, (for Trompart base
Had it purloyned for his Maister bad,
With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away; ran with himselfe away:
That who so strangely had him scene bestaded,
With upstart hairy and staring eyes dismay.
From Limbo lake him late escaped sure would say.

High over hilles and over dales he field,
As if the wind him on his wings had borne;
Ne banke nor bush could stay him, when he spedd
His nimble foot, as treading still on thorne:
Griefe, and Despiught, and Gealousy, and Scorne,
Did all the way him follow hard behynd;
And he himselfe himselfe leath'd so forlornne,
So shamefully forlornne of womanyd:
That, as a snake, still lurked in his wounded mynd.

But, through long anguish and selfe-murdering thought,
He was so wasted and forpinde quight,
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
And nothing left but like an airy spight;
That on the rockes he fell so flat and light,
That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all;
But chanced on a craggie clift to light;
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,
That at the last he found a cave with entrance small:

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth thare
Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion
In dreary darknesse and continnall 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 keepe for that occasion;
Ne ever rests he in tranquility,
The roaring billowes beat his bowre so boystrously.

Yet can he never dye, but living lives,
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
That death and life attone unto him gives,
And painfull pleasure turns to pleasing paine.
There dwells he ever, miserable swaine,
Hatefull both to himselfe and every wight;
Where he, through privy griefe and horroure vaine,
Is woxen so deforme'd, that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and Gealosy is light.

O HATEFULL hollish Snake! what Furie furst
Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,
Where in her bosome she the long had murrst,
And fostred up with bitter milke of tine;
Fowle Gealosy! that turnest love divine
To ioylesse dread, and makst the loving hart
With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pigne,
And feed itselfe with selfe-consuming smart,
Of all the passions in the mind thou viles art!

O let him far be banished away,
And in his stead let Love for ever dwell!
Sweete Love, that doth his golden wings embay
In blessed nectar and pure Pleasures well,
Untroubled of vile fear or bitter fell.
And ye, faire Ladies, that your kingdomes make
In th' harts of men, them governe wisely well,
And of faire Britomart ensample take,
That was as trew in love as turtle to her make.

Who with Sir Satyrane, as earst ye red,
Forth ryding from Malbeccoes hostesless houes,
Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled
From an huge Geanunt, that with hideose
And hatefull outrage long him chaced thus;
It was that Olyphant, the brother deare
Of that Argante vile and vitious,
[whythere; From whom the Squyre of Dames was refl
This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

For as the sister did in feminine
And filthy lust exceede all womankinde;
So he surpassed his sex masculine,
In beastly use, all that I ever finde;
Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde
The fearfull Boy so greedilly pourcest,
She was emmowd in her noble minde
To employ her puissancie to his reskew,
And pricked fiercely forward where she did him vew.

CANTO XI.

Britomart charcheth Olyphant;
Findes Stellemore distrest:
Assayes the House of Buceane,
Where Loves apoyles are express.
V.

Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behinde,
But with like fierceness did enew the chase:
Whom when the Gyaunt saw, he soone resinde
His former suit, and from them fled space:
They after both, and boldly had him bace,
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 'scape his feared foe.

VI.

It was not Satyrane, whom he did feare,
But Britomart the flore of chastity;
For he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,
But always did their dread encontre fly:
And now so fast his feet he did apply,
That he has gotten to a forest near:
Where he is shrowed in security.
The wood they enter, and search every where;
They searched diversely; so both divided were.

VII.

Fayre Britomart so long him followed,
That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
By which there lay a Knight all wallowed
Upon the grassy ground, and by him neare
His haberieon, his helmet, and his speare:
A little off, his shield was rudely throwne,
On which the Winged Boy in colours cleare
Depeincted was, full ease to be knowne,
And he thereby, wherever it in field was shawe.

VIII.

His face upon the ground did groveling ly,
As if he had beene slombring in the shade;
That the brave Mayd would not for courtesy
Out of his quiet slomber him abrade;
Nor seeme too suddeinly him to invade:
Still as she stood, she heard with grievous throb
Him groane, as if his heart were peces made,
And with most painfull pangs to sigh and sob,
That pitty did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

IX.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes
He sayd: "O soveraygne Lord, that sit'st on hye
And raungst in bliss amonst thy blessed saints,
How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty
So long unweaked of thine eminie?
Or hast thou, Lord, of good mens cause no heed?
Or doth thy justice sleepe and slent ly?
What boethen then the good and righteous deed,
If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousness no meed!

X.

"If good find grace, and righteousness reward,
Why then is Amoret in cage of hand,
Sith that more bounteous creature never far'd
On foot upon the face of living land?
Or if that hevenly justice may withstand
The wrongfull outrage of unrighteous men,
Why then is Basirane with wicked hand
Suffered, these seven monethes day, in secret den
My Lady and my Love so cruelly to pen!"

v. 5. — and boldly had him bace.] Alluding to the known sport, called prison-base. Urson.

XI.

"My Lady and my Love is cruelly pend
In dullefoll darknes from the vew of day,
Whilst deadly torments doe her chast breast rend,
And the sharpe steele doth rive her hart in tway,
All for she Scudamore will not denay.
Yet thou, vile man, vile Scudamore, art sound,
Ne canst her ayle, ne canst her foe dismay;
Unworthy wretch to tread upon the ground,
For whom so faire a Lady feles so sore a wound."

XII.

There an huge heape of singulies did oppresse
His struing soule, and swelling throubs enqueach
His fooring toung with pangs of drearnesse,
Choking the remanit of his plaintife speach,
As if his dayes were come to their last reach.
Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit
Threatening into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth and terror she was smit,
Fearing least from her cage the wearie soule would fit.

XIII.

Tho, stomping downe, she him amoved light;
Who, therewith somewhat starting, up gan looke
And seeing him behind a stranger Knight,
Whereas no living creature he mistooke,
With great indignanne he that sight forsooke,
And, downe againe himselfe disdainfully
Ablecting, th'earth with his faire forhead strooke
Which the bold Virgin seeing, gan apply
Fit medecine to his griefe, and spake thus courteously

XIV.

"Ah! gentle Knight, whose deepe-conceived griece
Well seems 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, pre pense,
That all the sorrow in the world is lesse
Then vertues might and values confidence:
For who sill bide the burden of distress,
Must not here thinke to live; for life is wretched nesse.

XV.

"Therefore, faire Sir, doe comfort to you take,
And freely read what wicked felon so
Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle Make
Perhaps this hand may help to ease your woes,
And wraeke your sorrow on your cruel foe;
At least it faire endeavour will apply;"
Those feeling words so near the quicke did goe,
That up his head he reared easely:
And, leaing on his elbow, these few words lett fly:

XVI.

"What boots it plaine that cannot be redrest,
And sow vaine sorrow in a fruitless care;
Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
Ne worldly price, cannot redeeme my Deare
Out of her thraldome and continuall feare!
For he, the tyrant, which her hath in ward

xii. 1. — singulies] Sobs or sighs. Lat. singuliter.
XIV. 5. — pre pense] This word pre pense is an old English verb for to consider. Todd.
XIV. 7. — and values confidence.] Value is put for valour. Spenser sometimes spells it vallor. Urson.
By strong enchantments and blacke magickie
leare,
Hath in a dungeondeepe her close embard,
And many dreadfulfeoods hath pointed to her gard.

"There he tormenteth her most terrified,
And day and night afflicts with mortal paine,
Because to yield him love she doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yold againe:
But yet by torture he would her constraine
Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest;
Till so she doe, she must in doole remaine,
Ne may by living meanes be thence releas'd:
What boots it then to paine that cannot be redrest!"

With this sad hersell of his heavy stresse
The warlike Damzell was enpassion'd sore,
And sayd; "Sir Knight, your cause is nothing
Then is your sorrow certes, if not more; [lesse
For nothing so much pitty doth import
As gentle Ladys helplesse misery:
But yet, if phase ye listen to my lore,
I will, with profe of last extremity,
Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you dy."

"Ah! gentlest Knight alive," sayd Scudamore,
"What huge horror of magnaniuity
Dwells in thy bounteous brest! what couldst thou more,
If shee were thine, and thou as now am I!
O spare thy happy daies, and them apply
To better boot; but let me die that ought;
More is more losse; one is enough to dy!"
"Life is not lost," said she, "for which is bought
Endlesse renown; that, more then death, is to be sought."

Thus she at length persuaded him to rise,
And with her wand to see what new success
Mote him befall upon new enterprise:
His armes, which he had vowed to disprofess,
She gathered up and did about him dress,
And his forwandred steed unto him gott:
So forth they both yfere make their progress,
And march, not past the mountenaunce of a shott,
fill they arriv'd whereas their purpose they did plott.

There they dismounting drew their weapons bold,
And stoutly came unto the Castle gate,
Whereas no gate they found them to withhold,
Nor ward to waite at morne and evening late;
But in the porch, that did them sore amate,
A flaming fire ymixt with smouldry smoke
And stinking sulphur, that with grievely hate

[BOOK III]

By strong enchantments and blacke magickie
leare,
Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
And many dreadful feast had pointed to her gard.

"There he tormenteth her most terrified,
And day and night afflicts with mortal paine,
Because to yield him love she doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yold againe:
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And stinking sulphur, that with grievely hate

[XXVIII. 1. — hersell of his heavy stresse] Rehearsal, relation of his distress.  [Church.
xx 5. — dreesed,] Order, dispose,  [Fr dressers.
Church.
xx 8. — not past the mountenaunce of a shott,] That is, not farther than one may shoot an arrow out of a bow.  [Church.
xxi 4. — ward,] The Porter.  [Church.
xxi 5. — amate,] Conquer or daunt; probably from the Spanish matare, to kill, in which sense the Italian matare is also used.  [Town.

And dreadful horror did all entrance choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,
Ne in that stound wist how herselfe to bear;
For daunger came it were to have assayed
That cruelle element, which all things fear;
Ne none can suffer to approache neare;
And, turning backe to Scudamour, thus sayd;
"What monstrous enmye provokke we hear!"
Foolehardy as th' Earthes children, the which
Batteill against the gods, so we a god invade.  [made

"Daunger without discretion to attempt,
Inglorious, beast-like, is: therefore, Sir Knight,
Arcad what course of you is safest demp,
And how we with our foe may come to fight."
"This is," quoth he, "the dolorous despartc,
Which carst to you i playd: for neither may
This fire be quencht by any witt or might,
Ne yet by any meanes removable away;
So mightie be th' enchantments which the same
do stay.

"What is there elles but cease these fruitlesse paines,
And leave me to my former languishing!
Faire Amoret must dwell in wicked chaieres,
And Scudamore here die with sorrowing!"
"Perdy not so," saide shee; "for shamefull
Yt were t' abandon noble chevisance, [thing
For shewe of perill, without venturing:
Rather, let try extremities of chance
Then entepried praise for dread to disvasance."

Therewith, resolv'd to prove her utmost might,
Her ample shield she throw before her face,
And her swords point directing forth right
Assayd the flame; the which cistesomes gave
And did itselfe divide with equall space, [place,
That through she passed; as a thonder-bolt
Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displacce
The soring clouds into sad showers ymolt;
So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the fire
Safe and untocht, he likewise gan essay
With greedly will and envious desire,
And bad the stubborne flames to yield him way:
But cruel Maleiber would not obey
His threatfull pride, but did the more augment
His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
Him forst, maugre his ferences, to relent,
And backe retiere all scorchit and pitifull brent.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
More for great sorrow that he could not pas
Then for the burning torment which he felt:
That with fell woodies he effierced was,
And wilfully him throwing on the gras

[XXVIII. 9. — a god] Maleiber, the god of fire.  [Church.
xxv 9. — yold] Yielded, gave way.  [Church.
Ibid. — revolt.] Roll back.  Lat. revoltere; or rather according to the Italian, rivoltare, did change, alter, abate their force.  Upton.
The stalls the Champaigners now enterd has
The utmost rowme, and past the foremost dore;
The utmost rowme abounding with all precious
store:

**xxxvii.**

For, round about, the walls ycloathed were
With goodly arras of great majesty,
Woven with gold and sike so close and nere
That the rich metal lurked privily,
As faining to be hid from enious eye;
Yet here, and there, and every where, unwarres
It shewed itselfe and shone unwillingly;
Like to a discolourd snake, whose hidden snares
Through the greene gras his long bright burnish'd
back declares.

**xxxix.**

And in those tapets weren fashioned
Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate;
And all of love, and al of lusty-hed,
As seemed by their semblant, did entreat;
And eke all Cupids warres they did repeate,
And cruel battalies, which he whilome fought
Gains the gods to make his empire great;
Besides the huge mazzeres, which he wrought
On mighty kings and kessars into thrallome brought.

**xxx.**

Therein was writ how often thondring Love
Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,
And, leaving heavens kingdome, here did rove
In strange disguize, to stake his scalding smart;
Now, like a ram, faire Helle to pervart,
Now, like a bull, Europa to withdraw:
Ah, how the fearfull Ladies tender hart
Did lively seeme to tremble, when she saw
The huge seas under her t' obay her servants law!

**xxxv.**

Soone after that, into a golden showre
Himselfe he chang'd, faire Danae to vew;
And through the roofe of her strong brassen towre
Did raine into her lap an hony dew;
The whites her foolish garde, that little knew
Of such deceipt, kept th' yron dore fast bard,
And watcht that none should enter nor issue;
Vaine was the watch, and broodlesse all the ward,
Whenas the god to golden hew himselfe transform'd.

**xxxii.**

Then was he turnnd into a snowy swan,
To win faire Leda to his lovely trade:
O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,
That her in daffadillies sleeping made
From scorching heat her dainicke limbs to shade!
Whiles the proud bird, ruffling his lethers wyde
And brushing his faire brest, did her invade,
She slept; yet twixt her eielids closely spyde
How towards her he rush'd, and smiled at his pryde.

**xxxviii.**

Then shewed it how the Thebane Semeele,
Deci'd of gealous Iuno, did require
To see him in his soverayne majestie
Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,
Whens dearly she with death bought her desire.
But faire Alemena better match did make,
Loying his love in likenes more entire:
Three nights in one they say that for her sake
He then did put, her pleasures longer to partake.

**xxxiv.**

Twice was he scene in soaring eagles shape,
And with wide winges to beat the luxome ayre:
Once, when he with Asterie did scape; 
Again, whenas the Trojanye boy so fayre
He suach't from Ida hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was there to behold
How the rude shepheards after him did stare;
Trembling through fear least down he fallen should,
And often to him calling to take surer holde.

**xxxvi.**

In Satyres shape Antiope he suach't;
And like a fire, when he Aegist assay'd:
A shepeheard, when Mnemosyne he catcht;
And like a serpent to the Thracian mayd. [playd,
Whyleys thus on earth great love these pageants
The Winged Boy did thrust into his throne,
And, scoothing, thus unto his mother sayd;
"Lo! now the hevens obey to me alone,
And take me for their love, whiles love to earth is gone."

**xxxvii.**

And thou, faire Phoebus, in thy colours bright
Wast there enwoven, and the sad distressed
In which that Boy thee plonged, for desight
That thou bestow'dst his mothers wantoness,
When she with Mars was meynt in joythusesse:
Forthby he thrust thee with a leada dart
To love fair Daphne, which thee loved lesse;
Lesse she thee lov'd than was thy lust desart,
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy smart.

**xxxviii.**

So bravest thou the lusty Hyacinet;
So bravest thou the faire Coronis deare;
Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct;
Yet both in floweres doe live, and love thee beare
The one a paunce, the other a sweete-breare;
For griefe whereof, ye mote have lively seen;
The god himselfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his garland ever greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

**xxxix.**

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,
The sonne of Climen, he did repent;
Who, bold to guide the chare of the Sunne,
Himselfe in thousand pieces fondly rent,
And all the world with flashing fier brent;
So like, that all the walle did seeme to flame.
Yet cruel Cupid, not herewith content,
Forst him etfoone to follow other game,
And love a shepheard's daughter for his dearest dame.

**xl.**

He loved Ise for his dearest dame,
And for her sake her eattell feld awhile,
And for her sake a cowheard vile became
The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile,
Whiles that from heaven he suffered exile.
Long were to tell his other lovely fitt;

**xlv. 4. And like a serpent to the Thracian mayd.] And he was like a serpent when he appeared to, when he made love to, &c. The passage is elliptic, as many passages in Spenser are. Upton.**

**xlv. 1. the lusty Hyacinet; lusty is lovely Church.**
Now, like a lyon hunting after spoile;  
Now, like a hag; now, like a faulecon fitt;  
All which in that faire arras was most lively writ.

Next unto him was Neptune pictured,  
In his divine resemblance wonderous lyke:  
His face was rugg'd, and his hoarie hed  
Dropped with brackish dew; his threforkt pyke  
He steamly shooke, and therewith fierce did  
The raging billowes, that on every syde [stryke  
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,  
That his swift charet might have passage wyde  
Which foure great hippocames did draw in temo-
wise tyde.

His seahorses did seeme to short amayne,  
And from their nosethrilles blowe the brynie  
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 heame:  
The god himselfe did pensive scene and sad,  
And hong adowne his head as he did dreaume;  
For privy love his brest empierced had,  
Ne ought but deare Bereditayt could make him glad.

He loved eke Iphimedia deare,  
And Aeculos faire daughter, Arne hight,  
For whom he turnd himselfe into a streare,  
And fedde on fodder to begine her sight.  
Also, to win Daunations daughter bright,  
He turnd himselfe into a dolphyn fayre;  
And, like a winged horse, he tooke his flight  
To sneaky-locke Medusa to repayre,  
m whom he got faire Pegasus that flatteth in the ayre.

ext Saturne was, (but who woul'd ever weene  
That sollein Saturne ever woon to love!  
Yet love is sollein, and Solurnkle scene,  
As he did for Erigone it prove,)  
That to a centaure did himselfe transmove.  
So proof'd it eke that gratorious gild of wine,  
When, for to compass Philiiras hard love,  
He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,  
And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

Long were to tell the amorous assayes,  
And gentile panges, with which he maked meke  
The mightie Mars, to lerne his wanton playes  
How oft for Venus, and how often eek.  
For many other nymphes, he sore did shreck;  
With womanlike teares, and with unwaurlike  
Privily moystening his horrid cheeke: [smarts,  
There was he painted full of burning darts,  
And many wide wondres launch'd through his inner partes.

Ne did he spare (so cruel was the Elle)  
His owne deare mother, (ah! why should he so?)  
Ne did he spare sometyme to pricke himselfe,  
That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,  
Which he had wrought to many others moe.  
But, to declare the mournfull tragedies  
And spoiles wherewith heall the ground did strow,  
More eath to number with how many eyes  
High heaven beholdes sad lovers nightily theeveryes.

Kings, queenes, lords, ladies, knights, and damsel-
gent,  
Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort,  
And mingled with the raskall rablement,  
Without respect of person or of port,  
To shew Dan Cupids powre and great effort:  
And round about a border was entrayld  
Of broken bowes and arrowes shivered short;  
And a long bloody river through them rayld,  
So lively; and so like, that living sense it fayld.

And at the upper end of that faire rowme  
There was an altar buit of pretious stone  
Of passing valew and of great renowne,  
On which there stood an image all alone  
Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone;  
And winges it had with sondry colours light,  
More sondry colours then the proud pavone  
Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,  
When her discoulsur bow she speedes through heven bright.

Blyndfold he was; and in his cruel fist  
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,  
With which he shot at randon when him list,  
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;  
(Al! man, beware how thou those darters behol'd!)  
A wounded dragon under him did ly,  
Whose hideous tyle his lefte foot did enfold,  
And with a shaft was shot through either eye,  
That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye.

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 Britonart amazd,  
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,  
But ever more and more upon it gazed,  
The whiles the passing brightness her fruile senses dazd.

Tho, as she backward cast her busie eye,  
To search each secrete of that goodly sted,  
Over the dor she thus written she did spy,  
Bee bold! She oft and oft it over-red.

XLIV. 4. — port.] Port is carriage, aspect. Fr. port.  
T. Warton.

XLVI. 6. — entrayld] Wrought as in knot-work, inter-

XLVII. 9. — that living sense it fayld.] That is, it  
cheated by its perfect resemblance. So saltier and deeper  
are used by the Latin poets. Utton.
Yet could not find what sense 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.

Much fairer then the former was that roome,
And richier, by many partes, any i.
For not with arms made in painefull roome,
But with pure gold it all was overlaid, - [playd
Wrought with wife antique in which their lolleys
In the rich mettall, as they living were :
A thousand monstrous forms therein were made,
Such as false Love doth oft upon him weare;
For Love in thousand monstrous forms doth oft appear.

And, all about, the glistring walles were hong,
With warlike spoiles and with victorious prayers
Of mightie conquerours and captains strong,
Which were whilome captured in their daies
To cruel Love, and wrought their owne deceayes:
Their swords and spares were broke, and hau-
berques rent,
And their proud girldons of triumphant bayes
Troden in dust with fury insolent,
To shew the Victors might and merciless intent.

The warlike Mayd, beholding earnestly
The goodly ordinance of this rich place,
Did greatly wonder; he could satisfy
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space:
But more she marveld that no footings trace
Nor wight appeared, but wastefull emptiness
And solemn silence over all that place;
Strange thing it seem'd, that none was to possess
So rich purveyance, ne them keepe with careful-
nesse.

And, as she look about, she did behold
How over that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bolde, Be bolde, and every where, Be bolde;
That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
By any riding skill or commune wit.
At last she spyde at that rowemes upper end
Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bolde; wherefore though she did bend
Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might intend.

Thus she there wainted untiill eventyde,
Yet living creature none she saw appare.
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde
From mortall vew; and wrap in darkenes decare;
Yet nonde she d'off her weary arms, for feare
Of secret damager, ne let sleepe oppresse
Her heavy eyes with natures burden deare,
But drew herselfe aside in sickenesse,
And her welpointed wepons did about her dresse.

CANTO XII.

The Maske of Cupid, and th' enchaun-
ted Chamber are dispayed,
Whence Britonnesse rarest of Amour
through charmes d coyns.

Tho, whomes carelesse Night ycoverd had
Fayre heaven with an universall cloud,
That every wight dismayd with darkenes sad
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,
She heard a shrilling trumpet sound aloud,
Signe of nigh battail, or got victory :
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud
But rather stirred to cruel emony,
Expecting ever when some foe she might desery.

With that, an hideous storme of winde arose
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earthquake, as if it stregthe would lose
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt:
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Ensewed, whose noyance fill the fearfull sted
From the fourth howre of night until the sixt ;
Yet the bold Britonnesse was not hyled.
Though much ennuous'd, but stedfast still persever-
ved.

All suddely a stormy whirldwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,
With which that yron wicket open flow,
As it with mighty levers had bene tore ;
And forth ysewed, as on the readie lore
Of some theatre, a grave personage
That in his hand a branch of laurel bore,
With comely haviour and countenance sage,
Ychad in costly garments fit for tragicke stage.

Proceeding to the midst he still did stand,
As if in minde he somewhat had to say;
And to the vulgare becoming with his hand,
In signe of silenc, as to heare a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned ;
Which doen, he backe retreyed soft away,
And, passing by, his name discovered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

The noble Mayd still standing all this vowd,
And merveild at his strange intendiment:
With that a joyous fellowship issewed
Of minstrales making goodly meriment,
With wanton bardes, and rymers impudent ;
All which together song full chearfully
A lay of loves delight with sweet conceit.
After whom marcht a jolly company,
In manner of a Maske, enrangeed orderly.

The whyles a most delitious harmony
In full strange note was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
The feeble senses wholly did confound,
And the frayle soule in deep delight high drounnd:
And, when it ceast, shrill trumpets lowd did braze

That their report did far away rebound;
And, when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the Maskers marchd forth in trim array.

VII.
The first was Fansy, like a lovely boy
Of rare aspect and beautifull without pearce,
Matchable either to that yeome of Troy,
Whom love did love and chose his cup to beare;
Or that same dainty lad, which was so deare
To great Alcides, that, whenas he dyde,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
And every wood and every valley wyde.
He filld with Hylas name; the nymphes eke Hylas cryde.

VIII.
His garment neither was of silke nor say,
But paynted plumes in goodly order dight,
Like as the sunburnt Indians do array
Their tawnye bodys in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and
That by his gate might easily appearre: {Light,
For still he far'd as dauninge in delight,
And in his hand a windie fan did bearre,
That in the ydle ayre he movd still here and there.

IX.
And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,
Who seemd of ryper yeares then th' other swayne,
Yet was that other swayne this elders syre,
And gave him being, commone to them twayne;
His garment was disguysd very vayne,
And his embrodered bonet sat awry:
{strayne,
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did
Which still the blew and kindled busily,
That soone they life conceivd, and forth in flames did fly.

X.
Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discolor'd cote of straunge disguyse,
That at his backe a brode capucio had,
And sleeves dependant Albnene-wise;
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nyceely trode, as thomes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrinke he did avyse;
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feele steps, which shrunck when hard thereon he lay.

XI.
With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed
Made of beares skin, that him more dreadfull made;
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, he did need
Stronge honour to deforme his grievly shade:
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was; this Mischief, 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 practiz'd to entrap.

XII.
Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,

But feard each shadow moving to or froe;
And, his owne armes when glittering he did spy
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hew, and winged helde;
And evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he alwayes bent a brasen shield,
Which his right hand unarm'd fearfully did wield.

XIII.
With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome mayd,
Of clearness looke and lovely to behold;
In silken samite she was light arrayd,
And her fayre lockes were wove up in gold;
She alway Smyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water-sprinkle, dipt in dewe,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking shewe,
Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

XIV.
And after them Dissemblance and Suspect
Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequall paiere;
For she was gentle and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all and seeming debonair,
Goodly adorned and exceeding faire;
Yet was that all but paynted and purloynd,
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed haire;
Her deeds were forged, and her words false eynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd:

XV.
But He was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,
Under his cibrowes looking still askanue;
And ever, as Dissemblance laught on him,
He lowrd on Her with dangerous eye-glance,
Shewing his nature in his countenounc;
His rolling cies did never rest in place,
But walkte each where for feare of hid mischance,
Holding a lattis still before his face,
Through which he still did peep as forward he did pace.

XVI.
Next him went Griefe and Fury matcht yfor;
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 theneforthe wretched life they ladd,
In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

XVII.
But Fury was full ill appareled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastly looks and dreadfull driredh
And from her backe her garments she did teare,
And from her head oft rent her snarled heare;
In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse
About her head, still roaming here and there;
As a dismayed deere in chauncy embost,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

XIII. 3. — Samite] Samy, old French; a half silk-stuff, which hath a glose like satin. ChurcH.
xvii. 5. — her married heare?] That is, entangled, as a skain of silk. UpSton.
After them went Displeasure and Pleasaunce,  
He looking lompa and full sullen sad,  
And hanging downe his heavy countenaunce;  
She cheerfull, fresh, and full of ioyuaunce glad,  
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne dread;  
That evill matched pairre they seemd to bee :  
An angry waspe th’ one in a viall had,  
Th’ other in hers an hony lady-bee.
Thus marchd these sixe couples forth in faire degree.

After all these there marcht a most faire Dame,  
Led of two grysie Villeins, th’ one Despight,  
The other cleped Cruelty by name:  
She doefull Lady, like a dreary spright  
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,  
Had Deathes own ymage figur’d in her face,  
Full of sad signes, fearfull to living sight;  
Yet in that horror shewed a seemly grace,  
And with her feeble feete did move a comely pace.

Her brest all naked, as nett yvory  
Without adorn of gold or siluer bright  
Wherewith the craftsmen wonts it beautifull,  
Of her dew honour was dispoyld quight;  
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)  
Enterccht deep with knyfe accrued keen;  
Yet freashly bleeding forth her fainting spright,  
(The worke of cruel hand) was to be scene,  
That dyle in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene:

At that wide orifice her trembling hart  
Was drawne forth, and in silver basin laid,  
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,  
And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd,  
And those two Villeins (which her steps upstayed,  
When her weake feetes could scarcely hersustaine,  
And fading vitall powres gan to fade,)  
Her forward still with torture did constraine,  
And evermore encreased her consuming paine.

Next after her, the Winged God himselfe  
Came riding on a lion ravonous,  
Tought to obey the menage of that Elfe  
That man and beast with powre imperious  
Subdewth to his kinglydome tyrannous:  
His blindfold cies he had awhile unbinde,  
That his proud spoile of that same dourous  
Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kinde;  
Which scene, he much rejoyced in his cruel minde.

Of which ful prowd, himselfe upraising lye  
He looked round about with sterne dislayne,  
And did survea his goody company;  
And, marshalling the evil-ordered trayne,  
With that the darts which his right hand did straine  
Full dreadfully he shoote, that all did quake,  
And clapt on lyse his coulour winges twaine,  
That all his many it afrains did make:  
Tho, blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

Behind him was Reproch, Repenting, Shame;  
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent behinde:  
Repenting feele, sorrowfull, and lame;  
Reproch despightful, carelessse, and unkinde;  
Shame most ill-favoured, bestiall, and blinde;  
Shame lowrd, Repentance sighd, Reproch did scould;  
(And,) Reproch sharpe stings, Repentance whips eu’-Shame burning broad-lyns in her hand did hold:  
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

And after them a rude confused rout  
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:  
Emongst them was sterne Strife; and Anger  
Unquiet Care; and fond Unthriftishhead; (stout;  
Lewd Losse of Time; and Sorow seeming dead;  
Inconstant Change; and false Disloyalty;  
Consuming Riotise; and guilty Dread  
Of heavenly vengeaunce; faint Infimimity;  
Vile Poverty; and, lastly, Death with infamy.

There were full many moe like Maladies,  
Whose names and natures I note 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 disguizzed marcht in maskingt-waise  
About the Chamber by the Damozel;  
And then returned, having marshed thrise,  
Into the inner rowne from whence they first did rise.

So soone as they were in, the dere straigntway  
Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast  
Which first it opened, and bore all away.  
Then the brave Maid, which all this while was plast  
In secret shade, and saw both first and last,  
Issewed forth and went unto the dere  
To enter in, but fownd it locked fast:  
It vaine she thought with rigorous upre  
For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

Where force might not availle, there sleights and art  
She cast to use, both fitt for hard emprise:  
Forth from that same rowne not to depart  
Till morrow next she did herselfe avize,  
When that same Maske againe should forth arize.  
The morrowe next appeard with joyous 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.

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 bath blent  
Then, when the second watch was almost past,  
That brsen dere flew open, and in went  
Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,  
Nether of ydle showes nor of false charmes aghast.
xxx.
So soon as she was entred, round about
She cast her eyes to see what was become
Of all those persons which she saw without:
But lo! they straight were vanish'd all and some;
Not living wight she saw in all that room;
Save that same woeful Lady: both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small waste girle round with yron bands
Unto a brassen pillow, by the which she stands.

xxxii.
And, her before, the vile Enchaunter sate,
Figuring strange characters of his art;
With living blood he those characters wrote,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
Seeming transfix'd with a cruel dart;
And all perforce to make her him to love.
Ah! who can love the worker of her smart!
A thousand charmes he formerly did prove;
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast hart remove.

xxxiii.
Soon as that Virgin Knight she saw in place,
His wicked booke in hast he overthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface;
And, fiercely running to that Lady trow,
A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought, for vileinous despight,
In her torment'd bodie to embrow:
But the stout Damzell to him leaping light
His cursed hand witheld, and maistered his might.

xxxiv.
From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
The wicked weapon rashly he did wret.
And, turning to herselfe his fell intent,
Unwaires it strooke into her snowie chest,
That little drops enemplured her faire brest.
Exceeding wroth therewith the Virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deep impost,
And fiercely forth her mortal blade she drew,
To give him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

xxxv.
So mightily she smote him, that to ground [slaine,
He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should have
Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,
Dernily unto her called to abstaine
From doing him to dy; for else her paine
Should be remediless; sith none but hee
Which wrought it could the same recure againe.
Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stadyd to bee;
For life she him envyde, and long'd revenge to see:

xxxvi.
And to him said: "Thou wicked man, whose meed
For so huge miscarife and vile villany
Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed;
Be sure that ought may save thee from to dy
But if that thou this Dame do presently

xxxvii. 4. — all and some.] Chaucer's expression. It means, one and all, every one. Upro.
xxxviii. 4. — that Lady trow.] Amoret, who was true to Scandamour in resisting the importunate arts and solicitations of Busryane. Church.
xxxix. 3. — to herself.] To Britomartis. Church.
xxxix. 5. But if.] Unless. Church.

restore unto her health and former state;
This doe, and live; else dye undoubtedly.
He, glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date:

xxxviii.
And rising up gan straight to over-looke
Those cursed leaves, his charmes back to reverse:
Full dreadfull things out of that baldefull booke
He red, and measured many a sad verse,
That horror gan the Virgin hart to perse,
And her faire locks up stared stiff on end,
Hearing him those same bloodyly lykes rehearse;
And, all the while he red, she did extend
Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

xxxix.
Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about;
Yet all that did not her dismayed make,
Nor slack her threatfull hand for daungers dont,
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 wounded, adowne gan fall,
And that great brassen pillow broke in pecces small.

xl.
The cruell steale, which thrill her dying hart,
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord;
And the wyde wound, which lately did disparat
Her bleeding brest and riven bowels gor'd,
Was closed up, as it had not beene sor'd;
And every part to safetie full sound,
As she were never hurt, was soone restord:
Tho, when she felt herselwe to be unbound
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the ground;

xli.
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 selue her owne reward shall breed,
Even immortall praise and glory wyde,
Which I your vassall, by your provessse freed,
Shall through the world make to be notifide,
And goodly well advance that goodly well was tyme."
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygoe
He bound that pitteous Lady prisoner now releas,
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captive with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

Returning back, those godly rowmes, which erst
She saw so rich and royally arayed,
Now vanisht utterly and clean subvert
She found, and all their glory quite decayd;
That sight of such a change in her much dismayd.

Thence forth descending to that perilous porch,
Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd
And quenched quite like a consumed torch,
That erst all euniers wou't so cruellly to search.

More easie iswew now then entrance late
She found; for now that fain'd-dreadfull flame,
Which chokt the porch of that enchanted gate
And passage hard 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 her worke now wasted, deep engriewed was.

But when the Victoreesse arrived there
Where late she left the pensive Scudamore
With her own trusty Squire, both full of fear,
Neither of them she found where she them loste:
Thereat her noble hart was stonishd sore;
But most faire Amoret, whose gentle spright
Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
Conceived had, to see her own deare Knighet,
Being thereof beguyled, was fild with new affright.

But he, sad man, when he had long in drede
Awayed there for Britomarts returne
Yet saw her not, nor signe of her good speed,
His expectation to despair did turne,
Misleading sure that her flames did burne;
And therefore gan advise with her old Squire,
Whose deare nourslings losse no lesse did mueune,
Thence to depart for further aide t' enquire:
Where let them wend at will, whilest here I doe respire.

[When Spenser printed his first three Books of the Faerie Queene, the two lovers, Sir Scudamore and Amoret, have a happy meeting; but afterwards, when he printed the fourth, fifth, and sixth Books, he reprinted likewise the three first Books; and, among other alterations of the lesser kind, he left out the five last stanzas, and made three new stanzas viz. xliii., xlv., xlvi.

More easie issue now, &c. 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. The stanzas which are mentioned above, as omitted in the second edition, and printed in the first, are the following:

“Twixt doleour and despeart half desperate,
Of his loxe succour, of his owne redresse,
And of Scudamore Britomartis and Amoret.

“Here on the cold earth him now thrown she found,
In wilfull anguish, and dead heavinesse,
And to him cald; whose voices known sound.

“Sone as he heard, himself he reared light from ground.

“There did she see, that most on earth him loyd,
His dearest loye, the comfort of his dayes,
Whose too long absence him had sore annoyd,
And weared his life with dull delays:

“Straight he upstarted from the bathed layes,
And to her ran with hasty earnestesse,
Like as a deare, that greedilly embares,
In the cooles solie, after long thristinesse,

“Which he in chauce endur'd bath, now high breathlesse.

“Lightely he clipt her twixt his armes twaine,
And straitly did embrace her body bright,
Her body; late the prisem of sad paine,

“Now the sweete lodge of love and desire shew,
But the faire lady, overcommon quight
Of huge affectio, did in pleasure melt.

“And in sweet ravishment pou'd out her spright.

“Of warme and joy, and of flesh with fleshe;
Or in vaine she wight, that fate nould let her yet possess

“Thus doe those louers with sweet counterayle,
Each other of huses bitter fruite despoile.

“But now my theme begins to faint and faile,
All woxen weary of their journall joyles.

“Therefore I will their sweetes yokes a sore
At this same furtheres end, till a new day:

“And ye, fair Swains, after your long turne,
Now cease your worke, and at your pleasure play;
Now cease your worke; to morrow is an holy day.”

Suppose we take a review of this Third Book; and, as from the summif of a hill, cast our eye backward on the Fairy ground, which we have travelled over in company with Britomartis, the British heroine, and representative of chaste affection. But remember, that Spenser never sets up for imitation any such character, either in men or women, as haters of matrimony: affection and love to one, and only to one, is the chaste affection, which he holds up to your view, and to your imitation. Such is Britomartis; who is in love with an unknown Hero, and yet not so unknown, but her passion is justifiable: Such is the love between Sir the hardie Britomartis and Amoret. And who can but pity the distressed Florimell, for casting her affection on one, who for a time disregards her?

What a variety of chaste females, and yet with different characters, has our poet brought together into Fairy land? Britomartis, the heroine; the persecuted Florimell; the two sisters Helpebe and Amoret; Delphoebe nurtured by Diana in the perfection of maidenhood; and Amoret brought up by Venus in goodly womanhood, to be the esample of true love. How marvellous, and yet specially, is the birth, nurture, and education of Amoret described in the gardens of Adonis! our poet shows himself as good a philosopher as poet, and as well acquainted with all kind of metaphysical lore, as with the romances of Chariamagne and Arthur. And, that the beauty of chaste affection may the better be seen by its opposite, we
have introduced the wanton wife of old Malbecco, and the not very chaste Malecasta. To these may be added those characters, which though out of Nature's ordinary ways, yet are oddly proper for a Fairy poem, as the giant and giantess, the three foster sons, and the Satyrs; all fit emblems of Lust.

If it be objected to the above remark, that Belphoebe is a character set up for admiration; and that she ebbed all the unworthy world, C. v. st. 51.

"That dainty rose the daughter of her morn"—

I answer, that every reader of Spenser knows whom Belphoebe, in every circumstance of the allegory, represents; and if she invaded all the world, it was because no one in the world was yet found worthy of her: Have patience; our poet has found a magnificent hero worthy of Oriental, or Belphoebe, or this his Fairy Queen, (for these names figure to us the same person,) and Glove will be allied to Magnificence, completed in all the Virtues.

As Homer often mentions his chief hero Achilles, to show that he has this unreciting hero's resentment still in view; so likewise does Spenser keep still in view the magnificent Prince Arthur, who is in pursuit of Gloriana. There are many historical allusions in this Book: the poet himself hints as much in many places; See the Introduct. st. iv. and v. That gracius servaunt there mentioned, is his honored friend Timias: we see the fatal effects of the wound which Lust inflicted on him in C. v. st. 20. Queen Elizabeth we may see "in miirrors more than one;" even in Britomartis, though covertly; in Belphoebe more apparently. The whole third Canto relates to the English history: Queen Elizabeth is as elegantly complimented by Spenser, as Augustus Caesar was by Virgil, or Cardinal Hippolito by Ariosto: and though Britomartis is shown a person by narration only, yet the poetry is so animated, as to vie with the sixth Enchil, or to rival the third Canto of Ariosto; where the heroes themselves, or their idols and images, pass in review. How nervous are the verses, where the son of Arthegal and Britomartis is described? Like as a lion, &c. Merlin, rapt in vision, paints as present, though absent, the heroical Malgo: "It is all as finely imagined, as expressed: Behold the Man, &c. The pathos is very remarkable, where he describes the Britons harassed and conquered by the Saxons,

"Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe"—

This is truly Spenserian both passion and expression. Presently after, how poetcal and prophetically are kingdoms represented by their arms and ensigns! The restoration of the British blood, and the glories of Queen Elizabeth's reign, must in an historical view close the narration. But how finely has the poet contrived to make Merlin break off? But yet the end is not! Intimating there shall be no end of the British glory. I take it for granted that Spenser intended these historical facts as so many openings and hints to the reader, that his poem "a continued allegory" should sometimes be considered in an historical, as well as in a moral, view.

But let us see how this third Book differs from the two former; for in difference, opposition, and contrast, as well as in agreement, we must look for what is beautiful. And here first appears a Woman Knight, armed with an enchanted spear, like another Pallas,

"..." which in her wrath o'ershrovet

"Heroes and hosts of men."

There is likewise a most material difference from the two former Books in this respect, namely, that the two several Knights of Holiness and of Temperance succeed in their adventures; but, in this Book, Sir Sandamore, who at the Court of the Fairy Queen undertook to deliver Amoret from the cruel enchanter Busirane, is forced to give over his attempt; when unexpectedly he is assisted by this emblem of Chastity, Britomartis; who releases the fair captive from her cruel tormentor: and thus Love is no longer under the cruel vassalage of Lust.

We have in this Book many of the heathen deities introduced as Fairy beings: Cymonoe or Cymoeces the Nereid; (for by both these names she is called:) Protes, Daum, Venus, and Cupid. But this is not peculiar to this Book alone: nor the introducing of characters, which have power to controul the laws of Nature. We have heard of Merlin before, but here we visit him in his own Cave. The Witch is a new character; for Duessa and Artaxia are Witches of another mould: go and see her petting habiton, C. vii. st. 6, 7. One would think the poet was painting some poor hovel of a pitiful Irish wench, whom the rude vulgar stigmatized for a witch on account of her poverty and frowardness. The enchanted House of Busirane is a new piece of machinery, and exceeds, in beauty of description, all the fictions of romance-writers that I ever yet could meet with. The story of Busirane is just hinted in the sixth Canto, to raise the expectation of the reader, and to keep up that kind of suspense which is so agreeable to Spenser's perpetual method and manner. We have seen Braggadochio and Tronpart before, which are comic characters, or characters of humour; such likewise are the Squire of Dames, and Malbecco.

The various adventures are remarkably adapted to the Moral. Notwithstanding the distresses of all these faithful lovers, yet by constancy and perseverance they obtain their desired ends; but not altogether in this Book; for the constant Florimell is still left in doleful durance; Amoret is delivered from the cruel Enchanter, but finds not her lover: Britomartis is still in pursuit of Arthegall: And the suspense is kept up, that this Book might connect with the following, and that the various parts might be so judiciously joined as to make one Poem.

UPTON.]
THE FOURTH BOOK OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE;

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF CAMBEL AND TRIAMOND, OR OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE RUGGED FOREHEAD, THAT WITH GRAVE FORESIGHT
WELDS KINGDOMES CAUSES AND AFFAIRS OF STATE,
MY LOSER RIMES, I WROTE, DOTH SHARPLY WRTE
FOR PRAISING LOVE AS I HAVE DONE OF LATE,
AND MAGNIFYING LOVERS DEARE DEBATE;
BY WHICH FRAYLE YOUTH IS OFT TO FOLLIC LED,
THROUGH FALSE AFFLUENCE OF THAT PLEASING BAITE,
THAT BETTER WERE IN VERTRES DISCIPLED,
THEN WITH VAIN POEMS WEEDS TO HAVE THEIR FANCIES 

SUCH ONES ILL JUDGE OF LOVE, THAT CANNOT LOVE,
NE IN THEIR FROSEN HEARTS FEELE KINDLY FLAME:
FORDLY THEY OUGHT NOT THING UNKNOWNE REPROVE,
NE NATURAL AFFECTION FAULTLESSE BLAME;
FOR FAULT OF FEW THAT HAVE ABUSED THE SAME:
FOR IT OF HONOR AND ALL VERITIE IS [NAME,
THE ROUTE, AND BRINGS FORTH GLORIOUS FLOWRES
OF THAT CROWNE TRUE LOVERS WITH IMMORTALL BLIS;
THE NEED OF THEM THAT LOVE, AND DO NOT LIVE AMISE.

WHICH WHOSE LIST BEOKE BACK TO FORMER AGES,
AND CALL TO COUNT THE THINGS THAT THEN WERE DOME,
SHALL FIND THAT ALL THE WORKES OF THOSE WISE SAGES,
AND BRAVE EXPLOITS WHICH GREAT HEROES WONE,
IN LOVE WERE EITHER ENDER OR BEGINNE;
WITNESSE THE FATHER OF PHILOSOPHIE,
WHICH TO HIS CRITIAS, SHAPED OFF FROM SUME,
OF LOVE FULL MANIE LESSONS DID APPLY,
THE WHICH THESE STOEICE CENSOURS CANNOT WELL DENY.

TO SUCH THEREFORE I DO NOT SING AT ALL;
BUT TO THAT SACRED SAIN MY SOVEREIGN QUEENE,
IN WHOSE CHAST BREST ALL BONNIE NATURAL
AND TREASURES OF TRUE LOVE ENCHLOED BECNE,
BOVE ALL HER SEXE THAT EVER YET WAS SEENE;
TO HER I SING OF LOVE, THAT LOVETH BEST,
AND BEST IS LOV'D OF ALL ALIVE I WECNE;
TO HER THIS SONG MOST FITLY IS ADDRESE,
THE QUEENE OF LOVE, AND PRINCE OF PEACE FROM
HEAVEN BLEST.

WHICH THAT SHE MAY THE BETTER DEIGNE TO HEAR,
DO THOU, DRED INFANT, VENUS DARLING DOVE,
FROM HER HIGH SPIRIT CHASE IMPERIOUS FEAR.

AND USE OF AWFULL MAESTIC REMOVE;
INSTED THEREOF WITH DROPS OF MELTING LOVE,
DEAIRED WITH AMBROSHALL KISSES, BY THEE GOTTEN
FROM THY SWEETE-SMILING MOTHER FROM ABOVE,
SPRINCKLE HER HEART, AND MAINTAIN HER COURAGE SOTEN,
THAT SHE MAY HEARKE TO LOVE, AND READE THIS LESSON

CANTO I.

FAVRE BEWILLANT SAVES AMORET;
DUNTEA DISCAND BREDDES,
TWINT SEUANDAMOUR AND BLANDAMOUR;
THEIR FIGHT AND WARLIKE DEEDDES.

OR LOVERS SAD CALAMITIES OF OLD
FULL MANY PITEOUS STORIES DOE REMAINE,
BUT NONE MORE PITEOUS EVER WAS YTOLD.
THEN THAT OF AMORETS HART-BINDING CHAINE,
AND THIS OF FLORINELLES UNEARTHLY PAINE:
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
MY SOFTNET HEART SO SORELY DOH CONSTRAYNE,
THAT I WITH TEARES FALL OFT DOO PITTIE IT,
AND OFTEN TIMES DOO WISHT IT NEVER HAD BENE WRIT.

FOR, FROM THE TIME THAT SEUANDAMOUR BUGHT
IN PERILOUS FIGHT, SHE NEVER LIOYED DAY;
A PERILOUS FIGHT! WHEN HE WITH FORCE HER BROUGHT
FROM TWENTIE KNIGHTS THAT DID HIM ALL ASSAY;
YET FAIRELY WEL HE DID THEM ALL DISRAY,
AND WITH GREAT GLORIE BOTH THE SHIELD OF LOVE
AND EKE THE LADIE SELFE HE BROUGHT AWAY;
WHOM HAVING WEDDED, AS DID HIM BEHOVE,
A NEW UNKNOWN MISCHIEF DID FROM HIM REMOVE.

FOR THAT SAME VILE ENCHANTAMOUR BUSYRAH
THE VERY SELFE SAME DAY THAT SHE WAS WEDDED,
AMIDST THE BRIDAL FEAST, WHILST EVERY MAN
SUCHARG'D WITH WINE WERE HEADLESSE AND ILL
BEDDED,
ALL BENT TO MIRTH BEFORE THE BRIDE WAS BEDDED,
BROUGHT IN THAT MASK OF LOVE WHICH LATE WAS
SHOWN;
AND THERE THE LADIE ILL OF FRIENDS BESTEEDED,
BY WAY OF SPORT, AS OFT IN MASKES IS KNOWNED,
CONVEYED QUITE AWAY TO LIVING WITHE UNKNOWN.
IV.
Seven months he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his shifull lust she would not serve,
Untill such time as noble Britomart
Released her, that else was like to serve
Through cruel knife that her deare heart did
And now she is with her upon the way | kerue : Marching in lovely wise, that could deserve
No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonor of so faire a pray.

V.
Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell
The diverse usage, and demeanor daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell:
For Amoret right fearfull was and faint
Lost she with blame her honor should attain,
That everie word did tremble as she spake,
And everie looke was euy and wonderous quaint,
And everie limb that touched her dike spake;
Yet could she not but curiosd countenance to her make.

VI.
For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her live's lord and patrone of her health
Right well deserved, as his duefull meed,
Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth:
All is his insty that all freely deal'th.
Nathless her honor dearer then her life
She sought to save, as thing reser'd from stealth;
Die had she lever with Enchanters knife
Then to be false in love, profeast a virgine wife.

VII.
Thereto her feare was made so much the greater
Through fine abuse of that Briton Mayd;
Who, for to hide her famed sex the better
And make her wounded mind, both did and sayd
Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
That well she wist not what by them to gesse:
For otherwhiles to her she purge mad
Of love, and otherwhiles of lustfullnesse,
That much she feared his mind would grow to some excesse.

VIII.
His will she feared; for him she surely thought
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed;
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thrallome he redeemed,
For which no service she too much esteemed:
Yet dread of shame and doubt of false dishonor
Made her not yeold so much as due she deeed,
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
As well became a Knight, and did to her all honor.

IX.
It so befell one evening that they came
Unto a Castell, lodged there to bee,
Where many a Knight, and many a lovely Dame,
Was then assembled deods of armes to see:
Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,
That many of them was'd to eye her sore.
The custome of that place was such that bee,
Which had no Love nor Lemman there in store,
Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

X.
Amongst the rest there was a jolly Knight,
Who, being asked for his Love, awow'd
That fairest Amoret was his by right,
And offred that to iustifie awold.
The warlike Virgin, seeing his so proud
And boastfull challenge, waxed inlie wroth,
But for the present did her anger shrowd;
And sayd, her Love to lose she was full loth,
But either he should neither of them have, or both.

XI.
So forth they went, and both together giusted;
But that same younger soone was overthrowne,
And made repent that he had rashly lusted
For thing unlawfull that was not his owne:
Yet since he seemed valiant, though unknowne,
She, that no lesse was courteous then stoute,
Cast how to salve, that both the custome shouwe
Were kept, and yet that Knight not lockt out;
That seem'd full hard t' accord two things so far in dout.

XII.
The seneschall was cal'd to deeme the right;
Whom she requir'd, that first fayre Amoret
Might be to her allow'd, as to a Knight
That did her win and free from challenge set:
Which straight to her was yeelded without let:
Then, since that strange Knights Love from him was quitted,
She claim'd that to herselfe, as Ladies det,
He as a Knight might lustily be admitted;
So none should be out shut, sith all of Loves were fitt.

XIII.
With that, her glistring helmet she unlaced;
Which doft, her golden lockes, that were upbroad
Still in a knot, unto her heales downe traced;
And like a silken veile in compass round
About her backe and all her bodie wound:
Like as the shining skie in summers night,
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
Is erstcst all with lines of fire light,
That it prodigious seemes in common peoples sight.

XIV.
Such when those Knights and Ladies all about
Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
And every one gan grow in secret dout
Of this and that, according to each witt;
Some thought that some enchantment fayned it,
Some, that Bellona in that warlike wise
To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit;
Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise:
So diversely each one did sundrie doubts devise.

XV.
But that young Knight, which through her gentle
Was to that goodly fellowship resorted, [deed

v. 7. quaint.] Nice or shy. Todd.
VIII. 6. doubt.] Fear. Often thus used by Spenser.

xi. 7. Cast how to salve.] Cast in her mind how to save appearances. Upton.
X. 8. so far in dout.] So difficult. Curew.
XII. The seneschall.] The household steward, the master of the ceremonies. Fr. " Le grand seneschal de France," synonymous with our "Lord high steward of the king's household." Todd.
XIII. 6. Like as the shining skie t.e.] Spenser here gives a description of what we call Aurora Borealis. Justin.
XIV. 8. crested.] Tufted, plumed, from the Lat. cristatus; in allusion to the hairy beards these meteors fing out. Upton.
Ten thousand thankes did yeeld her for her meed,
And, doubly overcommen, her ador'd:
So did they all their former strife accord;
And eke fayre Amoret, now freed from fear
More frauke affection did to her afford;
And to her bed, which she was wont forbear,
Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance there:

Where all that night they of their loves did treat,
And hard adventures, twixt themselves alone.
That each the other gan with passion great
And griefull pittie privately bemoane.
The morow next, so sone as Titon shone,
They both uprose and to their waies they dimght:
Long wandred they, yet never met with none
That to their wille could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell that mote their harts delight.

Lo thus they rode, till at the last they spide
Two armed Knights that toward them did pace,
And ech of them had ryding by his side
A Ladie, seeming in so farre a space;
But Ladies none they were, allec in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did bear;
For under maske of beautie and good grace
Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the warie wise appeare.

Her name was Atie, mother of debate
And all dissention which doth dayly grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state
And many a private oft doth overthrow.
Her false Duessa, who full well did know
To be most fit to trouble noble Knights
Which hunt for honor, raised from below:
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies and nights.

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is;
There, whereas all the plagues and harms abound
Which punish wicked men that walke amisse:
It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
With thones and barren brakes environ round,
That none the same may easily out win;
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in:
For discord harder is to end then to begin.

And all within, the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent robes and broken scepters plast;

Altars defyld, and holy things defast;
Disstress'd speares, and shields ytorne in twaine;
Great citis ransackt, and strong castles rast;
Nations captiv'd, and huge armies shine:
Of all which ruines there some relics did remaine.

There was the signe of antique Babylon;
Of faull Thebes; of Rome that raignd long;
Of sacred Salem; and sad Ilion,
For memorie of which on high there hong
The Golden Apple, cause of all their wrong,
For which the three faire goddesses did strive:
There also was the name of Nimrod strong;
Of Alexander, and his princes five
Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he had got alive:

And there the relics of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the Lapithes belatif
And of the bloodie feast, which sent away
So many Centaures drunken soules to hell,
That under great Alcides furie fell:
And of the dreadfull discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
That each of life sought others to deprive,
All mindlesse of the Golden Fleece, which made them strive.

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some, of sworne friends that did their faith forgoe;
Some, of borne brethren prov'd unnatural:
Some, of deare lovers foes perpetuall:
Witnessse their broken bandes there to be scene,
Their girldons rent, their bowres despoyled all;
The monuments whereof there byding beene,
As plaine as at the first when they were fresh and Greene.

Such was her House within; but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which she herselpe had sowne all about,
Now grown great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of evil worde and factious decles;
Which, when to ripeness due they grown arre,
Bring forth an infinite increase that breedes
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious irre.
The which most often end in bloudshed and in warre.

And those same cursed seedes doe also serve
To her for bread, and yeeld her living food:
For life it is to her, when others sterue
Through mischievous debate and deadly food;
That she may sucke their life and drinke their blood,
[See:
With which she from her childhood had bene
For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
And by infernal Furies nourisht;
That by her monstrous shape might easily he red.

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrarie wayses intending,
And lothly mouth, unmeet a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venom comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speak, and both contended;
And as her tongue so was her heart discursed,
That never thought one thing, but doubly still was guided.

xxviii. Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
With matchlesse cares deformed and distort,
Fild with false rumors and tedious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are fed with every light report:
And as her cares, so eke her feet were odde,
And much unlike; th' one long, the other short,
And both misplast; that, when th' one forward
The other backe retir'd and contrarie trode. [yode,

Lixewise unequall were her hand's twaine;
That one did reach, the other push away;
That one did make, the other mad againe,
And sought to bring all things unto decay;
Whereby great riches, gathered manie a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay:
For all her studie was and all her thought
How she might overthrow the things that Concord wrought.

xxx. So much her malice did her might surpras,
That even th' Almighty selfe she did maligne,
Because to man so mercurfull he was,
And unto all his creatures so benign,
Sith she herselfe was of his grace indigne:
For all this worlds faire workmanship she trie
Unto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to divide,
With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

xxx. Such was that Hag, which with Duessa roade;
And, serving her in her malitions use
To hurt good Knights, was, as it were, her bande
To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse: [lyce,
For though, like withered tree that waneth
She old and crooked were, yet now of late
As fresh and fragrant as the floure-deluce
She was become, by change of her estate,
And made full goodly ioyance to her new-found mate:

xxxii. Her mate, he was a lollie youthfull Knight
That bore great sway in armes and chivalrie,
And was indeed a man of nickle might;
His name was Blandamour, that did descerie
His fickle mind full of inconstancie:
And now himselfe he fitted had right well
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithlesse Duessa, and false Paridele,
That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell.

xxxiii. Now when this gallant with his goodly crew
From farre espyde the famous Britomart,
Like Knight adventurous in outward vew,
With his faire paragon, his conquests part,
Approaching nigh; eftsoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and istering sayd;
"Lo! th'here Sir Paridele, for your desart,
Good lucke presents you with yond lovely Mayd,
For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd."

xxiv. By that the lovely paire drew nigh to hom:
Whom whenas Paridel more plaine beheld,
Albee in heart he like affection fond,
Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld [weld,
That did those armes and that same scutcheon
He had small lust to buy his Love so deare,
But answered; "Sir, him wise I never held,
That, having once escaped peril near,
Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evil reare.

xxv. "This Knight too late his manhood and his might
I did assay, that me right dearly cost;
Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
Ne for light Ladies love, that soone is lost;"
The hot-sparce youth so scornful to be crost,
"Take then to you this Dame of mine," quoth
"And I, without your perill or your cost, [he
Will chalenge yond same other for my fee;"
So forth he fiercely priekt, that one him scarce could see.

xxxv. The warlike Britonese her soone adrest,
And with such unicouth welcome did receave
Her fayned paramour, her forced guest,
That, being forst his saddle soone to leave,
Himselfe he did of his new Love deceave;
And made himselfe th' ensample of his folie,
Which done, she passed forth, not taking leave,
And left him now as sad as whilome folie,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dally.

xxxvi. Which when his other companie beheld,
They to his succour ran with readie ayd;
And, finding him unable once to weld,
They reared him on horse-backe and upstayd,
Till on his way they had him forth conveyd;
And all the way, with wondrous griefe of mynd
And shame, he shewed himselfe to be dismayd
Move for the Love which he had left behynd,
Then that which he had to Sir Paridele resynd.

xxxvii. Nathlesse he forth did march, well as he might,
And made good semblance to his companie,
Dissembling his disease and evill plight;
Till that ere long they channsed to espie
Two other Knights, that towards them did ply
With speedie course, as bent to change them new;
Whom whenas Blandamour approching nie
Perceiv'd to be such as they seemd in vew,
He was full wo, and gan his former griefe renew.

xxxix. For th' one of them he perfectly descrie
To be Sir Scudamour, (by that he bore
The god of Love with wings displayed wide,) Whom mortaly he hated evermore,
Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
And eke because his Love he woono by right:
Which when he thought, it grieved him full sore,
That, though the bruses of his former fight,
He now unable was to wreak his old despight.

XL.
For thy he thus to Paridel bespake;
"Faire Sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
That as I late adventures for your sake,
The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
And justifie my cause on yonder Knight." 
"Ah! Sir," said Paridel, "do not dismay
Yourselfe for this; myselfe will for you fight,
As ye have done for me: The left hand rubs the right."

With that he put his spurrets unto his steed,
With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
Like shaft out of a bow preventing speed.
But Scudamour was shortly well aware
Of his approach, and gan himselfe prepare
Him to receive with entertainment meete.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe under their horses feete,
That what of them became themselves did scarcely weete.

XLII.
As when two billowes in the Irish soundes,
Forcibly driven with contrarie tydes,
Do meete together, each abacke reboundes
With roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,
That filleth all the sea with fome, divideth
The doubtfull current into divers wayes:
So fell those two in spight of both their prydes;
But Scudamour himselfe did soone uprayse,
And, mounting light, his foe for lying long upbrayes.

XLIII.
Who, rolled on an heape, lay still in swoond;
All carelessse of his hair and bitter rale;
Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground
Ran hastily, to weete what did him ayle:
Where finding that the breath gan him to fayle,
With busie care they strove him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and undid his mayle;
So much they did, that at the last they brake
His slumber, yet so maz'd that he nothing spake.

XLIV.
Which whens Blandamour beheld, he sayd;
"False faiftour Scudamour, that hast by slight
And foule advantage this good Knight dismayd,
A Knight much better then thyselfe belight,
Well faites it thee that I am not in plight
This day, to wreake the damage by thee done! 
Such is thy wont, that still when any Knight
Is weakt, then thou doest him ovrcontre:
So hast thou to thyselfe false honour often wonne."

HLV.
(He little answer'd, but in marly heart
His mightie indignation did forbake;
Which was not yet so secret, but some part
Thereof did in his frowning face appeare:
Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth bear
An hodieous storme, is by the northeene blast
Quite overblowne, yet doth not passe so cleare
But that it all the skie doth overcast.
With darknes dreed, and threatens all the world to wast.

XLVI.
"Ah! gentle Knight," then false Duessa sayd,
"Why do ye strive for Ladies love so sore,
Whose chiefe desire is love and friendly aid
Mongst gentle Knights to nourish every more!
Ne be ye wroth, Sir Scudamour, therefore,
That she your Love list love another Knight,
Ne do youreselfe dislike a whitt the more;
For love is free, and led with selfe-delight,
Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might."

XLVII. So false Duessa; but vile Alc thus;
"Both foolish Knights, I can but laugh at both,
That strive and storme with stirk outrageus;
For her, that each of you aliketh doth oath,
And loves another, with whom now she goth
In lovely wise, and sleepe, and sports, and plays;
Whilst both you here with many a cursed oath
Sware she is yours, and stirre up bloudie frayes,
To win a willow bough, whilst other weares the bayes."

XLVIII. "Vile Hag," sayd Scudamour, "why dost thou lye,
And falsly seekst a virtuous wight to shame?"
"Fond Knight," sayd she, "the thing that with this eye
I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?"
"Then tell," quoth Blandamour, "and fere no blame;
Tell what thou saw'st, mangre whose it heares."
"I saw," quoth she, "a straungerr Knight, whose name
I wote not well, but in his shield he heares
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares;"

XLIX. "I saw him have your Amoret at will;
I saw him kisse; I saw him her embrace;
I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill;
All, manie nights; and manie by in place
That present were to teoste the case.
Which wenas Scudamour did heare, his heart
Was thrill'd with inward griefe: As when in chace
The Parthian strikes a stag with shivering dart,
The beast astonish stands in middest of his smart;"

L. So stood Sir Scudamour when this he heard,
Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,
But looke on Glauce grim, who woxe afraid
Of outrage for the words which she heard say,
Alce untrue she wist them by assay.
But Blandamour, whens he did espie
His change of chere that anguish did bewray,
He woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,
And gan threat to triumph without victorie.

"Lo! receant," sayd he, "the fruitlesse end
Of thy vaine boast, and spoile of love misgotten,

XLVI. 1. Ah! gentle Knight,] This is addressed to Blandamour. Church.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

[BOOK IV.

Whereby the name of knight-hood thou dost shend,
And all true lovers with dishonor blot:
All things not rooted well will soone be rotten."
"Fy fy, false Knight," then false Duessa cryde,
"Unworthy life, that love with guile hast gotten;"
Be thou, whereever thou do go or ryde,
Loathed of Ladies all, and of all Knights defyde!"

But Scudamour, for passing great despight,
Staid not to answer; scarcely did refrain
But that in all those Knights and Ladies sight
He for revenge had guildesse Glauce shame:
But, being past, he thus began amaine; [Knight,
"False traitour Squire, false Squire of falsest
Why doth mine hand from thine avenge abstaine,
Whose lord hath done my love this foule despight!
Why do I not it wreake on thee now in my might!"

"Discourteous, disloyall Britomart,
Untro to God, and unto man untrist!
What vengeance due can equall thy desart,
That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust!
Let ugly shame and endless infamy
Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust!
Yet thou, false Squire, his fault shall deare aby,
And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply."

The aged dame him seeing so enraged
Was dead with feare; notlesse as neede required
His flaming furie sought to have assuaged
With sober words, that suficiency desired
Till time the tryall of her truth expyre'd;
And evermore sought Britomart to cleare;
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
And thirse his hand to kill her did uprear,
And thirse he drew it backe: so did at last forbear.

CANTO II.

Blandamour winses false Florimell;
Paridell for her strives;
They are accorded: Agape
Both lengthen her Somme lives.

FIREBRAND of hell first tynd in Phlegonto
By thousand Furies, and from thence outthrown
Into this world to worke confusion
And set it all on fire by force unknown:
Is wicked Discord; whose small sparkes once blown
None but a god or godlike man can slake: [grewen
Such as was Orpheus, that, when strife was
Amongst those famous ympes of Greece, did take
His siluer harpe in hand and shortly themselves them make:

LII. 1. Discourteous, disloyall] Dialoqall is used as
the Italian poets use Diadale, unfaithful, peridious, &c.
UPTON.

LIV. 5. Till time the tryall of her truth expyre'd; That
is, till time should bring forth or discover the innocence
and sincerity of Britomart. CHURCH.

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,
That, when the wicked feend his lord tormented,
With heavenly notes, that did all other pas,
The outrage of his furious fit rectumed.
Such of this is wise words with time concented,
To moderate stiffe mindes disposal to strive:
Such as that prudent Romane well invention;
What time his people into partes did rive,
Them reconcile againe, and to their homes did drive.

Such us'd we Glauce to that wrathfull Knight,
To calm the tempest of his troubled thought:
Yet Blandamour, with terms of foule despight,
And Paridell her scorn, and set at nought,
As old and crooked and not good for ought.
Both they unwise, and waresesse of the evil
That by themselves unto themselves is wrought,
Through that false Witch, and that foule aged
Drevill;
The one a feend, the other an incarnate devill.

With whom as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountered of a lustie Knight
That had a goodly Ladie by his side;
To whom he made great dalliance and delight:
It was to weet the bold Sir Ferrauhght high,
He that from Braggadocchio whilome reft
The snowy Florimell, whose beautie bright
Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft;
Yet was it in due triall but a wandering weft.

Which wheras Blandamour, whose fancie light
Was alwaies flitting as the wavering wind
After each Beaute that appeard in sight,
Beheld; eftosoues it prickt his wanton mind
With sting of lust that reasons eye did blind,
That to Sir Paridell those words he sent;
"Sir Knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
Since so good fortune doth to you present
So fayre a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment!"

But Paridell, that had too late a tryst
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
List not to heare, but made this faire denyall;
"Last turne was mine, well proved to my paine;
This now be yours; God send you better gaine!"
Whose scoffed words he taking haile in scorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his steed as in disdaine
Against that Knight, ere he him well could torne;
By meanes whereof he hath him lightely overborne.

Who, with the sudden stroke astonisht sore
Upon the ground awhile in slumber lay;
The whiles his Love away the other bore,
And, shewing her, did Paridell uppray;
"Lo! sluggish Knight, the victors happie pray!
So fortune friends the bold," Whom Paridell Seeing so faire indeede, as he did say,
His heart with secret envy gan to swell,
And only grudge at him that he had sped so well.

VIII.
Nathless proud man himselfe the other deemed,
Having so peculiar paragon ygot:
For sure the fayrest Florimell him seemed
To him was fallen for his happie lot,
Whose like alive on earth he weened not:
Therefore he her did court, did serve, did wooe,
With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
And all things did devise, and all things doe,
That might her love prepare, and hiling win there-to.

IX.
She, in regard thereof, he recompenst
With golden words and costly countenance,
And such fond favours sparingly dispenset:
Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,
And coy looks tempering with loose dalliance;
Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise;
That, having cast him in a foolish trance,
He seemed brought to bed in Paradise,
And prov'd himselfe most foolde in what he seem'd most wise.

So great a mistress of her art she was,
And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
That though therein himselfe he thought to pas,
And by his false allurements wylie draft
Had thousand women of their love hereaft,
Yet now he was surpriz'd: for that false Spright,
Which that same Witch had in this forme engraff,
Was so expert in every subtle slight,
That it could overreach the wisest earthly wight.

Yet he to her did dayly service more,
And dayly more deceived was thereby;
Yet Paridell him enviéd therefore,
As seeming plait in sole felicity:
So blind is lust false colours to desery.
But Até soone discovering his desire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To stirre up strife twixt love and spight and ire,
Did privily put coles unto his secret fire.

By sundry meanes thereto she prickt him forth;
Now with remembrance of those sightfull speaches,
Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches
Made in their friendship, as that Hag him teaches:
And ever, when his passion is allayed,
She it revives, and new occasion reaches:
That, on a time as they together way'd,
He made him open chalenge, and thus boldly sayd:

XIII.
"Too boastfull Blandamour! too long I bare
The open wronges thou doest me day by day:
Well know'st thou, when we friendship first did sweare,
The covenant was, that every spoyle or pray
Should equally be shar'd betwixt us tway:
Where is my part then of this Ladie bright,
Whom to thyselfe thou takest quite away!"

XIV.
Exceeding wrath thereat was Blandamour,
And gan this bitter answere to him make;
"Too foolish Paridell! that fayrest foure
Wouldst gather faune, and yet no paines wouldst
But not so easie will I her forsake; 
[take:
This hand her wonne, this hand shall her defend."
With that they gan their shivering speares to shake,
And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,
Forgetfull each to have bene ever others frend.

Their fayre steedes with so untamed forse
Did beare them both to fell avengers end,
That both their speares with pitisslesse remorse
Through shield and mayle and habericion did wend,
And in their flesh a grievously passage rend,
That with the furie of their owne affrect
Each other horse and man to ground did send;
Where, lying still awhile, both did forget
The perillous present stound in which their lives
were set.

As when two warlike brigandines at sea,
With murderous weapons arm'd to cruel fight,
Doe meet togethers on the watry lea,
They stemmen eith other with so fell desipht,
That with the shocke of their owne heedless might
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh ascending;
They which from shore behold the dreadful sight
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder,
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwonted wonder.

At length they both upstart in amaze,
As men awaked rashily out of dreme,
And round about themselves a while did gaze;
Till seeing her, that Florimell did see,
In dight to whom she victorie should deeme,
Therewith their dulle spriights they edg'd anew.
And, drawing both their swords with rage extreme,
Like two mad mastiffes each on other flew,
And shields did share, and mailes did rash, and
helmes did hew.

So furiously each other did assayle,
As if their soules they would atonce have rent
Out of their breasts, that streams of blood did rayle
Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;
That all the ground did purple blood was sprent,
And all their armours staynd with bloudie gore:
Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,
So mortall was their malice and so sore
Become, of fayned friendship which they vow'd afore.

And that which is for Ladys most besitting,
To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,
Was from those Dames so farre and so unfitting,
As that, instead of praying them suerence,
They did much more their cruelty encrease;
Bidding them fight for honour of their love,
And rather die then Ladys cause release;
[move,
With which vaine terme so much they did them
That both resolv'd the last extremities to prove.
There they, I weene, would fight until this day,
Had not a Squire, even he the Squire of Dames,
By great adventure travelled that way;
Who seeing both bent to so bloody games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate:
And first laide on those Ladies thousand blames,
That did not seeke t'appause their deadly hate,
But gazed on their harms, not pittyng their estate:

And then those Knights he humbly did beseech
To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken:
Who lookt a little up at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
Both greezie fiers on other to be wroken.
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
And then conuer'd by some well known token,
That at last they wrothfull hands let fall,
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

First he desir'd their cause of strife to see:
They said, it was for love of Florimell. [hee,
"Ah! gentle Knights," quoth he, "how may that
And she so farre astray, as none can tell?"
Fond Squire," full angry then sayd Paridell,
"Seest not the Ladie there before thy face?"
He lookt backe, and, her aising well,
Wecnd, as he said, by that her outward grace
That fayrest Florimell was present there in place.

Glad man was he to see that joyous sight,
For none alive but joy'd in Florimell,
And lowly to her lowing thus behight;
"Fayrest of fairest, that faireness doest excel,
This happie day I have to greeete you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
Misdoubted lost through mischiefe that befell;
Long may you live in health and happe state!"
She little answer'd him, but lightly did aggrante.

Then, turning to those Knights, he gan answere:
"And yow, Sir Blandamour, and Paridell,
That for this Ladie present in your view
Have rays'd this cruel warre and outrage fell,
Cerete, me seems, bene not advised well;
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To ioyne your force, their forces to repell
That seeks perfere her from you both to take,
And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph to make,"

Thereat Sir Blandamour, with countenance storne
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake:
"Armed, thou Squire, that I the man may learne,
That dare fro me thinke Florimell to take!"
"Not one," quoth he, "but many doe partake
Herein; as thus: It lately so befell,
That Satyrau a Girfle did uptake
Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell,
Which for her sake he wore, as him beseemed well.

"But, whanew she herselfe was lost and gone,
Full many Knights, that loved her like deare,
Therect did greatly grudge, that he alone
That lost faire Ladies ornament should weare;
And gan therefore close spight to him to heare;
Which he to shun, and stop vyle enuies sting,
Hath lately caus'd to be proclaimed' each where
A solemn feast, with publike turneing,
To which all Knights with them their Ladies are
To bring:

"And of them all she, that is fayrest found,
Shall have that golden Girfle for reward;
And of those Knights, who is most stoute on ground,
Shall to that fairest Ladie be profard.
Since therefore she herselfe is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertaines,
Against all those that challenge it, to gard,
And save her honour with your ventrous paines;
That shall you win more glory than ye here find gaines,"

When they the reason of his words had hard,
They can abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loves regard
The furious flames of malice to asswage.
Theo each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithful friends thenceforth to ioyne in one
With all their force, and battell strong to wage
Gainst all those Knights, as their professed foe,
That chaledg'd ought in Florimell, save they alone.

So, well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly sort, that lasted but a while;
And of all old dislikes they made faire weather:
Yet all was forg'd and spred with golden foyle,
That under it hiddle hate and hollow guyle.
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
However gay and goodly be the style;
That doth ill cause or evil end entyre:
For verite is the band that bindeth harts most sure.

Thus as they marched all in close disguise
Of fayned love, they chassant to overtake
Two Knights that linked rode in lovely wise,
As if they secret counsels did partake;
And each not farre behinde him had his Make,
To weete, two Ladies of most goodly hew,
That twyxt themselves did gentle purpose make,
Unmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
The which with specifie pace did after them purswe.

Who, as they now approached nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughtie as they did appeare,
They sent that Squire afore, to understand
What moe they be: who, viewing them more
A noyme.
Returned readie newes, that those same wear
Two of the prouest Knights in Faery Lond;
And those two Ladies their two lovers deare;
Courages Cambell, and stout Tramond,
With Caneoe and Cambine linckt in lovely bond.

avising] Avising is looking upon. Fr. Aviser, to regard with circumspection. Top.

beilght] Spoke, or addressed her. Upton.

chare] Practice of use. Todd.
WHYBONE, as antique stories tell us,  
Two were fees the follestone on ground,  
And lattell made the dredelest dangerose  
That evere shirling trumpett did resound;  
Though newt my actes he no where to be found,  
As that renowned poet they comyled  
With warlike numbers and heroske sound,  
Daw Cambuscarie, Well of English undelyed,  
On Fames eternall headroll worthie to be tyled.

But wicked Time that all good thoughtes doth waste,  
And works of noblest wits to nought out-were,  
That famous monument hath quite o hose,  
And rold the world of thremoure endless dreary,  
The whiche moote have curviced us all hearre.  
O cursed Edd, the canker-worne of write!  
How many these crimes, so rude and duch appears,  
Hope to endure, sith works of heavenly wits  
Are quith devound, and brought to nought by little bits!

Then pardon, O most sacred happye Spirit,  
That mylhe labours lost may thus revive,  
And steale from thee the meede of thy duc merit,  
That none durst ever whilest thou wast alive,  
And, being dead, in vaine yet many strenge:  
No dare I like; but through infusion sweete  
Of thine ownne spirit which doth in me survive,  
I follow here the fouling of thy feetes,  
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meche.

Cambellines sister was Fayse Cambuscarie,  
That was the learnedest Lady in her dayes,  
Well scene in verdy science that mote bee,  
And every secret workes of Nature's wayes;  
In wittie riddles; and in wisse sowtheayes;  
In power of herbs; and tunes of heastes and lards;  
And, that augmented all her other prays,  
She married was in all her deedes and words,  
And wondrovs chant of lye, yet lovd of Knights and Lords.

Full manye Lords and manye Knights her loved,  
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,  
Ne ever was with fond affection moved,  
But rall'd her thoughts with goodly government,  
For dread of blame and honours blenheim;  
And she unto her lookes a lawe she made,  
That none of them ones out of order went,  
But, like to waire contemns well staid,  
Still watcht on every side of secret foes afraid.

So much the more as she refused to love,  
So much the more she loved was and sought,  
That oftentimes unquiet strike did move  
Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels woregnt;  
That off for her in bloudie armies they fought,  
Which whence Cambuscall, that was stout and wise,  
Perceiv'd would breede great mischief, he be  
How to prevent the peril that mote rise, [thought  
And turne both him and her to honour in this wise.

One day, when all that troupe of warlike woorers  
Assembled were, to weet whose she should bee,  
All mightie men and dreamesfull derring doores,  
(The harder it to make them well agree,)  
Amongst them all this end he did decre;  
That, of them all which loverd her most made,  
They by consent should chose the stoutest three  
That with himseelle should combat for her sake,  
And of them all the victour should his Sister take.

Bold was the chalenge, as himselfe was bold,  
And courage full of haughty hardiness,  
Approved all in power and might,  
Which he achiev'd to his great ornament:  
But yet his Sisters skill unto him bent  
Most confidance and hope of happy speed,  
Conceived by a King which she him sent,  
That, most of the manie vertues which we read,  
Had power to stamme at wounds that mortaly did bleed.

Well was that Rings great vertue known to all;  
That dreed thereof, and his redeemed might,  
Did all that monthly root so much appall,  
That none of them durst undertake the light:  
More wise was in her wised to make of love delight  
Then life to harders for faire Ladies seek,  
And yet uncertaine by such outward sight,  
Though for her sake they all that peril take,  
Whether she would them love, or in her liking brooke.

Amongst those Knights there were three Brethren  
Three brother brethren never were yonges, [hold  
Borne of one mother in one happye mold,  
Borne at one harden in one happye morne;  
Three happye mother, and three happye morne  
That bore three such, three such not to be found  
Her name was Ague, whose children were:  
All three as one; the first sight Triamond,  
The second Dyamond, the youngest Triamond.

Stout Triamond, but not so strong to strike;  
Strong Diamond, but not so stout a Knight;  
But Triamond was stout and strong alike:  
On horseskeene used Triamond to light,  
And Triamond on foote had more delight;  
But horse and foote knew Diamond to wield;  
With curtase used Diamond to smite,  
And Triamond to handle spere and shield,  
But speare and curtase both usd Triamond in field.

These three did love each other dearely well,  
And with so fraine affection were alleye,  
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,  
Which did her powre into three parts diuid;  
Like three faire branche budding farre and wide  
That from one roote deriv'd their vital sap;  
And, like that roote that doth her life divide,  
Their mother was; and had full blessed hap  
These three so noble babes to bring forth at on clap.

Breviare. | The old mode of spelling.  
Breviore. | Thereby.

[Note 3. | derring doores.] During and bold doers.
[Note 4. | at our clap.] That is, at once. Lat. om
[Note 5. | our loca. Church.]}
Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the powres of nature,
Which she by art could use unto her will,
And to her service bind each living creature,
Through secret understanding of their feature.
Thereto she was right faire, whenceso her face
She list discover, and of goodly stature;
But she, as Fayes are wont, in privie place
Did spend her daies, and lov'd in forests wyld to space.

There on a day a noble Youthly Knight,
Seeking adventures in the savage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
As she sate careless by a cristall flood
Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her good;
And unawares upon her laying hold,
That strove in vaine him long to have withstood,
Oppressed her, and there (as it is told)
Got these three lovely labes, that prov'd three champions bold:

Which she with her long fostred in that wood,
Till that to ripeness of mans state they grew:
Then, shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,
They loved armes, and knighthood did ensue,
Seeking adventures where they anie knew.
Which when their mother saw, she gan to dout
Their safeties; least by searching dangers new,
And rash provoking perils all about,
Their days mote be abridged through their corage stout.

Therefore desirous th' end of all their daies
To know, and them t' enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous skill and many hidden wyes
To the Three Fatale Sisters House she went.
Farre under ground from tract of living went,
Downe in the bottom of the deepe Abyss,
Where Demogorgon in dull darinessse peut
Farre from the view of gods and heauenly bliss
The hideous Chaos keapes, their dreadfull dwelling is.

There she them found all sitting round about
The direfull Distaff standing in the mid,
And with unwearyd fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from living knowledge hile.
Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whites the thrid
By grisly Lacede was spun with paine,
That cruel Atropos eftsoones undid,
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine;
Most wretched men, whose daies depend on thrids so vale.

She, them saluting there, by them sate still
Beholding how the thrids of life they span:

And when at last she had beheld her fill,
Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,
Her cause of coming she to tell began.
To whom beare Atropos; "BOLD Fay, that durst
Come see the secret of the life of man,
Well wortlie thou to be of love accurst,
And eke thy childrens thrids to be asunder burst!"

Wherom she sore affrayd yet her bosought
To graunt her boon, and rigour to abate,
That she might see her childrens thrids forth brought,
And know the measure of their utmost date
To them ordained by eternal Fate:
Which Clotho graunting showed her the same.
That when she saw, it did her much amate
To see their thrids so thin, as spiders frame,
And eke so short, that second their ends out shortly came.

She then began them humbly to intreate
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That so their lives might be prolonged late:
But Laecithes theretoe gan to repine.
And sayd; "Fond dame! that dement of things divine
As of humane, that they may al red bee,
And chaung'd at pleasure for this fumes of thyme:
Not so; for what the Fates do once decre.
Not all the gods can change, nor love himself can free!"

"Then since," quoth she, "the terme of each mans life
For nought may lessen'd nor enlarged bee;
Graunt this; that when ye shrew with fatalke knife
His line, which is the eldest of the three,
Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
Eftsoones his life may passe into the next;
And, when the next shall likewise ended bee,
That both their lives may likewise be annex'd
Unto the third, that his may be so treble wext."

They graunted it; and then that careful Fay
Departed thence with full contented mynd;
And, comming home, in warlike fresh array
They found all three according to their kynd;
But unto them what destinc was assyned,
Or how their lives were eekt, she did not tell;
But evermore, when she fit time could fynd,
She warned them to tend their safeties well,
And love each other deare, whatever them befell.

So did they surely during all their daies,
And never discours did amongst them fall;
Which much augmented all their other praise:
And now, it increas'd affections naturall,
In love of Canacee they knyved all;
Upon which ground this same great Battell grew
(Great matter growing of beginning small).
The which, for length, I will not here purswe,
But rather will reserve it for a Canto new.
CANTO III.

The Ballad twixt twice Brethren with
Cambell for Canacee:
Cambelloes with true friendship's bond
Both their long strife agree.

I.

O! why do wretched men so much desire
To draw their days out unto the utmost date,
And do not rather wish them sooner expire;
Knowing the miserie of their estate,
And thousand perils which them still await,
Tossing them like a boate amid the maine,
That every howre they knocke at Death's gate!
And he that happie scences and least in payne,
Yet is as nigh his end as he that most doth playne.

II.

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vain,
The which, in seeking for her children three,
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine;
Yet whilst they lived none did ever see
More happy creatures then they seem'd to bee;
Nor more ammold for their couragie,
That made them dearly lov'd of each degree;
Ne more renowned for their chevalrie,
That made them dreaded much of all men farre
and nie.

III.

These three that hardie chalenge tooke in hand,
For Canacee with Campbell for to fight:
The day was set, that all might understand,
And pledges pawnd the same to kepe aright:
That day, (the dredded day that living might
Did ever see upon this world to shine.)
So soone as heavens window shewed light,
These warlike Champions, all in armour shine,
Assembled were in field the chalenge to define.

IV.

The field with listes was all about enclos'd,
To barre the prease of people farre away;
And at th' one side sixe judges were dispos'd,
To view and deeeme the deedes of armes that day;
And on the other side in fresh aray
Payre Canacee upon a stately stage
Was set, to see the fortune of that fray
And to be scene, as his most worthy wagh
That could her purchase with his live's adventur'd gage.

V.

Then entred Campbell first into the list,
With stately steps and fearlesse countenance,
As if the conquist his he surely wist.
Soone after did the Brethren three advance
In brave aray and goodly ammencement,
With scutcheons gilt and banners broad displayed;
And, marching thrice in warlike ordnance,
Thrice lowered lowly to the noble Maydl;
The whiles shril trumpets and loud clarions sweetly playd.

VI.

Which doun, the doughty Chalenger came forth,
All arm'd to point his chalenge to assert:

in 8. —— in armour shine.] Armour-shine must be read as a compound word, in like manner as sun-shine.

in 9. —— to define.] To decide. Lat. deinde. Church.

Gainst whom Sir Priamond, with equall worth
And equall armes, himself did forward set.
A trompet blew; they both together met
With dreadfull force and furious intent,
Cavesles of perill in their fiers affeect,
As if that life to losse they had foreseen,
And cared not to spare that should be shortly spent.

VII.

Right pricitie was Sir Priamond in fight,
And throughly skil in use of shield and speare;
Ne lesse approved was Cambelloes might,
Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appeare;
That hars it was to weene which harder were.
Full many nightie strokes on either side
Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare;
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
That they avoyded were, and vaine lyd slyde.

VIII.

Yet one, of many, was so strongly bent
By Priamond, that with unlieke glancce
Through Cambels shoulder it unnearly went,
That forced him his shield to disadvancce:
Much wash he in great with that gracelesse chance,
Yet from the wound no drop of blood there fell,
But woundrous paine that did the more enhance
His howte courageous to avergement fell:
Smart damns not mighty harts, but makes them more to swell.

IX.

With that, his poynant speare he fierce aventered
With doubled force close underneath his shield,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entered,
And, there arresting, readie way did yield
For blood to gush forth on the grassie field;
That he for paine himselfe not right upwared,
But to and fro in great amazement reeled;
Like an old oke, whose pith and sap is scarce,
At paffe of every storme doth stagger here and there.

X.

Whom so dismayed when Campbell had espide,
Againe he drove at him with double might,
That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side
The mortall point most cruelly empight;
Where fast infixed, whilst he sought by slight
It forth to wrest, the stiffe asunder brake,
And left the head behind: with which despight
He all orag'd his shaken speare did shake,
And chargen him afresh thus fully him bespake;

XI.

"Lo! faiour, there thy mede unto thee take,
The mede of thy mischalenge and abst:
Not for thine owne, but for thy Sisters sake,
Have I thus long thy life unto thee set:
But to forbeare doth not forgive the det."—
The wicked weapon heard is wrathfull vow
And, passing forth with furious affright,
Perst through his bever quite into his brow,
That with the force it backward forced him to bow

in 8. —— foreseen.] It seems to signify, given beforehand. Church.
in 6. —— not.] The old orthography for ne wet or ne wole, that is, knew not; and often so printed in Chaunc. Tons.
Of doubtful fortune wavering to and fro,
Resolv’d to end it one or other way;
And heav’d his murderous axe at him with mighty sway.

The dreadfull stroke, in case it had arrived
Where it was met, (so deadly it was met,) The soule had sure out of his body rived,
And stinted all the strife incontinent;
But Cambel’s fate that fortune did prevent: For, seeing it at hand, he swary’d asyle,
And so gave way unto his fell intent; Who, missing of the marke which he had eye’d,
Was with the force nigh feld whilst his right foot did styde.

As when a vulture greedie of his pray,
Through hunger long that hurt to him doth lend, Striketh at an heron with all his bodies sway,
That from his force soone nought may it defend;
The warie fowle, that spies him toward bend His dreadfull soule, aveydes it, shunning light, And maketh him his wing in vain to spend;
That with the weight of his owne weebleesse might He fallest nigh to ground, and scarce recovereth flight.

Which faire adventure when Cambello spide, Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recover From daungers dread to ward his naked side, He can let drive at him with all his power, And with his axe him smote in evil hower, That from his shoulders quite his head he ret: The headlesse tronke, as headlesse of that stower, Stood stil awhile, and his fast footing kept; Till, feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly slept.

They, which that piteous spectacle beheld, Were much amaz’d the headlesse tronke to see Stand up so long and weapon vaine to wield, Unweeting of the Fates divine decree For lives succession in those Brethren three. For notwithstanding that one soule was ret, Yet had the bodie not dismembered bee, It would have lived, and revived eft;
But, finding no fit seat, the lifelesse corse it left.

It left; but that same soule, which therein dwell, Straight entering into Triamond him fled With double life and grieve; which when he felt, As one whose inner parts had bene ythridd With point of Steele that close his hartbloud spild, He lightly left out of his place of rest, And, rushing forth into the emptie field, Against Cambello fiercely him adstreth; Who, him affroneting soone, to fight was readie prest.

Well mote ye wonder how that noble Knight, After he had so often wounded beene,
Could stand on foot now to renew the fight:
But had ye then him forth advancing scene,
Some newborne wight ye would him surely wene;
So fresh he seemed and so fierce in sight;
Like as a snake, whom wearie winters teene
Hath worn to nought now feeling sommers might
Casts off his ragged skin and freshely doth him light.

All was, through vertue of the Ring he wore;
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of blood to fall, but did restore
His weakned powers, and dulled spirits whet,
Through working of the stone therein yscet.
Else how could one of equall might with most,
Against so many lesse mightie met,
Once thinke to match three such on equall cost,
Three such as able were to match a puissant host?

Yet nought thereof was Triamond adrede,
Ne desperate of glorious victorie ;
But sharply him assayld, and sore bestedde
With heapes of strokes, which he at him let file
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie:
He stroke, he soust, he foynd, he hewed, he lasht,
And did his yron brond so fast applie,
That from the same the fletie sparkles flashs,
As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rocke are dasht.

Much was Cambello daunted with his blows;
So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
That he was forst from danger of the throwes
Backe to retiere, and somewhat to relent,
Till th' heat of his fierce furie he had spent:
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afresh with new encouragement
Did him assayle, and mightily amate,
As fast, as forward erst, now backward to retract.

Like as the tide, that comes fro th' ocean mayne,
Flowes up the Shennan with contrarie force,
And, over-ruling him in his owne rayne,
Drives backe the current of his kindly course,
And makes it seeme to have some other source;
But when the flees he spent, then backe againe,
His borrowed waters forst to re-disbourse,
He sends the sea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his soveraine.

Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
With diverse fortune doubltful to be deeme:
Now this the better had, now had his fo;
Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seemed;
Yet victors both themselves always esteeme:
And all the while the disentrayled blood
Adowne their sides like little rivers stremed,
That with the wasting of his vitall bloody
Sir Triamond at last full faint and feeble stood.

But Cambell still more strong and greater grew,
Ne felt his blood to wast, ne powres emperish :
Through that Rings vertue, that with vigour new,
Still whenas he enfeebled was, him cherish.
And all his wounds and all his bruses guarisht:
Like as a withered tree, through husbands toyle,
Is often seen but full freely to have flourisht,
And fruitfull apples to have borne awhile,
As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle.

Through which advantage, in his strength he rose
And smote the other with so wondrous might,
That through the seame which did his hauberke close
Into his throates and life it pierced quight,
That downe he fell as dead in all mens sight:
Yet dead he was not; yet he sure did die,
As all men do that lose the living spright:
So did one soule out of his bodie flie
Unto her native home from mortall miserie.

But mathiellesse whilst all the lookers-on
Him dead behight, as he to all appeare,
All mawards he started up anon,
As one that had out of a dreame beene rere-
And fresh assayld his foe; who halfe affoord
Of th' uncounth sight, as he some ghost had seene,
Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle awend ;
Till, having often by him stricken bene,
He forced was to strike and save himselfe from teene.

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
As one in feare the Stygian gods t' offend,
Ne followed on so fast, but rather sought
Himselfe to save, and daunger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to spend.
Which Triamond perceiving, weened sure
He gan to faint toward the battells end,
And that he should not long on foote endure;
A signe which did to him the victorie assure.

Whereof full blith eftsoones his mightie hand
He heard on high, in mind with that same blow
To make an end of all that did withstand:
Which Cambell seeing came was nothing slow
Himselfe to save from that so deadly throw:
And at that instant reaching forth his swerd
Close underneath his shield, that scarce did show,
Stroke him, as he his hand to strike uppreard,
In th' arm-pit full, that through both sides the wound appeare.

Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,
And, falling heavie on Cambellos cerest,
Stroke him so hugely that in swonwe he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound impeast:
And sure, had it not happily found rest
Upon the brim of his brode-plated sheld,
It would have cleft his braine downe to his brest:
So both at once fell dead upon the field,
And each to other seemed the victorie to yield.
Of th' evil plight in which her dearest Brother
Now stood, came forth in haste to take his part,
And pacifie the strife which caus'd so deadly smart.

And, as she passed through th' unruly peace
Of people thronging thick to her behold,
Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace
Great heapes of them, like sweep in narrow fold,
For hast did over-run in dust enround;
That, thorough rude confusion of the rout,
Some fearing shrieked, some being harmed houled,
Some hought for sport, some did for wonder shout,
And some, that would seeme wise, their wonder
Turn'd to doute.

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
About the which two serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,
And by the tailes together firmly bound,
And both were with one olive garland crownd;
Like to the rod which Mabias some doth wield,
Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound;
And in her other hand a cup she hild,
The which was with Nepenthe to the brink uplifted.

Nepenthe is a drinke of soverayne grace,
Devis'd by the gods for to asswage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace
Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage:
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
It doth establish in the troubled mynd.
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the gods to drink thereof assay'd;
But such as drink, evermore happiness do fynd.

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,
As love will have advanced to the skie, [beith,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall
For their high merits and great dignifie,
Are wont, before they may to heaven slip,
To drinke hereof; whereby all cares forpast
Are washt away quite from their memorie:
So did those old heroic hereof taste,
Before that they in bliss amongst the gods were paste.

Much more of price and of more grations powre
Is this, then that same water of Ardemme,
The which Rinaldo drunk in happy houre,
Described by that famous Tuscanse penne;
For that had might to change the hearts of men
Pro love to hate, a change of evil choise:
But this doth hatred make in love to brenne,
And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoice.
Who would not to this vertue rather yield his voice!

At last arriving by the listing side
Shee with her rod did softly smite the raile,
Which straight flew ope and gave her way to ride.
Eftsoones out of her coach she gan availe,
And pacing fairly forth did bid all haste.
Canto III.

First to her Brother whom she loved deare,
That so to see him made her heart to quawe;
And next to Cambell, whose sad rueful deare
Made her to change her bevw, and hidden love
t'appearce.

XLVII.
They lightly her requit; (for small delight
They had as then her long to entertaine,)
And eft them turned both againe to fight:
When which she saw, downe on the bloody plaine
Herselph she threw, and tears gan shed abaine;
Amongst her tears immixing prayers mecke,
And with her prayers reasons, to restraine
From bloodly strife; and, blessed peace to seeke,
By all that unto them was deare did them beseeke.

XLVIII.
But whenas all might nought with them prevaile,
She smote them lightly with her powrefull wand:
Then suddenly, as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
And they, like men astonisht, still did stand.
Thus whilsts their minds were doubtfull dis-
traught,
And mighty spirits bound with mightier hand,
Her golden cup to them for drinke she raught,
Whereof, full glad for thirst, ouch drank an harty draught:

XLIX.
Of which so soon as they once tasted had,
Wonder it is that sudden change to see:
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And lovelye lust, from fear of treason free,
And plighted hands, for ever friends to be.
When all men saw this sudden change of things,
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
For passing joy, which so great marvailde brings,
They all gan shout aloud, that all the heaven rings.

L.
All which when gentle Canacee beheld,
In hast she from her lofty chaire descended,
To weet what sudden tidings was beffed:
Where when she saw that cruel war so ended,
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
In lovely wise she gan that Lady greet,
Which had so great dismay so well amended;
And, entertaining her with curtseys meet,
Profect to her true friendship and affection sweet.

LI.
Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
Thence to depart with glee and gladsome cheere.
The se warlike Champions both together chose
Homeward to march, themselves there to reposes:
And wise Cambina, taking by her side
Fair Canace as fresh as morning rose,
Unto her also recruiting, home did ride,
Admir'd of all the people and much glorifie.

LII.
Where making joyous feast their daries they spent
In perfect love, devoise of hateful strife,

with the Latin sale, and with our old expression God save you. The word hale in Saxon is health or welfare. Top. LXXIV. 4. And lovely lust.] Embrac'd, hung lovingly on each other's neck. Chaucer. L. L. affrended.] Made friends. Upton.

Allide with hands of mutual complemt;
For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
With whom he ledd a long and happy life;
And Cambel tooke Cambina to his fere,
The which as life were each to other life.
So all alike did love, and loved were,
That since their days such lovers were not found elswere.

Canto IV.

SATPRAN makes a Tournement
For love of Flourell; Bristowt winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quely.

I.
It often fals, (as here it earst befell,) That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull frends,
And friends profess are changd to foemen fell:
The cause of both of both their minds depends
And th' end of both likewise of both their ends:
For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds
But of occasion, with th' occasion ends;
And friendship, which a fain affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill-grounded seeds.

II.
That well (me seems) appears by that of late
Twixt Cambell and Sir Triamond befell;
As 4l by this; that now a new debate
Stird up twixt Blandamour and Paridell,
The which by course befals me here to tell:
Who, having those two other Knights espide
Marching afores, as ye remember well, [descrie]
Sent forth their Squire to have them doth
And eke these masked Ladies riding them beside.

III.
Who bache returning told, as he had scene, [name]
That they were doughtie Knights of dreadeed
And these two Ladies their two loves unsene;
And therefore wish'd them without blot or blame
To let them passe at will, for dread of shame.
But Blandamour full of vain-glories spright,
And rather stird by his discordfull Dame,
Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,
But that he yet was sore of his late lucklesse fight.

IV.
Yet nigh approaching he them fowle bespake,
Disgracing them, himselfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont; so weening way to make
To Ladies love, whereas he came in place,
And with lief terms their lovers to deface.
Whose sharpe provokement them incens so sore,
That both were bent to avenge his usage base,
And gan their shields address them selves afore:
For evil decrees may better than bad words be bore.

V.
But faire Cambina with perswasions myld
Did mitigate the fiereness of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcil'd,
And gan to treate of deeds of armes afores;

u. 3. As thus] Also. The Saxon als for also is frequent in Chaucer. Top. u. 2. These masked Ladies] Canace and Cambina.
They are called saucene, because masked, in st. 3. Top.
And strange adventures, all the way they rode;
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great Turney which was blazed broad,
For that rich Girdle of faire Florimell,
The prize of her which did in beautie most excell.

vi.
To which folke-mote they all with one consent,
Sith each of them his Ladie had him by,
Where beautie each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to travell, and their fortunes try.
So as they passed forth, they did copy
One in bright armes with ready spere in rest,
That toward them his course seem’d to apply;
Gainst whom Sir Paridell himselfe address,
Him weening, ere he high appracht, to have represt.

vii.
Which th’ other seeing gan his course relent,
And vaunted spere cftsonnes to disaduance,
As if he thought but peace and pleasure ment,
Now falle into their fellowship by chance;
Whereat they shewed curtousese countenance.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His roving cie did on the Lady glance.
Which Blandamour had riding by his side:
Whom sure he wended that he somewhere tofore hadise.

viii.
It was to weete that snowy Florimell,
Which Ferran late from Braggadocchio wonne;
Whom he now seeng, her remembred well,
How having reft her from the Witches wonne.
He soone her lost: Wherefore he now beguaine
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprieze:
Which scone full offer Blandamour gan some despieze;

ix.
And said; “Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady clame,
Whom he that hath were loth to lose so light,
(For so to lose a Lady were great shame.)
Yce shall her winne, as I have done, in right:
And lo! shee shall be placed here in sight
Together with this Hag beside her set,
That whoso winnes her may her have by right;
But he shall have the Hag that is ybet,
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get.”

x.
That offer pleased all the company:
So Florimell with Até forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But Braggadocio said, he never thought
For such an Hagg, that seemed worse then
His person to emperrell in so fight: [nought,
But if to match that Lady they had sought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would spend to justify his right.

vi. 1. folke mote Meeting of people: Sommer.
Church.

vii. 9. before Before. To poy. aut. Lye’s Sax.
Dict. Toom.
x. 2. So Florimell That is, the false Florimell.
Church.

x. 6. emperrell Endanger. Utton

xi.
At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,
As scorning his unmanly cowardize:
And Florimell him foully gan revile,
That for her sake refus’d to unterprise
The battell, offred in so knightly wise;
And Até eke provolkt him privily
With love of her, and shame of such mesprize.
But naught he car’d for friend or enemy;
For in base mind nor friendship dwells nor enmity.

xii.
But Cambell thus did shut up all in jest;
“Brave Knights and Ladies, certes ye doe wrong
To stirrre up strife, when most us needeth rest,
That we may us reserve both fresh and strong
Against the Turneiment which is not long,
When whose list to fight may fight his fill:
Till then your challenges ye may prolong;
And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
Whether shall have the Hag, or hold the Lady still.”

xiii.
They all agreed; so, turning all to game
And pleasant bord, they past forth on their way;
And all that while, whereas they rode or came,
That masked Mock-Knight was their sport and
Till that at length upon th’ appointed day [play.
Unto the place of Turneiment they came;
Where they before them found in fresh array
Manie a brave Knight and manie a daintie Dame.
Asssembled for to get the honour of that game.

xiv.
There this faire crew arriving did divide
Themselves asunder: Blandamour with those
Of his on th’ one, the rest on th’ other side.
But boastfull Braggadocio rather chose,
For glory value, their fellowship to lose,
That men on him the more might gaze alone.
The rest themselves in troupes did else dispose,
Like as it seemed best to every one.
The Knights in couples marcht with Ladies lineckt attone.

xv.
Then first of all forth came Sir Satyrane,
Bearing that precious relieke in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane;
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
He open shewd, that all men it mote marke;
A generous Girdle, curiously embost [marke;
With pearle and precious stone, worth many a
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost;
It was the same which lately Florimel had lost.

xvi.
The same aloft he hung in open vew,
To be the prize of beautie and of might;
The which, cftsonnes discovered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur’d with close delight,
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,
That all men threw out vows and wishes vaine.
Thrice happie Ladie, and thrice happie Knight,
Them seemed that could so goodly riches gaine,
So worthie of the perill, worthy of the paine.

xvii. 2. bord.] Jes. Toom.
xv. 6. embost] Embost has various significations in Spenser. Here it means ornamented, raised as in
Hvea. Toom.
Then toke the bold Sir Satyrane in hand
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
And, vann'cng forth from all the other band
Of Knights, adrest his maiden-headed shield,
Shewing himselfe all ready for the field;
Gainst whom there singleed from the other side
A Paimin Knight that well in armes was skil'd,
And in many a battell oft bene tride,
Hight Bruncheval thebold, who fierly forth did ride.

So furiously they both together met,
That neither could the others force sustaine;
As two fierce bulls, that strive the rule to get
Of all the herd, meete with so hideous maine,
That both rebulted tumber on the plaine;
So these two Champions to the ground were feld;
Where in a maze they both did long remaine;
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
Which neither able were to wag, or once to wold.

Which when the noble Ferramont espide,
He pricked forth in ayd of Satyrane;
And him against Sir Blandamour did ride
With all the strength and stimenth that he can:
But the more strong and stiffly that he ran,
So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
That on an heare were tumbled horse and man:
Unto whose rescue forth rode Paridell;
But him likewise with that same speare he eke did quell.

Which Braggadocchio seeing had no will
To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,
Albe his turne were next; but stood there still,
As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd:
But Triamond, halfe wroth to see him staid,
Sternly stept forth and raught away his speare,
With which so sore he Ferramont assaid,
That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
That neither could in hast themselves again uppreare.

Which to avenge Sir Devon him did dight,
But with no better fortune then the rest;
For him likewise he quickly downe did smight:
And after him Sir Douglas him adrest;
And after him Sir Palimord forth prest;
But none of them against his strokes could stand;
But, all the more, the more his praise increst;
For either they were left upon the land,
Or went away sore wounded of his hapless hand.

And now by this Sir Satyrane abraid
Out of the sworne, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one dismaid,
Whenas he saw the mercillesse affray
Which doyghty Triamond had wrought that day
Unto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almost tend in twy

For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himselfe he wist have beene then in so bad a stede.

With that, at him his beamlike speare he aimed,
And thereto all his power and might applide:
The wicked steele for mischiefe first ordain'd,
And having now Misfortune got for guide,
Staid not till it arrived in his side,
And therein made a very grievous wound,
That streames of blood his armoure all beside,
Much was he daunted with that direfull wound,
That scarce he him upheld from falling in a sound.

The morrow next the Tourney gan anew;
And with the first the hardy Satyrane
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew:
On th' other side full many a warlike swaine
Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine,
But amongst them all was not Sir Triamond;
Unable he new battell to darraine,
Through grievance of his late received wound,
That doubly did him grieve when so himselfe he found.

There Satyrane lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great joy and solity;
Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground;
That much he gan his glorie to envy,
And cast t' avenge his friends indignity:

May not glode be the preter-

imperfect tense of glode? T. Warton.

May not glode be the preter-

imperfect tense of glode? T. Warton.

May not glode be the preter-

imperfect tense of glode? T. Warton.
A mighty speare of soones at him he bent;
Who, seeing him come on so furiously,
Met him mid-way with equal hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both together went.

They up againe themselves can lightly rear,
And to their tried swords themselves betake;
With which they wrought such wondrous marvells there,
That all the rest it did amazed make,
Yet dar'd their peril to partake;
Now curtling close, now chasing to and fro,
Now hurtling round advantage for to take:
As two wild boares together grasping go,
Chauing and foming choler each against his foe.

So as they courst, and turned here and there,
It chaunt Sir Satyrane his steed at last,
Whether through founding or through solein
To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast; [fear,
Which vauntage Cambello did pursue so fast,
That, ere himselfe he had recovered well,
So sore he swear, and the compound crest,
That forced him to leave his lofty sell,
And rudely tumbling downe under his horse-feete fell.

Lightly Cambello leapt downe from his steed
For to have rent his shield and armes away,
That whylome wou'd be the victors meed,
When all unwares he felt an hideous sway
Of many swords that lode on him did lay:
An hundred Knights had him enclosed round,
To rescue Satyrane out of his pray:
All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him prisoner, where he stood on ground.

He with their multitude was nought disdain'd,
But with stout courage turn'd upon them all,
And with his broad-iron round about him laid;
Of which he dealt large ames, as did befall;
Like as a lion, that by chance doth fall
Into the hunters toile, doth rage and roar,
In royall heart dissembling to be thrall:
But all in vaine: for what might one do more?
They have him taken captive, though it grieve him sore.

Whereof when news to Triamond was brought
Thereas he lay, his wound he soone forgot,
And starting up streight for his armoure sought:
In vaine he sought; for there he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got:
Cambelloes armoure therefore he on him threw,
And lightely issu'd forth to take his lot.
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew
Leading his friend away, full sore to his vew.

Into the thickest of that knightly preasse
He thrust, and smote downe all that was betwene,
Caried with fervent zeal; he did he cease,
Till that he came where he had Cambell seen.
Like captive thrall two other Knights atwene;
There he amongst them cruelly havocke makes,
That they, which lead him, soon enforced beene.
To let him loose to save their proper stak;
Who, being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes:

With that he drives at them with dreadfull might,
Both in remembrance of his friends late harms,
And in revengement of his owne desipt:
So both together give a new allarme,
As if it be the laste that was by name,
As when two greedy wolves doe breake by force
Into an heare, farre from the husband farme,
They spoile and ravine without all remorse:
So did these two through all the field their foet enforce.

Fiercely they followd on their bolde emprise,
Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest:
Then all with one consent did yeeld the prize
To Triamond and Cambell as the best:
But Triamond to Cambell it releas,
And Cambell it to Triamond transfered:
Each labouring to advance the others gest,
And make his praise before his owne preferrd:
So that the doome was to another day difford.

The laste day came; when all those Knights again
Assembled were their deedes of armes to shew.
Ful many deedes that day were shewen plaine,
But Satyrane, bove all the other crew,
His wondrous worth declared in all mens view:
For from the firste he to the last endeured:
And though some while Fortune from him with
Yet evermore his honour he recurred, [drew,
And with unwearied powre his party still assured.

Ne was there Knight that ever thought of armes,
But that his utmost provesse were made knowne.
That by their many wounds and careless armes,
By shivered speares and swords all under strowed.
By scattered shields, was day was shewen:
There might ye see loose steeds at randome runne,
Whose lucklesse riders later were overthrown;
And Squiers make hast to helpe their Lords for-
dome:
But still the Knights of Maideneb the better womne.

Till that there entred on the other side [reed,
A stranger Knight, from whence no man could
In quent disguyses, full hard to be descryde:
For all his armoure was like savage weed
With woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
With oaken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit
For salveage wight, and thereto well agreed
His word, which on his ragged shielde was writ,
Salves Gess sans fruices, shewing secret wit.

XXXIX. 9. — Salves Gess sans fruices.] That is, Wildnes without art. Finesse must here be pronounced as three syllables, according to the manner of the French, in their poetry. Church.
He, at his first incomings, charg’d his sperre
At him that first appeared in his sight;
That was to meet the stout Sir Sanglere,
Who well was known to be a valiant Knight,
Approved often in many a perilous fight.

Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
And over-bound beyond his cropper quight;
And after him another Knight, that bore
Sir Brianor, so sore, that none him life behote.

Then, ere his hand he reard, he overthrew
Seven Knights one after other as they came:
And, when his sperre was brust, his sword he drew,
The instrument of wrath, and with the same
Far’d like a lyon in his bloodie game,
Hewing and slashing shields and helmets bright,
And beating downe whatever nigh him came,
That every one gan shun his dreadful sight.

To solle that then death itselfe, in dangerous affright.

Thus was Sir Satyrane with all his band
By his sole manhood and atchievement stout
Dismay’d, that none of them in field durst stand,
But beaten were and chased all about.
So he continued all that day thriumphant,
Till evening that the summe gan downward bend:
Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
A stranger Knight, that did his glory shend.

So nought may be esteemed happie till the end!

He at his entrance charg’d his powrful sperre
At Arthegall, in midst of his pride,
And therewith smote him on his umbriere
So sore, that trembling backe he downe did slyde
Ouer his horses tails above a stryde;
When he was lest he had to rise again.
Which Cambell seeing, much the same enyde,
And ran at him with all his might and maine;
But shortly was likewise scene lying on the plaine.

Whereat full inly wroth was Triamond,
And cast t’avenge the shame done to his freind;
But by his friend himselfe eke some he found
In no lesse neede of helpe then he had beene.
All provoked when Blainkorne from end to end
Beheld, he woze therewith displeased sore,
And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
His sperre he feuted, and at him it bore;
But with no better fortune then the rest afore.

Full many others at him likewise ran;
But all of them likewise dismounted were:
Ne certes wonder; for no powre of man
Could hide the force of that enchanting sperre,
The which this famous Britonard did bear;
With which she wondrouses deeds of armsachieved,
And overthrew whatever came her neere,
That all those stranger Knights full sorceagrieved,
And that late weaker band of Chalengers relieved.

Like as in sommers day when raging heat
Doth burne the earth and boyled rivers drie,
That all brute beasts forst to refraine fro meat
Doe hunt for shade where showed they may lie,
And, missing it, faire from themselves to fly;
All travellers tormentted are with paine:
A watry cloud doth overcast the skie,
And pourreth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforted againe:

So did the warlike Britomart restore
The prize to Knights of Maydenhead that day,
Which else was like to have bene lost, and bor
The praysie of powresse from them all away.
Then shrilling trompets loudly gan to bray,
And bad them leave their labours and long toyle
To joyous feast and other gentle play, [spoyle
Where beauties prize should win that pretious
Where I with sound of trompe will also rest awylde

CANTO V.
The Ladies for the Girde strive
Of famous Florimell;
Scourloure, comming to Caret House,
Doh siege from him expell.

It hath bene through all ages ever seene,
That with the praise of armes and chevabi
The prize of beautie still hath loyned beene;
And that for reasons speciall privitee;
For either doth on other much relie:
For he me seemes most fit the Faire to serve,
That can her best defend from villenie:
And she most fit his service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her faith will never swerve

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the proofe of Prowesse ended well,
The controversie of Beauties soveraine grace;
In which, to her that doth the most excelle,
Shall fall the Girde of faire Florimell:
That many wish to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuoues use, which some doe tell
That glorious Belt did in itselfe containe,
Which Ladies ought to love, and seeke for to ob taine.

== CANTO V. ==

\[1.\] Daine] Desire. Church.
\[2.\] From him] That is, from himselfe
\[3.\] Debate or contention. Tong.
The Faerie Queene.

[Book IV]

III.
That Girdle gave the vertue of chast love
And wifehood true to all that did it bære;
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
Might not the same about her middle wære,
But it would look out for other bære.
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame Venus girdle, by her 'steemed deare
What time she us'd to live in wivy sort,
But layd aside whenso she us'd her looser sport.

IV.
Her husband Vulcan whylome for her sake,
When first he loved her with heart entire,
This precious ornament, they say, did make,
And wrought in Lemnos with unquenched fire:
And afterwards did for her loves first hire
Give it to her, for ever to remaine,
Therewith to bind lascivious desire,
And loose affections straitly to restringe;
Which vertue it for ever after did retaine.

V.
The same one day, when she herselfe dispos'd
To visite her beloved paramoure,
The god of Warre, she from her middle loosed,
And left behind her in her secret bower.
On Acidalian mount, where many an howre
She with the pleasant Graces wont to play.
There Florimell in her first ages howre
Was fostered by those Graces, (as they say,) And brought with her from thence that goodly Belt away.

VI.
That goodly Belt was Cestus hight by name,
And as her life by her esteemed deare:
No wonder then, if that to winne the same
So many Ladies sought, as shall appeare;
For percelesse she was thought that did it bære.
And now by this their feast all being ended,
The judges, which thereto selected were,
Into the Martian field adowne descende
To deeme this doubtfull case, for which they all contended.

VII.
But first was question made, which of those Knights
That lately turned had the wager wonne:
There was it indued, by those worthie wights,
That Satyrane the first day best had done:
For he last ended, having first begunne.
The second was to Triamond behight;
For that he sav'd the victour from forlornne:
For Cambell victour was, in all mens sight,
Till by mishap he in his fowmes hand did light.

VIII.
The third days prize unto that straungar Knight,
Whom all men term'd Knight of the Hebene
To Britomart was given by good right: [Speare,
For that with puissant stroke she downe did bære
The Salvage Knight that victour was whileare,
And all the rest which had the best afor,
And, to the last, unconquer'd did appeare;
For last is deemed best: To her therefore
The fairest Ladie was adum'df for Paramoure.

IX.
But thereat greatly grudged Arthedall,
And much repynd, that both of victors meede
And eke of honour she did him forestall:
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreed;
But only thought of that despyghtfull deede
Fit time t' avenge for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
Then next ensew'd the paragon to see
Of beauties praise, and yeeld the Fayrest her due fee.

X.
Then firstCambello brought into their view
His faire Cambina covered with a veale;
Which, being once withdrawn, most perfect how
And passing beautie did eftsones reveal,
That able was weake hearts away to steale.
Next did Sir Triamond unto their sight
The face of his deare Canacee multecale; [bright,
Whose beauties beam'd eftsones did shine so
That day's the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

XI.
And after her did Parideell produce
His false Duessa, that she might be seen;
Who with her forged beautie did seduce
The hearts of some that fairest her did weene;
As diverse wits affected divers beene.
Then did Sir Ferramont unto them shew
His Lucida, that was full faire and shenee:
And after these an hundred Ladies moe
 Appeard in place, the which each other did outgoe.

XII.
All which whose dare thinke for to enchace,
Him needeth sure a golden pen I weene
To tell the feature of each goodly face.
For, since the day that they created beene,
So many heavenly faces were not seen
Assembed in one place: ne he that thought
For Chian folk to portrayt Beauties queene,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see, as here he might have sought.

XIII.
At last, the most redoubted Britonesse
Her lovely Amoret did open show:
Whose face, discovered, plainly did express
The heavenly portraict of bright angels hew.
Well weened all, which her that time did view,
That she should surely bære the bell away;
Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trew
And very Florimell, did her displaie:
The sight of whom once scene did all the rest dismay.

XIV.
For all afore that seemed faire and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her that shone as Phbes light
Amongst the lesser starres in evening cleare.
All that her saw with wonder ravisht weare,
And weend no mortall creature she should bee,
But some celestiall shape that flesh did bære;
Yet all were glad there Florimell to see;
Yet thought that Florimell was not so faire as shee.

XV.
As guilefull goldsmith that by secret skill
With golden foyle doth finely overspread
Some baser metal, which command he will
Unto the vulgar for good gold insted,
He much more godly glose thereon doth shed
To hide his falshood, then if it were tew:
So hard this Idole was to be aried,
That Florimell herselfe in all mens saw
She seem'd to passe: So forg'd things do fairest shew.

xvi.
Then was that golden Belt by doome of all
Graudent to her, as to the Fayrest Dame.
Which being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became.
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame:
For, ever as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame.
Full oft about her wast she enclos'd;
And it as oft was from about her wast disclos'd:

xvii.
That all men wondred at the uncouth sight,
And each one thought, as to their fantasies came:
But she herselvse did think it doon for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame.
 Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame.
Then many other Ladies likewise tried
About their tender loynes to knit the same;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was untide.

xviii.
Which when that scornfull Squire of Dames did
eally gan to laugh, and thus to jest;
"Alas for pittie that so faire a crew,
As like cannot be scene from east to west,
Cannot find one this Girdle to invest!
Fie on the man that did it first invent,
To shame us all with this, Ungirt unblest!
Let never Ladiie to his love assent,
That hath this day so many so unmanly shent."

xix.
Thereat all Knights gay laugh, and Ladies lowre:
Till that at last the gentle Amoret
Likewise assayd to prove that Girdles powre;
And, having it about her middle set,
Did find it fit withouten breach or lot;
Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie:
But Florimell exceddingly did fret,
And, snatching from her hand halfe angrily
The Belt agayne, about her bodie gan it tie:

xx.
Yet nothomore would it her bodie fit;
Yet nathelasse to her, as her dew right,
It yielded was by them that judged it;
And she herselvse abjudged to the Knight
That bore the hebene speare, as womne in fight.
But Britomart would not thereto assent,
Ne her owne Amoret forgoye so light
[ment
For that strange Dame, whose beauties wonder-
She lesse esteem'd then th' others vertuous govern-

xxi. 9. — disclos'd:] Discnongul, untied. See the last line of the next stanza. CHURCH.

xviii. 5. — to invest!] To put on as part of the dress, or, in the poet's own words, "about the middle small to
    gird," st. 16. TODD.

xix. 7. — Florimell] That is, the false Florimell. CHURCH.

xxi.
Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
They were full glad, in hope themselves to get
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse. (her:
But, after that, the judges did arret her
Unto the second best that lov'd her better;
That was the Salvage Knight: but he was gone
In great displeasure, that he could not get her.
Then was she judg'd Diamonds his one;
But Diamonds lov'd Canacce and other none.

xxii.
Tho unto Satyran she was adjudg'd,
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed:
But Blandamour therest full greatly grudged,
And lide prays'd his labours evill speed,
That for to winne the saddle lost the steed.
Ne lesse thereto did Paridell complaine,
And thought it appeale, from that which was
To single combat with Sir Satyran: [decreed,
Thereto lim Atè stir'd, new discord to maintaine.

xxiii.
And eke, with these, full many other Knights
She through her wicked working did incense
Her to demand and challenge as their rights,
Deserved for their perils recompense.
Amongst the rest, with boastfull name pretense
Stept Braggadochio forth, and as his thrall
Her clayn'd, by him in battell wonne long sens:
Whereeto herselfe he did to witnessse call;
Who, being askt, accordingly confessed all.

xxiv.
Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyran;
And wroth with Satyran was Blandamour;
And wroth with Blandamour was Erivan;
And at them both Sir Paridell did loure.
So al together stir'd up striifull stoure,
And readie were new battell to darraine:
Each one profess to be her paramoure,
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;
Ne judges powre, ne reasons rule, mote them restraine.

xxv.
Which troublous stirre when Satyran aviz'd,
He gan to cast how to appease the same,
And, to accord them all, this meanes deviz'd:
First in the midst to set that fayrest Dame,
To whom each one his challenge should disclaim,
And he himselfe his right would eke release:
Then, looke to whom she voluntarie came,
He should without disturbance her possess;
Sweete is the love that comes alone with willingness.

xxvi.
They all agreed: and then that snowey Mayd
Was in the middest past among them all:
All on her gazyn wish, and vowd, and prayd,
And to the queene of Beautie close did call,
That she unto their portion might befall.
Then when she long had lookt upon each one,
As though she wished to have pleas'd them all,
At last to Braggadochio selfe alione
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.
Which when they all beheld, they claff, and rau'd,  
And woxe nigh mad for very harts despight;  
That from revenge their wives they scarce as-
swa'g'd:  
Some thought from him her to have rest by might;  
Some proffer made with him for her to fight:  
But he nought car'd for all that they could say;  
For he their words as wind esteemed light.  
Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,  
But secretly from thence that night her bane.

They which remaynd, so soon as they percei'v'd  
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,  
And follow'd them, in mind her to have renv'd  
From wight unworthie of so noble meed.  
In which pursuit how each one did succeed,  
Shall else he told in order, as it fell.

For soone as she them saw to discord set,  
Her list no longer in that place abide;  
But, taking with her lovely Amoret,  
Upon her first adventure forth did ride,  
To seeke her lov'd, making blind Love her guide.  
Unluckie Mayd, to seeke her enemie!  
Unluckie Mayd, to seeke him farre and wide,  
Whom, when he was unto herself most nie,  
She through his late disaguizement could him not descry!

So much the more her griefe, the more her toyle:  
Yet neither toyle nor griefe she once did spare,  
In seeking him that should her paine assoyle:  
Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare  
Was Amoret, companion of her care:  
Who likewise sought her lover long miswont,  
The gentle Scudamour, whose heart whileare  
That stryffull Hag with gealoos discontent  
Had fild, that he to fell reveng was fully bent;

Bent to revenge on blamelesse Britomart  
The crime which cursed Até kindled earst,  
The which like thorns did pricke his gealoos hart,  
And through his soule like poysan arrow perst,  
That by no reason it might be revers;  
For ought that Glauce could or doe or say:  
For, aye the more that she the same rehrest,  
The more it gauld and griev'd him night and day,  
That nought but dire revenge his anger moi defray.

So as they travelled, the drooping Night  
Covered with cloudie storme and bitter shrowe,  
That dreadful seem'd to every living wight,  
Upon them fell, before her timely houre;  
That forced them to seeke some covert houre,  
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,  
And shrowd their persons from that stormie strowe.

Not farre away, not meete for any guest,  
They spide a little cottage, like some poor mans nest.

Under a steepe hilles side it placed was,  
There where the moundsred earth had cav'd the  
And fast beside a little Brooke did pas [blanke;  
Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,  
By which few crooked fallowes grew in ranke:  
Whereto approching nigh, they heard the sound  
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,  
And answering their wearie tunes around,  
That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert ground.

There entring in, they found the goodman selfe  
Full busily unto his worke ybent;  
Who was to weet a wretched wearish elfe,  
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekeis forspent,  
As if he had in prison long bene penit:  
Full blacke and griesly did his face appeare,  
Besmeard with smoke that high his eye-sight blent;  
With rugged beard, and hoarie shagg'd heare  
The which he never wont to come, or comely sharea.

Rude was his garment, and to rage all rent,  
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:  
With blisted hands amongst the cinders brent,  
And fingers filthie with long myles unpared,  
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared.  
His name was Care; a Blacksmith by his trade,  
That neither day nor night from working spared,  
But to small purpose yron wedges made;  
Those be Unquiet Thoughts that careful minds invade.

In which his worke he had sixe servants prest,  
About the anvilde standing evermore  
With huge great hammers, that did never rest  
From heaping stroakes which thereon sounded sore:  
All sixe strong groome, but one then other more;  
For by degrees they all were disagreed;  
So likewise did the hammers which they boro  
Like belles in greatnesse orderly succeed.  
That he, which was the last, the first did farre exceede.

He like a monsstrous gyant seem'd in sight,  
Farre passing Bronteus or Pyramon great,  
The which in Lipari doe day and night  
Frame thunderbolts for loves avengefull thrente.  
So drafedly he did the anvilde beat,  
That seem'd to dust he shortly would it drive:  
So huge his hammer, and so fierce his heat,  
That seem'd a rocke of diamond it could rive  
And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list strive.

Sir Scudamour there entring much admired  
The manner of their worke and wearie paine;
And, having long beheld, at last enquired  
The cause and end thereof; but all in vaine;  
For they for nought would from their worke  
refraine,  
Ne let his speeches come unto their care.  
And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,  
Like to the northren winde, that none could heare;  
Those Pensivenesse did move; and Sighes the bel-

Which when that Warriour saw, he said no more,  
But in his armour layd him downe to rest:  
To rest he layd him downe upon the flore,  
(Whylome for ventuous Knights the bedding best,)  
And thought his weary limbs to have redrest.  
And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,  
Her feele liebys layd eke adowne to rest;  
That needed much her weake age to desire,  
After so long a travell which them both did tire.

There lay Sir Scuadarmour long while expecting  
When gentle sleepe, his heavie eyes would close;  
Oft chaunging sides, and of new place electing,  
Where better seemd be mote himselfe repose;  
And oft in wrath he thence againe uprose;  
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.  
But, wheresoeer he did himselfe dispose,  
He by no meanes could wished ease obteine:  
So every place seemd painefull, and ech changing  
vaime.

And evermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,  
The hammers sound his senses did molest;  
And evermore, when he began to wake,  
The bellowe noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,  
Ne suffered sleepe to settle in his brest.  
And all the night the dogs did bauce and howle  
About the house, at sent of stranger guest:  
And now the crowing cocke, and now the owle  
Lowde shriking, him affliction to the very sowle.

And, if by fortune any little nap  
Upon his heavie eye-lids chaunst to fall,  
Eotsoones one of those villains him did rap  
Upon his head-peece with his yron mall;  
That he was soone awaked therewithall,  
And lightly started up as one effrayd,  
Or as if one him suddenly did call;  
So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,  
And then lay musing long on that him ill apayed.  

So long he mused, and so long he lay,  
That at the last his wearie sprite opprest  
With fleshly weaknesse, which no creature may  
Long time resist, gave place to kindely rest,  
That all his senses did full soone arrest:  
Yet, in his soundest sleepe, his dayly feare  
His vyle braine gan busily molest,  
And made him dreme those two disloualy weare:  
The things, that day most minds, at night doe most  
appeare.

With that the wicked Carle, the Maister smith,  
A pair of red-wotth ryon tongs did take  

XXXVIII.  
What equlall torment to the grieff of mind  
And pyning anguish hid in gentle hart,  
That myl feeds itselfe with thoughts unkynede,  
And nourisseth her owne consumer smart!  
What medicine can any leaches arte  
Yeele such a sovre, that doth her grievance hide,  
And will to none her maladie impart!  
Such was the wound that Scuadarmour did grieff;  
For which Dan Phebus selue cannot a salue provide.

Who having left that restlessse House of Care,  
The next day as he on his way did ride,  
Full of melancolie and sad misfare  
Through misconception, all unawareles espide  
An armed Knight under a forrest side  
Sitting in shade beside his grauzing steede;  
Who, soone as them approaching he descrie,  
Gan towards them to pricke with eager speede,  
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischievous  
deede.

XXVIII.  
In such disquise and hart-trembling payne  
He all that night, that too long night, did passe.  
And now the day out of the ocean mayne  
Began to pepe above this earthly masse,  
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse:  
Then up he rose like heavie lumpe of lead,  
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,  
The signes of anguish one mote plainly read,  
And ghesse the man to be dismayd with gealous dread.

CANTO VI.  
Both Scuadarmour and Arthegall  
Doth fight with Britomart:  
He seeth her face; doth fall in love,  
And soone from her depart.  

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Gan towards them to pricke with eager speede,  
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deede.

IV.  
Which Scuadarmour perceiving forth issusso  
To have conventued him in equall race;  
But, soone as th' other nigh approaching vewed  

XCVII.  
After so long a went.] That is, after hav-
ing gone forward and backward, as in ploughing, so many  
times. CHURCH.  
ARG. 3. 112] Arthegall. CHURCH.
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abuse
And voide his course; at which so suddain case
He wandered much: but th' other thus can say;
"Ah! gentle Scudamour, unto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespassed this day."

Whereeto thus Scudamour: "Small harme it were
For any Knight upon a ventrous Knight
Without displessance for to prove his spere.
But reade you, Sir, sith ye name have hight,
What is your owne, that I mote you requeite."
"Certes," say he, "ye mote as now excuse
Me from discovering you your name aright:
For time yet serves that I the same refuse;
But call ye me the Savage Knight, as others use."

"Then this, Sir Salvage Knight," quoth he,
"aroece:
Or doe you here within this forrest wonne,
That seemeth well to answere to your weede,
Or have ye it for some occasion done?
That rather seems, sith knowne armes ye shonne."
"This other day," say he, "a stranger Knight
Shame and dishonour hath unto me done;
On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,
Wherever he this way shall passe by day or night."

"Shame be his meede," quoth he, "that meaneth shame!
But what is he by whom ye shamed were I?"
"A stranger Knight," say he, "unknowne by name,
But knowne by fame, and by an hebene speare
With which he all that met him done did bear.
He, in an open turney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did reare;
And having me, all wearie east, downe feld,
The hayrest Ladie reft, and ever since witheld."

When Scudamour heard mention of that speare,
He wist right well that it was Britomart,
The which from him his fairest Love did beare.
Tho gan he swell in every inner part
For fell despight, and gnaw his gealous hart,
That thus he sharply sayd; "Now by my head,
Yet is not this the first unknightly part, [read,
Which that same Knight, whom by his launce I
Hoth doen to noble Knights, that many makes him dread:

For lately he my Love hath fro me reft,
And eke defiled with foule villanrie
The sacred pledge which in his faith was left,
In shame of knighthood and fidelite;

The which ere long full deare he shall able:
And if to that avenge by you decayed
This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplie.
It shall not taine whoso ye shall it need."
So both to wreake their wrathes on Britomart
agreed.

Whilest they thus communed, lo I farre away
A Knight soft ryding towards them they spyde,
Athy'd in foraine armes and strange array:
Whom when they nigh approch, they plaine
descrede
To be the same for whom they did abyde.
Sayd then Sir Scudamour, "Sir Salvage Knight,
Let me this crave, sith first I was defyde,
That first I may that wrong to him requite:
And, if I hap to flye, you shall recure my right."

Which being yeelded, he his thrustfull speare
Gan fewter, and against her fiercely ran.
Who soone as she him saw approching neare
With so fell rage, herselfe she lightly gan
to dight, to welcome him well as she can;
But entertaind him in so rude a wise,
That to the ground she smote both horse and man;
Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
But on their common harms together did devise.

But Artegall, beholding his mischance,
New matter added to his former fire;
And, eft aventuring his steelled head launce,
Against her rode, full of despituous ire,
That sought but spoyle and vengeance did require:
But to himselfe his felonous intent
Returning disappointed his desire,
Whiles unawares his saddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

The night he started up out of that stound,
And nothing forth his direfull deadly blade
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thrust to an hynde within some covert glade,
Whom without perill he cannot invade:
With such fell greedines he her assayled,
That though she mounted were, yet he her made
to give him ground, (so much his force prevayled,) And shun his mighty strokes, gainst which no
ar mes avayled.

So, as they course d there and here there, it chaunst
That, in her wheeling round, behind her crest
So sorely he her stroke, that thence it glaunst
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
From foule mischance; ne did it ever rest,
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell;
Where byting depe so deadly it imprest,

The which ere long full deare he shall able:
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Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
From foule mischance; ne did it ever rest,
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell;
Where byting depe so deadly it imprest,
That quite it chynd his backe behind the sell,  
And to slighth on foote her algates did compell:

xv.  
Like as the lightning-brod from riven skie,  
Throwne out by angry thove in his vengeance,  
With dreadful full force fallas on some steeple hie;  
Which battning downe, it on the church doth  
And teares it all with terrible mischance. [glance,  
Yet she no whit dismayd her steed forsooke;  
And, casting from her that enchantued lance,  
Unto her sword and shield her soone betoke;  
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

xvi.  
So furiously she strooke in her first heat,  
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,  
That she him forced backward to retreat,  
And yeeld unto her weapon way to pas:  
Whose raging rigour neither steel nor bras  
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,  
And pour'd the purple blood forth on the gras;  
That all his mayle yvy'd, and plates yrent,  
Show'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent.

xvii.  
At length, whenas he saw her hasty heat  
Abate, and panting breath begin to hayle, [great,  
He through long sufFerence growing now more  
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assayle,  
Heaping huge strokes as thickes as showre of hayle,  
And lashing dreadfullly at every part,  
As if he thought her soule to disseynelayle.  
Ah! cruel hand, and thriue more cruel mart,  
That workst such wreek & Her to whom thou  
deanest art!

xviii.  
What yron courage ever could endure  
To worke such outrage on a faire a creature!  
And in his madness thineke with hands impure  
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of nature,  
The Maker selde resembling in her feature!  
Cerete some hellish furie or some feend [ture,  
This mischief frand, for their first loves defea,  
To bath their hands in blood of dearest freend,  
Thereby to make their loves beginning their lives end.

xix.  
Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,  
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursewed,  
Still as advantage they espoyde thereto:  
But toward th'end Sir Arthegall renewed  
His strength still more, but she still more decrewed.  
At last his lucklesse hand he heav'd on hie,  
Having his forces all in one a Sundered,  
And therewith stroke at her so hideouslie,  
That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie.

XX.  
Hervent,yleshard away, and thence forth glaunst  
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.  
With that, her angels face, unseen afore,  
Like to the ruddie morne appear'd in sight,  
Deaved with silver drops through sweeting sore;  
But somewhat redder then beseeond'aright,  
Through toylesome heste and labour of her weary fight:

XXI.  
And round about the same her yellow heare,  
Having through stirring loosd their wonted hand,  
Like to a golden border did appeare,  
Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand:  
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand  
To frame such subtle wire, so shinie cleare;  
For it did glister like the golden sand,  
The which Pactolus with his waters shere  
Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him there.

XXII.  
And as his hand he up againe did reare,  
Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,  
His powrlesse arme benumbed with secret fears  
From his revengefull purpose shronke abacke,  
And cruel sword out of his fuggers slacke  
Fell downe to ground, as if the steeld had sence  
And felt some uth, or sence his hand did lacke,  
Or both of them did thinke obedience  
To doe to so divine a Beauties excelence.

XXIII.  
And he himselfe, long gazing thereupon,  
At last fell humbly downe upon his knee,  
And of his wonder made religion,  
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,  
Or else unweeting what it else might bee;  
And pardon her besought his erreur frayle,  
That had done outrage in so highe degree:  
Whilest trembling horror did his sense assayle,  
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to quayle.

XXIV.  
Natunesse she, full of wrath for that late stroke,  
All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand,  
With fel intent on him he yworke;  
And, looking sterne, still over him did stand,  
Threatening to strike unlesse he would withstand;  
And had him rise, or surely he should die.  
But, die or live, for nought he would upstard;  
But her of pardon praved more cashelie,  
Or weake on him her will for so great inuicre.

XXV.  
Which whemn Scudemour, who now abrayd,  
Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside,  
He was therewith right wondrously dismayd;  
And drawing nigh, whemn he phaine describe  
That powrlesse paterne of dame Natures pride  
And heavenly image of perfection,  
He blest himselfe as one sore terrifide;  
And, turning feare to faint devotion,  
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

XXVI.  
But Glauce, seeing all that chanced there,  
Well weeting how their errour to assoyle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her salwed with seemly bel-accoyle,
Joyous to see her safe after long toyle:
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To grant unto those warriours truce awlye;
Which yeolded, they their beavers up did reare,
And shewed themselves to her such as indeed they were.

When Britomart with sharpe avizefull eye
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall
Tempered with sternesse and stout majestie,
She gaunt etsonnes it to her mind to call
To be the same which, in her fathers hall,
Long since in that enchanted glasse she saw:
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhanced hand she downe can soft with-draw.

Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,
As sayning choler which was turnd to cold:
But ever, when his visage she beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countenance bold:
But, when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to speake:
Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obayd,
But brought forth speecches myld when she would have missayd.

But Scudamour now women inly glad
That all his gealons fear he false had found,
And how that Hag his Love abused had
With breach of faith and loyaltie unsound,
The which long time his grievous hart did wound,
He thus bespake; "Certes, Sir Artegall,
I joy to see you sent so low on ground,
And now become to live a Ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to despise them all.

Soone as she heard the name of Artegall,
Her hart did leape, and all her heart-strings tremble,
For sudden joy and secret feare withall;
And all her vital powres, with motion nimble
To succour it, themselves gan there assemble;
That by the swift recurrence of flushing blood
Right plaine appeard, though she it would dissemble,
And sayned still her forser angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

When Glauce thus gan wisely all upknot;
"Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath
To be spectators of this uncouth fit, [brought
Which secret fate hath in this Ladie wrought
Against the course of kind, ne mervale nought;
Ne henceforth feare the thing that hetherto
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought;
Fearing least she your Loves away should woo;
Feared in vaine, sith meanes ye see there wants
thereto.

"And you, Sir Artegall, the Salvage Knight,
Henceforth may not disdain that womans hand
Hath conquered you anew in second fight:
For whylome they have conquered sea, and land,
And heaven itesel, that nought may them with-
Ne henceforth be rebellions unto love, [stand:
That is the crowne of Knighthood and the band
Of noble minds derived from above,
Which, being knit with vertue, never will remove.

"And you, faire Ladie Knight, my dearest Dame,
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
Whose fire were better turnd to other flame;
And, wiping out remembrance of all ill,
Grannt him your grace; but se that he fulfill
The penance which ye shall to him empert:
For lovers heaven must passe by sorrowes hell." Thereat full inly blushed Britomart;
But Artegall close-smyng ioyd in secret hart.

Yet durst he not make love so suddenly,
Ne think thef affecion of her hart to draw
From one to other so quite contray
Besides her modest countenance he saw
So goodly grave, and full of princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw;
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and fatne,
Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand
would restraine.

But Scudamour, whose hart twixt doultfull feare
And feble hope hung all this while suspense,
Desiring of his Amoret to beare
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake; "But, Sir, without offence
Mote I request you tydings of my Love,
My Amoret, sith you her freed fro thence
Where she, captivated, long great woes did prove;
That where ye left I may her sekke, as doth behove."

To whom thus Britomart; "Certes, Sir Knight,
What is of her become, or whether reft,
I cannot unto you aread aight.
For from that time I from enchanters theft
Her freed, in which ye her all hopelessse left.
Her preserv’d from peril and from feare,
And evermore from villainie her kept:
No ever was there wight to me more deare
Then she, ne unto whom I more true love did beare."

But, Sir,] Addressing Britomart in her assumed character of an Errant Knight. [urton.
"Till on a day, as through a desert wyld
We travelled, both warie of the way
We did alight, and sate in shadow wyld;
Where senselesse I to sleepe me downe did lay:
But, whenas I did out of sleepe a Bray,
I found her not where I her left whylere,
But thought she wondred was, or gone astray:
I cal'd her loud, I sought her farre and neare;
But no where could she find, nor tydings of her hearne."

When Scudamour those heauie tydings heard,
His hart was thrid with point of deadly fear,
Ne in his face or bloud or life appared;
But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steer
That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth heare;
Till Glauce thus ; "Faire Sir, be ought dismayd
With needlelesse dread, till certaintie ye heare ;
For yct she may be safe though somewhat strayd:
Its best to hope the best, though of the worst affrayd."

Natheslesse he hardly of her cheerefull speech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheare ; so sore a breach
That sudden newes had made into his spright;
Till Britomart him fairely thus beight:
"Great cause of sorrow certes, Sir, ye have ;
But comfort take ; for, by this heavens light,
I vow you dead or living not to leave,
Til I her find, and wake them on that did her reave."

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was,
So, peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pas
Unto some resting place, which mote beteall;
All being guided by Sir Artegaell:
Where goodly solace was unto them made,
And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall;
Untill that they their wounds well healed had,
And wearie limmes recurr'd after late usage bad.

In all which time Sir Artegaell made way
Unto the love of noble Britomart,
And with meke service and much suit did lay
Continuall siege unto her gentle hart ;
Which, being whylome launcht with lovely dart,
More eath was new impression to receive ;
However she her paynd with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceive:
Vaine is the art that seekes itsel for to deceive.

So well he woud her, and so well he wroght her,
With faire entretie and sweet blandishment,
That at the length unto a bay he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an ear, and softly to relent.

To be his Love, and take him for her Lord,
Till they with marriage meet might finish the accord.

Yet he with strong persuasions her asswaged,
And wonne her will to suffer him depart ;
For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
And thousand vows from bottome of his hart,
That, all so soon as he by wit or art
Could that achieve whereeto he did aspire,
He unto her would speedilly revert:
No longer space thereto he did desire,
But till the horned moone three courses did expire

With which she for the present was appeasell,
And yealded leave, however malcontent;
She inly were and in her mind displeased,
So, early on the morrow next, he went
Forth on his way to which he was ybet ;
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the custome ancient

And by the way she sundry purpose found
Of this or that, the time for to delay;
And of the perils whereof he was bound,
The feare whereof seem'd much her to affray;
But all she did was but to weare out day.
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take;
And oft againe devis'd somewhat to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make:
So loth she was his companie for to forsake.

At last when all her speeches she had spent,
And new occasion faileth her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes government,
And backe returned with right heauie mind
To Scudamour, whom she had left behind;
With whom she went to seeke faire Amowt,
Her second care, though in another kind ;
For virtues onely sake, which doth beget
True love and faithfull friendship, she by her did set.

Backe to that desert forest they retyréd,
Where sorie Britomart had lost her late:
There they her sought, and every where inquired
Where they might tydings get of her estate ;
Yet found they none. But, by what hapless fate
Or hard misfortune she was thence conveyed,
And storne away from her beloved mate,
Were long to tell; therefore I here will stay
Untill another tyde, that I it finish may.

CANTO VII.
Amoret rep't by Freida Lost;
The Sphere her hope; and, being bland'd,
His darts in cole doth bend.

I.
Great god of Love, that with thy cruel darts
Doest conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And setst thy kingdom in the captive harts
Of Kings and Kencars to thy service bound;
What glorious war or warren hast thou found
In Fieble ladies tyrannizing so sure,
And adding anguish to the bitter wound
With which their lives thou hastchedest long afores,
By heaping stornes of trouble on them daily more!

So whylome didst thou to faire Florinell;
And so and so to noble Britomart:
So dost thou now to her of whom I tell,
The lovely Amoret, whose gentle hart
Thou marriedst with sorrow and with smart,
In salvage forests and in deserts wide
With beares and tygers taking hearty part,
Withouten comfort and withouten guide;
That pittie is to heare the perils which she tride.

So soone as she with that brave Britonesse
Hath left that Turneymont for beauties prise,
They travell long; that now for warrenesse,
Both of the way and warlike exercise,
Both through a forest ryding did devise
'To slight, and rest their warrie limbs a while.
There hevies sleep the eyes-lids did surprise
Of Britomart after long tedious toyle,
That did her pass'd paines in quiet rest assoyle.

The whiles faire Amoret, of nought affrayed,
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure or for need,
When suddenly behind her backe she heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
That, ere she backe could turne to take heed,
Had unawares her snatched up from ground:
Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed
That Britomart heard not the shrilling sound,
There where through weary travel she lay sleeping sound.

It was to meet a wilde and salvadge man;
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
And she in stature higher by a span;
All overgrowne with haire, that could awahpe

An hardly hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked boore:
For he liv'd all on ravin and on rape
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshely gore,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloody lips afore.

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deep pooke downe hanging low,
In which he wont the reliques of his feast
And cruelly spoyle, which he had spard, to stow:
And over it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with bloud; [glow,
And downe both sides two wide long eares did
And raught downe to his waste when up he stood,
More great then th' eares of elephants by Indus flood.

This ugly creature in his armes she snatcht,
And through the forest bore her quite away
With briers and bushes all to rent and serach
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the prayr, [day:
Which many a Knight had sought so many a
He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing
Ram, till he came to th' end of all his way,
Unto his cave farre from all peoples hearing,
And there he throwr her in, nought feeling, ne nought fearing.

For she (deare Ladie) all the way was dead,
Whilest he in armes her borne; but, when she felt
Herselfe downe soone, she waked out of dreed
Straight into griefe, that her deare hart high swelt,
And oft gan into tender tears to melt.
Then when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darknesse and dread horrore where she dwelt,
She almost fell againe into a swoond;
Ne wist whether above she were or under ground.

With that she heard some one close by her side
Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in picees would divide:
Which she long listing, softly askt againe
What misters wight it was that so did plaine?
To whom thus answer'd was; "Ah I wretched wight,
That seekes to know others grieve in vaine,
Unweckting of thine owne like haplesse plight:
Selfe to forget to mind another is ore-sight!"
"Aye me," said she, "where am I, or with whom? Among the living, or among the dead! What shall of me unhappy Maid become? Shall death be th' end, or ought else worse, aye?" "Unhappy Maid," then answer'd she, "whose dread Unride is lesse then when thou shalt it try: Death is to him, that wretched life doth lend, Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie, That lives a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.

"This dismall day hath thee a caytive made, And vassall to the vilest wretch alive; Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade The heavens abhorre, and into darkenesse drive: For on the spoile of women he doth live, Whose bodies chast, whenever in his powre He may them catch unable to gaineestive, He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre, And afterwaeres themselves doth cruelly devour.

"Now twenty daies, by which the sommes of men Divide their works, have past through heven sheene, Since I was brought into this dolefull den; During which space these sory cies have seen Seaven women by him slaine and eaten cleane: And now no more for him but I alone, And this old woman, here remaining beene, Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone; And of us three to-morrow he will sure ene one."

"Ah! dreadfull tidings which thou dost declare," Quoth she, "of all that ever hath beene known! Full many great calamities and rare This feble brest endured hath, but none Equal to this, whereever I have gone. But what are you, whom like unluckey lot Hath linkt with me in the same chaine attone?" "To tell," quoth she, "that which ye see, needs not; A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot!"

"But what I was, it itkes me to rehearse; Daughter unto a Lord of high degree; That ioyd in happy peace, till Fates perverse With guilefull Love did secretly agree To overthow my state and dignitie. It was my lot to love a gentle swaine, Yet was he but a Squire of low degree; Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did fain, By any Ladies side for leman to have laine.

"But, for his meaneness and disparagement, My sire, who me too dearely well did love, Unto my chosse by no meanes would assent, But often did my folly fowle reprove: Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove, But, whether will'd or nill'd friend or foe, I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove; And, rather then my love abandon so, Both sire and friends and all for ever to forgo.

"Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to worke Time to my will, and from his wrathfull sight To hide th' intent which in my heart did lurke, Till I thereto had all things ready plight. So on a day, unweeting unto wight, I with that Squire agree'd away to fit, And in a privy place, betwixt us hight, Within a grove appointed him to meete; To which I boldely came upon my feele feete.

"But ah! unhappy heare me thither brought: For in that place where I him thought to find, There was I found, contrary to my thought, Of this accursed Carle of hellish kind, The shame of men, and plague of womankind; Who trussing me, as eagle doth his pray, Me hether brought with him as swift as wind, Where yet untouchd till this present day, I rest his wretched thrall, the sad Æmylia."

"Ah! sad Æmylia," then saide Amoret, "Thy ruefull plight I pitty as mine owne! But read to me, by what devise or wit Hast thou in all this time from him unknowne Thine honour, saide thou, through thraldomme throne?"

"Through helpe," quoth she, "of this old woman I have so done, as she to me hath showe: For, ever when he burnt in lustfull fire, She in my stead supplide his bestall desire."

Thus of their evils as they did discourse, And each did other much bewaile and mone; Loe! where the Villaine selfe, their sorewares source, Came to the cave; and rolling theene the stone, Which wont to stop the mouth thereof that none Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in, And, spreading over all the flore alone, Gan drive himselfe unto his wonted siune; Which ended, then his blodye bauket should becommene.

Which whenas fearfull Amoret perceived, She said not th' utmost end thereof to try, But, like a ghostly gelt whose wits are reaved, Ran forth in hast with hideous outcry, For horror of his shamefull villany: But after her full lightly he uprose, And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie: Pull fast she flies, and farre afore him goes, Ne feeleth the thorns and tickets pricke her tender toos."

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she staites, But over-leapes them all, like robucke light, And through the thickest makes her highest waies; And evermore, when with regardfull sight She looking backe espies that grievously wight Approaching nigh, she gins to mend her pace, And makes her feare a spur to hast her flight; More swift than Myrrh' or Daphne in her race, Or any of the Thracian Nimphes in salvage chase.
The Faerie Queene

Book IV

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long;
Ne living aide for her on earth appeares,
But if the heavens helpe to redresse her wrong,
Moved with pity of her plentiful tears.
It fortuned Belphoebe with her peers.
The woody Nymphs, and with that lovely Boy,
Was hunting then the libbards and the beares
In these wild woods, as was her wonted joy,
To banish sloth that oft doth noble mindes annoy.

It so befell, as oft it falls in chace,
That each of them from other sundre were;
And that same gentle Squire arriv'd in place
Where this same cursed Caytive did appeare
Pursuing that faire Lady full of feare;
And now he her quite overtaken had;
And now he her away with him did beare
Under his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
That by his greening laughter mote farre off be rad.

Which dreary sight the gentle Squire espying
Doth hast to crosse him by the nearest way,
Led with that wofull Ladies piteous crying,
And him assailes with all the might he may;
Yet will not he the lovely spoile downe lay,
But with his craggy club in his right hand
Defends himselfe, and saves his gotten pray;
Yet had it been right hard him to withstand,
But that he was full light and nimble on the land.

Thereto the Villaine used craft in fight:
For, ever when the Squire his iavelin shooke,
He held the Lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The puissance of his intended stroke:
And if it chaunst, (as needs it must in fight,)\nWhilest he on him was greedy to be broke,
That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

Which subtilt sleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike, forbeare;
For hardly could he come the Carle to touch,
But that he her must hurt, or hazard neare;
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
That in the last he did himselfe attaine,
And therein left the pike-head of his speare:
A streame of eoleblacks blood thence gushingame,
That all her silken garments did with blood besieame.

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
And, laying both his hands upon his glave,
With dreadful strokes let drive at him so sore,
That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to save:
Yet he therewith so felly still did rave, [upreare,
That scarce the Squire his hand could once

But, for advantage, ground unto him gave,
Tracing and traversing, now here, now there;
For bootless thing it was to think such blowes to beare.

Whilst thus in battell they embusied were,
Belphoebe, haunging in her forest wide,
The hideous noise of their huge strokes did beare,
And drew thereto, making her care her guide:
Whom when that Theefe approaching nigh espide
With bow in hand and arrows ready bent,
He by his former comate would not bide,
But fled away with ghastly derriment,
Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument.

Whom seeing flie, she speedily pourseew
With winged feete, as nimble as the winde,
And ever in her bow she ready shewed
The arrow to his deadly marke desynde:
As when Latonias daughter, cruel kynde,
In vengence of her mothers great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruel arrows tynde
Gainst wofull Niobes unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

So well she sped her and so far she ventred,
That, ere unto his hellish den he raught,
Even as he ready was there to have entred,
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very dore him overcaught,
And, in his nape arriving, through it thrid
His greely throte, therewith in two distraught,
That all his vital spirites thereby spild,
And all his hairy brest with gory blood was fild.

Whom when on ground she groveling saw to rowle,
She ran in last his life to have bereft;
But, ere she could him reach, the sinfull sowe
Having his carrion corse quite senecelesse left
Was flied to hell, surcharg'd with spoile and theft:
Yet over him she there long gazying stood,
And oft admir'd his monstrous shap, and oft
His mighty limbs, whilest all with filthy bloud
The place there over-flowwe seemd like a sodaine flood.

Thenceforth she past into his dreadfull den, [found,
Where nought but darksome dreartinesse she
Ne creature saw, but hearnked now and then
Some little whispering, and soft-groining sound.
With that she askt, what ghosts there under
Lay hid in honour of eternall night; [ground
And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselves before the light,
Now freed from fear and danger of that dismal Wight.

Then forth the sad Æmilia issewer,
Yet trembling every ioyn against former feare;
And after her the hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and loathsome creature, did appeare;
A lemem fit for such a lover deare:

[Book IV]
That mov'd Belphoebe her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the others heavy care;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate;
Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

Then she them brought toward the place where
She left the gentle Squire with Amoret: [late
There she him found by that new lovely Mate,
Who lay the whiles in swoone, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the dewy wet
Which softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
And handling soft the hurts which she did get:
For of that Carle she sorely bruiz'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be
scene.

Which when she saw with sodaine glauncing eye,
Her noble heart, with sight thereof, was fild
With depee disdaine and great indignity, [thild
That in her wrath she thought them both have
With that selfe arrow which the Carle had kild:
Yestheld her wrathfull hand from vengeance sore:
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,
"Is this the faith!" she said—and said no more,
But turned her face, and fled away for evermore.

He, seeing her depart, arose up light,
Right sore agrieved at her sharpe reprooфе,
And follow'd fast: but, when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasure's utmost prove:
And evermore, when he did grace entreat,
And framed speaches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortal arrows she at him did threat,
And forst him backe with fowle dishonor to retreat.

At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no case of griefe nor hope of grace,
Unto those woods he turn'd backe againe,
Full of sad anguish and in heavy case:
And, finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote see bright heavens face
For mossy trees, which covered all with shade
And sad melancholy; there he his cabin made.

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke
And threw away, with vow to use no more,
Ne thenceforth ever strike in battell stroke,
Ne ever word to speake to woman more;
But in that wildernesse, of men forlorn
And of the wicked world forgotten gree,
His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
And wast his wretched daisies in woffull plight:
So on himselfe to wreake his follies owne disgrace.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment
To be embalm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
He let to grow and grisly to concree,

Uncemb'd, uncem'd, and carelessely unshed;
That in short time his face they overgrew,
And over all his shoulders did dispred,
That who he whilome was meath was to be red.

There he continued in this carefull plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury consumed quight,
That like a pined ghost he soone appears:
For other food then that wilde forrest bears,
Ne other drinke there did he ever tast
Then running water tempred with his teares,
The more his weakened body so to wast:
That out of all mens knowledge he was worse at last.

For on a day, by fortune as it fell,
His own deare Lord Prince Arthure came that
Seeking adventures where he mot hearre tell;
And, as he through the wanding wood did stray,
Having espide his cabin far away,
He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne;
Weeing therein some holy hermit lay,
That did resort of sinfull people shone;
Or else some woodman shrowdeth there from scorching sunne.

Arriving there he found this wretched man
Spending his daies in dolore and despaire,
And, through long fasting, waxen pale and wan,
All over-grown with rude and rugged hair;
That albeit his owne dear Squire he were,
Yet he him knew not, ne avised at all;
But like strange wight, whom he had seen no
Sulthing him, gan into speech to fall, [where,
And pitty much his plight, that liv'd like outcast thrall.

But to his speach he answered no whit,
But stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,
Ne signe of sence did shew, ne common wit,
As one with greefe and anguisehse over-cum;
And unto every thing did answere none;
And ever, when the Prince unto him spake,
He louted lowly, as did him becum,
And humble homage did unto him make;
Midst sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his sake.

At which his uncoth guise and usage quaint
The Prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;
Yet weened, by secret signes of manliness;
Which close appeare in that rude brutishness,
That he whilome some gentle swaine had beene,
Train'd up in feats of armes and knightliness;
Which he observ'd, by that he him had scene
To weld his naked sword and try the edges keene.

And eke by that he saw on every tree
How he the name of One engraven had
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

Which likely was his liest Love to be,
From whom he now so sorely was bested;
Which was by him Belphoebe rightly raed:
Yet who was that Belphoebe he wist;
Yet saw he often how he woxed glad
When he it heard, and how the ground he kist.

Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist.

Tho, when he long had mark'd his demeanor,
And saw that all he said and did was vaine,
Ought more to make him change his wonted tenor,
Ought more cease to mitigate his paine;
He left him there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him should remedy provide,
And him restore to former grace againe:
Which, for it is too long here to abide,
I will deferre the end untill another tide.

CANTO VIII.
The gentle Squire recoveres grace:
Schlander her grace did make me:
Cordiaus but crater Piacladis,
And is by Arthurial shame.

I.
Well saide the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this
Which to this gentle Squire did happen late,
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Then death itselfe more dreads and desperate;
For naught the same may calme, ne mitigate,
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
With sufferance soft, which rigour can abate,
And have the storme remembrance wypt away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein inflayd.

II.
Like as it fell to this unhappy Boy,
Whose tender heart the faire Belphoebe had
With one sterne looke so daunting, that no ioy
In all his life, which afterwars he lad,
He ever tasted; but with penance sad
And pensive sorrow pined and wore away, [glad;]
Ne ever laugh'd, ne once shew'd countenance
But alwayes wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish and decay:

III.
Till on a day, as in his wonted wise
His doole he made, there chauntst a turtle dove
To come, where he his dolors did devise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest love,
Which losse her made like passion also prove:
Who, seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With deare compassion deeply did emmove,
That she gan mone his undeserved smart,
And with her doelefull accent beare with him a part.

Shee sittting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournefull notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compynd that in the same

He seemed oft he heard his owne right name,
With that he forth would poure soplentuous teares,
And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged beares,
That could have perst the hearts of tigers and of beares.

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did use
Withouten dread of perill to repaire
Unto his wound, and with her mournefull muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
And every day, for gurdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That, at the last, of all his woes and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued long.

Upon a day, as she him sate beside,
By chance he certane miniments forth draw,
Which yet with him as relickes did abide
Of all the bounty which Belphoebe threw
On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew;
Amongst the rest a fewely rich he found,
That was a ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a little golden chaine about it bound.

The same he tooke, and with a riband new,
In which his Ladies colours were, did bind
About the turtles nekke, that with the vew
Did greatly solace his enquired mind.
All unwares the bird, when she did find
Herselfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaced,
And flew away as lightly as the wind:
Which sodaine accident him much dismaid;
And, looking after long, did marke which way she straid.

But whenas long he looked had in vaine,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weary eie return'd to him againe,
Full of discomfort and diuquisite plight,
That both his yuell he had lost so light,
And eke his deare companion of his care,
But that sweet bird departing flew fortheight,
Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,
Untill she came where wonned his Belphoebe faire.

There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
After late wendi joile which she had triade
In salvage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet.
There she, alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
As was her wont, thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting griefe that for her sake
Her gentle Squire through her displeasure did perrtak.

She, her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did marke about her purple breest
That precious iuell, which she formerly [drest:
Had knowne right well with colourd riblands
Therewith she rose in hast, and her adrest
With ready hand it to have rest away:
But the swift bird olabyd not her behest,
But swary'd aside, and there againe did stay;
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

And ever, when she nigh approacht, the dove
Would flit a little forward, and then stay
Till she drew neare, and then againe remove:
So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
And still from her escaping soft away:
Till that at length into that forrest wide
She drew her far, and led with slow delay:
In th' end she her unto that place did guide,
Whereas that woeful man in languor did abide.

Eftsomes she flew unto his fearelesse hand,
And there a piteous ditty new deviz'd,
As if she would have made him understand
His sorrows cause, to be of her despis'd: [guiz'd.,
Whom when she saw in wretched weeds dis-
With weare gib deform'd, and meager face,
Like ghost late risen from his grave agryz'd,
She knew him not, but pitied much his case,
And wisht it were in her to doe him any grace.

He, her beholding, at her feetes downe fell
And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,
And washt the same with water which did well
From his moist eyes, and like two streams pro-
ced;
Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
What mister wight he was, or what he meant;
But, as one daunted with her presence dread,
Onely few ruefull looks unto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

Yet nathemore his meaning she ared,
But wondred much at his so selcouth case;
And by his persons secret seemlyhed
Well wend he had beene some man of place,
Before misery did his Hew deface;
That, being mov'd with ruth, she thus despak;
"Ah! woeful man, what Heavens hard disgrace,
Or wrath of cruel wight on theewrake,
Or selfe-disliked life, both thee thus wrettched make!"

"If Heaven; then none may it redresse or blame,
Sith to His powre we all are subject borne!
If wrathfull wight; then fowle rebuke and shame
Be theirs who have so cruell thee forlorn!
But, if through inward griefe or wilfull scorne
Of life, it be; then better doe advise:
For he, whose daies in wilfull woe are wore,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not use his gifts for thamklesse nigardise."

When so he heard her say, eftsomes he brake
His sodaine silence which he long had pent,
And, sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake;
"Then have they all themselves against me bent!
For Heaven, first author of my languishment,
Envyng my too great felicitie,
Did closely with a cruell One consent
To cloud my daies in dolefull misery,
And make me boast this life, still longing for to die.

"Ne any but yourself, O dearest Dred,
Which I have done this wrong, to wrecake on wortlesse
Your high display, through misdeeming bred;
That, when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
Ye may redresse, and me restore to light!"
Which sorry words her mightie hart did mate
With mild regard to see his ruefull plight,
That her inburning wrath she gun abate,
And him receiv'd againe to former favours state.

In which he long time afterwards did lead
An happie life with grace and good accord,
Fearlesse of fortunes change or envies dread,
And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare Lord
The noble Prince, who never heard one word
Of tydings, what did unto him betide;
Or what good fortune did to him afford;
But through the endless world did wander wide,
Him seeking evermore, yet no where him descriue:

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
He chauset to come where those two Ladies late,
Amylia and Amoret, abode,
Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate;
The one right feeble through the evil rate
Of food, which in her duresse she had found;
The other almost dead and desperate
Through her late hurts, and through that hap-

With which the Squire, in her defence, her sore astound,

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rew
The evil case in which those Ladies lay;
But most was moved at the piteous vew
Of Amoret, so near unto decay;
That her great daunger did him much dismay,
Eftsomes that precious liquor forth he drew,
Which he in store about him kept alway.
And with few drops thereof did softly dew
Her wounds, that unto strength restor'd her soon anew.

Tho, when they both recovered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what evil guide
Them thether brought, and how their harmes
befell;
To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were unide
Of that same wicked Carle, by Virgins hand;
Whose bloudie cesse they shoowd him ther
beside,

Whom did mate] Did distress, did render so
ruefull. Todd.

And eke his cave in which they both were bond:
At which he wondered much when all those signs he fond.

And evermore he greatly did desire
To know, what Virgin did them thence unbind;
And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
Where was her won, and how he smote her hind.
But, wheras nought according to his mind
He could out-learne, he them from ground did
(No service lothsome to a gentle kind,) [reare,
And on his warlike beast them both did bear;
Himselfe by them on foot to succour them from fear.

So when that forest they had passed well,
A little cotage farre away they spied,
To which they drew ere night upon them fell;
And, entring in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman sitting there beside
Upon the ground in ragged rude attire,
With filthy locks about her scattered wide,
Gawning her nayles for fenesse and for yre,
And there out sucking venime to her parts entyre.

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse:
For she was stit with runcour and despipt
Up to the throat, that oft with bitterness
It forth would breake and gush in great excess,
Pouring out streams of poison and of gall
Gainst all that truth or vertine doe profess;
Whom she with leasings lowly did miscall
And wickedly backbite: Her name men Schaundra call.

Her nature is, all goodnesse to abuse,
And causelesse crimes continually to frame,
With which she guildesse persons may accuse,
And steals away the crowne of their good name:
Ne ever Knight so bold, ne ever Dame
So chast and loyall liv'd, but she would strive
With forged cause them falsely to defame;
Ne ever thing so well was doone alive,
But she with blame would blot, and of due praise deprive.

Her words were not, as common words are ment,
T' express the meaning of the inward mind,
But noysome breath, and poysonous spirit sent
From inward parts, with canced malice lind,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind;
Which passing through the eares would pierce the hart,
And wound the soul with griefe unkind;
For, like the stings of aspess that kill with smart,
Her spightfull words did pricke and wound the inner part.

Such was that Hag, nuncle to host such guests,
Whom greatest Princes Court would welcome
fayne:
But noode, that answers not to all requests,
Bad them no looke for better entertainne;

— her parts entyre.] Her inner parts.
CHURCH.
ENTERTAINNE.] Entertainment. CHURCH.

And eke that age despised niceness vaine,
Eunr'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
Which them to warlike discipline did rayne,
And manly limbs endur'd with life care
Against all hard mishaps and fortunate misfare.

Then all that evening, welcomeed with cold
And chearelesse hunger, they togethers spent;
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did scold
And rayle at them with grudgefull discontent;
For lodging there without her owne consent:
Yet they endured all with warlike mide,
And unto rest themselves all onely lent,
Regardlesse of that queene so base and vile
To be unsmist bland and bitterly revilde.

Here well I weene, wheras these rimes be red
With misregard, that some rash-witted wight,
Whose losser thought will lightly be misled,
These gentle Ladies will misleeeme too light
For thus conversing with this noble Knight;
Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spright
For ought will from his greedie pleasure spare:
More hard for hungry steed t' abstaine from pleasant lare.

But antique Age, yet in the infancy
Of time, did live then, like an innocent,
In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie;
Ne then of guile had made experiment;
But, voide of vile and treacherous intent,
Held Vertue, for itselve, in soveraine awe;
Then loyall Love had royall regiment,
And each unto his lust did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw.

The lyon there did with the lambe consort,
And eke the dove sate by the faulcons side;
Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
But did in safe securitie abide,
Withouten perill of the stronger pride:
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old,
(Whereof it hight,) and, having shortly tride
The trayses of wit, in wickednesse woxe hold,
And dared of all sinnes the secrets to unfold.

Then Beautie, which was made to represent
The great Creatures owne resemblance bright,
Unto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
And made the baite of bestial delight: [sight;
Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in
And that, which wont to vanquish God and man,
To endure is, continue, &c. To avoid therefore ambiguitie perhaps Spenser wrote indured, i.e. hardened, Ital. indurato, Lat. induratus. UPTON.
A place where cattle usually rest, under some shelter; here to be understood for pasture.

The pride of the stronger creature. CHURCH.
That is, worse being old, or warre or worse. CHURCH.
And that, which wont &c.] I apprehend, he means innocence. CHURCH.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

CANTO VIII.

XXXII. At length they spied where towards them with speed
        A Squire came gallopping, as he would fie,
        Bearing a little Dwarfie before his steed,
        That all the way full loud for aide did cry,
        That seem'd his shrieks would rend the brasse
        Whom after did a mighty man pursuie, [ski
        Ryding upon a dromedare on hie,
        Of stature huge, and horrible of how,
        That would have made a man his dreadful face to vew :

XXXIII. For from his fearfull eyes two fearie beams,
        More sharpe then points of needles, did proceed,
        Shooting forth farre away two flaming streams,
        Full of sad powre, that poysmons bale did breed
        To all that on him lookt without good heed,
        And secretly his enemies did slay:
        Like as the basilisk, of serpents seedle,
        From powrefull eyes close veinim doth convey
        Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

XXXIV. He all the way did rage at that same Squire,
        And after him full many threatening threw,
        With curses vaine in his avalanche fire :
        But none of them (so fast away he flew)
        Him overtook before he came in vew :
        Where when he saw the Prince in armour bright,
        He cold to him alond his case to row,
        And rescue him, through succour of his might,
        From that his cruel foe that him pursuied in sight.

XXXV. Eftsoones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies
twain,
        From loffe steede, and mounting in their stead
        Came to that Squire yet trembling every vaine :
        Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread :
        Who as he gan the same to him aread,
        Lo! hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
        With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
        That unto death had done him unredrest,
        Had not the noble Prince his readie stroke repress :

XXXVI. Who, thrusting boldly twist him and the blow,
        The burden of the deadly brunt did bare
        Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw
        Over his head, before the harnie came neare:
        Nathlesse it fell with so despietous dreae
        And heavi sway, that hard unto his crownne
        The shield it drove, and did the covering reare:
        Therewith both Squire and Dwarfie did tumble
downe
        Unto the earth, and lay long while in senseless swome.

XXXVII. Whereat the Prince, full wrath, his strong right
        In full avengement heaved up on hie, [hand
        And stroke the Pagan with his stedy brond
        So sore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
        He bowe low, and so a while did lie :
        And sure, had not his massie yron mace
        Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
        It would have left him to the girding place :
        Yet, as it was, it did astonish him long space.
XLIV.
But, when he to himselfe returnd againe,
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
And vow by Mahomme that he should be slaine.
With that his murdrous mace he vp did reare,
That seemed mightly the sorne thereof could beare,
And therewith smote at him with all his might:
But, ere that it to him approache neare,
The royall Child with readye quick foresight
Did shun the prooue thereof and it avoyded light.

XLV.
But, ere his hand he could recure againe
To ward his bodye from the balefull stound,
He smote at him with all his might and maine
So furiously that, ere he wist, he found
His heade before him tumbling on the ground;
The whites his babling tongue did yet blaspheme
And curse his god that did him so confound;
The whiles his life ran forth in bloudie streame,
His soule descended downe into the Stygian reame.

XLVI.
Which when that Squire beheld, he waxe ful glad
To see his foe breath out his spriugt in vaine:
But that same Dwarfe right sore seen'd and sad,
And howld alond to see his Lord there slaine,
And rent his haire and scratcht his face for paine.
Then gan the Prince at pleasure to inquire
Of all the accident there hapned plaine,
And what he was whose eyes did flame with fire:
All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

XLVII.
"This mightie man," quoth he, "whom you have slaine,
Of an huge Geanmesse whylome was bred;
And by his strength rule to himselfe did gaine
Of many nations into thrallome led,
And mightie kinegdomes of his force adored;
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bluetooth fight,
Ne hostes of men with bannners brote dispred,
But by the powre of his infectious sight,
With which he killed all that came within his might.

XLVIII.
"Ne was he ever vanquished afore,
But ever vanquishd all with whom he fought;
Ne was there man so strong, but he downe bore;
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
Unto his bay, and captived her thought:
For most of strength and beautie his desire
Was spoyle to make, and wast them unto nought,
By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
From his false eyes into their harts and parts entire.

XLIX.
"Therefore Corflanabo was he calld aight,
Though namelesse there his boide now doth lie;
Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
The faire Peam; who seems outwardly
So faire as ever yet saw living eie;
And, were her vertue like her beautie bright,
She were as faire as any under skie:
But ah! she given is to vaine delight,
And eke too loose of life, and eke of love too light.

L.
"So, as it fell, there was a gentle Squire
That lov'd a Ladye of high parentage;
But, for his memne degree might not aspire
To match so high, her friends with counsell sage
Dissuaded her from such a disparage:
But she, whose hart to love was wholly bent,
Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
But, firmely following her first intent,
Resolv'd with him to wend, gainst all her friends consent.

LI.
"So twixt themselves they pointed time and place;
To which when he according did repaire,
An hard mishap and dangerous case
Him channest; instead of his Eamyia faire,
This Gyants some, that lies there on the haire
An headlesse heape, him mwasere there caught;
And all dismayed through merciless despare
Him wretched thrall unto his dougene brought,
Where he remains of all unsuccour'd and unsought.

LII.
"This Gyants daughter came upon a day
Unto the prison, in her joyous gle:
To view the thralds which there in bondage lay:
Amongst the rest she chanced there to see
This lovely swaine, the Squire of low degree;
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
And woodd him her paramour to bee:
From day to day she wou'd and prayd him fast,
And for his love him promist libertie at last.

LIII.
"He, though affile unto a former Love,
To whom his faith he firmely ment to hold,
Yet seeing not how thene he mote remove,
But by that meanes which fortune did unfold,
Her granted love, but with affection cold,
To win her grace his libertie to get:
Yet she him still detaines in captive hold,
Fearing, least if she should him freely set,
He would her shortly leave, and former love forget.

LIV.
"Yet so much favour she to him hath bight
Above the rest, that he sometimes may space
And walk about her gardens of delight,
Having a keeper still with him in place;
Which keeper is this Dwarfe, her deareing base,
To whom the keyes of every prison dore
By her committed be, of especiall grace,
And at his will may whom he list restore,
And, whom he list, reserve to be afflicted more.

LV.
"Whereof when tydings came unto mine ear,
Full illiy sorie, for the fervent zealme
Which I to him as to my soule did beare,
I tither went; where I did long conceale
Myselfe, till that the Dwarfe did me revelle,
And told his Dame her Squire of low degree
Did secretly out of her prison steale;
For me he did mistake that Squire to bee;
For never two so like did living creature see.

L. 5. — disparage] Disparagement, a word used by
Chaucer. 
L. 7. — through merciless despera] Through des-
pair that had no hopes of mercy. Church.

"There he shrieked aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
And me pursew'd; but nathemore would I
Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
But have perfose him fether brought away."
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

So love of soule doth love of bodily passe, 
No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meaneest brasse.

All which who list by tryall to assay, 
Shall in this storie find approved plaine: [sway
In which these Squires true friendship more did 
Then either care of parents could refraine,
Or love of fairest ladies could constraine.
For though Peana were as faire as morne,
Yet did this trustie Squire with proud disdain
For his friends sake of her offred favours sourne,
And she herselfe her sryre of whom she was yborne.

Now, after that Prince Arthur granted had
To yeeld strong succour to that gentle Swayne,
Who now long time had lyen in prison sad:
He gan advise how best he mote darrayne
That entenprize, for greatest glories gaine.
That headlesse Tyrants tronke he recd from ground,
And, having ymphte the head to it agayne,
Upon his usuall beast it firmeely bound,
And made it so to ride as it selfe was found.

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd
Before the ryder, as he captive were: [srayd,
And made his Dwarfe, though with unwilling
To guide the beast that did his Maistor bare,
Till to his Castle they approched nere:
Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward,
Saw comming home, all voide of doubtfull feare
He, running downe, the gate to him unbar'd:
Whom straight the Prince ensuing in together far'd.

There did he find in her delitious bourn
The faire Peana playing on a rote,
Complayning of her cruel paramour, 
And singing all her sorrow to the tune,
As she had learned readyly by rote;
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight
The Prince halfe waft began to her dote;
Till, better him bethinking of the right.
He her unawares attac'd, and captivd held by might.

Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceived
Her owne deare Sire, she calle to him for aide:
But when of him no answe were she receiv'd,
But saw him sencesse by the Squire upside,
She weened well that then she was betray'd:
Then gan she loudely cry, and wepe, and waile,
And that same Squire of treason to upbraide:
But all in vaine; her plaints might not prevale;
Ne none there was to rescue her, ne none to baile.

Then tooke he that same Dwarfe, and him compeld
To open unto him the prison dore,
And forth to bring those thralles which there he held.
Thence forth were brought to him above a score
Of Knights and Squires to him unknowne afore:
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And unto former liberty restore.
Amongst the rest that Squire of low degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like himselfe to bee.

Whom soon as faire Amylia beheld
And Phaeth, they both unto him ran,
And him embracing fast betwixe them held,
Striving to comfort him all that they can,
And kissing off his visage pale and wan:
That faire Peana, them beholding both,
Gan both envy, and bitterly to baun;
Through jealous passion weeping inly woth,
To see the sight perfere that both her eyes were both.

But when awhile they had together beene,
And diversly conferred of their case,
She, though full oft she both of them had seene
Asunder, yet not ever in one place,
Began to doubt, when she them saw embrase,
Which was the captive Squire she lov'd so deare,
Deceived through great likeness of their face:
For they so like in person did appear,
That she much discerned whether whether were.

And eke the Prince when he than avized,
Their like resemblance much admired there,
And maz'd how Nature had so well disguised
Her worke, and counterfeit herselfe so iere,
As if that by one paternne scene somewhere
She had them made a paragon to be;
Or whether it through skill or error were.
Thus gaz'ing long at them much wondered he;
So did the other Knights and Squires which him did see.

Then gan they ransacke that same Castle strong,
In which he found great store of hoarded treasure.
The which that Tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortuous powre, without respect or measure.
Upon all which the Briton Prince made seasure,
And afterwards continu'd there a while
To rest himselfe, and solace in soft pleasure.
Those weaker Ladies after weary sole;
To whom he did divide part of his purchast spoile.

And, for more ioy, that captive Lady faire,
The faire Peana, he enlarged free,
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire
To feast and frolickke; mathemore would she
Showglad some countenance nor pleasumant glee;
But griefed was for losse both of her sire,
And eke of lordship with both land and foe;
But most she toucht was with griefe entire
For losse of her new Love, the hope of her desire.

[BOOK II.]

III. 3. — these Squires. Amyas and Phaethas. TODD.
IV. 7. — yeelp. A term in Faulconery. "To iump a feather in a hawk's wing, is to add a new piece to an old broken stump." KEROY. CHURCH.
VI. 2. — playing on a rote. The rote is supposed to have been the ancient pauperium, TODD.
URTON.

[xix, 2. — he] I think it should be they or we.
CHURCH.
At length they came whereas a troupe of knights
They saw together skirmishing, as seemed:
Sixe they were all, all full of fell desipt,
But fourte of them the battell best beseeomed,
That which of them was best mote not be deemed.
These foure were they from whom false Florimel
By Braggadocio latly was redeemed;
To weet, sterne Droun, and lovey Claribell,
Love-lavish Blandamour, and lustfull Paridell.

Drumours delight was all in single life,
And unto Ladies love would lend no pleasure
The more was Claribell enraged rife
With fervent flames, and loved out of measure:
So eke lov'd Blandamour, but yet at pleasure
Would change his liking, and new Lennias prove:
But Paridell of love did make no theasure,
But hasted after all that him did move:
So diversely these foure dispos'd were to love.

But those two other, which beside them stoo'd,
Were Britomart and gentle Scudamour;
Who all the while beheld their wrathful moods,
And wondred at their impacable store;
Whose like they never saw till that same houre:
So dreadful strokes each did at other drive,
And laid on lead with all their might and powre,
As if that every dint the ghost would rive.
Out of their wretched corses, and their lives deprive.

As when Dan Aolus, in great displeasure
For losse of his deere Love by Neptune hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden theasure
Upon the sea to wrike his full intont;
They, breaking forth with rude unruliment
From all fowre parts of heaven, doe rage full sore,
And tose the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide uprort;
As if instead thereof they Chaos would restore.

Cause of their discord and so fell debate
Was for the love of that same snowy Mail,
Whom they had lost in Turneyment of late;
And, seeking long to weet which way she straid,
Met heret; where, through lend unwrapp'd
Of Até and Duessa, they fell out;
And each one taking part in others side
This cruel confict rais'd therabout;
Whose dangerous successes depended yet in doubt.

For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour
The better had, and bet the others backe;
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
And on their fots did work their cruel wracke:
Yet neither would their fiend-like fery slacke,
But evermore their malecite did augment;
Till that uneth they forced were, for lacke
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And rest themselves for to recover spirits spent.

There gan they change their sides, and new parts
For Paridell did take to Drumers side,
The Faerie Queene.

For old despight which now forth newly brake
Gainst Blandamour whom alwayes he envieth;
And Blandamour to Claribell reheide:
So all afresh gan former fight renew.

As when two larkes, this carried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary courses sew.
If wind and tide doe change, their courses change
anew.

Therefore such much more furiously gan fare,
As if but then the battell had begonne;
Ne helmets bright ne haubocks strong did spare,
That through the clifs the vermeil blood out sponne,
And all adowne their riven sides did ronne.

Paint friends when they fall out most cruell fownd bee.

Thus they long while continued in fight;
Till Scudamour and that same Briton Maid
By fortune in that place did chance to light:
Whom soone as they with wrathfull fies bewraide,
They gan remember of the bowle upbraide,
The which that Britonesse had to them done
In that late Turney for the snowy Maid;
Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
Of fell revenge, in their malicious mood
They from themselves gan turne their furious ire,
And cruel blades yet steaming with whet blood
Against those two let drive, as they were wood:
Who wondering much at that so sodaine fit,
Yet rought dismayd, them stoutly well withstand;
Ne yeelded footes, ne once alacke did fit,
But, being doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

The warlike Dame was on her part assaid
Of Claribell and Blandamour attone;
And Parideal and Durnon fiercely laid
At Scudamour, both his professed fume:
Foure charged two, and two surcharged one;
Yet did those two themselves so bravely beare,
That th'o' other little gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed ducly wenere,
And usuury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
To speake to them, and some emparcance move;
But they for nought their cruel handes would stay,
Ne lend an ear to onght that might behove.
As when an eager mastiffe once cloth prove
The tast of blood of some engoreld beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
From greedy hold of that his bloodly feast:
So little did they hearken to her sweet beleave.

Whom when the Briton Prince afarre beheld
With ods of so unequall match oppress,

His mightie heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge bid his heroike brest:
Eftsoones himselfe he to their aide address,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest peace
Divided them, however loth to rest;
And would them faire from battell to succorse,
With gentle words persuading them to friendly peace:

But they so farre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him dзван would beare:
Like to a storme which hovers under skie,
Long here and there and round about both stie,
At length breaks downe in raine, and hail, and sleet,
First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie;
And then another, till that likewise fleet;
And so from side to side till all the world it weet.

But now their forces greatly were decayed,
The Prince yet being fresh untoucheid alore:
Who them with speeches milde gan first disswade
From such foule outraghe, and them long forbore:
Till, seeing them through suffrance hartned now,
Himselfe he bent their furies to abate,
And layd at them so sharply and so sore,
That shortly them compellid to retire,
And being brought in danager to relent too late.

But now his courage being throughly fired,
He meant to make them know their fellows prisse,
Had not those two him instantly deriert
To asswage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise:
At whose request he gan himselfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tarmes, as list them to devise;
Monstg which the cause of their so cruel heat
He did them aske; who all that passed gan repeat.

And told at large how that same Errant Knight,
To weet, faire Britomart, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight
Both of their publicke praise had them despyled,
And also of their private Loves begavled;
Of two full hard to read the harder theft.
But she that wrongfull challenge some assoyled,
And shew'd that she had not that Lady reit,
(As they supposid,) but her had to her liking left.

To whom the Prince thus goodly well replied;
"Cerice, Sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame
To rip up wrong that battell once hath tried;
Wherein the honor both of Armes ye shane,
And eke the love of Ladies foule defaune;
To whom the world this franchise ever yeilded,
That of their Loves chosse they might freedom clame,
[shielded.
And in that right should by all Knights be
Gainst which, me seemes, this war ye wrongfully
have yeielded."
XXXVIII.
"And yet," quoth she, "a greater wrong remains:
For I thereby my former love have lost;
Whom seeking ever since with endless pangs
Hath me much sorrow and much troublous cost:
Aye me, to see that gentle Maide so lost!"
But Scudamour then sighing deep thus saide;
"Certes her losse ought me to sorrow most,
Whose right she is, whereof she be straide,
Through many perils wome, and many fortunes waide:

"For from the first that I her love profest,
Unto this hour, this present huckleless howre,
I never joyd happyesse nor rest;
But thus turmold from one to other stowre
I wast my life, and doe my dais devoure
In wretched anguishe and incessant woe,
Passing the measure of my feeble powre;
That, living thus a wretch and loving so,
I neither can my love ne yet my life forgo."
Whose office was against all manner wights
By all means to maintaine that Castels ancient

viii.

"Before that Castle was an open plaine,
And in the midst thereof a pillar placed;
On which this Shield, of many sought in vaine,
The shield of Love, whose guardon me hath

Was hanged on high with golden ribbands laced;
And in the marble stone was written this,
With golden letters Gouldly well encchanted;
Blessed be that man which can use this blis:
Whose ever be the shield, faire Amoret be his.

ix.

"Which when I red, my heart did only carnge,
And pant with hope of that adventures hap;
Ne stayed further newes thereof to learn,
But with my speare upon the shield did rap,
That all the castle ringed with the clap.

Strait forth asswcd a Knight all arm'd to prove,
And bravely mounted to his most mishap:
Who, staying nought to question from aloofe,

Ran fierce at me, that fire glanste from his horses hoofe.

x.

"Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune shortly him unseated.
Eftsoones outspawng two more of equall mould;
But I them both with equall hap defeated:

So all the twenty I likewise entranced,
And left them grooving there upon the plaine.
Then, prencing to the pillow, I repeated
The read thereof for guardon of my paine,
And, taking downe the sheld, with me did it re-
taine.

xi.

"So forth without impediment I past,
Till to the bridges utter gate I came;
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.
I knockt, but no man answerd me by name;
I calld, but no man answerd to my clame;
Yet I persweard still to knocke and call;
Till at the last I spide within the same
Where one stood peeping through a crevis small,
To whom I calld calld, halfe angry therewithall.

xii.

"That was to weet the porter of the place,
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:
His name was Douall, that had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, th' other backward

Therein resembling Janus ancient [bent,
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proved perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt, some ill whose cause did not appeare.

xiii.

"On th' one side he, on th' other sate Delay,
Behind the gate, that none her espy
Whose manner was, all passengers to stay
And entertaine with her occasions sly;

xiv.

"Me wheres he had privily espide
Bearing the shield which I had conquerd late,
He kept it straight, and bo me opened wide;
So in 1 past, and straight he closed the gate.

But being in, Delay in close awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,
And time to stale, the threasure of mans day,
Whose smallest minute lost no riches render may.

xv.

"But by no meanes my way I would forslow
For ought that ever she could doe or say;
But from my lofty steede dismounting low
Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
The Goodly works, and stances of rich assay,
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
That like on earth no where I reckon may;
And underneath, the river rolling still
With murmer of soft, that seem'd to serve the work-
mans will.

xvi.

"Thence forth I passed to the second gate,
The gate of Good Desert, whose goodly pride
And costly frame were long here to relate:
The same to all stode awaite open wide;
But in the porch did evermore abide
An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entrance with his spawson stride,
And with the terrour of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else faire enter would:

xvii.

"His name was Daunger, dreaded over all;
Who day and night did watch and daudly ward
From fearefull cowards entrance to forstall
And faint-heart-fooke, whom shew of peril hard
Could terrifie from fortunes faire advaite:
For oftentimes faint hearts, at first espiai
Of his grim face, were from approaching seard:
Unworthy they of grace, whom one desiai
Excludes from fairest hope withouten further triall.

xviii.

"Yet many mighty warriors, often tride
In greater perils to be stoute and hold.
Durst not the sternesse of his looke abide;
But, soone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feele their courage cold.
Again, some other, that in hard assais
Were cowards knowne, and little count did hold.
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of the kaiues.

xix.

"But I, though meanest man of many moe,
Yet much disshaining unto him to loute.
Or crepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
Resolv'd him to assail with manhood stout,
And either beat him in or drive him out.
Eftsoones, advancing that enchanted shield,
With all my might I gan to lay about: [wield]  
Which when he saw, the glave which he did  
He gan forthwith t'avele, and way unto me yield.

"So, as I entred, I did backward looke,  
For feare of harme that might lie hidden there;  
And loe! his hindeparts, whereof heed I tooke,  
Much more deformed, fearfull, ugly were,  
Then all his former parts did earst appeare:  
For Hatred, Murther, Treason, and Despight,  
With many more lay in ambushment there;  
Awaying to entrap the wareless wight  
Which did not them prevent with vigilant foresight.

"Thus having past all peril, I was come  
Within the compass of that Islands space;  
The which did seeme, unto my simple doome,  
The only pleasant and delightfull place  
That ever trodden was of footings trace:  
For all that Nature by her mother-wit [base,  
Could frame in earth, and forme of substance  
Was there; and all that Nature did omit,  
Art, playing second Natures part, supplied it.

"No tree, that is of count, in greenwood growes,  
From lowest juniper to cedar tall;  
No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,  
And deckes his branch with blossomes over all,  
But there was planted, or grew naturall:  
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,  
But there mote find to please itselfe withall;  
Nor hart could wish for any quaint device,  
But there it present was, and did fruite sense etince.

"In such luxurious plente of all pleasure,  
It seem'd a second paradise I ghesse,  
So laviishly enrich'd with Natures treasure,  
That if the happy soules, which doe possess  
Th' Elysian fields and live in laughing bliss,  
Should happen this with living eye to see,  
They soon would loathe their lesser happinesse,  
And wish to life return'd againe to bee,  
That in this joyous place they mote have ioyance free.

"Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray  
Faire lawnds, to take the summe in season dew;  
Sweet springs, in which a thousand nymphs did play;  
Soft-rombling brookes, that gentle slumber drew;  
High-reared mounts, the lands about to view;  
Low-looking dailes, disloign'd from common gaze;  
Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers draw;  
False labyrinthes, foul runners eyes to daze;  
All which by Nature made did Nature selfe amaze.

"And all without were walks and alleys dight  
With divers trees enrag'd in even rankes;  
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight.

\[\text{Canto X.}\]
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

And shadie seates, and sundry flowring bankes,  
To sit and rest the walkers wareie shankes:  
And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,  
Praying their god, and yeelding him great thanks,  
Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,  
Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

"All these together by themselves did sport  
Their spotlesse pleasures and sweet loves content.  
But, farre away from these, another sort,  
Of lovers looke in true harts consent;  
Which loved not as these for like intent,  
But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,  
Farre from all fraud or fayned blamishment;  
Which, in their spirits kindling zealous fire,  
Brave thoughts and noble deedes did evermore aspire.

"Such were great Hercules, and Hyllus deare;  
Trew Iovian, and David trustie tryde;  
Stout Theseeus, and Piritous his feare;  
Pylades, and Orestes by his syde;  
Myld Titus, and Gesippus without pryde;  
Damon, and Pythias, whom death could not sever.  
All these, and all that ever had bene tyde  
In bands of friendship, there did live for ever;  
Whose lives although decy'd, yet loves decayed never.

"Which whenas I, that never tast dlis  
Nor happy bowre, beheld with gazefull eye,  
I thought there was none other heaven then this;  
And gan their endless happinesse enjoye,  
That being free from fear and gealosye  
Might frankly there their loves desire possessse;  
Whilst I, through pains and perils jeopardie,  
Was forst to seeke my lifes deare patronesse:  
Much dearer be the things which come through hard distresse.

"Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,  
Might not my steps withhold but that forthright  
Unto that purpose place I did me draw,  
Whereas my Love was lodg'd day and night,  
The Temple of great Venus, that is hight  
The queenne of Beatuie, and of Love the mother,  
There worshipp'd of every living wight;  
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other  
That ever were on earth, all were they set together.

"Not that same famous temple of Diane,  
Whose hight all Ephesius did oversee,  
And which all Asia sought with voyces prophane,  
One of the Worlds Seven Wonders sayd to bee,  
Might match with this by many a degree:  
Nor that, which that Wise King of Iurie framed  
With endless cost to be th' Almighties See;  
Nor all, that else through all the world is named  
To all the heathers gods, might like to this be clamed.

\[\text{XXV.}\]  
\[\text{of any balkt}\]  
\[\text{Nor ever were disappointed by any on account of rebuke or blame. Upton.}\]

\[\text{Canto III.}\]  
\[\text{favors.}\]  
\[\text{Companion.}\]  

\[\text{Canto X.}\]  
\[\text{See}\]  
\[\text{Sit.}\]  
\[\text{habitation. We still use it when we say, A bishop's see. Upton.}\]
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

[BOOK IV.

XXXI. "I, much admiring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approach't, which open stood;
But therein sate an amiable Dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood:
Strange was her tyre; for on her head a crowne
She wore, much like unto a Danish hood, [gowne
Poudred with pearle and stone; and all her
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low adowne.

XXXII. "On either side of her two young men stood,
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrarie natures each to other:
The one of them bight Love, the other Hate;
Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother;
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Then th' elder, and him mayrested still in all debate.

XXXIII. "Nathlesse that Dame so well them tempered both,
That she them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely band:
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
That her commandment he could not withstand,
But bit his lip for felonous despight,
And washt his yron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

XXXIV. "Concord she deeped was in common reed,
Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship grew;
They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,
And she herselfe likewise divinely grew;
The which right well her workes divine did shew:
For strength and wealth and happinesse she lends,
And strife and warre and anger does subdue;
Of little muel, of foes she maketh friends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

XXXV. "By her the heaven is in his course contained,
And all the world in state unmoved stands,
As their Almighty Maker first ordained,
And bound them with invincible bands;
Else would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devour the ayre, and hell them quight;
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

XXXVI. "By her I entering half dismayed was;
But she in gentle wise me entertained,
And twixt herselfe and Love did let me pass;
But Hatred would my entrance have restrayned,
And with his club me threaten'd to have brayned,
Had not the Ladie with her powerfull speach

XXXVII. Him from his wicked will unethe refrayned;
And th' other eke his malice did empeach
Till I was throughly past the peril of his reach.

XXXVIII. "Into the inmost temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with franksence I found
And odours rising from the altars flame.
Upon an hundred marble pillars round
The roof up high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and girlands gay,
And thousand preestious gifts worth many a pound,
The which said Lovers for their vows did pay;
And all the ground was strow'd with flowres as fresh as May.

XXXIX. "An hundred altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the Temple swet,
Which rould in clouds to heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true Lovers vows entire;
And eke an hundred brasen cauldrons bright,
To bath in joy and amorous desire,
Every of which was to a Danzell hight;
For all the Priests were Danzels in soft limenight.

XL. "Right in the midst the goddesse selfe did stand
Upon an altar of some costly masse,
Whose substance was unath to understand:
For neither precious stone, nor durefull brass,
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But much more rare and pretious to esteem,
Pure in aspect, and like to cristall glasse;
Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme;
But, being faire and brickle, likest glasse did seeme.

XLI. "But it in shape and beantie did excell
All other idoles which the heath'en adore,
Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in Iaphus isle of yore, [lores
With which that wretched Greecke, that lie for-
Did fall in love; yet this much fairer shined,
But covered with a slender veile afore;
And both her feetes and legs together tyued
Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast comblyned.

XLII. "The cause why she was covered with a veile
Was hard to know, for that her priests the same
From peoples knowledge labourd to conceale:
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish, which the worke mote blame;
But for (they say) she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name:
She syre and mother is herselfe alone,
Begetts and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

XLIII. And all about her necke and shoulders flew
A flocke of little Loves, and Sports, and joyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whose shapes seemd not like to terestriall boyes,

XXXVI. 7. ------ a Danish hood.] A Danish hood.Todd.

XXXVII. 5. ------ brayed,] To have dasked out the brains.

XXXVIII. 8. And th' other] That is, Love. Church.

XXXVIII. 9. ------ bright;] Committed. Todd.
But like to angels playing heavenly toyes;  
The whilsts their eldest brother was away;  
Cupid their eldest brother : He enjoyes  
The wide kingdom of Love with lordly sway,  
And to his law compells all creatures to obey.

"And all about her altar scattered lay  
Great sorts of Lovers piteously complaining,  
Some of their losse, some of their loves decay,  
Some of their pride, some paragons dislaying,  
Some fearing fraud, some from halfe to whole,  
As every one had cause of good or ill.  
Amongst the rest some one, through Love's con-
tormented sore, could not contente it still,  
But thus brake forth, that all the Temple it did fill;

"Great Venus! queen of Beauty and of Grace,  
The joy of gods and men, that under skie  
Doest fairest shine, and most adorn thy place;  
That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie  
The raging seas, and makst the stormes to file;  
Thee, goddessse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare;  
And, when thou sprest thine mantle forth on hie,  
The waters play, and pleasant lands appear,  
And heavens laugh, and all the world shows loy-
ous cheare:

"Then doth the daedale earth throw forth to thee  
Out of her fruitfull lap abounding flowers;  
And then all living wights, soone as they see  
The Spring breaketh forth out of his lustie bowres,  
They all doe learne to play the paramours:  
First doe the merry birds, thy pretty pages,  
Privily pricked with thy lustfull powres,  
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,  
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly pages.

"Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play  
Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted food:  
The Lyons rore; the tygers loudly bray;  
The raging buls rebellow through the wood,  
And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest flood  
To come where thou dost draw them with desire:  
So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,  
Soone as with fury thou dost them inspire,  
In generation seekte to quench their inward fire.

"So all the world by thee at first was made,  
And dayly yet thou dost the same repaye  
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,  
Ne ought on earth that lovely is and layre,  
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepare:  
Thou arst the root of all that loyness is:  
Great god of men and women, queen of thy ayre,  
Mother of laughter, and weeping of blisses,  
O graunt that of my Love at last I may not misse!

So did he say; but I with murmure soft,  
That none might hearse the sorrow of my hart.

Yet inly growinge deep and sighinge oft,  
Besought her to graunt ease unto my smart,  
And to my wandring graces help impart.  
Whilsts thus I speake, behold! with happy eye  
I spiede where at the Iodes feete part.

A beaute of fayre Damzels close did lye,  
Wayting wheras the anthesue should be sung on hye

"The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares  
And graver countenance then all the rest;  
Yet all the rest were eke her equall pleasures,  
Yet unto her obeyed all the best:  
Her name was Womanhood, that she express  
By her sad semblant and demeanour wyse:  
For stelfast still her eyes did fixed rest,  
Ne rovd at random, after gazers guys.

Whose huring baytes oftimes doe heedlesse harts  
entysse.

"And next to her sate goodly Shamefastnesse,  
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground uprearre,  
Ne ever once did looke up from her desse,  
As if some blame of evil she did feare,  
That in her cheeke made roses oft appeare:  
And her against sweet Cherefulness was placed,  
Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in eveninge cleare,  
Were deckt with smyles that all sad humors  
cheded,  
And darted forth delights the whic her goodly  
graced.

"And next to her sate sober Modestie,  
Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;  
And her against sate comely Curteisye,  
That unto every person knew her part;  
And her before was seated overhauour,  
Soft Silence, and submisse Obedience,  
Both linckt together never to dispar;  
Both gifts of God not gotten but from thenee;  
Both girldons of his Saints against their foes offence.

"Thus sate they all around in seemely rate:  
And in the midst of them a goodly Mayd  
(Even in the lap of Womanhood) there sate,  
The which was all in lyly white array'd,  
With silver streames amongst the linnen stray'd;  
Like to the Morne, when first her snowing face  
Hath to the gloomy world itself bewray'd:  
That same was fairest Amoret in place,  
Shying with beauties light and heavenly vertues grace.

"Whome soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb  
And wade in doubt what best were to be donee:  
For sacrilege me seem'd the church to rob;  
And folly seem'd to leave the thing undone,  
Which with so strong attempt I had begonne,  
The, shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,  
Which Ladys love I heard had never wanne  
Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped nere,  
And by the lilly hand her labour'd up to reare.

"By her sad semblant] Grave countenance. See  
st. 31. Church.

"and girldons] So all the editions. Queere, gar-
dions, as Spenser would have spelt it. Church.

"in seemely rate] Rate here signifies manner
Lat. ratio. Church.
"Thereat that foremost Matrone me did blame,  
And sharpe rebate for being over-hold;  
Saying it was to Knight unseemly shame,  
Upon a refus Virgins to lay hold,  
That unto Venus services was sold.  
To whom I thus; Nay, but it fitteth best  
For Cupids man with Venus mayd to hold;  
For all your goddesses services are drest  
By Virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest."

"With that my Shield I forth to her did show,  
Which all that while I closely had conceal'd  
On which when Cupid with his killing bow  
And cruel shafts embazond she beheld,  
At sight thereof she was with terror queld,  
And said no more; but I, which all that while  
The pledges of faith her hand engaged held,  
(like warie hynd within the weedie soyle,)  
For no intreatie would forgoe so glorios spoyle.

"And evermore upon the goddesses face  
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence:  
Whom when I saw with amiable grace  
To laugh on me, and fav'ring my pretence,  
I was emboldned with more confidence;  
And, nought for niceness nor for envy sparing,  
In presence of them all forth led her thence,  
All looking on, and like astonish staring,  
Yet to lay hand on her not one of all them daring.

"She often prayd, and often me besought,  
Sometime with tender tears to let her goe,  
Sometime with witching rayles: but yet, for  
That ever she to me could say or doe, [nought  
Could she her wished freedom fro me woe;  
But forth I led her through the Temple gate,  
By which I hardly pass with much ado:  
But that same Ladie, which me friended late  
In entrance, did me also friend in my retreate.

"No lesse did Damger threaten me with dread,  
Whenas he saw me, mangye all his powre,  
That glorious spoyle of Beatucie with me lead,  
Then Cerberus, when Orpheas did recourse  
His Leman from the Stygian princes house.  
But evermore my Shield did me defend  
Against the storne of every dreadfull stoure:  
Thus safely with my Love I thence did wend."

CANTO XI.

Mornells former wound is heal'd;  
His comes to Proteus hall,  
Where Thames doth the Midway wend,  
And feast the sea-gods all.

But ah! for pitty that I have thus long  
Left a fayre Ladie languishing in payne!

THE FAERIE QUEENE. [BOOK IV.

Now well away I that I have done such wrong,  
To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,  
In bands of love, and in sad thraldomes shone:  
From which, unless some heavenly powre she  
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,  
[free  
She lender yet is like captiv'd to bee;  
That ever to thynke thereof it ily pitties mee.

Here neede you to remember, how erewhile  
Unlovely Proteus, missing to his mind  
That Virgins love to win by wit or wile,  
Her threw into a dungeon depe and blind,  
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,  
In hope thereby to his bent to draw:  
For, whereas neither gifts nor graces kind  
Her constant mind could move at all he saw,  
He thought her to compell by cruelite and awe.

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke  
The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,  
That neither yrnen barres, nor bracen lockes,  
Did neede to gard from force or secret theft  
Of all her lovers which would have herte to:  
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and rost  
As they the chiffe in pieces would have cleft;  
Besides, ten thousand monsters fade ahur'd  
Did waite about it, gaping grisly, all beg'd.

And in the midst thereof did Horror dwell,  
And Darkenesse dredd that never viewed day,  
Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,  
In which old Styx her aged bones alway  
(Old Styx the grandle of the gods) doth lay.  
There did this huckleless Mayd seven months  
Ne ever evening saw, ne mornings ray, [abide,  
Ne ever from the day the night descride,  
But thought it all one night, that did no hours divide.

And all this was for love of Marinell,  
Who her despisyd (ah! who would her despisy?)  
And women's love did from his hart expell,  
And all those loyes that weake mankind entype,  
Nathlesse his pride full dearly he did prysse;  
For of a womans hand it was ywroke,  
That of the wound he yet in languer eyes,  
Ne can be cured of that cruel smok:  
Which Britomart him gave, when he did her pro-voke.

Yet farre and neare the Nymph his mother sought,  
And many salves did to his sore applicee,  
And many herbses did use: But whenas nought  
She saw could ease his makinck malady;  
At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,  
(This Tryphon is the sea-gods surgeon hight,)  
Whom she besought to find some remedie:  
And for his paines a whiste him belight,  
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

CHURCH.  

CHURCH.  

CHURCH.
So well that leach did bearke to her request,
And did so well employ his careful paine,
That in short space his hurts he had redresst,
And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall;
Who sere against his will did him retaine,
For feare of peril which to him more fall
Through his too ventrous prowess proved over all.

It fortun'd then, a solceme Feast was there
To all the sea-gods and their fruitfull seade,
In honour of the Sponsalls which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
Long had the Thames (as we in records read)
Before that day her wood to his bed;
But the proud Nymph would for no worldly need
Nor enutralie, to his love be list;
Till now at last relenting she to him was wed.

So both agreed that this their Bridalle Feast
Should for the gods in Proetus house be made;
To which they all repaire'd, both most and least,
As well which in the mightie ocean trade,
As that in rivers swim, or brookes doe wade;
All which, no if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I had,
And endless memorie that moie excell,
In order as they came could I recount them well.

Helpe therefore, O thou sacred Impe of Love,
The nourslung of damo Memorie his Deare,
To whom those rolles, layd up in heaven above,
And records of antiquitie appeare,
To which no wit of man may conuen neuro;
Helpe me to tell the names of all those Floods
And all those Nymphes, which then assembled
To that great Banquet of the warty gods, [were
And all their sundry kinds, and all their hide abodes.

First came great Neptune, with his three-forkt mace,
That rules the seas and makes them rise or fall;
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace
Under his diademe imperial:
And by his side his Queen with coronall,
Faire Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
Whose yvorie shoulders wearen covered all,
As with a robe, with her owne silver hairre,
And deckt with pearls which th' Indian seas for her prepare.

These marchpt farre afore the other crew:
And all the way before them, as they went,
Triton his trumpet shirel before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great iolvement,
That made the rocks to roare as they were rent.
And after them the royall issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineall descent:
First the sea-gods, which to themselves doe chame
The powre to rule the hillowes, and the waves to tame:

Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood,
By whom those old heroes wonne such fame;

Thereo he was expert in prophecies,
And could the leden of the gods unfold;

The rich Cteatus; and Eurytus long,
Nereus and Pelias, lovely brethren both;
Mightie Chrysaor; and Cacus strong;
Euryalus, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire Euphrosus, that upon them go'th,
As on the ground, without dismay or dread;
Fierce Eryx; and Alcibi, that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottom tread;
And said Aenopus, comely with his hoarie head.

There also some most famous Founders were
Of puissant nations, which the world possesst,
Yet names of Neptune, now assembl'd here:
Ancient Ogyges, even th' amicientest;
And Inachus renown'd above the rest;
Phoebus: and Aon; and Pelasgus old;
Great Belus; Phoebus: and Agenor best;
And mighty Albion, father of the bold
And warlike people which the Britaine Islandes hold:

For Albion the some of Neptune was;
Who, for the prose of his great puissance,
Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pas
Into old Gall, that now is cleaped France,
To fight with Hercules, that did advance
To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might;
And there his mortall part by great mischance
Was shaine: but that which is th' immortal spright
Lives still, and to this Feast with Neptunes seed was dight.

But what do I their names seek to rehearse,
Which all the world have with their issue fild?
How can they all in this so narrow verse
Contayned be, and in small compass bled?
Let them record them that are better skild,
And know the moniments of past age:
Onely what needeth shall be here fullfilld,
To express some part of that great equipage
Which from great Neptune do derive their parentage.

Next came the aged Ocean and his Dame
Old Tetys, th' oldest two of all the rest;
For all the rest of those two parents came,
Which afterward both sea and land possesst;
Of all which Nereus, th' eldest and the best,
Did first proceed; then which none more upright,
Ne more sincere in word and deed protest;
Most void of guile, most free from lowes despight,
Doing himselfe and teaching others to doe right:

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
And could the leden of the gods unfold;

1. Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pas Britain was said originally to have been joined to Gaul. Upton.
2. The language or dialect. Upton.
Ti rough which, when Paris brought his famous prise,
The faire Tindarid Lasse, he him foretold
That her all Greece with many a champion bold
Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
Proud Peiam's town: So who is Nereus old,
And so well skild; nathlesse he takes great joy
ft-times amongst the wanton nymphs to sport and toy.

And after him the famous Rivers came,
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:
The fertile Nile, whose creatures new doth frame;
Long Rhodanus, whose source springs from the skie;
Faire Ister, flowing from the mountains hie;
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greeks and Troians, which therein did die;
Paeotus glistening with his golden flood;
And Tygris fierce, whose streams of none may be withstood;

Great Ganges; and immortal Elphrates;
Depee Indus; and Meander intricate;
Slow Penens; and tempestuous Phasis;
Swift Rhene; and Alpheus still humanate;
Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus fate;
Tybris, renowned for the Romans' fame;
Rich Oxonechy, though but knolrighe late;
And that huge River, which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazones which doe possess the same.

Joy on those warlike Women, so long
Can from all Men so rich a kingdom hold!
And shame on you, O Men, which boast your strong
[bold],
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and yet
Quale in conquest of that Land of Gold!
But this to you, O Britons, most pertaines,
To whom the right herof itself hath sold;
The which, for sparing little cost or pains,
Loose so immortal glory, and so endless gaines.

Then was there heard a most celestial sound
Of dainty musick, which did next ensue
Before the Spouse; that was Arion crownd;
Who, playing on his harpe, unto him drew
The cares and hearts of all that goodly crew;
That even yet the dolphin, which him bore
Through the Egyptian seas from pirates vew;
Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
And all the raging seas for joy forgot to roar.

So went he playing on the watery plaine:
Soone after whom the lovely Bridegroome came,
The noble Thame, with all his goodly traine.
But him before there went, as best became,
His auencient parents, namely th'auencient Thame;
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The Ouze, whom men doe his rightfully name;
Full weke and crooked creature seemed she,
And almost blind through old, that scarce her way could see.

Therefore on either side she was sustained [ight
Of two small grooms, which by their names were
The Churne and Charwell, two small streams,
Which liad
Themselves her footing to direct aight.
Which fayled off through faint and feeble plight.
But Thame was stronger, and of better stay;
Yet seemd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with silver drops that trickled downe alway:

And eke he somewhat seemd to stoupe afore
With bowed baccy, by reason of the bole
And auencient heavy burden which he bore
Of that faire City, wherein make abode.
So many learned impes, that shooote abrode,
And with their branchess spreid all Britany,
No less than a saline embattled wide
Joy to you both, ye double Monseignes
Of Arts! but, Oxford, thine doth Thame most glory.

But he their Sonne, full fresh and jolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
On which the waves, glistring like chriestall glas,
So cuingley everwoven were, so few
Could seene whether they were false or true:
And on his head like to a coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common vew,
In which were many towres and castes set,
That it encompass round as with a golden fret.

Like as the Mother of the gods, they say,
In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
When to loves palaces she doth take her way,
Old Cybele; arrayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a diadem with flinty stone;
With hundred turrets, like a turritant.
With such an one was Thamis beautifull;
That was to meet the famous Troyovant,
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.

And round about him many a pretty Page
Attended ducelly, ready to obey;
All little Rivers which owe vassallage
To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:
The chauncy Kenet; and the Thetus groot;
The morish Cole; and the soft-slinging Brecne;
The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way;
And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play and decke his pleasant streame.

Then came his neighbour Flouds which nigh him dwell,
And waste all the English soile throughout;
They all on him this day attended well,
And with meet service waited him about
Ne none disdaincd low to him to lout;
No not the stately Severne gradig'd at all,
Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout;
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their swelling waters low before him fall.
There was the speedy Tamar, which divides
The Cornish and the Devonish confines;
Through both whose borders swiftly down it
Slides, as in the Thames, as in the Dordogne
And, meeting Plym, to Plymouth hence de-
And Dart, high eochit with sands of tinny mines:
But Avon marched in more stately path,
Proud of his admirants with which he shines
And glisters wide, as als of wondrous Bath,
And Bristow faire, which on his waves he builted hath;

And there came Stour with terrible aspect,
Bearing his sixe deformed heads on hye,
That doth his course through Blandford plains direct,
And washeth Winborne meades in season drye.
Next him went Wyllbourne with passage slye,
That of his wyllenesse his name doth take,
And of himselfe doth name the shire thereby:
And Mole, that like a nosling mole doth make
His way still under ground till Thames he overtake.

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
Like a wood-god, and flowing fast to Rhy;
And Sture, that partheth with his pleasant floods
The Eastern Saxon from the Southerne ny,
And Clare and Harwitch both doth beautify:—
Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwich wall,
And with him brought a present joyfully
Of his owne fish unto their Festival,
Whose like none else could shew, the which they ruthis call.

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,
By many a city and by many a towne,
And many rivers taking under land
Into his waters, as he passeth downe, [Rowne]
(The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crown
He doth adorn, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muse and many a learned Wit.

And after him the fatall Welland went,
That if old sawes prove true (which pod forbid)
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homelie hid,
Then shine in learning more then ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beans.
And next to him the Nene downe softly slid;
And bounteous Trent, that in himselfe ensames
Both thirty sorts of fish and thirty sundry streams.

Next these came Tyne, long whose stony bancke
That Romaine monarch built a brassen wall,
Which mote the febbed Britons strongly bancke
Against the Picts that swarmed over all,

Which yet thereof Gualsever they doe call:
And Twede, the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany: And Eden, though but small,
Yet often stained with blood of many a band

Of Scots and English both, that tynd on his strand.

Then came those sixe sad Brethren, like forlorne,
That whilome were, as antique fathers tell,
Sixe valiant Knights of one faire nymphye yborne,
Which did in noble deeds of armes excell,
And woomed there where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Ure, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of might,
High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell;
All whom a Seybrian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quite:

But past not long, ere Brutus warlike sonne
Locrinus them aveng'd, and the same date,
Which the proud Humber unto them had donne,
By equal dome repaid on his owne pate;
For in the selfe same river, where he late
Had drenched them, he drownd him againe;
And nam'd the river of his wretched fate;
Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still remaine.

These after came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Loncaster his name doth lend;
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend;
And Conway, which out of his streame doth send
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall;
And Linus, that his pikes doth most commend,
Of which the anciente Lincolne men doe call:
All these together marched toward Proteus hall.

Ne thence the Irishe Rivers absent were:
Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
And ioyne in neighborhood of kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in love agree,
And iay likewise this solemne day to see?
They saw it all, and present were in place;
Though I them all, according their degree,
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the salvagge countries thorough which they pace.

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lee;
The sandy Slane; the stony Aubrian;
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea;
The pleasant Boyne; the fishy fruitfull Ban;
Swift Awdiiff, which of the English man
Is calde Blacke-water; and the Liffar deep;
Sad Travis, that once his people over-run;
Strong Allo tombling from Sloewlogher steep;
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

And there the three renowned Brethren were,
Which that great gyant Blommius begot.

--- betwixt Logris land
And Albany: That is, betwixt England and Scotland
--- that tynd on his strand.
--- that were killed. 1st, Tyne; tynde, perditur. 1st
--- 239
Of the faire nymph Rheius wandring there:
One day, as she to slumme the season what
Under Slew boome in shady grove was got,
This gyant found her and by force deflower'd;
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which being thenceforth powrd
In three great rivers ran, and many countrie noticed.

The first the gentle Shire that, making way
By sweet Chonnel, adorns rich Waterford;
The next, the stouborne Nore whose watersgray
By faire Kilkenny and Rosseponde bord;
The third, the goodly Barow which doth hoord
Great heaps of salmon in his deep bosome:
All which, long sundred, doe at last accord
To ioyne in one, cre to the sea they come;
So, flowring all from one, all one at last become.

There also was the wide embayed Mayre;
The pleasant Manton crownd with many a wood;
The spreading Lee that, like an island layre,
Enclosed Corke with his divided flood;
And latefull Oure late staid with English blood;
With many more whose names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order seem'd goodly
Did on the Thames attend, and waited well
To doe their dueful service, as to them beffell.

Then came the Bride, the lovely Medina came,
 clad in a vesture of unknown gear;
And uncouth fashion, yet her well became,
That seem'd like silver sprincled here and there
With glittering spangles that did like stars app,
And wav'd upon, like water chamelot, [pearl,
To hide the metall, which yet everywhere
Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plainly wot
It was no mortall worke, that seem'dd and yet was not.

Her goodly locks adowne her backe did flow
Unto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
The which ambrosialloards forth did throw
To all about, and all her shoulders spreid
As a new spring; and likewise on her hed
A chaplet of sunry flowers she wore,
From under which the deawy humour shed
Did triole downe her hairr, like to the hore
Congealed little drops which doe the mornie adorn.

On her two pretty Handmaids did attend,
One calld the Theise, the other calld the Crone;
Which on her waisted things amisse to mend,
And both behind upheld her spredding traine;
Under the which her feett appeard plaine,
Her silver feet, faire washd against this day;
And her before there paced Pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like and like array,
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which prepare her way.

And after these the Sea-nymphs marched all,
All goodly damnels, deckt with long greene haire
Whom of their sire Nereides men call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bane,
The gray-eyde Doris; all which fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had:
Swift Proto; milde Encrate; Theis faire;
Soft Spio; sweete Endore; Sao sad;
Light Dolo; wanton Glauc; and Galene glad.

White-hand Eunica; proud Dynancre;
Ioyous Thalia; goodly Amphitrite;
Lovely Pasithoe; kinde Eunimene;
Light-footed Cymothoe; and sweete Melite;
Fairest Phœrusa; Phaio lilly white;
Wondrous Agave; Poris; and Nessea;
With Erato that doth in love delfte;
And Paneque; and wise Promethea;
And snowie-neck'd Doris; and milke-white Galathua.

Speedy Hippothoe; and chaste Actea;
Large Lissanassa; and Promea sage;
Eangore; and light lentopeorea;
And, she that with her lost word can aswage
The surgings when they do sorest rage,
Cymodoce; and stout Autonoe;
And Neso; and Eion well in age;
And seeming still to smile Glaneone;
And, she that hight of many beasts, Polynomè;

Fresh Alimedia deckt with girland greene;
Hyponeo with salt-bedewed wrests;
Lamodia like the christall shene;
Lingore much praised for wise beshets;
And Psmathe for her brode snowy brests;
Cymo; Eupompe; and Theanise lust;
And, she that vertue loves and vice detests,
Eurna; and Menippe true in trust;
And Nemetrea learned well to rule her lust.

All these the Daughters of old Nereus were,
Which have the sea in charge to them assinde,
To rule his tides, and surges to upreere,
To bring forth stornes, or fast them to upbinde,
And sailors save from wretche worms wrathfull winde.
And yet besides, three thousand more there were
Of th' Oceans seede, but loves and Phoebus kinde;
The which in floods and fountains doe appere,
And all mankinde do nourish with their waters clere.

The which, more catth it were for mortall wight
To tell the sands, or count the starres on lyce,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right.
But well I wote that these, which I desery,
Were present at this great Solemnity:
And there, amongst the rest, the Mother was.

4. All which be.] That is, all which Nereides the gray-eye Doris, the daughter of Oceanus, bare to him.
4. chamelot.] The stuff which we now call camelot; originally made, according to Dr. Johnson, by a mixture of silk and camel's hair, but now made with wool and silk. 
3. adorne.] For adorn. 
1. inst. W'LL. 
2. but loves and Phoebus kinde.] Perhaps, "both loves and Phoebus kinde," that is, of the kindred both of Jupiter and Apollo. 
3. All which be. 
4. chamelot. 
5. adorne.] For adorn. 
6. inst. W'LL. 
7. but loves and Phoebus kinde.] Perhaps, "both loves and Phoebus kinde," that is, of the kindred both of Jupiter and Apollo. 
8. All which be. 
9. chamelot. 
10. adorne.] For adorn. 
11. inst. W'LL.
Of luckelesse Marinell, Cymodocé;
Which, for my Muse herselfe now tyred has,
Unto an other Canto I will overpas.

Canto XI.
Marin, for love of Florimell,
In langour wastes his life;—
The Nymph, his mother, writeth her
And giveth to him for wife.

O what an endless worke have I in hand,
To count the Seas abundant progeny,
Whose fruitfull seeds farre passeth those in land,
And also those which wonne in th’ azure sky,
For much more easie to tell the starres on hy,
Albe they endlessse seemne in estimation,
Then to recount the Seas posserity:
So fertile be the flouds in generation,
So huge their numbers; and so numberlesse their nation.

Therefore the antique wizards well invented
That Venus of the fomy sea was bred;
For that the seas by her are most augmented.
Witness th’ exceeding fry which there are fed.
And wondrous shoales which may of none be red.
Then blame me not if I have err’d in count
Of gods, of nymphs, of rivers, yet unrec’d: [mount
For though their numbers do much more sur
Yet all those same were there which erst I did recount.

All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That Proteus house they fild even to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as beft,
According their degrees disposed well.
Amongst the rest was faire Cymodocé,
The Mother of unlucky Marinell,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the gods when they at banquet be.

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortal sere, though of immortall wombe,
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th’ eternal gods to bancket come;
But walkt abrede, and round about did rone
To view the building of that utechase place,
That seem’d unlike unto his earthly home;
Where, as he to and fro by chance did trace,
There unto him befall a disadventurous case.

Under the hanging of an hideous cliffie
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That piteously complained her carefull grievie,
Which never she before discloied to none,
But to herselie her sorrow did bemonc:
So feelingly her case she did complains,
That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feel her grievous paine,
And oft to groone with bilowes bearing from the maine:

v. 1. But [for] But whereas or because, an old form of speaking. Toon.
v. 3. ... carefull grief. Deput sues locores. Upton.

vii. "Yet loe! the seas I see by often treating [weares]:
Doe pearce the rockes; and hardest marble
But this hard rocky havr for no entertaining [towards].
Will yeald, but, when my piteous plaints be
Is hartned more with my abundant teares;
Yet though he never list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I never of my love repent,
But joye that for his sake I suffer punishment.

VIII. "And when my weary ghost, with griefe out-wane,
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plaint unto his cares be borne,
That blame it is, to him that armes protest,
To let her die whom he might have recreat?"
There did she pause, infornd to give place
Unto the passion that her heart oppressed;
And, after she had wept and wailed a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case:

IX. "Ye gods of seas, if any gods at all
Have care of right or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me woeful thrall
Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long;
And if ye decrea me death for having one
That loves not me, then dice it not pr long.
But let me die and end my dales atone,
And let him live unwo’d, or love himselfe alone.

X. "But if that life ye unto me decree,
Then let mee live, as Lovers ought to do,
And of my lives deare Love beloved be:
And, if he should through pride your doome
Do you by durese him compel thee? and, undone,
And in this prison put him here with me;
One prison finest is to hold us two;
So had I rather be thrall then free;
Such thrallome or such freedom let it surely be.

XI. "But O vainest judgment, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points unto the tree
The whiles I him condemn’d, and decrea his paine,
He where he list goes loose, and laughes at me:
So ever loose, so ever happy be!
But whereas loose or happy that thou art,
Know, Marinell, that all this is for thee!"
With that she wept and wailed, as if her hart
Would quite have burst through great abundance
Of her smart.

vii. 9. imprisonment. This was the usual word, as Mr. Warton has remarked, in former times for imprisoment. Toon.
xi. 3. decrea his paine.] That is, adjudge his punishment. Toon.
All which complaint when Marinell had heard,  
And understood the cause of all her care  
To come of him for using her so hard;  
His stubborne heart, that never felt misfaze,  
Was toucht with soft remorse and pity rare;  
That even for grief of minde he oft did groane,  
And inly wish that in his powre it were  
Herto redresse: but since he means found none,  
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth  
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifie,  
Dame Venus some that tameth stubborne youth  
With iron hit, and maketh him aside  
Till like a victor on his backe he ride,  
Into his mouth his maystring bridile threw;  
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride:  
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,  
And learne to love by learning Lovers paines to rew.

Now gan he in his grieved minde devise,  
How from that dungeon he might her enlauge:  
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise  
To Proteus selfe to sue for her discharge:  
But then he fear’d his Mothers former charge  
Gainst womens love, long given him in vaine:  
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe  
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to constraine:  
But soon he gan such folly to forthinke againe.

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,  
And with him beare where none of her might know.  
But all in vaine: for why? he found no way  
To enter in, or issue forth below;  
For all about that rocke the sea did play.  
And though unto his will she were given,  
Yet, without ship or bote her thence to row,  
He wist not how her thence away to bero;  
And damager well he wist long to continue there.

At last, whenas no means he could invent,  
Bace to himselfe he gan returne the blame,  
That was the author of her punishment;  
And with vile curses and reprochfull shame  
To damn himselfe by every evil name,  
And deeme unworthy or of love or life,  
That had despisde so chast and faire a Dame,  
Which him had sought through troublle and long strife;  
Yet had refuse a god that her had sought to wife.

In this sad plight he walked here and there,  
And rone round about the rocke in vaine,  
As he had lost himselfe he wist not where;  
Oft listening if he mote her heart againe;  
And still blemning her unworthy paine:  
Like as an hynde whose calfe is falne unwares  
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,  
An hundred times about the pit side faces,  
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.

And now by this the Feast was throughly ended,  
And every one gan homeward to resort:  
Which seeing, Marinell was sore offended  
That his departure thence should be so short,  
And leave his Love in that sea-walled fort:  
Yet durst he not his Mother disobey;  
But, her attending in full seemly sert,  
Did march amongst the many all the way:  
And all the way did inly mournre, like one astry.

Being returned to his Mothers bowre,  
In solitary silence far from wight  
He gan record the lamentable stowre,  
In which his wretched Love lay day and night;  
For his deare sake, that ill deserv’d that plight:  
The thought whereof empiest his hart so depe,  
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;  
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,  
But pry’d, and moun’d, and languisht, and alone did wepe;

That in short space his wonted chearfull new  
Gan fade, and lively spirits deade quight:  
His cheeke-bones raw, and eie-pits hollow grew,  
And brawnye armes had lost their knownow.myghty:  
That nothing like himselfe he seem’d in sight.  
Ere long so weneke of limbe, and sickie of love  
He waxe, that lenguer he now stand upright,  
But to his bed was brought, and blyed above,  
Like raefull ghost, unable once to stir or move.

Which when his Mother saw, she in her mind  
Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene;  
Ne could by search nor any meanes out find  
The secret cause and nature of his teene,  
Whereby she might apply some medicine;  
But weeping day and night did him attend,  
And morn’d to see her lose before her eye,  
Which griev’d her more that she it could not mend;  
To see an helplesse evill double griefe doth lend.

Nought could she read the root of his disease,  
Ne wisse what mister maladie it is,  
Whereby to secke some means it to appease.  
Most did she think, but most she thought amiss,  
That that some former fatal wond of his  
Whykeare by Tryphon was not throughly headed,  
But closely rankled under th’ orisifs:  
Least did she thinke, that which he most conceale,  
That love it was, which in his hart lay unreveale.

Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth hast,  
And him doth chyde as false and fraudulent;  
That fayld the trust, which she in him had plast.  
To cure her Sonne, as he his faith had lent;  
Who now was falne into new languisment  
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cured.  
So bace he came unto her patient;  
Where searching every part, her well assured  
That it was no old sore which his new paine procured;

To damn himselfe] Not to curse but to condemn himselfe &c. CHURCH.

His cheeke-bones raw—[prent. That is, his cheeke-bones raw-boned. I think he here uses raw for bare, i.e. bare of flesh. CHURCH.
But that it was some other maladie,
Or grief of unknowne, which he could not discern:
So left he her withouten remedy.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,
And illly troubled was, the truth to learne.
Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speeches, now with threatnings sterne,
If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
It to reveale: who still her answered, there was sought.

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide:
But leaving wary gods, as booting nought,
Unto the shynie heaven in haste she hide,
And thence Apollo king of leaches brought.
Apollo came; who, soone as he had sought
Through his disease, did by and by out find
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieved mind:
Which love he red to be, that leads each living kind.

Which when he had unto his Mother told,
She gan thereat to fret and greatly grieve:
And, comming to her Sonne, gan first to seeld
And chyde at him that made her misbelieve:
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrive,
And woe with fair intreatie, to disclose
Which of the nymphes his heart so sore did mieve:
For sure she weend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately scene, that for his Love he chose.

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,
That warned him of womens love beware:
Which being ment of mortal creatures seal,
For love of nymphes she thought she need not care,
But promist him, whatever wight she weare,
That she her love to him would shortly gaine:
So he her told: but soone as she did hearre
That Florimell it was which wrought his paine,
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every vaine.

Yet since she saw the straight extremitie,
In which his life unluckily was sayd,
It was no time to sean the prophecie,
Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a Mayd;
(It's late, in death, of daunger to advise;
Or love forbid him, that is life denyd);
But rather gan in troubled mind devize
How she that Ladies libertie might enterprize.

To Proteus selfe to sew she thought it vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe;
Nor unto any meaneer to complaine;
But unto great King Neptune selfe did goe,
And, on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit unto his Maiestie
To graunt to her her Sonnes life, which his foe,
A cruel Tyrant, had presumptuouslie
By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched death to die.

To whom god Neptune, softly smyning, thus;
"Daughter, me semees of double wrong ye plaine,
Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us:
For death t'ward I weend did apprentaine
To none but to the seas sole Sovranie;
Read therefore who it is which this hath wrought,
And for what cause; the truth discovere plaine;
For never wight so evill did or thought,
But would some rightfull cause pretend, though rightly nought."

To whom she answer'd; "Then it is by name Proteus, that hath ordain'd my Sonne to die;
For that a Waift, the which by fortune came
Upon your seas, he clayn'd as proprie;
And yet nor his, nor his in equite,
But yours the Waift by high prerogative:
Therefore I humbly crave your Majestie
It to relevie, and my Sonne reuvre:
So shall you by one gift save all us three alive."

He granted it; and streight his warrant made,
Under the Sea-gods scale autentically,
Commanding Proteus straight t'enhance the Which wanding on his seas imperially [Mayd
He lately tooke, and sitheence kept as thrall.
Which she receiving with meete thankfulnesses,
Departed straight to Proteus therewithall:
Who, reading it with inward loathfulness,
Was grieved to restore the pledge he did possess."
But that she masked it with modesty,
For fear she should of lightness be detected:
Which to another place I leave to be perfected.

[NOTWITHSTANDING the action of the Fairy Queen is simple and uniform; for, what is the action of this poem, but the Briton Prince, seeking Glorida, whom he saw in a vision? and what is the completion of the action, but his finding whom he sought?] Yet the several subordinate characters, plots, intrigues, tales, combats, tilts, and tournaments, with the like apparatus of Romances, make the story in all its circumstances very extensive and complicated; resembling some ancient and magnificent pile of Gothic architecture, which the eye cannot comprehend in one full view. Therefore, to avoid confusion, it is requisite that the poet should ever and anon (in the vulgar phrase) wind up his bottom; his underplots and intrigues should be unravelled from probable consequences; and, what belongs to the main action and more essential parts of the poem, should, as in a well-conducted drama, be reserved for the last act. In this respect our poet proceeds with great art and conduct; he clears the way for you, whilst you are getting nearer, in order that you might have a complete and just view of his poetical building. And in this Fourth Book many are the distresses, and many the intrigues, which are happily solved. Thus lovers and friends find at length their fidelity rewarded. But 'tis to be remembered that love and friendship can subsist only among the good and honest; not among the faithless and disloyal; not among the Paridels and Blandamores; but among the Scudamores, the Trionmels, and Cambels. 'Tis with these that the young hero (whom Spenser often shows you, as Homer introduces his Achilles, lest you should think him forgotten, though not mentioned for several Cantos) 'tis, I say, in company with these lovers and friends, that the Briton Prince is to learn what true love and friendship are; that, being perfected in all virtues, he may attain the glory of being worthy of the Fairy Queen.

This fourth Book differs very remarkably from all the other Books: here no new Knight comes from the Court of the Fairy Queen upon any new adventure or quest: but the poet gives a solution of former distresses and plots; exhibits the amiable excellence of friendship and love; and, by way of contrast, the deformities of discord and lust.

As no writer equals Spenser in the art of imaging, or bringing objects in their full and fairest view before your eyes; (for you do not read his descriptions, you see them;) so, in all this kind of painting, he claims your attention and admiration. Such for instance in this Book, is the dwelling of Ate, C. i. st. 29. The house of the three faithful sisters, C. ii. st. 47. The machinery and interposition of Cambina, C. iii. st. 36. The cottage of old Care, the blacksmith, C. v. st. 33. Greedy lust, in the character of a savage, C. vii. st. 5. Infections lust, in the character of a giant, whose eyes dart contagious fire, C. viii. st. 30. The whole story, which Scudamour tells of his gaining of Amoret (in C. x.) is all wonderful, and full of poetical machinery: and the episode of the marriage of the Thames and Medway is so finely wrought into the poem, as to seem necessary for the solution of the difficulties of Florimel, that at length she might be made happy with her long look'd for Marcellus Upwor.

A few words more may be said of the beautiful allegory of Scudamour's courtship to Amoret; an allegory, to use the words of The Tatter, "so natural, that it explains itself: in which the persons are very artfully described, and disposed in proper places. The poets assigned to Doubt, Delay, and Danger, are admirable. The Gate of Good Desert has something noble and instructive in it. But, above all, I am most pleased with the beautiful group of figures in the corner of the Temple. Among these Womanhood is drawn like what the philosophers call an Universal Nature, and is attended with beautiful representatives of all those virtues that are the ornaments of the Female Sex, considered in its natural perfection and innocence."

The reader will also look back with pleasure to the well-imagined and well-described circumstances of Care himself as well as of his abode. Nor are the gallant deeds of Britomart, the contention for Florimel's Girdele, and the overthrow of Corambo by Prince Arthur, to be enumerated without acknowledgement to Spenser's happy talents of invention and exhibition.

TODD.

THE FIFTH BOOK OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE;

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL OR OF JUSTICE.

L. So oft as I with state of present time
The image of the antique world compare,
Whenas mans age was in his freshest prime,
And the first blossom of faire vertue bare: [pare,
Such oddes I finde twixt those, and those which
As that, through long continuance of his course,
Me seemes the world is runne quite out of square
From the first point of his appointed source;
And being once amisse grows daily worse and
worse:

H. For from the golden age, that first was named,
It's now at earst become a stonic one; [framed
And men themselves, the which at first were
Of earthily mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into harsnest stone;
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalione:

II. 2. —earst] That is, at length. CHURCH. MP
Epton however, interprets of earst as formerly. TOD
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be degendered.

III.

Let none then blame me, if, in discipline
Of vertue and of civill uses beare,
I do not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes which are corrupted sore;
But to the antique use which was of yore,
When good was onely for itselfe desired,
And all men sought their owne, and none more;
When justice was not for most need outthryed,
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of alladurrayed.

IV.

For that which all men then did Vertue call,
Is now caild Vice; and that which Vice was bight,
Is now bight Vertue, and so we'd of all: [Right; Right now is Wrong, and Wrong that was is
All things else in time are changed quight:
No wonder; for the heavens revolution
Is wanderd farre from where it first was right,
And so doe make contrarie constitution
Of all this lower world toward his dissolution.

V.

For whose list into the heavens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling spheres,
Shall find that from the point where they first
looked
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
They all are wandered much; that plaine appears:
For that same golden Beezy ram, which bore
Phrixus and Helle from their stepsalames fears,
Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,
And shouldred hath the bull which favoy Europa
bore.

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

VI.

Ne is that some great glorious lampce of light,
That doth culumine all these lesser yeares,
In better case, he keeps his course more right,
But is miscenried with the other spheres:
For since the terme of fourteen hundred yeares,
That learned Ptolomee his hight did take,
He is declined from that mark of theirs,
Nigh thirtie minutes to the southerne lake;
That makes me fearce in time he will usc quite forsake.

VII.

And if to those Egyptian wisards old
(Which in star-read were wont have best insight)
Painth may be given, it is by them told [ight,
That since the time they first tooke the sunes

gegendered.] This is Spenser's own word.
which Mr. Upton thus illustrates: "From gender comes gendered: So from degender degeneratus, degeneratus."

VIII.

Foure times his place he shifted bath in sight,
And twice bath risen where he now doth west,
And wasted twice where he ought rise anew.
But most is Mars amisse of allis noe;
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be best.

IX.

For during Saturnes ancient raigne it's sayd
That all the world with goodnesse did abound;
All loved vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, no fraud in wight was to be found;
No warses was knowne, no dreadful trumpets sound;
Peace universal reign'd amongst men and beasts:
And all things freely grew out of the ground;
Justice sate high ador'd with solemn feastes,
And to all people did divide her dred behoastes:

X.

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

CANTO 7.

Artegall travell'd to Justice bare
Because quest pursu'd;
He deth his name on Sanglier
His Ladies bland embraced.

IX.

Through vertue then were held in highest price,
In those old times of which I doe intreat,
Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
Began to spring; which shortly grew full great,
And with their boughs the gentle plants did beat:
But evermore some of the vertuous race
Roses up, inspired with honest heat,
That cropt the branches of the sout base,
And with strong hand their fruitfull runckes did

X.

Such first was Bacchus, that with furious might
All th' east before untam'd did over-come;
And wrong represed, and establish right,
Which lawlesse men had formerly forsole;
There Justice first her princely rule beganne;
Next Hercules his like ensample shewed,
Who all the west with eqall conquest wonne,
And monstrous tyrants with his club subdued;
The club of Justice dreeed with kingly powre endowed.
And such was he of whom I have to tell,  
The Champion of true Justice, Artegaill:  
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)  
An hard adventure, which did then befall,  
Into redoubted peril forth did call;  
That was, to ancom a distressed Dame  
Whom a strong Tyrant did unjustly thrill,  
And from the heritage, which she did clame,  
Oid with strong hand withhold; Grantorto was his name.

Wherefore the Lady, which Irena big,  
Died to the Faerie Queene her way addressse,  
To whom complaining her afflicted plight,  
She her besought of grations redresse;  
That soveraine queene, that mightie emperesse,  
Whose glorie is to alde all suppliants pore,  
And of weake princes to be patronesse,  
Chose Artegaill to right her to restore;  
For that to her hesecm'd best skill in righteous lore.

For Artegaill in justice was upbrought  
Even from the cradle of his infancy,  
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught  
By faire Astrea, with great industrie,  
Whilst here on earth she lived mortallie;  
For, till the world from his perfection fell  
Into all filth and foul iniquitie,  
Astrea here mount most earthly men did dwell,  
And in the rules of justice them instructed well.

While through the world she walked in this sort,  
Upon a day she found this gentle child;  
Amoungst his peers playing his childish sport;  
Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defile,  
She did allure with gifts and spenches mild;  
To wend with her: sothence him farre she brought  
Into a cave from companie exile,  
In which she nourisled him, till yeares he raught;  
And all the discipline of justice there him taught.

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

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught  
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right;  
Untill the ripeness of maun yeares he raught;  
That even wyld beasts did fear his awfull sight,  
And men admyr'd his over-ruling might;  
Ne any onl'd on ground that burst withstand  
His dreadfull beast, much lesse him match in fight,  
Or hide the horror of his breakfull hand,  
Whoso he list in wrath lift up his steely brand:

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

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

Now when the world with sinne gan to abound,  
Astraea looking longer here to space  
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,  
Return'd to heaven, whence she deriv'd her race;  
Where she hath now an everlasting place [see  
Mongst those twelve signes, which nightly we do  
The heavens bright-shining baultrieke to enchaunce;  
And is the Virgin, sith in her degree,  
And nexterselfe her rightous balancce hanging bec.

But when she parted hence she left her groome,  
An Yron Man, which did on her attend  
Always to execute her stedfast doome,  
And willed him with Artegaill to wend,  
And doe whatever thing he did intend;  
His name was Talus, made of yron mould,  
Immovable, resistlesse, without end;  
Who in his hand an yron flake did hould,  
With which he throst out falshood, and did truth unboild.

He now went with him in this new inquest,  
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to neede,  
Against that cruel Tyrant, which opprest  
The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,  
And kept the crowne in which she should succeed:  
And now together on their way they bin,  
Whens they saw a Squire in squallid weed  
Lamenting sore his sorrowfull sad tyne  
With many bitter teares shed from his blubberd eye.

To whom as they approched, they espied  
A sorry sight as ever scene with eye;  
And headlesse Ladie lying him beside  
In her owne blood all wallow'd woefully,  
That her gay clothes did in discoure die.  
Much was he moved at that melfull sight;
And flam'd with zeal of vengeance inwardly
He askt who had that Dame so foully dight,
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight!

"Ah! woe is me, and well away,‘ quoth hee
Bursting forth teares like springs out of a banke,
"That ever I this dismal day did see!
Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke;
Yet little loss he were, and mickle thanke,
If I should grant that I have doen the same,
That I mone drinke the cup whereof she dranke;
But that I should die guilte of the blame.
The which another did who nowis is fled with shame."

"Who was it then," sayd Artegall, "that wrought that?
And why? doe it declare unto me trew."
"A Knight," sayd he, "if Knight be may be thought,
That did his hand in Ladies bloud embrew,
And for no cause, but as I shal you shew,
This day as I in solace sat hereby
With a faire Love whose losse I now do rew,
There came this Knight, having in compaine
This lucklesse Ladie which now here doth head-
lesse lie.

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

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

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

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

He bad him stay and backe with him retire;
Who, full of scorn to be commannded so,
The Lady to alight did eft require,
Whilst he reformed that uncivil fo;
And stright at him with all his force did go:
Who mov'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
Is lightly stricken with some stones throw;
But to him leaping lent him such a knocke,
That on the ground he layd him like a senselesse
blocke.

But, ere he could himselfe renewe againe,
Him in his iron paw he seized had;
That when he wak't out of his wavelesse paine,
He found himself unwisely all baste:
That him he could not wag: thence he him led,
Bound like a beast appointed to the stail
The sight whereof the Lady sore adrad,
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall:
But he her quickly stayd, and forst to wend withall.

When to the place they came where Artegall
By that same carefull Squire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demand of all
That did bewitx him and that Squire betide:
Who with strowse countenance and indignant pride
Did answare, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
And his accuser thereupon deside:
For neither he did shed that Ladie bloud,
Nor tooke away his Love, but his owne proper good.

Well did the Squire perceive himselfe too wake
To answare his defiance in the field,
And rather chose his challenge off to breake
Then to approve his right with speare and shield,
And rather guilty chose himselfe to yield,
But Artegall by signes perceiving paine
That he it was not which that Lady kild,
But that strange Knight, the fairer Love to gains,
Did cast about by sleight the truth thereunto to straine.

And sayd; "Now sure this doubftfull causes right
Can hardly but by sacrament be tride,
Or else by ordole, or by bloody fight;
That all perhaps more fall to either side:
But if ye please that I your cause decide,
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
So ye will swearce my judgement to abide."
Thereto they both did frankly concend,
And to his doome with listfull cares did both attend

"Sith then," sayd he, "ye both the dead deny,
And both the living Lady claim ye right:
Let both the dead and living equally
Devised be betwixt you here in sight,
And each of either take his share aright.
But look who does dissent from my read,
He for a twelvemonths day shall in despiet
Bear for his penance that same Ladies head;
To witnesse to the world that she by him is dead."

Well pleased with that doome was Saigniere,
And offer'd straight the Lady to be slaine: [deeme
But that same Squire to whom she was more
Whenas he saw she should be cut in twaine,
Did yield she rather should with him remaine
Alive then to himselfe be shared dead;
And rather then his Love should suffer paine,
He chose with shame to bear the Ladies head:
True love despiseth shame when life is cal'd in dread.

Whom when so willing Artegall perceav'd; [deeme
"Not so, thou Squire," he say'd, "but thine I
The living Lady, which from thee he rav'd:
For worthy thou of her doest rightely see.
And you, Sir Knight, that love so light esteeme,
As that ye would for little leave the same,
Take here your owne that doth you best beseeme,
And with it bear the burden of defame;
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abrode your
shame." 

But Saigniere disdained much his doome,
And sterner gan repine at his helpeest:
Ne would for ought obey, as did become,
To bearre that Ladies head before his breast:
Untill that Talus had his pride represt,
And forced him, mauagre, it up to reare.
Who when he saw it booteless to resist,
He tooke it up, and thence with him did bearre;
As rated spaniell takes his burden up for feare.

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

CANTO II.

Artegall heareth of Florimell;
Does with the Pagan fight;
Him skilles; drowes Lady Muners;
Does race her Castle quight.

Nought is more honourable to a Knight,
Ne better doth beseeme brave Chevalry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry:
Whilome those great heroes got thereby

Their greatest glory for their rightfull deeds,
And place deserved with the gods on ly:
Herein the noblest of this Knight excedes,
Who now to perils great for justice sake proceedes.

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

For this was Dony, Florimell's owne Dwarf,
Whom having lost (as ye have heard whykeare)
And finding in the way the seentred saufe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare;
But of her health when Artegall did heare,
And safe returne, he was full inly glad,
And askt him where and when her bridale cheare
Should be soldanniz'd; for, if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her spousall ad.

"Within three daies," quoth he, "as I do heare,
It will be at the Castle of the strong;
What time, if naught me let, I will be there
To do her service so as I am bond.
But in my way a little here beyond
A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wome,
That keeps a bridges passage by strong hond,
And many errant Knights hath there fornome
That makes all men for feare that passage for to
shone."

"What mister wight," quoth he, "and how fairene
Is he, that doth to travellers such harms?"
"He is," said he, "a man of great defence;
Expert in battell and in decedes of armes;
And more embawed by the wicked charmes,
With which his Daughter doth him still support;
Having great lordships got and goodly farmes
Through strong oppression of his powre extort;
By which he still them holds, and keeps with strong
effort.

"And dayly he his wrongs increaseth more;
For never wight he lets to passe that way,
Over his bridge, albe he rich or poore,
But he him makes his passage-penny pay:
Else he doth hold him backe or beat away.
Thereto he hath a Groome of evill guize,
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which poles and pills the poore in piteous wize;
But he himselfe upon the rich doth tyrannize.

[This is, did recur. CHURCH.

vii. The Germans and Franks, with most of the northern na-
tions, thought wearing the hair long, a sign of freedom: the
contrary beveraged bondage. Upton.

vi. Which poles and pills the poore &c.] The words
Right in the midst, whereas they brest to brest
Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the flood: streight leapt the Carle unholke
Well Bewinge that his foe was false withall:
But he was well aware, and sent before his fall.

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

Which oddes whences Sir Artegall espide,
He saw no way but close with him in hast;
And to him driving strongly downe the tide
Upon his iron collar gripped fast,
That with the straint his wesand ugh he brast.
There they together strive and struggled long,
Either the other from his steed to cast;
Ne ever Artegall his gripe strong
For any thinge wold slacke, but still upon him long.

As when a dolphin and a seale are met
In the wide champaign of the ocean plaine,
With cruel enmity their courages they whet,
The mesterdomne of each by force to gaine,
And dreadful battaile twist them do darraine;
They snuff, they snort, they bounce, they rage,
they rore,
That all the sea, disturbed with their traine,
Doth frie with some above the surges hore:
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome uprroue.

So Artegall at length him forst forsake
His horses backe for dread of being drowned,
And to his handy swimming him betake.
Elfsones himselfe he from his hold unbownd,
And then no ods at all in him he found;
For Artegall in swimming skilfull was,
And drest the depth of any water sound.
So ought each Knight, that use of perill has,
In swimming be expert, through waters force to pas.

Then very doublfull was the warres event,
Uncertaine whether had the better side:
For both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well trainted and throughly
But Artegall was better breath’d beside, [tride.
And towards th’ end grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puissance, ne beare himsellse upright;
But from the water to the land he betoke his flight.

But Artegall pursued him still so neare
With bright Chrysaor in his cruel hand,
That, as his head he gan a little reare
Above the brincke to tread upon the land,
That at the length he has rent the dore,  
And made way for his Master to assaile:  
Who being entred, noight did then avai  
For wight against his powre themselves to reare:
Each one did fli; their hearts began to faile;  
And hid themselves in corners here and there;  
And eke their Dame halfe dead did hide herself for feare.

Long they her sough, yet no where could they finde  
That sure they ween'd she was esapt away: [her,  
But Talus, that could like a lime-bound winde her;  
And all things secrete wisely could bewray,  
At length found out whereas she hidden lay  
Under an heap of gold: thence he her drew  
By the faire lockes, and fowly did array  
Withouten pitty of her goodly hew,  
That Argeall himselfe her seemingless plight did rew.

Yet for no pitty would he change the course  
Of justice, which in Talus hand did lye;  
Who rudey thayl'd her forth without remorse,  
Still holding up her suppliant hands on lye,  
And kneeling at his fecte submissively:  
But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,  
And eke her fecte, those fecte of silver trye,  
Which sought unreightousnesse, and justice sold,  
Chopt off, and mayd on high, that all might them behold.

Herselfe then tooke he by the sclander wast  
In vaine land crying, and into the flood  
Over the Castle wall adowne her cast,  
And there she drowned in the dirty mud:  
But the streame wash'd away her guilty blood  
Thereafter all that mucky pelle he tooke,  
The spoile of peoples evil gotten good, [feroue,  
The which her sire had serapt by hooke and  
And burning all to ashes pow'd it down the brooke.

And lastly all that Castle quite he rased,  
Even from the sole of his foundation,  
And all the heven stones thereof defaced,  
That there mote be no hope of reparation,  
Nor memory thereof to any nation.  
All which when Talus throughly had perfourned,  
Sir Argeall undid the evil fashion,  
And wicked customes of that bridge refourned:  
Which done, unto his former jouney he retourned.

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

 xxv. 3. — a ] line-bound] That is, a limner or large dog used in hunting the wild boar: Kersey. Church.
 xxvi. 7. — of silver trye] True for tryed, refined.
 The last letter is dropt, as usual, for the sake of the rhyme. Church.
There they beheld a mighty Gyant stand
Upon a rokke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great paire of balance in his hand,
With which he boasted in his surprized
That all the world he would weigh equalifie,
It ought he had the same to counterpoys:
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And fild his balance full of idle toys:
Yet was admired much of fools, women, and boys.

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

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
And cluster thicke unto his leasinges vaine;
Like foolish flies about an hony-crooke;
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which when Artegall did see and heare,
How he misled the simple peoples traine,
In sadeful full wise he drew unto him neare,
And thus unto him spake, without regard or feare;

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

"For at the first they well created were
In godly measure by their Makers might;
And weighed out in balancees so more,
That not a dram was missing of their right:
The earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immovable abide,
Hemmed in with waters like a wall in sight,
And they with aire, that not a drop can slide:
Al which the heavens containe, and in their courses guide.

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

"Thou foolish elde," said then the Gyant wroth,
"Seest not how badly all things present bee,
And each estate quite out of order goth.
The sea itselfe doest thou not plainly see
Encroch upon the land there under thee?
And th' earth itselfe how daily its increas
By all that dying to it turned be?
Were it not good that wrong were then surcease,
And from the most that some were given to the least?

"Therefore I will throw downe these mountains lie,
And make them level with the lowly plaine.
These towering rocks, which reach unto the skie,
I will thrust downe into the deepest maine.
And, as they were, then equalize againe.
Tyranst, that make men subiect to their law,
I will supresse, that they no more may raie;
And lordings curbe that commons over-saw;
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will draw."

"Of things unseen how causst thou deceame aright?"
Then answered the righteous Artegall, [sight]
"Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in
What though the sea with waves continuall
Doe eat the earth, it is no more at all;
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought;
For whatsoever from one place doth fall
Is with the tide unto another brought;
For there is nothing lost, that may be found it sought."

"Likewise the earth is not augmented more
By all that dying into it doe fade;
For of the earth they formed were of yore:
However gay their blossom or their blade
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it if that when they die
They turne to that whereof they first were made
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voice of the Most Ilic

"They live, they die, like as He doth ordaine,
Ne ever any asketh reason why.
The hills do not the lowly dales disdaine;
The dales doe not the lofty hills envy.
He maketh kings to sit in soverainety;
He maketh subiects to their powre obey;"
XLIV.

"Whatsoever thing is done, by Him is done,
Ne any may His mighty will withstand;
Ne any may His sovereign power shone,
Ne loose that He hath bound with stedfast band:
In vain therefore doest thou now take in hand
To call to count, or weigh His works anew,
Whose counsels depth thou canst not understand;
Sith of things subject to thy daily view
Thou dost not know the causes nor their courses
dew.

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

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

XLV.

Wroth went he then, and sayd that words were light,
Ne would within his balance well abide;
But he could nothing weigh the wrong or right.
"Well then," sayd Artegaill, "let it be tride:
First in one balance set the true aside."
He did so first, and then the false he layd
In th' other scale; but still it downe did slide,
And by no means could in the weight be stayd:
For by no meanes the false will with the truth be wayd.

XLVI.

"Now take the right likewise," sayd Artegaill.
"And counterpise the same with so much
So first the right he put into one scale; [wrong,
And then the Gyant strove with prouice strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong;
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay
Might not it peise; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chaud, and proved every way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a little right downe way.

XLVII.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his balances have broken:
But Artegaill him fairely gan asswage,
And said, "Be not upon thy balance wrokon;
For they do nought but right or wrong betoken;
But in the mind the doome of right must bee;
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
The care must be the balance, to decre
And jinde, whether with truth or falsehood they agree.

XLVIII.

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

XLIX.

But he the right from thence did thrust away;
For it was not the right which he did seeke:
But rather strove extremities to way,
Th' one to diminish, th' other for to eek:
For of the meane he greatly did mislike.
Whom when so lowly minded Talus found,
Approaching nigh unto him cheke by cheke.
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And downe the rock him throwing in the sea him droun.

L.

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest drives
Upon a rocke with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand pieces rives,
And spoiling all her gears and goodly ray
Does make her selfe misfortunes piteous prays.
So downe the chiffe the wretched Gyant tumbled;
His batted balances in peces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbling:
So was the high-aspyring with huge ruine lumbred.

LI.

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

LII.

Which lawlesse multitude him comming to
In warlike wise when Artegaill did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to do:
For loth he was his noble hands t'embrew
In the base blood of such a rascal crew;
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He feard lest they with shame would him pursow:

XLIX. 5. [sayd he.] Artegaill. CHURCH.

XLV. 8. [in the weight] So all the editions. I think it should be scale, unless he uses weight here as he does pound in st. 36 for balance. CHURCH.

XLVI. 9. [downe way.] Weigh down. a Mr. Church has observed. And see st. 49. TADD.
The cause of their array, and true for to desire.

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

As when a faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of ducks forby the brooke,
The trembling foule dismayed with dreadfull sight
Of death, the which them almost overtooke,
Do eie hide themselves from her astonyng looke
Amongst the flags and covert round about.
When Talus saw they all the field forsooke,
And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,
To Artegaill he turn'd and went with him through-out.

CANTO III.

The Spoylls of faire Florimell,
Where turney many Knights!
There Bragadocchio is una'd
In all the Ladies sights.

After long stormes and tempests over-blowne
The sunne at length his ioyous face doth clear:
So whenas fortune all her spight hath showne,
Some blissfull hours at last must needs appear;
Else should afflicted wights oft-times despare.
So comes it now to Florimell by turne,
After long sorrowes suffered whynde about.
In which captiv'd she many moneths did mourn:
To taste of joy, and to wont pleasures to returne:

Who being freed from Proteus cruel band
By Marinell was unto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie Land;
Where he her spous'd, and made his ioyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide,
And solemn feastes and giusts ordain'd therefore:
To which they did resort from every side
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store;
Ne any Knight was absent that brave courage bore.

To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
The goodly service, the devicefull sights,
The bridgromes state, the brides most rich array,
The pride of Ladies, and the worth of Knights,
The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an herald, not for me:

But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to advance, shall here recounted bee.

When all men had with full satiety
Of meats and drinks their appetites suffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and proof of chevalrie
They gan themselves addressse, full rich aguiz'd,
As each one had his furnitures deviz'd.
And first of all issu'd Sir Marinell,
And with him sixe Knights move, which enter
To challenge all in right of Florimell,
[priz'd and to maintaine that she all others did excell.

The first of them was light Sir Orimont,
A noble Knight, and tride in hard assayes:
The second had to name Sir Bellisont,
But second unto none in provisse praye:
The third was Brunell, famous in his days:
The fourth Ecastor, of exceeding might:
The fitt Armel disgusted, in lovely layes:
The sixt was Lunsack, a redoubt Knight:
All sixe well scene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight.

And them against came all that list to gyst,
From every coast and countrie under sunne:
None was debarr'd, but all had leave that lust.
The trompetes sound; then all together ranne.
Full many deeds of armes that day were done;
And many Knights unhors'd, and many wounded,
As fortune fell; yet little lost or wonne:
But all that day the greatest praye redounded
To Marinell, whose name the heralds loud re-sound'd.

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

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

But what on earth can alwayes happie stand!
The greater provesse greater perils find.
So farre he past amongst his enimies band,
That they have him enclosed so behinde,
As by no meanes he can himselfe outwind:
And now perforce they have him prisoner taken
And now they doe with captive bands him bind

— forth the brooke.] That is, near to the brook or by the brook. Ton.

— but all had leave that lust.] That chose. The word lust is often used in this sense by Spenser, as it is also by Chaucer. Ton.
And now they lead him hence, of all forsaken,
Unless some succour had in time him overtake.

x.
It fortun'd, whylest they were thus ill beset,
Sir Artegall into the tilt-yard came,
With Braggadochio, whom he lately met
Upon the way with that his Snowy Dame:
Where when he understood by common fame,
What evil hap to Marinell betid,
He much was mov'd at so unworthy shame, [rid,
And straitened that Boaster prayd, with whom he
To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.

xi.
So forth he went, and soone them overhent,
Where they were leading Marinell away;
Whom he assayld with dreadsse hardinment,
And forst the burden of their prize to stay.
They were an hundred Knights of that array;
Of which th' one halfe upon himselfe did set,
The other stayed behind to guard the pray:
But he ere long the former firte bet;
And from the other fiftie soone the prisoner fet.

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

xiii.
Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To Braggadochio did his shield restore:
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in prouinces store
That his false Ladie, as ye heard before.
Then did the trumpets sound, and judges rose,
And all these Knights, which t at day armour
Came to the open hall to listen whose [bore,
The honour of the prize should be adjuidg'd by those.

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

xv.
The sight whereof did all with gladnesse fill:
So unto hym they did addeneme the prise
Of all that triumph. Then the trumpets shrill
Don Braggadochios name resounded thrise:
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise:
And then to him came fayrest Florimell,
And goodly gan to greete his brave emprise,
And thousand thanks him yeeld, that had so well
Approv'd that day that she all others did excel.

xvi.
To whom the Boaster, that all Knights did blot,
With proud disdaine did scornesfull answers make,
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake,
Whom on his perill he did undertake
Both her and eke all others to excell:
And further did unconmly speaches crank.
Much did his words the gentle Ladie quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did tell.

xvii.
Then forth he brought his snowy Florimell,
Whom Trompart had in keeping there beside,
Covered from peoples gazement with a vele:
Whom when discovered they had throughly cide,
With great amazement they were stupefied;
And said, that surely Florimell it was,
Or if it were not Florimell so tride,
That Florimell herselfe she then did pas,
So feele skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

xviii.
Which whenas Marinell beheld likewise,
He was therewith exceedingly dismayd;
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to devise:
But, like as one whom feends had made afrayd,
He long astonish'd stood, ne ought he sayd;
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eyes
He gazed still upon that Snowy Mayd:
Whom ever as he did the more avize,
The more to be true Florimell he did surmise.

xix.
As when two summes appeare in th' azure skye,
Mounted in Phebus chariot fierie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each maunseye,
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light;
All that beheld so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder and with rare affrigh.
So stood Sir Marinell when he had scene
The semblant of this false by his faire beauties queene.

xx.
All which when Artegall, who all this while
Stood in the presse close covered, well had vewed,
And saw that Boasters pride and gracelesse guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth issewd,
And unto all hime selfe there open shewd,
And to the Boaster said: "Thou losell base,
That hast with borrowed plumes thyselfe endeav'd,
And others worth with leasings dost deface,
When they are all restor'd thou shalt rest in disgrace.

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

xxii.
"But this the sword which wrought those cruel stounds,
And this the arme the which that shield did beare
And those the signs," (so shewed forth his wounds,)  
"By which that glorie gotten doth appear.  
As for this Ladie, which he sheweth here,  
Is not (I wager) Florimell at all;  
But some sayre fraion, fit for such a fere,  
That by misfortune in his hand did fall."  
For prove whereof he bad them Florimell forth  
call.

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

Then did he set her by that snowy one,  
Like the true saint beside the image set;  
Of both their beauties to make paragon  
And trial, whether should the honor get.  
Straightway, so soon as both together met,  
Th' Enchancted Dauzell vanishd into nought:  
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,  
Ne of that goodly heem remayned ought,  
But th' emptie Girle which about her wast was wrought.

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

Which whens all that present were beheld,  
They stricken were with great astonishment,  
And their faint harts with senselesses horror quelled,  
To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,  
So stolen from their fancies wondrement;  
That what of it became none understood:  
And Braggadocchio selfe with dweriment  
So damnsd was in his despeeryng mood,  
That like a lifelesse corse immovable he stood.

But Artegaill that golden Belt uptooke,  
The which of all her spoyle was onely left;  
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,  
But Florimells owne Girle, from her rett,  
While she was flying, like a wearey weft,  
From that foule monster which did her compell  
To perils great; which he unbecklinge eft  
Presented to the Fayrest Florimell;  
Who round about her tender wast it fitted well.

Full many Ladies often had assayed  
About their middles that faire Belt to knit;  
And many a one suppos'd to be a Mayd;  
Yet it to move of all their loynes would fit,

Till Florimell about her fastned it.  
Such power it bad, that to no woomans wast  
By any skill or labour it would sit,  
Unlesse that she were continent and chast;  
But it would lose or brake, that many had disgrast.

Whilst thus they busied were bout Florimell,  
And boastefull Braggadochio to frame,  
Sir Guyon, as by fortune then beheld,  
Forth from the thickest press of people came,  
His owne good steed, which he had stowe, to clame;  
And, th' one hand seizing on his golden bit,  
With th' other drew his sword; for with the same  
He meant the Thifie there deadly to have smit;  
And, had he not bene held, he nought had fayld of it.

Thereof great hurly burly moved was  
Throughout the hall for that same warlike horse  
For Braggadocchio would not let him pas;  
And Guyon would him algethe have perforce,  
Or it appeare upon his carrouncle corse.  
Which troublous stirre when Artegaill perceiv'd,  
He nigh them drew to stay th' Avengers forse;  
And gan inquire how was that steed bereaved,  
Whether by might extort, or else by slight deceav'd.

Who all that piteous storie, which befall  
About that wofull Couple which were slime,  
And their young Bloodie Babe to him gattell;  
With whom whiles he did in the wooll remaine  
His horse purloyned was by subtilt traine;  
For which he chalenged the Thifie to figh:  
But he for nought could him thereto constraine;  
For as the death he hated such despight,  
And rather had to lose than trie in armes his right.

Which Artegaill well hearing, (though no more  
By law of armes there neede ones right to trie,  
As was the wont of warlike Knights of yore,  
Then that his foe should hun the field denie,)  
Yet further right by tokens to descry,  
He askt, what privie tokens he did beare,  
"If that," said Guyon, "may you satisfe,  
Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,  
Shapt like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it there."  

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

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,  
Untill that Guyon selde unto him spake,  
And called Brigadore, (so was he light,)  

XXXIV. 3. And called Brigadore] Brigadore is the name of  
the knight's horse, as Brigladovor also is the name of  
Orlando's horse; from brighta d'oro, a golden bridle.  
T. Warton.
Whose voice so soon as he did undertake,
Estoones he stood as still as any stake,
And suffered all his secret marke to see;
And, when he him nam'd, for joy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And iriskt, and long aloft, and louted low on knee.

XXXV.

Tidely Sir Artegall did plaine aceed,
That unto him the horse belong'd; and sayd,
"Lo there, Sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
As he with golden saddle is arayed;
And let that Loscell, plainely now displayed,
Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have gayned." 
But the proud Boaster gan his doome uphrawd,
And him revell'd, and rated, and disdain'd,
That judgment so unist against him had ordained.

XXXVI.

Much was the Knight incens't with his lewd word,
To have revenged that his villeny:
And thrice did lay his hand upon his sword,
To have him slaine, or dearely done aby:
But Guyon did his choler pacify,
Saying, "Sir Knight, it would dishonour hee
To you that are our judge of equity,
To wreak your wrath on such a carle as hee:
It's punishment enough that all his shame doe see."

XXXVII.

So did he mitigate Sir Artegall;
But Talus by the backe the boaster pent,
And drawing him out of the open hall
Upon him did inflict this punishment:
First he his beard did shave, and lowly svent;
Then from him reft his shield, and it reverst,
And blotted out his armes with falshood blent;
And himselfe batteld, and his armes unherst;
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour spent.

XXXVIII.

The whiles his guifefull Grome was fled away;
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie:
Who overtaking him did disarray
And all his face deform'd with infamie,
And out of court he searg'd openly.
So ought all faytors, that true kithhoodshame,
And armes dishonour with base villainie,
From all brave Knights be banish't with defame:
For oft their lewdnes blotteth good deserts with blame.

XXXIX.

Now when these Counterfeits were thus uncase'd
Out of the foreside of their forgerie,
And in the sight of all men clean disgraced,
All gan to jest and gib full merlic
At the remembrance of their knaverie:
Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
To thinke with how great vant of bravarie
He them abused through his unstill slights,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their sights.

XL.

There leave we them in pleasure and repast,
Spending their inoyous days and gladfull nights,
And taking usurie of time forepast,
With all duee deare and rare delights,
Fit for such Ladies and such lovely Knights:
And thence we here to this faire bowles end
Our weary yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That, whenas time to Artegall shall tend,
We on his first adventure may him forward send.

CANTO IV.

Artegall doeth right between
Two brethren that doe strive;
Sawne Tophoe from the call of tree,
And doth from vnto receve.

Whoso upon his owne will take the skill
True justice unto people to divide,
Had need have mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome decide
And for to imbrust and puissant pride:
For vaine it is to deece of things ariught,
And makes wrong doers justice to decide,
Unless it be perform'd with dreadfulnes might:
For Powre is the right hand of Justice truly right.

Therefore whylome to Knights of great emprise
The charge of Justice given was in trust,
That they might execute her judgements wise,
And with their might beat downe licentiousnesse
And for to revenge that doth dishonour her;
Which prou'dly did impute her sentence jnst:
Whereof no braver president this day
Remaines on earth, preserv'd from yron rust
Of rude oblivion and long times decay,
Then this of Artegall, which here we have to say.

Who having lately left that lovely payre,
Enlunked fast in wedlockes bowall bond,
Bald Marinell with Florimell the fayre,
With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,
Departed from the Castle of the strang
To follow his adventures first intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great Yron Grome, his gard and governement.

With whom, as he did passe by the sea-shore,
He chamast to come whereas two comely Squires,
Both brethern whom one wandr'd together bore,
But stirr'd up with different desires,

1. 2. — divide.] Distribute, as in the Introduction st.


7. And makes] And it makes, &c. unless it be performed, &c. Upton.

Together strove, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And then beside two seemly Damzels stood,
By all meanes seeking to asswage their ire,
Now with faire words; but words did little good;
Now with sharper threats; but threats the more
increase their mood.

And there before them stood a coffer strong
Fast bound on every side with iron bands,
But seeming to have suffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt upon the sands,
Or being carried farre from former lands.
Seem'd that for it these Squires at ods did fall,
And bent against themselves their cruel hands;
But evermore those Damzels did forestall
Their furions encounter, and their fierencesse pall.

But firmly fixt they were with dint of sword
And batailles doubtfull proofe their rights to try;
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them fortune would justify:
So stood they both in readiness thereby
To joyn the combate with cruel intent:
When at last they arrived happily
Did stay awhile their greedy bickerment,
Till he had question'd the cause of their dissent.

To whom the elder did this answere frame;
"Then weet ye, Sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our sire, Milesio by name,
Did equally bequest his lands in fee,
Two islands, which ye there before you see
Not farre in sea; of which the one appears
But like a little mount of small degree;
Yet was as great and wide ere many years,
As that same other isle, that greater breath now beares.

"But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
And this devious sea, that nought doth spare,
The most part of my land hath wasted away,
And thrownne it up unto my brothers share:
So his encreased, but mine did encrease,
Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
That further Mayd, bight Philtera the faire,
With whom a goodly dowre I should have got,
And should have joyned bene to her in wedlocks knot.

"Then did my younger brother Amidas
Love that same other Damzell, Lucy bright,
To whom but little dowre alloted was:
Her vertue was the dowre that did delight:
What better dowre can to a Dame be hight?
But now, when Philtera saw my lands decay
And former live'd of fayle, she left me quight,
And to my brother did elope straightway:
Who, taking her from me, his owne Love left astray.

She, seeing then herdesse forsaken so,
Through dolorous despaire which she conceyved,
Into the sea herselde did headlong throw,

X.

Thinking to have her griefe by death bereaved;
But see how much her purpose was deceived!
Whilsts thus, amidst the billowes beating of her,
Twixt life and death long to and fro she weaved,
She chang'd unwares to light upon this coffer,
Which to her in that daunger hope of life did offer.

"The wretched Mayd, that earst desir'd to die,
Whenas the paine of death she tast'd had,
And but halfe scene his ugly visonnie,
Gan to repent that she had become so mad
For any death to change life, though most bad:
And catching hold of this sea-beaten chest,
(The lucky pypolt of her passage sad,)"

After long tossing in the seas distrest,
Her wearty barke at last uppon mine isle did rest.

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

"Yet in this coffer which she with her brought
Great thersausre sitthence we did finde contained;
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought:
But this same other Damzell since hath fained
That to herselfe that thersausre appertained;
And that she did transport the same by sea,
To bring it to her husband new ordain'd,
But suffred cruel shipwracke by the way:
But, whether it be so or no, I cannot say.

"But, whether it indeede be so or no,
This doe I say, that whatso good or ill
Or God or Fortune unto me did throw,
(Not wronging any other by my will,)"

I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.
And though my land he first did winne away,
And then my Love, (though now it little skill,)"
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray;
But I will it defend whilst ever that I may."

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

x. 7. — weaved.] For weaved, that is, floated.

xiv. 6. And though my land he first did winne away,
And then my Love, (though now it little skill,)"
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray.
"Though he did first get my land and then my Love,
(though now it little skill,) though now it skill'd little, i.e.
little signifieth; yet he shall not likewise pray upon, make a prey of, my good luck."

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

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

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

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

When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
Both Amidas and Philtra were displeas'd;
But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad,
And on the threasure by that judgement seased,
So was their discord by this doome appeas'd,
And each one had his right. Then Artegall,
Whenes their sharpe contention he had ceased,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.

So, as he travel'd uppon the way,
He channest to come, where haply he spied
A rout of many people farre away;
To whom his course he hastily applide,
To weete the cause of their assemblance wide;
To whom when he approached neere in sight,
(An unchown sight,) he plainly then descride
To be a troope of Women, warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight:

And in the midst of them he saw a Knight,
With both his hands behinde him pinched hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
And ready for the gallow tree prepar'd. His face was covered, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was uncheath was to dersey;
And with full heavy heart with them he far'd,
Grief'd to the soule, and groaning inwardly,
That he of Womens hands so base a death should ly

But they, like tyrants merciless, the more
Reloyed at his miserable case,
And him reviled, and reproch'd sore
With bitter taunts and terms of vile disgrace.
Now when Artegall, arriv'd in place,
Did ask what cause brought that man to decay,
They round about him gan to swarm apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay;
And to have wrought unwares some villainous assay.

But he was soone aware of their ill minde,
And drawing backe deceived their intent:
Yet, though himselfe did shame on woman kinde
His mighty hand to shend, he Talus sent
To wrecke on them their follies hardyment:
Who with few sources of his yron flake
Dispersed all their trumpe Incient,
And sent them home to tell a piteous tale
Of their vaile provessse turned to their proper bale.

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

"Sir Turpine, hapless man, what make you here!
Or have you lost yourselfe and your discretion,
That ever in this wretched case ye were?
Or have ye yeelded to you proude oppression
Of womens powre, that boast of mens subjection?
Or else what other deadly dismall day
Is fallne on you by heavens hard direcon,
That ye were runne so fondely farre astray
As for to lead yourselfe unto your owne decay?"

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
That all astonish he himselfe did find,
And little had for his excense to say,
But only thus; "Most hapless well ye may
Me instly terme, that to this shame am brought,
And made the scorne of knighthood this same day:
[wrongt?]
But who can scape what his owne fate hath
The worke of heavens will surpasseth humane thought."

[xxiv. 3. — did shame] That is, was ashamed. CHURCH.
"Right true: but fancy men use oftentimes To attribute their folly unto fate, 

And lay on heaven the guilt of their own crimes. 

But tell, Sir Terpin, ne let you amate 

Your misery, how fell ye in this state?"

"Then sith ye needs," quoth he, "will know my 

shame, 

And all the ill which chanst me to me of late, 

I shortly will to you rehearse the same, 

In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

Being desirous (as all Knights are woont) 

Through hard adventures deedes of arms to try, 

And after fame and honour for to hunt, 

I heard report that farre abroad did fly, 

That a proud Amazon did late defy 

All the brave Knights that hold of Maidenhead, 

And unto them wrought all the villany 

That she could forge in her malicions head, 

Which some hath put to shame, and many done be 

dead.

The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate, 

Is for the sake of Beliadant the bold, 

To whom she bore most fervent love of late, 

And woed him by all the waies she could: 

But, when she saw at last that he ne would 

For ought or nought be wonne unto her will, 

She turn'd her love to hatred manifold, 

And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill 

Which she could doe to Knights; which now she 

doeth fullill.

For all those Knights, the which by force or guile 

She doth subdue, she fowly doth entrate: 

First, she doth them of warlike armes dispose, 

And cloth in women's weedes; and then with 

threat 

doeth them compel to worke, to carne their meat, 

To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring; 

Ne doth she give them other thing to eate 

But bread and water or like feeble thing; 

Them to disable from revenge adventuring;

But if through stout disdain of manly mind 

Any her proud observance will withstand, 

Upon that gibbet, which is there behind, 

She causeth them be hangd up out of hand; 

In which condition I right now did stand: 

For, being overcome by her in fight, 

And put to that base service of her band, 

I rather chose to die in lives despight, 

Then lead that shamefull life, unworthy of a 

Knight."

"How hight that Amazon," sayd Artegaill, 

"And where and how far hence does she abide?"

"Her name," quoth he, "they Radigund doe call, 

A princesse of great powre and greater pride, 

And queene of Amazones, in armes well tride

And sundry battels, which she hath achieved 

With great success, that her hath glorified, 

And made her famous, more than is believed; 

Ne would I it have ween'd had I not late it prived."

"Now sure," sayd he, "and by the faith that I 

To Maydenhead and noble Knighdhood owe, 

I will not rest till I her might doe trie, [show. 

And venge the shame that she to Knights doth 

Therefore, Sir Terpin, from you lightly throw 

This squallid weede, the pattern of dispaire, 

And wend with me, that ye may see and know How fortune will your ruin'd name require 

And Knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she would empare."

With that, like one that hopelessse was reprry'd 

From deathes dore at which he lately lay, 

Those yron fetters wherewith he was gyvd, 

The badges of reproch, he threw away, 

And nimibly did him dight to guide the way 

Unto the dwelling of that Amazone: 

Which was from thence not past a mile or tway; 

A goodly city and a mighty one. 

The which, of her owne name, she called Radegone.

Where they arriving by the watchmen were 

Descried straignt; who all the city warned 

How that three warlike persons did appeare, 

Of which the one him seemed a Knight all armed, 

And th'o other two well likely to have harmed. 

Eftsoones the people all to harnesse ran, 

And like a sort of bees in clusters swarmed: 

Ere long their queene herselfe, halfe like a man, 

Came forth into the rout, and then t'array began.

And now the Knights, being arrived near, 

Did beat upon the gates to enter in; 

And at the porter, skorning them so few, 

Threw many threats, if they the towne did win, 

To teare his flesh in pieces for his sin: 

Which wheres Radigund there comming heard, 

Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin; 

She bad that straighte the gates should be unbar'd, 

And to them way to make with weapons well prepar'd.

Soone as the gates were open to them set, 

They pressed forward, entrance to have made: 

But in the middle way they were ynet 

With a sharpe shrowre of arrows, which them 

And better bad advise, ere they assaid [staid. 

Unknownen perill of bold Womens pride, 

Then all that rout upon them rudely laid, 

And heaped strokes so fast on every side, 

And arrows hail'd so thick, that they could not abide.

This is spoken by Artegaill.
But Radigund herself, when she espide
Sir Terpin from her direfull doome acquit,
So cruelly done amongst her Maides divide,
'T gainst that shame they did on him commit,
All sodainely entham'd with furious fit
Like a felie lionesse at him she flew,
And on his head-piece him so fiercely smit,
That to the ground him quite she overthrow,
Dismayd so with the stroke that he no colours knew.

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

Whom whenas Artegall in that distresse
By chance beheld, he left the bloody slaughter,
In which he swarm, and ramm to his redresse:
There her assaying fiercely fresh he raught her
Such an huge stroke, that it of sence distraught
And, had she not it warded warily,
It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter:
Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply
It made her stagger off, and stare with ghastely eye.

like an eagle, in his kingly pride
Soring through his wide empire of the aire,
To weather his brote sails, by chance hath spide
A goshawke, which hath seized for her share
Upon some fowle, that should her feast prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her hylive,
That with his souce, which none endure dare,
Her from the querry he away doth drive,
And from her gripping pounce the greedy prey doth rive.

But, soone as she her sence recover'd had,
She fiercely towards him herselfe gan dign,
Through vengeance wrath and seigeinful pride half
For never had she suffered such despiet: [mad;
But, ere she could joynce hand with him to fight,
Her warlike Maides about her flockt so fast,
That they dispaite them, mangle their might,
And with their trampes did far asunder cast:
But monst the rest the fight did untill evening last.

And every while that mightie Yron Man
With his strange weapon, never wont in warre,
Them sorely vext, and courest, and over-ran,
And broke their bowes, and did their shooting
That none of all the many once did darre [warre,
Him to assault, nor once approach him nie;
But like a sort of shepe dispersd warre,

For dread of their devouring enemie,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him fly.

When thus the field was voided all away,
And all things quieted; the Elfin Knight,
Weary of toyle and travell of that day,
Caus'd his pavilion to be richly plight,
Before the city-gate in open sight;
Where he himselfe did rest in safety,
Together with Sir Terpin all that night:
But Talus us'd, in times of jeopardy,
To kepe a nightly watch for dread of treachery.

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

But these conditions doe to him propound;
That, if I vanquish him, he shall obey
My law, and ever to my lour be bound;
And so will I, if me he vanquish may;
Whatever he shall like to doe or say:
Goe straight, and take with thee to witness it
Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,
And bear with you both wine and incates fit,
And bid him cate: henceforth he oft shall hungry sit."

The Damzell straight obeyd; and, putting all
In readiness, forth to the town-gate went;
Where, sounding loud a trumpet from the wall,
Unto those warlike Knights she warning sent.
Then Talus forth issuing from the tent
Unto the wall his way did fearlesse take,
To weeten what that trumpets sounding meant:

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[xxxii.]

[xxxiii.]

[xxxiv.]

[xl.]


[xl. 3. — his brode sails.] Sails are often used by our author for wings; and after him by Milton.

I. WASTON.

[xl. 4. — wont] Used. Church.
Where that same Damzell lowly him bespeak,
And shew'd that with his Lord she would empar-

II.

So be them straight conducted to his Lord;
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their message word by word;
Which he accepting, well as he could wonte,
They failely entertayned with curt'sies meete,
And gave them gifts and things of deare delight:
Sobackeagaine they homeward turn'd their feete;
But Artegall himself to rest did dight,
That he mote fresher be against the next daies fight.

CANTO V.

Artegall fights with Radicand.
And is subdu'd by coute;
He is by her emprisoned,
But wroght by Clarins wife.

I.

So soon as Day forth dawning from the east
Nightshumid curtainne from the heavens withdrew,
And early callind forth both man and beast
Commanded them their daily works renue;
These noble Warriors, mindefull to pursw
The last daies purpose of their vowed flight,
Themselves thereto prepare in order diew;
The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight,
And th' Amazon, as best it hikt herselfe to dight.

II.

All in a Canis light of purple silke
Woven uppon with silver, subtly wrought,
And quilted uppon sattin white as milke;
Trayled with ribbands diversly distraught,
Like as the workeman had their courses taught;
Which was short tuck't for light motion
Up to her ham; but, when she list, it raught
Downe to her lowest heele, and thereupon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

III.

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
Basted with bands of gold on every side,
And mailles betwene, and laced close afore;
Upon her thigh her cemitare was tisde
With an embroidered belt of mickell pride;
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
Upon the bosse with stones that shined wide,
As the faire moone in her most full aspect;
That to the moone it mote be like in each respect.

IV.

So forth she came out of the city-gate
With stately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many Damzells that did waite
Upone her person for her sure defence, [hence
Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that from
Their sound did receaunt unto the heavens light:
So forth into the field she march'd thence,
Where was a rich pavilion ready right
Her to receive, till time they should begin the fight.

V.

Then forth came Artegall out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and fiirst the lists did enter:
Some after she came she with full intent
And comittance fierce, as having fully bent her
That battells utmost triall to adventur,
The lists were closed fast, to barre the rout
From rudeely pressing on the middle center;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Waying how fortune would resolve that dangerous dout.

VI.

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

VII.

Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win advantage new;
Yet still her eruelie increased more,
And, though powre faild, her courage did accrue
Which fayling, he gan fiercely her pursue:
Like as a smith that to his cunning feat
The stubborne metall secketh to subdue,
Soone as he feels it mollifie with heat,
With his great yron sledge doth strongly on it beat

VIII.

So did Sir Artegall upon her lay,
As if she had an yron andvile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steely armes were flashing scene,
That all on fire ye would her surely weene:
But with her shield so well herselfe she warde
From the dire danger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she safely garded;
But he that helpe from her against her will dis carded:

IX.

For with his treanchant blade at the next blow
Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
That halfe her side itselfe did naked shew,
And thenesforth unto danger opened way.
Much was she moved with the mightie way
Of that sad stroke, that halfe coud'd she sawe
And like a greedie heare unto her pray
With her sharpe cemitare at him she flew,
That glauning downe his thigh the purple blod forth drew.

X.

Thereat she gan to triumph with great base,
And to upbraid that shamee which him misfell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spightfull speaches, fittung with her well;
That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation at her vaunting vain,
And at her stroke with puiss ance fearfull fell;
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to pieces round about the plains.

XI.

Having her thus disarmed of her shield,
Upon her helmet he again her strooke,
That downe she fell upon the grassie field  
In senseless swone, as if her life forsooke,  
And pangs of death her spirit overtooke:  
Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,  
He to her kept with deadly dreadfull looke,  
And her sun-shyne helmet some unlaced,  
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have raced.

But, whenas he discovered had her face,  
He saw, his senses strange astonishment,  
A miracle of natures goodly grace  
In her faire visage voide of ornament,  
But bath'd in blood and sweat together met;  
Which, in the rudenesse of that evil plight,  
Bewrayd the signs of feature excellent:  
Like as the moonne, in foggie winters night,  
Doth seeme to be herselfe, though darkned be her light.

Soone as the Knight she there by her did spy  
Standing with empte hands all weaponesse,  
With fresh assault upon him she did fly,  
And gan renew her former cruellnesse:  
And though he still retyr'd, yet madlyse  
With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;  
And more increas her outrage mercilessse,  
The more that he with mecke intreatye prayd  
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to have stayd.

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

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

So was he overcome, not overcome;  
But to her yeelded of his owne accord;  
Yet was he instyly damned by the doome

Of his owne mouth, that spake so wareless word,  
To be her thrall and service her affoord;  
For though that he first victorie obtayned,  
Yet after, by abandoning his sword,  
He wilfull lost that he before attayned;  
No fayrer conquest then that with goodwill is gayned.

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

But, when they thought on Talus hands to lay,  
He with his yron haile amongst them thondred,  
That they were fayne to let him scape away;  
Glad from his company to be so sondred;  
Whose presence all their trumps so much encombr'd,  
[slay,  
That th' heapes of those which he did wound  
And besides the rest dismayd, might not be nombred;  
Yet all that while he would not once assay  
To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it inst o'obay.

Then tooke the Amazon this nooble Knight,  
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,  
And caused him to be disarmd qight  
Of all the ornaments of knyghtly name,  
With which whylom he gotten had great fame;  
Instead whereof she made him to be dight  
In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,  
And put before his lap an apron white,  
Instead of curiets and bases fit for fight.

So being cadd she brought him from the field,  
In which he had bene trayned many a day,  
Into a long large chamber, which was seld  
With monuments of many Knights decay  
By her subledew in victorios fraye;  
Amongst the which she causd his warlike armes  
Be hangd on high, that mote his shame bowne;  
And broke his sword for fear of further harmes  
With which he wont to stirre up battailous alarmes

There entred in he round about him saw  
Many brave Knights whose names right well he knew.  
There bound t' obey that Amazons proud law,  
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,  
That his bigge hart loth'd so uneomeley yew:  
But they were forst, through penurie and pyne,  
To doe those workes to them appointed dew:  
For nought was given them to sup or dyne,  
But what their hands could earne by twisting linen twyne.

Amongst them all she placed him most low,  
And in his hand a distaffe to him gave,
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

That he thereon should spin both flax and tow;
A sordid office for a mind so brave;
So hard it is to be a Womans slave!
Yet he it took in his owne selfes despight,
And thereto did himselfe right well behave
Her to obey, sith he his faith had plight.
Her vassall to become, if she him wonne in fight.

Who had him seeke, imagine motethereby
That whylom hath of Hercules bene told,
How forolas sake he did apply
His mightie hands the distaffe vile to hold
For his huge club, which had sublew'd of old
So many monsters which the world annoyed;
His Lyons skin chaungd to a pail of gold,
In which, forgetting warres, he onely toyed
In combats of sweet love, and with his mistresse toyed.

Such is the cruelty of womanlynd,
When they have shaken off the shamefast band,
With which wise nature did them strongly bayd
'To play the heasts of mans well-ruling hand.
That then all rule and reason they withstand
To purchase a licentious libertie:
But vertuous women wisely understand,
That they were borne to base humilitie,
Unlesse the heavens them lift to lawfull soverainitie.

Thus there long while continu'd Artegall,
Serving proud Radigund with true subjection:
However it his noble heart did call
'To play a Womans tyrannous direction,
That might have had of life or death election:
But, having chosen, now he might not change.
During which time the warlike Amazon,
Whose wandring fancie after lust did range,
Gan cast a secret liking to this Captive strange.

Which long concealing in her covert breast,
She claw'd the end of lovers carefull plight;
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
Being fast fixed in her wounded spright.
But it torment'd her both day and night;
Yet would she not thereto yeld free accord
To serve the lowly vassall of her might,
And of her servait make her soverayn lord;
So great her pride that she such baseness much abhor.

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

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

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

"Ah! my deare Dread," said then the fearfull Mayd,
[hold, Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart with-
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
And dare even Deades most dreadfull face behold? Say on, my soverayn Ladie, and be bold:
Doth not your handmayds life at your foot lie?"
Therewith much comforted she gan unfold
The cause of her conceived maladie;
As one that would confess, yet faile would it denie.

"Clarin," said she, "thou seest yond Fayry Knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne brave mind
Subicted hath to my unequall might:
What right is it, that he should thraldome finde
For lending life to me a wretch unkind,
That for such good him recompende with ill? Therefore I cast how I may him bind,
And by his freedom get his free goodwil;
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still:

"Bound unto me; but not with such hard bands
Of strong compulsion and streight violence,
As now in miserable state he stands;
But with sweet love and sure benevolence,
Voyde of malitions mind or foule offence:
To which if thou canst win him any way
Without discoveree of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly neede of him it purchase may.
And eke with grateful service me right well apay

"Which that thou mayst the better bring to pass,
Loo! here this ring, which shall thy warrant bee
And token true to old Emmonias,
From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
That in and out thou mayst have passage free.
Goe now, Clarinda; well thy wits advise,
And all thy forces gather unto thee.

To thrill my loosir life.] That is, To deprive
me of my liberty. Church.
Armies of lovely looks, and speeches wise, 
With which thou canst even love himselfe to love entise.  

XXXV.
The trustie Mayd, conceiving her intent, 
Did with sure promise of her good endeavour 
Give her great comfort and some harts content: 
So from her parting she thenceforth did labour, 
By all the messes she might, to carry favour 
With th' Elfin Knight, her Ladies best beloved: 
With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour, 
Even at the marke-white of his hart she roved, 
And with wide-glimning words one day she thus him proved: 

XXXVI.
Unhappie Knight, upon whose hopelesse state 
Fortune, envying good, hath felly frowned, 
And cruell heavens have heapt an heavy fate; 
I rew that thus thy better days are drowned 
In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned 
In stupid sorrow, sth thy inuster merit 
Might else have with felicitie been crowned: 
Looke up at last, and wake thy dulled spirit 
To think how this long death thou mightest dis-inherit!  

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

XXXVIII.
"Yet west ye well, that to a courage great 
It is no lesse beseeming well to bcare 
The storme of fortunes frowne or heavens threat, 
Then in the sunshine of her contentance cleare 
Timely to ioy and carrie comely cheare: 
For though this cloud have now me overcast, 
Yet doe I not of better times despreye; 
And though (unlike) they should for ever last, 
Yet in my truths assurance I rest fixed fast.”

XXXIX.
But what so stonic minde,” she then replide, 
"But if in his owne powre occasion lay, 
Would to his hope a windowe open wyde, 
And to his fortunes helpes make readie way!  
"Unworthy sure,” quoth he, “of better day, 
That will not take the offer of good hope, 
And eke purswe, if he attaine it may; 
Which speaches she applying to the scope 
Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope: 

XL.
"Then why doest not, thou ill-advised man, 
Make meanes to win thy libertie forborne,

And try if thon by faire entrecatie can 
Move Radigund? who though she still have borne 
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne 
Of beares and tygres, nor so salvage mynded 
As that, albe all love of men she scare, 
She yet forgets that she of men was kynded; 
And sooth oft scene that proudest harts base love 
hath blinding.”

XLI.
"Certes, Clarinda, not of canoned will,” 
Sayd he, “nor obstinate dishinefull mind, 
I have forbore this duetie to fulfill: 
For well I may this weene, by that I fynd, 
That she a Queene, and some of princely kynd 
Both worthie is for to be sowd unto, 
Chiefely by him whose life her law doth bynd, 
And eke of powre her owne doome to undo, 
And als’ of princely grace to be inelyd’thereto.

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

XLIII.
But foolish Mayd, whyles heedlesse of the hooke 
She thus oft-times was beating off and on, 
Through slipperie footling fell into the brooke, 
And there was caught to her confusion: 
For, seeking thus to salve the Amazon, 
She wounded was with her deceits owne dart, 
And gan thenceforth to cast affection, 
Conceived close in her beguiled hart, 
To Artegaill, through pitie of his causelesse smart.

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

XLV.
One day her Ladie, calling her apart, 
Gan to demand of her some tydings good, 
Touching her loves successse, her lingering smart: 
Therewith she gan at first to change her mood, 
As one adaw’d, and halfe confused stod; 
But quickly she it overpast, so soon 
As she her face had wypt to fresh her blood: 
Tho gan she tell her all that she had done, 
And all the wayes she sought his love for to have wonne: 

XLVI.
But sayd, that he was obstinate and storne, 
Scoring her offers and conditions vainse; 

XLVII. 2. [slained.] For dissaided. So, in st. 51, 
slaine for displeased. CHURCH. 
XLVII. 7. to fresh her blood? To refresh her blood. 
TOTT.
Ne would be taught with any ternes to lerne
So fond a lesson as to love again:
Die rather would he in penurios paine,
And his abreded days in double wast,
Then his Foes love or liking entertaine;
His resolution was, both first and last,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plast.

XLV.
Which when the cruel Amazon perceived,
She gan to storne, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell despit, which she conceived,
To be so searned of a base-borne thrall,
Whose life did lie in her least eye-lids fall;
Of which she vow'd with many a cursed threat,
That she therefore would him ere long forstall.
Nathless, when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that fraughtfull mood, and mildly gan entreat:

"What now is left, Clarinda! what remaines,
That we may compasse this our enterprize!
Great shame to lose so long employed pains,
And greater shame t' abide so great misprize,
With which he dares our offers thus despise,
Yet that his guilt the greater may appear
And more my gracious merzie by this wise,
I will awhile with his first folly beare,
Till thou have trie againe, and tempted him more neare.

XLIX.
"Say and do all that may thereto prevale;
Leave thought imprimit that may him persuade,
Life, frendome, grace, and gifts of great availe,
With which the gods themselves are myldery made:
Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,
The art of mightie words that men can charme;
With which in case thou canst him not invade,
Let him feele hardnesse of thy heavy armes:
Who will not stope with good shall be made stope with harne.

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

II.
"When thou hast all this done, then bring me newes
Of his demeanoure, thenceforthe not like a lover,
But like a rebell stout, I will him use:
For I resolve this siege not to give over,
Till t' the conquest of my will recover?"
So she departed full of griefe and shaine,
Which uly did to great impatience move her:
But the false Mayden shortly turn't againe
Unto the prison, where her hart did thrall remaine.

LIII.
There all her subtill nets she did unfold,
And all the engins of her wit dispaly;
In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
That both her Ladie, and herselfe withall,
And she the Knight attorne she did betray;
But most the Knight, whom she with guiltfull call
Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

LIV.
As a bad nurse, which, fayning to receiue
In her owne mouth the food ment for her chylde,
Withholds it to her selfe, and doeth deceiue
The infant, so for want of nouriture spoyle;
Even so Clarinda her owne Dame begnyd,
And turn'd the trust, which was in her affyde,
To feeding of her private fire, which boyled
Her inward brest, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that she it sought to cover and to hide

LV.
For, comming to this Knight, she purpose fayned,
How earnest suit she cast for him had made
Unto her Queene, his freedome to have gayne;
But by no meanes could her thereto perswade,
But that instead thereof she sternely lade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron hands on him to lade:
All which nathless she for his love forbore:
So praying him t' accept her service evermore.

LVI.
And, more then that, she promis that she would,
In case she might finde favour in his eye,
Devize how to encharge him out of haund.
The Fayrie, glad to gaine his libertie,
Can yeeld great thankes for such her curtesie;
And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
To feele the honour of her malady,
Promis, if she would free him from that case,
He wold by all good means he might deserue such grace.

LVII.
So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet never meant he in his noble mind
To his owne absent Love to be untrue;
Ne ever did deceiptfull Clain find
In her false hart his bondage to unbind;
But rather how she mote him faster tye,
Therefore unto her Mistresse most unkind
She daily told her love he did defye;
And him she told her Dame his freedome did denye.

LVIII.
Yet thus much friendship she to him did show,
That his scarce diet somewhat was amended,
And his worke lesnesed, that his love mote grow:
Yet to her Dame him still she discommende,
That she with him mote be the more offended,
Thus he long while in thral dome there remaine,
Of both beloved well, but little friended;
Untill his owne true Love his freedome gaine:
Which in another Canto will be best conteyned.

LVII. 8. — [guiltfull call] Alluding to the manner of calling birds. CHURCH.
LV. 1. — she purpose fayned.] She entertained him with a feigned story. CHURCH.
CANTO VI.

Talus brings news to Britomart
Of Artesala at hand:
She goes to seek him in Dolon meets,
Who seeks her to entrap.

Some men, I wote, will deeme in Artesall
Great weakness, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding so himselfe a wretcheth thrall
To th' insolent commandment of Women's will;
That all his former praise doth now no quell:
But he the man, that say or doe so dare,
Be well advis'd that he stand stedfast still;
For never yet was wight so well aware,
But he at first or last was trapp in Women's snare.

Yet in the streightnesse of that captiv state
This gentle Knight himselfe so well behaved,
That notwithstanding all the subtilt bait,
With which those Amazons his love still crave'd,
To his owne Love his laudatie he saved:
Whose character in th' adamantere mould
Of his true hart so firmly was engrave'd,
That no new Loves impressed ever could
Bereave it thence: such blot his honour blemish'd should.

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

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

One while she blam'd herselfe: another whyche
She him condemn'd as trastless and untreue;
And then, her griefe with errour to begnyle,
She fayned to count the time againe awaue,
As if before she had not counted towe:
For dayes, but houres; for moneths that passed were,
[Few:
She told but weeke, to make them seeme more
Yet, when she reckoned them still drawinge nere,
Each houre did seeme a moneth, and every moneth a yeare.

But, whereas yet she saw him not returne,
She thought to send some one to seeke him out;
But none she found so fit to serve that turne,
xii.

There she began to make her moane full plaint
Against her Knight for being so untrew;
And him to touch with falshoods false attainct,
That all his other honour overthrew.
Oft did she blame herselfe, and often rew,
For yeelding to a strangers love so light,
Whose life and manners strange she never knew;
And evermore did she sharply twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly plight.

xiii.

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast
How to revenge that blot of honour blent,
To fight with him, and goodly die her last;
And then againe she did herselfe torment,
Inflicting on herselfe his punishiment.
Awhile she walkt, and chaunt; awhile she threw
Herselfe upon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did she not lament with loude alew,
As women wont, but with deepe sighes and sighfuls few.

xiv.

Like as a wayward childe, whose sounder sleepe
Is broken with some facefull dreams affright,
With froward will doth set himselfe to weep,
Ne can be still for all his nurses might, [spight;
But kicks, and squals, and shriekes for fell de-
Now scratching her, and her loose locks missing,
Now seeking darkenesse, and now seeking light,
Then craving sucke, and then the sucke reusings:
Such was this Ladies fit in her Loves fond accusing.

xv.

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

xvi.

"Ah wellaway!" sayd then the Yron Man,
"That he is not the while in state to woo;
But lies in wreathed thraldome, weake and wan,
Not by strong hand compell'd thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now undo."
"Sayd I not then," quoth she, "ere while aight,
That this is thilke compacte betwixt you two
Me to deceife of faith unto me plight,
Since that he was not forst, nor overcome in fight!"

xvii.

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discourse of his captivancie sad,
In sort as ye have heard the same of late:
All which when she with hard endurance had
Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad,
With sodaine stoundes of wrath and griefe attone;
Ne would abide, till she had awnse made;
But stright herselfe did dight, and armor don,
And mounting to her steede had Talus guide her on.

xviii.

So forth she rode upon her ready way,
To seeke her Knight, as Talus her did guide:
Sadly she rode, and never word did say
Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aside,
But still right dowe; and in her thought did
The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent [hide
To fierce avengement of that womans pride,
Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,
And so great honour with so fowle reproch had blen.*

xix.

So as she thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the end of grieues and inward paine,
She clamast to meete toward the even-tide
A Knight, that softly paced on the plaine,
As if himselfe to solace he were fame;
Well shot in yeares he seemd, and rather bent
To peace then necessesse trouble to constraine;
As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest semblant, that no evill ment.

xx.

He comming neare gan gentilly her salute
With courteus words, in the most comely wize;
Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
Then termes to entertaine of common guise,
Yet rather then she kindeesse would despaze,
She would herselfe dispelase, so him requite.
Then gan the other further to devize
Of things abrode, as next to hand did light,
And many things demanda, to which she answer'd light:

xxi.

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

xxii.

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

xxiii.

Thus passing th'evening well, till time of rest,
Then Britomart unto a bowre was brought;
Where grooms awayted her to have undrest,
But she ne would undressed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes, though her much besought:
For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo

xx. 9 And &c.] That is, and to ask many questions: to
which she returned slight answers. Church.
xxi. 1 For little lust had she &c.] She had little inclina-
tion. Todd.
xxi. 7. — in gree.] In liking. Todd.
Those warlike weeds, till she revenge had wrought
Of a late wrong upon a mortall foe;
Which she would sure performe betide her wele or wo.

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

"Ye guilty eyes," sayd she, "the which with guyle
My heart at first betrayed, will ye betray
My life now too, for which a little whyle
Ye will not watch? false watches, wellaway!
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Unto your losse; and now needes will ye sleepe?
Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather wepe
To think of your nights want, that should you wakke keeppe.

Thus did she watch, and wearie the weary night
In wayfull plains, that none was to appesse;
Now walking soft, now sitting still uppright,
As sundry change her seemed best to case.
Ne lesse did Talus suffer sleepe to senze
His eye-lids sad, but watch continually,
Lying without her dore in great disease;
Like to a spaniel wainting carefully
Least any should betray his Lady treacherously.

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

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

With that there came unto her chamber dore
Two Knights all armed ready for to fight;
And after them full many other more.
A rashkall rout, with weapons rudely dight:
Whom soone as Talus spiede by glims of night,
He startet up, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his thresher ready kight:
They, seeing that, let drive at him straightway,
And round about him preace in riotous array.

But, soone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron shille, they gan to flye,
Both armed Knights and eke unarmed rout;
Yet Talus after them space did plye,
Wherever in the darke he could them spie;
That here and there like scattered sheep they lay.
Then, backe returning where his Dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intendent did bewray.

Wherewith though wondrous, wroth, and inly burn-
To be avenged for so foawe a deede,
Yet being forst t' abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd; but with right wary heede,
Least any more such practise should prosecond.
Now note ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknown was) whences all this did prosecond;
And for what cause so great mischievous smart
Was ment to her that never evil ment in hart.

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

He had three sons, all three like fathers sons,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthy compass wome
The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile
By Artegall, through his owne guylty wife;
His name was Guizor; whose untimesy fate
For to avenge, full many treasons vile
His father Dolon had devis'd of late
With these his wicked sons, and shewed his cankerd hate.

For sure he weend that this his present guest
Was Artegall, by many tokens plain;
But chiefly by that Yron Page he ghest,
Which still was wont with Artegall remaine;
And therefore ment him surely to have slaine;
But by Gods grace, and her good heelemasse,
She was preserved from their traytous traine.
Thus she all night wore out in watchfullesse,
Ne suffered slothfull sleepe her eyelids to oppresse.

With that there came unto her chamber dore
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And after them full many other more.
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And round about him preace in riotous array.
CANTO VII.

Britomart comes to Isis Church,
Where she strange visions sees;
She fights with Basildon, her squire,
And Artegall these trees.

I.

Nought is on earth more sacred or divine,
That gods and men do equally adore,
Then this same Vertue that doth right define:
For th' hevens themselves, whence mortal men
Implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of highest love, who doth true justice deal
To his inferior gods, and evermore
Therewith contains his heavenly common-wealth;
The skill whereof to princes hearts he doth reveal.

II.

Well therefore did the antique world invent
That justice was a god of soveraine grace,
And altars unto him and temples lent,
And heavenly honours in the highest place;
Calling him great Osyris, of the race
Of th' old Egyptian kings that whylone were;
With fayned colours shading a true case;
For that Osyris, whilst he lived here,
The instest man alive and truest did appeare.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

The Championess随之 greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led;
Whose godly building when she did behold
Borne uppon stately pillars, all dispre;
With shining gold, and arched over head,
She wondred at the workmans passing skill,
Whose like before she never saw nor red;
And thereupon long while stood gaz'ing still,
But thought that she thercro could never gaze her fill.

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THE FAERIE QUEENE.

If(iio

THE MORROW next, so soon as dawning bowre
Discovered had the light to living eie,
She forth yssew'd out of her lostled bowre,
With full intent t' avenge that villany
On that vilde man and all his family:
[wond,
And, comming down to seeke them where they
Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie;
Each rowne she sought, but them all empty fand:
They all were fled for seeare; but whether, nether kond.

She saw it vaine to make there longer stay,
But took her steede; and thereon mounting light
Gan her addressse unto her former way.
She had not rid the mountaunment of a fight,
But that she saw there present in her sight
Those two false brethren on that perilous bridge,
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight.
Strawte was the passage, like a ploughed ridge,
That, if two met, the one mote needs fall ower the ridge.

There they did thinke themselves on her to wreake
Who as she nigh unto them draw, the one
These vile reproches gan unto her speake;
"Thou recrueent false traytor, that with lone
Of arms last knight,blood stonde, yet Knight art none,
No more shall now the darknesse of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy foe;
But with thy blood thou shalt appease the spight
Of Guizor by thee slaine and murthred by these light."

Strange were the words in Britomartis ear;
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perilous bridge she came; and there
Talus desir'd that he might have prepared
The way to her, and those two losles scared:
But she theret is wroth, that for despight
The glansing sparkles through her bever glared,
And from her cies did flash out fiery light,
Like cokes that through a silver ceam sparkle bright.

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

As when the flashing levin happs to light
Uppon two stubborne oakes, which stand so near
That way betwixt them none appears in sight;
The engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th' one from the earth, and through the aire doth
The other it with force doth overthrow [heare;

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

One foote was set upon the crocodile,  
And on the ground the other tist did stand;  
So meaning to suppress both their guilde  
And open force: and in her other hand  
She stretched forth a long white scelender wand,  
Such was the goddesse: whom when Britomart  
Had long beheld, herselue upon the land  
She did prostrate, and with right humble hart  
Unto herselue her silent prayers did impart.

To which the Idol as it were inclining  
Her wand did move with amiable looke,  
By outward shew her inward sense desining:  
Who well perceiving how her wand she shooke,  
It move of good fortune tooke,  
By this the day with dampe was overcast,  
And joyous light the house of Love forsooke:  
Which when she saw, her helmet she unluste,  
And by the altars side herselue to slumber puste.

For other beds the priests there used none,  
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,  
And bake their sides upon the cold hard stone,  
'T enure themselves to sufferance thereby,  
And proud rebellious flesh to mortify:  
For, by the vow of their religion,  
They tied were to stedfast chastity  
And continence of life; that, all forgo,  
They mote the better tend to their devotion.

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,  
Nor feed on ought the which doth blood containe,  
Nor drinke of wine; for wine they say is blood,  
Even the blood of grunts, which were slain:  
By thunders love in the Phlegrene plains:  
For which the Earth (as they the story tell)  
Wroth with the gods, which to perpetuall paine  
Had damned her somme which gainst them did rebel,  
With inward griefe and malice did against them swell:

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

There did the warlike Maide herselue repose,  
Under the wings of Isis all that night;  
And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did close,  
After that long daires toile and weary plight:  
Where whilst her earthly parts with soft delight  
Of senelesse sleepe did deeply drowne lie,  
There did appeare unto her heavenly spriit  
A wondrous vision, which did close impie  
The course of all her fortune and posterite.

Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifice  
To Isis, deckt with mitre on her hed  
And linnen stole after those priests guize,  
All sodainely she saw transfigur'd  
Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,  
And moonie-like mitre to a crowne of gold;  
That even she herselue much wondered  
At such a chaunge, and joyed to behold  
Herselue adorn'd with gems and jewels manifold.

And, in the midst of her felicity,  
An hideous tempest seemed from below  
To rise through all the Temple sodainely,  
That from the altar all about did blow  
The holy fire, and all the wights drew  
Upon the ground; which, kindled privily,  
Into outragious flames unwares did grow,  
That all the Temple put in ioeopardy  
Of flaming, and herselue in great perplexity.

With that the crocodile, which sleeping lay  
Under the Iolde feete in fearelesse lowre  
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,  
As being troubled with that stormy strowe;  
And gaping greedy wide did straight devour  
Both flames and tempest: with which grown great,  

And swolne with pride of his owne peerlesse  
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat;  
But that the goddesse with her rod him backe did beat.

Theo, turning all his pride to humblese meke,  
Himselfe before her feete he lowly threw,  
And gan for grace and love of her to seeke:  
Which she accepting, he so nearer her drew  
That of his game she soone enwombed grew,  
And forth did bring a lion of great might,  
That shortly did all other beasts subdue:  
With that she waked full of fearfull fght,  
And doubtfull dismayd through that so uncoith sight.

So thereupon long while she musing lay,  
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie;  
Untill she spide the lanp of lightsome day  
Up-litten in the porch of heaven he;  
Then up she rose fraught with melancoly,  
And forth into the lower parts did pas,  
Whereas the priests she found full busily  
About their holy things for morrow mas;  
Whom she saluting faire, faire resaluted was:

But, by the change of her unchearefull looke,  
They might perceiue she was not well in plight,
Or that some pensiveness to heart she took:
Therefore thus one of them, who seem'd in sight
To be the greatest and the gravest wight,
To her bespeak; "Sir Knight, it seems to me
That, though evill rest of this last night,
Or ill apayd or much dismayd ye be;
That by your change of cheere is easie for to see."

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

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse
Of all that vision which to her appeare,
As well as to her minde it had recreese.
All which when he unto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-hearted man he farad
Through great astonishment of that strange sight;
And, with long locks up-standing stiffly, stared
Like one adawed with some dreadful spripte:
So fild with heavenly fury thus he her behight;

"Magnificke Virgin, that in quest disguise
Of British armes doest make thy royall blood,
So to pursue a perilous emprize;
How couldst thou weene, through that disguind
To hide thy state from being understood? [hood, Can from thi' immortall gods ought hidden bee?
They doe thy limage, and thy lordly brood,
They doe thy Sire lamenting sore for thee,
They doe thy Love forborne in womens thraldom some see.

The end whereof, and all the long event,
They do to thee in this same dreame discover:
For that same crocodile doth represent
The righteous Knight that is thy faithfull lover,
Like to Osyris in all just endeaver:
For that same crocodile Osyris is,
That under Isis feete doth sleepe for ever:
To shew that clemence oft, in thinge amis,
Restraines those sterne behests and cruel doomes of his.

"That Knight shall all the troublous stormes asswage
And raging flames, that many foes shall reare
To hinder thee from the just heritage
Of thy Sires crowne, and thy Constrey dreare:
Then shal thou take him to thy loved teare,
And ioyne in equall portion of thy realme:
And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
That Ron-like shall shew his powre extreme.
So blesse thee God, and give thee ioynage of thy dreame!"

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

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

So there without the gate, as seemed best,
She caused her pavilion be pight;
In which stont Britomart herselfe did rest,
Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night.
All night likewise they of the towne in tright
Upon their wall good watch and ward di-kept.
The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
Bad doe away the dampe of drounie sleepe,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre di-peepe;

And caused streight a trumpet loud to shrill,
To warne her foe to battell soone be prest:
Who, long before awoke, (for she full ill
Could sleepe all night, that in unquiet breaste
Did closely harbour such a leaunent guest,
Was to the battell whilom ready dight.
Etsoones that Warrionresse with haughty crest
Did forth issue all ready for the fight;
On th' other side her Foe appeared soone in sight.

But, ere they reared hand, the Amazon
Began the stric()t conditions to proprop,
With which she used still to tye her fone,
To serve her so, as she the rest had bound:
Which when the other heard, she sternely frownd
For high disdaine of such indignity,
And would no longer treat, but bad them sound:
For her no other termes should ever tie
Then what prescribed were by Lawes of Chevalrie.

The trumpets sound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their fauchins smot;
Ne either sought the others strokes to shun,
But through great fury both their skill forgot,
And practiscke use in armes; no spared not
Their dainty parts, which nature had created
So faire and tender without staine or spot
For other uses then they them translated
Which they now hackt and hewd as if such use they hated.

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As when a tygre and a lionesse
Are met at spoiling of some hungry prey,
Both challenge it with equall greediness;
But first the tygre claws thereon did lay;
And therefore loth to lose her right away
Doth in defence thereof stoutly stand;
To which the lion strongly doth gainsay,
That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hond;
And therefore ought it have wherever she it fond.

xxx.

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

xxxii.

At last proud Radi gum with fell despight,
Having by chance espye advantage neare,
Let drive at her with all her dreadful might,
And thus upbraiding said; "This token beare
Unto the man whom thou dost love so deare;
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gavest."  
Which spitful words she sore engriev'd to heare
Thus answer'd; "Lewdly thou my love depravest,
Who shortly must repent that now so vainely bravest."

xxxiii.

Nathlesse that stroke so cruell passage found,
That glancing on her shoulder-plate it bit
Unto the bone, and made a grievely wond,
That she her shield through raging smart of it
Could scarce uphold; yet soon she it requit:
For, having force increas'd through furions paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit
That it empierced to the very bainse,
And her proud person low prostrated on the plaine.

xxxiv.

Where being layd, the worthless Britonesse
Stayd not till she came to herselfe againe;
But in revenge both of her Loves distresses
And her late vile reproach thorugh vaulted vaine,
And also of her wound which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft;
Which drunkenall sight when after warlike traine
There present saw, each one of sense bereft
Fielde fast into the towne, and her sole victor left.

xxxv.

But yet so fast they could not home retrace,
But that swift Talus did the forrest win;
And, pressing through the prace unto the gate,
Pelam with them attaque did enter in:
There then a piteous slaughter did begin;
For all that ever came within his reach
He with his iron lade did threash so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach;
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may empeach.

xxxvi.

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

xxxvii.

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

xxxviii.

At last wheasus to her owne Love she came,
Whom like disguize no lesse deformd had,
At sight thereof abashd with secrete shame,
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad
To have beheld a spectace so bad;
And then too well believ'd that which tofore
Fealous suspect as true untruly drud;
Which vaine conceit now nourisshing no more,
She sought with ruth to salve his sad misfortunes sore.

xxxix.

Not so great wonder and astonishment
Did the most chaite Penelope possese,
To see her Lord, that was reported drent
And dead long since in dolorous distresses,
Come home to her in piteous wretchedness,
After long travell of full twenty yeares;
That she knew not his favours likelynesse,
For many scarres and many hearty heares;
But stood long staring on him amongst uncertaine feares.

xl.

"Ah! my deare Lord, what sight is this," quoth she,
"What May-game hath misfortunse made of you?
Where is that dreadful manly looke? where be
Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont tembrow
In blood of kings, and great heastes to subdue?
Could ought on earth so wonderous change have wrought,
As to have robole you of that manly hew?
Could so great courage stomped have to oght?
Then farewell, fleshly force; I see thy pride is nought?"

xli.

Thenceforth she streight into a bowre he brought,
And causd him those uncomely weeedes undight;
And in their steeds for other rayment sought, 
Whereof there was great store, and dandours bright, 
Which had bene rest from many a noble Knight; 
Whom that proud Amazon subdued had, 
Whilest fortune favored her success in fight: 
In which whereas she anew had clad, 
She was reviv'd, and joyed much in his semblance glad.

So there awhile they afterwards remained, 
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heal: 
During which space she there as Princess reigned; 
And changing all that form of common-wealth. 
The liberty of Women did repealed, 
Which they had long usurpt; and, them restoring 
To mens subjection, did true justice decline: 
That all they, as a goddess her adoring, 
Her wisedome did admire, and heartned to her loring.

For all those Knights, which long in captive shade 
Had shrewed bene, she did from thraldome free; 
And Magistrates of all that City made, 
And gave to them great living and large ffe: 
And, that they should for ever faithfull bee, 
Made them swear: fealty to Artegall: 
Who when himselfe this now well recrue'd did see, 
He purposed to proceed, whasto befal, 
Uppon his first adventure which him forth did call.

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

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

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CANTO VIII.

Prince Artuer and Sir Artegall
Free from all, from fear: 
They say the Soudain, drive his wife 
Adieus to daiphine.

I.

Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure 
The sense of man, and all his minde possesse, 
As Beauties lovely bate, that doth procure

---

II. 1. — [that mighty Jewish swaine.] Sampson. 

CHURCH.

II. 4. — [that great Ocean Knight] Herenous, so called from Oce, a hill in Thessaly, whereon he burnt himself. CHURCH.

IV. 6. — [all to] Altogether rent, torn all to pieces. CHURCH.

V. 4. [So ran they all, as they had been at bacc.] Base, or Prison-base, is a country sport where the chasers are chased, as explained in the second line. UPTON.
Who seeing her approach gan forward set
To save her from her fear, and him from force to let.

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

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

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

But, when againe they had recovered sence,
They draw their swords, in mind to make amends
For what their speares had payd of their pretence:
Which when the Damzell, those deadly ends
Of both her foes had scene, and now her frends
For her beginning a more fearfull fray:
She to them runnes in hast, and her hairre rends,
Crying to them their cruel hands to stay,
Untill they both do heare what she to them will
say.

They stayd their hands; when she thus gan to speake;

"Ah! gentle Knights, what meane ye thus un-
Upon yourselves anotheres wrong to wracke! I
Am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprise
Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise:
Witnessse the Paynims both, whom ye may see
There dead on ground: what doe ye then devise
Of more revenge? if more, then I am shee
Which was the root of all; end your revenge on me!"

Whom when they heard so say, they look about
To wecte if it were true as she had told; [doubt!
Where when they saw their foes dead out of
Eftsoones they gan their wrothfull hands to hold,
And ventails rear each other to behold.

Who, whom Artegall did Arthure vow,
So faire a creature and so wondrous bold,
He much admired both his heart and hew,
And touched with intire affection nigh him drew;

Saying, "Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
That all unweaving have you wrong'd thus sore,
Suffing my hand against my heart to stray:
Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore
Yeeld for amends myselfe yours evermore,
Or whatso penance shall by you be red."
To whom the Prince; "Certies me needeth more
To crave the same; whom error so misled,
As that I did mistake the living for the ded.

"But, sith ye please that both our blames shall die,
Amends may for the trespasses some he made,
Since neither is damadg'd much thereby." So
can they both themselves full easlie persuade
To faire accordance, and both faults to shade,
Either embracing other lovely
And swearing faith to either on his blade,
Never thenceforth to nourish enmity,
But either others cause to maintaine mutually.

Then Artegall gan of the Prince enquire,
What were those Knights which there on ground
were layd,
And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire,
And for what cause they chased so that May'd.
"Certies I voted not well," the Prince then sayd,
"But by adventure found them faring so,
As by the way uneawtingly I strayed,
And lo! the Damzell selfe, whence all did grow,
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion
know."

Then they that Damzell called to them nigh,
And asked her, what were those two her foes,
From whom she earst so fast away did fie;
And what was she herselfe so wee begunne,
And for what cause pursued of them attone.
To whom she thus: "Then wote ye well, that I
Doe serve a Queene that not far hence doth wone,
A Princesse of great powre and majestie,
Famous through all the world, and honor'd far and nigh.

"Her name Mercilla most men use to call;
That is a Mayden Queene of hight renowne,
For her great bounty knownen over all [crown
And soveraine grace, with which her roayll
She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
The malice of her foes, which her envy
And at her happynees do fret and frowne;
Yet she herselfe the more doth magnify,
And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

"Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
There is a mighty man, which wronnes here by,

Whom when they heard so say, they look about
To wecte if it were true as she had told; [doubt!
Where when they saw their foes dead out of
Eftsoones they gan their wrothfull hands to hold,
And ventails rear each other to behold.
That with most fell despight and deadly hate
Seekes to subvert her crowne and dignity,
And all his powre doth thenceunto apply:
And her good Knights, (of which so brave a band
Serves her as any Princesse under sky,)
He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand.

xix.
"No him sufficeth all the wrong and ill,
Which he unto her people does each day;
But that he seekes by traiterous trains to spill
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay:
That, O ye Heavens, defend ! and turne away
From her unto the miscarrent himselfe;
That neither hath religion nor ray,
But makes his God of his ungodly pelfe,
And Idoles serves: so let his Idols serve the Elfe !

xx.
"To all which cruel tyramny, they say,
He is provokt, and stirld up day and night
By his bad wife that hight Adicia;
Who counsels him, through confidence of might,
To breake all bonds of law and rules of right:
For she herselfe professeth mortall foe
To Justice, and against her still doth fight,
Working, to all that love her, deadly woe,
And making all her Knights and people to doe so.

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

xxii.
"All times have wont safe passage to afford
To Messengers that come for causes just:
But this proude Dame, dislayning all accord,
Not onely into bitter terms forth hurst,
Reviling me and rayling as she lust,
But lastly, to make proofe of uttermost shame,
Me like a dog she out of dores did thrust,
Misusing me by many a bitter name,
That never did her ill, ne once deserved blame.

xxiii.
"And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,
When I was gone, soone after me she sent
These two false Knights, whom there ye lyeing sec,
To be by them dishonoured and shent:
But, thankt be God, and your good hardiment !
They have the price of their owne folly paid!"
So said this Damzell, that hight Samict;
And to those Knights for their so noble ayd
Herselfe most grateful show'd, and heaped thanks repaid.

xxiv.
But they now having throughly heard and scene
All those great wrongs, the which that Mayd complained
To have bene done against her Lady Queene
By that proud Dame, which her so much disdain'd,
Were moved much thereat, and twixt them fain'd
With all their force to worke avengement strong
Uppon the Souldan selfe, which it mayntained,
And on his Lady, th' author of that wrong,
And uppon all those Knights that did to her belong.

xxv.
But, thinking best by counterfet disguise
To their desigane to make the easier way,
They did this complot twixt themselves devise:
First, that Sir Artegall should him array
Like one of those two Knights which dead there
And then that Damzell, the sad Samict, [lay;
Should as his purchast prize with him convey
Unto the Souldans court, her to present
Unto his scornfull Lady that for her had sent.

xxvi.
So as they had devised, Sir Artegall
Him clad in th' armour of a Pagam Knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,
That Damzell, led her to the Souldans right:
Where soone as his proud wife of her had sight,
Forth of her window as she looking lay,
She weened straight it was her Paynim Knight,
Which brought that Damzell as his purcasse pray;
And sent to him a Page that mote direct his way:

xxvii.
Who, bringing them to their appointed place,
Offred his service to disarm the Knight;
But he refusing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be discovered by his sight,
Kept himselfe still in his strange armoureight:
Some after whom the Prince arrived there,
And, sending to the Souldan in desight
A bold defiance, did of him require
That Damzell whom he held as wrongfull prisoner.

xxviii.
Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Swareing and bannning most blasphemosly,
Commanded straight his armoure to be brought;
And, mounting straight upon a chafret lyke,
(With yron wheels and hooks arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruel steedes which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through hell tyranny
He slaughtred dead, and ere they were half ded
Their bodies to his beastes for provender did spred;)

xxix.
So forth he came all in a cote of plate
Burnish't with bloudie rust; whilsts on the Greene
The Briton Prince him ride did awayte
In glistering armes right goodey well besonne,
That shone as bright as doth the heaven sheene;
And by his stirrup Tahu's did attaint,
Plucking his Pages part, as he had bene
Before directed by his Lord: to th' end
He should his flate to final execution bend.

xxx.
Thus goe they both together to their gear
With like fierce minds, but meanings different:
For the proud Souldan, with presumptuous cheer;
And countenance sublime and insolent,
Sought only slaughter and avengement;
But the brave Prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious power and lawlessie regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weakness did fight:
More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.

xxxi.
Like to the Thracian tyrant, who they say
Unto his horses gave his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedie pray,
And torne in pieces by Alcides great;
So thought the Souldan, in his hollow threat,
Either the Prince in pieces to have torne
With his sharpe wheels in his first rages heat,
Or under his fierce horses feet have borne,
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts disdaind
corne.

xxxii.
But the bold Child that perill well espying,
If he too rashly to his charret drew,
Gave way unto his horses speculie flying,
And their resistless rigour did eschew;
Yet, as he pass'd by, the Pagan throw
A shivering dart with so impetuous force,
That, had he not it shunn'd with heedfull vew,
It had himselfe transfix'd or his horse,
Or made them both one masse withoute more remorse.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

xl.
As when the fire-mouthed steedes, which drew
The Sunnes bright wayne to Pha'etons decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion vew
With ugly emiples crawling in their way,
The dreadful sight did them so sore affray,
That their well-knowned courses they forwent;
And, leading th' ever burning lampa astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorch'd path yet in the firmament.

xli.
Such was the furie of these head-strong steeds,
Soone as the Infants unlike shield they saw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and scorned all former law:

Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did draw,
The yron charret, and the weeltes did teare,
And lost the Paynim without fear or awe;
From side to side they tost him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine that nould his crying heare.

Yet still the Prince pursued him close behind,
Oft making offer to him to smile, but found
No easie meanes according to his mind:
At last they have all overthrown to ground
Quite topside turevy, and the Pagan hound
Aмонgst the yron hookes and grapes seenec
Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound
That no whole pece of him was to be scene,
But scatted all about, and strew'd upon the Greene.

Like as the cursed some of Theseus,
That following his chace in dewy mornne,
To fly his steplaines love outrageous,
Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorene;
That for his sake Dian did lament, [mournne:]
And all the woody nymphes did whyde and say
So was this Souldain rapt and all to rent,
That of his shape appear'd no little moniment.

Onely his shield and armour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to brand and broken,
He up did take, and with him brought away,
That more remaine for an efternal token
To all, amongst whom this storie should be spoken,
How worthily, by Heavens high decrees,
Justice that day of wrong hersehfe had brookned;
That all men, which that spectacle did see,
By like example mote for ever warned bee.

So on a tree, before the Tyranis dore,
He caused them to hang in all mens sight,
To be a moniment for evermore.
Which when his Ladie from the Castles hight
Beheld, it much appalled her troubled spirt:
Yet not; as women wont, in dolefull fit
She was dismayed, or fayned through affright,
But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
And gen eftsoones devize to be aveng'd for it.

Stright downe she rame, like an enraged cow
That is herobbed of her youngling dore,
With knife in hand, and fatally did vow
To wraek the on that maydien messengere,
Whom she had caused be kept as prisencere
By Artegall, misween'd for her owne Knight,
That brought her backe: and, comming present there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with revenge and furious despight.

Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand
She throw her husbands murderd infant out;
Or fell Medea, when on Colchicke strand
Her brothers bones she scattered all about:
Or as that madling mother, mongst the rout
Of Bacchus priests, her owne deare flesh did yet
Yet neither Ino, nor Medea stout,
Nor all the Monad'is so furious were,
As this bold woman when she saw that Danzell there.

But Artegall being thereof aware
Did stay her cruel hand ere she her raught;
And, as she did herselfe to strike prepare,
Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught:
With that, like one enbon'd or distraught,
She forth did rume whether her rage her bore,
With frantickie passion and with furie fraught;
And, breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
Unto the wilde wood ramne, her doalums to deav'e.

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

Then Artegall, himselfe discovering plaine,
Did issue forth gainst all that warlike rout
Of Knights and armed men, which did maintaine
That Ladies part and to the Souldain rout:
All which he did assault with courage stout,
All were they nigh an hundred Knights of name,
And like wyld goates they chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with cowheard shame;
So that with final force them all he overcame.

Then caused he the gates be opened wyde;
And there the Prince, as victor of that day,
With triumph enteraynd, and glorifie,
Presenting him with all the rich array
And roiall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious wrong
Of that proud Souldan, whom he erst did slay.
So both, for rest, there having stayd not long,
Marcht with that Mayd; fit matter for another Song.

CANTO IX.

Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle,
Whom Takes both dismay;
They to Mercieles Palace come,
And see her rich array.

What tygre, or what other salvage wight,
Is so exceeding furious and fell
As Wrong, when it hath arm'd itselfe with might?

CANTO VIII.

5. — enbon'd Become force. Old French. enbon'd. CHURCH.
L. 4. — and to the Souldain rout: And did bow down and do homage to the Souldan. Urron.
L. 9. — With final force That is, finally. CHURCH.
L. 6. Purchast &c.] That is, gotten through the environs of the province of that proud Souldan. CHURCH.
Not fitmongst men that do with reason fell,
But mongst wyld beasts, and salvage woods, to
dwell;
Where still the stronger doth the weake devour,
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell
Are dreadfull most, and feared for their powre;
Fit for Adiella there to build her wicked bower.

II.
There let her wonne, farre from resort of men,
Where righteous Artegall her late exiled;
There let her ever kepe her dammed den,
Where none may be with her head parts defyled,
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled:
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leave, after that he had soyled
The cruel Soulhan, and with dreadfull fate
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state.

III.
Where having with Sir Artegall a space
Well solast in that Soulhan's late delight,
They both, resolving now to leave the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behint
Unto that Damzell in her Ladies right,
And so would have departed on their way:
But they would, by all the means she might,
And earnestly besought to wend that day
With her, to see her Ladie thence not farre away.

IV.
By whose entreatie both they overcomen
Agree to goe with her; and by the way,
As often falles, of sundry things did commen;
Mongst which that Damzell did to them bewray
A strange adventure which not farre thence lay:
To weet, a wicked Villaine, bold and stout,
Which wooned in a rooke, not farre away,
That robbed all the countrey thenceabout,
And brought the pilgrage home, whence none could
get it out.

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

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

VII.
Which when those Knights had heard, their hearts
gan ename
To understand that Villains dwelling place,
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it should trace.
"Were not," sayd she, "that it should let your
Towards my Ladies presence by you ment, [pace
I would you gyde directly to the place."
"Then let not that," said they, "stay your intent;
For neither will one foot, till we that Care have heat."

VIII.
So forth they past, till they approachd ay
Unto the rocke where was the Villains won:
Which when the Damzell neare at hand did spy,
She warn'd the Knights thereof: who thereupon
Gan to advise what best were to be done.
So both agreed to send that Mayd afore,
Where she might sit night to the den alone,
Wayling, and raising pittifull uprore,
As if she did some great calamitie deplore.

IX.
With noise whereof whenen the caytive Carle
Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
They in awayt would closely him ensnare,
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle;
And so would hope him easily to foyle.
The Damzell straight went, as she was directed,
Unto the rocke; and thereupon the soyle
Having herselfe in wrethed wize abicted,
Gan weep and wayle as if great griefe had her
affected.

X.
The cry whereof entrynge the hollow cave
Eftsoones brought forth the Villaine, as theyment,
With hope of her some wishfull boot to have
Full dreadfull wight he was as ever went
Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deeppe pent,
And long curled locks that downe his shoulders
And on his backe an unmeet vestiment shagged,
Made of strange stuffe, but all to womane,
Ragged,
And underneath his breech was all to torne and
lagged.

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

XII.
When the Damzell saw fast by her side,
So ugly creature, she was nigh dismayd;
And now for helpe aloud in earnest criade:
But, when the Villaine saw her so affrayd,
He gan with guilefull words her to perswade
To banish feare; and with Sardonian smyle
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
Gan forth to lay her layte to beguile,
That from herself unware she might her steale
the whyle.

XIII.
Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype
Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
That they the whiles may take lesse heedie keepe
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
So did the Villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleasant tricks before her show,
To turne her eyes from his intent away:
For he in slightes and iugling feates did now,
And of legierdemayne the mysteries did know.

To which whilst she lent her intentive mind,
He suddenly his net upon her throw,
That overspread her like a puffe of wind;
And snatching her soone np, ere well she knew,
Ran with her fast away unto his mew,
Crying for help aloud: but wheras ny
He came unto his cave, and there did vew
The armed Knights stopping his passage by,
He threw his burden downe and fast away did fly.

But Artegall him after did pursaw;
The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance
Up to the rocke he ran, and thenceon flew [still:
Like a wyld gate, leaping from hill to hille,
And dauncing on the encourag'd cliifes at will;
That daedly daunger seemd'd in all mens sight
To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill:
Ne ought avayled for the armed Knight
To thinke to follow him that was so swift and light.

Which when he saw, his Yron Man he sent
To follow him; for he was swift in chase:
He him pursawed wherever that he went;
Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place
Whereas he fled, he followd him space:
So that he shortly forst him to forsake
The hight, and downe descend unto the base;
There he him courtst afrail, and soone did make
To leave his proper forme, and other shape to take.

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

So he it brought with him unto the Knights,
And to his Lord Sir Artegall it lent,
Warning him hold it fast for feare of slightes:
Who whilst in hand it grypping hard he lent,
Into a hedgehogge all unware it went,
And prickt him so that he away it threw:
Then gan it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew;
But Talus soone him overtooke, and backward drew.

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

Thence forth they passed with that gentle Mayd
To see her Ladie, as they did agree:
To which when she approched, thus she sayd;
"Looe now, right noble Knights, arriv'd ye lee
Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see;
There shall ye see my soveraynne Lady Queene,
Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,
That ever yet upon this earth was seene,
Or that with diadem hall ever crowned beene."

The gentle Knights rejoiced much to heare
The prayses of that Prince so manifolde;
And, passing little further, commen were
Where they a stately Palace did behold;
Of pompous show, much more then she had told,
With many towres and tarses mountaine hie,
And all their tops bright glistening with gold,
That seemed to out-shine the dimmed skye,
And with their brightness daz'd the strange beholders eye.

There they alighting, by that Damzell were
Directed in, and showed all the sight;
Whose porch, that most magnificke did appeare,
Stood open wyde to all men day and night
Yet warde well by one of mickle might
That sate thereby, with gyant-like resemblance,
To keepe out guyle, and malice, and despight,
That under shew oft-times of payned semblance
Are wont in princes courts to worke great seath
And hindrance:

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

They ceast their clamors upon them to gaze;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Strangue there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with unwonted terror hate affray:
For never saw they there the like array;
Ne ever was the name of warre there spoken,
But joyous peace and quietnesse alway
Dealing just judgments, that mote not be brokne
For any bybes, or threats of any to be brokne.

That is, the deceiver himself. Church.

That is, the strange beholders eye. Church.

That is, the selfe-deceiver. Church.

The palace of Queen Elizabeth. Upin.

The eyes of strangers that behold it. Church.
There, as they entred at the sericene, they saw
Someone, whose tongue was for his trespasses vyle
Nayld to a post, adjudged so by law;
For that therewith he falsely did revyle [guyle,
And foule blaspheme that Queene for forged
loth with bold speaches which he hazed had,
And with lewd poemes which he did compile;
For the bold title of a post bad
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling rymes had
spread.

Thus there he stood, whykest high over his head
There written was the purport of his sin,
In eyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
Bon Pont ; but Bon, that once had written him,
Was racc'd out, and Mal was now put in;
So now Malfont was plainly to be red;
Eyther for th' evil which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a wolded
Of evil words, and wicked schandlers by him shed.

They, passing by, were guyiled by degree
Unto the presence of that grations Queene;
Who sate on high, that she might all men see
And might of all men royally be seen,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endless price,
As either might for wealth have gotten beene,
Or could be fram'd by workmen rare device;
And all enboast with Lyons and with flourdeice.

All over her a cloth of state was spread,
Not of rich tissus, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as listest may be told,
That her brede-spreading wings did wyde unfold;
Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny beames,
Glistring like gold amongst the plights enrol'd,
And here and thare shooting forth silver streams,
Mongst which crept little angels through the glittering gleames.

Seemed those little angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants through their nimblles bold;
Besides, a thousand more of such as sings
Hymns to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompassed the throne on which she sate;
She, angel-like, the hayre of ancient Kings
And mightie conquerors, in royall state;
Whykest Kings and Kesar at her feet did them prostrate.

Thus she did sit in soverayne majestie,
Holding a scepter in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which High God had blest her happy wife,
Maugre so many foes which did withstand;
But at her feet her sword was likewise hyde,

Whose long rest rusted the bright stedy brand;
Yet whenas foes enforst, or friends sought ayele,
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dis-
mayde.

And round about before her feet there sate
A bevy of faire Virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd to adore her royall state;
All goodly daughters of high loves, that hight
Litas, by him begot in loves delight
Upon the righteous Themis ; those they say
Upon loves judgment-seat wayt day and night;
And, when in wrath he threateth the worldes deely,
They doe his anger calme and cruel vengeance stay.

They also doe, by his divine permission,
Upon the thrones of mortal Princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through fraylitie which offend;
Those did upon Mercilaeus throne attend,
Inst Dice, wise Emomie, myld Eirene;
And them amongst, her glorie to commend,
Sate godly Temperance in garments chaste,
And sacred Reverence yborne of heavenly strene.

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
Admyr'd of many, honoured of all;
Whylest underneath her feetes, there as she sate,
An huge great lyon lay, (that mote appall
An hardie courage,) like captivated thrall
With a strong yron chaine and coller bound,
That once he could not move, nor quic at all;
Yet did he murmur with rebellious sound,
And softly royne, when salvage choler gan redbound.

So sitting high in dreaded soverainye,
Those two strange Knights were to her presence
Who, bowing low before her Maiestie, (brought;
Did to her myld obeysance, as they ought,
And meekest boone that they imagine mought:
To whom she eke incluing her withall,
As a faire stoupe of her high-soaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with some maistic imperial.

As the bright sunne, what time his fieric teme
Towards the westerne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightness of his bence,
And fervour of his flames somewhat adaw;
So did this mightie Ladie, when she saw
Those two strange Knights such homage to her Rate somewhat of that maestic and awe (make,
That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
And with more myld aspèct those two to entreate.

xxv. 1. — the sericene] The screen, or entrance
 into the hall, was a familiar term in Spenser's age. It is
 still to be seen before the halls of ancient houses. T. War-
 ton.
XXXVI.

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two strange Knights arriv’d in
She was about affairs of common-weal, [place,
Dealing of justice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people mean and base:
Mongst which, as then, there was for to be heard
The Tryall of a great and weighty case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard:
But, at the sight of these, those were awhile debard.

But, after all her princely entertainye,
To th’ hearing of that former cause in hand
Herselfe eftsoones she gan convert againe,
Which that those Knights likewise mote under-
And witnesse forth aright in forraine land, [stand,
Taking them up unto her stately thronce, [scaund
Where they mote hearce the matter throughly
On either part, she placed th’ one on th’ one,
Th’ other on th’ other side, and neare them none.

Then was there brought, as Prisoner to the barre,
A Ladie of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foule abuse did murre
Yet did appearre rare beautie in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilefide defeace:
Yet, in that wretched semblant, she did sure
The peoples great compassion unto her allure.

Then up arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in-sight, hard matters to reveale;
That well could charmce his tongue, and time his
To all assayes; his name was called Zele: [speak
He gan that Ladie strongly to appelle
Of many laynous criesmes by her enured;
And with sharp reasons rang her such a peale,
That those, whom she to pite had allured,
He now t’ abollore and loath her person had pro-

First gan he tell how this, that seem’d so faire
And royally arrayed, Duessa hight;
That false Duessa, which had wrought great care
And mickle mischeife unto many a Knight
By her beguylde and confounded quight:
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question’d be aright,
But for yold treasons and outrageous shame,
Which she against the dread Mercilla oft did frame.

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counells false conspired
With faithlesse Blandamour and Paridell,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of shadowes vaie inspier’d),
And with them practiz’d, how for to deprive

mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
That she might it unto her selie depyrve,
And triumpl in their blood whom she to death
did depyrve.

But through high heavens grace, which favour not
The wicked driftis of trystous and desyne
Gainst kniall Princes, all this cursed plot
Ere prooves it tooke discovered was betynes,
And th’ actuors won the neede meet for their
crymes:
Such be the neede of all that by such meane
Unto the type of kindomes title clymes!
But false Duessa, now untitled Queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be
scene.

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

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

But then, for her, on the contrarie part,
Rose many advocates for her to pleade:
First there came Pittie with full tender hart,
And with her loy’d Regard of Womanhead;
And then came Daunger threatening hidden dread
And high alliance unto forren powre;
Then came Nobilitie of birth, that breed [stowre;
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke
And lastly Griefe did pleade, and many teares forth
powre.

With the neare touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton Prince was sore emulationist,
And woze inclined much unto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadful fate,
And wretche neare of so high estate;
That for great ruth his courage gan relent:
Which whemnes Zele perceiv’d to abate,
He gan his earnest fervour to augment,
And many fearfull objects to them to present.

He gan t’ efforce the evidence anew,
And new accusations to produce in place:
He brought forth that old Hag of hellish hew,
The cursed Atè, brought her face to face,
Who privie was and partie in the case:
She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay;

XXXVI. 4.— With impartial favour: Church.

XXXVII. 1.— With impartial favour: Church.

XXXVIII. 1.— entertainye. Entertainment: Church.

XXXIX. 5.— appeale Accuse: T. Warton.

XXXIX. 6.— enured? Committit, used. T. Warton.

XX. 2.— Duessa hight. Was called Duessa: Church.

XXXIV. 8. Importune. Earnestly solicit: Church.
Dil her approuch; and, to her more disgrace,
The plot of her practise did display,
And all her traynes and all her treasons forth did lay.

Then brought he forth with grievously grim aspect
Abhorred Murder, who with bloudie knyfe
Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect,
And there with guulie bloudshed charged ryfe:
Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding stryfe
In troublous wits and mutinious uprore:
Then brought he forth Incontinence of lyfe,
Even foule Adulterie her face before,
And lowd Impietie, that her accused sore.

All which whenas the Prince had heard and scene,
His former fantasies he gan repent,
And from her partie of soones was drawn cleane:
But Artegall, with constant firme intent
For zeal of Justice, was against her bent:
So was she guilty deemed of them all.
Then Zelo began to urge her punishment,
And to their Queene for judgement loudly call,
Unto Mercilla mynd, for Justice gainst the thrall.

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

CANTO X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprise,
For Belgre to go to fight:
Gerionous Seneschall
He shays in Belges right.

I.

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

II.

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

Who then can thee, Mercilla, truly powre,
That herein doest all earthly Princes pas?
What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour rayse
Up to the skyes, whence first deriv'd it was,
And now on earth itselfe enlarged has,
From th' utmost brinke of the Armorieke shore,
Unto the margent of the Molecas?
Those nations farre thy Justice doe adore;
But thine owne people do thy Mercy powre much more.

Much more it praysed was of those two Knights,
The noble Prince and righteous Artegall,
When they had scene and heard her doome arights
Against Descus, damned by them all;
But by her tempred without griefe or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce:
And yet even then ruing her wilful fall
With more then needfull natural remorse,
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched cors.

During all which, those Knights continu'd there
Both doing and receiving curtesies
Of that great Ladie, who with goodly cheere
Them entertain'd, fit for their dignities,
Approving daily to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare
And worthie paterns of her clemencies;
Which till this day mongst many living are,
Who them to their postercites doe still declare.

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

Her name was Belge; who in former age
A Ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And Mother of a fruitful heritage,
[scene
Even seventenee goodly Sonnes; which who had
In their first flore, before this fatalt teene
Then ovtooke and their faire blossmes blasted.
More happie Mother would she surely weene
Then famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latomacs childrens wrath that all her issue wasted.

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but five of all that brood:

3. —— her doome arights] That is, the sentence
   which she rightly pronounced. Church.
7. Wapt] Entangled, encumbered. Lat. implicare,
   intricare. Church.
8. By a strong Tyrant;] Philip king of Spain. Upton.
4. Even seventenee goodly sonnes ;] The seventeen
   provinces of the Netherlands. Upton.
For twelve of them he did by times devour,
And to his idols sacrifice their blood,
Whylest he of none was stopped nor withstood:
For soothly he was one of matchlesse might,
Of horrible aspect and dreadful mood,
And had three bodies in one vast empight,
And th' arms and legs of three to succour him in fight.

And sooth they say that he was borne and bred
Of Gyants race, the sonne of Geryon;
He that whylome in Spane so sore was dred
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subjection,
Through his three bodies powre in one con:
And eke all strangers, in that region [byn'd;
Arryving, to his kyne for food assyled,
The fairest kyne alive, but of the fiercest kynd:

For they were all, they say, of purple heu,
Kept by a cowheard, hight Eurytion,
A cruel carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe t' attend them on,
But walkt about them ever and anone
With his two-headed dogge that Orthrus hight;
Orthrus begotten by great Typhon
And foule Echidna in the house of Night:
But Hercules them all did overcome in fight.

His sonne was this Geryone hight;
Who, after that his monstrous father fell
Under Alcides club, strongt tooke his flight
From that sad land, where he his syre did quell,
And came to this, where Belgè then did dwell
And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,
Being then new made Widow, as beffell,
After her noble Husbands late decease;
Which gave beginning to her woe and wretchednesse.

Then this bold Tyrant, of her widowed
Taking advantage and her yet fresh woes,
Himselfe and service to her offered,
Her to defend against all forrein foes.
That should their powre against her right oppose:
Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,
Him entertain'd and did her Champion chose;
Which long he used with carefull diligence,
The better to confirm her fearesse confidence.

By meanes whereof she did at last committ
All to his hands, and gave him soveraine powre
To doe whatever he thought good or fit:
Which having got, he gan forth from that howre
To stirre up strife and many a tragedie stowre;
Giving her dearest children one by one
Unto a dreadful Monster to devour,
And setting up an Idole of his owne,
The image of his monstrous parent Geryone.

So tyrannizing and oppressing all,
The woefull Widow had no meanes now left,
But unto gracious great Mercilla call
For sayle against that cruel Tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had red:
Therefore these two, her eldest Sonnes, she sent
To seeke for succour of this Ladies gieft:
To whom their sute they humbly did present
In th' hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

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

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

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

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

There he her found in sorrow and dismay,
All solitarie without living wight;
For all her other children, through affray,
Had kiid themselfes, or taken further flight;
And eke herselfe through sudden strange afferight,
When one in armes she saw, began to fly:
But, when her owne two Sonnes she had in sight,
They came unto a citie farre up land,
That which whylome that Ladies owne had bene;
But now by force extorted out of her hand
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene,
Her stately towres and buildings sunny sheene,
Shut up her haven, mard her merchents trade,
Robbed her people that full rich had beene,
And in her nekke a Castle huge had made,
The which did her command without needes persuade.

That Castle was the strength of all that State,
Untill that State by strength was pulled downe;
And that same Citie, so now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that Kingdomes crowne;
Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that the offended heauen list to lowre
Upon their blisses, and balchell fortune wrothe.
When those against states and kingdoms do conioire,
Who then can thinke their hellswong ruin to recure.

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

To him he hath before this Castle Greene
Built a faire chappell, and an altar framed
Of costly ivory full rich besene,
On which that cursed Idoles, farre proclaimed,
He hath set up, and he his god hath named;
Offering to him in sinfull sacrifice
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse framed,
And powring forth their blood in brutish wise,
That any yron eyes, to see, it would agrize.

And, for more horror and more cruellie,
Under that cursed Idoles altar-stone
An hideous Monster doth in darkness lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was never scene of none
That lives on earth; but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrified bee:
Those he devoures, they say, both flesh and bone.
What else they have is all the Tyrants fees:
So that no whith of them remaining one may see.

There eke he placed a strong garrison,
And set a Sneschall of dreadfull might,

For extorted. Church.

Without the necessity of persuasion; by force and violence. Utop.

Brought to ruin, overthrown. Utop.

Conioire. Lat. conjuro Church.

This Castle Greene. The green court before this Castle. Church.

A Sneschall of dreadfull might. Meaning the Queen of the Netherlands, set up by Philip, King of Spain. The cruellest of all was the Duke of Alva. Utop.
That by his powre oppressed every one,  
And vanquished all venturous Knights in fight;  
To whom he wont shew all the shame he might,  
After that them in bataill he had wonne:  
To which when now they gan approach in sight,  
The Ladie counselled him the place to shonne,  
Whereas so many Knights had fouly bene fordonne.

xxxii.

Her fearfull spechees nought he did regard;  
But, ryding streight under the Castle wall,  
Called aloud unto the watchfull Ward  
Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call  
Into the field their Tyrants Seneschall:  
To whom when tydings thereof came, he streight  
Cals for his armes, and armes him withall  
Efisones forth pricked proudly in his might,  
And gan with courage fierce address him to the fight.

xxxiii.

They both encounter in the middle plaine,  
And thertheir sharpe speares doe both together smite  
Amid their shieldes with so huge might and maine,  
That seemd their soules they would have ryven quight  
Out of their breasts with furious despiet  
Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find  
Into the Princes shield where it empight,  
(So pure the metall was and well refyned,)  
But shivered all about, and scattered in the wynd:

xxxiv.

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

xxxv.

But, as he nigher drew, three Knights he spyde,  
All arm'd to point issuing forth space;  
Which towards him with all their powre did ryde,  
And meeting him right in the middle race  
Did all their speares attone on him eneache,  
As three great culverings for batterie bent,  
And levedl all against one certaine place,  
Doe all attone their thunders rage forthreth,  
That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment:

xxxvi.

So all attone they on the Prince did thonder;  
Who from his saddle swarved nought astyde,  
Ne to their force gave way, that was great wonder;

xxxvii. 4. — ryven] Torn, plucked. CHURCH.  
xxxviii. 1. — restlesse] Here used either for unceasing or resistless. CHURCH.  
xxxix. 4. — upon the senselesse ground] It should rather be “tumbling senselesse downe.” We have the same metathetical form again, F. Q. vi. viii. 26.  
"But as he lay upon the humbled grass;"  
Where humbled should be made to agree with he rather than with gross. T. Warton.

xxxix. 6. — culverings] Colurines, Fr. coulourine, a piece of ordnance so called. CHURCH.


But like a bulwarke firmelee did abyde,  
Rebatting him, which in the midst did ryde,  
With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare  
Past through his shield and pierst through either syde;  
That downe he fell upon his mother deere,  
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

xxxviii. 2. — sperre] Sasted, shott. A.C. Todd.  
xxxvii. 7. — love] Left, lost. Upton.

Whom when his other fellows saw, they fled  
As fast as feete could carry them away;  
And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,  
To be aveng'd of their unkindly play.  
There, whilst they entering th’ one did th’ other  
The hindmost in the gate he overtrench,  
[stay,  
And, as he press’d in, him there did slay:  
His carkasse tumbling on the threshold sent  
His groaning soule unto her place of punishment.

The other which was entred laboured fast  
To sperre the gate; but that same lump of clay,  
Whose grudging ghost was therecut fied and past,  
Right in the middest of the threshold lay,  
That it the posterne did from closing stay:  
The whiles the Prince hard press’d in betwene;  
And entrance wonne; strecthe th’ other fled away,  
And ran into the hall, where he did weene  
Himselfe to save; but he there slew him at the skreene.

Then all the rest which in that Castle were,  
Seeing that sad ensample them before,  
Durst not abide, but fled away for fear,  
And them convoyd out at a posterne door.  
Long sought the Prince; but, when he found  
no more  
T’ oppose against his powre, he forth issued  
Unto that Lady, where he her had love, [vewed,  
And her gan cleare with what she there had  
And, what she had not seene within, unto her shewed:

Who with right humble thanks he goodly greeting  
For so great prowess as he there had prov’d,  
Much greater then was ever in her weeting,  
With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,  
And honour him with all that her behoved.  
Thenceforth into that Castle he her led  
With her two Sonnes right deare of her beloved;  
Where all that night themselves they cherished,  
And from her balefull minde all care he banished.

CANTO XI.

Prince Arthure overcomes the great  
Gostione in sight;  
Doth slay the Monster, and restore  
Belgé unto her right.

Ir often fals, in course of common life,  
That right long time is overborne of wrong  
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,  
That weakens her, and makes her party strong:

xxxvii. 7. — love] Left, lost. Upton.
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy
Behind, beside, before, as he it list apply.

VII.

Which uncooth use whenas the Prince perceived,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Least by such slight he were unwares deceived;
And ever, ere he saw the stroke to land,
He would it meete and warily withstand.

One time when he his weapon bright,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counter-stroke so swift,
That quite smit off his arme as he it up did lift.

VIII.

Therewith all fraught with fury and disdain
He bray'd about for very fell despiet;
And sodainely, he avenged himselfe againe
Gan into one assembly all the might
Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
But the sad steele seizd not, where it was bight,
Uppon the Childe, but somewhat short did fall,
And lighting on his horses head him quite did mall.

IX.

Downe straight to ground fell his astonish steed,
And eke to th' earth his burden with him bare;
But he himselfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan himselfe to fight on foote prepare:
Whereof whenas the Gant was aware,
He waxed right blyth, as he had got thereby,
And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might have scene enrag'd disorderly,
Like to a ranke of pikes that pitched are awry.

X.

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

XI.

Yet was the stroke so forcibly appclide,
That made him stagger with uncertain sway,
As if he would have tottered to one side:
Wherewith full wroth he fiercely gan assay
That curt'sie with like kindnesse to repay,
And snote at him with so impomante might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitlesse branches, which the hatchets slight
Hath pruned from the native trea and crop, ed quight.

XII.

With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell mastiff through enraging heat,
And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw
Against his gods, and fire to them did threat,
And hell unto himselfe with horror great.

X. 2. — buckled to his gear.] Prepared, made ready.
Thenceforth he car’d no more which way he strooke,  
Now where it light; but gan to claue and sweat,  
And gnasht his teeth, and his head at him shooke,  
And sternelie he beheld with grim and ghastly looke.

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

Through all three bodys he him strooke attonce,  
That all the three attonce fell on the plaine,  
Else should he thrice have needed for the nonce  
Them to have stricken, and thris to have slaine.  
So now all three one sencedele lump remaine,  
Emwallow’d in his owne blacke bloody gore,  
And bying th’ earth for very deaths dislaide;  
Who, with a cloud of night him covering, bore  
Downe to the House of Dole, his daies there to deplore.

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,  
Where she with her two Sonnes did looking stand,  
She towards him in last herselfe did draw  
To greet him the good fortune of his hand:  
And all the people both of townes and land,  
Which there stood gazying from the Citties wall  
Uppon those Warriorres, greedy t’ understand  
To whether should the victory befall,  
Now when they saw it faile, they eke him greeted all.

But Bolge with her Sonnes prostrated low  
Before his feete, in all that peoples sight,  
Mongst joyes mixing some teares, mongst wele some wo,  
Him thus bespake: “O most redoubted Knight,  
The which last me, of all most wretched wight,  
That carst was dead, restor’d to life againe,  
And these weake impes replanted by thy might;  
What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,  
But ev’n that which thou savedst thine still to remaine!”

He tooke her up forby the illy hand,  
And her recomforted the best he might,  
Saying; Deare Lady, deedes ought not be sand  
By th’ authors manhood, nor the doers might,  
But by their truth and by the causes right:  
That same is it which fought for you this day,  
What other meed then neede me to requitit,  
But that which yeelded vertues meed alway!  
That is, the vertue selle, which her reward doth pay.”

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

“Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby  
There stands an Idol of great note and name,  
The which this Gant reared first on hie,  
And of his owne name fancies thought did frame:  
To whom, for endless honour of his shame,  
He offred up for daily sacrifice  
My children and my people, burnt in flame  
With all the tortures that he could devise,  
The more t’ aggrate his god with such his bloody guize.

“And underneath this Idol there doth lie  
An hideous Monster, that doth it defend,  
And feedes on all the carkasses that die  
In sacrifice unto that cursed Feend:  
Whose ugly shape none ever saw, nor kend,  
That ever spake’d: for of a man they say  
It has the voice, that speaches forth doth send,  
Even blasphemous words, which she doth bray  
Out of her poysonous entrails fraught with dire decay.”

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan  
For great desire that Monster to assay; [earne  
And prayd the place of her abode to learne:  
Which being shew’d, he gan himselfe straightway  
Thorerto addresse, and his bright shield display.  
So to the Church he came, where it was told  
The Monster underneathe the altar lay;  
There he that Idol saw of massy gold  
Most richely made, but there no monster did behold.

Upon the Image with his naked blade  
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke;  
And, the third time, out of an hidden shade  
There forth issewd from under th’ altars smooke  
A dreadfull Feend with fowle deformed looke,  
That streightit itselfe as it had long yron still;  
And her long taile and fethers strongly smooke,  
That all the Temple did with terrorr fell;  
Yet him nought terrifytie that feared nothing ill.

An huge great Beasst it was, when it in length  
Was stretched forth that nigh filld all the place,  
And seem’d to be of infinite great strength;  
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,  
Borne of the brooding of Echidna base,

XVIII. 7. —— vide] Vide. The old spelling was vidle,  
and repeatedly occurs in our ancient writers. Tod.  
XX. 5. —— aggrate] Please Tod.  
XXI. 5. —— and his bright shield display] He displays the brightness of Truth against superstitious illusions. Upton.
Or other like inferrall Furies kinde:
For of a mayde she had the outward face,
To hide the horrour which did lurke behind,
That better to beguile whome she so fondly finde.

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedinesses;
A lions claws, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and tearre whoso she can oppresse;
A dragons talie, whose sting without redresse
Full deadly wounds whereas it is empight;
And eagles wings, for scope and speedinesses,
That nothing may escape her reaching might,
Whereeto she ever list to make her hardly flight.

Much like in foulesse and deformity
Unto that Monster, whom the Theban Knight,
The Father of that fatal proveney
Made kill herselfe for very hearts despight
That he had red her riddle, which no wight
Could ever loose, but suffered deadly doule;
So also did this Monster use like slight;
To many a one which came unto her schoole,
Whom she did put to death deceived like a foe.

She comming forth, whenas she first beheld
The armed Prince with shield so blazing bright
Her ready to assaille, was greatly queld,
And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,
That shee shee would have turned for great affright:
But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
That forst her turne againe in her despight
To save herselfe, least that he did her slay;
And sure he had hersheale, had she not turned her way.

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

With that alone she gan to bray and yell,
And foule blasphemous speeches forth did cast,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell;
That even the Temple, wherein she was plast,
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast;
Tho with her huge long talie she at him stroke,
That made him stagger and stand halle agast
With trembling ioynts, as he for terror swoke;
Who nought was terrifie but greater courage tooke.

As when the mast of some well-timberd hulke
Is with the blast of some outrageous storne
Blowne downe, it shakes the botome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne;

Whilest still she stands as stonisht and forborne;
So was he stound with stroke of her huge taille;
But, ere that it shee backs againe had borne,
He with his sword it stroke, that without faile
He ioynted it, and mard the swinging of her flaire.

Then gan she cry much louder then afore.
That all the people, there with out, it heard,
And Bodge selue was therewith stonied sore
As if the onely sound thereof she heard.
But then the Feend herselfe more fiercely seard
Upon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
With all her body at his head and heare,
That had he not foresene with heedfull vow,
And thrown his shield atween, she had him done
to rew:

But, as she preest on him with heavy sawy
Under her wmbre his fell sword he thrust;
And for her entrails made an open way
To issue forth; the which, once being brast,
Like to a great mill-dambe forth fiercely gush
And powred out of her infernall stirk
Most ugly filth; and poynson therewith rush
That him nigh chocked with the deadly stike:
Such lasthly matter were small lust to speake or thinke.

Then downe to ground fell that deformed Masse,
Breathing out clouds of sulphure bowle and blacke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More bathed then Lerna, or then Stygian lake,
That any man would nigh awaiped make;
Whom when he saw on ground, he was full glat,
And straight went forth his gladnesse to parike
With Bodge, who watcht all this while full sad,
Wayting what end would be of that same daunger

drad.

Whom when she saw so joyously come forth,
She gan reioyce and shew triumphant cheere,
Lauding and praising his renowned worth
By all the names that honorable were.
Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
The present of his paines, that Monsters spoyle,
And calle that Idol decre d so costly dew;
Whom he did all to peeces breake, and foyle
In filthy durt, and left so in the loathly soyle.

Then all the people which beheld that day
Gan shout aloud, that unto heaven it rong;
And all the damnels of that towne in ray
Came dancing forth, and louose carolls song;
So him they led through all their streetes along
Crowned with girldens of immortall baies;
And all the vulgar did about them throng
to see the Man, whose everlastig praise
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

--- the onely sound] That is, as if shee feared only the sound thereof. Upton.
--- Idol] Meaning the Popish religion was destroyed, and the Protestant established. Upton.
--- Trample. Fr. fouler. Church.
There he with Belge did awhile remaine  
Making great feast and joyous merriment,  
Until he had her settled in her raine  
With safe assurance and establishment.

Then to his first emprise his mind he lent,  
Full loath to Belge and to all the rest;  
Of whom yet taking leave thenceforth he went,  
And to his former journey him addrest.

On which long way he rode, ne ever day did rest.

But turne we now to noble Artegall;  
Who, having left Mercilla, straightway went  
On his first quest, the which him forth did call;  
To weet, to worke Irenaeas franchisem,  
And eke Grantortoes worthy punishment.

So forth he fared, as his manner was,  
With onely Tales wayting diligent,  
Through many perils; and much way did pas.

Till longe unto the place at length approch he has.

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan;  
"Hailie, good Sir Sergis, truste Knight alive,  
Well tride in all thy ladies troubles borne,  
When her that Tyrant did of crown deprive;  
What new occasion doth thee hither drive,  
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?  
Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive?"

To whom he thus; "She liveth sure and sound;  
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thrall: bound:

"For she presuming on th' appointed tyde,  
In which ye promis, as ye were a Knight,  
To meete her at the Salvage Lands styde,  
And then and there for triall of her right  
With her unrighteous enemy to fight,  
Did thither come; where she, asembled of nought,  
By guilefull treason and by subtle slight  
Surprised was, and to Grantorto brought,  
Who her imprison hath, and her life often sought.

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

Then thus replide; "Now sure and by my life,  
Too much am I to blame for that faire Maiide,

That have her drawn to all this troublous strife  
Through promise to afford her timely aide,  
Which by default I have not yet defraide;  
But witness unto me, ye heavens I that know  
How cleare I am from blame of this upraide:  
For ye into like thrall:ome me did throw,  
And kept from accomplishing the faith which I did owe.

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

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

To which as they approch the cause to know,  
They saw a Knight in daungerous distresse  
Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,  
That sought with lawlesse powre him to oppress,  
And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse;  
And farre away, amidst their rache:ell hands,  
They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,  
Crying, and holding up her wretched hands  
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage with stands.

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

And now they doe so sharply him assay,  
That they his shield in peeces battrue have,  
And forced him to throw it quite away,  
Fro dangers dread his doubtful life to save;  
Albe that it most safety to him gave,  
And much did magnifie his noble name;  
For, from the day that he thus did it leave,

--- complishing] Accomplishing, fulfilling.
Amidst all Knights he blotted was with blame, 
And counted but a recreant Knight with endless shame.

XLVI. 

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

XLVII. 

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

XLIX. 

To whom he thus; "My name is Burbon bight, 
Well knowne, and for renowned heretofore, 
Untill late mischief did upon me light, 
That all my former praise hath blemisht sore: 
And that faire Lady, which in that uprose 
Ye with those catyves saw, Flourdelis bight, 
Is mine owne Love, though me she have forborne; 
Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might, 
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

"But sure to me her faith, she first did plight 
To be my Love, and take me for her Lord; 
Till that a Tyrant, which Grantorto bight, 
With golden gifts and many a guilefull word 
Entyced her to him to for accord, 
O, who may not with gifts and words be tempted! 
Sith she which hath me ever since abhorred, 
And to my foe hath guilefully consented: 
Ay me, that ever gyde in women was invented!

"And now he hath this troupe of Villains sent 
By open force to fetch her quite away: 
Ginast whom myselfe I long in vaine have bent 
To rescue her, and daily makes assay, 
Yet rescue her thence by no means I may; 
For they doe me with multitude oppressse, 
And with unequall might doe overby, 
That oft I driven am to great distresse, 
And forced to forgote their attempt remedellesse."

"But why have ye," said Artegall, "forborne 
Your owne good shiel in dangerous dismay?

XLVI. 2. They drew unto his aide.] Alluding to the assistance given to Henry IV. by Queen Elizabeth. 
Upton.

XLVI. 5. in many a donct.] Difficulty. Church.


XLVIII. 2. diffused.] Dispersed, or disorderd. Todd.

XLVIII. 3. empire.] Hurt. Todd.


Upton. 4. invented.] Met with, found, &c. Upton.

That is the greatest shame and foulest sorwe, 
Which unto any Knight behappen may, 
To lose the badge that should his deedly display," 
To whom Sir Burbon, blushing halfe for shame; 
"That shal not ioy unto you," quoth he, "bewray; 
Least ye therefore mote happily me blame, 
And deeme it doon of will, that through inforcement came.

LII. 

"True is that I at first was dubbed Knight 
By a good Knight, the Knight of the Red-crosse; 
Who, when he gave me armes in field to fight, 
Gave me a shield, in which he did endosse 
His deare Redeemers badge upon the bosse: 
The same long while I bore, and therewithall 
Fought many battells without wound or losse; 
Therewith Granorto selfe I did appall, 
And made him often times in field before me fall.

LIV. 

"But for that many did that shield envie, 
And cruel enemies increased more; 
To stilt all strife and troublesome committie, 
That bloudie scuttchim being battred sore 
I layd aside, and have of late forborne; 
Hoping thereby to have my Love obtayned; 
Yet can I not my Love have nathemore; 
For she by force is still fro me detayned, 
And with corruptfull bloube is to untruth mis 
etrayed.""

LVI. 

"To whom thus Artegall; "Centes, Sir Knight, 
Hard is the case the which ye doe complaine; 
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light 
That it to such a straighte mote you constrainne) 
As to abandon that which doth containe 
Your honours stile, that is, your warlike shiel.
All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine 
Then losse of fame in disaventures field: 
Dye, rather then doe ought that mote dishonour 
Yield!"

LVI. 

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

LVII. 

"Yet let me you of cortesie request," 
Said Burbon, "to assist me now at need 
Against these Pesants which have me oppress, 
And forced mee to so infamous deed, 
That yet my Love may from their hands be freed."
Sir Artegall, albe he earst did wyte

LVII. 1. dubbed] The phrase dubbed is derived 
from the strike, with a sword or otherwise, which was 
always a principal ceremony at the creation of a Knight 
At dubbis, Island signifies to strike. Todd.

LVII. 4. endosse] Engrave, or write on the back. Fr. 
endossé. Todd.

LVIII. But for.] But because. Todd.

LVIII. 7. earst did wyte 
His wavering mind.] That is, though he 
lately reproved the inconstancy of Burbon. Church.
His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And buckling him eftsoones unto the fight
Did set upon those troups with all his powre and
might.

LXIII.
Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
Of flyes upon a birchen bough doth cluster,
Did them assault with terrible allarme,
And over all the fields themselves did muster,
With bills and glayves making a dreadful luster;
That forst at first those Knights backe to retyre;
As when the wrathfull Borces doth bluster,
Nought may abide the tempest of his yre,
Bothman and beast doe fly, and succcede into quyre.

LXIV.
But, whenas overblown was that brunt,
Those Knights began afores them to assayle,
And all about the fields like squirrels hunt;
But chiefly Tales with his yron flayle,
Gainst which no flight nor rescue mot satyve,
Made cruel harke of the baser crew,
And chaced them both over hill and dale:
The raskall manie soone they overthrew;
But the two Knights themselves their Captains did subdew.

LX.
At last they came whereases that Ladie bode,
Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight.
To save themselves, and scattered were abroad:
Her halfe dismayd they found in doublful plight,
As neither glad nor sorie for their sight;
Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad
In roall robes, and many jewels bright.
But that those Villains through their rage had
Them fonly rent, and shamefully defaced had.

LXI.
But Burbon, strait dismounted from his steed,
Unto her ran with greedie great desyre,
And catching her fast by her ragged weed
Would have embraccd her with hart entyre;
But she, backstarting, with disdainfull yre
Bad him avayte, ne would unto his lore
Allured be for prayer nor for need:
Whom when those Knights so froward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked and upbraied sore.

LXII.
Sayed Artegall; "What foule disgrace is this
To so faire Ladie, as ye scene in sight,
To blot your beautie, that unblemished is,
With so foule blame as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of love for any worlds delight!
Is ought on earth so preucious or deare
As prayse and honour? or is ought so bright
And beautuful as glories beames appeare,
Whose goodly light then Phoebus lampes doth shine
more cleare!"

LXIII.
"Why then will ye fond Dame, attempted bee
Unto a strangers love, so lightly placed,
For guiftes of gold or any worldly glee,
To leave the Love that ye before embraccd,
And let your name with falshood be defaced?
Fie on the pelfe for which good name is sold,
And honour with indignity debased!"

LXIV.
Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold;
But dearer then them both your faith once plighted hold."
Had it forshecket: but now time drawing my,
To him assynd her high behest to doo,
To the sea-shore he gan his way apply
To weete if shipping readie he note there desery.

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

V.
But nathemore would they from land refraine:
But, whenas nigh unto the shore they drew
That foot of man might sound the botomme plaine,
Talus into the sea did forth issue [threw;
Though darts from shore and stones they at him
And wading through the waves with stedfast sway,
Maugre the might of all those troupes in vew,
Did win the shore; whence he them chaset away
And made to flye doves, whom th’eagle doth affray.

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

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

VIII.
Till Artegall him seeing so to rage
Wild him to stay, and signe of truce did make:
To which all harkning did awhile assaghe
Their forces furie, and their terror slake;
Till he an herauld cald, and to him spake,
Willing him wend unto the Tyrant streight,
And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
He thether came, but for to trie the right
Of fayre Irenas cause with him in single fight:

IX.
And willed him for to reclayme with speed
His scattred people, ere they all were slaine;

And time and place convenient to acred,
in which they two the combat might darraine.
Which message when Grantorto heard, full fayne
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay;
And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
The morrow next, ne gave him longer day:
So sounded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

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

XI.
The morrow next that was the dismall day
Appointed for Irenas death before,
So soone as it did to the world display
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
The heavy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of Artegals arrivall her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full sad and hart full sore,
Weening her lyes last howre then near to bee;
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor see.

XII.
Then up she rose, and on herselde did light
Most equald garments, fit for such a day:
And with dull countenance and with dolefult-spirit
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay
For to receive the doome of her decay:
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir Artegall in battaillous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent in midst of deadly feare.

XIII.
Like as a tender rose in open plaine,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
Thereon distill and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to lock up, and with fresh wonted grace
Disprest the glory of her leave’s gay:
Such was Irenas countenance, such her case,
When Artegall she saw in that array,
There wayting for the Tyrant till it was farre day:

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

XV.
Of stature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a giant for his monstrous light,

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

CHURCH.

IX. 1. — to reclayme] A term in falconry. A partridge is said to reclayme when she calls back her young ones. CHURCH.
And did in strength most sorts of men surpass,  
Ne ever any found his match in might;  
Theroeto he had great skill in single fight:  
His face was ugly and his countenance stern;  
That could have fray'd one with the very sight,  
And gaped like a gulf when he did gerse;  
That whether man or monster one could scarce discerne.

Soone as he did within the lists appeare,  
With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,  
As if he would have daunted him with fear;  
And, grinning grisly, did against him weld  
His deadly weapon which in hand he held:  
But th' Ellen Swayne, that oft had seene like sight,  
Was with his ghostly countenance nothing queld;  
But gan him straight to buckle to the fight,  
And cast his shield about to be in reade plight.

The trumpets sound; and they together goe  
With dreadfull terror and with fell intent;  
And their huge strokes full daungernously bestow,  
To doe most dammage whereas most they met:  
But with such force and furie violent  
The Tyrant thundred his thickes blowes so fast,  
That through the yron walles their way they rent,  
And even to the vital parts they past,  
Ne ought could then endure, but all they cleaf or brast.

Which cruell outrage whenas Artegall  
Did well avize, thenceforth with warie heed  
He shund his strokes, where-ever they did fall,  
And way did give unto their gracelesse speed:  
As when a skilfull marriner doth reed  
A storme approaching that doth perill threat,  
He will not hide the daunger of such dread,  
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his mainsheet,  
And lends unto it leave the empyre aye to heat.

So did the Faerie Knight himselfe abear,  
And stopped oft his head from shame to shield:  
No shame to stoure, ones head more high to  
And, much to gaine, a little for to yield:  
[reare;  
So stoutest Knights do often times in field,  
But still the Tyrant sternely at him layd,  
And did his yron axe so nimly wield,  
That many wounds into his flesh it made,  
And with his burdensome blowes his sore did over-lade.

Yet whenas fit advantage he did spy,  
The whiles the cursed Felon high did reare  
His cruel hand to smite him mortally,  
Under his stroke he to him stepping neare  
Right in the flanke he strucke with deadly dreare,  
That the gore-bloud thence gushing grievously  
Did underneath him like a pond appeare,  
And all his armour did with purple dye;  
Thereat he Bray'd loud, and yelled dreadfully.

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

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

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

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

Who, streight her leading with meete majestie  
Unto the palace where their kings did rayne,  
Did her therein establish peaceable,  
And to her kindomes seat restore agayne;  
And all such persons, as did late maintayne  
That Tyrants part with close or open ayde,  
He sorely punished with heavie payne;  
That in short space, whiles there with her he staid,  
Not one was left that durst her once have disobaid.

During which time that he did there remayne,  
His studie was true Justice how to deal,  
And day and night employ'd his busie paine  
How to reforme that ragged common-awe;  
And that same Yron Man, which could reveal  
All hidden crimes, through all that Realmhe he sent  
To search out those that usd to rob and steal,

That, falling, on his mother earth he fed?  
The construction is, that, falling, he fed on, he fed, or his mother earth.  
Upton.
Or did rebell against lawfull government;
On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment.

But, ere he could reforme it thoroughly, he
through occasion called was away
To Faerie Court, that of necessity
His course of Justice he was forst to stay,
And Tahus to revoke from the right way,
In which he was that Realm for to redresse:
But Envies cloud still dimmeth Veringes ray!
So, having freen Irena from distresses,
He tooke his leave of therre left in heaviness.

Two, as he bache returned from that Land,
And there arrived againe whence forth he set,
He had not passed farre upon the strand,
Whenas two old ill-favourd hags he met,
By the way-side being together set,
Two grievely Creatures; and, to that their faces
Most foule and filthy were, their garments yet,
Being all ragd and tatterd, their disgraces
Did much the more augment, and made most ugly cases.

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

Her hands were foule and durtie, never washt
In all her life, with long naples over-raught,
Like puttocks claws; with th' one of which she
Scratch.
Her cursed head, although it itched mought;
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed and guawed hungrily,
As if that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her laves one might desire
The bloudie gore and posyon dropping loothsomely.

Her name was Envie, knowen well thereby;
Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
That ever she sees doen prays-worthily;
Whose sight to her is greatest crosse may fall,
And verveth so, that she eat her gall:
For, when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne manew unmaterial,
And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
Meat fit for such a Monsters monstrous dyet:

And if she inpt of any good to have,
That had to any happly betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and tear
Her flesh for fenesse, which she inward hid:

But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harboured any, she would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in anotheres lose great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby and gayned a great stake.

The other nothing better was then shee;
Agreeing in bad will and cannered kynd,
But in bad maner they did disagree:
For whatso Envie good or had did fynd
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
But this, whatever evil she conceived,
Did spread abroad and throw in thy open wynd:
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was mens good name to have bereaved.

For, whatsoever good by any said
Or done she heard, she would straightways in
How to deprave or slanderously upbrayd,
Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment:
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearken what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort:

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

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foming with posyon round about her gils,
In which her cursed tongue full sharpe and short
Appear'd like aspis sting, that closely kis,
Or cruelly does wound whomso she wils,
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she little spinses, but spils;
And faynes to weave false tales and leasings had,
To throw amongst the good, which others had dispersd.

These two now had themselves combyned in one,
And linckt together gainst Sir Artegall;
For whom they wansyd as his mortal foe,
How they might make that he into mischiefe fall,
For freeing from their snares Irena thrall:
Besides, unto themselves they gotten had
A Monster, which the Blatant Beast men call,
A dreadful Feend of gods and men ydard,
Whom they by slightes alur'd and to their purpose had.

and murder her owne mynd.] The

seme is: Envie did conceale whatsoever good or bad she
found, and in consequence did murder, did destroy the peace of her own mind.同

she] Envie. Church.

A distaffe in her other hand she had.] That
is, in her left hand. Upton.

Takes delight. Church.
Such were these Hags, and so unhandsome drest:
Who when they nigh approaching had espied
Sir Artegall return'd from his late quest,
They both arose, and at him loudly cries,
As it had bene two shepheards currys had seryde:
A ravenous wolfe amongst the scattered flocks:
And Euvie first, as she that first him eyde,
Towards him runs, and with rude flaring lockes
About her ears does beat her brest and forhead knockes.

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

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

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

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

But Talus, hearing her so lowely raile
And speak vp so ill of him that well deserved,
Would her bave chastic'd with his yron flaile,
If her Sir Artegall had not preserved,
And him forbidden, who his heart observed:
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast; yet he for nought would swerve.

From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Faerie Court; where what him fell shall else be told.

[Let us, as usual, take a review of this Fifth Book, which treats in the form of an allegory, of the most comprehensive
Heritiout, informs us, that the Persian kings celebrated
with the highest magnificence their birth-day; when they
granted to every one his boon. Nor with less magnificence
the Fairy Queen kept her annual feast, on twelve several
days, and granted to every just petitioner the requested
boon. On one of these days a disgraceful queen, named
Irena, attended by Sir Sergis, made her entry according
to the custom established; and, complaining that an
oppressive Tyrant kept by violence her crown from her,
prayed that some Knight might be assigned to perform
that adventure: her boon was granted, and Sir Artegall
was the Knight assigned. This hero we have been long
acquainted with; and have seen him in Fairy Land, seek-
ing adventures, and perfecting himself in many a chival-
rous enterprise. But we must suppose that he was not to
proceed on his grand quest, till joined by his faithful Talus;
a man of iron mold, without any degree of passion or affec-
tion; but the properst person imaginable to put in act
the righteous decrees of Arthegall, or, in one word, to be
an executioner. Thus is Justice (imag'd in Arthegall)
armed with Power (imag'd in Talus): and, thus accoutred,
he relieves the oppressed, distributes right, and redresses
injured kingdoms and nations.

Though Arthegall appears in a fuller view in this Book,
than hitherto, yet our chief hero, who is to be perfected in
justice, that he might in the end obtain true glory, is not
forgotten. If Homer dwells on the exploits of Diomed, or
shows you at large Agamemnon, or describes the success
of Hector; yet ever and anon you are put in mind of
Achilles; and you plainly perceive the fatal effects of that
pernicious wrath, which brought so many woes on Greece.
Hence the unity of the Poem is preserved. Why will you
not consider Spenser's Poem in the same view, only built
on a more extensive plan?

The Briton Prince becomes acquainted with Arthegall by a
rouncounter, which often happens among knights-errant:
as soon as they are reconcil'd (for the really great
and good never disagree) they go in quest of adventures;
and afterwards visit Mercilla at her royal palace. And
here the Briton Prince undertakes the relief of Belge from
an oppressive Tyrant: Meanwhile Arthegall goes to rein-
state Irena in her pristine dignity.

The historical allusions in this Book are so very ap-
parent, that the most superficial readers of Spenser never
could mistake them, because he mentions the very names.
But I wonder that they stopped here, and did not pursue
the hint, which the poet had given them, Introduction,
B. ii. st. 4.

"Of Faery lond yet if he more inquire,
By certaine signes here set in sundry place
He may find them: let him then admire,
But yield his sense to be too blunt and base,
That note without an hound fine footing trace."
Notwithstanding, the Genius of France is forced to take him. See C. xi. st. 64.

"So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apaid."

Let us trace out the episode of Belco. There came two Springalls (viz. the Marquis of Haurie and Adolph. Metkerk.) ferre thence from forrein land (from the Netherlands) where they did dwell, to seek for succour of her (Queen Elizabeth) and her peers. The Briton Prince, in whom I think imag'd the Earl of Leicester, undertakes to deliver Belco from the cruelties of Geryon, i.e. the King of Spain. Mereilla is plainly Queen Elizabeth; the Lady brought to the bar, Mary Queen of Scots; the sage old sire that had to name the kingdom's care with a white alter head, means the Lord Treasurer Burleigh: Spencer, by some former poems, had brought himself into this mighty men's displeasure. F. Q. v. xii. 41. He now seemed glad to curry favour; and methinks goes a little out of his way in making himself a party-man by abusing the memory of this unhappy Queen. But this is foreign to my design; let us return to our history. The two paramours of Ducea, the Queen of Scots, are Blundamour and Parkehill, i.e. the Earls of Northumberland and Westmorland. Blundamour is the Earl of Northumberland, because the poet calls him, The hotspurre youth, F. Q. v. i. 33. This was the well-known name given to the young Percy in the reign of King Henry IV. And is not this speaking out, as plain as the nature of this kind of poetry admits? Parkehill is the Earl of Northumberland: Arthegall, I am thoroughly persuaded, is Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Deputy of Ireland, our poet's patron. His military and vigorous executions against the rebels in Ireland, brought upon him a load of envy and detraction, when he came back to England; and this is very plainly hinted at in the close of the 12th Canto. Compare Camden, sub ann. 1590, and Lloyd's State Worthies, in the life of Arthur Grey Baron of Wilton. These circumstances are a strong proof that Ireland, agreeably to this kind of prosopopoeia, is shadowed out to us by Irena. With this hint given, read and apply the following verses. C. xii. st. 49.

"And that bright sword, the sword of Justice lent,
Had stained with reproachful cruelties
In guileless blood of many an innocent."

The sword of Justice, i. e. according to the fable, the sword of gold given him by Aesop; according to the moral, the sword be received as Lord Deputy of Ireland, and the ensign of his command. But I have still farther proofs: for what is Irena, but Ierna, a kingdom or state that stands in need of succour, as much as Belco? See likewise how the situation of the island is pointed out, C. vi. st. 7. Arthegall was going towards Ireland, which lay West of England. See likewise C. xii. st. 3. And he calls it a ragged common-secate; as certainly it was, distracted with civil wars, and torn in pieces with perpetual rebellions, fomented by the King of Spain and the Pope. Old Sir Sergis, I take to be Walsingham. The King of Spain is imaged in the son of Geryon, in the Soldan, and in Grantors. The Seneschal seems to be the Duke of Alva.

Will it appear too refining, if we suppose that the Sarazin Pollente, with his trap falls, and his groome of evil guise, hence named Guizer, alludes to Charles the 1Xth, King of France, who by stealths did underfong the Protestants, and thus perfidiously massacred them? If this is allowed, who can help applying the name of Guizer to the head of the Popish league, and chief persecutor, the Duke of Guise? And, to carry on still this allusion, what is all that plot laid in the dead of night, by the same sort of miscreants, to murder the British Virgin (C. vi. st. 27.) but a type of that plot laid against the chief of the British, as well as other Protestant noblemen, "that being thus brought into the net," as Camden relates, "both they, and with them the evangelical religion, might with one stroke, if not have their throats cut, yet at least receive a mortal wound?" a plot, which though not fully accomplished, yet ended in a massacre, and was begun at midnight, at a certain signal given, on the eve of St. Bartholomew, anno 1572.

What shall we say of the tilts and tournaments at the spewal of fair Florimell? Had the poet his eye on those tiltings, performed at a vast expence, by the Earl of Arundel, Lord Windsor, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Pulk Greville, who challenged all comers; and which were intended to entertain the French nobility and the ambassadors, who came to treat of Anjou's marriage with the Queen? Methinks also I sometimes see a faint resemblance between Braggadocio and the Duke of Anjou, and their buffoon servants, Transpare and Simler.

In the fifth Canto Arthegall is imprisoned by an Amazonian dame, called by a French name Haudigund; for Hadegonda was a famous Queen of France. Now as Spencer carries two faces under one head, and means more always than in plain words he tells you; why, Isay, does he, who writes in a "continued allegory," give you this episode, if there is not more meant than what the dull letter contains? The story, I think, is partly moral, but chiefly historical, and alludes to Arthegall's father being taken prisoner in France; who almost ruined his patrimony to pay his ransom. See Camden, and Lloyd's life of Arthur Grey, Baron of Wilton. 'Tis not at all foreign to the nature of this Poem to mix family histories, and unite them in one person.

In the ninth Canto we read of a wicked villan which roamed in a rocke, and piffered the country all around; he is named Malengin, from his mischievous disposition. Is not this robber a type of those rebels, who had taken their refuge in Glandinough, "beset round about with craggy rocks," as Camden relates, "and a steep downfall, and with trees and thickets of wood, the paths and crossways whereof are scarce known to the dwellers therabouts?" This villain is destroyed without mercy or remorse, as the rebels were with their accomplices, expiring in vain for help, when help was past, C. ix. st. 10. But if the reader has a mind to see how far types and symbols may be carried, I refer him to my own note on C. viii. st. 45. And, upon a review of what is here offered relating to historical allusions, if the reader thinks my arguments too finery and extended beyond their due limits, and should laugh

"To see their threads so thin, as spiders frame,
And she so short, that seem'd their ends out shortly came;"

I would desire him to consider what latitude of interpretation all typical and symbolical writings admit; and that this Poem is full of historical allusions, as the poet hints in many places.
THE SIXTH BOOK OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE;
CONTAYNING
THE LEGEND OF SIR CALIDORE, OR OF COURTESIE.

I.
The waies, through which my weareye steps I guyde
In this delightfull land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And springicked with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to care or eye,
That I, nigh ravished with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby;
And, when I gin to feel decay of might,
It strength to me supplies and clears my dulled spight.

ii.
Such secret comfort and such heavenly pleasures,
Ye sacred Imps, that on Parnasso dwell, 
And there the keeping have of Learnings there;
Whose doe all worldly riches farre excelle,
Into the minds of mortal men doe dwell,
And goodly fury into them infuse;
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies where never foote did use,
Ne none can find but who was taught them by the Muse:

iii.
Revelo to me the sacred nursery
Of Vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in silver bowre does hidden lie
From view of men and wicked worlds disdaine:
Since it at first was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, being deriv'd at furst
From heavenly seedes of bounty soveraine,
And by them long with careful labour nurst,
Till it to ripenessse grew, and forth to honour burst.

iv.
Amongst them all growes not a fayrer bowre
Then is the bloome of comely Courtesie ;
Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie ;
And speeedes itselfe through all civilitie ;
Of which though present age doe plenteous seene,
Yet, being matcht with plaine antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned showes esteeme,
Which carry colours faire that feebles eies mislikeemee:

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

vi.
But where shall I in all antiquity
So faire a pattern finde, where may be scene
The goodly praise of princely Courtesie,
As in Yourselfe, O soveraine Lady Queene !
In whose pure minde, as in a mirror seene,
It showes, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
The eyes of all which thercon fixed beeue;
But moritich indeede an higher name:
Yet so, from low to high, uplifted is your Name.

vii.
Then pardon me, most dreaded Soveraine,
That from Yourselfe I doe this Vertue bring,
And to Yourselfe doe it returne againe:
So from the ocean all rivers spring,
And tribute backe repay as to their king:
Right so from you all goodly vertues well
Into the rest which round about you ring,
Faire Lords and Ladies which about you dwell,
And doe adorn your Court where Courtesies excell.

CANTO I.
Calidore saves from Malefort
A Damell used vsyde;
Both vanquish Cruor; and doe make
Briana warke more mylde.

V.
Of Court, it seemses, men Courtesie doe call,
For that there it mote usuall to abound;
And well beseech that in Princes hall
That Vertuee should be plentifully found,

vi. 5. [Which see not perfect things] Not perfect things, i.e. not perfectly, darkly. Upton.
vi. 8. But &c.] By name, in the eight line, is meant appellation; in the last line it signifies character. Church.
vii. 7. —— which round about you ring.] That is, which encircle you. Alluding to the Ring at Court. Church.
THE FAERIE QUEENE. 

[Book VI.

To find him out, yet still I forward trace."
"What is that Blattant Beast then," he replie I
"It is a Monster bred of hellish race."
Then answered he, '"which often hath annoyed
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroyd.'

"Of Cerberus whom he was begot
And fell Chimaera, in her darksome den,
Through towle commixture of his filthy blot;
Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,
Till he to perfect ripeness grew; and then
Into this wicked world he forth was sent
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.'

"Then, since the Salvage Island I did leave,
Said Arthegall, "I such a Beast did see,
The which did seeme a thousand tongues to have,
That all in spight and malice did agree,
With which he bayed and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he attone would me devour:\nBut I, that knew myselfe from peril free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre;
But he the more his wicked poysont forth did pour."}

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

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
Whenes by chancie a comedy Squire he found,
That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong
Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound;
Who, seeing him from farre, with piteous sound
Of his shrill cries him called to his aide:
To whom approching, in that painesfull stound
When he him saw, for no demandes he staide,
But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him said:

"Unhappy Squire, what hard mishap thee brought
Into this bay of peril and disgrace! [wront, What cruel hand thy wretched thralldome
And thee captived in this shamefull place?]"
To whom he answered thus; "My haplesse case
Is not occasiond through my misdesert,
But through misfortune, which did me abase
Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
Ere that I in her guelfull traines was well expert.

"Not farre from hence, upon yond rocky hill,
Hard by a straighte there stands a Castle strong,
Which doth observe a custome lewde and ill,
And it hath long mayntaind with mighty wrong
For may no Knight nor Lady passe along
That way, (and yet they needs must passe that way,

xii. "But where ye ended have, now I begin
To tread an endlesse trace; withouten guilde
Or good direction how to enter in,
Or how to issue forth in waies untryde,
In perils strange, in labours long and wide;
In which although good fortune me befal,
Yet shall it not by none be testifie.
"What is that quest?" quoth then Sir Artegall,
"That you into such perils presently doth call!"

viii. "The Blattant Beast," quoth he, "I doe pursure,
And through the world incessantly doe chase,
Till I him ovtake, or else subdued:
Yet know I not or how in what place

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"That you into such perils presently doth call!"

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

xiv. 3. For his &c.] That is, for his gentled behaviour
i. good qualities. Church.
iv. 7. They knew themselves.] They knew each other.
Fr. Ils se connaissent. Church.

x. 9. — several. &c. &c. Church.
By reason of the strait, and rocks among;) But they that Ladies lockes doe shave away, And that Knights beard, for all which they for passage pay."

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

xv. "His name is Crudor; who, through high disdaine
And proud despight of his selfe-pleasing mynd,
Refused hath to yeeld her love againe,
Untill a mantle she for him doe fynd
With beards of Knights and lockes of Ladies lyd:
Which to provide, she hath this Castle light,
And therein hath a Soneshall assynd,
Cald Malefort, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will with worse despight.

xvi. "He, this same day as 't that way did come
With a faire Damzell my beloved deare,
In exaction of her lawlesse doome
Did set upon us flying both for feare;
For little bootes against him hand to reare.
Me first he tooke unhable to withstand,
And whilsts he her pursued every where,
Till his return unto this tree he bong;
Ne wote I surely whether he her yet have fond."

xvii. Thus whilsts they spake they heard a ruefull shrioke
Of one loud crying, which they straitwaye ghost
That it was she the which for helpe did seek.
Tho, looking up unto the cry to lest,
[blest
They saw that Carle from farre with hand un-Hayling that Mayden by the yellow heare,
That all her garments from her snowy brest,
And from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,
Ne would he spare for pitty, nor refine for feare.

xviii. Which haynous sight when Calidore beheld,
Eftsoones he loosed that Squire, and so him left
With hearts dismay and inward dobre queul,
For to pursue that Villaine, which had refte
That piteous spoile by so inurious theft:
Whom overtaking, loud to him he cryde;
"Leave, factor, quickly that miswotten weft
To him that hath it better justifiye,
And turne thee soone to him of whom thou art defyde."

xix. Who, hearkning to that voice, himselfe uppreard,
And, seeing him so fiercely towards make,
Against him stoutly run, as sought afeard,

xx. But rather move enrag'd for those words sake;
And with serene count'naunce thus unto him
"Art thou the Captive that defyst me, [spake
And for this Mayd, whose party thou dost take,
Wilt give thy beard, though it but little bee?
Yet shall it not her lockes for rausome fro me free."

xxi. With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
On hideous strokes with most impportant might,
That oft he made him stagger as unstaid,
And oft recuile to shunne his sharpe despight:
But Calidore, that was well skild in fight,
Him long forborne, and still his spirite spard,
Lying in waite how him he damage might;
But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more hard.

xxii. Like as a water-stremme, whose swelling sourrs
Shall drive a mill, within strong banks is ppent,
And long restrayne'd of his ready course;
So soone as passage is unto him lent,
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent;
Such was the fury of Sir Calidore:
When once he felt his foe-man to relent,
He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore;
Who as he still decayd, so he encreased more.

xxiii. The heavy burden of whose dreadfull might
Whenas the Carle no longer could sustaine,
His heart gan faint, and streight he tooke his flight
Toward the Castle, where, if need constraine,
His hope of refuge used to remaine:
Whom Calidore perceyving fast to fliye,
He him pursu'd and chased through the plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loud to cried
Unto the Ward to open to him hastile.

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

xxv. With that the rest the which the Castle kept
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full lightly swept,
As doth a stearne, in heat of sommers day;
With his long tale the bryzes brush away.
Thence passing forth into the hall he came,
Where of the Lady selue in sad dismay
He was ymuet, who with uneomely shame
Gan him salute, and fowle upbrayd with fault blame:

xxv. 4. recuit] Retreat. Todd.
xxviii. 4. win. | Overtake. Church. I should rather interpret it, overcome or obtained the advantage ove him. Todd.
xxviii. 5. on the flore.] On the spot. Church.
xxvii. 5. the bryzes] The breeze or gad flies.
Anglo-Sax. brises. Utten.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

"False traitor Knight," said she, "no Knight at all.
But scorne of armses! that hast with guilty hand
Murdered my men, and slain my Scneschall;
Now comest thou to rob my house unmaned,
And spoile myselfe, that cannot thee withstand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight
Then thou, that shall thy treason understand,
Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right:
And if none do, yet shame shall thee with shame requite."  

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

"Then doe yourselfe, for dread of shame, forgoe
This evill manner which ye here maintaine,
And doe instead thereof milde curtlesse showe
To all that passe: That shall you glory gaine
More then his love, which thus ye secke t' obtaine."

Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replyed;
"Vile recreant! know that I doe much disdain
Thy courteous love, that doest my Love deride,
Who scornes thy yde soffe, and bids thee be defyde."

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

With that a Dwarfse she cald to her in hast,
And taking from her hand a ring of gould
(A privy token which betweene them past)
Bad him to flie with all the speed he could
To Cruador; and desire him that he would
Vonchesafe to rescued her against a Knight, [hould,
Who through strong powre had now herselfe
In having late slain her Senteschall in fight,
And all her people murdred with outrageous might:

The Dwarfse his way did hast; and went all night:
But Calidore did with her there abyde
The comming of that so much threatned Knight:
Where that discourtesse Dame with scornfull
And fowle entreaty him indignifyde, [pryde
That yron heart if hardly could sustaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guide,

Did well endure her womanish disdain,
And did himselfe from fraile impatience refraine.

The morrow next, before the lampes of light
Above the earth uperad his flaming head,
The Dwarfse, which bore that message to her
Knight,
Brought answere backe, that ere he tasted bread
He would her succour, and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand;
Therefore he wilde her doe away all dread;
And, that of him she more assured stand,
He sent to her his basenct as a faithfull band.

Thereof full blyth the Lady straighte became,
And gan augment her bitterness much more:
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
Ne ought dismayed was Sir Calidore;
But rather did more carelessfull scene therefore:
And, having soone his armes about him dight,
Did issue forth to meete his foe afore;
Where long he stayed not, wheras a Knight
He spide come pricking on with all his powre and might.

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

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

Nathlesse at length himselfe he did uppreare
In lustesse wise; as if against his will,
Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to stretch his limbs; which feeling ill
Of his late fall, awhile he rested still:
But, when he saw his foe before in vew,
He shooke off luskishnes; and, courage chil
Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew.
To prove if better foote then horsebacke would ensue.

There then began a fearcfull cruel fray
Betwixt them two for mastery of might;
For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
And passing well expert in single fight,

[book VI.]

\begin{itemize}
\item \textbf{xxv.} The morrow next, before the lampes of light.
\item \textbf{xxvi.} Much was the Knight abashed at that word;
\item \textbf{xxvii.} Thereof full blyth the Lady straighte became;
\item \textbf{xxviii.} With a Dwarfse she cald to her in hast;
\item \textbf{xxix.} With that a Dwarfse she cald to her in hast;
\item \textbf{x.} Did well endure her womanish disdain,
\end{itemize}

\begin{itemize}
\item \textbf{xxxi.} Did well endure her womanish disdain,
\end{itemize}
And both inflamed with furious despight;
Which as it still increast, so still increast
Their cruel strokes and terrible affright;
No once for ruth their rigour they releast,
Ne once to breath awhile their anger tempest cease.

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

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

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

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

"For nothing is more blamefull to a Knight,
That court'tie doth as well as armes profess,
However strong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproch of pride and cruelty:
In vain he seeketh others to suppress,
Who hath not learned himselfe first to subdued:
All flesh is fraille and full of ficklenesse,
Subjecte to fortunes chance, still changing new;
What hapts to day to me to morrow may to you.

XXXVII. 5. — potsharers] This is the old spelling of potshards. Todd.
XXXVIII. 8. — formerlie.] Formerlie is first: that is, Calidore first smote him. Church.
XXXIX. 5. — would have unlust] Untold. Todd.

XXXVII.
"Who will not merce unto others shew,
How can be mercy ever hope to have?
To pay each with his owne is right and dew:
Yet since ye mercie now doe need to crave,
I will it grant, your hopelesse life to save,
With these conditions which I will propound:
First, that ye better shal yourselfe behave
Unto all errant Knights, whereso on ground;
Next, that ye Ladies ayde in evey stand and stound."
GANTO II.

Calidore sees young Tristan play
A proud dis-courteous Knight.
He makes him Squire, and of him learns
His state and present plight.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

That well in courteous Calidore appears;
Whose every act and deed, that he did say,
Was like enchantment, that through both the cares
And both the eyes did steal the hart away.
He now again is on his former way
To follow his first quest, whenas he spied
A tall young man, from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descrie,
Against an armed Knight that did on horsebacke ryde.

IV.

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

V.

Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to see
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see
Yet seventeene yeares, but tall and faire of face,
That sure he deemed him borne of noble race:
All in a woodmans jacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, behayd with silver lace;

And on his head an hood with aglets sprad.
And by his side his hunters horse he hanging had.

VI.

Buskins he wore of costliest cordinayne,
Pincket upon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guise was for each gentle swayne:
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whose fellow he before had sent apart;
And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,
With which he went to launch the salvage hart
Of many a lyon and of many a beare.
That first unto his hand in chase did happen neare.

VII.

Whom Calidore awhile well having viewed,
At length bespake; "What means this, gentle Swaine?"
Why infield thy hand so hold itselfe embrewed
In blood of Knight, the which by thee is slain,
By thee no Knight; which armes impugueth plaine!"
"Cortes." said he, "loth were I to have broken
The Law of Armes; yet breake it should againe,
Rather then let myselfe of wight be stroken,
So long as these two armes were able to be broken.

VIII.

"For not I him, as this his Ladie here
May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,
Ne surely thus unarm'd I likely were;
But he me first through pride and puissance strong
Assayld, not knowing what to armes doth long."
"Pardie great blanke," then said Sir Calidore,
"For armed Knight a wight unarm'd to wrong;
But then aeread, thou gentle Chylde, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this strafe and sterne uprore.""That shall I sooth," said he, "to you declare.
1. whose unryper yeares are yet unfit
For thing of weight or worke of greater care,
Doe spend my dayes and bend my careless wit
To salvage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this forest and wyld woodie raine;
Where, as this day I was enraunging it,
1 chaunst to meete this Knight who there lyes slaine,
Together with this Ladie, passing on the plaine.

X.

"The Knight, as ye did see, on horsebacke was,
And this his Ladie, that him ill became,
On her faire feit by his horse-side did pas
Through thickke and thin, unift for any Dame;
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
Whenshe lagged, as she needs mote so,
He with his speare (that was to him great blame)
Would thumpe her forward and inforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine and making piteous wo.
"Which when I saw, as they me passed by, Much was I moved in indignant mind, And gan to blame him for such crueltie Towards a Ladie, whom with usage kind He rather should have taken up behind. Wherewith he wrath and full of proud disdain Took in foule scorne that such fault did find, And me in lien thereof revil’d againe, Threatning to chaste me, as doth the hylde pertaine.

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

"Much did Sir Calidore admyre his speach Tempered so well, but more admyr’d the stroke That through the mayles had made so strong a breach Into his hart, and had so sternely wrote His wrath on him that first occasion broke; Yet rested not, but further gan inquire Of that same Ladie, whether what he spake Were soothly so, and that th’ unrighteouse ira Of her owne Knight had given him his owne due hire.

"Of all which whenas she could nought deny, But cleard that stripling of th’ impayed blame; Said then Sir Calidore; “Neither will I Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite blame: For, what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame; And what he did, he did himselfe to save: Against both which that Knight wrought knightlesse shame: For Knights and all men this by nature have, Towards all womankind them kindly to behave.

"But, sith that he is gone irreprovable, Please it you, Ladie, to us to aread What cause could make him so dishonourable To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread And lackey by him, against all womanhead.”

"Certes, Sir Knight,” sayd she, “full loth I were To raise a lyning blame against the dead: But, since it me concernes myleselfe to clere, I will the truth discover as it chastneth whylere.

"This day, as he and I together rode Upon our way to which we weren bent, We chaunted to come forby a covert glade Within a wood, whereas a Ladie gent

Sate with a Knight in joyous iollitie Of their franke loves, free from all geelons spyes: Faire was the Ladie sure, that motte content An hart not carried with too curious eyes, And unto him did shew all lovely courtesyes.

"Whom when my Knight did see so fairely faire, He inly gan her lover to envy, And wish that he part of his spoyle might share: Whereeto whenas my presence he did spy To be a lot, he had me by and by For to alight: but, whereas I was loth My Loves owne part to leave so suddenly, He with strong hand down from his steed me throwth, And with presumptuous powre against that Knight straight goth.

"Unarm’d all was the Knight, as then more mete For Ladies service and for loves delight, Then fearing any foe man there to mete: Whereof he taking odde, straight bade him dight Himselfe to yeeld his Love or else to fight: Whereat the other starting up dismay’d, Yet boldly answer’d, as he rightly might, To leave his Love he should be ill apayed, In which he had good right gayust all that it gaine sayd.

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

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

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

"Then, as it were t’ avenge his wrath on me, When forward we should fare, he flat refused

"For the quarrey] The game, or prey. CHURCH.
To take me up (as this young man did see)
Upon his steed, for no iust cause accused,
But forst to trot on foot, and sole misused,
Dowching me with the butt-end of his speare,
In vaine complaining to be so abused;
For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
But more enforst my paine, the more my plaints to beare.

So passed we, till this young man us met;
And being moo'd with pittie of my plight
Spake, as was meete, for case of my regret:
Whereof befell what now is in your sight.

"Now sure", then said Sir Calidore, "and right
Me seems, that him befell by his owne fault:
Whoever thinkes through confidence of might,
Or through support of countenance proud and hault,
To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne assault."

Then turning bace unto that gentle Boy,
Which had himself so stouly well acquit;
Seeing his face so lovely sterne and coy,
And hearing th' answers of his pregnant wit,
He prayed it much, and much admyr'd him;
That sure he weend him born of noble blood,
With whom those graces did so goodyt fit:
And, when he long had him beholding stood,
He burst into these words, as to him seemed good.

"Faire gentle Swayne, and yet as stout as sayre,
That in these woods amongst the nymphs dost wone,
Which daily may to thy sweete looks repayre,
As they are wont unto Latonaes sonne
After his chace on woodie Cynthius done;
Well may I certes such an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily hast wone,
Or surely borne of some heroische sead,
That in thy face appeares and gratious goodly-

But, should it not displesse thee it to tell,
(Unless thou in these woods thyselfe conceale
For love amongst the woodie gods to dwell,)
I would thyselfe require thee to reveale;
For dear affection and unfayned zeal
Which to thy noble personage I beare,
And wish thee grow in worship and great weale:
For, since the day that arme I first did reare,
I never saw in any greater hope appeare."

To whom then thus the noble Youth; "May be,
Sir Knight, that, by discovering my estate,
Harme may arise unweeting unto me;\nNathellesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
To you I will not feare it to relate.

Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
Sonne of a king, (however through fate
Or fortune I my countree have forlorne,
And lost the crowne which should my head by
right adorne.)"

"And Tristram is my name; the onely heire
Of good king Meliogras which did rayne
In Cornewalle, till that he through lives despeepe
Untimely dyde, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reason, my right to maintaine:
After whose death his brother, seeing none
An infant, weke a kindgome to sustaine,
Upon him tooke the rollall high degree,
And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.

"The widow queene my mother, which then bight
Faire Emiline, conceiving then great feare
Of my fraile safetie, resting in the might
Of him that did the kingly scepter beare,
Whose gealous dread induring not a peare
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed;
Thought best away me to remove somewhere
Into some forren land, whereas no need
Of dreaded danger might his doublet humor feed.

"So, taking counsell of a wise man red,
She was by him advis'd to send me quight
Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile Lionesse is hight,
Into the Land of Faerie, where no wight
Should wect of me, nor worke me any wrong:
To whose wise read she haerkning sent me straight
Into this Land, where I have wond thus long.
Since I was ten yeares old, now grown to stature strong.

All which my daikes I have not lewdly spent,
Nor spilt the blossom of my tender yeares
In ydenesse ; but, as was convenient,
Have trayned bene with many noble fores
In gentle thewes and such like seemly lyes:
Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been
To hunt the salvation chase, amongst my peres,
Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene,
Of which none is to me unknowne that ey'r was scene.

Ne is there hauke which maundeth her on pearch,
Whether high towring or accoeating low,
But I the measure of her flight doe search,
And all her pray and all her diet know:
Such be our joyes which in these forrests grow:
Onely the use of armes, which most I joy,
And fittest most for noble Swayne to know,
I have not tasted yet; yet past a Boy,
And being now high time these strong loynts to imploie.

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

--- a wise man red. --- One who was esteemed wise. Church.

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

There he caused to kneele, and made to swear
Faith to his Knight, and truth to Ladies all,
And never to be recreant for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call:
Like as a flowre, whose silken leaves small
Long shut up in the bud from heavens vew,
At length breaks forth, and brode displays his
Shining he.

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

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

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

But Tristram, then despoyling that dead Knight
Of all those goodly implements of praye,
Long fed his greedi eyes with the faire sight
Of the bright mettall shying like sunne rayes;
Handling and turning them a thousand wayes:
And, after having them upon him dight,
He tooke that Ladie, and her up did rayse.
Upon the steed of her owne late dead Knight
So with her marked forth, as she did him behight.

There to their fortune leave we them awhile,
And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore;

Who, ere he thence had travelld many a mile,
Came to the place whereas ye heard afore
This Knight, whom Tristram slew, and wounded
Another Knight in his despituous prye;
[sore
There he that Knight found lying on the flore
With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
That all his garments and the grasse in vermill dyme:

And there beside him sate upon the ground
His wofull Ladie, pitiously complaingy
With loud laments that most unluckie stound,
And her sad selfe with carefull hand constraying
To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter payning:
Which sore sight when Calidore did vew,
With heave yeyne from teares meath refraying,
His mightie hart their mournfull case can row,
And for their better comfort to them higher drew.

Then, speaking to the Ladie, thus he said:
"Ye dolefull Dame, let not your griefe empach
To tell what cruell hand hath thus arayd
This Knight unarm'd with so unkindly breach
Of armes, that, if I yet him nigh may reach,
I may avenge him of so foule despit.""
The Ladie, hearing his so courteous speach,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her sory hart few heave words forthsight:'

In which she shew'd, how that discourteous Knight,
Whom Tristram slew, them in that shadow found
Ioying together in unblam'd delight;
And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound,
Without cause, but onely he to reave
From him, to whom she was for ever bound:
Yet, when she fled into that covert greave,
He, her not finding, both them thus nigh did leave.

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

Then gan Sir Calidore to ghesse strightway,
By many signes which she describ'd had,
That this was he whom Tristram earst did slay,
And to her said; "Dame, be no longer sad;
For he, that hath your Knight so ill bestd,
Is now himsell in much more wretched plight;
These eyes him saw upon the cold earth sprad,

To array or array, is to order,
appareil, dress, &c. Array'd here means, What cruel hand hath put this unarmed Knight in such a condition or array. Upton.
In unblam'd delight.] In unreproved pleasure. Todd.
For grove. Hughes.
The meede of his desert for that despight,
Which to yourselfe he wrought and to your loved
Knight.

XLVI.
"Therefore, faire Lady, lay aside this griefes
Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart
For that displeasure; and think what reliefes
Were best devise for this your Lovers smart;
And bow ye may him hence, and to what part,
Convey to be receiv'd." She thankt him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her Love and to herseligne in that sad dreary.

XLVII.
Yet could she not devise by any wit,
How thence she might convey him to some place;
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a stranger to her wretched case;
And him to beare, she thought it thing too base.
Which whenas he perceiv'd he thus bespake;
"Faire Lady, let it not you seeming disgrace
To beare this burthen on your dainty backe:
My selfe will beare a part, copperion of your packe."

CANTO III.
Calidore brings Priscilla home;
Further the Wondrous Roast;
Braves the Princes, whilst Calidore
By Toppine is oppress'd.

I.
True is, that whilome that good Poet sayd,
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne;
For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd
As by his manners; in which plaine is showne
Of what degree and what race he is gronew.
For seldome seene a trotting stalcon get
An ambling colt, that is his proper owne;
So seelome seene that one in baseness set
Both noble courages with courtesious manners met.

II.
But evermore contrary hath bene tryde,
That gentle bloud will gentle manners breed;
As well may be in Calidore deseryde,
By late examples of that courtesious deed
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he be brought
Unto the Castle where they had dereed;
The of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,
To make abide that night he greatly was besought.

III.
He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had bene of mickle might,
And borne great sway in armes amongst his peers;
But now weake age had dimd his candleight:
Yet was he courteous still to every night;
And loved all that did to armes incline;
And was the Father of that wounded Knight,
Whom Calidore thus carr'd on his chine;
And Aldus was his name; and his sonsnes, Aladine.

IV.
Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight
With bleeding wounds, brought hom upon a beare
By a faire Lady and a straunger Knight,
Was inly touched with compassion deare,
And deare affection of so doltfull dreare,
That he these words burst fordi: "Ah! say
Is this the hope that to my hearty beare [Boy! Thou brings ! a me ! ] this is the timely joy,
Which I expected long, now turn'd to sad annoy?"

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

V.
So well and wisely did that good old Knight
Temper his sgrewe, and turn'd it to cleare; [night,
To cleare his guests whom he had stayd that
And make their welcome to them well appeare:
That to Sir Calidore was easie genre;
But that faire Lady would be cheek'd for nought,
But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her Lover deare,
And only did afflict her pensive thought
With thinking to what case her name should now be brought:

VI.
For she was daughter to a noble Lord
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy
To a great Peer; but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply,
But lov'd this fresh young Knight who dwelt her
The lusty Aladine, though meaner borne [uy,
And of lesse livelood and habilit,
Yet full of valour which the did adorn
His meanesse much, and make her th' others riches soorne.

VII.
So, having both found fit occasion,
They met together in that lacklessse glade;
Where that proud Knight in his presumption
The gentle Aladine did carst invade,

XLVII. 6 — Twixt life & death. That is, the wounded Knight not being sensible of any thing that was done to him. Church.
I. 2 — ought, 3 owned, was the owner of. Church.

For sorrow, F. Q. v. x. 35, and for misfortune, F. Q. vi. iv. 46. Todd.
v. 2. So tylke] Uncertain. Todd.
vii. 6. The lusty Aladine.] The lovely or haunson Aladine. Todd.
Being unarm'd and set in secret shade.
Whereof she now bethinking, gan t' advise
How great a hazard she at earst had made
Of her good fame; and further gan devise
How she the blame might salvage with coloured disguize.

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

But faire Priscilla (so that Lady bight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kimely sleepe,
But by her wounded Love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weep,
And with her tears his wounds did wash and steepe.

So well she wash'd them, and so well she watch
That of the deadly wound, in which full deep
He drenched was, she at the length dispatch'd him,
And drove away the stound which mortal'y attach't him.

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

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

him they did dece, as sure to them he seemed,
A courteous Knight and full of faithfull trust;
Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing inst.
Barely, so soone as Titans beame forth brust
Through the thicke clouds, in which they steeped
All night in darkenesse, duld with yron rust,[lay
Calidore rising up as fresh as day.
Janc freshly him addressse unto his newer manner.

But first him seemed fit that wounded Knight
To visite, after this nights perilous passe;
And to salute him if he were in plight,
And oke that Lady his faire lovely lasse.
There he him found much better then he was;
And moved speach to him of things of course,
The anguish of his paine to over-passe:
Mongst which he namely did to him discourse
Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked source
Of which occasion Abline taking hold
Gan break to him the fortunes of his love,
And all his disadventures to unfold;
That Calidore it dearly depe did move:
In th' end, his kyndly courtesie to prove,
He him by all the bands of love besought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behove,
To safe-conduct his Love, and not for ought
To leave, till to hers fathers house he had brought.

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

Stright to the carkasse of that Knight he went,
(The cause of all this evil, who vans shaine
The day before by inst avengement
Of noble Tristram,) where it did remaine;
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And took with him the head, the signe of shame:
So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers house he came;
Most pensive man, through feare what of his childe became.

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

Most joyfull man her sire was, her to see,
And heare th' adventure of her late mischance
And thousandthankes to Calidore for fee
Of his large paines in her deliverance
Did yeeld: ne lesse the Lady did advance.
Thus leaving her restored trustily,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance.

namely] Particularly. Lat. nomination.
Church.

namely] Particular. Lat. nomination.
Church.

This is an oath which we likewise frequently meet with in roman as well as that of swearing by the sword. T. Warton
So, as he was pursuing of his quest,
He chance to come whereas a lolly Knight
In covert shade himselfe did safely rest,
To solace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike arms he had from him undight;
For that hims. He he thought from danger free, 
And far from envious eyes that move him spight:
And eke the Lady was full faire to see,
And courteous withall, becoming her degree.

To whom Sir Calidore approaching yse,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abash, but more himselfe thereby,
That he so rudely did upon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight:
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Himselfe thereof he though'd to acquite,
And pardon cray'd for his rash default
That he gaines courtesy so lowly did default.

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
Hesoon alleyd that Knights conciev'd displeasure,
That he besought him downe by him to sit,
That they more treat of things abrede at pleasure,
And of adventures, which had in his measure
Of so long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure
His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through dangerous debate:

Of which whilsts they discoursed both together,
The faire Serean (so his Lady light)
Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether
And pleasantness of the place, which was right
With divers flowres distinct with rare delight,
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wavering lust after her wandring sight,
To make a garland to adorn her hed,
Without suspext of ill or daunagers hidden dread.

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

The Beast, with their pursuit inceited more,
Into the wood was bearing her pace
For to have spoyled her; when Calidore,
Who was more light of foote and swift in chase,
Him overtoke in midst of his race;

And, fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake himselfe to fearfull flight;
For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight.

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

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

Now whenas Phoebus with his fiery waine
Unto his inne began to draw apace;
Tho, wexing weare of that toyle: one paine,
In travelling on foote so long a space,
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace;
Downe in a vale forby a river's syde
He chansst to spie a faire and stately place,
To which he meant his weary steps to guyde,
In hope there for his Love some succour to provyde.

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

Whom Calepine saluting, as became,
Besought of courtesie, in that his neede,
For safe conducting of his sickely Dame

...
Through that same perilous foord with better
To take him up behind him to his steed: [heed,]
To whom that other did his taint return;
"Perdy, thou peasant Knight mightest rightly
Me then to be full base and evil borne," [freed.
If I would bear thereof a burden of such scare.

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

XXXIII.
Sir Calepine her thancket; yet, inly wroth
Against her Knight, her gentlesse refused,
And carelessly into the river goth,
As in despight to be so foully abused
Of a rude Churle, whom often he accensed
Of foul discourtesy, unfit for Knight;
And, strongly wading through the waves unseas,
With speare in th' one hand staid himselfe upright,
With th' other staid his Lady up with steddy might.

XXXIV.
And all the while that same discourtesious Knight
Stood on the further bancke beholding him;
At whose calamy, for more despight,
He laugh, and mockt to see him like to swim.
But wheras Calepine came to the brim,
And saw his carriage past that peril weel,
Looking at that same Carle with countenance grim,
His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,
And forth at last did breakes in speaches sharpe and fell:

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

XXXVI.
The Dastard, that did hearre himselfe deyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater prye
Did seorne the challenge of so base a thrall;
Or had no courage, or else had no goal.
So much the more was Calepine offended,
That him to no revenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and himselfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

XXXVII. 7. — Then peasant Knight[1]. The word peasant
appears to have been formerly used to express the most
sovereign contempt of a person. Todd.
XXXVIII. 9. — Discussed.] Fr. desaisse, ill at ease. Todd.
XXXVI. 2. Seem'd not to weigh.] That is, thought his
words were of no weight, no consequence. Church.

The Groome went straightway in, and to his Lord
Declar'd the message which that Knight did
Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,[move;
Not ouely did not his demand approve,
But both himselfe revil'd and eke his Love;
Albe his Lady, that Blandina hight,
Him of ungede usage did reprove,

Ibid. — he saide &c.] Calepine said &c. Church.
XXXVIII. 9. — Formerly]) First of all. Church.
XXXIX. 1. — As now at earst] When day is spent.] That is, as day is just
now spent. Church.
And earnestly entreated that they might finde favour to be lodged there for that same night.

Yet would he not persuade be for ought, Ne from his curries will awlit reclame. Which answer when the Groome returning To Calepine, his heart did infl Amy bring With wrathfull fury for so fonke a shame, That he could not thereof avenged bee: Yet most for pitty of his dearest Dame, Whom now in deadly danger he did see; Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

But all in vaine; for why? no remedy He saw the present mischief to redresse, But th' utmost end perfors for to aby, Which that nights fortune would forhimadresse. So dowe he tooke his Lady in distress, And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe, Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchednesse; Whiles he himselfeall night did nought but weep, And wary watch about her for her safeguard keepe.

The morrow next, so soone as joyous day Did shew itselfe in sunny beams bedight, Serena full of dolorous dismay, Twixt darkenesse dread and hope of living light, Upreard her head to see that cheerfull sight. Then Calepine, however inly wroth, And greedy to avenge that vile despight, Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth To make there longer stay, forth on his journey go'th.

He go'th on foote all armed by her side, Upstaying still herselffe upon her steede, Being unhable else alone to ride; [bleed: So sore her sides, so much her wounds did Till that at length, in his extremest need, He chaunts far off an armed Knight to spy Pursuing him apace with greedy speede; Whom well he wist to be some enemy, That meant to make advantage of his misery.

Wherefore he stayd, till that he neerer drew, To weat what issue would thereof betyde: Tho, whenas he approched nigh in vew, By certaine signes he plainly him deseryde To be the man that with such scornfull pryde Had him abuse and shamed yesterday; Therefore, mistrusting least he should misguyde His forme malice to some new assay, He cast to keepe himselfe so safely as he may.

By this the other came in place likewise, And couching close his speere and all his powre, As bent to some malicious enterprise, He had him stand t' abide the bitter stoure Of his sore vengeance, or to make avoure

Of the lewd words and deseeds which he had done: With that rage at him, as he would devour His life attone; who nought could do but shun The perill of his pride, or else be over-run.

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

But he the more thereby enraged was, And with more eger fhesnesse him pursew'd; So that at length, after long weary chace, Having by chance a close advantage vew'd, He over-rault him, having long eschew'd His violence in vaine; and with his spere Stroke through his shoulder, that the bloud en In great abundence, as a well it were, [sew'd That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere.

CANTO IV.

Calepine by a Salvage Man
From Turpine returned is;
And, waylent an Infant from a bear
He saue, his Love doth mene.

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

Till that, by fortune passing all foresight, A Salvage Man, which in those woods did wonne, Drawne with that Ladies loud and pitous shrift, Toward the same incessantly did runne To understand what there was to be donne: There he this most discourtes Crabbe found As fiercely yet, as when he first begonne,

1. 3. And his sad Ladie left &c. That is, his sad Lady was left &c. CHURCH.
2. 3. — shrift.] Shriek. From the participle shrift, which comes from shriek. Sax. to shriek. TOPP.
CANTO IV.

THE FAERIE QUEEN.

Chasing the gentle Calepine around,
No sparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

The Salvage Man, that never till this hour
Did taste of pittie, neither gentleesse knew,
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure
Was much enmove at his perils vew,
That even his ruder hart began to rew,
And feele compassion of his evil plight,
Against his foe that did him so pursuwe;
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that so villenous despight.

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

With that the Wyld Man more enraged grew,
Like to a tygre that hath mist his pray,
And with mad moodo agayne upon him flew,
Regarding neither speare thatMote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed that mote him yet dismay:
The salvag nation doth all dread despiete:
Theon his shield he gripe hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wise
He could him force to loose, or leave his enterprise.

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

But after him the Wyld Man ran apace,
And him pursued with impompte speed,
For he was swift as any bucke in chase;
And, had he not in his extremest need
Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
He had him overtaken in his flight.
Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out; a thing uncomely for a Knight.

But, when the Salvage saw his labour vaine
In following of him that fled so fast,
He weare woxe, and backe return’d againe
With speede unto the place, whereas he last
Had left that couple were their utmost cast:
There he that Knight full sorely bleeding found,
And eke the Ladie fearfully aghast,
Both for the peril of the pursuwe sound,
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound:

For though she were right glad so rid to bee
From that vile Lozell which her late offended;
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see
And peril, by this Salvage Man pretended;
Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be defended
By reason that her Knight was wounded sore:
Therefore herselfe she wholly recommended
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore
To send her succour, being of all hope forlorn.

But the Wyld Man, contrarie to her feare,
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appare
His deep compassion of her dolefull stound,
Kissing his hands, and croouching to the ground;
For other language had he none or speach,
But a soft murmure and confus’d sound
Of senselssse words (which Nature did him teach
To express his passions) which his reason did empeach:

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

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

ix. 5. — mere their utmost cast?] That is, almost
dead. CHURCH.
ix. 4. — pretended.] Held forth to her view. Lat.
pretendit. CHURCH.
ix. 8. — (which Nature did him (each
T expres his passions!)] The sense is, He had no
language, only some inarticulate sounds (which sounds
Nature taught him whereby to express his passions) which
did empeach his reason, that is, did hinder his reason from
being discovered. Empacph, hinder. Fr. empecher.
CHURCH.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

[BOOK VI.

xiv. Neither he brought these unacquainted guests;
To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
by signs, by lookes, and all his other gests;
But the bare ground, with hoarie mose bestrowed,
Must be their bed; their pillow was unsowed;
And the frutes of the forrest was their feast:
For their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wyld beast
Did taste the bloud, oblaying Natures first beheaste.

xv. Yet, howeover base and meane it were;
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,
Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
And sav'd from being to that Caytive thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,
Glad of that casement, though it were lost small;
That, having there their wounds awhile redrest,
They moe the able to passe unto the rest.

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

xvii. Now whenas Calepine was woxen strong,
Upon a day he cast abrode to wend,
To take the ayre and heare the thrushes song,
Unarme'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend;
And without sword his person to defend;
There him befell, unlook'd for before,
An hard adventure with unhappie end,
A cruell beare, the which an Infant bore,
Betwixt his bloody iawes, besprinkleck all with gore.

xviii. The little Babe did loudly srike and squall,
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To Calepine, whose ears those shrueches shrill,
Percing his hart, with pitties point did thrill;
That after him he ran with zealous haste
To rescue th' Infant, ere he did him kill:
Whom though he saw now somwhat overpast,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursewed fast.

xix. Well then him chaunte hie heavy armes to want,
Whose burden mote empeach his needfull speel,
And hinder him from libertie to pant:
For having long time, as his daily weel,
Tham wont to weare, and wand on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
That like an hauke, which feeling herselfe freed
From bels and lessen which did let her flight,
Him seem'd his feet did fly and in their speed delight.

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

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

xxii. Whom whenes he thus combred did behold,
Struing in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
He with him closd, and, laying mightie bold
Upon his throt, did griepe his gorge so fast,
That wanting breath him downe to ground he cast;
And, then oppressing him with urgent paine,
Ere long enforst to breath his utmost blast,
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
And threatning his sharpe claves, now wanting
powre to straine.

xxiii. Then tooke he up betwixt his armis twaine
The little Babe, sweet relitches of his pray;
Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray;
And every little limbe he seareth around,
And every part that under swathed hands lay,
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound
Made in his tender flesh; but whole them all he found.

xxiv. So, having all his bands againe uptyde,
He with him thought backe to retorne againe;
But when he lookt about on every syde,
To weget which way were best to entertaine
To bring him to the place where he would faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot desery;
Ne by inqury learn, nor ghesse by ayme;
For nought but woods and forrests farre and nyc,
That all about did close the compass of his eye.

xxv. Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take: now west he went awhile,
Then north, then neither, but as fortune fell:
So up and downe he wandred many a mile

xv. 1. [faine] Please. CHURCH.

xvi. [serlice] Shriek. An apparent corruption of the Faxon verb shriek. TODD.
With weary travell and uncertaine toille,
Yet nought the nearer to his iourneyes end;
And evermore his lovely lide Spoile
Crying for food did greatly him offend:
So all that day, in wandring, vaine he did spend.

At last, about the setting of the sunne,
Himselfe out of the forest he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne:
Where, looking all about where he mote fynd
Some place of succour to content his mynd,
At length he heard under the forrest syde
A voyce, that seemed of some womankynd,
Which to herselfe lamenting loudly cryde,
And oft complayn’d of fate, and fortune oft defyde.

To whom approaching, whases she perceived
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd:
Whom whenas Calepine saw so dismayd,
He to her drew, and, with faire blandishment
Her cheering up, thus gently to her sayd:
"What be you, wofull Dame, which thus lament,
And for what cause, declare; so mote ye not repent."

To whom she thus; "What need me, Sir, to tell
That which yourself have earst ared so right!
A wofull Dame ye have me termed well;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redress'd be by living wyght!" [bynd,
"Nathless", qunto he, "if need doth not you
Doe it disclose, to case your griefed spright;
Ofttimes it haps that sorrowes of the mynd
Find remeade unsought, which seeking cannot fynd."

Then thus began the lamentable Dame;
"Sith then ye needes will know the grief I hoord,
I am th’ unfortunate Matilde by name,
The wife of bold Sir Bruin, who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer’d by a sword
From a great Gyant, called Cornaurama,
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord;
And in three batailles did so deadly dam’d,
That he dare not returne for all his daly vaunt.

"So is my Lord now seiz’d of all the land,
As in his fe, with peaceable estate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate:
But to these happee fortunes cruel fate
Hath losyn’d one evil, which doth overthrow
All these our joyes, and all our bliss abate;
And hice in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endlesse losse to over-flow.

"For th’ heavens, enying our prosperitie,
Have not vschaft to graunt unto us twaine
The gladfull blessing of posteritie,
Which we might see after ourselves remaine
In th’ heritage of our unhappie paine:

So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule Feend, who dayly doth attend
To leape into the same after our livens end.

"But most my Lord is grieved herewithall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
That all this land unto his feo shall fall,
For which he long in vaine did sweat and swinke,
That now the same he greatly doth forthinke.
Yet was it sayl’d, there should to him a some
Be gotten, not begotten; which should drinke
And dry vp all the water which doth ronne
In the next brooke, by whom that Feend should be
fordone."

"Well hop’t he then, when this was prophesied,
That from his sides some noble chyld should rize,
The which through fame shoulde farre be magnifique,
And this proud Gyant should with brave emprize
Quite overthrow, who now gifnes to despize
The good Sir Bruin growing farre in years,
Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth rize.
Lo! this my cause of griefe to you appeares;
For which I thus doe mourne, and pour forth
ceaselesse teares."

Which when he heard, he hastily toucht was
With tender ruth for her unworthy griefe;
And, when he had devis’d of her case,
He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if please her make the priefe:
And, having chearely her, thus said; "Faire
In evils Connys is the comfort chiefe;
[Dame, Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
Yet, as I well it meanes, vouche safe it without blame.

"If that the cause of this your languishement
Be lacke of children to supply your place,
Lo! how good fortune doth to you present
This little Baie, of sweete and lovely face,
And spotlesse spirit in which ye may enclose
Whatever formes ye list thereto apply,
Being now soft and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye list him traine in Chevalry,
Or nourse up in love of learned Philo-phy.

"And, certes, it hath oftentimes bene scene,
That of the like, whose image was unknowne,
More brave and noble Knights have rases beene
(As their victorious deeds have often showned,
Being with fame through many nations blowen.)
Then those which have bene dandled in the lap.
Therefore some thought that those brave imps
were sownen

XXX. 4. — did sweat and swinke.] An old expression, signifying that the person took great pains, laboured greatly. Todd.
XXX. 5. — he greatly doth forthinke.] It should be, forethinke, i. e. think beforehand. Upton.
XXXI. 2. — His sides] Estates. Church.
XXXIV. 2. — her unworthy griefe.] The unsuccessfull which she no way deserved to suffer. Church.
Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly sap,
That made them grow so high t' all honourable hap."

The Ladie, hearkning to his sensefull speach,
Found nothing that he said unmeet nor season,
Having oft scene it tryde as he did teach:
Therefore inclining to his growly reason,
Agreeing well both with the place and season,
She gladly did of that same Iabe accept,
As of her owne by liverey and seizin;
And, having over it a little wept,
She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it kept.

Right glad was Calepine to be so rid
Of his young charge whereof he skilled nought;
Ne she lesse glad; for she so wisely did,
And with her husband under hand so wroght,
That, when tho' Infant unto him she brought,
She made him think it surely was his owne;
And it in growly thewes so well upbrought.
That it became a famous Knight well knowne,
And did right noble deedses; the which elsewhere
are showne.

But Calepine, now being left alone
Under the grenewoods side in sorie plight,
Withouten armes or steele to ride upon,
Or house to hide his head from heavens spight;
Albe that Dame, by all the meanes she might,
Him oft desired home with her to wend,
And offered him, his courtesie to requite,
Both horse and armes and whatso else to lend,
Yet he them all refus'd, though thankst as a freud;

And, for exceeding griefe which inly grew,
That he his Love so lucklesse now had lost,
On the cold ground mangre himselfe he threw
For fell despi't, to be so sorely crost;
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
Vowing that never he in bed againe
His limbs would rest, ne lig in case embost,
Till that his Ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or understand that she in safetie did remaine.

---

CANTO V.

The Salvage serves Serena well,
To the Prince Arthure lyeth.
With her, together with his Squyre,
With the Hermit leaves behind.

O what an easie thing is to desery
The gentle blood, however it he wrapt
In sad misfortunes foulde deformity
And wretched sorrowes, which have often hapt!

For housoever it may grow mis-shapt,
Like this Wyld Man being mis-disciplyn,
That to all vertue it may seeme unapt;
Yet will it shew so to sparkle of gentle mynd,
And at the last brake forth in his owne proper kynd.

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

Who, whenas now long time he lacked had
The good Sir Calepine, that farre was strayed,
Did wexe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
As he of some misfortune were afraid;
And, leaving there this Ladie all dismayd,
Went forth straightway into the forrest wyde
To seeke if he perchance asleep were layd,
Or whatso else were unto him betrayd:
He sought him farre and near, yet him no where
he spyde.

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

Upon the ground herselfe she fiercely threw,
Regardless of her wounds yet bleeding rife,
That with their blood did all the flore imbrow,
As if her breast new lancetl with murdrous knife
Would streight dislodge the wretched Wearie Lifes:
There she long groveling and deepm groaning lay,
As if her vitall powers were at strife
With stronger Death, and feared their decay:
Such were this Ladies panges and dolorous assay.

Whom when the Salvage saw so sore distrest,
He reared her up from the bloudie ground,
And sought, by all the meanes that he could best,
Her to recure out of that stony sownd,
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound:
Yet knew she be recomforted for nought,
Nor cease her sorrow and impatient stound,
But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
And ever more and more her owne affliction wrought.

At length, whenas no hope of his retourne
She saw now left, she cast to leave the place,
And wend abroad, though feeble and forborne,
To seek some comfort in that sore case:
His steed, now strong through rest so long a space,
Well as she could she got, and did bedight;
And being thereon mounted forth did pace
Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
Or guard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

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

IX.
So forth they travel'd an uneven payre,
That mone to all men seeme an uncouth sight;
A Salvage Man matchet with a Ladie payre
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might
Gotten by spoyle then purchased aright:
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serve both day and night
With more thought of shame or villeny,
Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

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

XI.
Bout which whilst he was busied thus hard,
Lo! where a Knight, together with his Squire,
All arm'd to point came ryding thetherward;
Which seem'd, by their portance and attire,
To be two Errant Knights, that did inquire
After adventures, where they mote them get;
Those were to weel (if that ye it require)
Prince Arthur and young Timias, which met
By strange occasion, that here needs forth be set.

XII.
After that Timias had againe recouer
The favour of Belphebe, as ye heard,
And of her grace did stand againe recouer,
To happy bliss he was full high upper'd;
Nether of envy nor of chaunge afeard;
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with unist destruction him did hearde;

Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,
That in her soveraine liking he dwelt evermore.

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

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

XIV.
Upon a day, as they the time did waite
When he did range the wood for salvage game,
They sent that Blatant Beast to be a bate
To draw him from his dear belov'd Dame
Unwares into the daunger of defame;
For well they wist that Squire to be so bold,
That no one beast in forest wyld or tame
Met him in chase, but he it challenge would,
And plucke the pry of oftimes out of their greedy hould.

XVI.
The hardy Boy, as they devised had,
Seeing the ugly Monster passing by,
Upon him set of perill nought afeard,
Ne skil full of the unceon jeopardy
And charged him so fierce and furiously,
That, his great force unable to endure,
He forced was to turne from him and fly:
Yet, ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him needlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

XVII.
Securely he did after him pursew,
Thinking by speed to overtake his flight;
Who through thick woods and brakes and briars him draw,
To weary him the more and waste his spight,
So that he now has almost spent his spight:
Till that at length unto a woody glade
He came, whose covert stoppeth his further sight;
There his three foes shrowded in guileful shade
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to invade.

XVIII.
Sharply they all attonce did him assaile,
Burning with inward Rancour and despight,
And heaped strokes did round about him haile
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might.
Beare off their blowes from percing thorough
Yet he them all so warily did ward, [quite;
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite;
And all the while his backe for best safegard
He lent against a tree, that backward onset hard.

Like a wyldle bull, that, being at a bair,
Is bayted of a mastiffe and a hound
And a curre-dog, that doe him sharpe assay
On every side, and beat about him round:
But most that cure, barking with bitter sound,
And creeping still behinde, doth him incomer,
That in his chaffe he digis the trampled ground,
And threaten his horns, and bellowes like the dounder:

So did that Squire his foes dispere and drive asonder.

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to shrinke and somewhat to give place,
Full like ere long to have escaped hard;
Whenas unwarces he in the forrest heard
A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast
Did warne his rider be upon his gard:
Wit's noise whereof the Squire, now nigh aghast,
Revived was, and sad dispersay away did cast.

Eftsoones he spide a Knight approaching yere
Who, seeing one in so great danger set
Mongst many foes, himself did faster liye
To rescue him, and his weake part abet,
For pitty so to see him overset;
Whom soon as his three enemies did vew,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get;
Him byooted not to thinke them to pursuue;
The covert was so thicke, that did no passage shew.

Then, turning to that Swaine, him well he knew
To be his Timias, his owne true Squire;
Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,
And, him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus bespake: "My liefe, my lifes desire,
Why have ye me alone thus long yeft?
Tell me what worlds despight, or heavens yre,
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
Where have ye all this while bin wandring, where bene weft?"

With that he sighed deep for inward tyne:
To whom the Squire nought aunswered againe,
But, shedding few soft teares from tender cyne,
His dear affect with silence did restraine,

And shut up all his plaint in privy paine.
There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,
As to them seem'd fit time to entertaine:
After all which up to their steedes they went,
And forth together rode, a goodly couplement.

So now they be arrived both in sight
Of this Wyld Man, whom they full busie found
About the sad Serena things to light,
With those brave armours lying on the ground,
That seem'd the spoile of some right well renown'd
Which when that Squire beheld, he to them stept
Thinking to take them from that yfelting hound;
But he it seeing lightly to him kept,
And sternely with strong hand it from his
 handling kept:

Grashing his grinded teeth with grysely looke,
And sparkling fire out of his furious cyne,
Him with his fust unwarces on th' head he strooke,
That made him downe unto the earth ecclise;
Whence soone upstarting, much he gan repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade
Thought therewithal forthwith to him to have slaine;
Who it perceyving hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping his avengement stayd.

With that alloue the faire Serena cyde
Unto the Knight, them to dispart in twaine;
Who to them stepping did them some divide,
And did from further violence restraine.
Albe the Wyld Man hardly would restraine.
Then gan the Prince of her for to demand
What and from whence he was; and by what
traine
She fell into that Salvage Villaines hand;
And whether free with him she was, or in
hand.

To whom she thus: "I am, as now ye see,
The wretchest Dame that lives this day on
ground,
Who both in minde (the which most grieveth me)
And body hath receiv'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driven to this dreary stound:
I was erewhile the Love of Calepine;
Who whether he alive be to be found,
Or by some deadly chance be done to pine,
Since I him lately lost, uneth is to define.

"In salvage forrest I him lost of late,
Where I had surely long ere this hene dead,
Or else remained in most wretched state,
Had not this Wyld Man in that wofull stead
Kept and delivered me from deadly dreed.
In such a salvage wight, of brutish kynd,
Amongst wilde beasts in desert forrests bred,
It is most strange and wonderful to fynd
So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd.

"Let me therefore this favour for him finde,
That ye will not your wrath upon him wretake,

xxv. 7. — that tyeling hound] That base creature,
the Wild Man. Tod.
xxvii. 8. — done to pine,] Is put to death. starved
pined away; and so used by Chaucer. [upon.
Sith he cannot express his simple minde,
Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speake:
Small praise to prove your powre on wight so weake!

With such faire words she did their heate asswage,
And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
That they to pitty turnd their former rage,
And each sought to supply the office of her Page.

So, having all things well about her dight,
She on her way cast forward to procede;
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede;
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed:
And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was
Of that same Monster late, for lacke of heed
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
Through feebleness, which all his limbs oppresst has.

So forth they rode together all in troupe 
To seake some place, the which mote yeeld some
To these sickie twaine that now began to droope:
And all the way the Prince sought to appease
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease
By all the courteous means he could invent;
Somewhat with merry purpose, fit to please,
And otherwhile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the paines did them torment.

Mongst which, Serena did to him relate
The foule discount'sies and unknayghtly parts,
Which Turpine had unto her shewed late
Without compassion of her cruel smarts:
Although Blandina did with all her arts
Him otherwise perswade all that she might,
Yet he of malice, without her desarts,
Not onely her excluded late at night,
But also trayerously did wound her weary Knight.

Wherewith the Prince sore moved their avound
That, soon as he returned backe againe,
He would avenge th' abuses of that proud
And shamefull Knight, of whom she did complaine.
This wize did they each other entertaine
To passe the tedious travell of the way;
Till towards night they came unto a plaene,
By which a little Hermigate there lay,
Far from all neighbourhoode, the which annoy it may.

And nigh thereto a little Chappel stooode,
Which being all with yvy overspreed
Deckt all the roode, and, shadowing the roode,
Seem'd like a grove faire branched over hed;
Therine the Hermite, which his life here led
In straight observance of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;
And therein he likewise was praying now,
Whensas these Knights arriv'd, they wist not where
nor how.

They stayd not there, but straughtway in did pas:
Whom when the Hermite present saw in place,
From his devotion straught he troubled was;
Which breaking off he toward them did pace
With stayed steps and grave beseeming grace;
For well it seem'd that whilome he had beene
Some goodly person, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all; and well did wence
How each to entertaine with curt'sie well beseene:

And soothly it was sayd by common fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had bene a man of mickel name,
Renowned much in armes and derring doe:
But being aged now, and weary to
Of warres delight and worlds contentious toyle,
The name of Knighthood he did disavow;
And, hanging up his armes and warlike speyle,
From all this worlds incommorance did himselfe assyt.

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
Letting their steedes to graze upon the greene:
Small was his house, and, like a little cage,
For his owne turne; yet inly neate and cleene,
Deckt with greene boughes and flowers gay be-scene:
Therine he them full faire did entertaine
Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene
For courting foole, that curtesyes would faine,
But with entire affection and appearance plaene.

Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
Dide use his fittc body to sustaine;
The which full gladly they did take in glee,
Sush as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But, being well suffiz'd, them rested faigne:
But fair Serena all night could take no rest,
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the Blantant Beast
Had given them, whose griefe through suffrance sore increast.

So all that night they past in great disease,
Till that the morning, bringing earely light
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
And some assavagement of their painfull plight;
Then up they rose, and gan themselves to diight
Unto their journey; but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeleb, that they no might
Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame:
Their hearts were sickie; their sides were sore;
Their feete were lame.

That could his good to all; That knew and practised his good manners to all people. Upton
That is, a gay appearance. So above, st. 36. "How each to entertaine with curt'sie well beseene;" i.e. well looking and becoming. Upton.
Through forbearance, i.e. for want of being duly taken care of. Church.
Unclesiness, as already has been remarked. Todd.
That is, to order right. Upton.
The Prince, whom great affairs in mynd
Would not permit to make there longer stay,
Was forced there to leave them both behind
In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well: So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the Salvage (that whykeare
Seeing his royall usage and array
Was greatly growne in love of that brave Pere)
Would needes depart; as shall declared be elsewhere.

CANTO VI.

The Hermite heales both Squire and Dame
Of their sore maladies;
He Turpine doth defeat and abase
For his late villainies.

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light
As doth the poysous sting, which infamy
Inflicts in the name of noble might:
For, by no art nor any leaches might,
It ever can cured be againe;
Ne all the skill, which that immortal spright
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are hellish paine.

For he right well in leaches craft was scene;
And, through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes tossed beece
And past through many perilous assayes,
He knew the diverse went of mortall waves,
And in the mindes of men had great insight;
Which with sage counsel, when they went astray,
He could enforce, and them reduce aright;
And all the passions heale, which wound the weaker spright.


doe

For whylome he had bene a doughty Knight,
As any one that lived in his daies,
And proved olde in many perilous fight,
In which he grace and glory wonne alwayes,
And in all battels bored awaye the hales;
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds unquiet waies,
He tooke himsele unto this Hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage.

One day, as he was searching of their wounds,
He found that they had festred privly;
And, ranckling inward with unruly stounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery;
And rather needed to be disciplines
With wholesome reede of sad sobriety,
To rule the stuborne rage of passion blindle:
Give salves to every sore, but counsel to the minute.

So, taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit speaches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe as well as say the same;
And thus he to them sayd; "Faire Daughter Dame,
And you, faire Sonne, which here thus long now lie
In piteous languor since ye hither came;
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewise in vaine doe salves to you applie:
In for yourselfs your only helpe doth lie
To heale yourselves, and must proceed alone
From your owne will to cure your maladie.
Who can him cure that will be cur'd of none!
If therefore health ye seeke, observe this one:
First learn ye outward senses to refraine
From things that stirre up fracie affection;
Your cies, your cears, your tongue, your talk restraine
From that they most affect, and in due terrces containe.

For from those outward senses, ill affected,
The seede of all this evill first doth spring,
Which at the first, before it had infected,
Mote easie be suppress with little thing.
But, being grown strong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine,
In th' inner parts; and lastly, scattering
Contagious poysen close through every vaine,
It never rests till it have wrought his final bane.

For that Beastes teeth, which wounded you tofore,
Are so exceeding venemous and keen,
Made all of rusty yron ranckling sore,
That, where they bite, it booteth not to weene
With salve, or antidote, or other mene,
It ever to amend; ne marvaile ought;
For that same Beast was bred of hellish strene,
And long in darksome Stygian den upbrought,
Begot of foule Echidna, as in booke is taught.

Echidna is a Monster direfull dred,
Whom gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to see
So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,
That even the hellish fiends afflictred bee
At sight thereof; and from her presence flee:

Echidna is a Monster direfull dred,
Whom gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to see
So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,
That even the hellish fiends afflictred bee
At sight thereof; and from her presence flee:
Yet did her face and former parts professe
A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee;
But all her hinder parts did plaine express
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearfull ugliness.

"To her the gods, for her so dreadful face,
In fearfull darknesse, furthest from the skie
And from the earth, appointed have her place
Mongst rocks and caves, where she enrolld doth lie
In hideous horror and obscurity,
Wasting the strength of her immortal age:
There did Typhaon with her company;
Cruell Typhaon, whose tempestuous rage
Makes th' heavens tremble off, and him with vows assavse.

"Of that commixtion they did then beget
This hellish dog, that bight the Blatant Beast;
A wicked monster, that his tongue doth whet
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
And pours his poysous gall forth to infest
The noblest wights with notable defame:
Ne ever Knight that bore so lofty creast,
Ne ever Lady of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproch, or secret shame.

"In vaine therefor it were with medicine
To goe about to salve such kind of sore,
That rather needes wise read and discipline
Then outward salves that may augment it more."
"Aye me!" sayd then Serena, sighing sore,
"What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,
If that no salves may us to health restore!"
"But sith we need good counsell," sayd the Swaine,
"Aread, good Sire, some counsell that may us sustaine."

"The best," sayd he, "that I can you advise,
Is, to avoide th' occasion of the ill:
For when the cause, whence evil doth arize,
Removed is, th' effect surceasest still.
Abstaine from pleasure, and restrainre your will;
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight;
Use scantied diet, and forbearre your fill;
Shun secresie, and taie in open sight:
So shall you soone repairre your present evil plight."

Thus having sayd, his sickely patients
Did gladly hearken to his grave beheash,
And kept so well his wise commandements,
That in short space their malady was ceast,
And eke the biting of that harrefull Beast
(Ceave Was throughly heald). Tho when they did per-
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,
Of that good Hepmate both they tooke their leave,
And went both on their way, ne eche would other leave:

But each the other vow'd t' accompany:
The Lady, for that she was much in dread,

Now left alone in great extremity;
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leave alone in her great need.
So both together traveld, till they met
With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a manzy lade uneectly set,
And a lewd Foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

But by what means that shame to her befell,
And how thereof herselfe she did acquite,
I must a while forbearre you to tell;
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton Prince did lite,
Pursuing that proud Knight, the which whileare
Wrought to Sir Calepine so foule despit,
And eke his Lady, though she sickly were,
So lowly had absude, as ye did lately heare.

The Prince, according to the former token,
Which faire Serena to him delivered had,
Pursued him straight; in mynd to bene wyrken
Of all the vile demenece and usage bad,
With which he had those two so ill bestad:
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that Wyld Man; whom though he oft for
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent, [bad,
Would he restrained be from his attendement.

Arriving there, as did by chance befell,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne stayed, till that he came into the hall;
Where soft dismounting, like a wary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there must make abode;
The whiles the Salvage Man did take his steede,
And in some stable neare did set him up to feede.

Ere long to him a homely Groome there came,
That in rude wise him asked what he was,
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe:
To whom the Prince, him fayning to embrace,
Mynde answer made, he was an Errant Knight,
The which was fall'n into this feele case
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight
Received had, and prayd to pitty his ill plight.

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sterne did bid him quickly thence avaint,
Or deare aby; for why? his Lord of old

xii. 4. —— indeed.] Rather, in deed. Upton.
xvii. 7. With a faire Mayden & c.] Mr. Upton thinks
that the cruel Rosalind is here plainly characterised in
Mirabell; her pride and disdain being repeated by
Vorarl; her pride and disdain being repeated by
Vorarl.

xv. 5. —— him fayning to embrace.] That is, affecting
to denece or lessen himself. So we say to impose, or
embrace, gold and silver; that is, to lower the value. Torr.
Did hate all Errant Knights which there did haunt,  

And therefore lightly did he pace away,  

Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt  

And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,  

To thrust him out of dore doing his worst assay.

Which when the Salvage comming now in place  

Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,  

And, running straight upon that Villaine base,  

Like a fell lion at him fiercely flew,  

And with his teeth and nailes, in present view,  

Him rudely rent and all to pceces tore;  

So miserably him all helpeesle skew,  

That with the noise, whilst he did loudly rore,  

The people of the house rose forth in great upore.

Who when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,  

And that same Knight and Salvage standing by,  

Upon them two they fell with might and maine,  

And on them layd so huge and horribly,  

As if they would have slaine them presently:  

But the bold Prince defended him so well,  

And their assault withstood so mightily,  

That, maugre all their might, he did repell  

And beat them back, whilst many underneath him fell.

Yet he them still so sharply did pursuaw,  

That few of them he left alive, which fled,  

Those evil tidings to their Lord to shew:  

Who, hearing how his people badly sped,  

Came forth in haste; where whenas with the dead  

He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same Knight  

And Salvage with their blood fresh steaming red,  

He woze nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,  

And with reproachfull words him thus bespake on hight;

"Art thou He, traytor, that with treason vile  

Hast slaine my men in this unmanly maner,  

And now triumphst in the piteous spoile [honor  

Of these poor folk, whose soules with black dis-  

And soule defame doe deck thy bloudie baner!  

The meede whereof shall shortly be thy shame,  

And wretched end which still attendeth on her."  

With that himselfe to battell he did frame;  

So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,  

And round about with boystroues strokes oppresse,  

That on his shield did rattle like to haile  

In a great tempest; that in such distressse  

He wist not to which side him to addersse:  

And evermore that craven cowherd Knight  

Was at his backe with heartlesse heedinessse,  

Wayting if he unwares him mutterth might:  

For cowardize doth still in villany delight.

Whereof whenas the Prince was well aware,  

To him turnd with furious intent,

And him against his powre gan to prepare:  

Like a fierce bull, that being busie bent  

To fight with many foes about him ment,  

Feeling some curre behinde his heelles to bite,  

Turnes him about with fell avengement;  

So likewise turnd the Prince upon the Knight,  

And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted,  

Durst not the furie of his force abyde,  

But turn'd abacke, and to retyrne him hasted  

Through the thick prease, there thinking him to hyde;  

But, when the Prince had once him plainly eyte,  

He foot by foot him followed alway,  

Ne would him suffer once to shrike asyde;  

But, lowning close, huge hode at him did lay;  

Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away.

But, when his foe he still so eger saw,  

Unto his heelles himselfe he did betake,  

Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw:  

Ne would the Prince him ever foot forsake  

Whereose he went, but after him did make.  

He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,  

Whylest every joynt for dread of death did quake,  

Still looking after him that did him chace,  

That made him evermore increase his speeche pace.

At last he up into the chamber came  

Whereas his Love was sitting all alone,  

Wayting what tydings of her folke became.  

There did the Prince him overtake anone  

Crying in vaine to her he to bemoone:  

And with his sword him on the head did smyto,  

That to the ground he fell in senselesse awone:  

Yet, whether twart or flatly it did lyte,  

The tempred steele did not into his brayneyan byte.

Which when the Ladie saw, with great affright  

She starting up began to shrike aloud;  

And, with her garment covering him from sight,  

Seem'd under her protection him to shred;  

And, falling lowly at his feet, her bowd  

Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,  

And often him bessonght, and prayed, and vow'd:  

That, with the ruth of her so wretched case,  

He stayd his second strooke and did his hand abase.

Her weed she then withdrawing did him discover;  

Who now come to himselfe yet would not rize,  

But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,  

That even the Prince his baseness did despise;  

And eke his Dame, him seeing in such guise,  

Gan him recomf and from ground to reare:  

Who rising up at last in ghostly wise,  

Like troubled ghost, did dreadfully appeare,  

As one that had no life him left through former feare.

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,  

He for such basenesse shamefully him shent.

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,  

He for such baseness shamefully him shent,
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

And with sharpe words did bitterly upbraed;—
"Vile cowheard Dogge, now doe I much repent,
That ever I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou cattive so unworthy art,
That both thy Love, for lacke of hardiment,
And eke thyselfe, for want of manly hart,
And eke all Knights hast shamed with this knight-
lesse part.

"Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard care;
For first it was to thee reprochfull blame,
T' erect this wicked custome, which I shew
Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou dost reare;
Whom when thou mayst thou dost of arms de-
spoile,
Or of their upper garment which they warre:
Yet doest thou not with manhood, but with guile,
Maintaine this evil use, thy foes thereby to folle.

"And lastly, in approvance of thy wrong,
To shew such faintness and foule cowardize
Is greatest shame; for oft it fall's, that strong
And valiant Knights doe rashly enterprize
Either for fame, or else for exercise,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
Yet have through procresse and their brave em-
Gotten great worship in this worldes sight: [prize
For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong
then right.

"Yet, since thy life unto this Ladie payre
I given have, live in reproch and scorne!
Nee ever ames ne ever knighthood dare
Hence to professe; for shame is to adorn
With so brave ladges one so basely borne;
But onely breath, sith that I did forgive!
So having from his craven bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did give,
And onely suffered him this wretched life to live.

There whilst he thus was setting things above,
Atwene that Ladie myld and recreant Knight,
To whom his life he granted for her love,
He gan bethinke him in what perilous plight
He had behindy left that salvage wight
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
By this quite shaine in so unequal fight:
Therefore descending backe in haste he sought
If yet he were alive, or to destruction brough.

There he him found environed about [shaine
With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had
And laying yet afresh with courage stout
Upon the rest that did alive remaine;
Whom he likewise right sorely did constraine,
Like scarrted sheepe, to secke for safetie,
After he gotten had with busie paine
Some of their weapons which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them fast to flye.

Whom when the Prince so fally saw to rage,
Approaching to him neare, his hand he stayd,
And sought, by making signes, him to asswage.
Who them perceiving, streight to him obayd,
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons laid,
As if he long had to his heastes bene trayned.
Thence he him brought away, and up convey'd
Into the chamber, where that Dame remayned
With her unworthy Knight, whom ill he entertain'd.

Whom when the Salvage saw from daunger free,
Sitting beside his Ladie there at ease,
He well remembred that the same was hee,
Which lately sought his Lord for to displease:
Tho all in rage he on him streight did seaze,
As if he would in peeces him have rent;
And, were not that the Prince did him appease;
He had not left one limbe of him unrent:
But streight he held his hand at his commandement.

Thus having all things well in peace ordayned,
The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest;
Where him Blandina fairely entertain'd
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast
The which for him she could imagine best:
For well she knew the wayes to win good will
Of every wight, that were not too infest;
And how to please the minds of good and ill,
Through tempering of her words and looks by
wondrous skill.

Yet were her words and looks but false and fayned,
To some hid end to make more easie way,
Or to allure such fondlings whom she trayned
Into her trap unto their owne decay:
Thereeto, when neede, she could wepe and pray.
And when her list she could fawe and clutter:
Now snyling smoothly like to sommers day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her tears but
water.

Whether such grace were given her by kynd,
As women wont their guilefull wits to gynde;
Or learned the art to please, I doe not fynd:
This well I wote, that she so well applyde
Her pleasing tongue, that soon she pacifyde
The wrathfull Prince, and wrought her husbands
Who nathlesse, not therewith satisfye, [peace;
His rancorous denpight did not release,
Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge successse:

For all that night, the whyles the Prince did rest
In careless couch not weeting what was meant,
He watcht in close awayt with weapons pret,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him, that had so shamefully him shent:
Yet durst he not for very cowardize
Efect the same, whylest all the night was spent
The morrow next the Prince did early rize,
And passed forth to follow his first enterprize.

XXXIX. 4. [who them perceiving.] That is, perceiving
the signs which the Prince made to him. church.
XLIII. 3. Or learned? Or that she had learned. Church
CANTO VII.

TURPINE is baffled; his two Knights
Do gain their treason meed.
Fayre Membeliers prieuant.
For Lovers disdain decreed.

Like as the gentle hart itselfe bewrayes
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
Even so the baser mind itselfe displays
In canced malice and revengefull spight:
For to maigne, t' envie, t' use shifting slight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind; Which, what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourceous deeds discovering his base kind.

That well appears in this discourceous Knight,
The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat;
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life receiv'd late,
Yet in his mind malitious and ingraine
He gan devise to be aveng'd anew.
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate:
Therefore, so soone as he was out of vew,
Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pursuay.

Well did he trac his steps as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approach in daungers eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be desroyde,
Untill fit time and place he etcryed.
Where he motive worke him scath and villeny.
At last he met two Knights to him unkowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combayd, whatever channce were blewne,
Betwixt them to divide and each to make his owne.

To whom false Turpine coming courteously,
To cloke the mischief which he inly meant,
Gan to complaine of great discourtesy,
[went]
Which a strange Knight, that neare afore him
Had done to him, and his deare Ladie shent;
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to avent in time convenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

he Knights belov'd that all he sayd was true;
And, being fresh and full of youthful spright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they made triall of their might
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,
And eke desirous of the offred meed: Said then the one of them; "Where is that wight,
The which hath done to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and punish him with speed?"

"He rides," said Turpine, "there not farre afore,
With a Wyld Man soft footing by his syde;
That, if ye list to base a little more,
Ye may him overtake in timely tyle."

Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde;
And, ere that litile while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they spiede,
Rydng a softly pace with portance sad,
Devising of his Love more then of daunger drad.

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde, [Knight,
Bidding him turne againe; "False traytour Foule woman-wronger I!"—for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall spight
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might
Against him ran; but th'o one did miss his marke,
And being carried with his force fortheight
Glarnst swiftly by; like to that heavenly sparkle,
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the heavens darke.

But th'o other, sayning better, did him smile
Full in the shield with so impetuous powre,
That all his lance in pieces shivered quyt.
And scattered all about on the floor: But the stout Prince with much more steddy stoure
Full on his bever did him strike so sore,
That the cold steale through his piercing did devoure
His vital breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his own bloody gore.

As when a cast of faulcons make their flight
At an herneshaw, that yses aloft on wing,
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward tending;
On whch the first, whose force her first doth bring,
Herselfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like senseseless thing;
But th'o other, not so swift as she before,
Fayles of her sence, and passing by doth hurt no more.

By this the other, which was passed by,
Himselfe recovering, was return'd to fight:
Where when he saw his fellow liflesse lay,
He much was daunted with so dismall sight;
Yet, nought abating of his former spight,
Let drive at him with so malitious mynd,
As if he would have passed through him quight:
But the steel-head no steddast hold could fynd,
But glancing by deceiv'd him of that he desynd.

Not so the Prince; for his well-learned speare
Tooke surer hould, and from his horses backe
Above a lameness length him forth did bearre,
And gainst the cold hard earthe so sore him strake,
That all his bones in pices nigh he brake.
Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,
And, to him leapinge, vengeance thought to take
Of him, for all his former follies meed,
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.

The fearfull Swayne beholding death so nie
Cryde out aloud, for mercie, him to save;
In liuen whereof he would to him desiere

ix. As when a cast of faulcons] A cast of faulcons is a couple of hawks. Church.
Great treason to him meant, his life to save.
The Prince soone heartned, and his life forgave.
Then thus said he; "There is a stranger Knight,
The which, for promise of great meed, as dwele
To this attempt, to wreake of his hid despight,
For that himselfe thereto diid want sufficient might."

The Prince much mused at such villenie, [meed ;
And sayd ; "Now sure ye well have earn'd your
For th'one is dead, and th'other soone shall die,
Unlesse to me thou hither bring with speed
The wretche that byr'd you to this wicked deed."]
He glad of life, and willing eke to wrake
The guilt on him which did this mischiefe breed,
Sware by his sword, that neither day nor weke
He would surcease, but him whero so he would
seeke.

So up he rose, and forth straightsway he went,
Backe to the place where Turpine late he sore:
There he found in great astonishment,
To see him so bedight with bloodie gore
And grievly wounded, that he appalled sore.
Yet thus at length he said; "How now, Sir Knight,
What meaneth this which here I see before ?
How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,
So different from that which earst ye seem'd in sight ?"

"Perdie," said he, "in evill houre it fell,
That ever I for meed did undertake.
So hard a taske as life for hyre to sell ;
The which I earst adventur'd for your sake:
Witness the wounds, and this wide bloudie lake,
Which ye may see yet all about me steeeme
Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise make,
My due reward, the which right well I deeme
I yeernd have, that life so dearly did redeem."
THE FAERIE QUEENE.  [BOOK VI.

xxiv.
There when he saw those two so neare him stand,
He doubted much what note their meaning bee;
And, throwing downe his hand out of his hand,
(To weet, great store of forrest fruite which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree,) Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he so sternely shooke,
That like an hazeld wand it quivered and quooke.

xxv.
Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spyle
The traytour Turpin with that other Knight,
He started up; and snatching nearse his syde
His trustie sword, the servant of his might,
Like a fell lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar layd.
Therewith the Cowheard, deeded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him sayd,
But, holding up his hands, with silence mercie prayd.

xxvi.
But he so full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought hee would incline,
But, as he lay on the humbled gras,
His foot he set on his vile necke, in signe
Of servile yoke, that nobler harts repine.
Then, letting him arise like abiect thrall,
He gan to him object his haynous crime,
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
And lastly to despoyle of knightly hannerall.

xxvii.
And after all, for greater infamous,
He by the heelles him hung upon a tree,
And laffild so, that all which passed by
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like en-sample warned bee,
However they through treason doe trespass.
But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding upon an asse,
Led by a Carie and Foodle which by her side did passe.

xxviii.
She was a Ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted up to honorable place
Famous through all the Land of Faerie:
Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
Yet deckt with wondrous gifts of natures grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face;
The baines whereof did kindle lovely fire
In th' harts of many a Knight, and many a gentle Squire:

xxix.
But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthie thought to be her fere,
But scorned them all that love unto her ment;
Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy Pere:
Unworthy she to he belov'd so dere,
That could not weigh of worthinesse aight:
For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,

The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest she that serv'd is of noblest Knight.

xxx.
But this cow Damzell thought contrariwise, [more,
That such proud looks would make her prayd
And that, the more she did all love despise,
The more would wretched Lovers her adore.
What cared she who sigh'd for her sore,
Or who did wayle or watch the weare night?
Let them that list their lucklesse lot deplore:
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would ever live, and love her own delight.

xxxi.
Through such her stubborn stinnesse and hard hart,
Many a wretch for want of remedie
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
And at the last through dreyne doleful die:
Whylest she, the Ladie of her libertie,
Did boast her beautie had such soveraine might,
That with the onely twinkelle of her eye
She could or save or spill whom she would hight:
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aight!

xxvii.
But loe! the gods, that mortal follies vew,
Did worthily revenge this Maydens pride;
And, nought regarding her so goodly hew,
Did hug at her that many did deride,
Whilst she did weep, of no man mericifide:
For on a day, when Cupid kept his Court.
As he is wont at every Saint Valentiad,
Unto the which all Lovers doe resort,
That of their Loves successe they there may make report:

xxxii.
It fortun'd then, that when the routes were red,
In which the names of all Loves folke were fyled,
That many there were missing; which were deed,
Or kept in bands, or from their Loves exyled,
Or by some other violence despoyled.
Which whenas Cupid heard, he wexed wroth;
And, doubting to be wronged or begnyled,
He had his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

xxxiii.
Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont doe suit and service to his might;
Of whom what was become no man knew.
Therefore a Furie was impanel straight
To enquire of them, whether by force, or sleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away conveyed:
To whom foule Infamie and fell Despight
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayed
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious Mayd.

xxxiv.
Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all those crymes she sought to indite was;
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great displeasure wil'd a Capias

xxxv.
mericifide [Pitied. A word of his own.
CHURCH.
xxvii. 2. fyled.] Kep and fited up. Upton.
XXXV. 4. willed a Capias &c.] That is, ordered a writ &c. A Capias is a writ requiring an appearance in person. CHURCH.
The Damzell was attach'd, and shortly brought
Unto the Barre whereas she was arrayed:
But she therto would plead, nor answer were ought,
Even for stubborn pride, which her restrayned:
So judgement past, as is by law ordain'd
In cases like: Which when at last she saw,
Her stubborn hart, which love before disdain'd,
Gan stoure; and, falling downe with humble swe,
Cryde mercy, to abate the extrement of law.

The Sonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd,
But where he is provok't with peevishnesse,
Unto her prayers pitiously enclyned,
And did the rigour of his doome repressre;
Yet not so freely, but that netherlesse
He unto her a penance did impose,
Which was, that through this worlde wyde wilder-
She wander in shoule of those, [nes
Till she had say'd so many Loves as she did lose.

So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares
Throughout the world, in this uncomely case,
Wasting her goodly hew in heavey teares,
And her good days in dolorous disgrace;
Yet had she not in all these two yeares space
Saved but two; yet in two yeares before.
Through her dispiteous pride, whilst love lakk
Place,
She had destroyed two and twenty more.
Ai me, how could her love make half amends therefore!

And now she was upon the weary way,
Whens the gentle Squire, with faire Serene,
Met her in such mishearing foule array;
The whiles that mighty Man did her demene
With all the evil terms and cruell meanes
That he could make; and eke that angry Foole
Which follow'd her, with cursed hands uncleane
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her doole.

Ne ought it mowe aviate her to entreat
The one or th' other better to her use;
For both so wilfull were and obstinate
That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beate and bruse;
But most the former Villaine, which did lead

xxxvii. 2. But where he is provok't with peevishnesse.] That is, except when he is provoked by perverseness of the party offending. Church.
xxxviii. 5. [those.] The Carle and Foole, that is, Scorn and Daisdain. Todd.
xxxviii. 9. [Lover] That is, Lovers. Church.
xxxix. 4. [that mighty Man] Daisdain. Todd.
[that he did her demene] Treated her. Church.
xl. 6. But most the former Villaine.] He who went foremost or first; who led the Lady's horse, st. 44. Upton.
And mangue all his might, backe to relent:  
Else had he surely there bene slain, or fowly shent.

XLVI.
The Villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,  
Gathered himselfe together some againe,  
And with his yron batton which he bore  
Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,  
That for his safety he did him constraine  
To give him ground, and shift to every side,  
Rather than once his burden to sustaine:  
For bootlesse thing him seemed to abide  
So mighty blowes, or prove the puissance of his pride.

XLVII.
Like as a mastiffe having at a bay  
A salvage bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat  
Desperate damager, if he thee assay,  
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,  
To spy where he may some advantage get,  
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly roar;  
So did the Squire, she white the Carle did fret  
And fame in his disdeainfull mynd the more,  
And oftimes by Turnagant and Mahound swore.

XLVIII.
Nathellesse so sharply still he him pursuwd,  
That at advantage him at last he tooke,  
When his foote slipt, (that slip he dearly rewd,)  
And with his yron club to ground him strooke;  
Where still he lay, ne out of swoone awooke,  
Till heavy hand the Carle upon him layd,  
And bound him fast: Tho, when he up did looke  
And saw himselfe captiv’d, he was dismayd,  
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

XLIX.
Then up he made him rise, and forward fare,  
Led in a rope which both his hands did bynd;  
Ne ought that Poole for pitty did him spare,  
But with his whisp he following behynd  
Him often scourged, and forst his feete to fynd:  
And other whiles with bitter moekes and moowes  
He would him scourge, that to his gentle mynd  
Was much more grievous then the others blowes:  
Words sharply wound, but greatest grieue of scorwing growes.

The faire Serena, when she saw him fall  
Under that Villaines club, then surely thought  
That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,  
And fled away with all the speede she mought  
To secke for safety; which long time she sought;  
And past through many perils by the way,  
Ere she againe to Calepine was brought:  
The which discourse as now I must delay,  
Till Mirabelle’s fortunes I doe further say.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthur overcomes Disdain;  
Quites Mirabella from desced;  
Serena, found of valancers,  
By Calepine is creed.

Ye gentle Ladies, in whose soveraine powre  
Love hath the glory of his kindome left,  
And th’ hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,  
In yron chains, of liberty bereft,  
Delivered hath unto your hands by gift;  
Be well aware how ye the same doe use,  
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift;  
Least, if men yon of cruelty accuse,  
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe abuse.

And as ye softe and tender are by kynede,  
Adornid with goodly gifts of beauties grace,  
So be ye softe and tender eke in mynde;  
But crueltie and hardnesse from you chace,  
That all your other praises will deface,  
And from you turne the love of men to hate:  
Ensamle take of Mirabelle’s case,  
Who from the high degree of happy state  
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

Who after thrallome of the gentle Squire,  
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,  
Was touched with compassion entire,  
And much lamented his calamity,  
That for her sake fell into misery;  
Which booted nought for prayers nor for threa  
To hope for to release or mollify;  
For aye the more that she did them entreat,  
The more they him misused, and cruelly did beat.

So as they forward on their way did pas,  
Him still reviling and aflicting sore,  
They met Prince Arthur with Sir Enias,  
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he befor  
Having subdew’d yet did to life restore;)  
To whom as they approacht, they gan augment  
Their crueltie, and him to punish more,  
Scourging and haling him more vehement;  
As if it them should grieve to see his punishment.

The Squire himselfe, wheras he saw his Lord  
The witness of his wretchednesse in place,  
Was much asham’d that with an hempen cord  
He like a dog was led in captive case,  
And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,  
Asloth to see or to be scene at all;  
Shame would be hid: But wheras Enias  
Beheld two such of two such Villaines thrall,  
His manly mynde was much emmound therewith all;  

And to the Prince thus sayd; “See you, Sir Knight  
The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw,  
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule desight.
Abased, against all reason and all law,
Without regard of pity or of awe!
See! how they do that Squier beat and revile!
See! how they do the Lady hate and draw!
But, if ye please to lend me leave awhile,
I will then some acquite, and both of blame assiole.”

The Prince assented; and then he, straightway
Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
Which approaching thus he gan to say;
“Abide, ye caytive treachetours untrrew,
That have with treason thralled unto you
These two, unworthy of your wretched bands;
And now your crime with cruelty pursue,
Abide, and from them lay your leathly hands;
Or else abide the Death that hard before you stands.”

The Villaine stayd not aunswer to invent;
But, with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes sad message backe unto him sent;
The which descended with such dreadfull sway,
That seemed nought the course thereof could
No more then lightening from the lofty sky: [stay,
Ne list the Knight the powre thereof assay,
Whose doome was death; but, lightly slipping
Unwares defranded his intended desty: [by,
And, to requite him with the like againe,
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
And stroke so strongly, that the Carle with paine
Saved himselfe but that he there him slew;
Yet say’d not so, but that the blood it drew,
And gave his foe good hope of victory:
Who, therewith flest, upon him set anew,
And with the second stroke thought certainly
To have supplyde the first, and paide the usury.

But Fortune aunswerd not unto his call;
For, as his hand was heaved up on high,
The Villaine met him in the middle fall, [bright
And with his club bet hake his broad-yron
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
Rebeaten backe upon himselfe againe
He driven was to ground in selfe despyt;
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his nekke had set his foote with fell disdain.

With that the Foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in; and, whilst on ground he lay,
Laidle heavy bands on him and held so straute,
That downe he kept him with his swordfull sway,
So as he could not wend him any way;
The whites that other Villaine went about
Him to have bound and thrald without delay;
The whiles the Foole did him revile and flout,
Threatening to yoke them two and tame their corage stout.

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vi. 9. [will &c.] That is, I will soon release them from the reproach they now suffer. CHURCH.
vi. 4. [treachetours] Traitors. TODD.
xi. 5. So as he could not weld him.] Wield, direct or manage himself any way: him for himself is frequent in SPENSER. UPTON.
xi. 8. [them two] Sir Enias and Timias. CHURCH.

As when a sturdy ploughman with his bynde
Bystrength have overthrown a stubborne earre.
They downe him hold, and fast with cords do bynde.
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare;
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing
He lef his lofty steede to aide him neare; [by,
And, buckling soone himselfe, gan fiercely fly
Upon that Carle, to save his friend from jeopardy.

The Villaine, leaving him unto his Mate,
To be captiv’d and handled, as he list,
Himselfe address into this new debate,
And with his club him all about so blist,
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow,
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

But yet the Prince so well enured was
With such huge strokes, approv’d oft in fight,
That way to them he gave forth right to pas;
Ne would endure the danger of their might,
But wayt advantage when they downe did light.
At last the Caytive after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw avoyded quite,
Resolved in one t’ assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorse.

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
And with his dreadfull instrument of yre
Thought sure have pown’d him to powder soft,
Or deepe embowlde in the earth entyre;
But Fortune did not with his will conspire:
For, ere his stroke attayned his intent,
The noble Childre, preventing his desire,
Under his club with wary boldnesse went,
And smote him on the knee that never yet was bent.

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
That seem’d a marble pillow it could bow;
But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughall, (yet did no blood appear,) So as it was unable to support
So huge a burden on such broken gearre,
But fell to ground like to a lump of durt;
Whence he assayed to rise, but could not for his hurt.

Eftsoones the Prince to him full nimbly stept,
And, least he should recover foote againe,
His head meant from his shoulders to have swept:

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xii. 4. [the buxome yoke] The word buxome is here used in the sense of yielding or obedient. TODD.
xiv. 3. [debate.] Contest; as the French uso debate, and the Italians dibbatto. UPTON.
xiv. 4. [And with his club him all about so blist] Wounded, from the Fr. blesser. TODD.
xiv. 6. [after long discourse.] After shifting ground and traversing to and fro. Lat. discursus. JORDAN.
xv. 7. [preventing] Coming before. CHURCH.
Which when the Lady saw, she crye amaine;
"Stay, stay, Sir Knight, for love of God abstaine;
"Shy not that Carle, though worthy to be shaine;
For more on him doth then himselfe depen;
My life will by his death have lamentable end."

He staid his hand according her desire,
Yet mathematicke, though suffer'd to arise;
But, still suppressing, gan of her inquire, [prize]
What meaning mone those uncouth words cou'd.
That in that Villaines health her safety lies;
That were no might in man, nor heart in Knights,
Which durst her dreaded reskue enterprise,
Yet heavens themselves, that favour feeblerights,
Would for itselfe redresse, and punish such despights.

Then bursting forth in tears, which gushed fast
Like many water-streams, awhile she stayd;
Till the sharpe passion being overpast,
Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sav'd;
"Nor heavens, nor men, can me most wretched Deliver from the doome of my desart, [Mayd]
The which the God of Love hath on me laid,
And damned to endure this direfull smart,
For penance of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

"In prime of youthful years, when first the flowre
Of beauty gan to bud, and blossome delight;
And Nature me enduc'd with plenteous dowre
Of all her gifts, that please each living sight;
I was belov'd of many a gentle Knight,
And sude and soughd with all the service daw;
Full many a one for me deep pace and sight,
And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,
Complaining out on me that would not on them rew.

"But let them love that list, or live or die;
Me list not die for any lovers doole;
Ne list me leave my loved libritee
To pitty him that list to play the foole;
To love myselfe I learned in schoole.
Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,
And, sitting carelessse on the scorner stoole,
Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine;
But all is now repayd with interest againe.

"For loe! the winged god, that woundeth harts,
Cause me be call'd to accompt therefore;
And for revengement of those wrongfull smarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addcend me to endure this penance sore;
That in this wise, and this unmeete array,
With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Disdaine and Scorne, I through the world should stray,
Till I have sav'd so many as I earst did slay."

"Cerces," sayd then the Prince, "the god is just,
That taketh vengeance of his peoples spole:
For were no law in love, but all that lust
Might them oppress, and painefullly turmoile,
His kingdome would continue but a while.
But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you bear
This bottle thus before you with such toile,
And eke this wallet at your backe arrearce,
That for these Carles to carry much more comely were I?"

Here in this bottle," sayd the sory Mayd,
"I put the tears of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defrayd:
And in this bag, which I behinde me doon,
I put repentance for things past and gon.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
That all which I put in falls out anon,
And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne,
Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the more I mourn."
XXX.

And sure I wene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruel hand to stay,
He would with whipping him have done to dye:
But, being checkt, he did abstaine straightway
And let him rise. Then thus the Prince gan say;

“A! nay, Sir Knight,” said she, “it may not be,
But that I needs must by all means fulfill
This penance, which enjoyed is to me,
Least unto me betide a greater ill:
Yet no lesse thanks to you for your good will.”
So humbly taking leave she turned aside:
But Arthur with the rest went onward still
On his first quest, in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them devide.

XXXI.

But first it fell me by course to tell
Of faire Serena; who, as erst you heard,
When first the gentle Squire at variance fell
With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard
Of villany to be her infered:
So fresh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeared,
That every foote did tremble which did tread,
And every body two, and two she foun did read.

XXXII.

Through hils and dales, through bushes and through brees,
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
Herselfe now past the peril of her fears;
Then looking round about, and seeing nought
Which doubt of danger to her offer mought,
She from her falkey lighted on the plaide:
And, sitting downe, her selfe awhile behought
Of her long travell and turmyng paine;
And often did of love, and oft of lucky, complaine.

XXXIII.

And evermore she blamed Calepine,
The good Sir Calepine, her owne true Knight,
As th’ onely author of her wofull tyme;
For being of his love to her so light,
As her to leave in such a pitous plight:
Yet never turtle truer to his Make,
Then he was tride unto his Lady bright:
Who all this while endured for her sake
Great peril of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

XXXIV.

Tho whomas all her plaints she had displaid,
And well disbursed her engrieved brest,
Upon the grasse herselue adowne she layd:
Where, being tyrde with travell, and opprest
With sorrow, she betooke herselfe to rest:
There whilst in Morpheus bosome safe she lay,
Fearlesse of ought that mote her peace molest,
False Fortune did her safety betray
Unto a strange mischance, that menac’d her decay.

XXXV.

In these wylde deserts, where she now abode,
There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did give
Themselves to any trade, (as for to drive
The painefull plough, or cattell to for breed,
Or by adventurous merchandize to thrive,)
But on the labours of poor men to feed,
And serve their owne necessities with others need.

XXXVI.

Thereto they use one most accurded order,
To eate the flesh of men, whom they mote fynde,
And strangers to devour, which on their border
Were brought by error or by wreckfull wynde:
A monstrous cruelty against course of kynde!
They, towards evening wandering every way
To secke for booty, came by fortune bynde
Whereas this Lady, like a sheele astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all facelesse lay.

XXXVII.

Some as they spide her, lord! what gladfull glee
They made amongst themselfs; but when her
Like the faire yvoire shineing they did see, [face
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace
For joy of such good hap by heavenly grace.
Then gan they to devize what course to take;
Whether to slay her there upon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attoune, or many meales to make.

XXXVIII.

The best advizement was, of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill without encomberment;
For sleepe, they sayd, would make her battill better:
Then, when she wakt, they all gave one consent
That, since by grace of god she there was sent,
Unto their god they would her sacrificie,
Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud they would pre:
But of her dainty flesh they did devize [sent:
To make a common feast, and feed with garmanizde.

XXXIX.

So round about her they themselves did place
Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose,
As each thought best to spend the lingring space:
Some with their eyes the daintest morsels chose;
Some praise her paps; some praise her lips and nose:
[bare:
Some whet their knives, and strip their chieos
The Priest himselfe a garland doth compose
Of finest flowers, and with full bussie care
His bloodie vessels wash and holy fire prepare.

XXXVIII. 5. — painefull course of kynde!
Signifying the course of nature, unnatural.
Church.

XXXVIII. 5. — grace.] Favour. So again, in st. 30
Church.

XXXVIII. 1. — of bad.] That is, of many bad ones.
Church.

XXXVIII. 3. — would make her battill better.] That
is, grow fatter. To battell is to grow or make fat.
Church.
The Damzell wakes; then all at once upstart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooing and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the brason skies.
Which when she sees with ghastly grievous dies,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
Benumbes her cheeks: then out aloud she cries,
Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy breasts
embrow.

But all bootes not; they hands upon her lay:
And first they spoil her of jewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongst them they in pieces teare,
And of the prey each one a part doth heare.
Now being naked, to their sondry eyes
The goodly treasures of natures appeare:
Which as they view with lustfull fantasies,
Each wisteth to himselfe, and to the rest envyes.

Her yvorie neck; her alabaster brest;
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were
For Love in soft delight theron to rest;
Her tender sides; her bellie white and clere.
Which like an altar did itselfe upere
To offer sacrifice divine thereon;
Her goody thighes, whose glorie did appeare
Like a triumphall arch, and thereupon
The spoiles of Princes hang'd which were in battell won.

Those daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Those Vilekins vew'd with loose lascivious sight,
And closely tempted with their craftie spies;
And some of them gan mongst themselves device
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure:
But them the Priest relunking did advise
To dare not to pollute so sacred treasure
Vow'd to the gods: Religion held even theves in measure.

So, being staid, they her from thence directed
Unto a little grove not farre asyde,
In which an altar shortly they erected
To say her on. And now the Eventyde wyde
His brode black wings bad through the heavens
By this dispre, that was the tyme ordain'd
For such a dissall deed, their guilt to hyde:
Of few greene turves an altar soone they fancy'd,
And deckt it all with flowres which they nigh hand obtayned.

Tho, whenas all things readie were aight,
The Damzell was before the altar set,
Being alreadie dead with fearfull fright:
To whom the Priest with naked armes full net

Approaching nigh, and murderous knife well whet,
Gan mutter close a certain secret charme,
With other divelish ceremonies met:
Which deem, he gan alote t' advance his arme,
Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

Then gan the bagypnes and the hornes to shrill
And shriekke aloud, that, with the peoples voice
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whylcs she wayld, the more they did reioyce.
Now mone ye understand that to this grove
Sir Calepine, by chance more than by choyce,
The selie same evening fortune hether drove,
As he to seeke Serena through the woods did rove.

Long had he sought her; and through many a soyle
Had travell still on foot in heauen armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harms:
And now, all weedlesse of the wretched stormes
In which his Love was lost, he slept full fast;
Till, being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started up like one aghast,
And catching up his armes straight to the noise
forth past.

There by th' uncertaine glims of starry night,
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He note perceive a little dawning sight
Of all which there was doing in that quire:
Mongst whom a Woman spoyled of all attire
He spyde unmeetly strife,
And groning sore from grieved hart entire:
Eatsones he saw one with a naked knife
Readie to lanch her brest, and let out loved life.

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng;
And, even as his right hand adowne descends,
He him preventing lays on earth along,
And sacrificeth to th' infernal feends:
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he sends;
Of whom he makes such havoce and such hew,
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends:
The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a fainlews vew.

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
Whom by the altar he doth sitting find
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to cover what she ought by kind;
He first her hands beginneth to unbind,
And then to question of her present woe;
And afterwards to cheare with speaches kind:
But she, for nought that he could say or doe,
One word durst speake, or answeare him a whitt thereto.

No ought was feared of his certain harms:
That is, frayed, affrighted, on account of his certain harms.
Upton.

Ne ought was feared of his certain harms:
That is, frayed, affrighted, on account of his certain harms.
Upton.

Company, Lat. chorus. Church.
That is, and groaning sadly from the bottom of her heart.
Church.
This is, heaving. Church.
What she ought by kind, that is, what she should naturally have covered, viz. her nakedness.
The Faerie Queene

Canto IX.

Cordinate horses with Medibear,
And loves faire Pastorella:
Cordion envieth, yet he,
For ill, rewards him well.

II.

Now turne againe my tene, thou jolly swayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
I lattely left a furrow one or twayne
Unplough'd, which the my couler had not cleft;
Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and fruteful eit,
As I it past; that were to great a shame,
That so rich frute should be from us bereft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should behal Calidores immortal name.

Great travell hath the gentle Caldore
And toyle endured, sith I left him last
Sewing the Blant Beast; which I forbore
To finish then, for other present hast.
Full many pathes and perils he hath past,
Through hils, through dales, through forests,
And through plains,
In that same quest which fortune on him cast,
Which he achievement to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

So sharply he the Monster did pursuwe,
That day nor night he suffered him to rest,
Ne rested he himselfe (but natures dew)
For dread of danger not to be redresst,
If he for sooth forslucheth so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the citie coursed,
And from the citie to the towne he prest,
And from the towne into the bye country forsed,
And from the country backe to private farmes he scoursed.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the hearde were kepyng of their meat,
And shepheards singing, to their flockes that fed,
Layes of sweet love and youthes delightfull heat:
Him thether eke for all his fearfull threat
He followed fast, and chased him so sile,
That to the foulds, where shepehe at night doe seate,
And to the little cotes, where shepheards lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

There on a day, as he pursuwe'd the chace,
He chumust to spye a sort of shepheard grooms
Playing upon pipes and caroling apace,
[The whythes their beasts there in the budded
Beside them fed, and nipt the tender blosomes;
For other worldly wealth they cared nought;
To whom Sir Cailodore yet sweating comes,
And them to tell him courteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thether brought.

They answer'd him that no such beast they saw,
Nor any wicked feend that mote offend.
Their happy flockes, nor damner to them draw;
But if that such there were (as none they know'd)
They prayed High God them farre from them to send:
Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,
Offred him drink to quench his thirstie heat,
And, if he hunger'd were, him offred eke to eat.

The Knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne
They prayed him sit, and gave him for to feed
Such homely what as serves the simple clowne,
That doth despise the dainties of the towne:
Tho', having fed his fill, he there besyde
Saw a faire Damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of sundrie floweres with silken ribbands tyde
Ychad in home-made greene that her owne hands
Had dyde.

Upon a little hilliske she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Environ'd with a girland, goodsly grace,
Of lovely lasses; and them all without
The lustie shepheard swayne's sate in a rout.
The which did pipe and sing her prayers dew,
And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder shont,
As if some miracle of heavenly hew
Were deuoe to them descended in that earthly vew.

And soothely sure she was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well shapt in every lim,
Which she did more augment with modest grace
And comely carriage of her countenance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
Who, her admirings as some heavenly wight,
Did for their soveraine goddessse her estome,
And, caroling her name both day and night,
The fayrest Pastorella her by name did light.

Ne was there heard, ne was there shepheards swaene,
But her did honour; and eke many a one
Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing payne
Full many a night for her did sigh and growe:
But most of all the shepheard Cordion
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;

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v. 9. ——— a sort of shepheard grooms.

vii. 4. Such homely what.] Fare, things, &c. / Sect. Tat. Warton.

viii. 5. ——— in a rout.] Companie. Todo.

x. 1. ——— heard.] A keeper of cattle. Towd.
Yet neither she for him nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

Her whyles Sir Calidore there vowed well,
And marketh her rare demeanour, which him seemed
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
To be a Princes paragone esteemed,
He was unwares surpris'd in subtle hands
Of the Blynd Boy; ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruel hands;
Caught like the bird which gazling still on others stands.

So stood he still long gazling thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his quest were farre afore him gon:
But after he had fed, yet did he stay
And sate there still, until the flying day
Was farre forth spent, discoursing diversly
Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay;
And evermore his speach he did apply
To th' heardes, but meant them to the Damzels fantasy.

By this the myostic Night approaching fast
Her dewy humoure gan on th' earth to shed.
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to hast
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed;
Then came to them a good old aged Syre,
Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and led,
With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wil'd the Damzell rise; the day did now expyre.

He was to weet, by common voice, esteemed
The father of the fairest Pastorell,
And of herselfe in very deede so deemed;
Yet was not so; but, as old stories tell,
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th' open fields an infant left alone;
And, taking up, brought home and noursed well
As his owne child; for other he had none;
That she in tract of time accompt was his owne.

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
And strait unto her little flocke did fare:
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundrie sheepe with severall care
Gathered together, and then homework bare:
Why lest every one with helping hands did strive
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
To help faire Pastorell home to drive
Her fleecie flocke; but Cordion most helpe did give.

But Melibee (so bright that good old man)
Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
And night arrived hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his simple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better so

To lodge then in the salvge fields to roome.
The Knight full gladly soone agreed therein,
Being his harts owne wish; and home with him did go.

There he was welcom'd of that honest Syre
And of his aged Bekdame homely well;
Who him besought himselfe to disstyre,
And rest himselfe, till supper time befell;
By which home came the fairest Pastorell,
After her flocke she in their fold had tylde;
And, supper readie dight, they to it fell
With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,
The which doth lide crave contented to alvyde.

Tho when they had their hunger slaked well,
And the fayre Mayd the table ta'ne away;
The gentle Knight, as he that did excell
In courtesie and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day
Gan greatly thanke his Host and his good Wife;
And, drawing thence his speach another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life
Which shepheards lead, without debate or bitter strife.

"How much," sayd he, "more happie is the state
In which ye, Father, here doe dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which tose the rest in daungerous disease;
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease!
That certes I your happiness envie,
And wish my lot were plast in such felicite!"

"Surely, my Sonne," then answer'd he againe,
"If happie; then it is in this intent,
That having small yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wish for more it to augument,
But doe my selfe, with that I have, content;
So taught of nature, which doth litle need
Of forerine helps to life's due nourishment:
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

"Therefore I doe not any envy,
Nor am envy'd of any one therefor:
They that have much, fear much to lose thereby
And store of cares doth follow riches store.
The hile that I have grows dayly more
Without my care, but onely to attend it;
My lambs doe every yeare increase their score,
And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
What have I, but to praise th' Almighty that doth send it!"

"To them, that list, the worlds gay showes I leave,
And to great ones such follies doe forgive;
Which oft through pride do their owne peril wear;
And through ambition downe themselves doe drive
To sad decay, that might contented live.
Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
No once my minds unmoved quiet grieve:
But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,
And all the day, to what I list, I doe attend.

"Sometimes I hunt the fox, the vowed foe
Unto my lambs, and him dislodge away;
Sometimes the fawning I practise from the doe,
Or from the goat her kidde, how to convey;
Another while I baytes and nets display
The birds to catch or fishes to beguyle;
And, when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
My limbes in every shade to rest from toyle;
And drinke of every brooke, when thirst my throate doth boyle.

"The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
When pride of youth forth prickd my desire,
That I disdain'd amongst mine equal pears
To follow sheepe and shepherds base attire;
For further fortune then I would inquire:
And, leaving home, to roiall court I sought,
Where I did sell myselfe for yearely hire,
And in the Princes gardin daily wrought:
There I beheld such vainennesse as I never thought.

"With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes which them doe entertaine,
After I had ten yeares myselfe excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to myselfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did did apartid
de, to me, returning to my sheepe againe, [peare:
Iam from henceforth have learned to love more
This lowly quiet life which I inherite here."[deare

Whylest thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy care
Hong still upon his mooting month attend;
Whose sensefull words empirst his hart so neare,
That he was wrapt with double ravishment,
Both of his speach that wrought him great con-
And also of the object of his vew, [tent,
On which his hungry eye was always bent;
That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew, he lost himselfe, and like one half-entranement grew.

Yet to occasion means to worke his mind,
And to insinuate his harts desire,
He thus replyde; "Now surely, Sirve, I find,
That all this worlds gay shewes, which we admire,
He but vain titles to this safe retire
Of life, which here in lowliness ye lead,
Fearlesse of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre,
Which tesseth states, and under foot doth tread
The mightie ones affrayd of every changes dreed.

"That even I, which daily doe behold
The glorie of the great monarch whom I won,
And now have prov'd what happinesse ye hold

In this small plot of your dominion,
Now lough great lordship and ambition;
And wish the heavens so much had grace me,
As graunt me live in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
From pitch of higher place unto this low degree."

"In vaine," said then old Melibee, "doe men
The heavens of their fortunes quaff accuse;
Sith they know best what is the best for them:
For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
As they doe know each can most aptly use.
For not that, which men covet most, is best;
Nor that thing worst, which men doe most refuse;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold; each hath his fortune in his brest.

"It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore:
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store.
And other, that hath little, asks no more.
But in that litle is both rich and wise:
For wisdome is most riches; fools therefore
They are, which fortunes doe by vowes devize;
Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize."

"Since then in each mans self," said Calidore,
"It is to fashion his owne lyfes estate,
Give leave awryle, good Father, in this shore
To rest my barke, which hath bene beaten late
With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate,
In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine;
That, whether quite from them for to retrate
I shall resolve or backe to turne againe,
I may here with yourselfe some small repose obtaine.

"Not that the burden of so bold a guest
Shall(charge)full be, or charge to you at all;
For your meane food shall be my daily feast.
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall:
Besides, for recompence hereof, I shall
You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
That may perhaps you better much williah,
And in this quiet make you safer live."
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive.

But the good man, mought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
And thus bespoke; "Sir Knight, your bounteous proffer
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
That nucky masse, the cause of mens decay;
That mote emperi my peace with daungers dread.
But, if ye aligates covet to assay
This simple sort of life that shepherds lead,
Be it your owne: our rudenesse to yourselfe arcad."

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
And long while after, whilst him list remaine,
Dayly beholding the faire Pastorell,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bene:
During which time he did her entertaine
With all kind courtesies he could invent;
And every day, her companie to give,
When to the field she went, he with her went:
So for to quench his fire he did it more augment.

But she that never had acquainted beene
With such quiet usage, fit for queens and kings,
Ne ever had such knightly service seen;
But, being bred under base shepherds wings,
Had ever learnt to love the lowly things;
Did little white regard his courteous guise,
But cared more for Colin carolings
Then all that he could doe, or e'er devise;
His lays, his loves, his looks, she did them all despize.

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
To change the manner of his loftie looke;
And doffing his bright armes, himselfe address'd
In shepherds weed; and in his hand he tooke,
Instead of steel-head speare, a shepherds hooke;
That who had scene him then, would have bealthought
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippas brooke,
When he the love of fayre Benone sought,
What time the Golden Apple was unto him brought.

So being clad unto the fields he went
With the faire Pastorella every day,
And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous wolfe away,
The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and play;
And every evening helping them to fold;
And otherwhiles, for need, he did assay
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to press the milke: Love so much could.

Which seeing Coridon, who her likewise
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to gaine,
He much was troubled at that Strangers guize,
And many jealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harvest ere it ripened were;
That made him sorne, and pout, and oft complaine
Of Pastorell to all the shepherds there,
That she did love a stranger swaine then him more dere.

And ever, when he came in companie
Where Calidore was present, he would loure
And byte his lip, and even for jealousie
Was readie oft his owne hart to devour,
Impatient of any paramoure:
Who on the other side did seeme so farre
From maliceing, or grudging his good house,
That, all he could, he grasped with her,
Ne ever showed signe of rancour or of iarve.

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
Or little sparrows stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels in the woods farre sought,
Or other dainty thing for her address,
He would commend his gift, and make the best:
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her brest:
This new-come Shephered had his market mard.
Old love is little worth when new is more prefard.

One day, whenas the shephered swaynes together
Were not to make their sports and merrie glee,
As they are wont in faire sunshynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded laye;
They fell to dance: Then did they all agree
That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most fit;
And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee
That most in Pastorellace grace did sit:
Thereat frownd Coridon, and his lip closely bit.

But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
Tooke Coridon and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was his fashion;
For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace;
And whenas Pastorella, him to grace,
Her flowy garland tooke from her owne head,
And plast on his, he did it soone displacce,
And did it put on Coridons instead:
Then Coridon woxe frolick ke, that earst seemed dead.

Another time, whenas they did dispose
To practise games and maisteries to try,
They for their judge did Pastorella chose;
A garland was the meed of victory;
There Coridon, forth stepping, openly
Did challenge Calidore to wrestling game;
For he, through long and perfect industry,
Therein well practis'd was, and in the same
Thought sure it avenge his grudge, and worke his foe great shame.

But Calidore he greatly did mistake;
For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almost brake;
And, had he not upon him fallen light,
His dearest joynt he sure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
Given to Calidore as his due right;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gave it to Coridon, and said he wonne it well.

Thus did the gentle Knight himselfe abare
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That even they, the which his rivals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and favour: So it surely wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the seeds
Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought
The fruit of joye and blisse, though long time dearlye bought.

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time
To winne the love of the faire Pastorell:
CANTO X.

Calidore saw the Graces dance
To Codius melody:
The whiles his Pastorella is led
Into captivity.

I. Who now does follow the foule Blatant Beast,
Whilest Calidore does follow that faire Mayd,
Unmyndfull of his vow, and high beheaste
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he should never leave, nor be dehind
From chasing him, till he had it attched?
But now, entrapt of Love which him betrayd,
He minded more how he may be relieved
With grace from her, whose love his heart hath sore engraven.

II. That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew
His former quest, so full of toyle and paine;
Another quest, another game in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his Love to gaine;
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly favour fed with light report
Of every blaste, and saying alwaies in the port.

III. Ne certe mote he greatly blamed be
From so high step to stoupe unto so low;
For who had tasted once, as oft did he,
The happy peace which there doth overflow,
And prov'd the perfect pleasures which doe grow
Amongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales;
Would never more delight in painted show
Of such fake blisses, as there is set for stales
To' entrap unwary fooleys in their eternall bales.

IV. For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one sight which Calidore did vew? [daze,
The glaunc whereof their dimmed eies would
That never more they should endure the shew
Of that sunne-shine, that makes them looke askew:
Ne ought, in all that world of beauties rare,
(Save onely Glorianae heavenly hew,
To which what can compare) can it compare:
the which, as commeth now by course, I will declare.

V. One day, as he did raigne the fields abroad,
Whilest his faire Pastorella was elsewhere,
He shunneth to come, far from all peoples troad,
Unto a place, whose pleasance did appere
To passe all others on the earth which were
For all that ever was by Natures skill
Deviz'd to worke delight was gathered there
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if, this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.

VI. It was an Hill plate in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th' earth to dis-
In which all trees of honour stately stood, [daine;
And did all winter as in summer bud,
Spreding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower branchees sung aloud;
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in majesty and powre:

VII. And at the foote thereof a gentle fluid
His silver waves did softly tumbel downe,
Unmard with ragged moss or filthy mud:
Ne mote wylde beasts, ne mote the ruder clowne,
Therto approch; ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit
In the woods shade which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things awaye from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

VIII. And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spred itselfe, to serve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would
Or else to course-about their bases light; [faire,
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to finish bale:
So pleasantly the Hill with equall bight
Did seeme to overlooke the lowle vale;
Therefore it rightly cleaped was Mount Acidale.

IX. They say that Venus, when she did dispose
Herselue to pleasansse, used to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest herselue as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That even her owne Cytheroon, though in it
She used most to keepe her royall court
And in her soveraine majesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusde and thought unfit.

X. Unto this place whenas the Elfin Knight
Approch, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th' hollow ground.
That through the woods their echoe did rebound
He higher drew, to weete what mote it be:
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull gle:
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see

V. 3. —- trund.] Treading, footsteps. CHURCH.
VIII. 4. Or else to course-about their bases light.] He seems to allude to the country sport called Prison-bar or Prison-bars. UPTON.
XI.
The shepheards, which there piped, was poor Colin Clout, (who knows not Colin Clout?) He pypt apace, whilst they him daunst about.

Pypp, ico Shepeared, pype thow nou apace Unto thy Love that made thee low to lust; Thy Love is present there with thee in place; Thy Love is there aduauant to be another Grace.

XVII.
Much wondred Calidore at this strange sight, Whose like before his eye had never scene; And standing long astonished in spright, And rapt with pleasure, wist not what to weene, Whether it were the traine of Beauties Quene, Or Nymphe, or Faeries, or enchanted show, With which his eyes nowe have deluded bene. Therefore, resolving what it was to know, Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

XVIII.
But, soone as he appeared to their vew, They vanisht all awaye out of his sight, And cleane were gone, which waye he never knew; All save the Shepheard, who, for fell despret Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight, And made great mone for that unhappie turne: But Calidore, though no lesse sory wight For that mishap, yet seeinge him to monerne, Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote bearme:

XIX.
And, first him greetinge, thus unto him spake; "Haile, ico Shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes Here leadest in this goodwill merry-make, Frequentede of these gentle Nymphe allways, Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely layes! Tell me what mote these dainty Damzels be, Which here with thee doe make their pleasant plays: Right happy thon, that mayest them freely see! But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me?"

XX.
"Not I so happy," awswerd then that Swaine, "As thou unhappy, which them thence didst chace, Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe; For, being gone, no man can them bring in place, But whom they of themselves list so to grace." "Right sory I," saide then Sir Calidore, "That my ill fortune did them hence displace: But since things passed none may now restore, Tell me what were they all, whose lacke thee grievances so sore."
Besides a thousand more which ready bee
Her to adorn, whoso she forth doth wend;
But those Three in the midst, doe chuse to her
attend:

"They are the Daughters of sky-ruling love,
By him begot of faire Eurynome,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,
As he, this way comming from feastful glee
Of Thetis wedding with Aecleis,
In sommers shade himselfe here rested weary.
The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,
Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry;
Sweete goddesses all Three, which me in mirth do
cherry!

"These Three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
To make them lovely or well-favoured show;
As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
Sweete semblant, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curtesie;
They teach us, how to each degree and kynde
We should ourselves demeane, to low, to hie,
To friends, to foes which skill men call Civility.

"Therefore they alwaies smoothesly seeme to smile,
That we likewise should mylde and gentle be;
And also naked are, that without guile
Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,
Simple and true from covet malice free; [bore,
And eke they themselfe in their dance they
That two of them still froward seemd to bee,
But one still towards shewd herselfe afore;
That good should from us goe, then come, in greater
store.

Such were those goddesses which ye did see:
But that fourth Mayd, which there amongst
themselves,
Who can areate what creature mote she bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddess graced
With heavenly gifts from heven first enraised
But whatso ever she was, she worthy was
To be the Fourth with those Three other placed:
Yet was she certes but a courtie lasse;
Yet she all other courtie lasses farre did passe:

"So fare, as doth the Daughter of the Day
All other lesser lights in light excelle;
So faire doth she in beautyfull array

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Above all other lasses bearthe the bell;
Ne lesse in vertue that bereames her well
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race;
For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,
Have for more honor brought her to this place,
And grace her so much to be another Grace.

"Another Grace she well deserves to be,
In whom so many graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meanes of her degree;
Divine resemblance, beauty soveraine rare,
Firme chastity, that spight no blemish dare!
All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
That all her peres cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed when she is in place;
She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

"Summe of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
Great Gloriana, greatest Majesty!
Pardon thy Shepheard, mongst so many layes
As he hath sung of Thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore Handmaid,
And underneath thy feet to place thy praye;
That, when thy glory shall be farre displayd
To future age, of her this mention may be made!

When thus that Shepheard ended had his speach,
Sayd Cuditore; "Now sure it yrke thee,
That to thy blisse I made this luckless breach,
As now the author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereave thy Loves deare sight from thee;
But, gentle Shepheard, pardon thou my shame,
Who rashly sung that which I mote not see."
Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,
And to recomfort him all comely meanes did frame,

In such discourses they together spent
Long time, as it occasion forth them led;
With which the Knight himselfe did much con-
And with delight his greedy fancy fed [tent,
Both of his words, which he with reason red,
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
With such regard his senses ravished,
That hence he had no will away to fare,
But wist that with that Shepheard he mote dwel-
ling share.

But that envenimd sting, the which of yore
His poysnous point deepe fixt in his hart
Had left, now gan arousde to rancle sore,
And to renue the rigour of his smat;
Which to reure, no skill of leaches art
Mote him avale, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with lovely dart
Dinting his brest had bred his restlesse paine;
Like as the wounded whale to shore flies from the
maine.

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Like as the wounded whale to shore flies from the
maine.
So, taking leave of that same gentle Swaine, He hacke returned to his rusticke wome, Where his faire Pastorella did remaine: To whome in sort, as he at first begonne, He daily did apply himselfe to dome All dewfull service, void of thoughts impure; Ne any paines ne peril did he shewne, By which he might her to love allure, And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

And evermore the shepheard Coridon, Whatever thing he did her to aggrate, Did strive to match with strong contention, And all his paines did closely emulate; Whether it were to caroll, as they sate Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercize, Or to present her with their labours late; Through which if any grace chasem to arise To him, the Shepheard straight with tealousie did frize.

One day, as they all three together went To the greene wood to gather strawberies, There chaunst to them a dangerous accident: A tigre forth out of the wood did rise, That with fell claves full of fierce gourmandize, And greedy mouth wide gaping like hell-gate, Did runne at Pastorell to her surprize; Whom she beholding, now all desolate, Gan cry to them aloud to help her all too late.

Which Coridon first hearing, ran in hast To rescue her; but, when he saw the feend, Through cowherd feare he fled away as fast, No doube abode the danger of the end; His life he steemed dearer then his frend: But Calidore soone comming to her ayde, When he the beast saw ready now to rend His Loves deare spoile, in which his heart was praye, He ran at him enraged, instead of being frayde.

He had no weapon but his shepheards hooke To serve the vengeance of his wrathfull will; With which so sternely he the monster stroke, That to the ground astonished he fell; Whence ere he could recoue, he did him quell, And hewing off his head, it presented Before the feete of the faire Pastorell; Who, scarcely yet from former feare exempted, A thousand times him thankt that had her death prevented.

From that day forth she gan him to affect, And daily more her favour to augment, But Coridon for cowherdize reiect, Fit to kepe sheepe, not for loves content: The gentle heart scornes base disparagement. Yet Calidore did not despise him quight, But use him friendly for further intent, That by his fellowship he colour might Both his estate and love from skill of any wight.

So well he wood her, and so well he wrought her, With humble service, and with daily sorte, That at the last unto his will he brought her; Which he so wisely well did prosecute, That of his love he reapt the timely frute, And loyed long in close felicity: Till Fortune, fraught with malice, blinde and That envies lovers long prosperity, [brute, Blew up a bitter storme of foul adversitie.

It fortunate one day, when Calidore Was hunting in the woods, as was his trade, A lawlesse people, Brigants light of yore, That now made to live by plough nor spade, But fed on spoile and booty, which they made Upon their neighbours which did nigh them border, The dwelling of these shepheards did invade; And spoild their houses, and themselves did murder, And drove away their flocks; with other much dis-order.

Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray, They spoild old Melibe of all he had, And all his people captive led away; Mongst which this lackeliese Mayd away was led, Faire Pastorella, sorrowfull and sad, Most sorrowfull, most sad, that ever sght; Now made the spoile of thecves and Brigants bad, Which was the conquest of the gentles Knight That ever liv’d, and th’ onely glory of his might

With them also was taken Coridon, And carried captive by those theeves away; Who in the covert of the night, that none Mote them desery, nor rescue from their pray, Unto their dwelling did they close convoy: Their dwelling in a little isle was, Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way Appeared for people in nor out to pas, Nor any footing lynde for overgrown gras:

For underneath the ground their way was made Through hollow coves, that no man mete discover For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade From view of living wight and covered over; But Darkenesse dried and daily Night did hover Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt;
Ne lightned was with window, nor with lover,
But with continuall candle light, which delt
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well scene as felt.

Hither those Brigants brought their present pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward;
Meaning, so soone as they convenient may,
For slaves to sell them for no small reward
To Merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or sold againe. Now when fair Pastoreell
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of grievously theeves, she thought herself in hell,
Where with such damned fiends she should in dark-

CANTO XI.

The Theeves fall out for Pastorell,
Whilest Melibee is slain:
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

1. The lovs of love, if they should ever last
Without afflication or disquietness
That worldly chances doe amongst them eatt,
Would be on earth too great a blessedness,
Likwr to heaven then mount wretchedness:
Therefore the winged god, to let men weet
That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
A thousand sorews hath tempred with one sweet,
To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.

2. Like as is now befalne to this faire Mayd,
Faire Pastorell, of whom is now my song;
Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd
Amongst those Theeves, which her in bondage
Strong Detayd; yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
Contented, greater mischiefe on her threw,
And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
That whose heares her heavesinesse, would rew.
And pitty her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasant hew.

3. Whylest thus she in these hellish dens remayned,
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts marret,
It so befell, as Fortune had ordayneed,
That he which was her Capitaine profess,
And had the chiefe command of all the rest,
One day, as he did all his prisoners vew,
With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,
Faire Pastorell, whose sad mournful hew
Like the faire morning clad in misty fog did shew.

4. At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames most raging whet,
That her alone he for his part desired
Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mynde did to himselfe allot.
That from that day sorte his kindnesse to her showed,
And sought her love by all the means he mote;
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her
wowed,
And mixed threats amonget, and much unto her
vowed.

5. But all that ever he could doe or say
Her constant mynd could not a whit remove,
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To grant him favour or afford him love:
Yet cease he not to sew, and all wales prove,
By which he mote accomplish his request,
Saying and doing all that mote behave;
Né day nor night he suffered to rest,
But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

6. At last, when him she so importune saw,
Fearing least he at length theraines would lend
Unto his lust, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre she was to foe or friend;
She thought it best, for shadow, to pretend
Some shew of favour, by him graceing small,
That she thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more ease continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

7. So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
With better learned she did him entertaine;
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe perswade,
That he in time her joyance should obtaine:
But when she saw, through that small favour
gaine,
That further then she willing was he prest;
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A sodaine sickness, which her sore opprest,
And made unfit to serve his lawlesse mindes bhest.

8. By meanes whereof she would not him permit
Once to approach to her in privitie;
But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the vigour of her majesty,
And seeking all things mute for remedy:
But she resolv'd no remedy to fynde,
Nor better chere to shew in miscrecy,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde:
Her sickness was not of the body but the mynde.

9. During which space that she thus sicke did lie,
It shoueth a sort of Merchants, which were wount
To skin those coasts for bondmen there to buy,
And by such traffike after gains to hunt,
Arrived in this isle, though bare and blunt,
"T' inquire for slaves; where being ready met
By some of those same Theeves at th' instant brunt,
Were brought unto their Captaine, who was set
By his faire patients side with sorrowfull regret.

To whom they shewed, how those Marchants were
Arriv'd in place their bondselves for to buy;
And therefore prayd that those same captives
Mote to them for their most commodity [there
Be sold, and mougsh them shared equally.
This their request the Captaine much appalled;
Yet could he not their just demand deny;
And willed straight the slaves should forth be called,
And sold for most advantage not to be forstalled.

Then forth the good old Melibee was brought,
And Coridon with many other mee,
Whom they before in diverse spoyles had caught;
All which he to the Marchants side did shewe :
Till some, which did the smoky prisoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire Shepherdesse,
Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe;
And gane her forme and feature to express.
The more 't augment her price through praise of conluisesse.

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
Made answer, that " the Mayd of whom they
spake
Was his owne purchase and his onely prize;
With which none lind to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himselfe which did that conquest make;
Little for him to have one silly lasse;
Besides through sickness now so wan and weake,
That nothing meet in merchandize to passe.":"
So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and weake
she was.

The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly scene by candle-light,
Yet, like a diamond of rich regard,
In doubfull shadow of the darkesome night
With starrie beamses about her shining bright,
These Marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
That what through wonder, and what through
A while on her they greedily did gaze, [delight,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praise.

At last when all the rest them offred were,
And prises to them placed at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her;
Ne ought would buy, however prised with measure,
Withouten her, whose worth above all thisreace,
They did esteeme, and offred store of gold;
But then the Captaine, fraught with more displeasure,
Bad them be still; "his Love should not be sold;
The rest take if they would; he her to him would hold."

Therewith some other of the chiefest Theeves
Boldly him bad such inurye forbeare;
For that same Mayd, however it him greeves,
Should with the rest be sold before him there,
To make the prizes of the rest more deare;
That with great rage he stoutly doth denay;
And, fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth swear.
That whose hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dareaely shall aby, and death for handseall pay.

Thus, as they words amongst them multiply,
They fell to strokes, the frute of too much talke,
And the mad steele about doth fiercely fly,
Not sparing wight, ne leaving any balke,
But making way for Death at large to walke;
Who, in the horror of the grisely night,
In thousand dreadful shapes doth monstg them skalkes,
And makes huge havocke; whilsts the candle-light
Out-quinched leaves no skil nor difference of wight.

Like as a sort of hungry dogs, ymet
About some carcase by the common way,
Doe fall together, stryving each to get
The greatest portion of the greedy pray;
All on confused heapes themselves assay,
And snatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and tear;
That who them sees would wonder at their fray,
And who sees not would be affrayd to heare:
Such was the conflict of those cruel Brigants there.

But, first of all, their captives doe kill,
Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will:
Old Melibee is slaine; and him beside
His aged wife; with many others wide:
But Coridon, escaping craftily,
Crepes forth of dores, whilsts darknes him doth
And flies away as fast as he can hye, [hide,
Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends doe dye.

But Pastorella, wofull wretched elfe,
Was by the Captaine all this while defended,
Who, minding more her safety then himselfe,
His target alwaies over her pretended;
By meanes whereof, that note not be amended.
He at the length was slaine and layd on ground,
Yet holding fast twist both his armes extended
Fayre Pastorell, who with the selfe same wound
Launcht through the arme fell down with him in
drerie swound.

There lay she covered with confused preasse
Of carcasses, which dying on her foil;
Tho, wheras he was dead, the fray gan cease;
And each to other calling did compell
To stay their cruel hands from slaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all were gone:

13. — ne leaving any balke.] Balke is here used in the sense of balke in agriculture, that is, a ridge of land between two furrows. Upton.
19. — pretended.] Stretched or held over her. T. Warton.
Thereto they all attone agreed well;
And, lighting candles new, gan search anon,
How many of their friends were slaine, how many done.

Their Capitaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his arms the dreary dying Mayd,
Like a sweet angell twixt two clouds upheld;
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayed;
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
Seeme much more lovely in that darknesse layd,
And twixt the twinkling of her eye-lids bright
To sparkle out little beames, like starres in foggie night.

But, when they mov'd the carcases aside,
They found that life did yet in her remaine;
Then all their helps they busily applyde
To call the soule backe to her home againe;
And wrought so well, with labour and long paine,
That they to life recovered her at last;
Who, sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riven bane and all her hart-strings brast,
With drearie drouping eye look up like one aghast.

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to see,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Herselfe sole left a second spoyle to bee
Of those, that having saved her from dyeing
Renew'd her death by timely death denyng;
What now is left her but to wail and weepie,
Wringing her hands, and ruefull loud crying
Ne caird she her wound in tears to steep;
Albe with all their might those Brigants her did kepe.

But when they saw her now reliev'd againe,
They left her so, in charge of one, the best
Of many worst, who with unkind disdaine
And cruel rigour her did much molest;
SARSE yielding her due food or timely rest,
And scarseely suffring her infested wound,
That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest.
So leave we her in wretched thrall'dome bound,
And turne we back to Calidore, where we him found.

Who when he lacke returned from the wood,
And saw his shepheards cottage spoyled quight,
And his Love reft away;
He wexed wood
And halfe enragd at that rufffull sight;
That even his hart, for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh he readie was to teare:
He chaufft, he grieved, he fretted, and he sigh'd,
And fared like a furious wyle baere,
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being other-where.

Ne wight he found to whom he might complaine;
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquirie;
That more increast the anguish of his paine:
He sought the woods, but no man could see there;
He sought the plains, but could no tydings heare;
The woods did nought but ceeches vaime rebound;
The plains all waste and emptie did appeare;

Where wont the shepheards oft their pypes resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

At last, as there he romed up and downe,
He channest one coming towards him to spy,
That seem'd to be some sorie simple crowne,
With ragged weeds, and lockes upstaring hye,
As if he did from some late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd;
Who as he unto him approach'd nere,
He mote perceiue, by signes which he did fynd,
That Cordion it was, the silly shepheards hynd.

Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay
To greet him first, but ask Where were the rest,
Where Pastorell !—Who full of fresh dismay,
And gushing forth in teares, was so opprest,
That he no word could speak, but smit his breast,
And up to heaven his eyes fast-streemmg throw;
Whereat the Knight amaiz'd, yet did not rest,
But ask againe, what meant that raufl hood;
Where was his Pastorell ! Where all the other crow?

"Ah ! well away," sayd he, then sighing sore,
"That ever I did live this day to see,
This dismfull day, and was not dead before,
Before I saw faire Pastorella dye!"

"Die! out alas!" then Calidore did cry,
"How could the Death dare ever her to quell!
But read them, Shepherds, never more (tis my nativitie)
Or other dyesfull hap from heaven or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed; doe fear away,
And tell."
In dreadful darknesse, dreadfulaglaist;
That better were with them to have bene dead,
Then here to see all desolate and wast,
Despoyled of those loyes and jollyhead,

Which with those gentle shepheardes here I want to lead.

When Calidore these ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaude was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,
That he his face, his head, his breast did beat,
And death itselfe unto himselfe did threat;
Oft cursing th' heavens, that so cruel were
To her, whose name he often did repeat;
And wishing off, that he were present there
When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour neere.

But after grieue awhile had had his course,
And spent itselfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swolling source,
And in his mind with better reason cast
How he might save her life, if life did last;
Or, if that dead, how he her death might wraek;
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
Or, if it to revenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his lives thred to brake.

Tho Coridon he prayd, sith he well knew
The readie way unto that theevish woman,
To wend with him, and be his conduct rew
Unto the place, to see what should be done:
But he, whose heart through feare was latefor-done,
Would not for ought be drawnne to former drede;
But by all means the daunger knowne did chonne:
Yet Calidore so well him wrought with heed,
And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in shepheardes weeds agreeably,
And both with shepheardes hookes; but Calidore
Had, underneath, him armed privily:
Tho, to the place when they approached nye,
They channed, upon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of sheepe and shepheards to eseyp;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there newes to lerne, how they mote best assay.

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
The self-same flockes the which those Theeves had left
From Melibee and from themselves whylecare;
And cernaine of the Theeves there by them left,
The which, for want of heards, themselves then kept:

Right well knew Coridon his owne late sheepe.
And, seeing them, for tender pittie wept: [kepe,
But, when he saw the Theeves which did them
His hart gan fayle, abe he saw them all asspee.

But Calidore recomforting his grieue,
[swade; Though not his feare; for nought may feare dis-
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade.
Whom Coridon him counselled to invade
Now all unwarthes, and take the spoyle away,
But he, that in his mind had closely made
A further purpose, would not so them slay.
But gently waking them gave them the time of day.

Tho, sitting downe by them upon the greene,
Of sundrie things he purpose gan to faine,
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of Pastorell, were shee alioe or slaine: [againe,
Mongst which the Theeves them questioned
What mister men, and eke from whence they were,
To whom they answer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were poore heardgroomes, the which
In thee of their masteres fled, and now sought hyre
eclawere.

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made
To hyre them well if they their flockes would kepe:
[sayld,
For they themselves were evill grooms, they
Unknownt with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,
But to forray the land, or scourre the deep.
Those they soone agreed, and earnest tooke
To kepe their flockes for little hyre and chaee;
For they for better hyre did shortly looke:
So there all day they bode, till light the sky farseoke.

Tho, whereas towards darksome night it drew
Unto their hellish dens those Theeves them brought;
Where shortely they in great acquainstace grew,
And all the secrets of their entrayles sought:
There did they find, contrarie to their thought,
That Pastorell yet liv'd; but all the rest
Were dead, right so as Coridon had taung:
Whereof they both full glad and bythly did rest,
But chiefly Calidore, whom grieue had most posset.

At length, when they occasion fittest found,
In dead of night, when all the Theeves did rest
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir Calidore him arm'd, as he thought best;
Having of late by diligent inquest
Provided him a sword of meaneest sort; [nest;
With which he straight went to the Captaines.

--- as did appertain.] As was suitable
both to their dress, and to Calidore's design.

--- to fary the land.] To ravage or spoile
the land. Todd

--- the secrets of their entrayles] That is,
their most hidden secrets.
But Coridon durst not with him consort,  
No durst abide behind for dread of worse effort.

Xliii.
When to the cave they came, they found it fast:  
But Calidore with huge resistless might  
The dores assayled, and the locks upbrast:  
With noysse whereof the theeoe awaking light  
Unto the entrance ran; where the bold Knight  
Encountring him with small resistence slew:

The whiles faire Pastorell through great affright
Was almost dead, misingdoubting least of new
Some appare were like that which lately she did

Xlv.
But whereas Calidore was comen in,
And gan aloud for Pastorell to call,
Knowing his voice, although not heard long sin,
She sudden was revied therewithall,
And wondrous joy felt in her spirits thrill;
Like him that being long in tempest lost,
Looking each houre into Deaths mouths to fall,
At length espynes at hand the happie cost,
On which he safety hopes that earst feared to be lost.

Xlv.
Her gentle hart, that now long season past
Had never ioyance felt nor chearfull thought,
Began some smacke of comfort new to tast,
Like lyefull heat to nummed senses brought,
And life to feel that long for death had taught:  
Ne lesse in hart rejoicyed Calidore,
When he her found; but, like to one distraught
And robd of reason, towards her him bore;
A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand more.

Xlv.
But now by this, with noysse of late uprone,
The hue and cry was rayused all about;  
And all the Brigants flocking in great store
Unto the cave gan pressse, nought having dout
Of that was done, and entred in a rout;
But Calidore in the entry close did stand,
And, entertayning them with courage stout,
Still swel the formost that came first to hand;
So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

Xlvii.
The, when no more could nigh to him approach,
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day;
Which when he spyde upon the earth f'encroch,
Through the dead carcasses he made his way,
Mongst which he found a sword of better say;
With which he forth went into th' open light,
Where all the rest for him did ready stay,
And, fierce assaying him, with all their might.
Gan all upon him lay: there gan a dreadful light.

Xlviii.
How many flyes in whittest summers day
Do seize upon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swaromes do overlay,
And with their little stings right felly fare;
So many theves about him swarming are,
All which do him assayle on every side,
And some oppresse, he may him doth spare;
But he doth with his raging brand divide.

Their thickest troops, and round about him scat-
treeth wide.

Xlxi.
Like as a lion mongst an heard of dere,
Dispersest them to catch his choysest pray;
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that were him came did hew and slay,
Till he had sworl with bodies all the way;
That none his danger daring to abide.
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convey
Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left that victorie to him envyde.

L.
Then, haake returning to his dearest Deare,
He her gan to recomfort, all he might,
With gladfull speaches and with lovely cheare;
And forth her bringing to the toyes light,
Whereof she long had durest the wishfull sight,
Deviz'd all goody means from her to drive
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight:
So her uneth at last he did revive
That long had lyen dead, and made againe alive.

Ll.
This deo, into those theevish dens he went,[take,
And thence did all the spoyles and threasures
Which they from many long had robb'd and rent
But Fortune now the victors need did make;
Of which the host he did his Love betake;
And also all those flockes, which they before
Had reft from Melibee and from his Make,
He did them all to Coridon restore:
So drove them all away, and his Love with him borne.

CANTO XII

Foyre Pastorellys by great hop
Her parents understand,
Calidore doth the Blasitc Breast
Subdue, and lynd in bands.

LIKE as a ship, that through the ocean wyde
Directs her course unto one certaine cost,
Is met of many a counter whinde and tyde,
With which her winged speed is let and crost,
And she herselfe in stormie surges toss;
Yet, making many a bate and many a bay,
Still winnet way, ne hath her compass lost:
Right so it faires with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayed, yet never is astray.

Xlix. 9. Ne any left.] Nor were there any left. Church.
L. 6.  — uneth.] Score by, Todd.
L. 5. — betake.] Deliver, The sense here is, Of the best of which he made Pastorella a present. Church.
X. 6. Yet making &c.] To make a bate, or to bate it up to a place, is to turn the ship up to the windward, sometimes on one tack, and sometimes on another:” North. Church.
For all that hethero hath long delayd
This gentle Knight from seeling his first quest,
Though out of course, yet hath not bene mis-
To shew the courtesie by him proffest [sayd,
Even unto the lowest and the least.
But now I come into my course againe,
To his atchievement of the Blatant Beast;
Who all this while at will did range and raise,
Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to restraine.

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had raught
Faire Pastorella from those Brigants powre,
Unto the Castle of Belgard she brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamour;
Who whylome was, in his youthes freshest flower,
A lustie Knight as ever wielded speare,
And had endured many a dreadfull stoure
In boldly battell for a Ladie deare,
The fayrest Ladie then of all that living were:

Her name was Claribell; whose father hight
The Lord of many lands, farre renowned
For his great riches and his greater might:
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This Daughter thought in wedlocke to have binded
Unto the Prince of Picteland, bordering nere;
But she, whose sides before with secret wound
Of love to Bellamoure empierced were,
By all means shunt to match with any foreigne fore:

And Bellamoure againe so well her pleased
With dayly service and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entyrely seized,
And closly did her wed, but knowyn to few:
Which when her father understood, he grew
In so great rage that them in dungeon deepe
Without compassion cruelly he threw;
Yet did so straitly them asunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other creepe.

Nathlesse Sir Bellamoure, whether through grace
Or secret guifts, so with his keepers wrought,
That to his Love sometimes he came in place;
Whereof her wombe unvist to wight was fraught,
And in dew time a Mayden Child forth brought;
Which she straightwaye (for dread lest if her syre
Should know thereof to shay he would have sought)
Delivered to her handmayd, that for lyre
She should it cause be fostred under straungg attyre.

The trustie damzel bearing it abrode
Into the emptie fields, where living wight
Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
She forth gan lay unto the open light
The litle Babe, to take thereof a sight:
Whom whylest she did with watie eye behold,
Upon the litle brest, like christall bright,

She mote perceive a little purple mold,
That like a rose her silken leaves did faire unfold.

Well she it markt, and pitied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched case;
But, closing it againe like as before,
Bedeawd with teares there left it in the place;
Yet left not quyte, but drew a little space
Behind the bushes, where she her hid hyde,
To weet what mortall hand, or heavens grace,
Would for the wretched Infants helpe provyde;
For which it loudly caye, and pityfulliy cryde.

At length a shepheard, which thereby did kepe
His fleecie flocke upon the playnes around,
Led with the Infants cry that loud did wepe,
Came to the place; where when he wrapped found
Th' abandond spoyle, he softly it unbound;
And, seeing there that did him pittie sore,
He toke it up and in his mandle wound;
So borne unto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it murst and named evermore.

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
And Bellamoure in bonds; till that her syre
Departed life, and left unto them all:
Then all the stornes of fortunes former yere
Were turn'd, and they to frendom did retyre.
Thenceforthe they joyd in happiness together,
And lived long in peace and love entyre,
Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella thether.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;
For Bellamoure knew Calidore right well,
And loved for his prowess, sith they twaine
Long since had fought in field: als Claribell
Ne lesse did tender the faire Pastorell,
Seeing her weake and wan through durance long:
There they awhile together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many joyes among,
Untill the Damzell gan to wox more sound and strong.

Tho gan Sir Calidore him to advise
Of his first quest, which he had long forfoire,
Asham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,
The which the Faery Queene had long afore
Bequeathed to him, forslacked had so sore;
That much he feared least reproachfull blame
With fonle dishonour him mote blot therefore;
Besides the losse of so much los and fame,
As through the world thereby should glorifie his name.

Therefore, resolving to returne in hast
Unto so great atchievement, he bethought

vii. 8. —— mold.] Mote. CHURCH.
ix. 6. —— that did him pittie sore.] That which did
greatly move his compassion. CHURCH.
xii. 1. —— him to advise.] To bethink himself. FR.
' saviour. CHURCH.
xii. 5. —— forslacked] Delayed, as in F. Q. v. xii. 3.
Artiages forstacks his exploit. TODD.
xii. 8. —— losse] Praise. Lat. law. CHURCH.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

CANTO XII.

To leave his Love, now perill being past,
With Claribell; whylest he that Monster sought
Throughout the world, and to destruction brought,
So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
He went forth on his quest, and did that him befell.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell
In this expolite, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire Pastorell,
During his absence left in heavy care.
Through daily mourning and nightly misfare:
Yet did that auncient Matrone all she might,
To cherish her with all things choice and rare;
And her owne handmady, that Melissa hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

Who in a morning, when this Maiden faire
Was dightyng her, having her snowy breast
As yet not beseed, nor her golden hair
Into their combly tresses dewly drest,
Chuunst to espy upon her yvory chest
The rosie markes, which she rememberd well
That little Infant had, which forth she kest,
The daughter of her Lady Claribell,
The which she bore the whiles in prison she did dwell.

Which well avizing, straight she gan to cast
In her conceitfull mynd that this faire Mayd
Was that same Infant, which so long sith past
She in the open fields had loosely layd
To Fortunes spoyle, unable it to ayl:
So, full of joy, straight forth she ran in hasted
Unto her Mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
To tell her, how the heavens had her grasse,
To save her Chyld, which in Misfortunes mouth
was plaste.

The sober Mother seeing such her mood,
Yet knowing not what meant that sodaine thoy,
Askt her, how mote her words be understood,
And what the matter was that mov'd her so.
"My ladye," sayd she, "ye know that long ygo,
Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
A little Mayde, which the which ye chylde the one;
The same againe if now ye list to have,
The same is yender Lady, whom High God did save."

Many was the Lady troubled at that speach,
And gan to question stright howe she it knew.
"Most certaine markes," sayd she, "do me it teach;
For on her breast I with these eyes did vew
The little purple rose which thereon grew,
Whereof her name ye then to her did give.

Besides, her countenance and her likely hew,
Matched with equall years, do surely prieve
That yeond same is your Daughter sure, which yet
doeth live."

The Matrone stayd no longer to enquire,
But forth in hast ran to the stranger Mayd;
Whom catching greedily, for great desire
Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,
In which that rose she plainly saw displayd:
Then, her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
She long so held, and softly weeping sayd;
"And livest thou, my Daughter, now againe?
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did
faine?"

Tho further asking her of sundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at last, by very certaine signes
And speaking markes of passed monuments,
That this yeong Mayd, whom chance to her presents,
Is her owne Daughter, her owne Infant deare.
Tho, wondering long at those so strange events,
A thousand times she her embraced here,
With many a joyfull kiss and many a melting teare.

Whoever is the mother of one chylde,
Which having thought long dead she fyndes
alive,
Let her by proove of that which she hath fylde
In her owne breast, this Mothers ioy describe:
For other none such passion can contrive
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When she so faire a Daughter saw survive,
As Pastorella was; that night she swelt
For passing ioy, which did all into pitty melt.

Thence running forth unto her loved Lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell:
Who, ioying ioy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd, for his owne, faire Pastorell.
There leave we them in ioy, and let us tell
Of Calidore; who, seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by small force to quell,
Through every place with restless paine and toile
Him follow'd by the tract of his outrageous spoile.

Through all estates he found that he had past,
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at last;
In which such spoyle, such havocke, and such theft
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place besides unsought had left,

Matched with equall years,) Corresponding with
the distance of time. Church.
Ibid. - proue] For proove. So profe is used for proof, F. Q. ii. l. 48, and elsewhere. Todd.
xxi. 3. - fylde] Fyled, felt; the spelling answers to the rhyme. Upton.
xxi. 4. - descrive] Describe. Todd.
xxii. 8. - swelt] Swelt is here used for fainted. Church.
xxii 7. - by small force] That is, finally, Church.
At length into a Monastere did light,  
Where he him found despoiling all with maine  
and might.  

xxiv.  
Into their cloysters now he broken had,  
Through which the Monkes he chaced here  
and there,  
And them purs’d into their dortours sad,  
And searched all their cells and secrets neare;  
In which what filth and ordure did appear,  
Were yeares to report; yet that foule Beast,  
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,  
And ransacke all their dennes from most to least,  
Regarding nought religion nor their holy heast.  

xxv.  
From thence into the sacred church he broke,  
And robbd the chancell, and the deskes downe  
threw,  
And altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke,  
And the images, for all their goodly biew,  
Did cast to ground, whilst none was them to  
So all confounded and disordered there: [rew;  
But, seeing Calidore, away he flew,  
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;  
But he him fast pursuing soone approached neare.  

xxvi.  
Him in a narrow place he overtooke,  
And fierce assailing forst him turned a-gaine:  
Sternely he turn’d a-gaine, when he him strooke  
With his sharpe stecele, and ran at him amaine  
With open mouth, that seemed to containe  
A full good pecke within the utmost brim,  
All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,  
That terriфie his foes, and armed him,  
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus grievly grim:  

xxvii.  
And therein were a thousand tongs empight  
Of sundry kindes and sundry quality;  
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night;  
And some of cats, that whailing still did cry;  
And some of beares, that ground continually  
And some of tygres, that did seeme to gren  
And snar at all that ever passed by:  
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,  
Which spake reprochfully, not caring where nor  
when.  

xxviii.  
And amongst were mingled here and there  
The tongues of serpents, with three-folded stings,  
That spat out poyson, and gore-bloody gare,  
At all that came within his ravenings;  
And spake licentious words and hateful things  
Of good and bad alike, of low and high,  
Ne kersars spared he a whit nor kings;  
But either blotted them with infamie,  
Or bit them with his baneful teeth of injury.  

xxix.  
But Calidore, thereof he nought afraied,  
Rencountred him with so impetuous might,  
That th’ outrage of his violence he stayd,  

And bet abacke threatening in vaine to bite,  
And spitting forth the poyson of his spight  
That fomed all about his bloody lawes:  
Tho, rearing up his former feete on hight,  
He rapped upon him with his ravenous paws,  
As if he would have rent him with his cruel claws.  

xxx.  
But he right well aware, his rage to ward,  
Did cast his shield atwene; and, therewithall  
Putting his puissance forth, purs’d so hard,  
That backward he enforced him to fall;  
And, being downe, ere he new helpe could call,  
His shielde he on him threw, and fast downe held:  
Like as a bullooke, that in bloody stall  
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is fell,  
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly quild.  

xxx.  
Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore  
To be downe held, and massyred so with might,  
That he gan fret and fome out bloody gore,  
Striving in vaine to reere himself upright:  
For still, the more he strove, the more the Knight  
Did him suppressse, and forebly subdue:  
That made him almost mad for fell desight:  
He grield, he bit, he soare, he venim threw,  
And fared like a feend right horrible in biew:  

xxxi.  
Or like the hell-borne Hydr, which they faine  
That great Alcides whilome overthrew,  
After that he had laboured long in vaine  
To crop his thousand heads, the which still now  
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.  
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,  
Whilst Calidore him under him downe threw;  
Who madmore his heavy load releast,  
But aye, the more he rag’d, the more he poure  
increast.  

xxxii.  
Tho, when the Beast saw he mort nought availe  
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,  
And sharply at him to revile and raile  
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy;  
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,  
Whose like he never once did speake, nor heare,  
Nor ever thought thing so unworthy:  
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbearce,  
But strained him so straitly that he chokt him heare.  

xxxiii.  
At last, whenas he found his force to shrinke  
And rage to quelle, he tooke a muzzle strong  
Of surest yron made with many a luice;  
Therewith he murr’d up his mouth along,  
And therein shut up his blasphèmonous tong,  
For never more defaming gentle Knight,  
Or unto lovely Lady doing wrong:  
And thereunto a great long chaine he tigh,  
With which he drew him forth, even in his own  
desight.  

xxxiv.  

xxxiv. 9. But &c.] That is, the more the Beast struggl’d, the greater strength Calidore exerted to keep him under.  

xxxiv. 4. mured] Enclosed. Ital. murore.  

xxxiv. 6. For never more &c.] That is, that he might never more defame &c. CHURCH.  

xxxiv. 8. tight,] Tied. UPTON.
Like as whydime that strong Tythulian swain
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And roring horribly did him compel.
To see the hateful sunne, that he might tell
To grievously Plato, what on earth was done,
And to the other damned ghosts which dwell
For aye in Darknesse which day light doth shone:
So led this Knight his captvye with like conquest wonne.

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
Strange bands, whose like till then he never bore;
Ne ever any durst till then impose;
And chaunted inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durst he not draw backe, nor once withstand
The proved powre of noble Caldore;
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And Rice a fearefull dog him followed through the land.

Thus was this Monster, by the maystring might
Of doughty Caldore, supprest and tamed,
That never more he mote endamnagde wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many cansones caused to be blamed:
So did he eke long after this remaine,
Until that, (whether wicked fate so framed
Or fault of men,) he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

Thenceforth more mischief and more scath he
To mortal men then he had donebefore; [wrought
Ne ever could, by any, more be brouht
Into like bands, ne mastystred any more:
Albe that, long time after Caldore,
The good Sir Pelleas him tooke in hand;
And after him Sir Lamoracke of yore;
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

So now he ramageth through the world againe,
And ragest sore in each degree and state;
Ne any is that may him now restraine,
Him groven is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe hate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime;
Ne spareth he most learned Wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime;
But reeds, without regard of person or of time.

Ne may this homely Verse, of many meannest,
Hope to escape his venemous despite,
More than my former Wits, were they cleansest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite
With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,
That never so deserved to endure.
Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better measure,
And seck to please; that now is counted wise mens thrauerce.

[Let us close our notes on this Sixth Book, with a short review of the Legend of Courtesy. The reader needs not be put in mind, that the Fairy Queen annually hold a solemn feast, which continued with great magnificence for twelve several days. In one of those days, (supposing the sixth,) there came in presence a Hermit, who complained of the cruel ravagings of a monstrous beast, called the Blantant Beast; and at the same time desired some Knight might be appointed, that alone might undertake the enterprise, not of destroying, but subdued, this monster of scandal. The petition was granted; and the adventurer assigned to Sir Caldore, who, binding himself by a vow to perform it without aid or companion, sets forward on his quest, and, after many a courteous enterprise first achieved, at length overtook and entirely masters and tames the Blantant Beast. The meeting of Arthegall and Caldore shows the connection of this with the former Book; so likewise does the introducing of Timias in the fifth Canto; but more particularly Prince Arthur, the hero of the Poem, is to be perfected in all virtues, that he might be worthy of the glory to which he aspieres. If we turn our thoughts towards those mysteries that lie enveloped in types and allegories, we cannot help applying the following verses of our poet, in the introduction to the second Book, to many of the episodes herein related:

"And thou, O fairest Princess under sky,
In this fair mirrour mayst behold thy face,
And thine own realms in Lord of Fairy!"

Methinks, by no far-fetcht allusions, we might discover pictured out to us that truly courteous Knight Sir Philip Sidney, in the character of Sir Caldore; whose name קָלַדּוֹאֵו אָוָּאֵו leads us to consider the many graceful and godly endorsements that Heaven peculiarly gave him. This is that brave courtier mentioned by our poet in Mother Hubberds Tale:

"Yet the brave courtier, in whose beauntious thought
Regard of honour harbours--
"He will not creep, nor crouch with fained face,
But walks upright with comely steallest pace,
And unto all doth yield due Courtesie."

With this hint given, who can help thinking of Sidney's Arcadia, when he finds Sir Caldore mispending his time among the Shepherds? And when this Knight of Courtesy meets in his pastoral retirement with Colin Clout, and by his abrupt appearance drives away the rural Nymphs and Graces, which makes the shepherd,

"for did despight"

"Of that displeasure, break his bag-pipe quite?"--

Do not all these circumstances, agreeable to the tenor of this Poem, allude to our poet's leaving the country, and the rural muse, at Sir Philip Sidney's request? I make no doubt myself, but the Country Lass described in C. x

So now he ramageth through the world againe,
And ragest sore in each degree and state;
Ne any is that may him now restraine,
Him groven is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe hate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime;
Ne spareth he most learned Wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime;
But reeds, without regard of person or of time.

[xxxiv. 4 And roring horribly &c.] That is, notwithstanding Cerberus roared horribly, yet Hercules compelled him &c. Church.

[xxxv. 9.—Darkness which day light doth shone.] Spencer might mean utter darkness, darkness palpable which no light can penetrate. Upton.


THE FAERIE QUEENE.

[CATNO VI.

st. 53, 56, 57, is the same as described in his Sonnets, 1xi. &c. Her name was Elizabeth, as he tells us in Sonnet lxxiv. And he was married to her after his unsuccessful love of the fair Rosalind, who seems imaged in that Wondrous Fair (as her name imports) who is so justly punished for love's disdain in Canto viii. I have mentioned in the notes that Belvoir Castle, in Canto xii, seems from its very name to point out Belvoir Castle: If this is granted, Sir Bellamoure must be the noble Lord of the Castle, who married into the royal house of York: and this seems hinted at in Canto xii. st. 4. Another of this noble family likewise married the daughter of Sir Philip Sidney: but how far the story told of Pastorella, who found her parents in Belvoir Castle, may allude to this alliance, I neither affirm nor deny. In these kind of historical allusions Spenser usually perplexes the subject; he leads you on, and then designately misleads you: for he is writing a Fairy Poem, not giving you the detail of an historian. It seems to me that our poet makes use of the same perplexing manner in hinting at the calamitous tale, then in every good woman's mouth, told of a certain Lady at Court, no less than a maid of honour to queen Elizabeth, and a daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who had been too free of her favours before marriage to Sir Walter Raleigh: This Lady he married afterwards, and she made him the most quiet, the most serene, and best of wives. But the reader will not fail to apply this story, when he finds Serena and Timias (in whom all along, and almost in every circumstance, is imaged Sir Walter Raleigh,) both carried to the Hermits' cell, to be cured of their sore maladies that they had contracted by the bite of Calammy and Scandal. This story too he will apply, when he finds Timias under the discipline of Disdain and Scorn, in Canto viii. and viii. The Salvage Man characterised in Canto iv. st. 2, and in Canto v. st. 2, and 4, was intended to be shewn in a new light in some other part of this Poem, now left unfinished; and this Salvage perhaps represents, by way of type, the heir of Lord Savage mentioned by Spenser in his View of Ireland; "now (he says) a poor gentleman of very mean condition, yet dwelling in the Arks." And the episode of the Infant saved from a bear, and delivered to the wife of Sir Brian to be brought up as their son, might allude to the noble Irish family of the Macmahons, descended from the Fitz-ursulas. These kind of types and symbols, and historical allusions, the English reader will not fail to apply to many Parts of this Poem, when he considers what Spenser himself tells us, in his Introduction to B. ii. st. 4, that there are "certain signs by which Fairy Loves may be found." Hence the Poem itself, by this pleasing mask, partakes of the nature of fable, mystery, and allegory; not only in its moral representations of virtues and vices, and in what relates to nature and natural philosophy, but likewise in its history. Uror.

TWO CANTOS OF MUTABILITIE:

WHICH, BOTH FOR FORM AND MATTER, APPARE TO BE PARCELL OF SOME FOLLOWING BOOK OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE;

UNDER THE

LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE.

CANTO VI.

Proud Change (not pleased in mortal things
Beneath the moon to range)
Pretends, as well of gods as men,
To be the sovereign.

I.

HAT man that sees the ever-whirling wheele
Of Change, the which all mortal things doth sway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feel,
How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruel sports to many mens decay!
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearse, that whylome I heard say,
How she at first hersellef began to reare
Gainst all the gods, and th'empire sought from them
to beare.

II.

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold
Her antique race and lineage ancient,
As I have found it registred of old
In Faery Land mongst records permanent.

1. 2. —— to beare.] See F. Q. iii. iii. 48. I think beare, in both places, is used for gain, win. See st. 4. Church.
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom shee soone subdued)
But eke all other creatures her bad doings reweved.

For shee the face of earthly things so changed,
That all which Nature had establisht first
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet
Of gods or men to alter or misguide) [durste
She alter'd quite; and made them all accurst]
That God had blest, and did at first provide
In that still happy state for ever to abide.

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Justice, and of Policy;
And wrong of right, and had of good did make
And death for life exchanged foolishly:
Since which, all living wights have learn'd to die,
And all this world is waxen daily worse.
O pitious worke of Mutabilitie,
By which we all are subiect to that curse,
And death, in stead of life, have suckt from our nurse!

And now, when all the earth she thus had brought
To her behest and thralld to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitions thought
To attempt the empire of the heavens bright,
And love himselfe to shoulder from his right.
And first, she past the region of the ayre
And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight
Made no resistance, ne could her contrarie,
But ready passage to her pleasure did prepare.

Thence to the circle of the Moone she clamber,
Where Cynthia raignes in everlasting glory,
To whose bright shinning palace straight she came,
All fairely deckt with heavens goodly story;
Whose silver gates (by which there sate an hory
Old aged Sire, with hower-glass in hand,
Hight Tyme,) she entred, were he liefe or soye;
Ne staid she the highest stage had scend,
Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand.

Her sitting on an ivory throne shee found, [white,
Drawne of two steeds, th' one black, the other
Environd with tenne thousand starres around,
That dily her attended day and night;
And by her side there ran her Page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the evening-starre intend;
That with his torche, still twinkling like twylight,
Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
And joy to weary wandring travailers did lend:

That when the hardly Titanesse beheld
The goodly building of her palace bright,
Made of the heavens substance, and up-bred
With thousand crystal pillars of huge light:
Shee gan to burne in her ambitions spright,
And 'er envie her that in such glory raign'd.
Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might
Her to displace, and to herselfe 'er have gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wain'd.

Boldly shee that had to her that soveraigne seat
By highest love assign'd, therein to heave
Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat;
Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare; [cheare
But, with sterne countenance and disdainfull
Bending her horned browes, did put her back;
And, boldly blaming her for coming here,
Bade her attone from heavens coast to pack,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull thunders wrack.

Yet nathemore the Giantesse forbare;
But, boldly praeching on, fraught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from of her chaire;
And, there-with lifting up her golden wand,
Threatened to strike her if she did with-stand:
Whereat the Starres, which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moones bright wagon still did stand,
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her unceut habitt and sterne looke still gazed.

Mean while the lower World, which nothing knew
Of all that chamneed here, was darkned quite;
And eke the Heavens, and all the heavenly crew
Of happy wights, now unparvaide of light,
Were much afraid and wondred at that sight;
Fearing least Chaos broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night;
But chieflie Mercury, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haste unto the King of gods to plaine.

All ran together with a great out-ery
To loves faire palace lix in heavens light;
And, beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him alound with all their might.
To know what meant that subline lack of light.
The Father of the gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange afflict,
Doubting lest Typhon were againe upreard,
Or other his old foes that once him sorely fear'd.

Eftsoones the Sonne of Maia forth he sent
Downe to the circle of the Moone, to knowe
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why she did her wonted course forslowe;
And, if that any were on earth below
That did with charmes or magic her molest,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe;
But if from heaven it were, then to arrest
The author; and him bring before his presence prest.

XVII.
The wingd-foot god so fast his plames did beat,
That soone he came whereas the Tittanesse
Was striving with faire Cynthia for her seat;
At whose strange sight and haughty hardinesse
He wondred much, and feared her no lesse:
Yet, laying feare aside to doe his charge,
At last he bade her, with bold stedfastnesse,
Cesse to molest the Moone to walke at large,
Or come before high love her dooings to discharge.

XVIII.
And therewithall he on her shoulder laid
His snaky-wreathed mace, whose awfull power
Doth make both gods and hellish fiends afraid:
Whereto the Tittanesse did sternely lower,
And stoutly answer'd: That in evil lowere
He from his love such message to her brought,
To bid her leave faire Cynthia silver bower;
Sith shee his love and him esteemed nought,
No more then Cynthia's selfe; but all their kingdoms sought.

XIX.
The heavens Herald staid not to reply,
But past away, his doings to relite
Unto his Lord; who now, in th' highest sky,
Was paced in his principall estate,
With all the gods about him congregate:
To whom when Hermes had his message told,
It did them all exceedinglly amaze,
Save Love; who, changing nought his countenance bold,
Did unto them at length these speeches wise unfold.

XX.
"Harken to mee awhile, ye heavenly Powers:
Ye may remember since th' Earths curved sword
Sought to assasile the heavens eternal towers,
And to us all exceeding fear did breed;
But, how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all doe knowe, and them destroy'd quite;
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An off-spring of their blood, which did alite
Upon the fruitful earth, which doth as yet desite.

XXI.
"Of that seed is this bold Woman bred,
That now with bold presumption doth aspire
To thrust faire Phoebe from her siluer bed,
And eke ourselves from heavens high empire,
If that her might were match to her desire:
Wherefore it now belovs us to advise
What way is best to drive her to retire;
Whether by open force, or counsel wise:
Aread, ye Sonnes of God, as best ye can devise."

XXII.
So having said, he ceast; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow, beck
And even the highest powers of heaven to check.)
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake:
Who straight gan cast their counsel grave and wise.
Meanwhile th' Earths daughter, though she
nought did reek
Of Hermes message, yet gan now advise
What course were best to take in this hot bold empire.

XXIII.
Eftsoones she thus resolv'd; that whil'st the gods
(Altogether return of Hermes embassie)
Were troubled, and amongst themselves at ods;
Before they could new counsell re-callie,
To set upon them in that extasie,
And what fortune, time, and place would
So forthe she rose, and through the purest sky
To loves high palace straight cast to ascend,
To prosecute her plot: Good onset boads good end.

XXIV.
Shee there arriving boldly in did pass;
Where all the gods she found in counsell close,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
At sight of her they siddlaile all arose
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose;
But love, all carelesse, forc't them to aby;
And in his soveraine throne gan straight dispose
Himselfe, more full of grace and majestie,
That more encheare his friends, and foes more terriifie.

XXV.
That when the haughty Tittanesse beheld,
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost quell'd;
And, inly quaking, seem'd as reft of sense
And void of speech in that dread audience;
Untill that love himselfe herselfe bespoke:
"Speake, thou faire Woman, speake with confidence;
[make! Whence art thou, and what dost thou here now
What idle errand hast thou earths mansion to forsake?"

XXVI.
Shee, halfe confused with his great command,
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demand;
"I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
Of her that is grand-mother magnifice
Of all the gods, great Earth, great Chaos child:
But by the fathers, be it not envi'd,
I greater am in blood, whereon I build,
Then all the gods, though wrongfully from heaven exill'd.

XXVII.
"For Titan, as ye all acknowledge must,
Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right;
Both sonnes of Uranus; but by unsure
And godful scenes, through Corybantes' light,
The younger thrust the elder from his right:
Since which thou, love, innocently last held
The heavens rule from Titans' somes by might;
And them to hellish dungeons downe last held:
Witness, ye heavens, the truth of all that I have told!

Whiles she thus spake, the gods that gave good care
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
(Becoming of stature tall as any there Of all the gods, and beautiful of face As any of the goddesses in place,) Stood all astonished; like a sort of steers, [race
Mongst whom some beast of strange and farronde Unwares is chance't, far straying from his peers:
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden fears.

Till, having paus'd awhile, Love thus bespake:
"Will never mortall thoughts cease to aspile
In this bold sort to heaven claimse to make,
And touch celestiall seates with earthly mire?
I would have thought that bold Procrustes hire,
Or Typhoons fall, or proud Ixions paine,
Or great Promethes tasting of our ire,
Would have suffiz'd the rest for to restraine,
And warn'd all men, by their example, to refraine:

"But now this off-secum of that cursed fry
Dare to renew the like bold enterprise,
And challenge th' heritage of this our skie;
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
Should handle as the rest of her allies,
And thunder drive to hell?" With that, he shooke
His nectar-denewed locks, with which the skyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin-browd in hand he tooke.

But when he looked on her lovely face,
In which faire beames of beauty did appeare
That could the greatest wrath soone turne to grace,
(Such sway doth beauty even in heaven beare.) He staid his hand; and, having chang'd his He thus againe in milde wise began; [chere
"But ah! if gods should strive with flesh yfere
Then shortly should the progeny of man
Be rooted out; if Love should doe still what he can!"

"But thee, faire Titans child, I rather weene,
Through some vaine error, or induction light,
To see that mortall eyes have never seene;
Or through enamour of thy sisters might;
Bellona, whose great glory thou dost spight,
Since thou hast seene her deadly power belowe,
Mongst wretched wretches, disnaiide with her affright,
To bandie crownes, and kingdoms to bestowe:
And sure thy worth no lesse then hers doth seem to showe.

"But wote thou this, thou hardly Titanesse,
That not the worth of any living wight
May challenge ought in heavens increase;
Much lesse the title of old Titans right;
For we by conquest, of our soveraine might,
And by eternal doome of Fates decreee,
Have wonne the empire of the heavens bright;
Which to ourselves we hold, and to whom wee
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our bliss to bee.

"Then cease the thy idle claime, thou foolish garle;
And seeke by grace and goodnessse to obtaine
That place, from which by folly Titan fell;
Thereunto thou maist perhaps, if so thou faile
Have love thy gracious Lord and Soveraigne." So having said, she thus to him repliye;
"Cease, Saturnes Sonne, to seeke by provers
Of idle hopes' allure mce to thy side; [vaine
For to betrayer my right before I have it tride.

"But thee, O Love, no equall judge I deeme
Of my desert, or of my dewfull right;
That in thine owne behalfe maist partial seene;
But to the highest him, that is belight
Father of gods and men by equall might,
To weet, the god of Nature, I appeale." Therforet Love vexed wroth, and in his spright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well concede;
And bade Dan Phoebus scribe her appellation scale.

Eftsoones the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heavenly powers and earthly wights.
Before great Natures presence should appeare,
For triall of their titles and best rights:
That was, to weet, upon the highest hights
Of Arlo-hill (who knowes not Arlo-hill?)
That is the highest head, in all mens sights,
Of my old father Mole, whom shepheards quill
Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a rural skill.

And, were it not ill fitting for this file
To sing of hilles and woods mongst warres and Kings,
I would abate the sterneness of my stile,
Mongst these stermenstound to minglestof delights;
And tell how Arlo, through Dianaes spights,
(Becoming of old the best and fairest hill
That was in all this Holy-Islands hights,) Was made the most unpleasant and most ill:
Meane while, O Clio, lend Calliope thy quill.

XXXII. 3. — interesse. [For interest, i.e. right or title to. CHURCH.
XXXIV. 4. — false
Hare) That is, desire to have. CHURCH.
XXXVI. 7. — in all mens sights.] That is, in the opinion of all men. CHURCH.
XXXVII. 1. — this file) That is, this stile, Lat. filum. CHURCH.
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

XXXVIII.

Whylome when Ireland flourished in fame
Of wealth and goodnesse, far above the rest
Of all that beares the British Islands name,
The gods then had, for pleasure and for rest,
Oft to resort there to, when seemed them best:
But none of all therein more pleasure found
Then Cynthia, that is soveraine Queen profess'd
Of woods and forests, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholesome waters more then most on ground:

XXXIX.

But midst them all, as fittest for her game,
(Either for chace of beasts with hound or hewe,
Or for to shave in shade from Phoebus flame,
Or bathe in fountains that doe freely flowe,
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,)
She chose this Arlo; where she did resort
With all her nymphes arranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody gods did oft consort;
For with the nymphes the satyres love to play and sport:

XL.

Amongst the which there was a Nymphe that bight
Molanna; daughter of old Father Mole,
And sister unto Mulla faire and bright:
Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome stole,
That Shepheard Colin dearly did cambre,
And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to be:
But this Molanna, were she not so shole,
Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee:
Yet, as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.

XLI.

For she springs out of two marble rocks,
On which grove of oakes high-mounted growe,
That as a girlowed seemes to deck the locks
Of some faire bride, brought forth with pommace showes
Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:
So through the flowry dales she tumbling downe
Through many woods and shadie covertes howses,
That on each side her silver chamell crowne,
Till to the plains shee come, whose valleys shee doth drowne.

XLII.

In her sweet streams Diana used oft,
After her sweatie chace and toiselle play,
To bathe herselue; and, after, on the soft
And downe grasse her dainty limbes to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may;
For much she hated sight of living eye:
Foolish god Faunus, though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
To see her naked mongst her nymphes in privity.

XLIII.

No way he found to compass his desire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her Maid,
Her to discover for some secret hive:
So her with flattering words he first assaid;

XLIV. 5. That Shepheard Colin dearly did cambre.] Which story Colin Clout (Spenser himself) did dearly cambre in his Poem entitled Colin Clouts come home again. UPON.

XLV. 7 nerve one lye.] Shallow. As the epithet is here applied to the River, as being a Person, it means little or nothing. CHURCH.

And, after, pleasing gifts for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red cherries from the tree,
With which he her allureth and betraid
To tell what time he might her Lady see
When she herselue did bathe, that he might secret bee.

XLV.

There hee promist, if she would him pleasure
With this small boone, to quit her with a better;
To weet, that whereas shee had out of measure
Long lov'd the Faunchin, who by nought did set her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his Love, and of him liked well;
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debtor
For many more good turnes then he would tell;
The least of which this little pleasure should excell.

XLVI.

The simple Maid did yield to him anone;
And cft him placed where he close might view
That never any saw, save onely one,
Who, for his hirfe to so fool'd-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds devon't in hunters hew.
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her nymphes about her, drew
To this sweet spring; where, dolfing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbs, for love a likely pray.

XLVII.

There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye,
And made his hart to jingle in his brest,
That, for great joy of somewhat he did spy,
He could him not containe in silent rest;
But, breaking forth in laughter, loud profess'd
His foolish thought: a foolish Faunce indeed,
That couldst not hold thyselfe so hidden brest,
But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed!
Babblers unworthy been of so divine a heed.

XLVIII.

The Goddessse, all abashed with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brooke;
And, running straight whereas she heard his voice,
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke
Like darreled larke, not daring up to looke
On her whose sight before so much he sought.
Thence forth they drew him by the horns, and
shooke
Nigh all to peesces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

XLIX.

Like as an huswifte, that with busie care
Thinks of her dairie to make wondrous gaine,
Finding whereas some wicked beast enware
That breaks into her dayr' house, there doth drain
Her creaming pannes, and frustrate her gaine;
Hath, in some snare or gin set close behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinkes what punishment were bestsaint'd,
And thousand deaths devisest in her vengefull mind:

XLV. — save onely one;] viz. Acton. UPON.

XLVII. 5. Like darreled larke. A glass, made use of in catching larks, is called a darreling glasse. UPON.
CANTO VII. THE FAERIE QUEENE.

Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
All those faire forrests about Arlo hid;
And all that mountain, which doth overlooke
The richest champion that may else be rid;
And the faire Shure, in which are thousand salmons bred.

LV.

Them all, and all that she so deare did way,
Thenceforth she left; and, parling from the place,
Thereon an heavy haplesse curse did lay;
To weet, that wolves, where she was wont to space,
Shou'd harbour'd be and all those woods deace,
And thieves should rob and spoile that coast around,
Since which, those woods, and all that goodly chase
Doth to this day with wolves and thieves abound;
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers since
have found i

CANTO VII.

Pealing from love to Natures bar
Hold Alteration pleasure
Large evidence: but Nature soon
Her righteous doone arraies.

IV.

Ah! whither doost thou now, thou greater Muse,
Me from these woods and pleasing forrests bring
And my fraile spirit, that dooth oft refuse
This too high flight unifft for her weake wing,
Lift up aloft, to tell of heavens king
(Thy soveraine Sire) his fortunate successe;
And victory in bigger notes to sing,
Which he obtain'd against that Titanesse,
That him of heavens empire sought to dispossesse

II.

Yet, sith I needs must follow thy behest,
Doe thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
Fit for this turne; and in my sable brest
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire
Which learned minds inframeth with desire
Of heavenly things; for who, but thou alone
That art yborne of heaven and heavenly Sire,
Can tell things done in heaven so long ygone,
So farre past memory of man that may be knowne

III.

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The gods assembled all on Arlo Hill;
As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed,
As those that all the other world doe fill,
And rule both sea and land unto their will:
Onely th' infernall powres might not appeare;
As well for horror of their count'nance ill,
As for th' unrule flinds which they did feare;
Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present there.

IV.

And thither also came all other creatures,
Whatever life or motion doe retaine,

LIV. 6. --- thou greater Muse.] Cho. CHURCH.
LV. 6. --- rid.] Red, rad, be spoken of, or declared;
from the Anglo-Sax. PÆNAN. UPTON.
LV. 1. --- way.] Estem. CHURCH.
LV. 9. Which too-too true &c.] The reduplication of
too signifies exceedingly, as I have before observed. Tow.
LV. 1. --- thou greater Muse.] Cho. CHURCH.

xix. 2. --- now within their balle:] That is, now within
their power, CHURCH.
xlix. 9. --- a more:] A dull stupid blockhead, a
stock, a post. HAWKINS.
L. 5. --- driver:] For driven. CHURCH.
According to their sundry kinds of features; 
That Arlo scarcely could them all containe; 
So full they filled every hill and plaine: 
And had not Natures Sergeant (that is Order) 
Them well disposed by his bische paine, 
And rangfed farre abroad in every border, 
They would have caused much confusion and disorder.

Then forth issue'd (great Godsse) great Dame Nature 
With goodly port and gracious majesty, 
Being far greater and more tall of stature 
Then any of the gods or powers on his; 
Yet certes by her face and phynsomy, 
Whether she man or woman inely were, 
That could not any creature well desery; 
For, with a veile that wimpled every where, 
Her head and face was hid that mote to noone appearre.

That, some doe say, was so by skill devis'd, 
To hide the terror of her uncount hew 
From mortall eyes that should be sore agriz'd, 
For that her face did like a lion shew, 
That eye of wight could not endure to view: 
But others tell that it so beautious was, 
And round about such beames of splendor threw, 
That it the same a thousand times did pass, 
Ne could be scene but like an image in a glass.

That well may seemen true; for well I weene 
That this same day, when she on Arlo sat, 
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene, 
That my frile wit cannot devize to what 
It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that: 
As those three sacred saints, though elsemost wise, 
Yet on Mount Thabor quite their wits forgot, 
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise 
Transfigur'd sawe; his garments so did dazzle their eyes.

In a fayre plaine upon an equall hill 
She placed was in a pavilion; 
Not such as craftsmen by their idle skill 
Are wont for princes states to fashion; 
But th' Earth herself, of her owne motion, 
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to grove 
Most dainty trees, that, shooting up anon, 
Did seeme to bow their blossoming heads full lowe 
For honage unto her, and like a throne did shew.

So hard it is for any living wight 
All her array and vestimentes to tell, 
That old Dan Geffrey (in whose gentle spright 
The pure well-mouth of poesie did dwell) 
In his Fousles parley durst not with it well, 
But it transfered to Alane, who he thought 
Had in his Plaint of kinde describ'd it well:

Which who will read set forth so as it ought, 
Go seek he out that Alane where he may be sought.

And all the earth far underneath her feete 
Was dight with flowers, that voluntary grew 
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet; 
Tenne thousand more of sundry sent and hew, 
That might delight the smell, or please the view, 
Thewhich the nymphes from all the brooks thereby 
Had gathered, they at her foot-stoolo threw; 
That richer seemd then any tapestry, 
That princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

And Mole himselfe, to honour her the more, 
Did deck himself in freshest faire attire; 
And his high head, that seemed alwayes hove 
With hardned frosts of former winters ire, 
He with an oaken girlond now did tire, 
As if the love of some new nymph late scene 
Had in him kindled youthful full desire, 
And made him change his gray attire to greene; 
Ah! gentle Mole, such ioyance haue thee well beseeene,

Was never so great ioyance since the day 
That all the gods whylome assembled were 
On Haemus hill in their divine array, 
To celebrate the solemn bridal cheare 
Twixt Peles and Dame Thetis pointed there; 
Where Phoebus self, that god of poests hight, 
They say, did sing the spousall hymne full elecre, 
That all the gods were ravished with delight 
Of his celestall song and musickes wondrous might.

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred, 
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of old; 
Still mooting, yet unmoved from her sted; 
Unscene of any, yet of all beheld; 
Thus sitting in her throne, as I have telled, 
Before her came Dame Mutability; 
And, being lowe before her presence feld 
With meek olayance and humilitie, 
Thus gan her plaintif plea with words to amplifie:

"To thee, O greatest Godsse, onely great, 
An humble applicant loe! I lowely fly, 
Seeking for right, which I of thee entreat; 
Who right to all dost deale indifferently, 
Dannning all wrong and tortuous iniuries, 
Which any of thy creatures doe to other 
Oppressing them with power unequally, 
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother, 
And knittest each to each, as brother unto brother:"

"To thee therefore of this same Iove I plaine, 
And of his fellow gods that faime to be, 
That challenge to themselves the whole worlds 
Of which the greatest part is due to me, [raign, 
And heaven itsef by heritace in fee: 
For heaven and earth I both alike do deeme, 

[ Footnote: xi. We use the word mores in the West of England for roots &c. Sonner, Anglo-Sax. mist; 
acini, bacce, semina. Upton. ]

[ Footnote: xii. 5. pointed] For appointed. Church.
Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee; And gods no more then men thou dost esteem; For even the gods to thee, as men to gods, do seeme.

XVI. "Then weigh, O soveraigne Goddesse, by what right These gods do claim the worlds whole soverainity; And that is onely dew unto my might Arrogate to themselves ambitiously: As for the gods owne principality, Which love usurpes unстыdly, that to be Mine owne, Iovis solvus caritas. From my great grand sire Titan unto mee Deriv'd by dew descent; as is well known to thee.

XVII. "Yet mauger love, and all his gods beside, I doe possesse the worlds most regiment; As if ye please it into parts divide, And every parts inholders to convent, Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent. And first, the Earth (great mother of us all) That only seems unmov'd and permanent, And unto Mutability not thrall, Yet is she chang'd in part, and eke in generall:

XVIII. "For all that from her springs, and is ybredd, However fayre it flourish for a time, Yet see we soon decay; and, being dead, To turne again unto their earthly shime: Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime, We daily see new creatures to arise. And of this Winter spring another Prime, Unlike in forme, and chang'd by strange disguise: So turne they still about, and change in restlesse wise.

XIX. "As for her tenants; that is, man and beasts; The beasts we daily see massacred dy As thralls and vassals unto mens behoasts; And man themselves doe change continually, From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty. From good to bad, from bad to worst of all: Ne doe their bodies only fliet and fly; (call) But eke their minds (which they immortal) Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

XX. "Ne is the Water in more constant case; Whether those same on high, or these belowe: For th' ocean moveth still from place to place; And every river still doth ebb and flowe; Ne any lake, that seems most still and slowe, Ne poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde When any winde doth under heaven blowe; With which the clouds are also tost and roll'd, Now like great hills; and streight, like sluces, them unfold.

XXI. "So likewise are all watry living lights Still tost and turned with continual change,

XXII. "Next is the Ayre: which who feeleth not by sense (For of all sense it is the middle meane) To flit still, and with substil influence Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintaine In state of life! O weake life! that does leane On thing so tinkle as th' unsteady Ayre, Which every howre is chang'ed, and alrte clean With every blast that bloweth fowle or faire: The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impaire.

XXIII. "Therein the changes infinite beholde, Which to her creatures every minute chaunce; Now boylinge hot; straight friezing deadly cold; Now faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce; Straight bitter storms, and balefull countenance That makes them all to shiver and to shake; Rayne, hayle, and snowe do pay them sad penance, And dreadful thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes make.

XXIV. "Last is the Fire; which, though it live for ever, Ne can be quenched quite; yet, every day, We see his parts, so soon as they do sever, To lose their heat and shortly to decay; So makes himself his owne consuming pray: Ne any living creatures doth he breed; But all, that are of others bredd, doth slay; And with their death his cruel life dooth feed; Nought leaving but their barren ashes without seedle.

XXV. "Thus all these Prower (the which the ground-work bee Of all the world and of all living wights) To thousand sorts of change we subject see: Yet are they chang'd by other wondrous slightes Into themselves, and lose their native mights; The Fire to Aire, and th' Aire to Water sheere; And Water into Earth; yet Water fights With Fire, and Aire with Earth, approaching Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare. [neece;]

XXVI. "So in them all raignes Mutabilitie: However these, that gods themselves do call, Of them doe claim the rule and soverainity; As Vesta, of the fire thereall;

XXVII. 7. — grange? In the sense of dwelling-place. The word grange is generally used for a solitary farmhouse. Mr. Warne says, that grange, strictly and properly speaking, is the farm of a monastery, where the religious deposited their corn; grangia, Latt. from grannum; but that in Lincolnshire, and in other northern counties, they call every lone house, or farm which stands solitary, a grange. Todd

A A 2
Vulcan, of this with us so usual;  
Ops, of the earth; and Juno, of the ayre;  
Neptune, of seas; and Nymphes, of rivers all:  
For all those rivers to me subject are;  
And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my share.

"Which to approven true, as I have told,  
Vouchsafe, O Goddess, to thy presence call  
The rest which doe the world in being hold;  
As Times and Seasons of the yeare that fall:  
Of all the which demand in general,  
Or judge thyselfe, by verdict of thine eye,  
Whether to me they are not subject all."  
Nature did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by  
Bade Order call them all before her Majesty.

So forth itsew'd the Seasons of the yeare:  
First, lusty Spring all dight in leaves of flowers  
That freshly budded and new bloomes did bear,  
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres  
That sweeetely sung to call forth paramours;  
And in his hand a favelin he did bear,  
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)  
A guilt engrav'd on boar he did weare;  
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

Then came the idly Sommer, being dight  
In a thin silken casock colour'd greene,  
That was unlyned all, to be more light:  
And on his head a girland well besローン  
He wore, from which as he had chaffed been  
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore  
A bowe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene  
Had hunted late the hindard or the bore,  
And now would bathe his limbs with labor heated sore.

Then came the Autumnne all in yellow clod,  
As though he ioeyd in his plentiful store,  
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad  
That he had banish't hunger, which to-fore  
Had by the belly oft him pinch'd sore:  
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrol'd  
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore;  
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,  
To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

Lastly, came Winter clothed all in frize,  
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill:  
Whils't on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,  
And the dull droops, that from his purpled bill  
As from a limbeck did adown distill:  
In his right hand a tipp'd staffe he held,  
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;  
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;  
That scarce his loosed limbs he hable was to weld.

These, marching softly, thus in order went.  
And after them the Mounthes all riding came:  
First, sturdy March, with brows full sternely bent  
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,  
The same which over Hellespontus swam;

Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,  
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,  
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,  
And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of nourish ment.

Next came fresh April, full of lustybed,  
And wanton as a kid whose horne new buds:  
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led  
Europa floting through th' Argolick floods:  
His horses were giden all with golden studes,  
And garnished with garnlands goodly dight  
Of all the fairest flourses and freshest buds  
Which th' earth brings forth; and we the seem'd  
In sight  
With waves, through which he waded for his Loves delight.

Then came faire May, the fayrest Mayd on ground,  
Deckt all with dainties of her seasones prysde,  
And throwing flourses out of her lap around;  
Upon two Brethrens shoulders she did ride,  
The Twinness of Leda: which on eyther side  
Supported her like to their soveraine queene:  
Lord! how all creatures laught when her they spide,  
And leapt and dauncet as they had ravished bee!  
And Cupid selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

And after her came idly Iune, array'd  
All in greene leaves, as he a player were;  
Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,  
That by his plough-yrons most right well appeare:  
Upon a Cram he rode, that him did beare  
With crooked crawling steps an uncoth pace,  
And backward yode, as bargemen wont to fare  
Bending their force contrary to their face;  
Like that ungracious crew which taines demurest grace.

Then came hot Iuly boilng like to fire,  
That all his garments he had cast away:  
Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire  
He boldly rode, and made him to say:  
(It was the beast that whylome did forny  
The Nomacan forest, till th' Amyphitride  
Him slew, and with his hide did him array:)  
Behind his bach a sithre, and by his side  
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

The sixt was August, being rich array'd  
In garment all of gold downe to the ground:  
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd  
Forthe by lily hand, which was round  
With cares of corn, and full her hand was found:  
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old  
Lived here on earth, and plenty made abound;  
But, after Wrang was lovd and Justice solde,  
She left th' unnirghteous world, and was to heaven exold.

xxv. 6. — [hent.] Held, from hand, which is also used by Spenser. Anglo-Sax. hendan, Lat. prohendere. 
xxvii. 7. — ysame.] I. e. collected together. Upton. 
xxviii. 1. — idly Iune.] That is, handsome June. 
xxix. 5. — and full her hand was found.] That is, And her hand was found full of cares ofcorn. Upton.
Next him September marched eke on foot;  
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle  
Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,  
And him enrich with bounty of the spoil;  
In his one hand, as fit for harvests toyle,  
He held a knife-hook; and in the other hand  
A Paire of Wights, with which he did assylle  
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,  
And equall gave to each as Justice duly scannd.

Then came October full of merry glee;  
For yet his noule was totty of the must,  
Which he was treading in the wine tats see,  
And of the joyous oyle, whose gentle gust  
Made him so frolick and so full of lust;  
Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,  
The same which by Dianaes doom unniest  
Slew great Orion; and eke by his side  
He had his ploughing-share and counter ready tyde.

Next was November; he full grosse and fat  
As feest with hard, and that right well might see;  
For he had been a feasting logs of late,  
That yet his browses with sweat didocket and stream,  
And yet the season was full sharp and breen;  
In planting eke he took no small delight;  
Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme;  
For it a dreadfull Centaurse was in sight,  
The seed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chiron hight.

And after him came next the chill December;  
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made  
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;  
His Saviours birth his mind so much did glad:  
Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,  
The same wherewith Dan love in tender yeares,  
They say, was nourisht by th' earth Mayd;  
And in his hand a broad deecepe bowl he beares,  
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peers.

Then came old January, wrapped well  
In many weeds to keep the cold away;  
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,  
And blow his noyes to warme them if he may;  
For they were numb'd with holding all the day  
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood  
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray;  
Upon an huge great Earth-pot Steane he stood,  
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the  
Romane Flood.

And lastly came cold February, sitting  
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,  
Drawne of two Fishes for the season fitting,  
Which through the flood before did softly style  
And swim away; yet bad he by his side  
His plough and harresse fit to fill the ground,  
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride  
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round.  
So past the Twelve Months forth, and their dew places found.

Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high love  
And timely Night; the which were all endew  
With wondrous beauty fitted to kindle love;  
But they were virgin all, and love eschewed  
That might forsaught the charge to them foresawed  
By mighty love; who did them porters make  
Of heavens gate (wherein all the gods issued)  
Which they did dayly watch, and nightly wake  
By even turnes, ne ever did their charge forsake.

When these were past, thus gan the Titanesse;  
"Lo ! mighty Mother, now be judge, and say  
Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse  
CHANGE doth not reign and bear the greatest sway;  
For who sees not that Time on all doth pray  
But times do change and move continually:  
So nothing here long standeth in one stay:  
Wherefore this lover world who can deny  
But to be subject still to Mutabilitie?"

Then thus gan love; "Right true it is, that these  
And all things else that under heaven dwell  
Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them all dissease  
the Belgic word steen, a steen-pot. Aquarius is painted pouring out from his steen-pot or urn, a flood, spiero  
facuis, effusio aqurum, which Spenser calls the Roman Flood;  
not to be confounded with the constellation called by various names, viz. i Pharmak, Phareus, Oceanus, Nius, Ere-  
damus, Pades, &c. Upon  
Upon an huge great Earth-pot Steane he stood,  
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the  
Romane Flood.] Spenser's spelling steane is agrable to  
the
Of being: But who is it (to me tell)
That Time himselfe doth move and still compell
To keepe his course? Is not that namely Wee
Which poure that vertue from our heavenly cell
That moves them all, and makesthem changed be?
So them We gods doe rule, and in them also Thee."

To whom thus Mutability; "The things,
Which we see not how they are mov'd and swayed,
Ye may attribute to yourselves as kings,
And say, they by your secret power are made:
But what we see not, who shall us persuade?
But were they so, as ye them faile to be,
Mov'd by your might, and ordered by your ayde,
Yet what if I can prove, that even Yee
Yourselves are likewise chang'd, and subject unto
Mee?

"And first, concerning her that is the first,
Even you, faire Cynthia; whom so much ye make
loves dearest darling, she was bred and murst
On Cynthia hill, whence she her name did take;
Then is she mortal born, howso ye crake:
Besides, her face and countenance every day
We changed see and sundry forms partake,
Now hornd, now round, now bright, now brown
and gray:
So that as changefull as the moone men use to say.

"Next Mercury; who though he lesse appeare
To change his hew, and always seeme as one,
Yet he his course doth alter every yeare,
And is of late far out of order gone;
So Venus eke, that goodly paragone,
Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day;
And Phoebus self, who lightsome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

"Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed most;
For he sometimes so far runs out of square,
That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
And cleanse without his usuall sphere to fare;
That even these star-gazers stonish are
At sight thereof; and daunce their lying books:
So likewise grim Sir Saturne oft doth spare
His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbled lookes:
So many turning cranks these have, so many crookes.

"But you, Dan Iove, that only constant are,
And king of all the rest, as ye do clame,
Are you not subject eke to this misfare?
Then let me ask you this withouten blame;
Where were ye borne? Some say in Crete by name,
Others in Thbes, and others in otherwhere;
But, wheresover they comment the same,
They all consent that ye begotten were
And borne here in this world; no other can appeare.
And love confirm'd in his imperial see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dimist,
And Natures selfe did vanish, whither no man wist.

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THE VIIIth CANTO,

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

When I bethinke me on that speech whyleare
Of Mutability, and well it way;
Me seemes, that though she all unworthy were
Of the heav'ns rule; yet, very sooth to say,
In all things else she bears the greatest sway:
Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
And love of things so vaine to cast away;
Whose flowering pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle!

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Then gin I think on that which Nature sayd,
Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things, firmely stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie:
For all that moveth doth in change delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight:
O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabbaths sight!

[By what means this unfinished Canto, and the two preceding Cantos, were preserved; the first editor of them has left no particulars. They are usually termed the Seventh Book of the Poem. The fragment exhibits a very fine specimen of Spenser's sublime invention.]

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n. 8. ——— that is the God of Sabaoth hight:] The meaning is, Who is called the God of Hosts or Armies.

n. 9. ——— that Sabbaths sight!] Sabbath signifies rest. "That Sabbaths sight" is the rest eternal spoken of in the seventh line. The poet meant to say—O' Thou, that art the God of Hosts, grant me the enjoyment of that rest eternal.

church.
THE SHEPHERDS CALENDER:
CONTAINING
TWELVE AEGLOGUES, PROPORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE MONETHES.

ENTITLED TO THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS GENTLEMAN, MOST WORTHIE OF ALL TITLES BOTH OF LEARNING AND CHIVALRY,

MAISTER PHILIP SIDNEY.

TO HIS BOOKE.

Goe, little Booke! thy selfe present,
As childe whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the President
Of Noblenesse and Chevalree;
And if that Envie barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succour flee
Under the shadow of his wing.
And, asked who thee forth did bring,
A shepheards swaine, say, did thee sing,

All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And, when his Honour has thee redde,
Grave pardon for thy hardy-hodde.
But, if that any aske thy name,
Say, thou wert base-begot with blame;
Forthy thereof thou takest shame.
And, when thou art past iepardee,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee.

THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LEARNED, BOTH ORATOR AND POET,

MAISTER GABRIEL HARVEY,

HIS VERIE SPECIALL AND SINGULAR GOOD FRIEND E. K. COMMENDETH THE GOOD LYKING OF THIS HIS GOOD LABOUR, AND THE PATRONAGE OF THE NEW POET.

Uncouth, unkist, said the old famous poet Chaucer: whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skill in making, his scholler Lidgate, a worthie scholler of so excellent a master, calleth the loadstarre of our language: and whom our Colin Clout in his Eglogue calleth Tityrus the god of shepheards, comparing him to the worthinesse of the Roman Tityrus, Virgil. Which proverb, mine owne good friend M. Harvey, as in that good old poet it served well Pandares purpose for the bolstering of his * bawdie brocage, so very well taketh place in this our new Poet, who for that bee is uncouth (as sayde Chaucer) is unkist, and unknowne to most men, is regarded but of a fewe. But I doubt not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowledge of men, and his worthinesse bee sounded in the trumpe of Fame, but that hee shall bee not onely kist, but also beloved of all, imbraced of the most, and wondred at of the best. No lesse, I thinke, deserveth his witinessse in devising, his pithinessse in uttering, his complaints of love so lovely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastoral rudenes, his morall wisesnesse, his due observing of Decorum everie where, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speech; and generallie, in

*bawdie brocage.] Brocage here signifies pimping. Todd.
all seemly simplicitie of handling his matters, and framing his wordes: the which of many things which in him be straunge, I know will seeme the strangest, and wordes themselves being so annucent, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole period and compass of speech so delightsome for the roundnesse, and so grave for the strangenesse. And first of the wordes to speake, I grant they bee something hard, and of most men unused, yet both English, and also used of most excellent authours, and most famous poetas. In whom, when as this our Poet hath bin much travailed and throughly read, how could it be, (as that worthie Oratour sayde) but that walking in the Sunne, althoughe for other cause he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt; and, having the sound of those annucent poets still ringing in his ears, he sought needes, in singing, hit out some of their tunes. But whether he useth them by such casualtie and custome, or of set purpose and choise, as thinking them fittest for such rustical rudenesse of shepheardes, either for that their rough sound would make his rimes more ragged and rusticall; or else because such old and obsolete wordes are most used of Country folk, sure I thinkke, and thinke I think not amisse, that they bring great grace, and, as one would say, authoritie to the verse.

For albe, amongst many other faults, it specially be oblicted of Valla against Livie, and of other against Salust, that with over much studie they affect antiquitie, as covering thereby credence and honour of elder yeares; yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the like, that those annucent solemn words, are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other: the one labouuring to set forth in his worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of gravity and importance. For, if my memorie faile not, Tully in that booke, wherein he endeavoureth to set forth the patterne of a perfect Orator, saith that oftentimes an ancient worde maketh the stile seeme grave, and as it were reverence, no otherwise then we honor and reverence gray hairies for a certaine religious regard, which we have of old age. Yet neither every where must old wordes be stufed in, nor the common Dialect and maner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that, as in olde buildings, it seeme disorderly and rauynous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they use to blaze and portray not only the daintie lineaments of beautie, but also round about it to shadowe the rude thickets and craggy cliffs, that, by the basenes of such parts, more excellencie may accrue to the principall: for oftentimes we find our selves, I know not how, singularly delighted with the shew of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Even so doe those rough and harsh learntes chomme, and make more clearly to appeare, the brightnesse of brave and glorious wordes. So oftentimes a discorde in musike maketh a comedy concordance: so great delight toke the worthie poet Alceus to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a well shaped bodie. But, if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choise of olde and unwonted wordes, him may I more justly blame and condemne, or of witlesse headinesse in judging, or of heedlesse hardinesse in condemning: for, not marking the compass of his bent, he will judge of the length of his cast: for in my opinion it is one especiall praise of many, which are due to this Poet, that he hath labored to restore, as to their rightfull heritage, such good and naturall English wordes, as have beene long time out of use, and almost cleanlie dishevered. Which is the only cause, that our mother tongue, which truly of itself is both full inough for prose, and stately inough for verse, hath long time beene counted most bare and barren of both. Which default when as some endeavoured to salve and recreate, they patched up the holes with peeces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, every where of the Latin; not weighing how ill those tongues accord with themselves, but much worse with ours: So now they have made our English tong a gallimaufry, or hodgepodge of all other speeches. Other some not so well seene in the English tongue, as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to heare an olde word, albeit very naturall and significant, cry out straightway, that we speake no English, but gibberish, or rather such as in olde time Evanders mother spake: whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their owne mother tongue, to bee counted strangers and aliens. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they understand not, they strightway deeme to be senselesse, and not at all to be understoode. Much like to the Mole in Aesops fable, that, being blind herself, would in no wise be persuaded, that any beast could see. The last, more shamefull then both, that of their owne country and natural speach, which together with their nurses milke they sucked, they have so base regard and bastarde judgiment, that they will not only themselves not labor to garnish and beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it should be emblished. Like to the dogge in the managier, that hisselve can cate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungrie bullock, that so faine would feed: whose currish kinde, though it cannot be kept from barking, yet I oune them thanke that they refraigne from byting.

Now, for the knitting of sentences, which they call the ioynts and members thereof, and for all the
compass of the speech, it is round without roughnesse, and learned without hardnesse, such in deede as
may be perceyved of the least, understood of the most, but judged onely of the learned. For what in
most English writers useth to be loose, and as it were unright, in this Author is well grounded, finely
framed, and strongly trussed vp together. In regard whereof, I scorne and spew out the rake-helly rout of our ragged ryners (for so themselves use to hunt the letter) which without learning boast,
without judgement jangle, without reason rage and fome, as if some instinct of poetical spirit had newly
ravished them above the meannesse of common capacite. And being, in the midst of all their braverie,
suddenly, either for want of matter, or rime; or having forgotten their former conceit; they seem to
be so pained and travailed in their remembrance, as it were a woman in childbirth, or as that same
Pythia, when the trauence came upon her. "Os rabidum fera corda domans, &c."

Nethesle, let them a Gods name feed on their owne folly, so they seeke not to darken the beams of
others glorie. As for Colin, under whose person the Authors selfe is shadowed, how farre he is from
such vaunted titles and glorious shewes, where he sayth:

" Of Muses Hobbin, I comne no skill."

And

" Enough is me to paint out my unrest, &c."

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, wherein it seemeth he chose rather to unfold great
matter of argument covertly then, professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Which moved him rather
in Aeglogues then otherwise to write doubting perhaps his ability, which he little needed, or minding to
furnish our tongue with this kinde, wherein it faulthe ; or following the example of the best and
most ancient poets, which devised this kinde of writing, being both so base for the matter, and
homely for the maner, at the first to trie their habilities; and as yong birds, that bee newly crept out
of the nest, by little first prove their tender wings, before they make a greater flight. So flew
Theocritus, as you may perceyve hee was alreadie full fledged. So flew Virgil, as not yet well feeling
his wings. So flew Mantuan, as not being ful somd. So Petrarque. So Boccace. So Marot, Sanzarius,
and also divers other excellent both Italian and French poets, whose footing this author everie where
foloweth : yet so as few, but they be well sented, can trace him out. So finally filth this our new Poet
as a birde whose principals be scarce grownie out, but yet as one that in time shall be able to keepe
wing with the best. Now, as touching the general drift and purpose of his Aeglogues, I mind not to
say much, himself laboring to conceal it. Only this appeareth, that his unstayed youth had long wanded
in the common Labirinth of Love, in which time to mitigate and alay the heat of his passion, or else to
warne (as he saith) the yong shepheards, his equals and companions, of his unfortunate folly, hee compiled
these twelve Aeglogues, which, for that they be proportioned to the state of the twelve Moneths, he
tourned it the Shepheards Calender, applying an olde name to a new work. Hereunto have I
determined a certaine Glossie, or scholion, for the exposition of olde wordes; and harder phrases which manner
of glossing and commenting, well I vote, will seeme strange and rare in our tongue: yet, for so much
as I knewe many excellent and proper devises, both in wordes and matter, would passe in the spedie
course of reading either as unknowne, or as not marked; and that in this kinde, as in other, we might be
equal to the learned of other nations; I thought good to take the paines upon me, the rather for that
by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I was made privie to his counsile and secret meaning in them,
as also in sundrie other works of his. Which albeit I knowe he nothing so much hathe, as to promulgate,
yet thus much have I adventured upon his friendship, himselfe being for long time farre estrauanged;
hoping that this will the rather occasion him to put foorth diverse other excellent works of his, which
sleep in silence; as his Dreams, his Legends, his Court of Cupid, and sundrie others, whose commendation
to set out were vereic vaine, the things though worthie of many, yet being knowne to fewe.
These my present paines, if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you judge, mine owne
maister Harvey, to whom I have both in respect of your worthines generally, and otherwise upon some
particular and speciall considerations, vowed this my labour, and the maidenhead of this our common
friends poetrie; himselfe having alreadie in the beginning dedicated it to the noble and worthie
 Gentleman, the right worshipfull maister Philip Sidney, a speciall favouer and maintainer of all
kine of learning. Whose cause, I pray you, sir, if envie shall stirre up any wrongfull accusation,
defend with your mightie rhetoricke and other your right gifts of learning, as you can, and shiel
with your good will, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know
will bee set on fire with the sparkes of his kindled glorie. And thus recommending the Author unto
you, as unto his most speciall good friend, and my selfe unto you both, as one making singular account
of two so very good and so choise friends, I bid you both most heartily fare well, and commit you and your commendable studies to the tuition of the Greatest. Your own assuredly to be commauded,

E. K.

Post sor.

Now I trust, M. Harvey, that upon sight of your speeiall friends and fellow poets doings, or else for envie of so many unworthy Quidiams, which catch at the garland which to you alone is due, you will be persuaded to plucke out of the hatefult darkenes those so many excellent English poems of yours which lie hid, and bring them forth to eternal light. Trust me, you do both them great wrong, in depriving them of the desired sun; and also your selfe, in smothering your deserved praises; and all men generally, in withholding from them so divine pleasures, which they might conceyve of your gallant English verses, as they have alreadie done of your Latin poems, which, in my opinion, both for invention and elocution are vere delicate and super-excellent. And thus againe I take my leave of my good M. Harvey. From my lodging at London this tenth of April, 1579.

THE

GENERALL ARGUMENT OF THE WHOLE BOOKE.

Little, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first originall of Aeglogues, having alreadie touched the same. But, for the worde Aeglogues I know is unknownn to most, and also mistaken of some of the best learned, (as they thinkes.) I will say somewhat thereof, beeinge not at all important to my present purpose. They were first of the Greekes, the inventours of them, called *Aeglogai*, as it were *Aegon*, or *Aeginon logi*, that is, Gotheardses tales. For although in Virgil and others the speakers be more Shepheardes then Gotheards, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in Virgil, This specially from That deriving, as from the first heade and wellspring, the whole invention of these Aeglogue, maketh Gotheard the persons and authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grossenesse of such as by colour of learning would make us believe, that they are more rightly termed *Eclogai*, as they would say, extraordinarie discourses of unnecessary matter: which definition albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing; yet no whist answereth with the analysis and interpretation of the worde. For they be not learned *Eclogues*, but *Aeglogues*; which sentence this Author verie well observing, upon good judgement, though indeede fewe Gotheards have to doe herein, nevertheless doubteth not to call them by the used and best known name. Other curous discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion.

These twelve Aeglogue, every where answering to the seasons of the twelve Moneths, may be well divided into three formes or rankes. For either they be Plaintive, as the first, the sixt, the eleventh, and the twelfth; or Humoristic, such as all those bee, which containe matter of love, or commendation of speciall personages; or Moral, which for the most part be mixing with some Satyrical bitterness; namely, the second, of reverence due to olde age; the fift, of coloured deceyte; the seventh and ninth, of dissolute Shepheardes and Pastors; the tenth, of contempt of Poetrie and pleasant Wittes. And to this division may every thing herein bee reasonably applied; a fewe onelie except, whose speciall purpose and meaning I am not privie to. And thus much generally of these twelve Aeglogue. Now will we speake particularly of all, and first of the first, which here calleth by the first Monethes name, Januarie: wherein to some hee may seeme fouly to have faulted, in that he erroniously beginneth with that Moneth, which beginneth not the yeare. For it is well knowne, and stouttie maintaineth with strong reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March; for then the sunne renueth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasure thereof, being buried in the sadness of the dead winter now worn away, relieveth.

This opinion maintaineth the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely, the reverend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holy dayes of Saturne; which account also was generally observed both of Grecians and Romans. But, saving the leave of such learned heades, wee maintaine a custome of counting the seasons from the Moneth Januarie upon a more speciall cause then the heathen Philosophers ever could conceyve, that is, for the Incarnation of our mightie Saviour, and eternall Redeemer the Lorde Christ, who as then renewing the state of the decayed worlde, and returning the compasse of expyred yeares to their former date and first commencement, left to us his Heyres a memoriall of his bytht in the end of the last yere and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall Monument of our salvation, leaseth also upon good profe of speciall judgement.

For albeit that in elder tymes, when as yet the count of the yeare was not perfected, as afterward it was by Julius Caesar, they began to tell the Monethes from Marche beginning, and according to the same God (as is sayde in Scripture) commanded the people of the Iews, to count the Moneth *Abib*, that which wee call Marche, for the first Moneth, in remembrance that in that Moneth hee brought them out of the lande of Egypt: yet, according to tradition of latter times it hath been otherwise observed, both in government of the Church and rule of mightiest realms. For from Julius Caesar who first observed the leape yere, which he called *Bissextile Annun*, and brought into a more certaine course the odd wantring days which of the Greeks were called *Hypertemnontes*, of the Romans *Intercalaries*, (for in such matter of learning I am forced to use the termes of the learned,) the Monethes have been numbred twelve, which in the first ordinarie of Romulus were but ten, counting but 364 days in everie yere, and beginning with March. But Numa Pomphilus, who was the father of all the Romane Civilitie and Religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the Sunne nor the Moone, thereunto added two Moneths, Januarie and Februarie; wherein it semmeth, that this wise king minded upon good reason to begin the yere at Januarie, of him therefore so called *laugum Ianua anni*, the gate and enterance of the yere; or of the name of the god *Ianus*, to which god for that the old

* Aeglogai, as if were Aegon, or Aeginon logi, that is, Gotheardes tales, &c.] A mistaken etymology; and derived from Petreius. T. W.
THE SHEPHERDS CALENDAR.

Paynims attributed the birth and beginning of all creatures new coming into the world, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned the beginning and first entrance of the yere. Which account for the most part hath hitherto continued: Notwithstanding that the Egyptians beginne their yere at September; for that, according to the opinion of the best Rabbines and verie purpose of the Scripture it selfe, God made the worlde in that Moneth, that is called of them Tisri. And therefore he commanded them to keepe the feast of Pavillons in the ende of the yere, in the xv. day of the seventh Moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our Author respecting neither the subtletie of the one part, nor the antiquitie of the other, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicitie of common understanding, to begin with Januarie; wherefore it perhaps no decorum that Shepheardes should be scene in matter of so deep insight, or canvase a case of so doleful judgement. So therefore beginneth he, and so continueth he throughout.

JANUARIE.

AEGLOGA PRIMA.

ARGUMENT.—In this first Aeglogue Colin Clout, a Shepheardes Boy, complaineth himselfe of his unfortunat e love, being but newly (as seemeth) enamoured of a Country Lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong affectio being very sore travelled, he comparreth his careful case to the sad season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flockes. And lastly, finding himselfe robbed of all former pleasance and delight, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth himselfe to the ground.

COLIN CLOUT.*

A SHEPHERDS BOY, (no better doe him call,) When winters wastful spight was almost spent, All in a sunneshine day, as did befall, Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent: So faint they waxe, and feeble in the foelds, That now unnereth their feete could them uphold.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepheardes looke, For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!) May seeme he lورد, or else some care hee took; Well couthe hee tune his pipe and frame his stile; To a hillocke his finest flocke hee ledde, And thus him playnde, the while his sheepe there fedde:

"Thou barraine ground, whom winters wrath hath wasted, Art made a mirror to behold my plight: Whileome thy fresh spring flowerd, and after hasted Thy sommer provide, with dilladilies sight: And now is come thy winters stormie state, Thy mantle bare wherein thou maskest late.

"Such rage as winters raigneth in my hart, My life-blood freecing with unkindly cold: Such stormie stormes do breede my lalfeull smart, As if my yere were cast and waxen old: And yet, alas! but now my spring begomen, And yet, alas! it is already done.

"You naked trees, whose shadie leaves are lost, Wherein the birds were wont to build their bowre, And now are clothed with moss and hoarie frost, In stead of blossomes, wheowards with your buds did flower; I see your tears that from your boughes do flame, Whose drops in drearie yscles remaine.

"All so my lustfull leafe is drye and sere, My timely buds with waying all are wasted; The blossom which my branch of youth did beeare, With breathed sighes is blowne away and blasted; And from mine eyes the drizzling teares descend, As on your boughes the yscles depend.

"Thou feele Flocke! whose fleese is rough and rent, Whose knees are weake through fast and evill fare, Maist winnesse well, by thy ill government, Thy maisters mind is overcome with care: Thou weake, I wanne; thou leane, I quite forborne: With mourning pyne I; you with pyning mourne.

"A thousand sithes I curse that carefull houre Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see, And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure Wherein I sawe so faire a sight as shee: Yet all for naught! such sight hath bred my bane, Ah, God! that love should breed both joy and paine!

"It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plaine, Albee my love hee secke with dayly suit; His clownish gifts and curtseys I disdain, His kiddes, his cracknelleres, and his early fruit. Ah, foolish Hobbinol! thy gifts beene vaine; Colin them gives to Rosalinde againe.

* Colin Clout is Spenser himself. T. WARTON. Ver. 9. May seeme he loved. The impersonal seem was often used without it. T. WARTON. Ver. 11. Thou art then. And is constantly so used by Spenser. TOOD.
"I love thee Lasse, (alas! why doe I love?) And am forlorn, (alas! why am I lorne?) She deignes not my good will, but doth reprowe, And of my musick holdeth scorne.

Shepards devise she hath as the snake, And laughs the songs that Colin Clout doth make.

"Wherefore, my Pyple, albee rude Pan thou please, Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would; And thou, unluckie Muse, that wostest to case My missing minde, yet causst not when thou should? Bothe Pyple and Muse shall sore the white aby."—So broke his eatenype, and down did ly.

By that, the welked Phobus gan availe
His warei waie; and now the frostie Night
Her mantle black through heaven gan overhaile:
Which scene, the pensive Boy, halfe in despight,
Arose, and homeward drove his sumned sheepe,
Whose hanging heades did seeme his carefull case to wepe.

COLINS EMBLEME.
Ancbora spegne.

GLOSE.

Colin Clout, is a name not greatly used, and yet have I seene a posie of M. Skeltons under that title. But in deede the word Colin is French, and used of the French poet Marot if hee be worthie of the name of a poet in a certaine Aeglogue. Under which name this Poet secretly shadoweth himselfe; as sometime did Virgill under the name of Titurus, thinking it much fitter then such Latin names, for the great unlikeliness of the language.

Unethe, scarcely.

Cometh, commeth of the verbe Conne, that is, to know, or to have skel. As well interpretteth the same, the worthy Sir Tho Smith, in his booke of government whereof I have a perfect cople in writing, lent mee by his kinsman, and my very singular good friend, M. Gabriel Harvey; as also of some other his grave and excellent writings.

Sith, time.

Neighbour towne, the next towne; expressing the Lat.

Victoria.

Stone, a fit.

His eowenish yea, imitateth Virgills verse:

"Rusticas es Corydon, nec numera curat Alexis,"

Habbonin, is a famed country name, whereby, it being so common and usuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very especiall, and most familiar friend, whom he intirely and extraordinarily beloved, as peradventure shall be more largely declared hereafter. In this place seemeth to be some favour of disorderly love, which the learned call Faderastice; but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who hath red Pluto his Dialogue called Aetiabides; Xenophon, and Maximus Tyrius, of Socrates opinions; may easily perceive, that such love is to be allowed and like of, specially so menter, as Socrates used it; who saith, that indeed he loved Aetiabides extremely, yet not Aetymbides person, but his soule, which is Aetymbides owne swete, and aso is Paderastice much to be preferred before Cynera stice, that is, the love which inflameth men with lust toward womankind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand with Lucian, or his disciple Unico Aetymbus, in defence of execrable and horible sinesse of forbidden, and unlawfull fleshinessse. Whose abominable error is fully confuted of Periomas, and others.

I love, a pretie Epimorphosis in these two verses, and withal a paranomasia or playing with the word, where he saith I love thee lasse alas, &c.

Romatinde, is also a fained name, which, being well orderd, will bewray the verie name of his love and mistresse whom by that name he coulthesse. So as Ovid shadoweth his love under the name of Corynya, which of some is supposed to be Julia, the Emperor Augustus his daughter, and wife to Agrippa. So doth Aruntius Stella every when, call his Ladie, Asteris and lanthes, albeit it is well knowne, that her right name was Violantilla, as witnesseth Satus in his Epithalamium. And so the famous paragon of Italy, Madonna Caeina, in her letters envelopeth her self under the name of Zima, and Petrona under the name of Bellaclia. And this generally hath beene a common custome of counterfeiting the names of secrete personages.

Asalt, bring downe.

Overhaile, draw over.

EMBLEME.

His Embleme or Pofs is here under added in Italian. Ancbora spegne, the meaning whereof is, that notwithstanding his extreme passion and luckelesse love, yet, leaning on hope, he is somewhat recomforted,

FEBRUARIE.

AEGLOGA SECUNDA.

ARGUMENT.—This Aeglogue is rather morall and cennell then bent to anie secret or particular purpose. It speciallie containeth a discourse of olde age, in the person of Thonot, an old shepherd, who for his crookednesse and unlistenesse, is scorned of Cudde, an unhappy headman, yet, the matter verie well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drooping; and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so then in our cruelled blood, and friseth the weatherbeaten flesh, with stornes of Fortune and hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Brier, so livelie, and so feelingly as, if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eyes, more plainlie could not appeare.

CUDDE, THONOT.

Cad. Ah for pittie! will ranke winters rage
These bitter blastes never gin t' asswage!

whom he is supposed to have fallen in love with, soon after his departure from the University; and whose cruelty is frequently lamented in the course of these Pastorals. T. Warton.

The kene cold blowes through my beaten hide,
All as I were through the body gride:
My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,
As doth high towers in an earthquake:

Ver. 4. —— gride ] Spenser frequently uses gride which signifies to pierce. T. Warton.
They would in the winde wagge their wriggle tayles
Perke as a peacocke; but now it availes.

The. Lewdly complaineth, thou lascie haddie,
10 Of winters wracke for making thee sadde.
Must not the worldes wench in his common course,
From good to bad, and from bad to worse,
From worse unto that is worst of all,
15 And then return to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormie time,
Where will he live till the lustie prime?
Selfe have I wornne out thrieste yeres,
Some in much joy, many in many teares,
Yet never complained of cold nor herte,
20 Of sommers flame, nor of winters threatre,
Ne ever was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke that ungently came;
And ever my flocke was my chief care,
Winter or sommer they mought well fare.
Cud. No marvelle, Thenot, if thou can bäre
Cherefully the winters wrathfull chaere;
For age and winter accord full sie,
This chill, that cold; this crooked, that wrye;
And as the lowering wether lookes doone,
So seemest thou like Good Friday to frowne:
But my flouring youth is foe to frost,
My shippe unwont in storms to be lost.

The. The soveraigne of seas he blames in vaine,
That one sea-beate, will to sea againe;
So layting live you little headgroomes,
Keeping your beastes in the knedled browes;
And, when the shining sunne laugheth once,
You deemen, the spring is come attone;
Tho ginne you, fond Fliks! the cold to scarce,
And, crowing in pypes made of greene corne,
You thinken to be lords of the yeare;
But eft, when ye count you free from feare,
Comes the bremé Winter with chaunfreed browes,
Full of wrinkles and frosty furrowes,
Drearily shooting his stormic darte,
Which erudles the blood and pricks the harte:
Then is your careless courage acconed,
Your carefull heards with cold bene amoyed:
Then pay you the price of your surspedrie,
With weeping, and wailing, and miserie.

Cud. Ah! foolish old man! I seorne thy skil,
That wouldst me my springing youth to spill:
I deeme thy braine emperished bece,
Through rustic elde, that hath rotted thee;
Or sicker thy head verie tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leaues amisse.
Now thy selfe hath lost both lopp and topp,
Als my budding branchon wouldest crypp;
But were thy yeres greene, as now bene mine,
To other delights they would encline:
Tho worsted thou learnest to caroll of love,
And herie with hymnes thy lasses glove;
Tho worsted thou pype of Phillis praise;
But Phillis is mine for many dayes;
I wonne her with a giddle of gelt,
Embost with buggle about the belt:

Ver. 56. I wonne her with a giddle of gelt.] With a golden or gilded girdle. T. Warton.

Such an one shepheards would make full faine;
Such an one would make thee young again.

The. Thou art a fan, of thy love to boste;
All that is lent to love will be lost.
Cud. Sweet how bravely and bucke bears,
So smirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares?
His hornes bene as broad as rainbow bent,
His dewlap as lyse as lasse of Kent;
See how he venteth into the winde;
Weenest of love is not his minde?
Seemeth thy flodek thy counsel can,
So lustlesse bene they, so weake, so wan;
Cloathed with cold, and hoarie with frost,
Thy flockes father his courage hath lost.
Thy ewes, that woon to have blown bags,
Lik wisefull widows hangen their craggs;
The rather lambes bene starved with cold,
All for their maister is lustlesse and old.

The. Cudde, I wote thou kenst little good,
So vainely to advance thy headlesse hoo.
For youngbe is a blode blowne up with breath,
Whose witte is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose waye is wildernesse, whose ynee pannencce,
And stoope gallant Age, the hoaste of Greveance.
But shalle I tell thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of Titurus in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hilles of Kent!

Cud. To nought more, Thenot, my minde is bent
Then to heare novells of his dece;e;
They bene so well thwed, and so wise,
What ever that good old man bespake.

The. Many meete tales of youth did hee make,
And some of love, and some of chevalrie;
But none fitter then this to applie.
Now listen a while and hearken the end.
"There grewe an aged tre on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaves they were disarrayd:
The bode bigge, and mightily pight,Throughly rooted, and of wonderous hight;
Whileome had bene the king of the fielde,
And moughch mast to the houshande did yielde,
And with his nults larded many swine:
But now the gray messe marred his rine;
His barned boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, and wasted with wormes,
His honour decayed, his branches sere.
Hard by his side grewe a bragging Breere,
Which prowldly thrust into th' element,
And seemed to threat the firmament;
It was embellishd with blossomes fayre,
And thereto ayre wanted to repaire
The shepheards daughters to gather flowres,
To painte their girldows with their colowres;
And in his small bushes used to shrowde
The sweete nightingale singing so lowd;

Ver. 84. lustlesse.] Languid or lifeless. Todd.
Ver. 86. thy headlesse hoo.] For "thy heedlesness.")
Hoo is a termination denoting estate; as manhood, &c. T. Warton.
Ver. 89. Whose waye is wildernesse, whose ynee pannence.
And stoope gallant Age, the hoaste of Greveance.
The meaning of the last verse seems to be this: The tamer of those gay galliantries is Old Age, the guest or companion of Misery. T. Warton.
Ver. 106. Whileome had bene &c. Here is an ellipse of a very important word. It, (though the Oke,) should have been inserted before had. T. Warton.
Ver. 116. into th' element.] The sky or air. Todd.
Which made this foolish Brer weze so bold,
That on a time hee cast him to scold;
And sneebe the good Oake, for hee was old.

"Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke!"
Nor for fruit nor for shadowe serves thy stocke;
Sceat how fresh my flowers bene spreadle,
Dyed in lily white and crimson redde.
With leaves engarne in lustie green;
Colours meete to clothe a maiden queen?
Thy waste bignes but combes the ground;
And dirks the beautie of my blossomes round:
The mouldie moisse, which thee aceloth
My simon smell too much annoyoth;
Wherefore soone I rede thee hence remove,
Least thou the price of my displeasure prove."
So spake this bold Brere with great disdain:
Little him answerd the Oake againe,
But yeelded, with shame and grief adad,
That of a weede he was overcame.
It chamm'd after upon a day,
The husbandman selte to come that way,
Of custome for to surveewe his grounde,
And his trees of state in compasse rounde;
Him when the spightfull Brere had espied,
Causelose and howling crying unto his lord,
"O my liege Lord! the god of my life,
Pleaseth you ponder your suppliants plaint,
Caused of wrong and cruel constraint,
Which your poore vassall daylie endure?
And, but your goodnes the same recure,
Am like for desperate doole to die,
Through fulsome force of mine enemie."
Greatly agast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,
And had the Brere in his plaide procede.
With painted wordes tho gan this proude weede
(As most use ambitious folke)
His coloured crime with craft to cloke.
"Ah, my Sovraine I lord of creatures all,
Thou placier of plants both humble and tall,
Worth with my spightfull┊daylie woe,
To be the primum of all thy laude;
With flowering blossomes to furnish the prime,
And scarlet berries in sommer time?"
Howe falls it then that this fadded Oake,
Whose bodie is sere, whose branche brock,
Whose naked armes stretch unto the fire,
Unto such tyrannic doth aspire;
Hinderings with his shade my lovely light,
And robbinge mee of the sweete annes sight?
So bele his old boughs my tender side,
That off the blonde springeth from woundes wide;
Until my flowers forced to fall,
That bene the honour of your coronall;
And off hee lets his cancker-wormes light
Upon my branche, to worke me more spight;
And off his hoorie locks down doth cast,
Wherewith my fresh flowretts bene defast:
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your goodlyhead to asswage
The rankerous rigour of his might;
Nought aske I, but onely to holde my right;
Submitting mee to your good suffrance,
And praying to be garried from grievance."

To this this Oake cast him to replie
Well as hee could; but his enemie
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the goodman moulde stay his pleasure,
But home him hasted with furious heate,
Enercaesing his wrath with many a threat:
His harmfull hatchet hee hent in hand,
(As I that it so readie shoulde stand)!
And to the fielde alone hee speedeth,
(Ay little help to harne there needeth !)
Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
Enamaunt his rage mought cooled beee;
But to the roote bent his sturdie stroke,
And made many wounded in the waste Oake.
The axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe unwilling to cutte the graine;
Seemed, the senselesse yron did feare,
Or to wrong holy edd did forbear;
For it had been an ancient tree,
Sared with many a mystereee,
And often creste with the priestes crewes,
And often hallowed with holy-water dewe:
But sike fancies weren foolerie,
And broughthen this Oake to this miserie;
For nought mought they quitten him from decay,
For fiercely the goodman at him did laye.
The blocke off grounde under the blow,
And sighed to see his neere overthrow.
In fine, the steele had pierced his pith,
The doone to the earth hee fell fortheith.
His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
Th' earth shroneke under him, and seemed to shake:
There lyeth the Oake, pitted of none!
Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,
Fuffed up with pride and vaine pleasuance;
But all this gleed had no continuance;
For eftsoones winter gan to approche;
The blustering Borcas did encroche,
And beate upon the solitarie Brere;
For nowe no succour was seene him neere.
Now gan hee repent his pride too late;
For, asked leav of all discouereres,
The hyting frost nipt his stalke dead,
The wattrie wete weighte downe his head,
And heaped snowe burched him so sore,
That nowe upright hee can stand no more;
And, being downe, is trod in the durt
Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hert.
Such was th' end of this ambitious Brere,
For scorning ed—"
Cud. Now I pray thee, shephard, tell it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So long have I listened to thy speche,
That graffed to the ground is my breche;
My heartblood is well nigh frome I feele,
And my galoge growne fast to my heele;
But little ease of thy lewele tale I tasted,
Hie thee home, Shepheard, the day is nighwaste.

Ver. 189. cast] Considered. Todd.
Ver. 195. hee hent in hand.] The word hent for seked, snatch'd; or took, is repeatedly used by Chaucer, and is also employed by the Scottish writers. Todd.
Ver. 243. freyne] Freyne is the passive participle of the verb freeze. Todd.
Ver. 244. galoge] It means a wooden shoe, from the French galoch. T. Warton.
Trees of state, taller trees fit for timber wood.
Sterne strife, said Chaucer, s. fell and sturdie.
O my love, a maner of supplication, wherein is kindly coloured the affection and speech of ambitious men.
Crownall, garland.
Flowers, yong blossomes.
The Priormose, the chiefes and worthliest.
Naked armes, metaphorically meant of the bare boughs, spoiled of leaves. This colourably he speaketh, as ad
judging him to the fire.
The blood, spoken of a blocke, as it were of a living creature, figuratively, and (as they say) Kat' ekasmun.
Hourie lockes, metaphorically for withered leaves.
Heint, caught.
Ainold, for would not.
Age, evermore.
Wounds, gashes.
Encounter, least that.
The priests crewe, holy water pot, wherewith the popish priest used to sprinkle and hallow the trees from mis
chance. Such blindness was in those times, which the poet supposeth to have bin the final decay of this ancient Oake.
The blocke elf gowned, a lively figure, which giveth sense and feeling to unsensible creatures, as Virgil also saith: "Saxa genuit gravido," &c.
Boreas, The Northern wind, that bringeth the most storme weathers.
Glee, Cheere and lollitie.
For scorning old, And minding (as should seeme) to have made rime to the former verse, he is cunningly cut off by Cuddie, as disdaininge to hear any more.
Gabage, A startup or clownish schoe.

EMBLEM.
This Emblem is spoken of Thenet, as a morall of his former tale: namely, that God, which is himself most aged, being before all ages, and without beginning, maketh those, whom he loveth, like to himselfe, in heaping yeares unto their daies, and blessing them with long life. For the blessing of age is not given to all, but unto whom God will it so bless. And albeit that many evil men reach unto such fulnes of yeares, and some also waxe old in miserie and thraldom, yet therefore is not age ever the lesse blessing. For even to such evil men such number of years is added, that they may in their last days repent, and come to their first home: So the old man checketh the raw-headed boy for dispriseng his gray and frostie haires.
Whom Cudde doth counterbaffle with a biting and bitter proverbe, spoken indeed at the first in contempt of old-age generally. For it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in some mens conceit, that men of years have no feare of God at all, or not so much as yonge folk. For that being ripened with long experience, and having passed many bitter brunts and blasts of vengeance, they dread no storenes of Fortune, nor wrath of God, nor daunger of men, as being either by long and ripe wisdome armed against all miscanneances and adversitie, or with much trouble handeled against all troublesome tides: like unto th- Age, of which is said in Keeps fables that, oftentimes meeting the Lion, he was at first sore agast and dismayed at the grimmesse and austeritie of his countenance, but at last, being acquainted with his looks, he was so farre from feuring him, that he would familiarly gybe and lest with him: Such long experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please Erasmus, a great clark, and good old father, more fatherly and favourably, to construe it in his Adages, for his owne behoove, That by the proverbe, "Nemo senex metit Iovem," is not meant, that olde men have no feare of God at all, but that they bee farre from superstition and idolatrous regard of false gods, as is Jupiter. But his great learning notwithstanding, it is too plaine, to be gainsaid, that old men are much more enclined to such fond fooleries, then yonger heads
MARCH.

AEGLOGA TERTIA.

ARGUMENT.—In this Aeglogue two Shepheards Boyes, taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of love, and other pleasures which to spring time is most agreable. The speciall meaning hereof, is, to give certaine marks and tokens, to know Cupid the poete god of Love. But more particularly, I thinke, in the persons of Thomalin, is meant some secret Friend, who scorned Love and his Knights so long, till at length himselfe was entangled, and unaware wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupids arrow.

WILLY, THOMALIN.

Willye, Thomalin, why sitten wee soe,
As weren overwent with woe,
Upon so fayre a morow?
Theioyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall allegue this bitter blast,
And slake the winter sorow.
Tho. Sicker, Willye, thou warmest well;
For winters wrath begins to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth:
The grasses nowe growes to be refreshd,
The swallowes peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie welkin cleareth.
Wil. Seest not thilike same hawthorne studdo,
How braggily it begins to budde,
And utter his tender head?
Flora nowe calleth forth ech flower,
And bids make readie Maias bower,
That newe is upryst from bedd:
Tho. shall wee sporten in delight,
And learnen with Lettice to wexo light,
That scornfully looks askaunce;
Tho. will wee little Love awake,
That nowe sleeppeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.
Tho. Willye, I ween thou be asoet;
For lusty Love still sleeppeth not,
But is abroade at his game.
Wil. Howe kenst thou, that bee is awoke!
Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke?
Or made privie to the same?
Tho. No; but harily him spide,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With wings of purple and blewe;
And, were not that my sheepe would stray,
The privie markes I would bewray,
Whereby by chancee him I knew.
Wil. Thomalin, have no care for thy:
My selfe will have a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine;
For, alas! at home I have a syre,
A stepdame eke, as hote as fyre,
That dewly adayes counts mine.
Tho. Nay, but thy seeing will not serve,
My sheepe for that sake is chancee to swerve,
And fall into some mischeife:
For sithens is but the third morow
That I chanust to fall asleepe with sorow.

And waked againe with grieve;
The while thilike some unhappie ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Fell headlong into a dell.
And there unjoynted both her bones:
Mought her necke bene loynted attones,
She sould have neede no more spelle;
Th' elfe was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good,) she
She mought me gang on the greene.
Wil. Let be, as may be, that is past;
That is to come, let be forecast:
Now tell us what thou hast scene.
Tho. It was upon a holiday,
When shepheardis grooms han leave to play,
I cast to go a shooting:
Long wandring up and downe the land,
With bow and bolts in either hand,
For birdes in bushes toooting,
At length within the yvie toddle,
(There shrowde was the little god,) I
I heard a busie bustling;
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listening if anie thing did rush,
But then heard no more rustling.
Tho, peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the moving of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not;
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
My courage carnd it to awake,
And manfully thretat shotte:
With that sprang forth a naked swayne,
With spotted wings like peacocks trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree;
His gylden quiver at his backe,
And silver bowe, which was but slake,
Which lightcly he bent at me:
That seeing, I leved againe,
And shotte at him with might and maine,
As thicke as it had hayed.
So long I shott, that all was spent;
Tho thumie stones I hastily hent,
And threw; but nought avayled:

Ver. 53. Mought her necke bene loynted attones,
She sould have neede no more spelle.] That is, I wish she had died in the fall. I then should never have had any further occasion of blessing her with a charm. T. Warton.
Ver. 63. With bow and bolts in either hand.] That is, with bow and arrow. Todd.
Ver. 65. --- looking.] Looking about. Todd.
Ver. 73. --- the thicke. Might see the moving of some quicke.] Thicke thikel. Quicke, living creature. Todd.
He was so wimble and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light,
And off the pumies latched:
Therewith affrayd I rame away;
But he, that carst seemd but to play,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the hecl:e:
For then I little smart did feele,
But soone it sore increased;
And now it rancklesh more and more,
And inwardly it fresteth sore,
Ne wote I how to cease it.

W. Thoma:n. I pitie thy plight,
Pervide with Love than diddest fight;
I know him by a token:
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught upon a day,
(Whereof he will be wroken.)
Entangled in a flowing net,
Which he for carrion crowes had set
That in our pearc-tree haunted:
Tho said, he was a winged lad,
But howe and shaftes as then none had,
Els had he sore been daunted.
But see, the welkin thicks apace,
And stouping Phoebus steepes his face;
Yts time to haste us homeward.

WILLYES EMBLEM.
To be wise and cle to love,
Is granted scarce to gods above.

THOMALINS EMBLEM.
Of hony and of gane in love there is store;
The hony is much, but the gane is more.

GLOSSE.
This Aeglogue seems somewhat to resemble that same of Theocritus, wherein the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shot at a winged boy in a tree, was by him warned to beware of mischife to come.

Oversport, overgone.

Alegge, to lessen or assawge.

To quell, to abate.

Welkin, the skie.

The swallow, which bird useth to be counted the messenger, and as it were the forerunner, of spring.

Flora, the Goddess of flowers, but indeed (as saith Taditus) a famous harlot, which with the abuse of her bodie having gotten great riches, made the people of Rome her heire: who, in remembrance of so great beneficence, appointed a yearly feast for the memoria of her, calling it, not as she was, nor as some do thinke, Audronica, but Flora: making her the Goddess of flowers, and doing yearly to her solemn sacrifice.

Maias boner, that is, the pleasant field, or rather the May bushes. Maias is a Goddess, and the mother of Mercurie, in honor of whom the moneth of May is of her name so called, as saith Macrobius.

Letterie, the name of some Country lase.

Ascone, aske, or asquent.

For thy, therefore.

Letterie, is a lake in hell, which the poets call the lake of forgetfulness. For Letterie signifieth forgetfulness. Wherein the soulds being dipped, did forget the cares of their former life. So that by sleeping in Letterie lake, he meane that he was almost forgotten, and out of knowledge, by reason of winters hardness, when all pleasures, as it vora, sleepe and weare out of mind.

Aassotle, to dote.

His slumber, to break loves slumber, to exercise the delights of love and wanton pleasures.

Wings of purple, so is he galigned of the poets.

For ais, he imitateth Virgils verse:

"Est mihi namque domi pater, est inunsta novere, &c."

A dell, a hole in the ground.

Spell, is a kind of verse or charm, that in elder times they used often to say over every thing that they would have preserved, as the nightspell for thieves, and the woodspeil. And here hence, I thinke, is named the Godspell or word. And so saith Chaucer, Listeners Lodings to my spel.

Gang, go.

An yrie tolde, a thicke bush.

Scaine, a boy: For so is he described of the poets, to be a boy, a alwayes fresh and lustie; blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of personages; with diverse coloured wings, a full of flying fancies; with bowe and arrow, that is, with grace of heastie, which priceth as a forked arrow. He is saide also to have shaftes, some leader, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loved, and sorrow for the lover that is disdained or forsaken. But who list more at large to behold Cupid's colours and furniture, let him read either Propertius, or Moschus his Idyllion of Wandering Love, being nowe most excellently translated into Latine, by the singular learned man Angels Politianus; Which works I have scene amongst other of this Poets doings, verie well traslated also into English rimes.

Wimble and weight, quicke and deliver.

In the hecle, is very poetically spoken, and not without special judgement. For I remember that in Homer it is said he was of Theistis, that she tooked her yonge babe Achiles being newly borne, and, holding him by the hele, diped him in the river of Styx. The vertue whereof is, to defend and keep the bodies washed therein from any mortall wound. So Achilles being washed al over save onely his hecle, by which his mother hold, was in the rest invulnerable; therefore of Paris was fained to hee shotte with a poysed arrow in the hecle, whyles he was busie aboute the marrying of Polyxena in the Temple of Apollo. Which mysticall fable Eustathius unfolding, saith: that by wounding the hecle, is meant lustfull love. For from the hecle (as say the best physitians) to the privie partes there passe certaine veline and slender sinews, as also the like come from the head, and are caried like little pypes behind the cares; so that (as saith Hippocrates) if those veynes there be cut a sunder, the partie straight becometh cold and unfruitfull. Which reason our poet well weigheth, maketh this shepheards boy of purpose to be wounded by Love in the hecle.

Latched, caught.

Wroken, revenged.

For once: In this tale is set out the simplicity of shepheardes opinion of love.

Stoupung Phoebus, is aPeriphasis of the summe setting.

EMBLEM.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of love, wherein wanton youth walloweth, be but folly mixt with bitternesse, and sorrow sawed with repentance. For besides that the very affection of Love it selfe tormenteth the minde, and vexeth the bodie manie wales, with unresfulnesse all night, and wearesse al day, seeking for that wee cannot have, and finding that weee would not have; even the selfe things which best before us liked, in course of time, and change of riper yeares, which also therewith all chaunge our wonted liking and former fantasies, will likewise seeme beathome, and breed us annoyance, when youths flower is wethered, and we find our bodis and wits answeres not to such vaine iollity and lustfull pleasure.
April

Aegloga Quarta.

Argument.—This Aeglogue is purposely intended to the honour and praise of our most gratious soveraigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers heretofore Hobbinoll and Thenot, two shephers: the which Hobbinoll, being before mentioned greatly to have loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, complaining of him that boys great misadventure in love; whereby his mind was alienated and withdrawn not onely from him, who most loved him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasant juyng, as cunning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for profe of his more excellencie and skil in poety, to recorde a song, which the said Colin sometime made in honour of her Malesde, whom abruptly he termeth Elisa.

Thenot. Hobbinoll.

Thenot. Tell me, good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greeete?

What? hath some wofull tender lambes yorne?
Or is thy bagpipe broke, that sounds so sweete?
Or art thou of thy loving lasse forlorne?
Or bene thine eyes attempted to the yeare?
Quenching the gasing furrowes throst with rayne?
Like Aprill showre so stream the trickling teares
Adowne thy checke, to quench thy thirstie paine.

Hob. Nor this, nor that, so much doth make me mourne,
But for the ladde, whom long I loved so deare,
Now loves a lasse that all his love doth scarne:
He, plunged in paine, his tressed locks doth tear;
Shepheardes delights he doth them all forsweare;
His pleasant pipe, which made us merriment,
He winfully hath broke, and doth forbear,
His wonted songs wherein he all outwont.

The. What is he for a ladde you so lament?
Ys love such pinching paine to them that prove?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to bridle love?

Hob. Colin thou kenst, the southerne shepheardes boye;

Him Love hath wounded with a deadly darte:
Whilome on him was all my care and joye,
Forwawd with gifts to winne his wanton heart.
But now from me his madding minde is start,
And woos the widowes of the glenne;
So now fayre Rosalind hath breddle his smart;
So now his friend is changed for a feme.

The. But if his ditties bene so trimly deight,
I pray thee, Hobbinoll, recorde some one,
The whiles our flockes do graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in this shade alone.

Hob. Contented: then will I sing his laye
Of fair Elisa, queene of shepheardes all,
Which once he made as by a spring he laye,
And tuned it unto the waters fall.

Ye dainty Nymphs, that in this blessed brooke
Doe bathe your breest,
Forsake your warrie bowres, and hether looke,
At my request.
And eke you Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
Whence flourect Helicon, the learned well,
Help me to blaze!
Her worthy praye,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of fair Elisa be your silver song,
That blessed wight,

"The flower of virginas; may she flourish long
In princely plight!"
"For she is Syrinx daughter without spotte,"
"Which Pan, the shepheardes god, of her begote:
So sprong her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

"See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,
"Of seemely sight!"
"Yclad in scarlet, like a mayden queene,
"And eunices white:
"Upon her head a cromesin coronet,
"With damaskes roses and daffadillies set;
"Bayleaves betweene,
"And primrosses greene,
"Embellishe the sweete violet.

"Tell me, have ye seene her angelike face,
"Like Phoebes fayre!"
"Her heavenly havour, her princely grace,
"Can you well compare!
"The redde rose mediell with the white yvere,
"In either cheeke depeincten lively chere:
"Her modest eye,
"Her majestie,
"Where have you seene the like but there?"
"I sawe Phoebus thrust out his golden hede,
"Upon her to gaze;"
"But, when he saw howe broade her beames did spred,"
"It did him amaze."
"Hce blusht to see another simne belowe,"
"Ne durst againe his firi face out shewe."
"Let him, if hee dare,
"His brightnesse compare
"With hers, to have the overthroue.

"Sheve thyself, Cynthia, with thy silver rays,"
"And be not abatis:
"When shee the beames of her beautie displayes,"
"O how art thou dasht!"
"But I will not match her with Latonaes seede;"
"Such follen great sorow to Niobe did breed.
"Now shee is a stone,"
"And makes daylie none,
"Warning all other to take heed."

"Pan may bee proude that ever hee bogot"
"Such a bellibone;"
"And Syrinx rejoyce, that ever was her lot"
"To beare such an one.
Soone as my younglinges cryen for the dam, 95
To her will I offer a milkewhite lamb:
She is my geodesse plaine,
And I her shepheardes swain,
Alas forswoncke and forswatt I am.

I see Callioppe speede her to the place,
Where my geodesse shines;
And after her the other Muse trace,
With their violins.
Bene they not bay-branches which they doe bear,
All for Elisa in her hand to weare!
So sweetely they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to heare.

Lo, how finely the Graces can it foote
To the instrument:
They dauncen delfly, and singen soote,
In their meriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce
Let that rowne to my Lady bee yeven. [even! 1
She shalbe a Grace,
To fill the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heaven.

And whither remnes this bevie of ladies bright,
Raunded in a rove! 1
They bene all Ladies of the Lake delight,
That unto her goe.
Chloris, that is the chiefe nymph of all,
Of olive branche bears a coronall:
Olives bene for peace,
When warres do successe;
Such for a princess bene principall.

Ye shepheardes daughters, that dwell on the greene,
Hye you there apace:
Let no new come there but that virgin bene,
To adorne her grace.
And, when you come whereas shee is in place,
See that your rudenesse do not you disgrace:
Binde your fillettes faste,
And gird in your waste,
For more finenesse, with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hether the pincke and purple cullambilne,
With gellifowres;
Bring coronations, and sops in wine,
Worne of paramours;
Strowe mee the groundle with daffadowndillles, 10
And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lillies:
The pritty pawuce,
And the chemeusance,
Shall match with the fayre flourre Delice.

Now rise up, Elisa, decked as thou art
In royall array;
And now yee daintie damesells may depart
Eche one her way.

Ver. 95. — cryen] For cry: the ancient termination of the verb, and what Mr. Tyrwhitt considers to have been the Teutonick: as in the plural of love; We loven, ye loves, &c. too.
Ver. 135. — a tawdrie lace.] Tawderie lace is thus described in Skinner by his friend Dr. Henshaw: " Tawderie lace, Astrignmata, simbrir, seu fascicola, ente me

"I fere, I have troubled your troupees too long;" 155
"Let Dame Elisa thanke you for her song:
"And, if you come better
"When damses I gether,
"I will part them all you among." 160

The. And was thilk same song of Colinsownemaking? Ah! foolish Boy! that is with love yblent; 155
Great pittie is, hee bee in such taking.
For naught ceren that bene so lwdely bent.
Hob. Sicker I holde him for a greater Ion,
That loves the thing hee cannot purchase.
But let us homework, for night draweth on,
And twinkling starres the day light hence chase.

Thennots embleme.
O quam te memorem Virgo!

Hobbinollis embleme.
O Eea certe!

GLOSS.
Goes thee gree, causeth thee weep and complain.
Fortunse, left and forsaken.
Attempted to the yeares, agreeable to the season of the year, that is April, which mooneth is most bent to showers and seasonable raines: to quench, that is, to delay the drought, caused through dryness of March winds.
The lad, Colin Cloud.
The late, Rosalinda.
Tressed locks, withered and curled.
Is he for a lad? a strange manner of speaking, s. what manner of lad is he?
To make, to rime and versifie. For in this word, making, our olde English Poets were wont to comprehend all the skill of Poetrie, according to the Greek word Poetis, to make, whence commeth the name of Poets.
Colin thou konst, knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin, pertaining to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent, the rather because he so often nameth the Kentish dounes, and before, As 1the as lanse of Kent. The widowe, He calleth Rosalinde the widowe daughter of the grime, that is, of a country hamlet or borough, which I think is rather said to colour and conceal the person then simply spoken. For it is well knowne, even in spight of Colin and Hobbinoll, that she is a gentle-woman of some meane house, nor ended with any vulgar and common gifts, both of nature and manners: but such in deed, as neede neither Colin be ashamed to have her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinoll be grieved, that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular vertues: Specially deserving it no lesse, then either Myrto the most excellent Poet Theocritus his darling, or Laurenetta the divine Petaraches goddess, or Himera the worthy poet Steischerus his idol; upon whom he is said so much to have doted, that, in regard of her excellency, he scorned and wrote against the beautie of Helena. For which his presumptuous and unbecomb hardinesse, he is sayd by vengence of the gods, theret being offended, to have lost both his eyes.
Frem, a stranger. The word 1 thinke was first poetically put, and afterward used in common custome of speech for forrence.
Dight, adorned.
Lays, a song, as Roundelayes and Virelayes.
In all this song is not to be respected, what the worthinesse of her Malestie deserveth, nor what to the highnesse of a prince is agreeable, but what is most comely for the nourishment of shepheardes wit, or to conceive, or to utter. And therefore he calleth her Elisa, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: and a shepheardes daughter, it being very unfit, that a shepheardes boy, brought up in the shep
fold, should know, or ever seem to have heard of, a Queenes royaltie.

Ye datinthe, as it were, an Excordium et preparanda annos.

Virgins, the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo and Memorie, whose abode the Poets feigne to be on Parnassus, a hill in Greece, for that in that country specially flourished the honour of all excellent studies.

Hecato, is both the name of a fountain at the foot of Phocis, and also of a mountain in Italy, out of which floweth the famous spring Castalins, dedicated also to the Muses: of which spring it is said, that, when the Pegasus the winged horse of Persus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowne) stroke the ground with his hoofe, suddenly thereout spring a well of most clear and pleasant water, which from hence was consecrate to the Muses and Ladies of learning.

Your silver song, seemeth to imitate the like in Hesiodus argument melos.

Syrinx, is the name of a Nymph of Arcadie, whom when Pan beeing in love pursued, she, fleeing from him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the reeed, in stead of the Damosell, and pulling hard, (for he was almost out of windes,) with his breath made the reeds to pipe, which he seeng, tooke of them, and, in remorse of making them a pipe out of them. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to bee thought, that the shepherae simples meant these poetical Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progene to be divine and immortal, (so as the palnies were wont to judge of all kings and princes, according to Homers saying;

"Thamos de megas esti diotrepos basileos,
Time d'ek dos esti, phliei de e metieta Zeus."

could devise no parents in his judgmen so worthy for her, as Pan the shephers God, and his best beloved Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious king, her highnesse father, late of worhte memorie kinging the whole world. And by that name, oftimes (as hereafter appeareth) bee noted kings and mighty potentates: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the very Pan and God of shepherds.

Cremosin colonet, devieth her crowe to bee the finest and most delicate flowers, in stead of pearles and precious stones wherewith princes diademas use to be adorned and emboss.

Embellish, beautifie and set out.

Phoebus, the Moone, whom the poets feign to be sister unto Phoebe, that is, the Sunne.

Med, winged.

Yfere, together. By the mingleing of the Redde rose and the White, is meant the uniting of the two principal houses of Lancaster and Yorke: by whose long discord and deadly debate this realme many yeres was sore travailed, and almost cleane deciided. Till the famous Henry the seventh, of the line of Lancaster, taking to wife the most vertuous princesse Elizabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of Yorke, begat the most royall Henrie the eighth foresaid, in whom was the first union of the White rose, and the Redde.

Calypso, one of the nine Muses: to whom they assigne the honour of all poetical invention, and the first glory of the Heroical verse. Other say, that she is the Goddess of Rotherike: but by Virgill it is manifest, that they mistake the thing. For there, in his Epigramms, that Art seemeth to be attributed to Polynymia, saying:

"Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polynymia gestu."

Which seemeth specially to be meant of Action, and Emulation, both special parts of Rotherike: beside that her name, which (as some construe it) importeth great remembrance, containeth another part. But I holde rather with them, which call her Polynymia, or Polylynymia, of her good singing.

Boy brachius, be the signe of honour and victorie, and therefore of mightie conquerors wonne in their triumphs, and else of famous poets, as saith Petrarch in his Sacets:

"Arbor vittoriae triomphi,
"Honor d' Imperadori et di Poeti, &c."

The Grece, be three sisters, the daughters of Jupiter, (whose names are Agalba, Thalua, Euphroesyne: and Homer only addeth a fourth, s. Pasitho, otherwise called CHARITIES, was a goddess.) Whom the poets fained to be goddesses of all beautie and comeliness, which therefore (as saith Theodotius) they make three, to weete, that men first ought to bee gracious and bountifull to other freely; then to receive benefits at other mens hands courteously; and thirdly, to requite them thankfully: which are three sondrie actions in liberallitie. And tho seeoth saith, that they bee painted naked (as they were in deed on the tombe of C. Iulius Cesar) the one having her backe towards us, and her face forward, as proceeding from us; the other two toward us; noting dauble thanks to be due to us for the benefit we have done.

Doffly, sinfully and nimbly.

Soule, sweete.

Meriter, mirth.

Beaus, a bovie of ladies, is spoken figuratively for a company or a troop; the terme is taken of larkes. For they say a bovie of larkes, even as a couey of partridges, or an eye of pleasantes.

Ladies of the lake, be Nymphes. For it was an old opinion among the ancient heathen, that every spring and fountain was a goddesse. Which opinion stuck in the minds of men not many years sittinthe, by meanes of certaine fine fablers, and Ludes byers, such as were the authors of King Arthur the great, and such like, who told many an unlawful leasing of the Ladies of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nymph in Greece, signifies Well water, or otherwise, a Spouse or Bride.

B sight, called or named.

Chloris, the name of a Nymph, and signifitih greenesse. Of whom is said, that Zephyrus the Westwind being in love with her, and courting her daylie, nightlie, and everie day, as by that name, onetimes (as hereafter appeareth) bee noted kings and mighty potentates: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the very Pan and God of shepherds.

Olives beue, the Olive was wont to be the ensigne of peace and quietnes, either for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace: or else for that the olive tree, they say, will not growe near the Firre tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of batalle, and used most for Spears, and other instruments of warre. Whereupon it is finely faine, that, when Neptune and Minerva strove for the naming of the Olive of all things, Neptune being on the side of his Mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth war, but at Minervas stroke sprung out an Olive, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

Bind your, spoken rudeley, and according to shepherae simpliciter.

Bring, all these be names of flowers. Sops in wine, a flower in colour much like to a Carnation, but differing in smell and quantitie. Flavere deliere, that which they use to mistrene frowre delire, being in Latine called Flora delitterum.

A bellbone, or a bombard, homely spoken for a fair maid, or boniassa.

Porsonneck and forswatism, overlaborated and sunne-burnt.

I saw Phoebus, the sunne, a sensible narration, and a present view of the thing mentioned, which they call Parousia.

Cynthia, the Moone, so called of Cynthia a hill, where she was honoured.

Latomata zicile, was Apollo and Diana. Whom when as Niobe the wife of Ammon scornd, in respect of the noble fruit of her wonde, namely her seven sonses, and so many daughters; Latoma, being therewith displeased, commandeth her some Phoebus to slay all the sonses, and Diana all the daughters: whereto the unfortunate Niobe being sore dismayed, and lamenting out of measure, was faine to the lobe his own brooke to leap into a stone, upon the sculpurle of her children: for which cause the Shenher
THE SHEPHERDS CALENDAR.

saith, he will not compare her to them, for fear of misfortune. 
Now rise, is the conclusion. For, having so decked her 
with prayers and comparisons, he returneth all the thankes 
of his labour to the excellence of her Majestie. 
When damns, A base reward of a clownish giver. 
Yhlest, Y, is a poetical addition, blend, blinded.

EMBLEME.

This poesie is taken out of Virgil, and there of him used 
in the person of Aeneas to his mother Venus, appearing to 

him in likenes of one of Dianas dameses; being there 
most divinely set forth. To which similitude of divinity 
Hobson (comparing the excellence of Elisa, and being 
through the worthinesse of Colins song, as it were, over- 
come with the hugeness of his imagination, bursteth out 
in great admiration, (O quam te memorum virgin,) being 
otherwise unable, then by sudden silence, to express the 
worthinesse of his conceit. Whom Themod answereth 
with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his 
grant and approvance, that Elisa is no whit inferior to 
the Majestie of her, of whom the poet so boldly pronounced, 
O dea certe.

MAY.

AEGLOGA QUINTA.

ARGUMENT.—In this fift Aeglogue, under the person of two Shepherds, Piers and Palinode, he represented two forms of Pastours or Ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholike; whose chiefie take shadues of their life in comparing, whether the 
life of the one must be like the other: with whom having shewed, that it is dangerous to maintain any fellowship, or 
give too much credite to their edurable and famed good wil, he tellth him a tale of the Foxe, that, by such a counter-
point of craftiness, deceived and devoured the credulous Kidde.

PALINODE. PIERs.

Pur. Is not thilke the mery moneth of May, 
When love-lads masken in fresh array ? 
How fallith it, then, wee no merrier beene, 
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene ? 
Our bloncket liveryes bene all to saddle 
For thilke same season, when all is ycladde 
With pleasaunce; the ground with grasse, the woods 
With greene leaves, the bushes with blooming buds, 
Youngthes flocke now flocken in every where, 
To gather May-baskets and smelling brece ; 
And home they hasten the pastures to dight, 
And all the kirk-pillours eare day-light, 
With hawthorne buds, and sweete eglantine, 
And girldows of roses, and sappes in wine. 
Such merinake holy saints doth queene, 
But wee here sitten as drowndle in dreme. 

Piers. For youngers, Palinode, such follies fitte, 
But wee tway bene men of elder witte.

Pur. Sicker this morowe, no longer aoge, 
I save a shole of shepheards outgoe 
With singing, and shouting, and iolly chere ; 
Before them yode a lustie taberbe, 
That to the many a horn-pype played, 
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd. 
To see those folks make such joysynesse, 
Made my heart after the pype to daunce ; 
Tho to the greene wood they speeden hem all, 
To fetchen home May with their musicall ; 
And home they bringen in a royall thronle, 
Crowned as king ; and his quene attone 
Was Lady Flora, on which did attend 
A fyare flocke of faeries, and a fresh bend 
Of lovely nymphes. (O that I were there, 
To helpen the ladies their Maybush bare be !) 
Ah ! Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke 
How great sport they gayneth with little swinek ?

Ver. 5. — all to rud. ] All-to is completely or entirely.

Ver. 29. *And home they bringen &c.] There is the ellips-

is of him [Mai] after bringen. 
T. Warton.

Ver. 32. — bend] Bond, a band or knot. T. Warton.

Piers. Perdie, so farre am I from eve, 
That their fondnesse inly I pitie : 
Those fyartours little regarden their charge, 
While they, letting their sheepe ranne at large, 
Passen their time, that should be spareae spent, 
In lusthede and wanton mertrien. 
Thilke same bene shepheards for the devils stedde, 
That playen while their flockes be unfedde ; 
Well it is seen that sheepe bene not thei owne, 
That letten them ranne at random alone : 
But they bene hyred for little pay 
Of other, that careen as little as they, 
What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece, 
And get all the gayne, paying but a peece. 
I muse, what account both these will make ; 
The one for the hire, which he doth take, 
And the other for leaving his Lordses taske, 
When great Pan account of shepheards shall aske. 

Pur. Sicker, now I see thou speakest of spight, 
All for thou lackest sondene their delight. 
I (as I am) had rather be envied 
All were it of my foe, then fonly pitied ; 
And yet, if neede were, pitied would be, 
Rather then other should scorn me at me ; 
For pitied is mishap that mas remedie, 
But scorned bene decedes of fond foolerie. 
What shoulden shepheards other things tend, 
Then, sith their God his good does them send, 
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure, 
The while they here liven at ease and pleasure ! 
For, when they bene dead, their good is ygoe, 
They sleepen in rest, well as other moe ; 
Tho with them wends what they spent in cost, 
But what they left behinden them is lost. 
Good is no good, but if it be spend ; 
God giveth good for none other end.

Piers. Ah ! Palinode, thou art a worldles child ; 
Who touches pitch, mought needs be defilede ; 
But shepheards (as Algrind used to say) 
Mought not lve ylike as men of the laye.

May.

With them it sits to care for their heire, 
Enamour their heritage doe impaire: 
They must provide for means of maintenane, 
And to continue their wont countenances: 
But shepheard must walke another way, 
Sike worldly soveraine he must for-say. 
The some of his love why should he regard 
To leave enriched with that he hath spard! 
Should not thilke God, that gave him that good, 
Eke cherish his child, if in his wais he stoad? 
For if he mislese in leasen and lust, 
Little bootes all the wealth, and the trust, 
That his father left by inheritance; 
All will be soon wasted with misgovernaunce: 
But through this, and other their miserie, 
They make many a wrong chevisance, 
Heaping up waves of wealth and woe, 
The floods whereof shall them overflow. 
Sike mens folly I cannot compare 
Better then to the apes foolish care, 
That is so enamoured of her young one, 
(And yet, God wote, such cause had shee none,) 
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing, 
Shee stoppeth the breath of her youngling. 
So ofteentimes, when as good is meant, 
Evil ensue of wrong entent. 
The time was once, and may againe returne, 
(For ought may happen, that hath been befor,) 
When shepheardes had none inheritance, 
Nor of land nor fees in sufferrance, 
But what might arise of the bare sheep, 
(Were it more or lesse) which they did kepe. 
Well ywis was it with shepheardes thoe: 
Nought having, nought feare them to forgoo: 
For Pan himselfe was their inheritance, 
And little them served for their maintenance. 
The shepheardes God so wol them guided, 
That of nought they were unprovided; 
Butter enow, bonny, milke, and whay, 
And their flockes fleeces them to playe; 
But tract of time, and long prosperitie, 
(That soure of vice, this of insolence,) 
Lulled the shepheardes in such securitie, 
That, not content with loyall ovesaunce, 
Some gan to gape for greelie governaunce, 
And match them selfe with mighty potentates, 
Lovers of lordship, and troubled of states: 
The gan shepheardes swaines to looke aloft, 
And leave to live hard, and learne to ligge soft: 
The, under colour of shepheardes, somewhat 
There crept in wolves, full of fraud and guile, 
That often devoured their owne sheep, 
And often the shepheard that did hem kepe; 
This was the first source of shepheardes sorow, 
That now will be quitt with baile nor borow. 

Piers. Three things to heare be very burdenous, 
But the fourth to forake is outrageous: 
Wemen, that of loves longing once lust, 
Hardly forbeare, but have it they must: 
So when choler is inflamed with rage, 
Wanting revenge, is hard to asswage: 
And who can counsel a thristie soule, 
With patience to forbeare the offered bowle? 
But of all burden, that a man can bare, 
Most is, afooles talko to beare and to heare. 
I weene the gaunt has not such a weight,

That heares on his shoulders the heavens height— 
Thou findest fault where nys to be found, 
And bullesst strong warke upon a weake ground; 
Thou raylest on right withouen reason, 
And blamest hem much for small enceahen. 
How should shepheardes live, if not so! 
What? should they playne in payne and woe? 
Nay, say I thereto, by my dear borrow, 
If I may res, I will live in sorrowe. 
Sorrowe ne neede be hastened on, 
For he will come, without calling, anone. 
While times endure of tranquillitie, 
Usen we freely our felicite; 
For, when approch the stormie stowres, 
We mought with our shoulders bear off the sharp showers; 
And, sooth to sayne, ought seemeth sike strife, 
That shepheardes so witen ech other life, 
And layen her faults the worlds before, 
The while their foons doe cache of hem sorne. 
Let none mislike of that may not be mended; 
So conteek soon by concord mought be ended. 
Piers. Shepheard, I list no accordance make 
With shepheard, that does the right way forsake; 
And of the twaine, if chosse were to me, 
Had lever my foe then my friend he be; 
For what concord han light and darke sam! 
Or what peace has the Bon with the lambe! 
Such factions, when theye false hearts bene hide, 
Will doe as did the Foyce by the Kidde. 

Piers. Thilke same Kidde (as I can well devise) 
Was too very foolish and unwise; 
For on a time, in sommer season, 
The Gate her dame, that had good reason, 
Yode forth abroad unto the greene wood, 
To browse, or play, or what she thought good: 
But, for she had a motherly care 
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware, 
She set her youngling before her knee, 
That was both fresh and lovely to see, 
And full of favour as Kidde mought be. 
His helmet heid began to shoote out, 
And his wraethed horns gan newly sprout; 
The blossomes of lust to bad did beginne, 
And spring forth ranckely under his chinne. 
"My Sonne," (quoth she, and with that gan weep; 
For carefull thoughts in her heart did creese;) 
"God blisse thee, poore Orphane! as hee mought me, 
And send thee ioy of thy fauliye. 
Thy father," (that wordes she spake with payne, 
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine,) 
"Thy father, had he lived this day, 
To see the braunce of his body displaye, 
How would he have ioyed at this sweete sight! 
But ah! false Fortune such ioy did him spight, 
And cut off his dayes with unfinily woe, 
Betraying him into the traynes of his foe. 
Now I, a wailefull widowe beleith, 
Of my olde age have this one delight, 
To see thee successe in thy fathers steade, 
And flourish in flourves of lustiehead; 
For even so thy father his head uplaid, 
And so his hustie horns did he weld." 
Tho marking him with melting eyes, 
A thrilling throbbe from her heart did arise,

Ver. 185. His velden head. Tod.
And interrupted all her other speeche
With some olde sorrowe that made a new breache;
Seemed she saw in her younglings face
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
At last her solern silence she broke,
And gan his new-buddled beard to stroke.

"Kiddie, (quoth she) thou kenst the great care
I have of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wide beastes liggen in wait
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the Foxe, maister of collision;
For he has vowed thy last confusion.

Forth, my Kiddie, be ruled by me,
And never give trust to his saying;
And, if he chance come when I am abrade,
Sperre the yate fast, for fear of fraudé.
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the dore at his request."

So schooled the Gate her wanton sonne,
That amswer'd his mother, All should be done.
The went the pensive damme out of dore,
And chasuest to stamble at the threshold flore;
Her stumbling steppe somewhat her amaz'd,
(For such, as signes of ill haue, bene dispriased ;)
Yet forth she yade, therat half agast;
And Kiddie the dorr spreadd, as her fast.
It was not long, after she was gone,
But the false Foxe came to the dore alone;
Not as a foxe, for then he had bend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
Bearing a trussse of trifles at his backe,
As hells, and tabes, and glasses in his packe:
A biggen he had got about his braine;
For in his headpeace he felt a sore paine;
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had got the gout:
There at the dore he cast me downe his pack,
And laid him downe, and groned, "Ah! ilk! I am amazed!"
Ah! dear Lord! and sweet Saint Charitie!
That some good body would once pitie me!"

Well heard Kiddie all this sore constraint,
And langed to know the cause of his complaint;
The, creeping close behind the wicket clinck,
Privily he peeped out through a chink,
Yet not so privily but the Foxe him spied;
For deceitfull meaning is double-eyed.
"Ah! good young Maister" (then gan he crye)
"Jesus blesse that sweete face I espie,
And keep your corpse from the carefull stounds
That in my carnion cares abounds."

The Kidd, pittyng his heaviness,
Asked the cause of his great distresse,
And also who, and whence that he were.
Tho he, that had well yeeld his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare:

"Sickie, sickie, alas! and little lacke of dead,
But I be reliev'd by your beasthead.
I am a poore sheepe, albe my colour dome.
For with long travell I am brunt in the sunne;
And if that, my grandsire said me sayd, be true,
Sicker, I am very syble to you;
So be your goodlihead do not disbane
This base kinred of so simple swaine.
Of mercie and favour then I you pray,
With your ayde to forestall my nere decay."

Tho the out of his packe a glasse he tooke,
Wherein while Kiddie unwares did looke,
He was so enamored with the newell,
That nought he deemed deare for the iiewell:
The openned he the dore, and in came

The false Foxe, as he were starke lame:
His tayle he chapt betwixt his legs twayne,
Lest he should be descried by his trayne.
Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,
All for the love of the glasse he did see.
After his chere the pedler can chat,
And tell many leasings of this and that,
And how he could shew many a fine knack;
Tho shewed his ware and opened his packe,
All save a bell, which he left behind
In the basket for the Kiddle to finde;
Which when the Kidde stouped downe to catch, 14
He pept him in, and his basket did lath;
Ne stayed he once the dore to make fast,
But ranne away with him in all hast.

Home when the doubtfull damme had her hide,
She mought see the dore stand open wide;
All agast, lowdely she gan to call
Her Kiddle; but he mould amswered at all:
Tho on the flore she saw the merchandise
Of which her sonne had sette too deere a prise.
What help! her Kidde she knew well was gone;
She weeped, and wayled, and made great mome.
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned be
Of craft, coloured with simplicite;
And in such end, perdie, does all hem remayne,
That of such fakers friendship bene fayne.

"Pol. Truly, Pier, thou art beside thy wit.
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit.
Now, I pray thee, let me thy tale borowe
For our Sir John, to say to morowe
At the korke when it is holiday;
For well he meanes, but little can say.
But, and if foxes bene so craftye as so,
Much needeth all shepheards hem to know.
Piers. Of their falsheode more could I recone,
But now the bright sunne gymenth to dismount;
And, for the dealew night now d4oth nye,
I hold it best for us home to lye.

PALSODES EMBLEME.
I'n men apistos apistol.
PIERS HIS EMBLEME.
Tis d'ara pistis apistol.

GLOSSE.
Thilke, this same moneth. It is applied to the season of the moneth, when all men delight themselves with pleasance of fields, and gardens, and garments.
Blanket liveries, grey coates.
Ydee, arrayed, Y. redoundeth, as before.
In every where, a strange, yet proper kind of speaking.
Bushets, a diminutive, s little bushes of Hawthorne.
Kirke, Church.
Quene, Queen.
A shoale, a multitude, taken of fish, whereof some going in great companies, are said to swim in a shoale.
Yole, went.
Lowesamer, ley.
Swinch, labour.
Inly, entirely.
Failours, vagabonds.
Great Pan, Is Christ, the very God of all shepheards.

Ver. 311. — can say.] The verb say was a technical term for the performance of divine service. T. Warton.
Ver. 316. — now doth nape,] That is, now doth advenus. T. W.
which calleth himselfe the great and good shepheard. The name is most rightly (methinks) applied to him: for Pan signifies all, or omnipotent, which is only the Lord Jesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called by Eusebius, in his fifth book De Preparal. Evang. who thereof telleth a propounded story. The most ancient storie is first recorded of Plutarch, in his booke of the ceasing of miracles: and of Lavater translated, in his booke of walking spirits. Who saith, that about the same time that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion, for the redemption of man, certaine persons seeing from Italy to Cyprus, and passing by certaine Isles called Parox, heard a voyce calling aloud "Thamus, Thamus, (now Thamus was the name of an Egyptian, which was Pylote of the ship,) who, giving care to the eire, wasidden, when he came to Palodes, to tell that the great Pan was dead: which hee doubting to doe, yet for that when hee came to Palodes, there suddenly was such a calme of winde, that the ship stooode still in the sea unmoved, he was forced to eire alowe, that Pan was dead: wherewithall there was heard such piteous entryes, and dreadful shriking, as hath not beene the like. By which Pan, though of some bee understood the great Sathanas, whose kingdom was at that time by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken up, and death by death delivered to eirenal death, (for at that time, as bee sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchanted spirites, that were wont to delude the people thereunto held their very place, at the death of the Emperor Tiberius, who that Pan should be, an-mer was made him by the wisest and best learned, that it was the some of Mercurie and Penelope: yet I think it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the only and verie Pan, because suffering for his flocke.

For I am, sauceth to imitate the common proverbe, *Malum invitere mutus omnis, quam minierere.*

*Nun* is a syncope, for achas, or has not: as would for would not.

*The with them, doth imitate the Epitaph of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, which he causeth to be written on his tombe in Cricces: which verses be thus translated by Tullie.*

" Iller habalque edil, queaque exatutata libido
Hausit, at illa manent multa ac praecara relicta.

Which may thus be turned into English.

"All that I eat did I joy, and all that I greedily gorged:
As for these many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good old Earle of Devonshire, which though much more wasome bewrayeth Sardanapalus, yet hath a snakke of his sensual delights and bashfulness: the rimes be these:

" Ho, ho, who lies here?
I the good Earle of Devonshire,
And Manid my wife that was full dear:
We lived togethir ye. years.
That we spent, we had:
"That we gave, we have:
"That we left, we lost."

*Algraith,* the name of a shepheard.

*Mere of the joy, the mermen.
Enuentier, least that.
Sororance, remembrance.

*Misreceance,* dispose, or misbelieved.

*Ursuance,* sometime of Chauteer used for gaine: sometime of other for spoile, or bootie, or enterprise, and sometime for chide done.

Pan himselfe, God, according as is said in Denteonomic, that, in division of the land of Canaan to the tribe of Levi, no portion of heritage should be allotted, for God himselfe was their inheritance.

Sorci gua, mouth of the pope, and his antichristian prelates, which usurpe a tyrannicall dominion in the Church, and with Peters counterfeit keyes open a wide gate to all wickednesse and insolent government. Nought here spoken, as of purpose to denies fatherly rule and government, as some maliciously of late have done, to the great unrest and hindrance of the Church, but to display the pride and disorder of such as, in stead of feeding their sheep, in deed feed of their sheepe.

*Source,* wellspring and originall.

*Borouer,* pledge or surceitie.

*The Graunt,* is the great Atlas, whom the poets feigne to be a huge Giant, that beneath heaven on his shoulders: being in deed a marvellous high mountain in Mauritanias, that now is Barbarie, which to mans seeming pearcheat the clouds, and seemeth to touch the heavens. Other think, and they not misbe, that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same country, who (as the Greekes say) did first finde out the hidden courses of the staries, by an excellent imagination: wherefore the poets fedned, that hee sustained the firmament on his shoulders. Many other counciuctes necessesse be tolde hereof.

*Warke, worke.*

*Eurchaeston,* cause, occasion.

*Dear borow,** that is our Saviour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

*Wyen,* blame.

*Nought seathem,* is unmeanly.

*Couatc,* strike, contention.

*Her,* their, as useth Chauteer

*Hau,* for have.

*Sam,* together.

This tale is much like to that in Aesope fables, but the catastrofe and end is more differet. By the Kidde may bee understood the simple sort of the faithfull and true Christians. By his damne Christ, that hath alreadie with careful watch-wards (as here doth the Gote) warned littlemes, to beware of such doubting deceit. By the Fox, the false and faithiess Pupissis, to whom is no credit to be given, nor fellowship to be used.

*The Gote,* the Gote: Nortrenly spoken, to turne O into A.

*Yote, went:* aforesaid.

*Shoe set,* a figure called *Fitices,* which useth to attribute reasonable actions and speecches to unreasonable creatures.

*The blosomes of lust,* be the yong and moscie haires, which then beginne to sprout and shoote forth, when lustfull heat beginneth to kindle.

*And with,* a very poezchfull pathos.

*Orphans,* a yonging or pupill, that needeth a tutor or governor.

*That word,* a pathetical parenthesis, to encrease a carefull hyperbaten.

*The branuch,* of the fathers bodie, is the childie.

*For even so,* alludde to the saying of *Andromache* to *Ascminus* in Virgil.

"* Sic eoculos, sic ille manus, sic eora feretam.*"

*A thrething throb,* a pearcing sigh.

*Ligien,* lie.

*Maister of colusion,* s. coloured guile, because the Faxe, of all beasts, is most wile and graffe.

*Sperre the yale,* shut the doore.

*For such,* the Gotes stumbling is here noted as an evil signe. The like to be marked in all histories: and that not the least of the Lorde Hastings in King Richard the third his daies. For, beside his dangerous dreame (which was a shrewd prophesyse of his mishap that followed) it is said, that in the morning riding toward the tower of Lon- don, there to sit upon matters of counsell, his horse stum- bled twice or thrice by the way: which of some, that riding with him in his company were privy to his norre destiny, was secretly marked, and afterward noted for memorie of his great mishap that ensueth. For being then so merrie as man might be, and least doubting any mortal danger, he was, within two houres after, of the tyrant put to a shainfall death.

*As belles,* by such trifles are noted, the reliques and rags of popish superstition, which put to small relium in belles, and babbies, s. Idoles, and glasses, s. Faxes, and such like trumperies.

*Great cold,* for they boast much of their outward patience, and voluntary sustinance, as a worke of merit and holy humbleness.
IUNE.

AEGLOGA SEXTA.

ARGUMENT—This Aeglogue is wholly vowed to the complaining of Colin ill success in his love. For being (as is aforesaid) enamored of a country lass Rosalind, and having (as seemeth) found place in her heart, be lamenteth to his deare friend Hobinoll, that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his steadement Mensles another shepheard received disloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Aeglogue.

HOBINOLL. COLIN CLOUT.

Hob. Lo! Colin, here the place whose pleasant syte From other shades hath wound my wandering minde, Tell me, what wants mee here to worke delyte? The simple ayre, the gentle warbling winde, So calm, so cool, as no where else I finde; The grassie grounde with daintie daisyes light, The Bramble bush, where byrdes of every kinde To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

Col. O happy Hobinoll, I blesse thy state, That Paradise hast founde which Adam lost: Here wander may thy flocke early or late, Withouten dread of wolves to bene ytost; Thy lovely layes here maist thou freely boste: But I, unhappie Man! whom cruel Fate And anger gods pursue from coste to coste, Can no where finde to shrode my bucklesse pate.

Hob. Then, if by mee thou list advised bee, Forsake the soyle that doth thee bewitch; Leave mee those hilles where harbr Boroughn mist to see, Nor holy-bush, nor breere, nor winding ditch; And to the dales resort, where shepheardes rich, And fruitful flocks, bene every where to see: Here no night-ravens lodge, more black then pitchy, Nor elvish ghosts, nor nasty owles doe flee; But friendly Faeries, met with many Graces, And lightfoote Nymphes, may chace the linging Night

Ver. 16. pate.] Pate was not a ludicrous or Hibernian word formerly. T. Warton.
Ver. 19. harbrorough.] This word harbrorough or herbrorough, is mentioned in the Glossary to Urry's Chaucer as signifying an inn, a lodging. Torn.

With heydegues, and trimy trodden traces,[hight, Whilst Systers Nyne, which dwell on Parnasse Doe make them musicke for their more delight; And Pan himselfe to kisse their christall faces 30 \[bute agere such pleasures dut reproove: My fannie eke from former follies moove To stayed steps; for time in passing weares, (As garments doon, which waxen olde above,) And draweth newe delights with hoarie hairs.

Tho I and I, whilst youth, and course of carelesse yeeres, Did let mee walke withouten lincks of love, In such delights did Ioy amongst my peeces; But ryper age such pleasures dut reproove: My fannie eke from former follies moove To stayed steps; for time in passing weares, (As garments doon, which waxen olde above,) And draweth newe delights with hoarie hairs.

Tho outh I singe of love, and tune my pype Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made; Tho would I secke for queene-apples unrype; To give my Rosalind, and in sommer shade Digt gandie girldons was my common trade, To crowne her golden locks; but yeeres more rype, And losse of her, whose love as lyfe I wayde, Those weary wanton toyes away did wype.

Hob. Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes, Which thou wert wont on wastefull hilles to sing, I more delight then lark in sommer dayes, Whose echoe made the neighbour groves to ring, And taught the byrdes, which in the lower spring Did shroude in shady leaves from sunny rayes.

Ver. 29. their more delight.] Their greater delight. Torn.
Frame to thy songe their cheerefull cherpping. 52
Or' holdre their peace, for shame of thy sweete
lavers.
I sawe Calippe with Muses moe,
Soone as thy eythe open began to sounde,
Their yvoy rates and tamburins forgoe,
And from the fountain, where they sat around. 50
Renne after hastily thy silver sound ;
But, when they came where thou thy skill didst
shove,
They drewe a blaceke, as halfe with shame confound
Shepheard to see, them in their arte outgoe.

Col. Of Muses, Hobinoll, I come noe skill,
For they bene daughters of the highest Iove,
And holde some of homely shepheardes quill ;
For sith I heard that Pan with Phebus drove,
Which him to much rebuke and daunger drove,
I never list presume to Parnasse hill,
But, pyping low in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please myselfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth praise or blame,
Nor strive to w inne renowne, or passe the rest :
With shepheard sittes not followe flying Fame,
But feeke his flocks in fields where falls hem best.
I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest ;
The fitter they my careful e to frame:
Enough is mee to paint out my unrest,
And pourre my piteous plaints out in the same.

The god of shepheardes, Tityrus, is dead,
Who taught mee homely, as I can, to make :
Hee, whilst hee lived, was the sovereign head
Of shepheardes all that bene with love yatke :
Well count hee waile his woes, and lightly shake.
The flames which love within his heart had breede,
And tell mee merry tales to keepe us wake,
The while our sheepe about us safety fede.

Now deade hee is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
(O why should Death on him such outrage shewe !) 80
And all his passing skill with him is fledge,
The fame whereof doth daylie greater grove.
But, if on mee some little drops would flowe
Of that the spring was in his learned heede,
I soone would learnen these woods to waile my woe,
And teach the trees their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaintes, cause of discurese,
As messengers of this my plainfull plight,
Flye to my love where ever that shee bee,
And pierce her heart with pouint of worthy wight. 100
As shee deserves, that wrotten so deadly spight.
And thou, Menacles ! that by trechere
Didst underfonge my lasse to wee so light,
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villawce.

But since I am not as I wish I were,
Yee gentle Shepheardes! which your flockes doe feede,
Whether on hylls, or dales, or other where.
Beare witness all of this so wicked deedde;
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is wore a weeke,
And faultlesse is turn'd to faultlesse freee, 112
That shee the truest shepheardes heart made bleede
That lyves on earth, and loved her most dere.

Hob. O carefull Collin, I lament thy ease;
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe !
Ah! faithlesse Rosalind, and voyde of grace,
That art the roote of all this routhful woes !
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goo :
Then rise, yee blessed Flocks ! and home space,
Letst night with stealing steppes do you foresoe,
And wett your tender lambs that by you trace. 129

COLINS EMBLEM.
Gia speme spenta.

GLOSSE.

Syte, situation and place.
Paradise, A Paradise of Greeke, signifieth a garden of
pleasure, or place of delights. So hee compared the soyle,
wherein Hobinoll made abode, to that earthly Paradise,
in Scripture called Eden, wherein Adam in his first
creation was placed; which of the most learned is thought to
be in Mesopotamia, the most fertile pleasant country in
the world; (as may appear by Diodorus-Syrus description
of it, in the historie of Alexanders conquest thereof,) lying
betweene the two famous Rivers (which are said in Scripture
to flow out of Paradise) Tigris and Euphrates, whereof
it is so denommate.

Forake the soyle. This is no Poeticall fiction, but un-
feignedly spoken of the Poet selfe, who for special occasion
of private affaires (as I have beene partie of himselfe
informed) and for his more preeminent, removed out of
the North partes, [and] came into the South, as Hobinoll
indeed advised him privately.

These hilles, that is in the North country where he
dwelt.

Nir, is not.
The dales. The South partes, where he now abideth,
which though they be full of hylls and woods (for Kent
is very hilly and woody, and therefor so called for Easte
in the Saxons toog signifieth woody;) yet in respect of the
North partes they be called dales. For indeed the North
is counted the higher country.

Night Rovens. &c. By such hatalde byrdes, hee mean-
eth all misfortunes (whereof they be tokens) flying evry
where.

Friendly Faries. The opinion of Faries and Elfes is
very olde, and yet sticketh very religiously in the minde
of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfes out of
mens harts, the truth is, that there be no such thing, nor
yet the shadowes of the things, but only by a sort of bold
Fryers and knavish shavelings so finagled, which as in
other things, so in that, sought to mousel the common
people in ignorance, least, being once acquainted with
the truth of things, they would in time smell out the untrue
of their packed pelfe and Messe-peny religion. But the
sooth is, that when all Italy was distract into the Faction
of the Guelfe and the Gibelynes, being two famous houses
in Florence, the name began through their great mischifices
and many outrages, to be so odious or rather dreadfull in
the peoples eares, that, if their children at any time were
froward and wanton, they would say to them that the
Guelfe or the Gibelyne came. Which words now from
them (as many things else) be come into our usage, and,
for Guelfes and Gibelynes, we say Elfes and Goblyns. No
otherwise then the Frenchmen used to say of that valiant
captaine, the verie scourge of Prance, the Lorde Thailb.,
afterward Earle of Shrewsbury, whose noblenesse bred
THE SHEPHERDS CALENDAR.

such a terror in the barts of the French, that oft times even great armies were delected and put to flight at the only hearing of his name. In so much that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot commeth.

Many Graces, though there be indeed but three Graces or Charites (as afore is said) or at the utmost but foure, yet, in respect of many gifts of bountie, there may be said more. And so Musæus saith, that in Heroes either eyes there sat a hundred Graces. And, by that authoritie, this same Poet in his Pages saith: "An hundred Graces on her eyelid sat," &c.

Heydegnes, A country daunce or round. The concept is, that the Graces and Nymphs do daunce unto the Muses and Pan his musicke all night by Mooneslight. To signifie the pleasantnesse of the sonie.

Peeres. Equals and fellow shephards.

Queene-apples unrype, imitating Virgils verse: "Ipsa ego eana legam tenora lunugine mala."

Neighbour procre, a strange phrase in English, but word for word expressing the Latin vicina generas.

Spring, not of water, but of young trees springing.

Collepe, aforesaid. This staffe is full of very poetical invention.

Tambarynes, an old kind of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan with Phæbus: the tale is well knowne, how that Pan and Apollo, striving for excellency in musicke, chose Midas for their judge. Who, being corrupted with partiall affection, gave the victory to Pan undeservedly: for which Phæbus set a paire of Asses ears upon his head, &c.

Tityrus: That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath bene already sufficiently sayd, and by this more plaine appear-eth, that be saith, he told merie tales. Such as he his Canterbury tales, whom he calleteth the God of the Poets for his excellencye, so as Tully calleteth Lentulus, Deum vitae suae, & the God of his life.

To make, to versifie.

O why, A pretie Epanorthosis or correction. Discurtise: bee meaneath the falsenesse of his lover Rosalind, who forsaking him had chosen another.

Point of worthie vsite, the pri. ke of deserved blame.

Monalitz, the name of a shepheard in Virgil: but there is meane a person unknowne and secret, against whom he often bitterly invyeth.

Underfong, undermine and deceive by false suggestion.

EMBLEME.

You remember, that [in] the first Aeglogue Colins Poesie was Anchura spyma: for that as then there was hope of favour to be found in time. But now being cleane forborne and reected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished and turned into despaire, he renoumeth all comfort and hope of goodness to come; which is all the meaning of this Emblem.
IULY.

To renne his dayly race,
Upon whose toppe the starres bene stayed,
And all the skie doth leane;
There is the cave where Phoebe layed
The shepheard long to dreame,
Whylo there used shepheardes all
To feele theyr flockes at will,
Till by his folly one did fall,
That all the rest did spill.
And, sithens shepheardes bene foresayd
From places of delight,
For-thy I wree me then be afrayd
To cline this hillles height.
Of Synah can I tell thee more,
And of our Ladys Bowre ;
But little needes to strow my store,
 Suffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy Fannes recourse,
And Sylvanes haunten rathe ;
Here has the salt Medway his source,
Wherein the Nymphes doe b. the ;
The salt Medway, that trickling stremes
Of heaven doth down
Till with his elder brother Themes
His brackish waves be meynt.
Here growes melampode every where,
And terribith, good for goates ;
The one my madding kids to smere,
The next to heale their throates.
Here, he, the hilles bene nigher heaven,
And thence the passage eth ;
As well can prove the piercing levin,
That scheluma fales beneath.

Thou, Syker then speakes like a lewd norrell,
Of heaven to demont so ;
By how he I am but rude and norrell,
Yet nearer waies I know.
To kerke the narre, from God more farre,
Has bene an oldse-saved sawe ;
And he, that strives to touche a starre,
Oft stumbles at a strawe.
Alsone may shepheard clime to skie
That leads in lowly dales,
As gotcherd proud, that, sitting hie,
Upon the mountayne skyes,
My seely sheepe like well belowe,
They neede not melanchome.
For they bene late enough, I trove,
And lyken their abode ;
But, if they with thy goates should yede,
They soone might be corrupted,
Or like not of the frowie fede,
Or with the weedes be glutted.
The hilles, where dwelde holy saints,
I reverende and adore,
Not for themselfe, but for the saincts
Which han bene dead of yore.
And now they bene to heaven forewent,
Their good is with them goe ;
Their sample onely to us lent,
That als we mought doe soe.
Shepheardes they were of the best,
And lived in lowly les ;
And, sith they soules be now at rest,

Ver. 74 And of our Ladys Bowre;] At Loretto.
T. Warton.

Ver. 83 A loose, contemptible fellow.
T. Warton.


Ver. 97. Why done we them disease ?
Ver. 101. Why do we give them uneasiness ?
They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
(0 seely sheepe the while!)
The corne is their ows, let other thred,
Their handsel they may not filo.
They han great store and thristie stockes,
Great friends and feeble foes;
What needs hem curen for their flockes,
Theyr boyes can looke to those.
These warcats weter in wealths waves,
Pampered in pleasures deep;
That han fat kernes, and leany knaves,
Their fasting flockes to kepe.
Sike master men bere all misgone,
They happen hilles of wretch;
Sike syrrie shepheardes han we none,
They keepen all the path.

Mor. Here is a great deale of good matter
Lost for lacke of telling:
Now sicker I see thou dost but clatter,
Harne may come of melling.
Thou meddlest more, then shall have thank,
To witen shepheardes wealth;
When folkere bene fat, and riches ranck,
It is a signe of health.
But say mee, what is Algrind, hee
That is so oft bynamy?

Thom. Hee is a shepheard great in gree,
But hath bene long yspe;
One day hee sat upon a hill,
Aas now thou wouldest mee;
But I am taught, by Algrinds ill,
To love the lowe degree;
For sitting so with bared scalp;
An eagle sorely lye.
That, weening his white head was chalke
A shellfish downe let lye;
She wendel the shellfish to have broke,
But therewith bruad his brayne;
So now, astonied with the stroke,
Hee lyes in lingering payne.
Mor. Ah I good Algrind I his hap was ill
But shall be better in time.
Now farewell, Shepheard, sith this hill
Thou hast such doubt to clime.

THOMALINS EMBLEM.
In medio virtus.
MORRELLS EMBLEM.
In summo felicitas.

GLOSSAE.
A Gateheard: by Gates in scripture he represented
the wicked and reprobate, whose Pastour also must
medea be such.
Bancke, is the arte of honour.
Straying heard, which wander out of the way of truth.
A's, for also.
Clime, spoken of ambition.
Great clime, according to Seneca his verse:
"Incident celtae graviare lapen,"
Mickle, much.
The Sunne: a reason why he refused to dwell on
mountains; because there is no shelter against the
searching Sun, according to the time of the years, which
is the hottest month of all.
The Cup and Diadem, be two signes in the firmanent.

Scripture saith) bent his mind to keeping of sheep, as did his brother Colum to tilling the ground.

*His keepes,* his charge, *s. his flocke.*

Lowed, hid honour and reverence.

The brethren, the twelve sonses of Jacob, which were sheep-majsters, and lived only thereupon.

*Whom Ida,* Paris, which being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Heebus dreamt, which, seeing with child of him, dreamed she brought forth a firebrand, that set the tower of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hill Ida, where being fastened of shepherds, he eke in time became a shepheard, and lastly came to the knowledge of his parentage.

A mate, Helena, the wife of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, was by Venus, for the golden apple to her given, then promised to Paris, who, thereupon with a sort of lustie Troyans, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troy, which was the cause of the ten yeares warre in Troy, and the most famous citie of all Asia lamentably sacked and defaced.

Argus, was of the Poets devised to be full of eyes, and therefore to him was committed the keeping of the transformed Caw, &c. so called, because that, in the print of the Cowes feats, there is figured an I in the middest of an O.

His name, he meaneth Aaron; whose name, for more decorum, the shepheard saith he hath forgot, least his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writ shoulde seeme to exceede the meanenesse of the person.

Not so true, for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed idolatrie.

In purple, spoken of the Popes and Cardinals, which use such tyrannicall colours and pompous painting.

Bellis, parrulae.

Glitterans, glittering, a participle used sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in Gower.

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AUGUST.

AEGLOGA OCTAVA.

ARGUMENT—In this Aeglogue is set forth a delectable controversie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereeto also Virgil fashioned his third and seventh Aeglogue. They chose for Umpere of their strife, Cuddy, a next hearsed boye; who having ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper Song, whereof Colin he saith was Authour.

WILLER PERIGOT, CUDDE.

WILL. Tell mee, Perigot, what shalbe the game,
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy musick matche? 1

Or beth thy bagpipes renne farre out of frame! 2

Or hath the crampne thy ioynets benond with ache?

Per. Agh! Willie, when the bart is ill assayed,

How can bagpype or ioynets be well apayde? 3

Wil. What the foule evil hath so bestad? 4

Wiliom thou was peregall to the best,

And, wont to make the iolly shepheardes glad,

With prying and dancing didst passe the rest. 5

Per. Agh! Willie, now I have learnd a newe dance;

My old musick mard by a newe mischance.

Wil. Mischief mought to that mishance befall,

That so hath raft us of our meriment;

But rede me what paime doth thee so appall; 6

Or lovest thou, or beth thy younglings miswaint? 7

Per. Love hath misled both my younglings and I pine for payme, and they my paime to see. 8

Wil. Perdie, and wellawaye! ill may they thrive;

Never knew I lovers sheepe in good plight: 9

But and if in rymes with me thou dare strive,

Such fond fantasies shall soone he put to flight.

Their Pen, that is, the Pope, whom they count their God and greatest shepheard.

Palinode, a shepheard, of whose report he speecheth to speake all this.

Wizards, great learned heads.

Welter, wallow.

Kerne, a Charle or Farmer.

Sike mister men, such kindes of men.

Sorly, stately and prowde.

Melting, medling.

Benempte, named.

Grec, for degree.

Algrind, the name of a shepheard aforesaid, whose mishap bee alludeth to the chaunce that happened to the Poet Aschylus, that was brained with a shell fish.

EMBLEME.

By this poesie Thomalin confirmeth that, which in his former speach by sundry reasons he had proveed; for being both himselfe sequestred from all ambition, and also abhorring it in others of his cote, he taketh occasion to praise the mean and lowly state, as that wherein is safitie without feare, and quiet without daunger; according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the midst, beeing environed with two contrarie vices: whereto Morrell replieth with continuance of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountie dwelleth in medio-critie, yet perfect felicitie dwelleth in supremacie. For they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree: so as if any thing bee higher or better, then that way easeth to be perfect happinesse. Much like to that which once I heard ailedged in defence of humilitie, out of a great doctor. "Suum Chriusn humilinus:" which saying a gentleman in the company taking at the rebound, beate backe againe with a like saying of another doctor, as he sayde, "Suum Deus altissimus."

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Per. That shall I doe, though mochell worse I fared:

Never shall be sayde that Perigot was dared.

WILL. Then loe, Perigot, the pledge which I plight,

A mazer ywrought of the maple warre,

Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight

Of bears and tygers, that maken fiers warre;

And over them spred a goodly wilde vine,

Entrailed with a wanton yvy twine. 10

Thereby is a lamb in the wolche inawes;

But see, how fast rememeth the shepheard swain To save the innocent from the beasts paws,

And here with his sheepehooko hath him shain.

Tell me, such a cup hast thou ever seen?

WILL. Mought it beseeme any harvest quence.

Per. Thereeto will I paume yonder spotted lamb;

Of all my flocke there is sliu another.

For I brought him up without the dambe;

But Colin Clout raffe me of his brother,

That he purchaseth of me in the plaine field;

Sore against my will was I forst to yeold.

WILL. Sicker, make like account of his brother;

But who shall judge the wager wonne or lost!
THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

Per. That shall youde heare and none other, Which over the pouss heetherward doth post, For in the sunbeam he soere doth us beate, Were not better to shunne the scorching beate? Per. Well agreed, Willie; then set thee downe, swayne; Sike a song never heardest thou but Colin sing. Sike a judge, as Cuddie, were for a king. Per. "Tis fell upon a holy eve, Wil. Hey, ho, holiday! Per. When holy Fathers wont to shrieve; Wil. Now ginneth this regardelay. Per. Sitting upon a hill so hie, Wil. Hey, ho, the hig hill! Per. The while my flocke did feede thereby; Wil. The while the shepheard selfe did spil; Per. I saw the bouncing Bellibone, Wil. Hey, ho, Bonnibell! Per. Tripping over the dale alone; Wil. She can trip it very well. Per. Well decked in a flocke of gray, Wil. Hey, ho, gray is great! Per. And in a kirtle of greene saye, Wil. The greene is well for mynyous meet. Per. A chapelet on her head she wore, Wil. Hey, ho, chapelet! Per. Of sweete violets therein was store, Wil. She sweeter then the violet. Per. My sheepe did leave their wonded food, Wil. Hey, ho, seely sheepe! Per. And gazd on her as they were wood, Wil. Wood as he that did them keepe. Per. As the bonilasse passed bye, Wil. Hey, ho, bonilasse! Per. She rovde at mee with glauncing eye, Wil. As cleare as the cristall glasse; Per. All as the sunny beame so bright, Wil. Hey, ho, the sunne-beame! Per. Glumecth from Phoebus face forthright, Wil. So love into thy heart did streme; Per. Or as the thounder cleaves the cloudes, Wil. Hey, ho, the thonder! Per. Wherein the lightsome levin shrouded, Wil. So cleaves thy soule asonder; Per. Or as Dame Cynthia silver ray, Wil. Hey, ho, the moonlight! Per. Upon the glittering wave doth play, Wil. Such play is a picteous plight. Per. The glumace into my heart did glide, Wil. Hey, ho, the gylder! Per. Therewith my soule was sharply gyde, Wil. Such wounds soon wezen wider. Per. Hasting to raunch the arrow out, Wil. It was a desperate shot. Per. There it rancketh aye more and more, Wil. Hey, ho, the arrow! Per. Ne can I find salve for my sore, Wil. Love is a cardess sorrow. Per. And though my bale with death I bought, Wil. Hey, ho, heavie cheere! Per. Yet should th-child lasse not from my thought, Wil. So you may buve goldie too deere.


Cud. Sicker, sike a roundle never heard I none; Little lacketh Perigot of the best, And Willie is not greatly overgone, So werten his nder-songes well addrest. [eye; Wil. Heardgronie, I fear me thou have a squint Areede uprightly, who has the victorie. Cud. Fayth of my soule, I deeme echchee have gained; Forthly let the lambe be Willie his owne; And for Perigot, so well hath him payned, To him be the wrongtien mazer alone. Per. Perigot is well please with the doonne, Ne can I wolle the woltesse heardegronie. Wil. Never dempt more right of beautie, I wene, The shepheard of Ida that judged Beauties queene. Cud. But tell me, Shepheards, should it not yshend Your roundels fresh, to heare a dolefull verse Of Rosalind (who knowes not Rosalind?) That Colin made? ylke can I you rehearse. Per. Now say it, Cuddie, as thou art a ladde; With mery thing its good to medle sadde. Wil. Fayth of my soule, thou shall yerouned be In Colins stiche, if thou this song areede; For never thing on earth so pleaseth me As him to heare, or matter of his deede. Cud. Then listen ech unto my heevie ley, And tune your pypes as rithfull as yee may.

Ye wastefull Woodes! bear witness of my wo, Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resounde; Ye carelessse Byrds are privy to my cries, Which in your songs were woont to make a part: Thou, pleasant Spring, hast luld mee oft asleepe, Whose streames my trickling teares did oft augment.

Resort of people doth my griefes augment, The walled townes doe work my greater wo; The forest wide is fitter to resound The hollow echo of my careful cries; I hate the house, since thence my Love did part, Whose wailefull want debars mine eyes of sleepe.

Let stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe; Let all, that sweete is, voyd; and all, that may augment My dole, draw neere! More meete to waile my wo Bene the wilde woods, my sorrows to resound, Then bed, nor bowre, both which I fill with cries, When I them see so waste, and finde no part


Ver. 142. ylke] That, or the same. Todd.
Of pleasure past, Here will I dwell apart
In gastfull grove therefore, till my last sleep
Doo close mine eyes; so shall I not augment
With sight of such as chaunge my restesse woe.
Help me, yee baneful Byrds! whose shrieking
Is signe of dreery death, my deadly eries [sound

Most ruthfully to time: and as my eys (Which of my woe cannot hewryn least part)
You heare all night, when Nature croatheth sleep,
Increase, so let your ykysome yelles augment.
Thus all the nights in plaintes, the daye in woe,
I vowed have to waste, till safe and sound

She home returne, whose voyces silver sound
To cheerefull songs can chaunge my cheerelesse
Hence with the nightingale will I take part, [cries.
That blessed byrd, that spendes her time of sleepe
In songs and plaintive pleas, the more t' augment,
The memorie of his misdeede that bred her woe.

And you that feel no woe, when as the sound
Of these my nightie eries ye heare apart,
Let breake your sounder sleepe, and pitte augment.

Per. O Colin, Colin! the shepheardes joye,
How I admire eeh turning of thy verse;
And Cuddie, freshe Cuddie, the liefest boye,
How doefully his dole thou didst rehearse!
Cud. Then blow your pypes, Shepheards, till you
be at home;
The night highest fast, yts time to be gone.

PERIGOT HIS EMBLEM.
Vincenti gloria victi!

WILLYES EMBLEM.
Vnto non vitto.

CUDDIES EMBLEM.
Felice chi preus.

GLOSSE.
Bestaude, disposed, ordered.
Perquell, equall.
Whatisme, once.
Rafte, bereft, deprived.
Miswent, gone astray.
Il may, according to Virgil.

"Infelix O semper avis pecus."
A mazer: So also doe Theocritus and Virgil feigne
pignes of their strifes.
Enchaussen, engraven. Such prettyle descriptions every
where useth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which
speciall cause indeed, hee by that name termeth his Ae-
glogues: for Idyllion in Greeke signifieth the shape or picture
of any thing, whereof his booke is full. And not as I
have heard some fondly guesse, that they bee called not
Idylia, but Idelilla, of the Goteheards in them.
Entrailed wrought betwene.
Harvest Queene, The maner of country folks in harvest
time.
Pomus, Pease.

If fell upon: Perigot maketh all his song in praise of his
Love, to whom Willye answereth every under verse. By
Perigot who is ment, I cannot uprightly say; but if he
who is supposed, his Love deserveth no lesser praise than
he giveth her.

Crete, weeping and complaint.
Chaplet, a kindes of Garland like a crownne.
Levin, Lightning.
Cynthia, was said to be the Mone.
Greple, pearced.
But if, not unesse.
Squinteye, partiall judgement.
Eche hace, so saith Virgil.

"Et vitula tu dignus, & his &c."
Doomer, judgement.

Bempt, for deemed, judged.
Wite the wightelese, blame the blamelesse.
The shephard of Ida, was said to be Paris.
Beauties Queene, Venus, to whom Paris adjudged the
golden Apple, as the price of his beautie.

EMBLEME.
The meaning hereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by
his poesie claiming the conquest, and Willye not yeelding,
Cuddie the arbitrer of their cause, and patron of his owne,
seemeth to challenge it, as his due, saying, that hee is
happie which can; so abruptly ending, hee meaneth
rather him, that can win the best, or moderate himselfe
being best, and leave off with the best.

SEPTEMBER.

AEGLOGA NONA.

ARGUMENT.—Herein Diggon Davie is devised to be a shephard that, in hope of more gaine, drove his sheepe
into a farre countrey. The abuses whereof, and loose living of peegh prates, by occasion of Hobbinol's demanda,
he discourseth at large.

HOBBINOLL DIGGON DAVIE.

Hob. Diggon Davie! I bid her god day;
Or Diggan her is, or I missay.
Digg. Her was her, while it was day-light,
but nowe her is a most wretched wight:
For day, that was, is wightily past,
And now at earst the dirke night doth hast.

Ver. 6. —— dirke] Dirke is the old northern word for
tark. Tode.

Hob. Diggon, aredece who has thee so dight;
Never I wist thee in so poore a plight,
Where is the fayre flocke thou was wont to lead?
Or bene they chaffred, or at mischiefe dead! 10
Dig. Ah! for love of that is to thee most kefe,
Hobbinoll, I pray thee gall not my old grefe;

Ver. 11. —— of that is? Of that which is. Again, Ver.
135. "And cleanly cover that [which] cannot be cured."
Numerous examples of this ellipsis occur in Spenser. Toda.
Sike question rippeth up cause of new woe,
For one, opened, mote unfold many moe.

* Hob. Nay, but sorrow close shrond in heart,
I know, to kepe is a burdenson smart:
Ech thing imparted is more eath to beare:
When the rayne is fallen, the clouds waxen clear.
And now, sithence I saw thy head last,
Thrice three moones bene fully spent and past;
Since when thou hast measured much ground,
And wandred weele about the world round,
So as thou can many things relate;
But tell me first of thy flockes estate.

* Dig. My sheepe bene wasted; (wes is me therefor!)
The ily shepheard that was of yore,
Is now norilly, nor shepheard more.
In forreine coastes men sayd was plentie;
And so there is, but all of miserie:
I dempt much to have eceeded my store,
But such eceed hath made my heart sore.
In tho countries, whereas I have bene,
No beeing for those that truly mene;
But for such, as of guile make againe,
No such country as there to remaine;
They sitten to sale their shops of shame,
And make a mart of their good name:
The shepeheardes ther reineth one another,
And layen baytes to beguile her brother;
Or they will baye his sheepe out of the cope,
Or they will carven the shepeheardes throte.
The shepeheardes swayne you cannot well ken,
But it be by his pride, from other men;
They looken bigge as bulles that bene bate,
And heare the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As cocke on his dunghill crowing cranke.

* Hob. Diggon, I am so stiffe and so stanch,
That much may I stand any more;
And now the westerne winde bloweth sore,
That now is in his chiefe soveraignete,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree;
Sitte we downe here under the hill;
Tho may we talke and tellyn our fill,
And make a mecke at the blustering blast:
Now say on, Diggon, whatever thou hast.

* Dig. Hobbin, ah Hobbin! I curse the stound
That ever I cast to have lorne this ground:
Wela-way the while I was so fond
To leaue the good, that I had in hand,
In hope of better that was uncouth;
So lost the dogge the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheepe (ah! seely sheepe!)
That here by there I wilone mde to keepe,
All were they lustie as thou diddest see,
Bene all starved with pyne and penuree,
Harldly my selfe escaped thilke pame,
Driven for neede to come home againe.

* Hob. Ah! fon, now by thy losse art taught
That seldom change the better brought:
Content who lives with truely state,
Neede feare no change of frowning Fate;
But who will seeke for unknowne gayne,
Oft lives by losse, and leaves with payne.

* Dig. I wot ne, Hobbin, how I was bewitcht
With vanity desire and hope to be enricht;
But, sicker, so it is, as the bright starre
Seemeth aye greater when it is farre:

I thought the soyle would have made me rich,
But now I wote it is nothing sich:
For eather the shepheardes bene ydle and still.
And ledde of theyr sheepe what they way will,
Or they bene false, and full of covetise,
And casten to compass many wronge emprise:
But the more bene fraught with fraud and spight,
Ne in good nor goodness taken delight;
But kindle cookes of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they set all the world on fire;
Which when they thynken againe to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench.
The saye they con to heaven the high-way,
But by my soule I dare undersayse
They never sette foote in that same troad,
But balke the right way, and strayen abroad.
They boast they han the devill at command,
But aske hem therefore what they han paund;
Marrie! that great Pan bought with deare borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorrow.
But they han sold thilke same long eoe,
For they woulen draw with hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name;
As they han breachd, so let han heare blame.

* Hob. Diggon, I praye thee speake not so dirke;
Such myster sayinge I seemeth to mirke.

* Dig. Then, plaiuly to speake of shepeheardes
Moste what,
Badde is the best; (this English is flat,
Their ill havion garres men missay
Both of theyr doctrine, and theyr say.
They sayne the world is much war then it wont,
All for her shepheardes bene beastly and blont.
Other sayne, but houve truly I note,
All for theyl holde shame of their cote:
Some sticke not to saye, (hote cole on her tongue!)
That sike miscichef graseth hem emong,
All for they caste too much of worlde care,
To deck her dame, and enrich her heire;
For such enheseon, if you goe nie,
Fewe chinnies reeking you shall espie.
The fat oxe, that wont ligge in the stall,
Is nowe fast staled in her crumemall.
Thyns chatten the people in their steads,
Ylike as a monster of many heads:
But they, that shoten nearest the pricke,
Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick:
For bigge bulles of Basan brace hem about,
That with their hornes batten the more stoute;
But the leone soules treden under foote,
And to seeke redresse mought little boote;
For liker bene they to pluck away more,
Then ought of the gotten good to restore:
For they bene like fowle wagnoires overgrast,
That, if thy gable once sticheth fast,
The more to winde it out thou dost swinck,
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper swinck.
Yet better leaue off with a little losse,
Then by much wressting to lease the grosse.

* Hob. Nowe, Diggon, I see thou speakest too
Better it were a little to feine,
[plaine ;]
And cleanly cover that cannot be cured;
Such ill, as is forced, mought needes bee endure;
But of sike pastores howe done the flocks excepte?

* Dig. Sike as the shepheardes, sike bene her sheepe,
For theynill listen to the shepheardes voice;

Ver. 29. — her] Their. Todd.
Ver. 46. As cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranke.] Cranke is lusty, courageous. Todd.

Ver. 109. — blont.] Stupid or unpollished. Todd.
SEPTEMBER.

But if he call hem, at their good choice
They wander at will and stay at pleasure,
And to their folds yeade at their own leisure. 141
But they had be better come at their call;
For many han unto mischiefe fall,
And bene of ravenous wolves yrent,
All for theye would be buxome and bent.

_Hob._ Fie, curse, Diggon, and all thy foule
leasing;
Well is knowne that, sith the Saxon king,
Never was wolf scene, many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome;
But the fewer wolves (the sooth to saie)
The more bene the foxes that here remaine. 155

_Dig._ Yes, but they gang in more secret wise,
And with sheeps clothing doen hem disguise.
They walke not widely as they were wont,
For feare of raungers and the great hunt,
But prively prolling to and froe,
Enamter they mought be inly knowe.

_Hob._ Or prive or pert if any hin,
We han great badongs wil teare their skin.

_Dig._ In deede thy Ball is a bold bigge cur,
And could make a jolly hole in their fur :
But not good dogs hem needeth to chase,
But heedy shepheardes to discerne their face;
For all their craft is in their contenauce,
They bene so grave and full of maintenaunce.
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe
Channeed to Roffin not long ygoes? 170

_Hob._ Say it out, Diggon, whatever it bight,
For not but well mought heught his sight:
He is so meek, wise, and merciable,
And with his word his work is convenient.
Colin Clout, I weene, be his selfe boye,
(Al, for Colin ! he whilome my ioye :) 175
Shepheardis sich, God mought us innye send,
That dene so carefullly theyr flocks tend.

_Dig._ Thilke sam:_ shepheard mought I well
marke,
He has a dogge to bite or to barke;
Never had shepheard so keen e a cur,
That waketh and if but a leafe start.
Whilome there wounded a wicked wolfe,
That with many a lambe had gutted his gulfe,
And ever at night wont to repaire
Unto the flocke, when the welkin shone fayre,
Yelad in clothing of seely sheepe,
When the good olde man used to sleepe;
Tho at midnight he would barke and bell.
(For he had oft learned a curries call,
As if a woole were among the sheepe:
With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,
And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To ranche the fields with wide open throtes.
Tho, when as Lowder was far away,
This wolvishe sheepe woulde catchen his pray,
A lambe, or a kid, or a weanell wast;
With that to the wood hee spede him fast.
Long time he used this slippery pranck,
Ere Roffy could for his labour him thanc.
At end, the shepheard his practise spred,
(For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyd,) 200
And, when at even he came to the flocke,
Fast in their foldes he dieth them locke,
And took out the woole in his counterfeit cote,
And let out the sheepe's blood at his throate.

_Hob._ Marry, Diggon, what should him affraye
To take his owene where ever it laye !
For, had his wesend been a little widdler,
He woulde have devoured both hider and shidder.

_Dig._ Mischief light on him, and Gods great
Too good for him had bene a great deale worse;
For it was a perilous beast above all,
And eke he had hee cond the shepheardes call,
And oft in the night came to the sheep-cote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throate,
As if the olde man selte had beene:
The dogge his maisters voice did it weene,
Yet halfe in doubt he opened the dore,
And ranne out as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but, swifter then thought,
Fast by the hyde the wolfe Lowder caught;
And, had not Roffy renne to the staven,
Lowder had bene shone thilke same even.

_Hob._ God shield, Man, hee should so ill have
All for he did his devoyre beleue.
[thrive,
If sike bene wolves, as thon hast told,
How mought we, Diggon, hem behold ?

_Dig._ How, but, with heede and watchfullnesse,
Forstallen hem of their willessness:
For-thy with shepheard sittes not play,
Or sleepe, as some doon, all the long day;
But ever liggen in watch and ward,
From sodain force their flockes for to gard.

_Hob._ Ah ! Diggon, thilke same rule were too
All the cold season to watch and waite:
[straight,
We bene of flesh, men as other bee,
Why should we be bound to such misere ?
What-ever thing lacketh changemeane rest,
Mought needs decay, when it is at best.

_Dig._ Ah ! but, Hobbinoll, all this long tale
Nought enseth the care that doth mee forhaile;
What shall I doe ? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and losse to amend !
Ah ! good Hobbinoll, mought I thee pray
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.

_Hob._ Now by my soules, Diggon, I lament
The haplesse mischiff that has thee heult;
Nethelesse thou seest my lowly saile,
That froward Fortune doth ever availe:
But, were Hobbinoll as God mought please,
Diggan should some finde favour and ease:
But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
So as I can I will thee comfort ;
There mayst thou ligge in a vetchy bed,
Till faireer Fortune shew forth his head.

_Dig._ Ah ! Hobbinoll, God mought it thee requite;
Diggan on fewe such frieuds did ever liete.

DIGGONS EMBLEME.

Insom me copia feit.

GLOSS.

The Dialect and phrase of speech, in this Dialogue,
seemeth somewhat to differ from the common. The cause
whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the partie herein

Ver. 215. _cond_ Learnt. So in ver. 90. con signifies to know. Todd.
Ver. 227. _All for he did his devoyre beleue._ "Because he did his duty promptly or quickly." Todd.

G S C 2
meant, who, being very friend to the Author hereof, had beene long in forraine countreys, and there seen many disorders, which he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her, Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to pray, whereof commeth besides for prayers, and so they say, To bidde his bendes, a to say his prayers.

Wightely, quickly, or sodainly.

Chaffed, solde.

Deed at mistrie, an unusal speecch, but much usurped of Lidgate, and sometyme of Chaucer.

Leaf. Deare. Ethe, easie.

Three three Moones, nine monethes.

Measured, for travelled.

Wae, woe, Northerly.

Exed, encreased.

Currein, cutte.

Ken, know.

Crage, neck.

State, stowly.

Stanck, weary or faine.

And now: hee applieth it to the time of the yeare, which is in the end of harvest, which they call the fall of the leafes: at which time the Westerne winde beareth most swaye.

A moeck, Imitating Horace, "Debeat antiquitum ventis."

Lorne, left.

Sooke, suavel.

Unknown, unnowne.

Here by, there, here and there.

As the bright, &c. translated out of Mantuan.

Empire, for enterprise. Per Syncopen.

Conlike, strife.

Trade, path.

Marrie that, that is, their soules, which by Popish exorcliasmes and practises they damn to hell.

Blaekte, hell.

Gang, goe.

Mister, manner.

Morke, obscur.

Warre, worse.

Cruenall, purse.

Brace, compass.

Eicheson, occasion.

Overgrat, overgowne with grasse.

Galage, shoe.

The grosse, the whole.

Buxome and bent, meek and obedient.

Saxon King, King Edgar that reigned here in Britannie in the yeare of our Lord [969 &c.] Which King caused all the Wolves, whereof then was store in this coutrie, by a proper policie to be destroied. So as never since that time, there have bene Wolves here found, unleas they were brought from other countreys. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of untruth, for saying that there be Wolves in England.

Nor in Christendome: this saying seemeth to be strange and unreasonable: but indeed it was wont to be an able proverb and common phrase. The Original whoe of was, for that most part of England in the reigne of King Ethelbert was christianized, Kent only except, which retained long a most wise and christened: So that Kent was counted no part of Christendome.

Great hunt. Executing of laws and justice.

Entaunter, least that.

Inly, inwardly: aforesaid.

Prive or part, openly, said Chaucer.

Reffy, the name of a shepheard in Marot his Aeglogue of Robin and the King. Whom he here commendeth for great care and wise governance of his fleske.

Colin Chant: Now I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is meant the Authors selfe, whose especiall good friend Hobbinoll saith hee is, or more rightlie Misters Gabriel Harvey: of whose especiall commendation, as well in Poetrie as Rhetoricke and other choice learning, we haue lately had a sufficient trial in divers his worke, but especially in his Magnanum Lectorum, and his late Gratulationum Vulnicaution, which booke, in the progressse at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in writing to his Malesie, afterward presenting the same in print to her Highnesse at the worshipful Misters Capels in Hertfordshire. Beside other his sundry most rare and verie notable writings, partly under unknowne titles, and partly under counterfaite names, as his Tyranonomastix, his Ode Natallis, his Ramenstas, and especially that part of Phallomus, his dileuie Anticeanopolitis, and divers other of like importance. As also, by the name of other shepheardes, he covereth the persons of divers other his familiar friends and best acquaintance.

This tale of Reffy seemeth to colour some particular Action of his. But what, I certeinly know not.

Wommed, haunted.

Welkin, skyes: aforesaid.

A weanell weaste, a weaned yongling.

Hobber and shildder, he and she. Male and Female.

Slenen, noyse.

Belie, quickly.

What ever, Ovids verse translated.

"Quad caret altera requie, durable non est."

Forbaile, draw or distress.

Vetelie, of Pease straw.

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EMBLEME.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ovid. For when the foolish boy, by beholding his face in the brooke, fell in love with his owne likeness; and, not able to content himselfe, with much looking thereon, he cried out, that plenteous made him poor, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sense. But Diggon useth to other purpose, as who that, by tryall of many ways, had found the worst, and through great plenteous was fallen into great penury. This Poeticke I know to have been much used of the Author and to such like effect, as first Narcissus spake it.

OCTOBER.

AEGLOGA DECIMA.

ARGUMENT.—In Cuddle is set out the perfect pattern of a Poet, which, finding no maintenance of his state and studiies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially having beene in all ages, and even amongst the most barbarous, alwaies of singular account and honour, and being indeed so worthye and commendable an art; or rather no art, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both, and pournd into the wittie by a certaine Ephthiomasmes and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof else where at large discerneith in his booke called The English Poet, whereo being lately come to my hands, I mende also! Gods grace, upon further advisement, to publish.
Piers. Cuddie.

Piers. Cuddie, for shame, holde up thy heavie
And let us cast with what delight to claine [head, and
Wear this long ringing Phoebus race,
Whilome thou wast the shepheardes lades to leade
In rimes, in riddles, and in blydding base;
Nowe they in thee, and thou in sleepe arme, decede.

Cud. Piers, I have pyped erst so long with Payne,
That all mine oten reedes ben rent and wore,
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.

Such pleasurewace makes the grashopper so poore,
And ligge so layd, when winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties, that I wont devise,
To feythe youthes fansie, and the flocking fry
Delighten much; what I the bitt forthy
They han the pleasure, I a scelerd prise:
I beate the bush, the byrdes to them do flie:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise!

Cud. Cuddie, the praise is better then the price,
The glory eke much greator then the gayne:
O what an honour is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good advice,
Or pricke them fourth with pleasure of thy vnine,
Whereto thou list their trained willies entice!

Soone as thou gyve to sette thy notes in frame,
Or how the rural routes to thee do cleave!
Seemeth thou dost thyre soulse of sense bereave,
All as the shepheard that did fetch his dame
From Plutos balefull bowre withouten leave;
His musickes might the hellish hound did tame.

Cud. So prayse babes the peacocks spotted travey,
And wondren at bright Argus blazing eye;
But who rewards him ere the more forthy,
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike praise is smoke, that shieldeth in the skie;
Sike words bene whinde, and wasteth sounde in vnine.

Piers. Abandon then the base and viler crown;
Lift up thy selfe out of the lowly dust,
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of glories;
Turne thee to those that weld the awfull crowne,
To doubted knights, whose woundlesse armour
And helmes unbrazed waxen daylie browne.

There may thy Muse display her flatterling wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from east to west;
Wither they list in fayre Elisa rest,
Or, if they please in bigger notes to sing,
Advance the Worthy whom she loveth best.
That first the White Beare to the Stake did bring.

And, when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string,
Of love and lustihead the maist thou sing,
And carroll lowde, and leade the Millers rounde,
All were Elisa one of thilk same ring;
So mought our Cuddies name to heaven sound.

Cud. In deede the Romish Tityrus, I heare,
Through his Mecenas left his oaten reede,
Whereon hee earst had taught his flocks to feede,
And laboured lands to yeld the timely care,
And eft did sing of warres and deadly dreede,
So as the heavens did quake his verse to heare.

But ah! Mecenas is yedal in claye,
And great Augustus long ygoe is dead,
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for poets on to playe:
For ever, who in derrning-doe were dread,
The loftie verse of hem was loved aye,

But after Vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mightie Manhood brought a bedle of ease,
The vaunting poets found nought worth a pease
To put in preace among the learned troupe;
Tho gan the streames of flowinge wittes to cease,
And sumnebright honour pend in shamefull coup.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,
Yet of the old stocke, gan to shooote againe,
Or it mens follies note to-foree to fait,
And rolle with rest in rynes of ribaudrie;
Or, as it spung, it wither must againe;
Tom Piper makes us better melodie.

Piers. O pierlesse Poesie! where is then thy place?
If nor in princes pallassce thou dost sit,
(And yet is princes pallassce the most fit,) 50
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace,
Then make thee wines of thine aspiring wit,
And, whence thou camst, lie backe to heaven apace.

Cud. Ah! Percy, it is all to weak and wann,
So high to sore and make so large a flight;
Her peeced pyneous bene not so in plight:
For Colin fits such famous flight to scante;
He, were he not with love so ill bedight,
Would mount as high and sing as soote as wann.

Piers. Ah! fon; for Love does teach him climb
so his,
And lythes him up out of the loathsome myre;
Such immortall mirror, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones minde above the starrie skie,
And cause a caytive curage to aspire;
For lottie love doth boath a lowly eye.

Cud. All otherwise the state of Poct stands;
For lordly Love is such a tyranne fell,
That, where he rules, all power he doth expell;
The vaunted verse a vacant head demandes,
No wont with enable Care the Muses dwell;
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who ever castes to compasse wightie prise,
And thinkes to throwe out thundring words of threat,

Ver. 2 — cast] Consider. Todd.
Ver. 5 — in blydding base.] The game of base or
Pompen-base. Todd.
Ver. 52. — ribaudihe] Ribaldry, obscenity. Todd
Let powre in lavish cups and thrifte bites of meate, 106
For Bacchus fruite is friend to Phobus wise;
And, when with wine the brainge begins to sweate,
The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou keest not, Percio, how the rime should rage;
O if my temples were distain'd with wine,
And gir in girdles of wylde yvye twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint Bellona in her equipage!

But ah! my courage cooles ere it be warne; 115
Forthy content us in this humble shade,
Where no such trubbles tydes han us assayde;
Here we our slender pipes may safely churme.

Caddie, And, when my gates shall han theyr bellies layd.
Cuddie shall have a kidde to store his famne. 20

CUDDIES EMBLEME,
Agitante calechmus illo, &c.

GLOSSE.
This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Theoricius his 16.
Idillon, wherein he reproved the Tyrannous Hero of Syracusae for his nigardise towardo Poets, in whom is the power to make men immortal for their good deeds, or shameful for their naughtie life. And the like also is in Mantuanoe.
The style hereof as also that in Theoricius, is more loftie then the rest, and applied to the height of Poetical wit.
Cuddie, I doubt whether by Cuddy be specified the Author seft, or some other. For in the right Aeglogue the same person was brought in, singing a Cantion of Colin's making, as he saith. So that no doubt, that the persons be different.

Whilome, sometime.
Osten reedes, Avecre.
Logge so lapid, lyre so faint and unlustie.
Dauffer, poetie.

Frye, is a bold Metaphor, forced from the spawning fishes; for the multitude of young fish be called the Frye.

To restraine: This place seemeth to conspire with Plato, who in his first booke de Legibus saith, that the first invention of Poetry was of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinit number of youth usually came to the great solemn feastes called Panegyrick, which they used every five yeare to hold, some learned man, being more able then the rest for special gifts of wit and Musick, would take upon him to sing fine versoes to the people, in praise either of vertue or of victorie, or of immortalitie, or such like. At whose wonderfull gift all men were astonied and as it were ravished with delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he was inspired from above, called him Va tem: which kinde of men afterward framing their verses to lighter musick (as of Musicke there be many kindes, some sadness, some lighter, some martill, some heroical, and so diversly eke affect the minde of men,) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some playing with love, some scorneing at mens fashions, some powred out in pleasure; and so were called Poets or makers.

Sence beraene: what the secret working of musick is in the minds of men, as we appareth hereby, that some of the antiquet Philosophers, and those the most wise, as Plato and Pythagoras, held for opinion, that the minde was made of a certaine harmony and musical numbers, for the great compass, and lkenesse of affection in th' one and the other, as also by that memorable history of Alexander; to whom whenas Timotheus the great Musick plaid the Phrygian melody. It is said, that hee was distraught with such unwonted fury, that, straightway rising from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to go to warre, (for that musickie is very warlike.) And immediately when as the Musitian changed his stroke into the Lydian and lonique harmony, he was so far from fearing, that he said he bin in matters of counsell. Such might is in Musick. Wherefore Plato and Aristotle forbid the Arabic Melody from children and youth. For that being altogether on the fifth and seventh tune, it is of great force to mollifie and quench the kindly curios, which use to bumne in young breasts. So that it is not incredible which the Poet here saith, that Musick can bereave the soul of sense.

The shepheard that, Orpheus: of whom is said, that by his excellent skill in Musick and Poetry, he recovered his wife Eurydice from hell.

Aurget eyes: of Argus is before said, that Iuno to him committed her husband Jupiter his Paragon Io, because hee had an hundred eyes; but afterward Mercury, with his Musick lulling Argus asleepe, slew him and brought to away, whose eyes it is said that Iuno, for his eternall memorie, placed in her byrd the Peacocks tale; for those coloured spots indeed are receiv'd eyes.

Wondrulose armoure, unwounded in warre, do rust through long peace.

Display, A Poetical metaphor, whereof the meaning is, that, if the Poet list shew his skill in matter of more dignific then in the homely Aeglogue, good occasion is offered of higher syne and more Heroical argument as it were in the person of our most gratious sovereign, whom (as before) hee calleth Eiisa. Or if matter of knighthood and chivalry please him better, that there be many noble and valiant men, that are both worthy of his paine in their deserved praises, and also favours of his skill and fame. The Worthy, he meaneth (as I gesshe) the most honourable and renowned the Earl of Leycester, whom by his congnisance (although the same be also proper to other; rather then by his name he bewraith, being not likely that the names of worthy princes be knowne to country clous.

Slack, that is when thou chamegest thy verse to stately course, to matter of more pleasance and delight.

The Millers, a kinde of daunce.
Ring, companie of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus, well known to be noble Virgil, who by Metaceus meane was brought into the favor of the Emperour Augustus, and by him moved to write in lesser kind then he earst had done,

Whereon, &c. in these three verses are the three severall works of Virgil intended, for in teaching his flocke to know the laws, he means to make the Emperour Augustus and his Georgiques. In singing of warres and deadly deed, is his divine Aeneis figured.

In derving de, in manhood and chivalrie.

For ever: He sheweth the cause why Poets were wont to bee had in such honour of noble men, that is, that by their famous poesies be commended to all posteritie. Wherefore it is said, that Achilles had never beene so famous, as he is, but for Homer immortall verses, which is the onely advantage which hee had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great comming to his tombe in Sigues, with naturall tears blessed him, that ever it was his hap to be honoured with so excellent a poetes worke, so renowned and ennobled only by his meane. Which being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse woorthily set forth in a sonnet.

" Giunto Alessandro a la famosa tomba "
" Del fero Achille, sospiando disse: "
" O fortunato, che si chiara tromba Trouasti, &c."

And that such account hath beeene always made of Poets, as well sheweth this, that the worthy Scipio, in all his warres against Cartagine and Sumanntia, had evermore in his company, and that in most familar sort, the good olde poet Ennius: as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, when he was enformed, that the famous Lyrick poet Pin-
For listle love, I thinke this playing with the letter, be rather a fault then a figure, as well in our English tongue, as it hath beene alwayes in the Latin, called Coccodita. A recent, imitateth Mantuans saying, "Vacuum curis divina cerebrum Pseolit." Larrish cups, ressembl the common verse, "Facund calices quem non fecere discernt." O if my, &c. he seemeth here to be ravished with a poetical furie. For (if one rightly markes) the numbers rise so full, and the verse groweth so bigge, that it seemeth he had forgot the meannesse of shepheards state and stile. Wild yve, for it is dedicate to Bacchus, and therefore it is sayd, that the Menades (that is Bacchus franticke priests) used in their sacrifice to carrie Thyrsos, which were pointed staves or iavelins, wrapped about with yvie. In bukyn, it was the maner of poets and players in Tragedies to weare buskins, as also in Comedies to use socks and light shoos. So that the buskin in poetrie is used for traegorical matter, as is said in Virgill, "Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno," And the like in Horace, "Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno." Quoict, strange. Bellona the goddesse of battell, that is, Pallas, which may therefore well be called quaint, for that (as Luclan saith) when Jupiter her father was in travaille of her, he caused his some Vulcan with his axe to hew his head: Out of which heaped out hastily a vallant Damsell armed at all points, whom Vulcan seeing so faire and comely, lightly leaping to her, prefered her some curtiace, which the Ladie disdaining, shaked her speare at him, and threatened his saucinesse. Therefore such strange-esse is well applieed to her Equipage, order. Tydes, seasons. Charms, temper and order. For charmes were wont to be made by verses, as Ovid sayth. "Aut si carminibus." EMBLEM. Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this Aeglogue, that poetrie is a divine instint, and unnatural rage passing the reach of common reason. Whom Piers answereth Epiphennomatices, as admitting the excellency of the skill, whereof in Cudde he had alreadie had a taste.

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NOVEMBER.

AEGLOGA UNDECIMA.

Argument.—In this xi. Aeglogue hee bewaileth the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secret, and to me altogether unknowne, albeit of himselfe I often required the same. This Aeglogue is made in imita lon of Naro: his song, which he made upon the death of Loyes the French Queen; but farre passing his reach, and in mine opinion all other the Aeglogues of this Book.

Thenot. Colm. Thevenot. Colin, my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou wert wont, songs of some louiansence ! Thy Muse too long slombreth in sorrowing,
Lulled asleepe through Loves misgovernance.
Now somewhat sing, whose endless souenance.
And then the shepheards swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thou list thy loved lass advance.
Or honor Pan with lumes of higher vaine.
Col. Thenot, now nis the time of merrimake,
Nor Pan to herie, nor with Love to play;
Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
Or sommer shade, under the cocked hay.
But nowe sadle winter welked hath the day,
And Phoebus, wareie of his yearly taske,

Ystabled hath his steedes in lowly lay,
And taken up his ynee in Fishes haske;
Thilk sollein season sadde ploth doth aske,
And loatheth sike delights as thou doest prase;
The mornfull Muse in myrth now list ne maske,
As she was wont in youngh and sommer-dayes; 
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of love to underlong,
Who but thy self deserves sike poets praise !
Relieve thy scote pipes, that sleepen long.

The. The nightingale is sovaigne of song,
Before him sits the titmouse silent bee;
And I, unist to thrust in skilfull throng,
The branch once dead, the bud eke needes must
O carefull verse! [quaile;]

"She, while she was, (that was, a wofull word to saine!)
For beauties praise and pleasaunce had no peere;
So well she coude the shepheards entertaine
With cakes and cracknels, and such countrye chce:
Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine;
For she would call him often beme,
And give him cards and clouted creame.
O heavie herse! O carefull verse!

"But now sike happy chce is turne to heavy chaunce,
Such pleasaunce now displast by dolors dint;
All musick sleepe, where Death doth leade the daunce,
And shepheards wonted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray, is tinct;
The gaudy girlandes deck her grave,
The faded flowres her corse embraye.
O heavie herse! O carefull verse!

Morne now, my Muse, now morne with teares
O carefull verse! [besprint;]

"O thou great Shepheard, Lobbin, how great is thy griefe!
Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee?
The coloured chaplettes wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted ruch-ringes, and gilt rose-roseas?
For shee deeme nothing too deere for thee.
Ah! they bene all yclad in clay;
One bitter blast blewe all away.
O heavie herse! O carefull verse!

Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree
O carefull verse!

"Ay me! that drecie Death should strike so mortall stroke,
That can undoe Dame Natures kindely course;
The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,
The flows doe gaspe, for dryed is their source,
And flows of teares flow in theyr stead perforce:
The maniled medowes mourne,
Theyr sundrie colours tournse.
O heavie herse! O carefull verse!

The heavens doe melt in teares without remorse
O carefull verse!

"The feeble flockes in field refuse their former foode,
And hang their heads as they would learn to wepe;
The beasts in forestt wayle as they were woode,
Except the wolves, that chase the wandering sheepe,
Now shee is gone that safely did hem kepe:
The turle on the bared branch
Laments the wondre that Death did launch.
O heavie herse! O carefull verse,
And Philomelc her song with teares doth steepe;
O carefull verse!

"The water nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girlande olie branches bareae,
Now halfe fullonge of cypres doo advance;" [besprint;]
The Muses, that were wont green bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter elder branches seare;
The Fatall Sisters eie repen;
Her vitall thred so soone was spent.
O heavey herse!
Morne now, my Muse, now morne with heavy cheare
O carefull verse!

"O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortall men, that sweinke and sweate for nought,
And, shooting wide, doth misse the marked scope; 135
Nowe have I learnde (a lesson dearly bought)
That nis on earth assurance to be sought;
For what might bee in earthly mould,
That did her buried body hould.
O heavey herse!
Yet saw I on the beere when it was brought;
O carefull verse!

"But maugre Death, and dreaded Sisters deadly
And gates of hell, and lyrie furies force, [spight.
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soone unbodied of the burdenous corse.
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse!
O Lobbin! thy losse no longer lament;
Dido is dead, but into heaven hent.
O happie herse!
Cesse now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes source,
O joyfull verse!

"Why waile we then? why weare we the gods
with plaintes,
As if some elliv were to her beight!
She raignes a goddessse now among the saintes, 175
That whilome was the saunt of shepheardes light,
And is estilled nowe in heavens light.
I saw thee, blessed soule! I see
Walk in Elysian fields so free.
O happie herse!
Might I once come to thee, (O that I might!)
O joyfull verse!

"Unwise and wretched men, to weete what's good
Woe deeme of death as doome of ill desert; [for ill,
But knevee vee, Fools, what it us brings untill, 185
Dye would we daylie, once it to expert!
No daunger there the shepheard can asset;
Fayre fields and pleasant layses there bene;
The fields aye fresh, the grassy ay greeene.
O happie herse!
Make haste, yee shepheardes, thether to revert.
O joyfull verse!

"Dido is gone afore; (whose turne shall be the next?)
There lives shee with the blessed gods in blisse,
There drunkes she nectar with ambrosia mixt,
And loyes enioyes that mortall men doe misse.
The honor now of highest gods she is,
That whilome was poor shepheardes pride,
While here on earth shee did abide.
O happie herse!
Cesse now, my song, my woe now wasted is;
O joyfull verse!" 195

The Ay, franck shepheard, how ben he thy verses
With dolefull pleasuresse, so as I ne wotte [meint
Ver 136. — to expert! To experience. Toun.

Whether reioyce or weep for great constraint!
Thine be the cossette, well hast thou it gotte.
Up, Colin up, ynowh thou morned hast;
Now ginnes to mizzle, bye we homeward fast.

COLINS EMBLEME.
La mort my morfl.

GLOSS.

Honor, honour.

Worth, shortned or empaered. As the Mome being in
the wanye is said of Lidgate to wulk.

In lovely lay, according to the season of the moneth of
November, when the Sunne draweth low in the South
ward his Tropick or returns.

In shee absence, the Sunne rayned, that is, in the sky.

Pieces all November: a haseke is a wicker ped, wherein they use to carrie fish.

Vireyges, a light kind of song.

Beauteied, for it is a saying of Poets, that they have
drunk of the Muses Well Castalus, whereof was before
sufficiently said.

Drament, deere and beaue cheere.

The great shepheard, is some man of high degree, and
not, as some vaine suppose, god I'an.
The person both of the shepheard and of Dido is unknowne, and closely burried in the Authours conceipt. But out of dubb I am, that it is not Rosalinde, as some imagine: for he spakest some after of her also.

Sheere, fayre and shining.

Mey, for mayde.

Tene, sorrow.

Guardion, reward.

Bignepst, beccucheth.

Cousel, a lambhe brought up without the dam.

Unkempt, Inconspic.

Melipomene, The sude and wallfull Muse, used of Poets
in honour of Tragedies: as saith Virgil, " Melipomene tra-
gico proclamat nostra buona,"

Up gristy ghosts, The manner of the tragicall Poets, to
call for helpe of Furies and damned ghosts so: As Hecules of Euripiks, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And
the rest of the rest.

Horse, is the sollemn obsequie in funerelles.

Waste of, heacy of so beautifull a pece.

Carke, care.

Ah why, an elegant Eponethris, as also soon after.

Nay time was long ago.

Flunter, a diminutive for a little flore. This is a nota-
ble and sentimental comparision, " A minore ad maius."

Refer not, live not againe, i. not in their earthly bodys:
for in heaven they receive their due reward.

The braunch, He meaneath Dido, who being as it were the
maine branch now withered, the buds, that is, beautie (as
here sayd afore) can no more flourish.

With cokes, fit for shepheardes bucknets.

Heanne, for home, after the Northern pronouncing.

Tint, dyerd or stained.

The gaudle, the meaning is, that the things which were
the ornaments of her life are made the honour of her
funerall, as is useed in burialis.

Lobbin, the name of a shepheard, which seemeth to have
beene the lover and deere friend of Dido.

Rushings, agreeable for such buse gifts.

Faded to kes, dried leaves. As if Nature her selfe be-
wailed the death of the Mayde.

Source, spring.

Manmed Medowes, for the sundrie flowers are like a
mantle or coverlet wrought with many colours.

Philomena, the Nightingale. Whom the Poets frame
once to have been a Lady of great beauttie, till, being
ravished by her sisters husband, she desiered to be turn'd
into a bride of her name, whose complaints be very sad set forth of Mr. George Gusion a wittie gentleman, and the very cheefe of our late rimers, who and if some parts of learning wanted not (albe it is well knowne he altogether wanted not learning) no doubt would have attained to the excellencie of those famous Poets. For gifts of witte and natural promptnes appeare in him abundantly.

Cyproses, used of the oldie paynims in the furnishing of their funeral pompe, and properly the signe of all sorrow and heaviness.

The sattall sisters, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, daughters of Herusus and the Night, whome the Poets faile to spin the life of man, as it were a long thred, which they draw out in length, till his sattall hour and timely death be come; but if by other casualtie his daies be abridged, then one of them, that is, Atropos, is said to have cut the thred in twaine. Hereof commeth a common verse.

"Clotho column baualat, Lachesis trahit, Atropos occit."

O trauisiose, i.e. a gallant exclamation moralized with great wheelome, and passion with great affection. Beere, a frame, whereon they use to lay the dead corps.

Furies, of Poets are faine to be three, Persopehee, Alecto, and Megera, which are said to be the authors of all evil and mischiefe.

Eternal night, is death or darknesse of hell. Delight, happened.

I see, A lively icon or representation, as if he saw her in heaven present.

Elysian fields, be devised of Poets to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happie souls do rest in peace and eternall ripeness.

Duc wold, the very expresse saying of Plato in Phaedone. Astort, befal unwares.

Nectar and Ambrosia, bee faine to be the drinke and food of the gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in Scripture, and Nectar to be white like creame, whereas is a proper tale of Ihebo, that split a cup of it, and stayned the heavens, as yet appeareth. But I have already discoursed that at large in my Commentary upon the Dreames of the same Author.

Megov, mingled.

EMBLEME.

Which is as much to say, as death bytheth not. For although by course of nature we be borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as with timely harvest, we must bee gathered in time, or else of our selves we fall like rotten ripe fruite from the tree: yet death is not to be coveted for evil, nor (as the Poet saith a little before) as doeone of dim desert. For through the trespass of the first man brought death into the world, as the gaeder of sinne, yet being overcome by the death of one that died for all, it is now made (as Chauncer saith) the greene pathway of life. So that it agree well with that was said, that Death bytheth not (that is) hurteeth not at all.

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DECEMBER.

AEGLOGA DUODECIMA.

Argument.—This Aeglogue (even as the first began) is ended with a complaint of Colin to god Pan; whereas, as weare of his former wailes, hee proportioneth his life to the four seasonges of the yeare; comparing his youth to the spring time, when hee was fresh and frese from boses forlives. His manhood to the sommer, which, he saith, was consumed with great heate and excessive drought, caused through a Comet or blazing Starre, by which hee memmeth love; which passion is commonly compared to such flames and inmoderate heate. His ripe yeeres heesemblith to an unseasonable harvest, wherein the fruits faille ere they be ripe. His latter age to winters chill and friesic season, now drawing neere to his last ende.

The gentle shepheard sat beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushely breere,
That Colin light, which well cooleth pype and singe,
For hee of Pityrus his songes did here:
There, as he saile in secret shade alone,
Thus gan hee make of love his piteous note.

"O soveraigne Pan! thou god of shepheardes all,
Which of our tender lambkins takest kepee,
And, when our flockes into mischaunce mourneth fall,
Doest save from mischaunce the unwarie shepee",

Als of their masters haste no lesse regard
Then of the flockes, which thou doest watch and ward;

"I thee beseeche (so be thou deigne to hear
Rude ditties, tunde to shepheardes oaten reede,
Or if I ever sonet song so clear,
As it with pleasureance mought thy fancie feede,)
Hearken a while, from thy greenee cabinet,
The runall songe of carefull Colinet.

"Whilome in youth, when flowrd my joyful spring,
Like swallow swift I wandred here and there;
For heat of he condemning hue me to assing,
That I oft doubled danger had no feare;"


I went the wastefull woodes and forest wide,
Withouten dread of wolves to bene espide,

"I went to range amid the mazie thicket,"

And gather nutes to make my Christmas-game,
And loyd oft to chace the trembling pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare till she were tame
What wroth I of wintric ages waste?"

Tho deemed I my spring would ever last

"How often have I sealed the craggie oke,
All to dislodge the raven of her nest!
How have I weared, with many a stroke,
The stately walnut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuttes at strife!"

For like to me was libertie and life.

"And for I was in thilke same loosier yeeres,
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my byrth,
Or I too much beleev'd my shepheard peeres,)"
Somelede ybent to song and musickes mirth.

A good old shepheard, Wrenock was his name,
Made me by arte more enning in the same.

Ver. 29. —— wreaked] Rocked, i.e. careed or reck oned. Todd.
DECEMBER.

The care that budded faire is burnt and blasted,
And all my hoped gaine is turn'd to sotch. 46
Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
Was none but brakes and brambles to be moune.

"My boughs with blosomes that crowned were at
And promised of timely fruite such store, [first,
Are left both bare and barren now at erst; 10
The flattering fruite is fallen to ground before,
And rotted ere they were half mellow ripe;
My harvest, wast, my hope away did wipe.

"The fragrant flowers, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long; 16
Theyr routes bene dryed up for lack of dewe,
Yet dewed with tears they ran be ever among.
Ah ! who has wrought my Rosalind this spight,
To spill the flowers that should her girondight? 20

"And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype
Unto the shifting of the shepheardes footes,
Sike follies now have greater as too ripe,
And cast hem out as rotten and unsweet.
The loser lasse I cast to please no more;
One if I please, enough is me therefore. 26

"And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
Nought reaped but a weedicrop of care;
Which, when I thought have throes in swelling shieve,
Cockle for corn, and chaffe for barley, bare:
Soon as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd, 30
All was blown away of the wavering wynd.

"So now my yeere drawes to his latter terme,
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt up quite;
My harvest hastes to stirre up Winter storne,
And bids him clayne with rigorous rage his right;
So now he storms with many a sturdy storne;
So now his blustering blast echo coast doth stoure. 36

"The carefull cold hath nipt my rugged rynd,
And in my face deepe furrowes old hath pight;
My head besprent with hoarie frost I finde,
And by myne eye the crowe his clawe doth wright:
Delight is lylly aced ; and pleasure, past;
No saume now shines ; clouds han all overcast.

"Now leave, ye Shepherdes Boyes, your merry glee;
My Muse is hoarse and weary of this stound: 40
Here will I hang my pype upon this tree,
Was never pype of roosie did better sound;
Winter is come that blows the bitter blast,
And after winter dreecie death does hast.

"Gather together ye my little flocke,
My little flocke, that was to me so hefe;
Let me, ah ! let me in your foldes ye lock,
Ere the breme winter bweed thee greater griefe.
Winter is come, that blows the balefull breath,
And after winter commeth timely death. 46

"Adieu, Delightes, that lulled me asleepe;
Adieu, my Deare, whose love I bought so deare;
Adieu, my little Lambes and loved Sheepe;

Ver. 72. — keep.] A Cambridge phrase, used, even at the present day, by the students to signify the apartments which they inhabit. Todd.
Ver. 98. — rathe.] Early. Todd.
Adieu, ye Woodes, that oft my witness were:  
Adieu, good Hobbinoll, that was so true,  
Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu."

COLINS EMBLEM.  
Vivitur ingenio: cetera mortis cruunt.  

GLOSSE.  
Tityrus, Chaucer, as hath beene oft said.  
Lambhurt, yong lambs.  
Aits of their, recemely to express Virgil's verse.  
"Pan curat ovum unicum magistros."  
Deluge, vouchesafe.  
Cabinet, Cabinet, diminutives.  
Matie, For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to  
get out suaine.  
Peers, Fellowes and companions.  
Musick, that is Poetrie, as Terence saith, "Qui artem  
tractant musicam," speaking of Poets.  
Drring da, astroaid.  
Living house: he imagined simply that Cupid, which is  
love, had his abode in the hot signe Leo, which is in midst  
of Sommer; a pretie allegory; whereof the meaning is,  
that love in himself wrought an extraordinary heat of last.  
His ray, which is Cupid's beame of flames of love.  
A comet, a blazing starre, meant of beauty, which was  
the cause of his hot love.  
Venus, the goddess of beauty or pleasure. Also a  
signe in heaven, as it is here taken. So he meaneth that  
beauty, which hath alwaye aspect to Venus, was the cause  
of his unquietness in love.  
Where I was: a fine description of the change of his life  
and liking, for all things now seemed to him to have  
alterd their kindly course.  
Larding: Spoken after the manner of Paddockes and  
Frogs sitting, which is indeed lordly, not mowing or  
looking once aside, unless he be stirr'd.  
Then as: The second part, that is, his manhood.  
Cotes, Shepcoates, for such be exercises of shepheardes.  
Sale or sallow, a kinde of wood like willow, fitte to  
creaste and binde in heapes to catch fish withall.  
Planetes felices, The Enclopes of the Moone, which is always  
in Cauda, or Capite Draconis, signes in heaven.  
Venus, s. Venus starre, otherwise called Hesperus, and  
Vesper, and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of  
the brightest stars, and also first riseth, and setteth last.  
All which skill in stars are convenient for shepheardes  
to know, Thesaurus and the rest use.  
Raving seats: The cause of the swelling and ebbing of  
the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime  
increasing, sometime waining and decreasing.  
South of birds, a kind of soothsaying used in the elder  
times, which they gathered by the flying of birds: First  
as (is said) invented by the Tuscans, and from them  
derived to the Romans who, as it is said in Livy, were so  
supersitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that  
every noble man should put his sonne to the Tuscanes, by  
them to be brought up in that knowledge.  
Of herbes: That wonderfull things he wrought by herbes, as  
well appeareth by the common working of them in our  
boides, as also by the wonderfull enchantments and  
sorceries that have beene wrought by them, insomuch that  
it is said, that Circe, a famous sorceress, turned men into  
sundry kinds of beasts and monsters, and only by herbes:  
as the Poet saith,

"Pesa sava potentibus herbis &c."

Kistil, kn WEST.  
Fair, of corn.

Scathe, loose, hindrance.  
Fair yearning, Ever and among.  
And there: The third part wherein is set forth his ripe  
years as an untimely harvest that bringeth little fruit.  
The fragrant flowers, sundry studies and laspable parts  
of learning, wherein our poet is scene: be they witness  
which are privie to this study.  
So now my peers: The last part, wherein is described his  
age, by comparison of wintry storms.  
Carefull cold, for care is said to coolde the blond.  
Glee, mirth.  
HorseUost, a metaphor of horse haird scattered like a  
gray frost.  
Brewe, sharpe and bitter.  
Adieu delights, is a conclusion of all. Where in sixe  
verses he comprehended all that was touched in this  
book: In the first verse his delights of youth generally:  
In the second, the love of Rosalinde: In the third, the  
keeping of sheep, which is the argument of al the  
Epilogues: In the fourth, his complaints: And in the last  
two, his professed friendship and good will to his good  
friend Hobbinoll.

EMBLEM.  
The meaning whereof is, that all things perish and come  
to their last end, but works of learned wits and  
momments abide for ever. And therefore Horace of his Odes,  
a worke though fuld indeed of great wit and learning yet  
of no great weight and importance, boldy saith,  
"ExcaI movimento eres perennius,  
Quod non imber edax, non aquo impotens &c."  

Therefore let not be envied, that this Poet in his Epilogue  
saith, he made a Calender that shall endure as long as  
time, following the example of Horace and Ovid in the like.  
Grande opus exeqi, quod nec Iovis ira, nec Ignis,  
Nec terra potentec me edax abobo vetustas, &c."  

EPilogue.  
Loe! I have made a Calender for every yeare,  
That steale in strength, and time in durance, shall  
outweare;  
And, if I marked well the starres revolution,  
It shall continue till the worldes dissolution,  
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his  
shepe,  
[keepe].  
And from the falsers fraude he folded flocke to  
Goe, little Calender! thou hast a free passe porte;  
Goe but a lowe gate amongst the meaner sorte  
Dare not to match thy pype with Titurus his side,  
Nor with the Pilgrin that the plough-man playd a  
while;  
[failure];  
But follow them farre off, and their high steps  
The better please, the worse despise; I aske no  
more.

MERCE NON MERCEDE.  
Ver. 6. — the falsers frandre] Spencer uses the verb  "to false" for "to deceive," F. Q. II. v. 9. Fauor here  
therefore is the decliter.  
T. d
MUIOPOTMOS:

OR, THE FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

1590.

TO

THE RIGHT WORTHY AND VIRTUOUS LADIE; THE LA: CAREY.

Most brave and bountiful La: for so excellent favours as I have received at your sweet hands, to offer these fewe leaves as in recollection, should be as to offer flowers to the gods for their divine benefits. Therefore I have determined to give my selfe wholy to you, as quite abandoned from my selfe, and absolutely vowed to your services: which in all right is even held for full recollection of debt or damage, to have the person yealded. My person I wol wel how little worth it is. But the faithfull mind and humble zede which I bear unto your La: may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and use the poore service thereof: which taketh glory to advance your excellent partes and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in honouring you: not so much for your great bounty to my self, which yet may not be unminded; nor for name or kindreds sake by you vouchsafed: being also regardable; as for that honorable name, which you have by your brave deserts purchased to your selfe, and spread in the mouths of all men: with which I have also presumed to grace my verses: and, under your Name, to commend to the world this small Poem. The which beseeching your La: to take in worth, and of all things therin according to your wondred graciousnes to make a milde construction, I humbly pray for your happiness.

I sing of deadly dolorous debate,
Sir'd up through wrathfull Nemesis desight,
Betwixt two mightie ones of great estate,
Draunne into armes, and profite of mortall fight,
Through proud ambition and hart-swalling hate, 5
Whilste neither could the others greater might
And sdeigfulc zorne endure; that from small iarre
Their wrathes at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragical effect,
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfulst Muse of wyne, 10
That won't the tragick stage to do direct,
In funerall complaints and wailfull tyne,
Reveale to me, and all the means detect,
Through which sad Clarion did at last decline
To lowest wretchednes; And is there then
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of silver-winged Flies
Which doo possesse the empire of the aire,
Betwixt the centred earth, and azure skies,
Was none more favourable, nor more faire,
Whilste heaven did favir his felicities,
Then Clarion, the eldest sonne and heir
Of Musecarroll, and in his fathers sight
Of all alive did scene the fairest wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed
Of future good, which his young toward yeares,
And high in heaven Hyperion's firey child
Ascending did his beams abroad disperse,
Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures smiles.
Young Clarion, with vanquinth fast阶梯,
After his guize did cast abroad to fare;
And thereto gan his furnitures prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
That might his life from upon death assure,
And ward his gentle corps from erewell wound:
For it by arte was framed, to endure
The bit of balefull steel and bitter stound,
No lesse then that which Vulcan made to shield
Achilles life from fate of Trojan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hairie hide of some wild beast, whom bee
In salvagen forrest by adventure slew,
And rob the spoyle his ornament to bee;
Which, spredden all his backe with dreadful view,
Made all, that him so horrible did see,
Thinks him Alcides with the Lyons skin,
When the Naesian conquest he did win.

Upon his head his glistening borgenet,
The which was wrought by wonderous device,
And curiously engraven, he did set:
The metall was of rare and passing price;
Not Bilbo steele, nor brasse from Corinth fet,
Nor costly oricalche from strange Phoenice;
But such as could both Phoebus arrows ward,
And th' hayling darts of heaven beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons first he bore,
Strongly adorned towards either side,
Like to two sharpe speares, his enemies to Gore:
Like as a warlike brigandine, applyde
To fight, lays forth her threatfull pikes afore,
The enginges which in them sad death dote upue:
So did this Flic outstretched his fearfull horses,
Yet so as him their terror more adorne.

Lastly his shine wings as silver bright,
Painted with thousand colours passing faire
All paintors skill, he did about him sight:
Not hafe so manie sundrie colours are:
In Iris bowe; ne heaven doth shine so bright,
Distinguish with manie a twinkling starre;
Nor luones bird, in her ey-spetted traine,
So many goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten peril spoken)
The Archer god, the sonne of Cytheree,
That loveys on wretched lovers to be wroken,
And heaped spoyleys of bleeding harts to see,
Beares in his wings so manie a changefull token,
Ah! my liege Lord, forgive it unto mee,
If ought against thine honoure I have tolde;
Yet sure those wings were faire manible.

Full many a Ladie faire, in Court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly enviye,
And wisheth that two such fames, so silken soft,
And golden faire, her Love would her provide;
Or that, when them the generous Flic had doft,
Some one, that would with grace be gratified,
From him would stole them privly away,
And bring to her so precius a pray.

Report is that dame Venus on a day,
In spring when flowres do cloth the fruitfull ground,
Walking abroad with all her nymphes to play,
Bad her faire damzels flocking her around
To gather flowres, her forhead to array:
Emongst the rest a gentle Nymph was found,
Hight Astery, excelling all the crewes
In curiouse usage and unstained heewe.

Who beeing nimbler loynted then the rest,
And more industrious, gathered more store
Of the fields honoure, than the others best;
Which they in secret harts envying sore,
Told Venus, when she as the worthiest
She praisd, that Cupide (as they heard before)
Did lend her secret aide, in gathering
Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereof the goddesse gathering jealouse feare,
Not yet unmindfull, how not long agoe
Her same to Psyche secrete love did beare,
And long it close conceale'd, till mickle woe
Thereof arose, and manie a rufful teare;
Reason with sudden rage did overgoe;
And, giving hasty credit to th' accuser,
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Eftsommes that Damzell, by her heavenly might,
She turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide aire to make her wandering flight;
And all those flowres, with which so pleasantlie
Her lap she fill'd had, that bred her spight,
She placed in her herds, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
Since that which Flic them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the fresh Clarion, being readie right,
Unto his journey did himselfe address;
And with good speed began to take his flight:
Over the fields, in his franke lustiness,
And all the champaine o're he scared light;
And all the countrey wide he did possess,
Feeding upon their pleasures bounteouslie,
That none gainsaid, nor none did enviue.

The woods, the rivers, and the medowes greene,
With his aire-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountains bare unseen,
Nor the ranke grassie fames delights untried.
But none of these, how ever sweet they bee,
Mote please his fannie, nor him cause t' abide:
His choicefull sense with every change doth fitt,
No common things may please a waving wit.

To the gay gardins his unstaid desire
Him wholly caryed, to refresh his sprights:
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Powderd forth sweete odors and alluring sights;
And Arts, with her contending, doth aspire,
T' excell the natturall with made delights:
And all, that faire or pleasant may be found,
in riotous excesse doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth flye,
From bed to bed, from one to other border;
And takes survey, with curious busie eye,
of every flowre and herb there set in order;
Warre against us the vassals of their will.  
Who then can save what they dispose to spill?  

Not thou, O Clarion, though fairest thou  
Of all thy kinde, unhappie Flie,  
Whose cruel fate is woven even now  
Of loves owne hand, to worke thy miserie!  
Ne may thee help the mante harte vow,  
Which thy old sire with sacred piete  
Hath powerd forth for thee, and th' altars sprent:  
Nought may thee save from heavens avengement!  

It fortuned (as heavens had beight)  
That in this Gardin, where yong Clarion  
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight,  
The foe of faire things, th' author of confusion,  
The shame of Nature, the bondslave of spight,  
Had lately built his hatelfull mansion;  
And, lurking closely, in awaite now by,  
How he might any in his trap betray.  

But when he spide the ioyous Butterflie  
In this faire plot dispacing to and fro,  
Fareles of foes and hidden leopardic,  
Lord! how he gan for to besture him tho,  
And to his wicked worke each part applie!  
His heart did earne against his hated foe,  
And bowels so with rankling poysen swelle,  
That scarce the skin the strong contagion fele.  

The cause, why he this Flie so maliced,  
Was (as in stories it is written found)  
For that his mother, which him bore and bred,  
The most fine-fingred workwoman on ground,  
Arachne, by his meanes was vanquished  
Of Dallas, and in her owne skill confound,  
When she with her for excellence contended,  
That wroght her shame, and sorrow never ended.  

For the Tritonian goddesse having hard  
Her blazed fame, which all the world had hid,  
Came downe to prove the truth, and due reward  
For her praise-worthie workmanship to yield:  
But the presumptuous Damzell rashly dar'd  
The goddesse selfe to chalenge to the field,  
And to compare with her in curious skill  
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.  

Minerva did the chalenge not refuse,  
But deign'd with her the paragon to make:  
So to their worke they sit, and each doth chuse  
What storie she will for her tapet take.  

Arachne figure'd how love did abuse  
Europa like a Bull, and on his bucke  
Her through the Sea did bare; so lively scene,  
That it true Sea, and true Bull, ye would weene.  

Shee seem'd still backe unto the land to looke,  
And her play-fellows ayde to call, and fear  
The dashing of the waves, that up she tooke  
Her daintie feet, and garments gathered nearce:  
But (Lord!) how she in everie member shooke,  
When as the land she saw no more appeare,  

Ver. 257. — maliced.] B-ere him so much ill will. Topp.  
Ver. 276. — tapet.] Work'd or figured stuff. In the  
Swedish language, I may add, a TAPET-MAKER is termed  
TAPET-MAKARE. Topp.
But a wilde wildernesse of waters deeper:
Then gan she greatly to lament and weep.

Before the Bull she pictur'd winged Love,
With his yong brother Sport, light fluttering
Upon the waves, as each had been a Dove;
The one his boat and shafts, the other Spring
A burning teade about his head did move,
As in their syres new love both triumphing:
And manie Nymphes about them flocking round,
And many Tritons which their horns did sound.

And, round about, her work she did emplane
With a faire border wrought of sundrie flowers,
Enwoven with an yvie-winding thrade:
A goodly work, full fit for kingly bowes;
Such as dame Pallas, such as Evie pale,
That all good things with venomous tooth devowes,
Could not accuse. Then gan the goddeesse bright
Her selfe likewise unto her worke to light.

She made the storie of the olde debate,
Which she with Neptune did for Athens trie:
Twelve gods doo sit around in royall state,
And love in midst with awfull majestie,
To judge the strife betwene them stirred late:
Each of the gods, by his like visonie
Eatie to be knowne; but love above them all,
By his great looks and power imperial.

Before them stands the god of Seas in place,
Clayming that sea-cast Citie as his right,
And strikes the rockes with his three-forked mace;
When worth issues a warlike steed in sight,
The signe by which he challengeth the place;
That all the gods, which saw his wondrous might,
Did surely deeme the victorie his due;
But seldome scene, for judgement proveth true.

Then to herself she gives her Aegele shield,
And steel-ed speare, and morion on her head,
Such as she oft is seene in warlike field:
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dreed
She smote the ground, the which straight forth did yield
A fruitfull Olvy tree, with berries spred,
That all the Gods admir'd; then all the storie
She compast with a wreathe of Olyves hoorie.

Enought these leaves she made a Butterfly,
With excellent device and wondrous slight,
Fluttering among the Olives wantonly,
That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight:
The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silke: downe with which his backe is light,
His broad outstretched horns, his hayrie thies,
His glorious colours, and his glittering eyes.

Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid,
And mastered with workmanship so rare,
She stood astonied long, ne ought gainsaide;
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,
And by her silence, signe of one dismained,
The victorie did yeeld her as her share;

Yet did she inly fret and felly burne,
And all her blood to poysonomous ranor turne:
That shortly from the shape of womaned:
Such as she was when Pallas she attempted,
She grew to hideous shape of dryrilled,
Dined with griefe of folly late repented:
Eftsoones her white straight legs were altered
To rookked crawling-shankes, of narrow-empaid;
And her faire face to foule and loathsome hewe,
And her fine corpes to a bag of venom grewe.

This cursed creature, mindfull of that olde
Enfested grudge, the which his mother felt,
So soone as Clarion he did beholde,
His heart with vengeful malice inly swelt;
And weaving straight a net with manie a fold
About the cave, in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
So finely sponne, that scarce they could be spide.

Not anie damzell, which her vaunting most
In skillfull knitting of soft siliken twyne;
Nor anie weaver, which his worke doth boast
In diaper, in damask, or in lyne;
Nor anie skil'd in workmanship embost;
Nor anie skil'd in loops of fingring line;
Might in their divers cunning even dare
With this so curious networke to compare.

Ne doo I thinke, that that same subtil gin,
The which the Lemnian god fram'd craftily,
Mars sleeping with his wife to compass in,
That all the gods with common mockeyer
Might laugh at them, and store their shamefull
Was like to this. This same he did applie:
For to entrap the careles Clarion,
That rang'd each where without suspicion.

Suspition of friend, nor fear of foe,
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walkt at will, and wandred to and fro,
In the pride of his freedome princippall:
Little wiste he his fatal future woe,
But was secure; the liker he to fall,
He likest is to fall into mischance,
That is regardsles of his governace.

Yet still Aragnoll (so his foe was high)
Lay lurking covertly him to surprize;
And all his gins, that him entangle might,
Drest in good order as he could devise,
At length, the foolish Flic without foresight,
As he that did all daunger quite despise,
Toward those parts came flying carelesslie,
Where hidden was his hateful enemie.

Who, seeing him, with secret joy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in everie vaine:
And his false hart, fraught with all treasons store,
Was fill'd with hope his purpose to obtaine:
Himselfe he close upgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitfull traece
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne anie noyse, ne anie motion made.

Ver. 392. — Spring] Or Springal, a young person.
1 Warton.

Ver. 397. — dryrilled.] Dryesphe, dismalness, so row. Torn.
Like as a wily foxe, that, having spide
Where on a sunny banke the lambes doe play,
Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
Eyes in embassishment of his hoped pray,
No stirreth limbe; till, seeing readie tide,
He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the lite yonglings unawares:
So to his worke Aragnaill him prepares.

Who now shall give unto my heavey eyes
A well of teares, that all may overflow?
Or where shall I find lamentable cries,
And mournefull tunes, enough my griefe to show?
Helpe, O thou Tragicke Muse, me to devise
Notes sad enough, I expresse this bitter throw:
For loe, the drearie stownd is now arrived,
That of all happines hath us deprived.

The luckles Clarion, whether cruel Fate
Or wicked Fortune faultles him misled,
Or some ungracious blast out of the gate
Of Aeoles raine perforce him drove on heed,
Was (O sad hap and howre unfortunante!)
With violent swift flight forth caried
Into the cursed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his small overthrowe.

There the fond Flie, entangled, strugled long
Himselfe to free thereout; but all in vain.
For, striving more, the more in laces strong
Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his winges twaine
In lynee snares the subtill loppes among;
That in the ende he breathlesse did remaine,
And, all his yongthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercie of th' avenger lent.

Which when the greisly tyrant did espire,
Like a grimme lyon rushing with fierce might
Out of his den, he seized greedeli
On the resistles pray; and, with fell spight,
Under the left wing stroooke his weapon sly
Into his heart, that his deep groining spripte
In bloodie streams forth fled into the aire,
His bodie left the spectacle of care.

THE RUINES OF TIME.

1591.

DEDICATED TO THE

RIGHT NOBLE AND BEAUTIFULL LADIE, THE LA: MARIE, COUNETSES OF PEMBROOKE.

Most Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there bee long sithens depe sowed in my brest the seedes of most entire love and humble affection unto that most brave Knight, your noble brother deceased; which, taking roote, began in his life time somewhat to bud forth, and to shew themselves to him, as then in the weaknesses of their first spring; and would in their ripier strength (had it pleased High God till then to draw out his daies) spired forth fruit of more perfection. But since God hath disdained the world of that most noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron of my young Muses; together with him both their hope of anie further fruit was cut off, and also the tender delight of those their first blossoms nipped and quite dead. Yet, sithens my late coming into England, some friends of mine, (which might much prevaile with me, and indee cle command me,) knowing with howe straight bandes of dutie I was tieed to him, as also bound unto that noble House, (of which the chiefe hope then rested in him,) have sought to revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have not shewed anie thankefull remembrance towards him or any of them; but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulness. Whome chiefflie to satisfie, or els to avoide that foule blot of unthankfulnessse, I have conceived this small Poeme, intituled by a generall name of The Worlds Ruines: yet specially intended to the renaming of that noble Race, from which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe of them late deceased. The which I dedicate unto your La. as whome it most specially concerneth; and to whome I acknowledge my selfe bounden by many singular favours and great graces. I pray for your Honourable happinesse: and so humbly kisse your hands.

Your Ladiships ever humble at command,

E. S.

Ver. 419. — out of the gate
Of Aeoles raine] That is, out of the gate of .Eolin's dominion. TEAD.

D D
THE RUINES OF TIME.

Ir chanced me on day beside the shore
Of silver-streaming Thamesis to bee,
Nigh where the goodly Verdanck stood of yore,
Of which there now remains no memorie,
Nor anie little moniment to see,
By which the traveller, that fates that way,
This once was she, may warned be to say.

There, on the other side, I did behold
A Woman sitting sorrowfullie weeping,
Rending her yellow locks, like wyrice gold
About her shoulders carelesse downe trailing,
And streams of teares from her faire eyes forth
rauling:
In her right hand a broken rod she held,
Which towards heaven she scend on high to weld.

Whether she were one of that Rivers Nympches
Which did the losse of some dere Love lament,
I doubt ; or one of those three fatall Impes,
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;
Or th' amencient Genius of that Citie brent:
But, seeing her so pitious perplexed,
I (to her calling) askd what her so vexed.

"Ah! what delight (quoth she) in earthly thing,
Or comfort can I, wretched creature, have?
Whose happiness the heavens envyng,
From highest staire to lowest step me drave,
And have in mine owne bowels made my grave,
That of all nations now I am forlorn,
The worlds sad spectacle, and fortunes scorn."

Much was I movad at her pitious plaint,
And felt my heart nigh riven in my breast
With tender rush to see her sore constraint;
That, shedding teares a while, I still did rest,
And, after, did her name of her request.
"Name have I none (quoth she) nor any being,
Bereft of both by Fates unimust decreeing.

"I was that Citie, which the garland wore
Of Britaines pride, delivered unto me
By Romane Victors, which it wonne of yore ;
Though nought at all but ruins now I bee,
And lye in mine owne ashes, as ye see :  
Verlaine I was ; what bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weedes and wastefull gras ?

"O vaine worlds glorie, and unstedfast state
Of all that live on face of sinfull earth!
Which, from their first untill their utmost date,
Taste no one hour of happines or mirth;
But like as at the ingate of their borth
They crying creep out of their mothers womb,
So wailing back, go to their wofful toomb.

"Why then dooth flesh, a bubble-glas of breath,
Hunt after honour and advancement vaine,
And reare a trephoe for devouring death,
With so great labour and long lasting paine,
As if his daies for ever should remaine ?
Sith all, that in this world is great or gale,
Doth as a vapour vanish, and decie.

"Looke backe, who list, unto the former ages,
And call to count, what is of them become :  
Where be those learned wits and antique sages,
Which of all wisdome know the perfect somme ?
Where those great warriors, which did overcome the world with conquest of their might and maine,
And made one meare of th' earth and of their raine ?

"What nowe is of th' Assyrian Lymesse,
Of whom no footing now on earth appears !
What of the Persian Beares outrageousnesse,
Whose memorie is quite worn out with yeares!
Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought beares,
That over-ran the East with greedy powre,
And left his whelps their kingdomes to devoure !

"And where is that same great seven-headed Beast,
That made all nations vassals of her pride,
To fall before her feete at her bekeast,
And in the necke of all the world did ride ?
Where doth she all that wondrous wealth nowe hide ?
With her owne weight downright pressed now shee lies,
And by her heapes her hugenesse testifies.

"O Rome, thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall my fatall overthrowe,
That wyldom was, whilst heavens with equall vewe
Deignd to behold me and their gifts bestowe,
The picture of thy pride in pompous shew:
And of the whole world as thou wast the Empresse,
So I of this small Northerne world was Princesse.

"To tell the beautie of my buildings fayre,
Adorned with purest golde and precious stone ;
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,
That by my foes are now all spent and gone ;
To tell my forces, matchable to none,
Were but lost labour, that few would beleve,
And, with rehaesings, would me more agreee.

"High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palacees,
Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchers,
Sure gates, sweete garlends, stately galleryes,
Wrought with faire pilloors and fine imageries ;
All those (O patie !) now are turnd to dust,
And overgrovne with black oblivions rust.

"Thereto for warlike power, and peoples store,
In Britannie was none to match with mee,
That manie often did able full sore ;
Ne Troyonvont, though elder sister shee,
With my great forces might compared bee ;
That stout Pendragon to his perill felt,
Who in a siege seaven yeres about me dwelt.

"But long ere this, Bunduea, Britonnesse,
Her miglitie boast against my bulwarkees brought,
Bunduea, that victorius conqueressa,
That, lifting up her brave hercules thought
Bowe womenes weaknes, with the Romaines fought,
Fought, and in field against them three prouded:
Yet was she foyled, when as she me asansilled.
"And though at last by force I conquered were
Of hardie Saxons, and became their thrall;
Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full dree,
And priz'd with slaughter of their Generall: 115
The monument of whose sad funerall,
For wonder of the world, long in me lasted;
But now to nought, through spoyle of time, is
wasted.

"Wasted it is, as if it never were;
And all the rest, that me so honor’d made
And of the world admired ev’ry where,
Is turned to smäke, that doth to nothing fade;
And of that brillenoe now appears no shade,
But greislie shades, such as doo haunt in hell. 125
With fearfull fends, that in deep darkness dwell.

"Where my high steepeles whilome use to stand,
On which the lordly falcon wont to towre,
There now is but an heap of lime and sand
For the shrieke-owle to build her halefull bowre:
And where the nightingale wont forth to powre
Her restles plains, to comfort wakefull lovers,
There now haunt yelling neves and whining plovers.

"And where the christall Thamus wont to slide
In silver channell, downe along the lee,
About whose flowrie banks on either side
A thousand Nymphes, with mirthfull idillite,
Wore wont to play, from all amovance free;
There now no rivers course is to be seen,
But mooorish fames, and marshes ever green.

"Scenes, that that gentle river for great grieve
Of my mishaps, which oft 1 to him plained;
Or for to shunne the horrible mischiefe,
With which he saw my cruell foes me pain’d,
And his pure streames with guiltles blood oft
stained;
From my unhappe neighborhood farre fled,
And his sweete waters away with him led.

"There also, where the winged ships were scene
In liquid waves to eatt their fonie waie,
And thousand fishes numbered to have beene,
In that wide lake looking for plenteous praiie
Of fish, which with baits usde to betraie,
Is now no lake, nor anie fishes store,
Nor ever ship shall talle there anie more.

"They all are gone, and all with them is gone! 155
Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
My long decay, which no man els doth mone,
And mourne my fall with dolefull derriment.
Yet it is comfort in great languishment,
To be remonned with compassion kinde,
And mitigates the anguish of the minde.

"But me no man bewailith, but in game,
Ne shedeth teares from lamentable eie:
Nor anie lives that mentioneth my name
To be remembred of posteritie,
Save One, that maungre Fortunes innorie,
And Times decay, and Envies cruell tort,
Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort.

"Cambden! the mourice of antiquitie,
And lanterne unto late succeeding age,
To see the light of simple veritie
Buried in ruins, through the great outrage
Of her owne people led with warlike rage:
Cambden! though Time all monuments obscure,
Yet thy just labours ever shall endure. 174

"But whil (unhappe wight!) doo I thus crie,
And grieve that my remembrance quite is raced
Out of the knowledge of posteritie,
And all my antique monuments defaced!
Sith I doo daillie see things highest placed,
So soone as Fates their vitall thred have shorne,
Forgotten quite as they were never borne.

"It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
A mightie Prince, of most renowned race,
Whom England high in count of honour held,
And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace;
Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
Sate in the bosome of his Soveraine,
And Right and Loyall did his word maintaine.

"I saw him die, I saw him die, as one
Of the meane people, and brought forth on beare;
I saw him die, and no man left to mone
His dolefull fate, that late him loved deare:
Scarce anie left to close his eykld neare;
Scarce anie left upon his lips to sate
The sacred sod, or Requiem to sake.

"O trustlesse state of miserable men,
That build your blis on hope of earthly thing,
And vainly thinke your selves halfe happie then,
When painted faces with smooth flattering
Doo fawne on you, and your wide praises sing;
And, when the courting masker louth love,
Him true in heart and trustie to you trow!

"All is but fained, and with oaker dice,
That everie shower will wash and wipe away;
All things doe change that under heaven abide,
And after death all friendship doth deceie.
Therefore, what ever man beares worldlie away,
Loving, on God and on thy selfe relie;
For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

"He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Save what in heavens storehouse he uplaid:
His hope is faild, and come to passe his dreed,
And evill men (now dead) his deeds upbraid:
Spite bites the dead, that living never lаid.
He now is gone, the whites the Foxe is eепt
Into the hole, the which the Badger swept.

"He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,
And all his greatness vapoured to nought,
That as a glasse upon the water shone,
Which vanisht quite, so soone as it was sought:
His name is worse alreadie out of thought,
Ne anie Poet seekes him to revive;
Yet anie Poets honour him alive.

"Ne doth his Colin, carelesse Colin Cloute,
Care now his idle bagpipe up to raise,
Ne tell his sorrow to the lyeving rout.
[praise:
Of shepheard gromes, which wont his songs to

Ver. 184. A mightie prince, &c. [Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. OLDRS.
Ver. 189. Right and Loyall! His motto. OLDRS.
THE RUINES OF TIME.

Praise who so list, yet I will him disparize,
Untill he quite him of this guiltie blame:
Wake, sheperds boy, at length awake for shame,

"And who so els did goodnes by him gaine,
And who so els his bounteous minde did trie,
Whether he shephered he, or shephers swaine,
(For manie did, which doi now dece.)"
Awake, and to his Song a part appillic:
And I, the whilst you mourne for his decease,
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increase.

"He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
His brother Prince, his brother noble Ireere,
That whilst he lived was of none enuyde,
And dead is now, as living, counted deare,
Deare unto all that true affection heare.
But unto thee most deare, O dearest Dame,
His noble Spouse, and Paragon of Fame.

"He, whilst he lived, happy was through thee,
And, being dead, is happy now much more;
Living, that lincked chaunt with thee to see,
And dead, because him dead thou dost adore,
As living, and thy lost deare Love deplore.
So whilst that thou, faire flower of chastitie,
Dost live, by thee thy Lord shall never die.

"Thy Lord shall never die, the whiles this verse Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever:
For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse
His worthye praise, and vertues dying never,
Though death his soule doo from his bodie sever:
And then thy selfe herein shall also live;
Such grace the heavens doo to thy verses give.

"Ne shall his Sister, ne thy Father die,
Thy Father, that good Earle of rare renowne,
And noble Patrone of weake povertie;
Whose great good deeds in countrey, and in towne,
Have purchast him in heaven an happy crowne:
Where he now liveth in eternall bliss,
And left his soune to ensue those steps of his.

"He, noble Bud, his Grandisres livlie hayre,
Under the shadow of thy countenance
Now gaine to shoope up fast, and flourish fayre
In learned artes, and goodliffe gouveurance,
That him to highest honour shall advance.
Brave Impe of Bedford, grow apace in bonnitie,
And count of wisedome more than of thy countie!

"Ne may I let thy husbands Sister die,
That goodly Ladie, sith she eke did spring
Out of his stocke and famous familie,
Whose praises I to future age doo sing;
And forth out of her happy womb did bring
The sacred brood of learning and all honour;
In whom the heavens powrde all their gifts upon her.

"Most gentle spirite breathed from above,
Out of the bosome of the Makers blis,
In whom all bonnyt and all vertuous love
Appeared in their native propretis,
And did enrich that noble breast of his
With treasure passing all this worldes worth,
Worthie of heaven it selfe, which brought it forth.

"His blessed spirite, full of power divine
And influence of all celestiall graces,
Loathing this sinfull earth and earthly slime,
Fled backe too soone unto his native place:
Too soone for all that did his love embrace,
Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

"Yet, ere his happy soule to heaven went
Out of this fleshy gaole, he did devise
Unto his heavenlie Maker to present
His bodie, as a spoiles sacrifice;
And chose, that guiltie hands of enemies
Should powre forth th' offring of his guulties blood:
So life exchanging for his countries good.

"O noble spirite, live there ever blessed,
The worlds late wonder, and the heavens new ioy;
Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
With mortall cares and cumbrous worlds annoy;
But, where thou dost that hapines enjoy,
Did me, O bid me quicklie come to thee,
That happy there I maye there alwaies see!

"Yet, whilst the Fates affoord me vitall breath,
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
And sing to thee, untill that timelie death
By heavens doome doo ende my earclie daies:
Thereto doo thou my humble spirite raise,
And into me that sacred breath inspire,
Which thou there breathest perfect and entire.

"Then will I sing ; but who can better sing
Than thine owne Sister, peerles Lady bright,
Which to thee sings with deep harts sorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,
That her to heare I feele my feele spright
Robbed of sense, and ravished with ioy,
O sad ioy made of mourning and anoys !

"Yet will I sing ; but who can better sing
Than thou thy selfe, thine owne selves valianc,
That, whilst thou livedst, madest the forrests ring,
And fields resound, and flockes to leap and dancem,
And shephers leave their lambs unto mishancem,
To rume thy shrill Arcadian Pipe to heare :
O happie were those daies, thrice happie were !

OLDYS.

Ver. 244. But unto thee &c.] Anne, the eldest daughter of Francis Lord Russell Earl of Bedford, was his last wife.
OLDYS.

Ver. 249. — his sister.] Lady Mary Sidney. OLDYS.

Ver. 254. — that good Earle &c.] This Earl of Bedford died in 1583. Toun.

Ver. 276. He, noble Bud, &c.] Edward Lord Russell, grandson of Francis Earl of Bedford, succeeded in the Earlship; his father Francis having been slain by the Scots. OLDYS.

Ver. 257. That goodly Ladie, &c.] Lady Mary Sidney, mother of Sir Philip Sidney and the Countess of Pembroke. OLDYS.

Ver. 255. that noble breath of his.] Sir Philip Sidney. OLDYS.

Ver. 316. — but who can better sing.

Ver. 326. — than thine owne Sister, &c.] Mary Countess of Pembroke. Toun.
That, when th' one dies, the other then begins
To shew in heaven his brightness orient;
And they, for pitty of the sad wayment,
Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
Her back again to life sent for his sake.

"So happy are they, and so fortunate,
Whom the Pierian sacred Sisters love,
That freed from bands of impacable fate,
And power of death, they live for aye above,
Where mortal wreakes their blis may not remove;
But with the gods, for former virtues meede,
On Nectar and Ambrosia do feed.

"For deeds doe die, how ever noble done,
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay:
But wise words taught in numbers for to rume,
Recorded by the Muses, live for ay;
Ne may with storming showers be wash'd away,
Ne bitter-breathing windes with harmfull blast,
Nor age, nor envy, shall them ever wast.

"In vaine doe earthly Princes then, in vaine,
Seek with Pyramids, to heaven aspired;
Or huge Colosses, built with costlie paine;
Or braven Pillars, never to be fird;
Or Shrines, made of the mettall most desired;
To make their memories for ever live:
For how can mortall immortallitie give?

"Such one Mansolus made, the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine:
Such one Marcellus, but was torme with thunder:
Such one Lysippus, but is worn with rhaine:
Such one King Edmond, but was rent for gaine.
All such vaine moniments of earthlie masse,
Devour'd of Time, in time to nought doo passe.

"But Fame with golden wings aloft doth fie,
Above the reach of ruinos decay,
And with brave plumes doth beate the azure skie,
Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away:
Then who so will with verious deeds assay
To mount to heaven, on Pegasmust ride,
And with sweete Poets verse be glorifie.

"For not to have been dipt in Lethse lake,
Could save the some of Thetis from to die:
But that blinde Bard did him immortal make
With verses, dipt in dewe of Castalie:
Which made the Eastern Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate yong-man, whose vertue found
So brave a Trompe, thy noble acts to sound.

"Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read
Good Melibe, that hath a Poet got
To sing his living praises being dead,
Deserving never here to be forgot,
In sight of evie, that his deeds would spot:
Since whose decease, learning lies unregardid,
And men of armes doo wander unrewardid.

"Those two be those two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieve the noble spright

Ver. 425. Good Melibe, that hath a Poet got.] Sir Francis Walsingham, who died Apr. 6. 1590, is Melibe. The Poet is Thomas Watson, who published his "Meli- beus, sive Leges in Oblatione Honoratissimae viri Dom Fr. Walsingham, Equestri Aurati, &c. 4to. 1580." Others
Of Salomon with great indignities; 
Who whilome was alive the wisest wight. 445
But now his wisedom is disprooved quite; 
For he, that now weds all things at his will, 
Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper skill.

"O griefe of griefes! O gall of all good heartes! 
To see that vertue should dispise bee 460
Of him, that first was raise for vertuous parts, 
And now, broad spreading like an aged tree, 
Lets none shoot up that nigh him planted bee; 
O let the man, of whom the Muse is scornd, 
Nor alive nor dead be of the Muse adored! 465

"O vile worlds trust! that with such vaine illusion 
Hath so wise men bewitchted, and overkeest, 
That they see not the way of their confusion: 
O vainesse! to be added to the rest, 
That do my soule with inward grieve infest: 
Let them behold the piteous fall of mee, 
And in my case their owne ensemble see.

"And who so els that sits in highest seate 
Of this worlds glory, worshipp'd of all, 
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threathe, 
Let him behold the horror of my fall, 
And his owne end unto remembrance call; 
That of like piteous he may warned bee, 
And in himselfe be mow'd to pittie mee."—

Thus having ended all her piteous plaint, 470
With dolefull shrikes shee vanished away, 
That I through inward sorrow vexen faint, 
And all astonished with deepe dismay 
For her departure, had no word to say; 
But sate long time in senseless sad affright, 475
Looking still, if I might of her have sight.

Which when I missed, having looked long, 
My thought returned greeved home againe, 
Renewing her complaint with passion strong, 480
For ruth of that same womanes piteous paine; 
Whose wordes recording in my troubled braine, 
I felt such anguish wound my feeble heart, 
That frozen horror ran through everie part.

So inlie greeving in my growing brest, 
And deeplie musing at her doolefull speach, 485
Whose meaning much I labored forth to wreste, 
Being above my slender reasons reach; 
At length, by demonstration me to teach, 
Before mine ies strange sights presented were, 490
Like tragick Pageants seeming to appeare.

I. 
I saw an Image, all of massie gold, 
Placed on high upon an Altare faire, 
That all, which did the same from farre beholde, 
Might worship it, and fall on lowest staire. 
Not that great Idoll might with this compare; 495
To which th' Assyrian Tyrant would have made 
The hollie brethren falslie to have praid, 
But th' Altare, on the which this Image staid, 
Was (O great pitie!) built of brickle clay, 
That shortly the foundation decay'd. 500

Ver. 447. For he & c. ] Lord Burleigh. Tond. 

With showres of heaven and tempests worne away; 
Then downe it fell, and low in ashes lay, 
Scorned of evrye one, which by it went; 
That I, it seeing, dearelie did lament.

Next unto this a stattdle Towre appeared, 560
Built all of richest stone that might bee found, 
And nigh unto the Heavens in height uproar'd, 
But placed on a plot of sandie ground: 
Not that great Towre, which is so much renown'd 
For tongues confusion in Holie Writ, 
King Nius, worke, might be compar'd to it. 
But O vaine labours of terrestriall wit, 
That buildes so stronglie on so frailye a style, 
As with each storme does fall away, and hit, 
And gives the fruit of all your travallies toyle, 570
To be the pray of Tyne, and Fortunes spoyle! 
I saw this Towre fall sodainely to dust, 
That nigh with griefe thereof my heart was brust.

III. 
Then did I see a pleasant Paradise, 520
Full of sweete floweres and daintiest delights, 
Such as on earth man could not more devize, 
With pleasures choyce to feed his cheerefull sprights: 
Not that, which Merlin by his magickie sights 
Made for the gentle Squire, to entertaine 
His hayre Belphoebe, could this gardin staine. 
But O short pleasure bought with lasting paine! 525
Why will hereafter anie flesh delight 
In earthlie b利s, and joy in pleasures vaine, 
Since that I saw this gardin wasted quite, 
That where it was scarce seemed anie sight! 530
That I, which once that beautie did beholde, 
Could not from teares my melting eyes with-holde.

IV. 
Soone after this a Gamm came in place, 
Of wondrous powre, and of exceeding stature, 535
That none durst vewe the horror of his face, 
Yet was he milde of speach, and meek of nature: 540
Not he, which in despight of his Creator 
With raving tearmes defyed the Jewish boaste, 
Might with this mightie one in hughnes boaste; 
For from the one he could to th' other coast 545
Stretch his strong thighs, and th' ocean overstride, 
And reach his hand into his enemies boaste. 
But see the end of pompe and fleishie pride! 
One of his feetes unwarne from him did slide, 
That dowe hee fell into the deepe abisse, 550
Where drown'd with him is all his earthlie blisse.

V. 
Then did I see a Bridge, made all of golde, 
Over the sea from one to other side, 
Withouten prop or pinnon it t' upholde, 555
But like the cououred rainbowe arched wide: 
Not that great Arche, which Traian edifie, 
To be a wonder to all age ensuing, 
Was matchable to this in equall vewing. 
But (ah!) what bootes it to see earthlie thing 
In glorie, or in greatenes to exell, 560
Sith time doth greatest things to wanne bring! 
This goodlie Bridge, one foote not fastned wide, 
Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell, 
Ne of so brave a building ought remained, 565
That grieue thereof my spirite greatly paine.
I saw two Beares, as white as anie milke,
Lying together in a mightie cave,
Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke:
That salvage nature seemed not to have,
Nor after greedy spoyle of bloud to crave:
Two fairer beasts might not elsewhere be found,
Although the compast world were sought around.

But what can long abide above this ground
In state of blis, or stedfast happiness!
The Cave, in which these Beares lay sleeping sound,
Was but of earth, and with her weightinesse
Upon them fell, and did unwarres oppress;
That, for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds f.licitie I hate.

* Much was I troubled in my heave spright,
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereaved quite,
And in mine remained sore agast,
Distract twixt fear and pitié; when at last
I heard a voyce, which loudely to me called,
That with the sudden shriyl I was appalled,
Behold (said it) and by exanple se;
That all is vanite and grieue of minde,
Ne other comfort in this world can be,
But hope of heaven, and heart to God incline; 335
For all the rest must needs be left behinde;
With that it laid me, to the other side
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

Upro the famous Rivers further shore,
There stood a snowie Swan of heavenly hiew,
And gentle kinde, as ever Poulke afoore;
A fairer one in all the goodlie crew
Of white Strimonian brood might no man view:
There he most sweetly sung the prophecie
Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie.

At last, when all his mourning melodie
He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
Feeling the fit that him forwarde to die,
With loftie flight above the earth he bounded,
And out of sight to highest heaven mounted,
Where now he is become an heavenly signe;
There now the iy is his, here sorrow mine.

Whilst thus I looked, loe! adowne the lee
I saw an Harpe strong all with silver twyne,
And made of golde and costlie yvorie,
Swimming, that whilome seemed to have been
The Harpe, on which Dan Orpheus was scene
Wylde beasts and forrests after him to lead,
But was th’ Harpe of Philisides now dead.
At length out of the river it was seard
And borne above the cloudes to be div’din
Whilst all the way most heavenly noyse was heard
Of the strings, stirred with the waching wind,
That wrought both joy and sorrow in my mind:
So now in heaven a signe it doth appeare,
The Harpe well knoweing beside the Northern Beare.

Soone after this I saw on th’ other side,
A curious Coffeer made of Helben wood,

THE RUINES OF TIME.

That in it did most precious treasure bide,
Exceeding all this baser world’s good:
Yet through the overflowing of the flood
It almost drowned was, and done to nought,
That sight thereof much grieve’d my pensive thought.
At length, when most in perill it was brought,
Two Angels, downe descending with swift flight,
Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,
And twixt their blessed arnes it carried quight.
Above the reach of anie living sight:
So now it is transform’d into that starre,
In which all heavenly treasures locked are.

Looking aside I saw a stately Bed,
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
That might for anie Princes couche be red,
And deckt with dainty flowers, as if it shold
Be for some Bride, her joyous night to hold:
Therin a goodly Virgin sleeping lay;
A fairer might saw never summeres day,
I heard a voyce that called farre away,
And her awaking had her quickly sight,
For lo! her Bridgrome was in ready ray
To come to her, and seeke her loves delight:
With that she started up with chereful sight,
When suddenly both Bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone.

Still as I gaz’d, I beheld where stood
A Knight all arm’d, upon a winged steed,
The same that was brod of Meneas blood,
On which Dan Perceus, borne of heavenly seed,
The faire Andromeda from perill freed:
Full mortally this Knight wyounded was,
That streames of blood foorth flowed on the gras:
Yet was he deckt (small iy to him alas!)
With manie garands for his victories,
And with rich spoyles, which late he did purchas
Through brave achiemementes from his enemies:
Painting at last through long infirmities
He spote his steed, that straight to heaven him
And left me here his losse for to deplore.  

Lastly I saw an Arke of pure golde
Upon a brazen pillow standing lie,
Which th’ ashes secnd’ of some great Prince to
Enclosde therein for endless memorie
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie:
Seemed the heavens with the earth did disagree,
Whether should of those ashes keeper be
At last me secnd’ wing-footed Mercurie,
From heaven desending to appease their strife,
The Arke did beare with him above the skie,
And to those ashes gave a second life,
To live in heaven, where hapines is rife:
At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,
And I for dole was almost like to die.

L’ENVOY.

Immortall spirite of Philisides,
Which now art made the heavens ornament,

Ver. 601. Which th’ ashes secnd’ of some great Prince to hold;

That whilome was the world’s chiefest richés;
Give leave to him that lov’d thee to lament
His losse, by lacke of thee to heaven sent,
And with last duties of this broken verse,
Broken with sighes, to decke thy sable Herse!
And ye, faire Ladie! th’ honour of your daies,
And glorie of the world, your high thoughts scorn’d;
Vouchsafe this moniment of his last praise
With some few silver-dropping teares t’ adorne;
And as ye be of heavenlie off-spring borne,
So unto heaven let your high minde aspire,
And loath this dross of sinfull worlds desire!

THE

TEARES OF THE MUSES.

1594.

To

THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LADIE STRANGE.

Most brave and noble Ladie; the things, that make ye so much honored of the world as ye bee, are such, as (without my simple lines testimonie) are throughlie known to all men; namely, your excellent beautie, your vertuous behavior, and your noble match with that most honourable Lord, the very Paterne of right Nobilitie: But the causes, for which ye have thus deserved of me to be honoured, (if honour it be at all,) are, both your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinitie, which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge. Of which whenes I found my selfe in no part woorthie, I devised this last slender meanes, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiship, and also to make the same universalie known to the world; that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honor you. Vouchsafe, noble Lady, to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of your selfe, yet such, as perhaps by good acceptance thereof ye may hereafter call out a more meet and memorable evidence of your owne excellent deserts. So recommending the same to your Ladiships good liking, I humbly take leave.

Your La: humbly ever.

ED. SP.

Rehearse to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,
The golden brood of great Apollos wit,
Those piteous plaints and sorrowfull sad time,
Which late ye powred forth as ye did sit
Beside the silver springs of Helicon,
Making your musick of hart-breaking mone!

For since the time that Phoebus foolish sonne
Y-thundered, through Ioves angievfull wrath,
For traversing the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compass of his pointed path,
Of yon his mournefull Sisters was lamented,
Such mournefull tunes were never since inventd.

Nor since that faire Caliopie did lose
Her loved Tvinnes, the dearlings of her joy,
Her Palici, whom her unkindly foes,
The Fatail Sisters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space;
Was ever heard such wayling in this place.

For all their groves, which with the heavenly noyse
Of their sweete instruments were wont to sound,
And th’ hollow hills, from which their silver voyces
Were wont redoubled echoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rufull eries,
And yelling shrieks throwne up into the skies.

The trembling streams which wont in channels clear
To rumble gently downe with murmur soft,
And were by them right tunefull taught to beare
A bases part amongst their consorts off;
Now, forst to overflowe with breakish teares,
With troubous noyse did dill their daintie cares.

The joyous Nymphees and lightfoote Faeries
Which thether came to heare their musick sweet,
And to the measure of their melodies
Did learne to move their nimble-shifting feete;
Now, hearing them so heavily lament,
Like heavily lamenting from them went.

And all that els was wont to worke delight
Through the divine infusion of their skill,
And all that els seemed faire and fresh in sight,
So made by nature for to serve their will,
Was turned now to dismall heaviness,
Was turned now to dreadfull uglinesse.
THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

Ay me! what thing on earth that all thing breeds, Might be the cause of so impatient plight! What furie, or what feend, with fcion deeds Hath stirréd up so mischievous deslight? Can griefe then enter into heavely harts, And pierce immortall breasts with mortall smarts?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concerns, To me those secret causes to display; For none but you, or who of you it learns, Can rightfully aread so doeful full lay. Begin, thou eldest Sister of the crew, And let the rest in order thee eusew.

CLO.

Heare, thou great Father of the gods on hie, That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts; And thou our Sire, that raignest in Castalie And Mount Parnasse, the god of goody Arts: Heare, and behold the miserable state Of us thy daughters, doeful disolate.

Behold the foule reproach and open shame, The which is day by day unto us wrought By such as hate the honour of our name, The foes of learning and each gentle thought; They, not contented us themselves to scource, Doo seek to make us of the world forlorn.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly dust, The sonnes of darknes and of ignorance; But they, whom thou, great Love, by doome uniyest Didst to the type of honour earst advance; They now, puff up with aegiull foulnesse, Despire the brood of blessed Sapience.

The sectaries of my celestiall skill, That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament, And learned Impes that wont to shooe up still, And grow to height of kingdoms government, They underkeep, and with their spreading armes Do beat their buds, that perish through their harms.

It most behoves the honorable race Of mightie Peeres true wisedome to sustaine, And with their noble countenance to grace The learned forheads, without gifts or gaine; Or rather learned themselves behooves to bee; That is the girld of Nobilitie.

But (ah!) all otherwise they doe esteeme Of th’ heavenly gift of wisedome influence, And to be learned it a base thing deeme; Base minded they that want intelligence: For God himselfe for wisedome most is praised, And men to God thereby are highest raised.

But they doe onely strive themselves to raise Through pompous pride, and foolish vanitie; In th’ eyes of people they put all their praise, And onely boast of Armes and Aumeestrie: But vertuous deeds, which did those armes first give To their grandsyres, they care not to atchieve.

So I, that doe all noble states profess To register, and sound in trump of gold; Through their bad dooings, or base slothfulness, Finde nothing worthie to be writ, or told: For better farre it were to hide their names, Then telling them to blazon out their blamers.

So shall succeeding ages have no light Of things forepast, nor monuments of time; And all that in this world is worthie sight; Shall die in darkness, and lie hid in slime! Therefore I mourn with deep harts sorrowing, Because I nothing noble have to sing.—

With that she raynd such store of streaming teares, That could have made a stonic heart to weep; And all her Sisters rent their golden heares, And their faire faces with salt humour steep. So ended shee: and then the next aneew, Began her grievous plaint as doth eusew.

MELPOMENE.

O! who shall powre into my swollen eyes A sea of teares that never may be dryde, A brazen voice that may with shrilling eys Pierce the dull heavens and fill the ayér wide, And yron sides that sighing may endure, To waile the wretchesines of world impure?

Ah! wretched world, the den of wickednesse, Deformd with filth and foule iniquitie; Ah! wretched world, the house of heaviness, Fild with the wreaks of mortal miserie; Ah! wretched world, and all that is therein, The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaves to sin,

Most miserable creature under sky Man without Understanding doth appeare; For all this worlds affliation he thereby, And Fortunes fokes, is wisely taught to beware: Of wretched life the only joy Shee is, And th’ only comfort in calamities.

She arms the breest with constant patience Against the bitter throwes of Dolours darts: She solaceth with rules of Sapience The gentle minds, in midst of worldly smarts: When he is sad, shee seeks to make him mervie, And doth refresh his sprights when they be wrie.

But he that is of reasons skill bereft, And wants the staffe of wisedome him to stay, Is like a ship in midst of tempest left Withouten helme or pilot her to sway: Full sad and dreadfull is that ships event; So is the man that wants intendiment.

Why then doe foolish men so much despize The precious store of this celestiall riches? Why doe they banish us, that patronize The name of learning! Most unhappe wretches! The which lie drowned in deep wretchesnes, Yet doo not see their owne unhapiness.

My part it is and my professed skill The Stage with Tragick Buskin to adorn, And fill the Scene with plaint and outeries shrill Of wretched persons, to misfortune borne; But none more tragick matter I can finde Then this, of men depriv’d of sense and minde.

For all mans life me seemes a tragedy, Full of sad sights and sore catastrophes; Ver. 112. —— step.] Here is one of Spenser’s ellipses; step for old steep. Jourin.
Ver. 121. —— Shee] The Understanding. Tonin.
Ver. 144. —— intendiment.] Attention or thought, Tonin
First comming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes, like dolorus trophics,
Are heapt with spoyles of fortune and of scare,
And he at last laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with rufull spectacles is fild,
Fit for Megara or Persephone;
But I that in true Tragedies am skild,
The flowre of wit, finde nought to base me i
Therefore I mournie, and pitifully mone,
Because that mourning matter I have none.

Then gan she wofully to waile, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wise;
And all her Sisters, thereto answering,
Throw forth loud shrieks and dreide долfufl cries.
So rested she: and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

THALIA.
Where be the sweete delights of learnings treasure,
That wont with Comick sock to beautifie
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleasure
The listners eyes and ears with melodie;
In which I late was wont to raine as Queenie,
And maske in mirth with Graces well beseche!

O! all is gone; and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is laid abed, and no where now to see;
And in her roome unseenly Sorrow sits,
With hollow brows and greisly contentenance,
Marring my joyous gentle dalliance.

And him beside sits ugly Barbarisme,
And brutish Ignorance, yereft of late
Out of dredd darkines of the deep abysme,
Where being bredd, he light and heaven doe late;
They in the minde of men now tyrannize;
And the faire scene with rudeenes foule disguize.

All places they with follic have possset,
And with vaine toyes the vulgar entertain;
But me have banished, with all the rest
That whilome wont to wait upon my traine,
Fine Counterspese, and unhurtfull Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deckt in seemy sort.

All these, and all that els the Comick Stage
With seasond wit and goodly pleasure grauced,
By which mans life in his likest image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced;
And those sweete wits, which wont the like to frame,
Are now despitz, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all joy and lolly meriment
Is also deade, and in doleure drect.

In stead thereof scoffing Scarrilitic,
And scornfull Follic with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shamelesse ribaudrie
Without regard, or due Decorum kept;

Each idle wit at will presumes to make;
And doth the Learned taske upon him take:
But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar owle,
Scooning the holldnes of such base-born men,
Which dace their follies forth so rashlie throwe;
Which rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himselfe to mokerie to sell.

So am I made the servant of the manie;
And laughing stocke of all that list to scorn;
Not honored nor cared for of anie;
But loath'd of looels as a thing forlore;
Therefore I mournie and sorrow with the rest,
Untill my cause of sorrow be redrest.—

Therewith she lowly did lament and shrike,
Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly;
And all her Sisters, with compassion like
The breaches of her singulfs did supply.
So rested she: and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

SUMERPE.
Like as the dearling of the Summers pryde,
Faire Philomèle, when Winters stormie wrath
The goodly fields, that carst so gay were dye
In colours divers, quite despoyled hath,
All comfortlesse doth hide her clearlesse head
During the time of that her widowe head:
So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
Whilst favourable times did us afford
Free liberty to chant our charmes at will;
All comfortlesse upon the bared bow,
Like wofull culvers, doe sit wayling now.

For far more bitter stormes than winters stowre
The beautie of the world hath lately wasted,
And those fresh buls, which wont so faire to howre,
Hath marred quite, and all their blossoms blasted;
And those yong plants, which wont with fruit t' abound,
Now without fruite or leaves are to be found.

A stonic coldnesse hath bummbled the sence
And livlie spirts of each living wight,
And dind with darknesse their intelligence,
Darkestes more than Cynerians daylie night:
And monstrous Error, lying in the ayre,
Hath marl the face of all that seemd fayre.

Image of hellish houür, Ignorance,
Borne in the bosome of the black abyss,
And fed with Furies milke for sustenance
Of his weake infamie, begot amisse
By yawning Sloth on his own mother Night;
So hee his sommes both ayre and brother light.

He, arnd with blindnesse and with boldnes stout,
(For blind is bold,) hath our fayre light delaced;
And gathering unto him a ragged rout
Of Faunes and Satyres, hath our dwellings raced;
And our chast bowers, in which all vertue rained,
With brutulnesse and beastlie filth hath stained.

The sacred springs of horsefoot Helicon,
So oft beclouded with our learned leaves,
And speaking streames of pure Castallion,
The famous witnesse of our wondred praise,
They trampled have with their fowle footings trused,
And like to troubled puddles have them made.

Our pleasant groves, which planted were with That with our musick wont so oft to ring, [paines, And arbores sweet, in which the shepheards swaines Were wont so oft their Pastoralls to sing. They have cut downe, and all their pleasuance That now no Pastorall is to bee had. [mard,

In stead of them, fowle goblins and shriek-owles With fearfull howling do all places fill ; And feeleth Eccho now laments, and howles, The dreadfull accents of their owteries shrill. So all is turned into wildernessse, Whilst Ignorance the Muses doth oppresse.

And I, whose joy was earst with spirit full To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft, (My spirits now dismayd with sorrow dull,) Doo mone my miserie with silence soft. Therefore I mourn and wele inessently, Till please the heavens affoord me remedy.—

Therewith shee wayed with exceeding woe, And pitious lamentation did make ; And all her Sisters, seeing her doo se, With equall plaints her sorrow did partake. So rested shee : and then the next in rew Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

**TERSIICHORE.**

Wroth hath in the lap of soft Delight Been long time ludd, and fed with pleasures sweet, Fearsles through his own fault or Fortunes spight To tumble into sorrow and regret, Yf chaunce he fall into calamitie, Finds greater burthen of his miserie.

So wee that earst in ioyance did abond,
And in the bosome of all bliss did sit,
Like Virgin Queenes, with harrell garlands crown'd,
For vertues need and ornament of wit ;
Sith Ignorance our kingdome did confound,
Be nowe become most wretched wighte of his miserie.

And in our royall thrones, which lately stood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accursed brood,
By him begotten of fowle Infamy ; Blind Error, scornfull Follie, and lase Spight,
Who hold by wrong that wee should have by right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
And make them merrie with their foolishies ;
They cherclie chaunt, and rynes at randoon fling,
The fruitfull spawne of their ranke fantasties ;
They feele the cares of fowles with flattery,
And good men blace, and losels magnify.

All places they doo with their toyes possess,
And rainge in liking of the multitude ;
The Schooles they fill with fond new-fanglenesse,
And sway in Court with pride and rashnesse rule ;

Mongst simple Shepheards they do boast their skill,
And say their musick matcheth Phoebus quill.

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine ;
Fair Ladies loves they spot with thoughts impure,
And gentle mindes with lewed delights distaine ;
Clerks they to loathly idlenes entice,
And fill their books with discipline of vice.

So every where they rule, and tyrannize,
For their usurped kingdome maintainance,
The whites we silly Maides, whom they dispize,
And with reprochfull scorn discountenance,
From our owne native heritage exilde,
Walk through the world of every one revilde.

Nor anie one doth care to call us in,
Or once vouchsafe us to entertaine,
Unless some one perhapes of gentle kin,
For pitties sake, compassion our paine,
And yeeld us some reliefe in this distress ;
Yet to be so relievd is wretchedesse.

So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,
Yet none doth care to comfort us at all ;
So secke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,
Yet none vouchsafe to answere to our call ;
Therefore we mourne and pittilesse complains,
Because none living pittith our pains.—

With that she wept and wofullie waymented,
That maucht on earth her griefe might pacifie ;
And all the rest her doelefull din augmented
With shrikes, and groanes, and grievous agonie.
So ended shee : and then the next in rew
Began her piteous plaint, as doth ensue.

**ERATO.**

Ye gentle Spirits ! breathing from above,
Where ye in Venus silver bowre were bred,
Thoughts halle devine, full of the fire of love,
With beawtie kindled, and with pleasure fed,
Which ye now in securite possess,
Forgetfull of your former heaviness ;

Now change the tenor of your ioyous lays,
With which ye use your Loves to deifie,
And blazon forth an earthlie Beauties praise
Above the compass of the arched skie :
Now change your praises into piteous cries,
And Eulogies turne into Elegies.

Such as ye wont, whoses bittre sounds
Of raging love first gan you to torment,
And launch your hearts with lamentable wounds
Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
Before your Loves did take you unto grace ;
Those now renew, as fitter for this place.

For I that rule, in measure moderate,
The tempest of that stormie passion,
And use to paint in rimes the troublous state
Of lovers life in likest fashion,
Am put from practise of my kindlie skill,
Banish by those that Love with lewishes fill.

Love wont to be schoolmaster of my skill,
And the devicefull matter of my song ;
Sweete Love devouy of villanice or ill,
But pure and spotless, as at first he sprung
Out of th' Almighty's bosom, where he nests;
From thence infused into mortal breasts.

Such high concept of that celestial fire,
The base-born brood of Blindness cannotesse,
Ne'er dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
Unto so lofty pitch of perfectness,
But rime at riot, and doo rage in love;
Yet little wote what doth thereto behave.

Faire Cythere, the mother of Delight,
And queene of Beautie, now thou maist go pack;
For lo! thy Kingdom is defaced quight,
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack;
And thy gay Sonne, the winged god of Love,
May now goo prume his plumes like ruffed dove.

And ye three Twins, to light by Venus brought,
The sweete companions of the Muses late,
From whom whatever thing is goodly thought.
Doth borrow grace, the fanie to aggreate;
Go beg with us, and be companions still,
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall anie more
Find entertainment or in Court or Schoole:
For that, which was accounted heretofore
The learned meede, is now lent to the fool;
He sings of love, and maketh loving layes,
And they him heare, and they him highly praye.—

With that she powrd forth a brackish flood
Of bitter tears, and made exceeding mone;
And all her Sisters, seeing her sad mood,
With lowd lamentes her answered all at one.
So ended she: and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

CALLIOPE.
To whom shall I my evill case complaine,
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pitie a perplexed hart;
But rather seekes my sorrow to augment
With fowle reproach, and cruell banishment!—

For they, to whom I used to applie
The faithfull service of my learned skill,
The goodly off-spring of loves progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill;
Whose living praises in heroick style,
It is my chiefe profession to compile;

They, all corrupted through the rust of time,
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
Or through unsnoble sloth, or sinfull crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race;
Have both desire of worthie deeds forlorne,
And name of learning utterly doo scorne.

No doo they care to have the annectrie
Of th' old Heroes memorize anew;
No doo they care that late posterrite
Should know their names, or speak their praises dew,
But die forgot from whence at first they spring,
As they themselves shalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to have beene nobly bred?

What oddes twixt Iris and old Inachus,
Twixt best and worst, when both alike are deade;
If none of neither mention should make,
Nor out of dust their memories awake?

Or who would ever care to doo brave deed,
Or strive in vertue odiers to excelle;
If none should yeeld him his deserved meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of dooing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would choose goodness of his owne freewill.

Therefore the Nurse of Vertue I am hight,
And golden Trumpet of Eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift up to heavens hight.
And mortal men have powre to defie;
Dacneus and Herocles I raised to heaven,
And Charlemame amongst the starrs seaven.

But now I will my golden clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more;
Sith I no more find worthie to commend
For price of value, or for learned lore:
For noble Pecres, whom I was wont to raise,
Now onely seeke for pleasure, nought for praise.

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they may spare;
And the rich fee, which Poets wont divide,
Now Parasites and Sycophants doo share:
Therefore I mourn and endless sorowe make,
Both for my selfe and for my Sisters sake.—

With that she lowly gan to waile and shrike,
And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre:
And all her Sisters, with compassion like,
Did more increase the sharpnes of her shoure.
So ended she: and then the next in rew
Began her plaint as doth herein ensue.

URANIA.

What wrath of gods, or wicked influence
Of starses conspiring wretched men t' afflict,
Hath powrd on earth this noughtes pestilence,
That mortall mindes doth inwardly infect
With love of blindnessse and of ignorance,
To dwell in darknesse without sovenance?

What difference twixt man and beast is left,
When th' heavenly light of Knowledge is put out,
And th' ornaments of Wisdome are bereft?
Then wandruth he in error and in doubt,
Unweeting of the danger hee is in,
Through fleshes frailtie, and deceit of sin.

In this wide world in which they wretches stray,
It is the onlie comfort which they have,
It is their light, their loadstarre, and their day;
But hell, and darknessse, and the grislie grave,
Is Ignorance, the enemy of Grace,
That mindes of men borne heavenlie doth deabe.

Through Knowledge we behold the worlds creation,
How in his cradle first he fostred was;
And judge of Natures cunning operation,

Ver. 496. [souvenance] Fr. souvenance, remem-

brance. Tavo.
How things she formed of a formless mas:
By Knowledge we do learn our selves to knowe,
And what to man, and what to God, we owe.

From hence wee mount aloft unto the ski,
And looke into the christall firmament;
There we behold the heavens great Hierarchie,
The Starres pure light, the Spheres swift movement,
The Spirites and Intelligences fayre,
And Angells weightyng on th’ Almightie chayre.

And there, with humble minde and high insight,
Th’ Eternall Makers nauestie wee viewe,
His love, his truth, his glory, and his might,
And merest more then mortall men can vow.
O soveraigne Lord, O soveraigne happinesse,
To see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse.

Such happines have they, that do embrace
Th’ precepts of my heavenlie discipline;
But shame and sorrow and accursed case
Have they, that scorne the schoole of Arts divine,
And banish me, which do professe the skill
To make men heavenly wise through humbled will.

However yet they mee despise and spight,
I feede on sweet contentment of my thought,
And, please myselfe with mine owne selfe-delight,
In contemplation of things heavenlie wrought:
So, loathing earth, I looke up to the sky,
And, being driven hence, I thether fly.

Thence I behold the miserie of men,
Which want the bliss that Wisdom would them breed,
And like brute beasts doo lie in loathsome den
Of ghostly darkness, and of stature dreed:
For whom I mourne, and for my selfe complaine,
And for my Sisters cake whom they disdainne.

With that shee wept and waild so pitiouslie,
As if her eyes had beene two springing wells,
And all the rest, her sorrow to supple,
Did throw forth shriekes and cries and dreere yells.
So ended shee; and then the next in rowe
Began her mournfull plaint, as doth ensue.

POLYHYMIA.

A dolefull case desires a dolefull song,
Without vaine art or curious complements;
And squallid Fortune, into basewes flong,
Doth scorne the pride of wonted ornaments.
Then fittest are these ragged rimes for mee,
To tell my sorrowes that exceeding bee.

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures,
With which I wont the winged words to tie,
And make a tunefull Diapase of pleasures,
Now being let to runne at libertie

By those which have no skill to rule them right,
Have now quite lost their natural delight.

Heapes of huge words uphoorded hideously,
With horrid sound though having little sence,
They think to be chiefe praise of Poetry;
And, thereby wanting due intelligence,
Have mard the face of goodly Poesie,
And made a monster of their fantasie.

Whilom in ages past none might profess,
But Princes and high Priests that secret skill;
The sacred lawes therein they wont express,
And with deepe Oracles their verses fill:
Then was shee held in soveraigne dignitie,
And made the noursling of Nobilitie.

But now noe Prince nor Priest doth her maintayne,
But suffer her prophaned for to bee
Of the base vulgar, that with hands uncleane
Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie;
And trendeth under foote hir holie things,
Which was the care of Kessars and of Kings.

One onelie lives, her ages ornament,
And myrroure of her Makers nauestie,
That with rich bonnie, and deare cherishment,
Supports the praise of noble Poesie;
Ne onelie favours them which it profess,
But is her selfe a peerless Poetesse.

Most peerlesse Prince, most peerlesse Poetesse,
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,
Divine Elisa, sacred Emperesse!
Live shee for ever, and her royall places,
Be filld with praises of divinest wits,
That her eternize with their heavenlie writs.

Some fewe beside this sacred skill esteme,
Admirers of her glorious excellence;
Which, being lightned with her beauties beme,
Are thereby filld with happy influence;
And lifted up above the worldlys gaze,
To sing with Angels her immortal praize.

But all the rest, as borne of salvage brood,
And having beene with acorns alwayes fed;
Can no whit savour this celestiall food,
But with base thoughts are into blindnessse led,
And kept from looking on the lightsome day:
For whom I waile and wepe all that I may.

Eftsoones such store of teares shee forthwith did powre,
As if shee all to water would have gone;
And all her Sisters, seeing her sad stoure,
Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned instruments did breake:
The rest untold no living tongue can speake.

Ver. 590. — p'laces | That is, palaces. Toon.
Virgils Gnat

Long since dedicated

To the most noble and excellent Lord, the earle of Leicester

Late deceased.

1591.

Wreath'd, yet not daring to express my paine,
To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
In clowdie teares my case I thus complaine
Unto your selfe, that onely privie are.

But if that any Cælius unaware Shall chance, through power of some divining spright,
To reade the secretes of this riddle rare,

We now have playde, Augustus, wantonly,
Tuning our song unto a tender Muse,
And, like a cobweb weaving slenderly,
Have onely playde: Let thus much then excuse
This Gnat's small Poëme, that th' whole historie
Is but a jest, though envie it abuse:
But who such sports and sweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter seeme then this Gnat's idle name.

Hereafter, when as season more secure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,
And for thy worth frame some fit Poesie:
The golden opespring of Latona pure,
And ornament of great loves progenie,
Phoebus, shall be the author of my song,
Playing on ivoire harp with silver strong.

He shall inspire my verse with gentle mood
Of Poets Prince, whether he woe beside
 faire Xanthis sprincled with Chimeras blood;
Or in the woods of Astry abide;
Or whereas mount Parnasse, the Muses brood,
Doth his broad forehead like two horses divide,
And the sweete waves of sounding Castaly
With liquid foot doth slide downe easily.

Wherefore ye Sisters, which the glory bee
Of the Pierian streams, ayre NaiaDES,
Go too; and, dancing in all companie,
Adorne that god: And thou holie Pales,
To whom the honest care of husbandrie
Returneth by continuall success,
Have care for to pursue his footing light
Through the wide woods, and groves, with green
leaves light.

Professing thee I lifted am aloft
Betwixt the forest wide and starrie sky:

And know the purpoate of my evil plight;
Let him rest pleased with his owne insight,
Ne further seekse to close upon the text:
For griefe enough it is to grieved wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.
But what so by my selfe may not be shewn,
May by this Gnat's complaint be easily known.

And thou, most dread Octavius, which oft
To learned with giv'st courage worthy,
O come, thou sacred childe, come sliding soft,
And favour my beginnings graciously:
For not these leaves do sing that dreadful stound,
When Giants bloud did staine Pilegream ground.

Nor how th' halfe horsy people, Centaures hight,
Fought with the bloudie Lapithaes at bord;
Nor how the East with tyrannous despiȝt
Burnt th' Attick towres, and people slay with sword;
Nor how mount Athos through exceeding might
Was digged downe; nor yron bands abord
The Pontick sea by their huge Navy cast;
My volume shall renowne, so long since past.

Nor Hellespont trampled with horses festo,
When flocking Persians did the Greeks affray:
But my soft Muse, as for her power more meete,
Delights (with Phoebus friendly leave) to play
An easie running verse with tender feete.
And thou, dread sacred child, to thee alway,
Let everlasting lightsome glory strive,
Through the worlds endles ages to survive.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee
Mongst heavenly ranks, where blessed soules do
And let long lasting life with joyous glee, [rest; As th' due meede that thou deservest best,
Hereafter many years remembred be
Amongst good men, of whom thou oft are blest;
Live thou for ever in all happinesse!
But let us turne to our first businesse.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight
Up to the heavenly towers, and shot each where Out of his golden charret glisterning light;
And ayre Aurora, with her rose heare,

Ver. 46. [Was digged downe.] Not digged down, but digged through. "Non perfossus Athos." Jortin.
Ibid. [abord] Across, from shore to shore, Fr. bord. Todd.

Ver. 16. — strong.] That is, strong, having silver strings. Torn.
The hatefull darknes now had put to flight; 76
When as the shepheard, seeing day appeare,
His little goats gan drive out of their stalls,
To feede abroad, where pasture best behalves.

To an high mountaine top he with them went,
Where thickest grasse did cloth the open hills:
They now amongst the woods and thickets met,
Now in the valleys wandering at their wills,
Spread themselves farre abroad through each descent;
Some on the soft greene grasse feeding their fells;
Some, eambling through the hollow cliffits on ly,
Nipple the bushie shrubs which growe thereby. 80

Others the utmost boughs of trees doe crop,
And browse the woodbine twiggies that freshely bud;
This with full bit doth catch the utmost top
Of some soft willow, or new grown stud;
This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaves doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her cud;
The whiles another high doth overlooke
Her owne image in a chistall brooke.

O the great happiness, which shephards have,
Who so lothes not too much the poore estate,
With minde that ill use doth before deprave,
Ne measures all things by the costly rate
Of riotise, and semblants outward brave!
No such sad cares, as wont to maccrate
And rend the greedi mindes of covetous men,
Do ever creep into the shephards den.

Ne cares if he the fleece, which him arays,
Be not twice steeped in Assyrian dye;
Ne glistening of golde, which underlayes
The summer beames, doe blinde his gazing eye; 100
Ne pictures beautie, nor the glancayng rayes
Of precious stones, whence no good commeth by;
Ne yet his cup embost with imagery
Of Dactus or of Alcunes vanit.

Ne ough't the wholky pearles esteemeth hec,
Which are from Indian seas brought far away:
But with pure brest from carefull sorrow free,
On the soft grasse his limbs doth of display,
In sweete spring time, when flowers varietie
With sundrie colours paints the sprinkled lay; 110
There, lying all at ease from guile or spight,
With pyte of female reedes doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himselfe, with palme bedight,
His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:
There his milke-dropping goates be his delight,
And fruitfull Pales, and the forest greene,
And darkesome caves in pleasant vallies light,
Whereas continual shade is to be seen,
And where fresh springing wells, as chistall neate,
Do alwayes flow, to quench his thirstie heat.

O! who can lead then a more happie life
Than he, that with cleane minde, and heart sincere,
No greedy riches knowes nor bloudie strife,
No deadly fight of warlick fleete doth feare; 120

Ver. 73. — ment.] Mixed. Town. 76
Ver. 94. — that, is, distract Todd. 78
Ver. 105. — whelyky] The whilke or reelk is a shell-fish. Perhaps the poet introduced this adjective in the sense of wreathed, twisted, as that shellfish appears. Todd. 80

Ne runs in perill of foes cruel knife,
That in the sacred temples he may reare
A trowphie of his glittering spoyles and treasure,
Or may abound in riches above measure.

Of him his God is worshipst with his sythe,
And not with skill of craftsman polished:
He loyes in groves, and makes himselfe full blythe
With sundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gathered;
Ne frankincons he from Panchen bryth:
Sweete quiet harbours in his harmacles head,
And perfect Pleasure buildes her joystick bowre, 130
Free from sad cares, that rich mens hearts devoure.

This all his care, this all his whole indeavour,
To this his minde and senses he doth bend,
How he may flow in quiet matches treasour,
Content with any food that God doth send;
And how his limbs, resolv'd through idle leisour,
Unto sweete sleepe he may securely lend,
In some coole shadow from the searing heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do eate.

O Flocks, O Fannes, and O ye pleasante Springs
Of Tempe, where the countrey nymphs are rife,
Through whose not costly care each shephard sings
As merrie notes upon his rustickke fife
As that Aseruon bard, whose fame now rings
Through the whole world, and leads as joyfull life;
Free from all trombles and from worldly toyle,
In which fond men doe all their dayes turnoyle.

In such delights whilst thus his carelesss time
This shepheard drives, upleaning on his batt,
And on shrill reedes channuting his rustickke rime;
Hyperion, throwing forth his beams full hott,
Into the highest top of heaven gan clime,
And, the world parting by an equall lott,
Did shed his whirling flames on either side,
As the great Ocean doth himselfe divide.

Then gan the shepheard gather into one
His stragling goates, and drave them to a foord,
Whose euerle stremes, rombling in pible stone,
Crept under mosses as greene as any goord.
Now had the Sun halfe heaven overgone,
When he his heard back from that water foord
Drave, from the force of Phoebus boyling ray,
Into thick shadowes, there themselves to lay.

Soone as he them place'd in thy sacred wood
(O Delian Goddesse) saw, to which of yore
Came the bad daughter of old Cadmus brood,
Crull Agave, flying vengeance sure
Of king Nictileus for the guiltie blood,
Which she with cursed hands had shed before;
There she halfe franticke, having shaine her sonne,
Did shrowd her selfe like punishment to shonne.

Here also playing on the grassy greene,
Woodgods, and Satyres, and swift Dryades,
With many Fairies oft were dancing scene.
Not so much did Dan Orpheus represse
The streames of Hebrus with his songs, I weene,
As that faire troupe of woode Goddesse

Ver. 141. — resolv'd] Dissolved, or laid at ease. Lat. resolutus. Todd. 150
Staid thee, O Peneus, powring forth to thee,  
From cheerful lookses, great mirth and gladsome glee.

The very nature of the place, resounding  
With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,  
A pleasant bowre with all delight abounding  
In the fresh shadowe did for them prepare,  
To rest their limbs with wearyes redounding.  
For first the high palme-trees, with braunches faire,  
Out of the lowly vallies did arise,  
And high shoote up their heads into the skyes.

And them amongst the wicked Lotos grew,  
Wicked, for holding guillemess away  
Ulysses men, whom rapt with sweetenes new,  
Taking to hoste, it quite from him did stay;  
And eke those trees, in whose transformed how  
The Sumes sad daughters wayde the rash decay  
Of Phaeton, whose limbs with lightening rent  
They gathering up, with sweete teares did lament.

And that same tree, in which Demophoon,  
By his disloyalty lamented sore,  
Eternall horte left unto many one:  
Whom als accompanied the Oke, of yore  
Through fallall charmes transformd to such an one:  
The Oke, whose acornes were our foodie, before  
That Ceres seede of mortal men were knowne,  
Which first Triptoleme taught how to be some.

Here also grew the rouger-crimed Pine.  
The great Arcean ships brave ornament.  
Whom golden Fleece did make an heavenly signe;  
Which coveting, with his high tops extent,  
To make the mountains touch the starres divine,  
Decks all the forrest with embellishment;  
And the blacke Holme that loves the watrie vale;  
And the sweete Cypresse, signe of deadly bale.

Emongst the rest the chambring Yvie grew,  
Knitting his wanton armes with grasping hold,  
Least that the Poplar happen should rew  
Her brothers strokes, whose boughes she doth enfold.  
With her lythe twigs, till they the top survey,  
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold.  
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,  
Not yet unmindfull of her old reproach.

But the small birds, in their wide boughs embawing,  
Chaunted their sundrie tunes with sweete consent;  
And under them a silver spring, forth powring  
His trickling streames, a gentle murmure sent;  
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slime scowring  
Of the moist moores, their larring voyces bent;  
And shrill grashoppers chirped them around:  
All which the ayrie Echo did resound.

In this so pleasant place the Shepherds flocke  
Lay everie where, their weeke limbs to rest,  
On everie bush, and everie hollow rooke,  
Where breathe on them the whisling wind mote best;  
The whiles the Shepheard self, tending his stocke,  
Sate by the fontaine side, in shade to rest,  
Where gentle slumbering sleepe oppressd him  
Displaid on ground, and seiz'd everie lim.

Of trecherie or traines nought toke he keep,  
But, looasie on the grassie greene dispreed,  
His dearest life did trust to carelesse sleep;  
Which, weighing down his draping drowsie heade,  
In quiet rest his molten heart did steep,  
Devoid of care, and feare of all falsheed:  
Had not inconstant fortune, bent to ill,  
Did strange mischance his quietnes to spill.

For at his wonted time in that same place  
A huge great Serpent, all with speckles pide,  
To drench himselfe in morious shine did trace,  
There from the boyling heate himselfe to hide:  
He, passing by with rolling wretched pace,  
With bramishd tongue the emptie aire did gride,  
And wrapt his scalable boughs with fell despietg,  
That all things seemd appalled at his sight.

Now, more and more having himselfe enrole,  
His glittering breast he lifteth up on heie,  
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth holde;  
His creste above, spotted with purple die,  
On everie side did shine like scalable golde;  
And his bright eyes, glancung full dreadfullie,  
Did seeme to flame out flakes of flashing fyre,  
And with sterne lookses to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispance  
There round about, when as at last he spide,  
Lying along before him in that place,  
That flockes grand Captaine and most trustie guide:  
Ephioones more fierce in visage, and in pace,  
Throwing his firey eyes on everie side,  
He commeth on, and all things in his way  
Full stearily rends, that might his passage stay.

Much he disdaines, that anie one should dare  
To come unto his haunte ; for which intent  
He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare  
The weapons, which Nature to him hath lent;  
Fellie he hissech, and doth fiercely stare,  
And hath his inawes with angrie spirits rent,  
That all his tract with bloudie drops is stained,  
And all his foldes are now in length outstnamead.

Whom, thus at point prepared, to prevent,  
A little noursling of the humide ayre,  
A Gnat, unto the sleepe Shepheard went;  
And, marking where his ey-lids twinkling rare  
Shewed the two pearles, which sight unto him lent;  
Through their thin coveringes appearing fayre,  
His little needle there infixing deep,  
Warrd him awake, from death himselfe to keep.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan upset,  
And with his hand him rashly bruizing sloewe  
As in avengement of his heedles smart,  
That straight the spirite out of his senses flew,  
And life out of his members did depart:  
When, suddenly casting aside his vow,  
He spide his foe with felonious intent,  
And fervent eyes to his destruction bent.

All suddenly dismayd, and hartles quight,  
He fled abacke, and,catching hastie holde  
Of a yong alder hard beside him pight,  
It rent, and straighte about him gan beholde

Ver. 295. — dispace] That is, range about. Tope
What God or Fortune would assist his might.
But whether God or Fortune made him bold
Its hard to read; yet hardie will he had
To overcome, that made him lesse adrad.

The scale backe of that most hideous Snake
Euwrapped round, oft faining to retire,
And oft him to assail, he fiercely strake
Whereas his temples did his crest-fronte tyre;
And, for he was but slowe, did slowly off shake
And gazying glanstly on; (for fear and yre)
Had blent so much his sense, that lesse he feared
Yet, when he saw him shaine, himselfe he cear'd.

By this the Night forth from the darksome bowe
Of Herebus her teemed steedes gan call,
And laesic Vesper in his timely howre
From golden Oeta gan procede withall;
Whenes the Shepheard after this sharpe stowre,
Seing the doubled shadowes low to fall,
Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward fare.
And unto rest his wearie foynets prepare.

Into whose sense so soone as lighter sleepe
Was entered, and, now loosing everie lim,
Sweete slumbering deaw in carlesnessse did steepe;
The Image of that Gnat appeare to him,
And in sad tearmes gan sorrowfully weep.
With greislie countenaunce and visage grim,
Walling the wrong which he had done of late
In steed of good hastning his cruel fate.

Said he, "What have I wretch deserv'd, that thus
Into this bitter bale I am outcast,
Whilst that thy life more deare and precious
Was than mine owne, so long as it did last?
I now, in lieu of paines so gracious,
Am lost in th' ayre with everie windie blast:
Thou, safe delivered from sad decay,
Thy carles limbs in loose sleep dost display.

"So livest thou; but my poore wretched ghost
Is forst to ferrie over Lethes river,
And spoild of Charon too and fro am cast,
Seest thou not how all places quake and quiver,
Lightened with deadly lamps on everie post?
Tisphon each where doth shake and shiver
Her flaming fier-bond, encountering me,
Whose locks uncoombled cruell adders be.

"And Cerberus, whose many mouthes doo lay
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed;
Adowne whose necke, in terrible array,
Ten thousand snakes cralling about his hed
Doo hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
And bloodie eyes doo glister firie red;
He oftentimes me dreadfulie doth threaten
With painful torment to be sorely beaten.

"Ay me! that thankes so much should faile of need;
For that I thee restor'd to life againe,
Even from the doome of death and deadly dread.
Where then was now the guearden of my paine?
Where the reward of my so piteous deed?
The praise of Pitie vanish't is in vaine,
And th' antique faith of Justice long agone
Out of the land is fled away and gone.

"I saw another fate approaching fast,
And left mine owne his safetie to tender;
Into the same mishap I now am cast,
And shun'd destruction doth destruction render:
Not unto him that never hath trespassed,
But punishment is due to the offender.
Yet let destruction be the punishment,
So long as thankfull will may it reten.

"I carried him into waste wildernes,
Waste wildernes, amongst Cymerian shades,
Where cruel paines and higgous heavinesse
Is round about me heart in darksome glades.
For there huge Othos sits in sad distresse,
Fast bound with serpents that him oft invades;
Far of beholding Ephialtes tide,
Which once assaile'd to burne this world so wide.

"And there is mournfull Tityus, mindfull yet
Of thy displeasure, O Latona faire;
Displeasure too implacable was it,
That made him meet for wild foules of the ayre:
Much do I feare among such fiends to sit;
Much do I feare back to them to repayre,
To the black shadows of the Stygian shore,
Where wretched ghosts sit wailing evermore.

"There next the utmost brinck doth he abide,
That did the bankers of the gods bewray,
Whose threat through thirst to nought high being dride
His sense to secke for case turnes every way;
And he, that in avengement of his pride
For scornig to the sacred gods to pray,
Against a mountaine rolls a mightie stone,
Calling in vaine for rest, and can have none.

"Go ye with them, go, cursed Damosells,
Whose bridle torches foule Erynnis tynde;
And Hymen, at your spousalls sad, foretells
Tyrlings of death and massacre unknide.
With them that cruel Colchid mother dwells,
The which conceiv'd in her revengefull minde
With bitter wondres her owne deve babe babes to slay,
And murdred troups upon great heapes to lay.

"There also those two Pandionian maides,
Calling on Iris, Iris evermore,
Whom, wretched boy, they slew with guitley blades;
For whome the Thracian king lamenting sore,
Turn'd to a Lapwing, fowlie them upbraydes,
And fluttering round about them still does sore.
There now they all eternally complaine
Of others wrong, and suffer endles paine.

"But the two brethren borne of Cadms blood,
Whilst each does for the soveraignity contend,
Blade through ambition, and with vengeance wood,
Each doth against the others bodie bend
His cursed steele, of neither well withstood,
And with wide wounds their carcases doth rend;
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was slaine.
Ah (waladay!) there is no end of paine,
Nor change of labour may intreated bee:
Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,
Where other powers farre different I see,
And must passe over to th' Elision plaine:
There grim Persephone, encountering mee,
Doth urge her fellow Furies earnestlie.
With their bright firebrords me to terrifie.

There chase Alcestes livy inviolate,
Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
She did prolong by changing fate for fate:
Lo! there lives also the immortall praise
Of womankind, most faithfull to her mate,
Penelope; and from her farre awayes
A rullesse route of yongmen, which her wood,
All shine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

And sad Eurydice there she now no more
Must turne to life, but there detained bee
For looking back, being forbidd before;
Yet was the guilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee!
Bold sure he was, and worthie spiritte bore,
That durst those lowest shadowes go to see,
And could beleive that anie thing could please
Fell Cerberus, or Stygian powres appease.

Ne feared the burning waves of Phlegeton,
Nor those same mountenfull kingdomes, compassed
With rustie honour and fowle fashion;
And deep digd watvves; and Tartar covered
With bloodie night, and darke confusion;
And judgement seats, whose Judge is deadly drede,
A Judge, that after death doth punish sore
The faults, which life hath trespassed before.

But valiant fortune made Dan Orpheus bold:
For the swift running rivers still did stand,
And the wilde beastes their furie did withhold,
To follow Orpheus musicke through the land:
And th' okes, deep grounded in the earthily molde,
Did move, as if they could him understand;
And the shrill woods, which were of sense bereav'd,
Through their hard barke his siluer sound receav'd.

And eke the Moon her hasting steedes did stay,
Drawing in tempests along the starrie skie;
And didst, O monthly Virgin, thou delay
Thy nightly course, to heare his melodie!
The same was able with like lovely lay
The Queen of hell to move as easily,
To yeeld Eurydice unto her fere
Backe to be borne, though it unlawfull were.

She, (Ladie) having well before approoved
The feends to be too cruel and severe,
Observ'd th' appointed way, as her behooved,
Ne ever did her eyesight turne arcane,
Ne ever spake, ne cause of speaking mov'd:
But, cruel Orpheus, thou much crueler,
Seeking to kissse her, brok'st the gods decree,
And thereby mad'st her ever damnd to be.

Ah! but sweete love of pardon worthie is,
And doth deserve to have small faults remitted;
If Hell at least things lightly done amis
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted;
Yet are ye both receiv'd into bliss,
And to the seats of happie soules admitted:
And you, beside the honourable band
Of great heroes, doo in order stand.

There be the two stout somnes of Escacus,
Fierce Peleus, and the hardie Telamon,
Both seeming now full glad and joyous
Through their syres dreadful jurisdiction,
Being the Judge of all that horrid hous;
And both of them, by strange occasion,
Renown'd in choyse of happie marriage
Through Venus grace, and vertues cariage.

For th' one was ravish't of his owne bondmaide,
The faire Ixione captiv'd from Troy:
But th' other was with Thetis love assaid,
Great Nereus his daughter and his toy.
On this side them there is a yongman layd,
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce, and coy;
That from th' Argolick ships, with furious yre,
Bett back the furie of the Troyan fyre.

O! who would not recount the strong divorces
Of that great warre, which Troyan's oft beheide,
And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,
When Teucerian soyle with bloodie rivers swelde;
And wide Sigean shores were spred with corses,
And Saimos and Xanthius blood outwiede;
Whilst Hector raged, with outrageous minde,
Flames, weapons, wounds, in Greeks fleete to have
Tynde.

For Ida selfe, in ayde of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountaines ministred supplies;
And, like a kindly nourse, did yeeld (for spight)
Store of firebrords out of her norseries
Unto her foster children, that they might
Inflame the navie of their enemies,
And all the Rheteanc shore to ashes turne,
Where lay the ships, which they did seek to burne.

Gainst which the noble somne of Telamon
Oppos'd himselfe, and, thwarting his huge shield,
Them battell bad, gainst whom appeard anon
Hector, the glorie of the Troian field:
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mightie strokes so shrild,
As the great clap of thunder, which doth ryve
The rattling heavens, and cloudes asunder dryve.

So th' one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ships from turning home againe
To Argos; th' other strove for to defend
The force of Vulcane with his might and maine.
Thus th' one Escacus did his fame extend:
But th' other Icyr'd, that, on the Phrygian playne
Having the blood of vanguisht Hector shed'd,
He compress Troy thriue with his bodie dedd.

Againe great dole on either partie grewe,
That him to death unfaithfull Paris sent;
And also him that false Ulysses slewe,
Drowne into danger through close ambushment;
Therefore from him Laertes somne his vewe
Dooth turne aside, and boasts his good event

Ver. 431. A rullesse route] A lautesse rout, as we should now say. Tano.

Ver. 503. —— defend] Repell. This is a Latinism, and an elegant boldness. Jonin.
In working of Strymonian Rhesus fall, and eke in Dolos subtitle súrbryssall.

"Againe the dreadfull Cycones him dismay, And blake Lostrigones, a people stont: Then greedee Seilla, under whom there bay Mancie great bandage, which her gird about: Then doth the Ætnian Cyclops him affray, And deep Charybdis gulphing in and out: Lastly the squaid lakes of Tartarie, And griesly feuds of hell him terrifie.

"There also godtly Agamemnon hosts, The glorie of the stock of Tantalus, And famous light of all the Greekish hosts; Under whose conduct most victorius, The Dorick flames consum' the Iliack posts. Ah! but the Greekes themselves, more dolorous, To thee, O Troy, paid pannonce for thy fall; In th' Hellespont being nigh drownd all.

"Well may appeare by proffes of their mischance, The chungfull turning of mens slipperie state, That none, whom fortune freely doth advance, Himselfe therefore to heaven should elevate: For loftie type of honour, through the glaunce Of enevy sarts, is drownd in dust prostrate; And all, that vaunts in worldly vanitie, Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie.

"Th' Argolicke Power returning home againe, Enrich with spoyles of th' Ericthonian towre, Did happie winde and weather entertaine, And with good speed the fondie bllows seowre: No signe of storme, no fere of future paine, Which soone ensued them with heevie stowre. Nere's to the seas a token gave, The whites their crooked keels the surges clave." Suddenly, whether through the gods decree, Or haplesse rising of some iroward starre, The heavens on everie side enclosed bee: Black stormes and fogs are blowen up from farre, That now the ylote can no loadstarre see, But skies and seas doe make most dreadful warre: The bllows striving to the heavens to reach, And th' heavens striving them for to impeache.

"And, in avengement of their bold attempt, Both sun and starres and all the heauenly powres Conspire in one to wrakke their rash contempt, And drownd on them to fall from highest towres: The skie, in pieces seeming to be rent, Throwes lightning forth, and baile, and harmful showers, That death on everie side to them appeares, In thousand formes, to worke more ghastly feares.

"Some in the greedie fluds are sunke and drent: Some on the rocks of Capharcus are trowne: Some on th' Ebolkeck cliffs in pieces rent: Some scattered on the Hercean shores unknownne: And manie lost, of whom no moniment Remaines, nor memorie is to be showne: Whilst all the purchase of the Pherigian pray, Tost on salt billows, round about doth stray.

Ver. 540. — bandogs.] The mastiff was formerly called a bandog. Tono.
Ver. 556. — impeache.] Hinder. Tono.

"Here manie other like heros bee, Equal in honour to the former crue, Whom ye in godtly seats may placed see, Descended all from Rome by lineage due; From Rome, that holds the world in sovereigntie, And doth all nations unto her subdue: Here Fabii and Decii doo dwell, Horatii that in vertue did excell.

"And here the antique fame of stONT Camill Doth ever live; and constant Curtius, Who, stilly bent his vowed life to spill For countreyes health, a gulph most hideous Amidst the towne with his owne corps did fill, To appease the Powers; and prudent Mucius, Who in his flesh endur'd the scorchling flame, To daunt his foe by a example of the same.

"And here wise Curtius, companion Of noble vertues, lives in endles rest; And stont Flaminius, whose devotion Taught him the fires scorr'd farie to detest; And here the praise of either Scipion Abides in highest place above the best, To whom the ruin'd walls of Carthage vow'd, Trembling their forces, sound their praises loud.

"Live they for ever through their lasting praise! But I, poore wretch, am forced to retourne To the sad lakes that Phobus sunnie rayes Doe never see, where soules doe alwaies mourne; And by the wayling shores to waste my dayes, Where Phlegon to with quenchles flames doth burne; By which last Minos righteous soules doth sover From wicked ones, to live in bliss for ever.

"Me therefore thus the cruel fiends of hell Girt with long snakes, and thousand yron chaynes, Through doome of that their cruel Judge, compell With bitter torture, and impatient paines, Cause of my death and lust complaint to tell. For thou art he, whom my poore ghost comaines To be the author of her ill unwares, That caroles heart my intolerable cares.

"Them therefore as bequeathing to the winde, I now depart, returning to thee never, And leave this lamentable plaint behinde. But doo thou haunt the soft doone-rolling river, And wilde greene woods and fruitful pastures minde; And let the flitting aire my vale words sever." Thus having said, he heavily departed With piteous erie, that anie would have smarct.

Now, when the slothfull fit of lifes sweete rest Had left the heavie Shepheard, wondrouses cares His inly grieved minde full sore opprest; That balefull sorrow he no longer bears For that Gnats death, which deeply was imprest; But bobs what ever power his aged yeares Him lent, yet being such, as through their might He lately sleue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that same river lurking under greene, Eftsoones he gins to fashion forth a place; And, squiring it in compass well becase, There plotteth out a temple by measured space: His yron-headed spade tho making cleene, To dig up sods out of the flowrie grasse,
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

His worke he shortly to good purpose brought, Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded up on lie, Enclosing it with banks on every side, And thereupon did raise full busily A little mount, of greene turffs edifice; And on the top of all, that passers by Might it behold, the toomb he did provide Of smoothest marble stone in order set, That never might his luckie scape forget.

And round about he taught sweete flowers to growe; The Rose engrained in pure scarlet die; The Lilly fresh; and Violet belowe; The Marigolde; and chererfull Rosemarie; The Spartan Mirtle, whence sweet gum doth flowe; The purple Hyacinthe; and fresh Costmarie; And Saffron, sought for in Cilician soyle; And Lawrell, th' ornament of Phoebus toyle.

Fresh Rhododaphne; and the Sabine flowre, Matching the wealth of th' auncient Frankincence; And pallid Yvie, building his owne bowre; And Box, yet mindfull of his olde offence; Red Amaranthus, luccesse paramour; Oxeye still greene; and bitter Patience; Ne wants there pale Narcisse, that, in a well Seeing his beautie, in love with it fell.

And whatsoever other flowre of worth, And whatsoever hearb of lovely hew, The joyous Spring out of the ground brings forth, To cloth her selfe in colours fresh and new; He planted there, and reared a mount of earth, In whose high front was writ as doth ensue.

To thee, small Gnat, in lieu of his life saved, The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraved.

PROSOPPOPOIA:
or
MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.
1591.

TO
THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

Most faire and vertuous Ladie; having often sought opportunitie by some good meanes to make known to your Ladiship the humble affecction and faithfull dutie, which I have alwayes professed, and am bound to beare to that House, from whence yee spring, I have at length found occasion to remember the same, by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours; which having long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, moved to set them forth. Simple is the device, and the composition meane, yet carrieth some delight, even the rather because of the simplicitie and meannesse thus personated. The same I beseech your Ladiship take in good part, as a pledge of that profession which I have made to you; and keepe with you untill, with some other more worthie labour, I do redeeme it out of your hands, and discharge my utmost dutie. Till then wishing your Ladiship all increase of honour and happinesse, I humbliie take leave.

Your La: ever humbly;

ED. SP.

It was the month, in which the righteous Maide, That for disahine of sinfull worlds upbrane Fled back to heaven, whence she was first con-Into her silver bowre the Sunne receiv'd; [ceived, And the hot Syrian Dog on him awaiting, After the chafed Lyons cruelly baying, Corrupted had th' ayre with his noysome breath, And powr'd on th' earth plague, pestilence, and Emonget the rest a wicked maladie [death. Raign'd amongst men, that manic did to die, Depriv'd of sense and ordinarie reason; That it to leaches seemed strange and season. My fortune was, amongst manie others noe, To be partaker of their common woe; And my weake bodie, set on fire with griefe, Was rob'd of rest and natural relief. In this ill plight, there came to visite mee Some friends, who, sore my sad case to see, Began to comfort me in cherefull wise, And meane of gladsome solace to devise.

But seeing kindly sleep refuse to doe
His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,
They sought my troubled sense how to deceive
With talke, that might unquiet fancies raise ;
And, sitting all in seates about me round,
With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)
They cast in course to waste the weary howres:
Some tolde of Ladies, and their Paramours;
Some of brave Knights, and their renowned Squires;
Some of the Faeries and their strange attires;
And some of Ghaunts, hard to be beleaved;
That the delight thereof me much relieved.
Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
Hight Mother Hubberd, who did farre surpus
The rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her well:
She, when her turne was come her tale to tell,
Told of a strange adventure, that betided
Betwixt the Foxe and th' Ape by him misguidid ;
The which for that my sense it greatly pleased,
All were my spirite heavie and diseased,
He write in terms, as she the same did say,
So well as I her words remember may.
No Muses able me needes hereto to call ;
Base is the style, and matter meane within.

"Will please (she) before the world was
evill,
The Foxe and th' Ape, disliking of their evil
And hard estate, determined to seeke
Their fortunes farre abroad, lycke with his lycke:
For both were craftie and unhappie witted ;
Two fellows might no where be better fitted.
The Foxe, that first this cause of griefe did finde,
Gan first thus plaine his case with words unkinde.
"Neighbour Ape, and my Gossip eke beside,
(Both two sure bands in friendship to be tile,) To whom may I more truelystately complayne
The evil plight, that doth me sore constrainne
And hope thereof to finde dude remedie ?
Herein then my paine and inward agonie.
Thus manie yeares I now have spent and wore,
In meane regard, and basest fortunes scorne,
Dooing my countrey service as I might,
No lesse I dare sale than the provdest wight:
And still I hoped to be up advanced,
For my good parts; but still it hath miscarried,
Now therefore that no longer hope I see,
But froward fortune still to follow mee,
And loseld lifed high, where I did looke,
I meant to turne the next leste of the booke.
Yet, ere that anie way I doe betake,
I meane my Gossip privie first to make."

"Ah! my deare Gossip, (answer'd then the Ape,) Deeply doo your sad words my wits awhape,
Both for because your griefe doth great appearce,
And eke because my selfe am touched noare:
For I likewise have wasted much good time,
Still waying to preferment up to chime,
Whilst others always have before me stept,
And from my beard the fat away have swept ;
That now unto despaire I gin to growe
And meane for better wondro about to throwe.
Therefore to me, my trustie friend, aye read
Thy connell : two is better than one head."

"Certes (said he) I meane me to disguze
In some stramee habit, after meane wise,
Or like a Pilgrime, or a Lymister,
Or like a Gipsie, or a Lugger,
And so to wander to the worldes ende,
To secke my fortune, where I may it mend:
For worse than that I have I cannot meete.
Wide is the world I wote, and everie streete
Is full of fortunes, and adventures strange,
Continuallie subject unto change.
Say, my faire brother now, if this device
Dooth like you, or may you to like entice."

"Surely (said th' Ape) it liketh me wondrous well ;
And, would ye not poore fellowship expell,
My selfe would offer you t' accompany.
In this adventures chasenfull leoparde:
For, to wexe able at home in idlenesse,
is disadventurous, and quite fortuneless;
Abroad where change is, good may gotten bee."
The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree;
So both resolv'd, the morrow next ensuing,
So soone as day apprear'd to peoples weuing,
On their intended journey to proceede ;
And over night, whatso thereetoo did neede,
Each did prepare, in readiness to bee.
The morrow next, so soone as one might see
Light out of heavens windowes forth to looke,
Both their habitments unto them tooke,
And put themselves (a Gods name) on their way;
Wheneas the Ape, beginning well to way
This hard adventure, thus began t' advise:
"Now read Sir Reynold, as ye he right wise,
What course ye weene is best for us to take,
That for our selves we may a living make:
Whether shall we profess some trade or skill ?
Or shall we variue our device at will,
Even as new occasion appears !
Or shall we tie our selves for certaine yeres
To anie service, or to anie place ?
For it behoves, ere that into the race
We enter, to resolve first hereupon."
"Now surely brother (said the Foxe anon)
Ye have this matter motioned in season ;
For everie thing that is begun with reason
Will come by readie meanses unto his end ;
But things misconscelled must needs miswend.
Thus therefore I advise upon the case,
That not to anie certaine trade or place,
Nor anie man, we should our selves applie ;
For why shoule he that is at libertie
Make himselfe bond I sith then we are free borne.
Let us all servile base subjection scorne ;
And, as we bee soumes of the world so wide,
Let us our fathers heritage divide,
And challenge to our selves our portions daw
Of all the patrimonie, which a few
Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,
And all the rest doo rob of good and land.
For now a few have all, and all have nought,
Yet alll be brethren ylike dearly bought:
There is no right in this parution,
Ne was it so by institution
Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature ;
But that she gave like blessing to each creature
As well of worldly livelode as of life,
That there might be no difference nor stricte,
Nor ought cald mine or thine : thrice happie then
Was the condition of mortall men.
That was the golden age of Saturne old,
But this might better be the world of gold :"
For without golde now nothing wilbe got,
Therefore (if please you) this shalbe our plot;
We will not be of anie occupation,
Let such vile vassalls borne to base vocation
Drudge in the world, and for their living droyle,
Which have no wit to live withouten toyle.
But we will walke about the world at pleasure
Like two free men, and make our case a treasure.
Free men some beggers call, but they be free;
And they which call them so more beggers bee:
For they doe swinke and sweate to feed the other,
Who like live lords of that which they doe gather,
And yet doe never thanke them for the same,
But as their due by Nature doe it clame.
Such will we fashion both our selves to bee,
Lords of the world; and so will wander free,
Where so us listeth, uncontroul'd of anie:
Hard is our hap, if we (amongst so manie)
Light not on some that may our state amend;
Sidle but some good commeth eth the end."
Well second the Ape to like this ordinance:
Yet, well considering of the circumstance,
As pasning in great doubt awhile he staid,
And afterwards with grave advizement said;
"I cannot, my liefe brother, like but well
The purpose of the complot which ye tell:
For well I wot (compar'd to all the rest
Of each degree) that beggers life is best:
And they, that thinkth themselves the best of all,
Oft times to begging are content to fall.
But this I wot withall, that we shall ronne
Into greater danger like to bee undone.
Wildly to wander thus in the world's eye
Withouten passport or good warrantie,
For fear least we like rogues should be reputed,
And for care-marked beasts abroad be bruited;
Therefore I read, that we our counsells call,
How to prevent this mischief ere it fall,
And how we may, with most securitie,
Beg amongst those that beggers doe defoil."
"Right well, deco Gossip, ye advis'd have,
(Said then the Foxe,) but I this doubt will save:
For, ere we farther passe, I will devise
A passport for us both in fittest wise,
And by the names of Souldiers we protect;
That is thought a civill beggers respect.
Be ye the Souldier, for you liket are
For manly semblance, and small skill in warre;
I will but wayte on you, and, as occasion
Falls out, my selfe fit for the same will fashion."
The passport ended, both they forward went;
The Ape end Soullierlike, fit for th' intent,
In a blew letter with a crosse of redd
And manie slits, as if that he had sheld
Much blood through many wounds therein receaved,
Which had the use of his right armne bereaved;
Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
With a plumes feather all to pieces tore;
His breeches were made after the new cut,
At Portugese, loose like an emptie gut;
And his hose broken high above the healing,
And his shooes beaten out with traveling.
But neither sword nor dagger he did bear;
These morts to revenge he did fear;
In stead of them a handsome bat he held,
On which he leauned, as one farre in elde.
Shame fitt on him, that through so false illusion,
Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abusion,
And that, which is the noblest mysterie,
Brings to reprouch and common infamie!
Long they thus travailed, yet never met
Adventure, which might them a working set:
Yet manie wales they sought, and manie tryed;
Yet for their purpose none fit espoused.
At last they chamast to meet upon the way
A simple husbandman in garments gray;
Yet, though his vesture were but meane and bace,
A good yeoman he was of honest place.
And more for thirst did care than for gay clothing:
Gay without good, is good hearts greatest loathing.
The Foxe, him spyine, bad the Ape him sight
To play his part, for loe! he was in sight,
That (if he er'd not) should them entertaine,
And yeeld them timely profite for their paine.
Efeesones the Ape himselfe gan up to reare,
And on his shoulders high his bat to beare,
As if good service he were fit to do;
But little thrife for him he did it to:
And stoutly forward he his steps did straine,
That like a handsme swaine it him became:
When as they nigh approached, that good man,
Seeing them wander loolly, first began
To enquire, of custome, what and whence they were.
To whom the Ape; "I am a Soulliere,
That late in warves have spent my dearest blood,
And in long service lost both limbs and good;
And now, constraint'd that trade to overgoe,
I driven am to seek some new meane to live:
Which might it in ylde please t' afford,
I would be readie, both in deed and word,
To doo you faithfull service all my daies.
This yron world (that same he weeping sayes)
Brings downe the stowtest hearts to lowest state:
For miserie doth bravenes minde abate,
And make them seekes for that they went to scarce,
Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne."
The honest man, that heard him thus contemple,
Was grieue'd, as he had felt part of his paine;
And, well dispos'd him some reliefe to shew,
Ask't if in husbandrie he ought did knowe,
To plough, to plant, to reap, and to save,
To hedge, to ditch, to trashi, to thetch, to mowe;
Or to what labour els he was prepar'd?
For husbands life is laborious and hard.
Whenas the Ape him hard so much to talke
Of labour, that did from his liking balke,
He would have sipt the colder handsomely,
And to him said: "Good Sir, full glad am I,
To take what paines may anie living wight:
But my late maymed limbes lack wonted might
To doo their kindly services, as needeth:
Saree this right hand the mouth with diet feedeth,
So that it may no painfull workes endure,
Ne to strong labour it selfe maycere.
But if that anie other place you have,
Which askes small paines, but thristines to save,
Or care to overlooke, or trust to gather,
Ye may me trust as your owne ghostly father."
With that the husbandman gan him avise,
That it for him were fittest exercice
Cattell to keep, or grounds to oversee;
And asked him, if he could willing bee
To keep his sheep, or to attend his swyne,
Or watch his maries, or take his charge of kyne!"

Ver. 221. — mysterie.] Profession, trade, or calling. Tonn.
Yet would they take no paines to get their living; But seeks some other way to gain, by giving, Much like to begging but much better named; For manie beg, which are thereof ashamed. And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne, And th' Ape a cassocke sidelong hanging dowe; For they their occupation meent no change, And now in other state abroad to range; For, since their souldiers pas no better spedd, They forg'd another, as for Clerkes bookes redd. Who passing forth, as their adventures fell, Through manie haps, which needs not here to tell; At length chalunst with a formall Priest to meete, Whom they in civill manner first did greete, And after askt an alms for Gods deare love. The man straight way his cholere up did move, And with reprooffully tearmes gan them revifie, For following that trade so base and vile; And askt what license, or what pas they had? *Ab I (said the Ape as sighing wondrous sad) Its an hard case, when men of good desiring Must either driven be perfere to sterving, Or asked for their pas by every squib, That list at will them to revile or snib: And yet (God wote) small oddes I often see Twixt them that ask, and them that asked bee. Nathelles because you shall not us misdeeme, But that we are as honest as we seeme, Yee shall our passpurt at your pleasure see, And then ye will (I hope) well mooed bee. Which when the Priest beheld, he vew'd it nere, As if therin some text he studying were, But little els (God wote) could thereof skill: For read he could not evidence, nor will, Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter, Ne make one title worse, ne make one better: Of such deep learning little had he neede, Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greece, that breede Doubts mongst Divines, and difference of texts, From whence arise diversitie of sects, And hatefull heresies, of God abhor'd: But this good Sir did follow the plaine word, Ne medel with their controversies value; All his care was God his service to obey, And to read Homelies upon hollidays: When that was done, he might attend his playes; An easie life, and fit high God to please. He, having overlooke their pas at ease, Gan at the length them to rebuke againe, That no good trade of life did entertaine, But lost their time in wandring loose abroad; Seeing the world, in which they bootles bode, Had wayes enough for all therein to live; Such grace did God unto his creatures give. Said then the Foxe: *Who hath the world not tride, From the right to the farthest straitly way wandering wide. We are but Novices, new come abroad, We have not yet the art of anie tread, Nor on us taken anie state of life, But readie are of anie to make preffe, [proved, Therefore might please you, which the world have Us to advise, which forth but lately moved. Of some good course, that we might undertake; Ye shall for ever us your boudmen make." The Priest gan wepe halfe proud to be so praide,
And thereby willing to afford them aide;
"It seems (said he) right well that ye be Clerks,
Both by your witty words, and by your works."
Is not that name enough to make a living
To him that hath a whit of Nature's giving?
How manie honest men see ye arise
Dayly thereby, and grow to goody prize?
To Deanes, to Archdeacones, to Commissaries,
To Lords, to Principals, to Prebendaries!
All jolly Preates, worthie rule to beare,
Who ever them envie; yet spite bites near.
Why should ye doubt then, but that ye likewise
Might unto some of those in time arise?
In the means time to live in good estate,
Loving that love, and hating those that hate;
Being some honest Curate, or some Vicker
Content with little in condition sicker.
"Ah! but (said th' Ape) the charge is wondrous great,
To feed men soules, and hath an heavie threat."
"To feed mens soules (quoth he) is not in man:
For they must feed themselves, do what we can.
We are but charg'd to lay the meate before;
Eate they that list, we need to doo no more.
But God it is that feedes them with his grace,
The bread of life pow'r'd downe from heavenly place.
Therefore said he, that with the budding rod
Did rule the Iewes, All shalbe taught of God.
That same hath Jesus Christ now to him taught,
By whom the Rock is rightly fed and taught:
He is the Shepheard, and the Priest is bee;
We but his shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee.
Therefore herewith doo not your selfe dismay;
Ne is the paines so great, but beare ye may;
For not so great, as it was wont of yore,
It is now a dayes, ne halfe so strait and sore:
They whilome used daily euerie day
Their service and their holie things to say,
At morn and even, besides their Anthemes sweete,
Their penic Masses, and their Complynes meete,
Their Diriges, their Trentals, and their Shrifts,
Their memories, their shynge, and their gifts.
Now once a week, and a week to live away;
Now once a wecke, upon the Sabbath day,
It is enough to doo our small devotion,
And then to follow any merrie motion.
Ne are we tyde to fast, but when we list;
Ne to weare garments base of wollen twill,
But with the finest silkes we aray,
That before God we may appeare more gay,
Reassembling Aarons glorie in his place:
For fare unft it is, that person face
Should with vile clouts approach Gods Majestic,
Whom no unlכנnes may approache nie;
Or that all men, which are in master serve,
Good garments for their service should deserve;
But he that serves the Lord of Hostas Most High,
And that in highest place t' approach him nigh,
And all the peoples prayers to present
Before his throne, as an amagassent sent

Ver. 422. — Complynes] Fr. Complique. Even-song;
the service of the day. Tyuwhir.
Ver. 423. — Trentals] Un Trentel, Fr. was a service
of thirty Masses, which were usually celebrated, upon as
many different days, for the dead. Tyuwhir.
Ver. 454. — memories.] By memories, says Fuller,
we understand the Diaquitas for the dead, which some say
succeeded in the place of the heathen Paracutia. Todd.
Both to and fro, should not deserve to weare
A garment better, than of wooll or brasse.
Beside, we may have lying by our sides
Our lovely Lasses, or bright shining Brides:
We be not tyde to wifflull chastitie,
But have the Gospel of free libertie;"
By that he ended had his ghostly sermon,
The Foxe was well indu'd to be a Parson;
And of the Priest eitoones gan to enquire,
How to a Beneficell he might aspire.
"Marie, there (said the Priest) is arte indeed:
Much good deep learning one thereout may reed;
For that the ground-worke is, and end of all,
How to obtaine a Beneficell.
First therefore, when ye have in handsome wise
Your selfe attyred, as you can devisse,
Then to some Nobleman your selfe applye,
Or other great one in the world's eye,
That hath a zealous disposition
To God, and so to his religion:
There must thou fashion eke a godly zeale,
Such as no carpers may contrayre reave:
For each thing fained ought more warie bee.
There thou must walke in sober gravitie,
And scene as saintlike as Saint Radegund:
Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
And unto euerie one doo curtesie meeke:
These lookes (nought saying) doo a benefice seckse,
And be thou sure one not to lacke ere long.
But if thou list unto the Court to thring,
And there to hunt after the hoped pray
Then must thou thee dispose another way:
For there thou needs must learn to laugh, to lie,
To face, to forge, to seoffe, to companie.
To crouche, to please, to be a beeke stock
Of thy great Masters will, to scoorne, or mock:
So maist thou chance mock out a Benefice,
Unlesse thou canst one cuntrie by device,
Or cast a figure for a Bishoprick;
And if one could, it were but a schoole trick.
These be the wayes, by which without reward
Living in Christ be gotten, as high full hard;
For nothing they needlesse warre and ado daye;
The Courtier needes must recompenced beec
With a Benevolence, or have in gage
The Primitas of your Personage:
Scarce can a Bishoprick forbes them by gage,
But that it must be gelt in privite.
Doo not thon therefore secke a living there,
But of more private persons secke elsewhere,
Wheres thou must compound a better penie,
Ne let thy learning question'd be of anie.
For some good Gentleman, that hath the right
Unto his Church for to present a wight,
Will coppe with thee in reasonable wise;
That if the living yerely doo arise
To fortie pound, that then his yongge sonne
Shall twenty have, and twenty thou hast wonne;
Thou hast it wonne, for it is of franke gift,
And he will care for all the rest to slatt;
That both the Bishop may admit of thee,
And that therein thou maintayne maintained bee.
This is the way for one that is unlearn'd
Living to get, and not to be discern'd.
But they, that are great Clerkes, have nearer wayes,
For learning sake to living them to raise:
Yet manie eke of them (God wote) are driven
To accept a Benefice in peeces riven.
How saist thou (friend) have I not well discount;
Upon this common-place, though plaine, not worrest!
Where all the braverie that eye may see,
And all the happiness that heart desire,
Is to be found; he nothing can admire,
That hath not scene that heavens portraicture;
But tiding there is none I you assure,
Save that which common is, and knowne to all,
That Courtiours as the tide doo rise and fall.

But tell us (said the Ape) doo you pray,
Who now in Court doth bear the greatest sway;
That, if such fortune doo to us belon,
We may seeke favour of the best of all.

"Marie, (said he) the highest now in grace,
Be the wilde beasts, that swiftest are in chase;
For in their speecke course and nimble flight
The Lyon now doth take the most delight;
But chieflie joyes on foote them to beloide,
Enchaste with chaine and circulet of golde:
So wilde a beast so tame ytaught to bee,
And buxome to his bands, is joy to see;
So well his golden circlet him beseecheth;
But his late chayne his Liege unmeet eestemeeth;
For so brave beasts she loveth best to see,
In the wilde forest running fresh and free.
Therefore if fortune thee in Court to live,
In case thou ever there wilt hope to thrive,
To some of these thou must thy selfe apply;
Elis as a thistle-downe in th' ayre doth flie,
So vainly shalt thou to and fro be lost,
And lose thy labour and thy fruittes cost.
And yet full few, which follow them I see,
For vertues bare regard advanced bee,
But either for some gainfull benefit,
Or that they may for their owne turns be fit.
But these perhaps yet things may handle soe,
That ye may more thrive than thousands mee.
"But (said the Ape) how shall we first come in,
That after we may favour seek to win ?
How els (said he) but with a good bold face,
And with big words, and with a stately pace,
That men may think of you in general,
That to be in you, which is not at all:
For not by that which is, the world now deemeth,
(As it was wont) but by that same that seemeth.
No do I doubt but that ye well can fashion
Your selves thereafter, according to occasion:
So faire ye well, good Courtiours may ye bee!"
So, prouidely neighing, from them parted bee.
Then gan they craftie couple to devise,
How for the Court themselves they might aguize:
For thither they themselves meant to address,
In hope to finde there happier success.
So well they shifted, that the Ape anon
Himselfe had cladeth like a Gentleman,
And the she Foxe, as like as to be his groome,
That to the Court in secret sort they come;
Where the fond Ape, himselfe uprasing by
Upon his fiptoes, stalketh stately by;
As if he were some great Magnifico,
And boldlie doth amongst the boldest go;
And his man Reynold, with fine counterfesance,
Supports his eredite and his countenance.
Then gan the Courtiours gaze on everie side,
And stare on him, with big lookses basen-wide,
Wondring what master wight he was, and whence:
For he was clad in strange accoutrements,
Fashio'd with quint devises never seen

Ver. 667. — counteresance:] Counterfesation. Tod.
In Court before, yet there all fashions beene;  
Yet he them in newfangledesse did pas:  
But his behaviour altogether was  
Allo Turchessa, much the more admym'd;  
And his looks lofte, as if he aspy'd  
To dignitie, and sdeign'd the low degree;  
That all, which did such strangeness in him see,  
By secrete means gan of his state enquire,  
And privily his servant thereto hire;  
Who, throughly arm'd against such coverture,  
Reported unto all, that he was sure  
A noble Gentleman of high regard,  
Which through the world had with long travel far'd;  
And see the manners of all beasts on ground;  
Now here arriv'd, to see if like he found.  
Thus did the Ape at first him credit gaine,  
Which afterwards he wisely did maintaine  
With gallant shewe, and dainty more augment  
Through his fine feates and Courly complement;  
For he could play, and daunce, and vaute, and spring,  
And all that els pertaines to reveling,  
Onely through kindly aptnes of his ioynts.  
Besides he could doe manie other poyns,  
The which in Court him served to good stead;  
For he mongst Ladies could their fortunes read  
Out of their hands, and merie leasings tell,  
And jaggle finely, that became him well;  
But he so light was at legierdemanie,  
That what he tought, came not to light againe;  
Yet would he laugh it out, and prouidly looke,  
And tell them, that they greatly him mistooke.  
So would he scoffe them out with mockerie,  
For he therein had great felicitie;  
And with sharp quips ioy'd others to deface,  
Thinking that their disgracing did him grace;  
So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased,  
And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eased,  
But the right Gentle Minde woulde bite his lip,  
To heare the laievile so good men to nip:  
For, though the vulgar yeeld an open ear,  
And common Courtiers love to gybe and sclare  
At election, which they persuad'd them ill,  
And the best speeches with ill meaning spills;  
Yet the brave Courtier, in whose beauteous thought  
Regard of honour harbours more than ought,  
Doth loath such base condition, to backbite  
Anies good name for envie or despiete  
He stands on tearnes of honourable minde,  
Ne will be carried with the common whinde  
Of Courts inconstant mutabilitie,  
Ne after everie tattling fable flie;  
But heares, and sees, the follies of the rest,  
And thereof gathers for himselfe the best:  
He will not creepe, nor crouche with famed face,  
But heeares with brighte with overcaste pace,  
And unto all doth yeeld due curtesie:  
But not with kissed hand belowe the knee,  
As that same Apish cru they wont to doo:  
For he disdaines himselfe t' embrace theretoo.  
He hates fowle leasings, and vile flatterie,  
Two filthie blots in noble gentrio;  
And lothfull idlenes he doth detest,  
The canker worne of everie gentle breast;  
The which to banish with faire exercise  
Of knightly feates, he daylie doth devise:  
Now managing the monthes of stubborne steedes,  
Now prautising the proude of warlike deeds,  
Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,  
Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare;  
At other times he casts to sew the chace  
Of swifte wild beasts, or rumne on foote a race,  
T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes most needfull,)  
Or els by wrestling to wax strong and heedfull,  
Or his stiffe armes to stretch with euhen bowe,  
And manly legs still passing too and fro,  
Without a gowned beast him fast beside,  
A vaine example of the Persian pride;  
Who, after he had wonne th' Assyrian foie,  
Did ever after scorne on foote to goe.  
Thys when this Couraty Gentleman with toyle  
Himselfe hath weard, he doth recolcye  
Unto his rest, and there with sweete delight  
Of munsick skill revives his toyled spright;  
Or els with Loves, and Ladies gentle sports,  
The joy of ioyt, himselfe he recounsours:  
Or lastely, when the bodie list to pause,  
His minde unto the Muses he withdrawes;  
Sweete Ladie Muses, Ladies of delight,  
Delights of life, and ornaments of fight!  
With whom he close confers with wise discourse,  
Of Natures worke, of heavens continual course,  
Of forreine lands, of people different,  
Of kingdomes change, of divers government,  
Of dreadful batailles of renowned Knightes;  
With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights  
To like desire and praise of noble fame,  
The onely upshot whereto he doth ayme  
For all his minde on honour fixt is,  
To which he levels all his purpos,  
And in his Princes service spends his dayes,  
Not so much for to game, or for to raise  
Himselfe to high degree, as for his grace,  
And in his likin to winne worthie place;  
Through due descents and comely carriage,  
In whatsoe plese him his personage,  
That may more other men to him praise;  
For he is fit to use in all assayes,  
Whether for armes and warlike amenaunce,  
Or else for wise and civill governance.  
For he is practiz'd well in policie,  
And thereto doth his courting most applie  
To leerne the enterdeale of Princes strange,  
To marke th' intent of counsells, and the change  
Of states, and eke of private men somewhat,  
Supplanted by fine falshood and faire guile;  
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit  
To enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit,  
Which through wise speaches and grave conference  
He daylie exerces, and beholds with the same grace,  
Such is the rightfull Courtier in his kirde:  
But unto such the Ape lent not his minde;  
Such were for him no fit companions,  
Such would descir be his lawd conditions:  
But the yong lustie gallants he did chose  
To follow, meete to whom he might disclosse  
His widesse pleasance, and ill pleasing vaine.  
A thousand wayes he them could entertaine,  
With all the thrifties games that may be found;  
With mumming and with masking all around,  
With dice, with cards, with balliards farre unift.
With shuttelocks, misseeming manlie wit,
With courtizans, and costly riotize,
Whereof still somewhat to his share did rize:
Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorne.
A panderes coate (so basely was he borne)
Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the Poet oft. But ah, for shame,
Let not sweete Poets praise, whose onely pride
Is virtue to advance, and vice deride,
Be with the worke of losels wit defamed,
No let such verses Poetic be named!
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Mangre the sacred Muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such, as he depended most upon;
And with the sugrie sweete thereof allure
Chast Ladies cares to fantasies impure.
To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him reliev'd, and their vaine humours fed
With fruitles follys and unsound delights.
But if perhaps into their noble sprights
Desire of honor or brave thought of armes
Did ever crepe, then with his wicked charmes
And strong concepts, which without it drove away,
Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day.
And whensoe love of letters did inspire
Their gentle wits, and kindly wise desire,
That chiefeely doth each noble minde adornne,
Then he would soffe at learning, and eke scorne
The sectaries thereof, as people base
And simple men, which never came in place
Of worlds affaires, but, in darke corners mewd.
Muttered of matters as their books them shewd,
No other knowledge ever did attaine,
But with their gowns their gravity mainteine.
From them he would his impudent leuds speach
Against Gods holie Ministers oft reach,
And mocke Divines and their profession:
What else then did he by progression,
But mocke High God himselfe, whom they pro-
sesse?
But what car'd he for God, or godlinesse?
All his care was himselfe how to advance,
And to uphold his courtly countenance
By all the cunning meanes he could devise;
Were it by honest wayes, or otherwise,
He made small choyce: yet sure his honest
Got him no small gaine, but shameles flattere,
And filthie broage, and unseemly shifts,
And borowe base, and some good Ladies gifts:
But the best helpe, which chiefeely him sustaine'd,
Was his man Raynolds purchase which he gain'd.
For he was school'd by kinde in all the skill
Of close conveyance, and each practise ill
Of coosination and cleanly knaverie,
Which oft maintaine'd his masters braverie.
Besides he usde another slipprie elight,
In taking on himselfe, in common sight,
False personages fit for everie sted,
With which he thousands cleanly coosioned:
Now like a Merchant, Merchants to deceave,
With whom his credite he did often leave.
In gage for his gay Masters hopelessse dett:
Now like a Lawyer, when he lande would lett,
Or sell fee-simples in his masters name,
Which he had never, nor ought like the same:

Then would he be a Broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win:
Then would he seeeme a Farmer, that would sell
Bargaines of woods, which he did lately fell,
Or corne, or cattle, or such other ware,
Therby to consist men not well aware:
Of all the which there came a secret fee
To th' Ape, that he his countenance might bee.
Besides all this, he us'd oft to beguile
Poorer suters, that in Court did haunt some whiles.
For he would learn their business secretly,
And then informe his Master hastily,
That he by meanses might cast them to prevent,
And beg the sute, the which the other ment.
Or otherwise false Reynold would abuse
The simple suter, and wish him to chuse
His Master, being one of great regard
In Court, to compas anie sute not hard,
In case his pains were recompens with reason:
So would he worke the silly man by treason
To buy his Masters frivolous good will,
That had not power to doo him good or ill.
So pitifull a thing is suiter stayng,
Most miserable is man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to Court, to sue for had ywst,
That few have found, and manie one hath mis:
Full little knouest thou, that last not tride,
What hell it is, in sning long to hide:
To loose good dayes, that might be better spente;
To wast long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to day, to be put back to morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres;
To have thy asking, yet waite manie yeeres;
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaires;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to romme,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.
Unhappy wight, borone to desastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend!
Who ever leaves sweete home, where meane estate
In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
Findes all things needful for contentment meake;
And will to Court for shadowes vaine to seeke,
Or hope to gaine, himselfe will a daw tric.
That curse God send unto mine enemie!
For none but such, as this bold Ape unblest,
Can ever thrive in that unblest quest;
Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,
That by his shifts his master furnish can.
But yet this Foxe could not so closely bide
His craftie feates, but that they were descride
At length by such as sate in justice seate,
Who for the same him fowle did entreate;
And, having worthily him punished,
Out of the Court for ever banished.
And now the Ape wanting his buckster man,
That wont provide his necessaries, gan
to growe into great lacke, he could Upohde
His countenance in those his garments old;
Ne new ones could he easily provide,
Though all men him uncase gan deride.
Like as a puppit placed in a play,
Whose part once past all men bid take away:
So that he driven was to great distresse,
And shortly brought to hopelessse wretchednesse.
Then closely as he might he cast to leave.
The Court, not asking any passe or leave;  
But ran away in his rent rags by night;  
Ne ever stayed in place, ne spake to wight,  
Till that the Foxe his copesmate he had found,  
To whome complaining his unhappin stood,  
At last againe with him in travell ioynd,  
And with him far'd some better chance to fynde.  
So in the world long time they wandered,  
And mickle want and hardnesse suffered;  
That them repented much so foolishly  
To come so farre to seek for misery,  
And leave the sweetnes of contented home,  
Though eating hippis, and drinking watry fome.  
Thus as they them complayned too and fro,  
Whilst through the forest recklesse they did goe,  
Lo! where they spide, how, in a gloomy glade,  
The Lyon sleeping lay in secret shade,  
His Crowne and Scepter lying him beside,  
And having doft for heate his dreadfull hide;  
Which when they sawe, the Ape was sore afrayde,  
And would have fled with terror all dismayde,  
But him the Foxe with hardy words did stay,  
And had him put all cowardize away;  
For now was time (if ever they should hope)  
To ayme their counsels to the fairest scope,  
And them for ever highly to advance,  
In case the good, which their owne happie chance  
Them freely offred, they would wisely take.  
Scarse could the Ape yet speake, so did he quake;  
Yet, as he could, he askt how good might growe  
Where nought but dread and death doth come in show.  
"Now, (sayd he) whiles the Lyon sleepeth sound,  
May we his Crowne and Mace take from the ground,  
And eke his skaine the terror of the wood,  
Wherewith we may our selves (if we think good)  
Make Kings of beasts, and Lords of forests all,  
Subject unto that powre imperiall."  
"Ah! but (sayd th' Ape) who is so bold a wretch,  
That dare his hardy hand to those outstretche;  
When as he knowes his meede, if he be spide,  
To be a thousand deaths, and shame beside!"  
"Fond Ape! (sayd then the Foxe) into whose breast  
Never except thought of hount, nor brave gest,  
Who will venture a life so faine and slowe,  
And rather rule and raigne in sovereigne see,  
Than dwell in dust inglorious and base,  
Where none shall name the number of his place?  
One joyous houre in blissfull happiness,  
I chuse before a life of wretchednes,  
Be therefore counselld herein by me,  
And shake off this vile harted cowardize.  
If he awake, yet is not death the next,  
For we may coulour it with some pretext  
Of this, or that, that may excuse the cyme:  
Else we may flye; thon to a tree mayst eyne,  
And I crepe under ground; both from his reach:  
Therefore he'ld to do as I doo teach."  
The Ape, that earst did nought but chill and quake,  
Now gan some courage unto him to take,  
And was content to attempt that enterprise,  
Tickled with glorie and rash covetise.  
But first question, whether should assay  
Those royall ornaments to stealawe?  
"Marie, that shal your selfe, (quoth he thereto)"  
For ye be fine and nimble it to doo;  
Of all the beasts, which in the forrests bee,  
Is not a fitter for this turne than yee:  
Therefore mine owne deare brother, take good hart,  
And evere thinke a kynge is your part."  
Loath was the Ape, though praised, to adventer,  
Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,  
Afraid of everie leafe that stir'd him by,  
And everie stick that underneath did lay:  
Upon his tippets nicely he up went,  
For making noyse, and still his care he lent  
To everie sound that under heaven blew;  
Now went, now stept, now crept, now backward drew,  
That it good sport had beene him to have eyle:  
Yet at the last, (so well he him applyde,)  
Through his fine handling, and cleanly play,  
He all those royall signes had stolne away,  
And with the Foxes helpe them borne aside  
Into a secret corner unespide.  
Whither whensah they came they fell at words,  
Whether of them should be the lord of lords:  
For th' Ape was striyfull, and ambitious;  
And the Foxe guilefull, and most covetous;  
That neither pleased was, to have the rayne  
Twixt them divided into even twain,  
But either (algates) would be lord alone:  
For Love and Lordship bide no paragone.  
"I am most worthie, (said the Ape) I will I  
For it did ye my life in ye sike for outward shape  
Most like a Man, the Lord of everie creature,  
So that it seenmeth I was made to raigne,  
And borne to be a kingly soveraigne,"  
"Nay (said the Foxe) Sir Ape, you are astray:  
For though to steale the Dianede away  
Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I  
Did first devise the plot by policie;  
So that it wholly springeth from my wit:  
For which also I claimme my selfe more fit,  
Than you, to rule: for government of state  
Will without wisdome soon be ruinate.  
And when ye claimme your selfe for outward shape  
Most like a man, Man is not like an Ape  
In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and spirite;  
But I therein most like to him doo merite,  
For my sly wyles and subtill craftynesse,  
The title of the Kingdome to possesse.  
Nathles (my brother) since we passed are  
Unto this point, we will appease our iarre;  
And I with reason meete will rest content,  
That ye shall have both crowne and government,  
Upon condition, that ye ruled bee  
In all affaires, and counselld by mee;  
And that ye let none other ever drawe  
Your minde from me, but keepe this as a lawe:  
And hereupon an oath unto me plight."  
The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,  
And thereto swore: for who would not owne  
And owne sureweare, a Dianede to beare?  
Then freely up those royall spoyles he tooke,  
Yet at the Lyons skin he inly quokoe;  
But it dispersed, and upon his head  
The Crowne, and on his backe the skin he did,  
And the false Foxe him helped to array.  
Then when he was all dight he tooke his way  
Into the forest, that he might be scene  
Of the wide beasts in his new glory sicken.  

Ver. 992. — cowardice.] Cowardice, couned by the poet for the sake of the rhyme. Todd.
There the two first, whom he encountered, were
The Sheepe and th' Assc, who, striken both with
At sight of him, gan fast away to flie; [fear
But unto them the Foque alwayd did cry,
And in the Kings name bad them both to stay,
Upton the payne that thereof follow may.
Hardly natlywes were they restrayned so
Till that the Foxe forth toward them did goe,
And there dissuaded them from needless feare.

For that the King did favour to them beare;
And therefore dreadsles had them come to Corte:
For no wild beasts should do them any toreste
There or abroad, ne would his Maiestye
Use them but well, with gracious Clemencye
As whom he knew to him both fast and true:
So he persuaded them, with homage due
Themselves to humble to the Ape prostrate,
Who, gentle to them bowing in his gate,
Received them with chearefull entertainye.
Thenceforth proceeding with his princely trayne,
He shortly met the Tygr, and the Bore,
Which with the simple Camel reared sore
In bitter words, seeking to take occasion
Upon his fleshy corpse to make invasion:
But, soone as they this mock-King did espie,
Their troublesome strie they stinted by and by,
Thinking indeed that it the Lyon was:
He then, to prove whether his powre would pos
As currant, sent the Foque to them straight way,
Commanding them their cause of strie bewray;
And, if that wrong on euther side there were,
That he should warn the wronger to appare
The morrow next at Court, it to defend;
In the mean time upon the King t'attend.
The subtilte Foque so well his message sayd,
That the proud beasts him readily obeyd:
Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomacke won,
Strongly encourg'd by the crafty Foxe;
That King indeed himselfe he shortly thought,
And all the beasts him feared as they ought,
And followed unto his palacie hye;
Where taking conge, eac one by and by,
Departed to his home in dreadful awe;
Full of the feared sight, which late they sawe.
The Ape thus seized of the Regall throne,
Eftsoones by counsell of the Foque alone,
Gan to provide for all things in assurance,
That so his rule might longer have endurance.
First to his gate he pointed a strong gird,
That none might enter but with issue hard:
Then, for the safeguard of his personage,
He did appoint a warlike equipage
Of foreene beasts, not in the forest bred,
But part by land and part by water fed;
For tyranrie is with strange ayde supported,
Then unto him all monstrous beasts returned:
Bred of two kindes, as Grifrons, Minotaures,
Crocodies, Dragones, Beavers, and Centaours;
With those himselfe he strengthened mightie,
That feare he neede no force of enemie.
Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
Like as the Foque did guide his gracies skill;
And all wyld beasts made vassals of his pleasures,
And with their spoyles enlarg'd his private treasures
No care of justice, nor no rule of reason,

No temperance, nor no regard of season,
Did thenceforth ever enter in his minde;
But cruelitie, the signe of currish kinde,
And stedfast pride, and wildfull arrogance;
Such folowes those whom fortune doth advance.
But the false Foxe most kindly plaid his part:
For, whatsoever he did, or acte
Could worke, he put in proove: no practise sile.
No counterpoint of cunning pollicie,
No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
But he the same did to his purpose wring.
Nought suffered he the Ape to give or grant,
But through his hand alone must passe the Flannt.
All offices, all leases by him kept,
And of them all, whatso he lyke, he kept.
Justice he solde insinuice for to bay,
And for to purchase for his progeny.
Ill might it prosper, that ill gotten was;
But, so he got it, little did he pas.
He fed his cubs with fat of all the soyle,
And with the sweete of others sweating toyle;
He crammed them with crumbs of Benefices,
And dild their mouthes with needes of malefices;
He cloathed them with all colours save white,
And loded them with lordships and with might,
So much as they were able well to bear,
That with the weight their backs nigh broke were;
He chaffred Chayres in which Churchmen were set,
And breach of lawes to priue feme did let:
No statute so established might bee,
Nor ordinance so needfull, but that hee
Would violate, though not with violence,
Yet under colour of the confidence
The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,
And reckned him the kingdomes corner stone.
And ever, when he ought would bring to pas,
His long experience the platforme was:
And, when he ought not pleasing would put by,
The clowe was care of thrift, and husandry,
For to encreasse the common treasures store,
But his owne treasure he encreas'd more,
And lifted up his loffe towres thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour sky;
The whites the Princes palace fell fast
To ruine: (for what thing can ever last?)
And whilst the other I'ceres, for poverty,
Were forst their ancient houses to let lie,
And their olde castles to the ground to fall,
Which their forefathers famous over all
Had founded for the kingdomes ornament,
And for their memories long monument.
But he no count made of Nobilitie,
Nor the whyle beasts whom armes did glorifie,
The Reulmes chiefe strength and girdon of the
Crowne.
All these through faine crimes he thrust adowne,
Or made them dwell in darknes of disgrace:
For none, but whom he list, might come in place.
Of men of armes he had but small regard,
But kept them lowe, and streigned verie hard.
For men of learning little he esteemed;
For what, or what else;
His wisdome he above their learning deemed.
As for the rascall Commons least he cared;

Ver. 1144. [-] Flannt.] Commission or warrant. Tod.
Ver. 1154. [-] malefices.] Euell deeds. Tod.
Ver. 1159. He chaffred &c.] Sold or exchanged. T. War.
Ver. 1169. Of men of armes he &c.] Alluding to Lord
Burleigh. Tod.
For not so common was his bountie shared; Let God, (said he) if please, care for the manie, 1195
I for my selfe must care before els anie: So did he good to none, to manie ill, So did he all the kingdom rob and pill, Yet none durst speake, ne none durst of him plaine; So great he was in grace, and rich through gaining. Ne should he anie let to have access; Unto the Prince, but by his owne assesse: For all that els did come, were sure to faile; Yet would he further none but for availe. For on a time the Sheepe to whom of force The Poxe had promised of friendship store, What time the Ape the kingdom first did gaine, Came to the Court, her case there to complaine; How that the Wolfe, her mortal enemie, Had sithence shaine her Lambe most cruellie; And therefore crav'd to come unto the thing, To let him knowe the order of the thing. "Soft Goododie Sheepe! (then said the Poxe) not Unto the King so rash ye may not goe; He is with greater matter busied Than a Lambe, or the Lambes owne mothers had. Ne certes may I take it well in part, That ye should counsel Wolfe in my behalf, And seekke with slander his good name to blot: For there was cause, els doo it he would not: Therefore surecase, good Dame, and hence depart." So went the Sheepe away with heave hart: So manie mow, so everie one was used, That to give largely to the boxe refused. Now when high Iove, in whose almighty hand The care of Kings and power of Empires stand, Sitting one day within his turret hye, From whence he vewes, with his black-licked eye, Whatso the heaven in his wide vawte containes, And all that in the deepest earth remaines; And troubled kingdome of wild beasts behelde, Whom not their kindly Sovereigne did welde, But an usurping Ape, with guile subornd, Had all subverst; he seidefully it scared In his great heart, and hardly did refraine, But that with thunder bolts he had him shaine, And driven downe to hell, his deuest meed; But, him avize, he that dreaddfull deed Forbore, and rather chose with scornfull shame Him to avenge, and blot his brutsch name Unto the world, that never after anie Should of his race be void of inffame; And his false counsellor, the cause of all, To damne to death, or doe perpetual, From whence he never should be quitted nor starld: Forthwith he Mercure into him calld, And bad him file with never resting speed Unto the forest, where wide beasts doe breed, And there enquiring privily, to learn What did of late chance to the Lyon stearne, That rul'd not the Empire, as he ought; And whence were all those plaints unto him brount Of wrongs, and spoynes, by salvadge beasts conu. Which done, he bad the Lyon be remitted [mitted: Into his scate, and those same treachours vile He punished for their presumptuous guile. The Sonne of Maia, soone as he receiv'd That word, straite with his azure wings he cleav'd

Ver. 1198. "Take by extorsion." Barret's
Dct. Todd.
Ver. 1245. [stal’d] Or [stall’d], as the modern
editions read: that is, perhaps, stolen. Todd.

The liquid clowdes, and lucid firmament; Ne statt, till that he came with steep descent Unto the place, where his prescript did shoue, There stouping, like an arrow from a bowe, He soft arrived on the grassie plaine, And fairly paced forth with easie paine, Till that unto the Pallace nigh he came. Then gan he to himselfe new shape to frame; And that faire face, and that ambrosiall hew, Which wonts to decke the gods immortall crew, And beauteous the shining firmament, He dgo: unfit for that rude rablement. So, standyng by the gates in strange disguize, He gan enquire of some in secret wise, Both of the King, and of his government, And of the Foxe, and his false blandishment: And evermore he heard each one complaine Of foule abuses both in realme and raine. Which yet to prove more true, he meant to see, And an ey-witnes of each thing to bee. Tho on his head his dreadfull hat he dight, Which maketh him invisible in sight, And meeketh th’ eyes of all the lookers on, Making them think it but a vision. Through power of that, he passeth through the herds Of ravenous wild beasts, and dodd beguni Their greedye mouths of the expected spoyle; Through power of that, his cunning theveries He wonts to wark, that none the same espies; And, through the power of that, he puteth on What shape he list in apparition. That on his head he wore, and in his hand He tooke Caduces his snakie wand, With which the damned ghosts he governeth, And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth. With that he causeth sleep to seize the eyes, And fear the harts, of all his enemies; And, when he list, an universall night Throughout the world he makes on everie wight; As when his Syre with Alacuena lay: Thus dight, into the Court he tooke his way, Both through the gard, which never him descrito, And through the watchmen, who him never spide: Thenceforth he past into each secrete part, Whereas he saw, that sorely griev’d his hart, Each place abounding with fowle inuries, And fild with treasure raackt with robberies; Each place deilde with blood of guudles beasts, Which had been slaine to serve the Apes beleaste; Gluttonie, make, pride, and covetize, And lawsclesse raisinge with riotace; Besides the infinite extortions, Done through the Foxes great oppressions, That the complaints thereof could not be tolde. Which when he did with loftfull eyes beholde, He would no more endure, but came his way, And cast to seeke the Lion, where he may, That he might work a vengeance for this shame On those two cattivities, which had bred him blame. And, seeking all the forest busily, At last he found, where sleeping he did ly: The wicked weed, which there the Foxe did lay, From underneath his head he tooke away, And then him waking, forced up to rize.

Ver. 1294. — paire, Labou or exercitation. Fr. peine.
T. Warton.
RUINES OF ROME.

BY BELLAY.

1591.

The Lion looking up gan him avize,
As one late in a transe, what had of long
Become of him: for fantaisie is strong.

"Arise, (said Mercurie) thou sluggish beast,
That here liest senseles, like the corpse decessast.
The whilst thy kingdom from thy head is rent,
And thy throne royall with dishonour blent:

Arise, and doo thy selfe redeeme from shame,
And be aveng'd on those that breed thy blaine."
Tum'd all the world, bath tum'd herselfe at last;  
The pray of Time, which all things doth devoure!  
Rome now of Rome is th' only funeral;  
And only Rome of Rome hath victorie;  
No ought save Tyber hastning to his fall  
Remains of all: O worlds inconstancie!  
That which is firme doth fit and fall away,  
And that is fliting doth abide and stay.

iv.  
She, whose high top above the starres did sore,  
One foote on Thetis, th' other on the Morning,  
One hand on Scythia, th' other on the More  
Both heaven and earth in roundnesse compassing;  
Love fearing, lest if she should greater grove,  
The Giants old should once againe arise,  
Her whelm'd with hills, these Seven Hills, which  
be nowe  
Tombs of her greatnes which did threathe the skyes:  
Upon her head he heart Mount Saturnal,  
Upon her bellie th' antique Palatine,  
Upon her stomache laid Mount Quirinal,  
On her left hand the noysome Esquiline,  
And Cedian on the right; but both her feete  
Mount Viminal and Aventine doo meete.

v.  
Who lists to see, what ever nature, arte,  
And heaven, could doo; O Rome, thee let him see,  
In case thy greatnes he can gesse in harte,  
By that which but the picture is of thee!  
Rome is no more: but, if the shade of Rome  
May of the bodie yeeld a seeming sight,  
It's like a corse drawn forth out of the tombe  
By magick skill out of eternall night:  
The corpes of Rome in ashes is entombed,  
And her great spirit, reioyned to the spirit  
Of this great masse, is in the same enwombed;  
But her brave writings, which her famous merite  
In spight of Time out of the dust doth reare,  
Doo make her Idoles through the world appeare.

vi.  
Such as the Berecynthia Goddess bright,  
In her swifte charret with high turrets crownde,  
Proud that so manie gods she brought to light;  
Such was this Ctie in her good dates found:  
This Ctie, more than that great Phrygian mother  
Renown'd for fruite of famous progenie,  
Whose greatnes by the greatnes of none other,  
But by her selfe, her equall match could see:  
Rome onely might to Rome compared bee,  
And onely Rome could make great Rome to tremble:  
So did the gods by heavenly doome decree,  
That other earthlie power should not ressemble  
Her that did match the whole earths puisance,  
And did her courage to the heavens advance.

vii.  
Ye sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights,  
Which onely doo the name of Rome retaine,  
Older monuments, which of so famous sprights  
The honour yet in ashes doo maintaine;  
Triumphant arks, spyres, neighbours to the skie;  
That you to see doth th' heaven it selfe appal;  
Alas, by little ye to nothing file,  
The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all!  
And though your frames do for a time make warre  

Gainst Time, yet Time in time shall ruinate  
Your works and names, and your last reliques  
marre.  
My sad desires, rest therefore moderate!  
For if that Time make ende of things so sure,  
It als will end the paine which I endure.

viii.  
Through armes and vassals Rome the world sub'd,  
That one would weene that one sole Cities strength  
Both land and sea in roundneses had surveyd,  
To be the measure of her breath and length:  
This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was  
Of vertuous newheuws, that posteritie,  
Striving in power their grandfathers to passe,  
The lowest earth Ian'd to the heaven lie;  
To th' end that, having all parts in their power,  
Nought from the Romane Empire might be quight;  
And that though Time doth Commonwealthe devoure,  
Yet no time should so low embaze their hight,  
That her head earthd in her foundations deep  
Should not her name and emules honour keep.

ix.  
Ye cruel starres, and cie ye gods unkinde,  
Heaven envious, and bitter stepdame Nature!  
Be it by fortune, or by course of kinde,  
That ye doo weeld th' affaires of earthlie creature;  
Why have your hands long sithence travelled  
To frame this world, that doth endure so long?  
Or why were not these Romane palaces  
Made of some matter no lesse firme and strong?  
I say not, as the common voyce doth say,  
That all things which beneath the Moone have  
Are temporall, and subiect to decay: [being  
But I say rather, though not all agreeing  
With some that weene the contrarie in thought,  
That all this Whole shall one day come to nought.

x.  
As that brave some of Aeson, which by charmes  
Atcheiv'd the Golden Fleece in Colchid land,  
Out of the earth engendred men of armes  
Of dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand;  
So this brave Tower, that in her youthe dates  
An hydra was of warriours glorious,  
Did fill with her renowned nurslings praise  
The fierre summes both one and other hous:  
But they at last, there being then not living  
An Hercules so ranke seed to represse,  
Emongst themeseeves with cruel furie strivine,  
Mow'd downe themselves with slaughter merciflesse;  
Renewing in themselves that rage unkinde,  
Which whilom did those earthborn brethren blinde.

xi.  
Mars, shaming to have given so great head  
To his off-spring, that mortall puisance,  
Puff up with pride of Romane hardie-head,  
Semed 'alabove heavenes powre it selfe to advance;  
Cooling againe his former kindled heathe,  
With which he had those Romane spirits flid,  
Did blowe now fire, and with enflamed breach,
Tell me then (for perhaps some one of you Yet here above him secretly doth hide,) Doo ye not feele your tortures to accrue, When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride [hands, Of these old Roman works, built with your Now to become nought els but heaped sands!

Like as ye see the wrathfull sea from farre In a great mountaine hea'pt with hideous noyse, Eftsocomes of thousand billowes shouldred narre, Against a rocke to breake with dreadfull poyse: Like as ye see fell Boreas with sharp blast Tossing huge tempests through the troubled skie, Eftsocomes having his wide wings spent in wast, To stop his weare cariere suddenly: And as ye see huge flames spred diversely, Gathered in one up to the heavens to spyre, Eftsocomes consumed to fall downe feebly: So whilom did this Monarchie aspyre As waves, as winde, as fire, spread over all, Till it by fallall doone adowne did fall.

So long as loves great bird did make his flignt, Bearing the fire with which heaven doth us fayr, Heaven had not fareae of that presumptuous might, With which the Gians did the gods assay. But all so soone, as scorching sunne had brent His wings which wont the earth to overspread, The Earth out of her massie wombe forth sent That antique horror, which made heaven adrede. Then was the Germane Raven in disguise That Roman Eagle scene to cleave asunder, And towards heaven freshly to arise Out of these mountaines, now consum'd to ponder; In which the foule, that serves to beare the lightning, Is now no more seen flying, nor alighting.

These heapes of stones, these old wals, which ye see, Were first enclosures but of savaghe soyle . And these brave pallaces, which maystred bee Of Time, were shephearders cottages somewhat. Then tooke the shephearders kingly ornament, As the stout lynde arm'd his right hand with Eftsocomes their rule of yeardly Presidents Grow great, and sixe months greater a great dece: Which, made perpetuall, rose to so great might, That thence th' Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke, Till th' heaven it selfe, opposing gainst her might, Her power to Peters successor betooke; Who, shepheardlike, (as fates the same foreseeing,) Doth show that all things tune to their first being.

All that is perfect, which th' heaven beauteies: All that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone; All that doth feede our spirits and our eies; And all that doth consume our pleasures some; All the mishap, the which our daies outweares All the good hap of th' oldes times afores; Rome, in the time of her great ancestors, Like a Pandora, locked long in store. But Destinie this huge Chaos turmoiing, In which all good and evil was enclosed,
Their heavenly virtues from these woes assailing,
Carried to heaven, from sinfull bondage lost.
But their great sines, the causers of their paine,
Under these antique ruines yet remaine.

No otherwise than raynie cloud, first fed
With earthly vappours gathered in the ayre,
Echosone in compass arch't, to steephe his bed,
Doth plonge himselfe in Tethys bosome faire.
And, mounting up againe from whence he came,
With his great bellie spreds the dimmed world,
Till at the last, dissolving his moist frame,
In raine, or snowe, or hale, he forth is world;
This Citie, which was first but shepheards shade,
Uprising by degrees, grewse to such height,
That Queene of land and sea her selfe she made.
At last, not able to beare so great weight, [vade;
Her power, dispersit, through all the world did
To show that all in th' end to nought shall fade.

The same, which Pyrrhus and the puissance
Of Afric could not tame, that same brave Citie,
Which, with stout courage arm'd against mis-
Sustaine'd the shocke of common emmityte: [chamme,
Long as her ship, tost with so manie fakes,
Had all the world in armes against her bent,
Was never seene, that anie fortunes wrekkes
Could brake her course begun with brave intent.
But, when the obiect of her vertue failed,
Her power it selde against it selde did arme;
As he that having long in tempest sailld,
Faine would arrive, but cannot for the storme,
If too great winde against the port him drive,
Doth in the port it selde his vessell rive.

When that brave honour of the Latine name,
Which meard her rule with Africa, and Byze,
With Thames inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which see the dawning day arize;
Her nourishings did with mutinous upprese
Hartie against her selfe, her conquer'd spoile,
Which she had wonne from all the world afoare,
Of all the world was spoild within a while: a
So, when the compast course of the universe
In sixe and thirtie thousand ycares is runne,
The bands of th' elements shall backe reverse
To their first discord, and be quite undome:
The seedes, of which all things at first were bred,
Shall in great Chaos wonte againe be hid.

O warie wisedome of the man that would
That Carthage towres from spoile should be for-
borne,
To th' end that his victorious people should
With cannering leisure not be overworne:
He well foresaw, how that the Romane courage
Impatien of pleasures faint desires,
Through idlenes would turne to civill rage,
And be her selfe the matter of her fires.
For, in a people given all to ease,
Ambition is engendred easlie;
As, in a vicious bodie, gross disease

Soone growes through hurnours superfudie,
That came to passe, when sowne with plenties pride,
Nor prince, nor peere, nor kin, they would abide.

If the blinde Furie, which warres breedeeth oft,
Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of squall beasts,
Whether they fare on foote, or filie aloft,
Or armed be with clawes, or scallie creastes;
What fell Erynis, with hot burning tongs,
Did grype your hearts with noysome rage imbowed,
That, each to other working cruel wronges,
Your blades in your owne bowels you embrewd'ld:
Was this (ye Romaines) your hard destinate?
Or some old sinne, whose unappeased guilt
Pow'rd vengeance forth on you eternallie?
Or brothers blood, the which at first was spilt
Upon your walls, that God might not endure
Upon the same to set foundation sure?

O that I had the Thracic Poets harpe,
For to awake out of th' infernall shade
Those antique Cesaris, sleeping long in darke,
The which this ancient Citie whilome made!
Or that I had Amphionis instrument.
To quicken, with his vital notes accord,
The stonic inoynts of these old walls now rent,
By which th' Ausonian light might be restor'd:
Or that at least I could, with pencill fine,
Fashion the pourraits of these palaces,
By paterns of great Virgils spirit divine!
I would assay with that which in me is,
To build, with level of my loftie style,
That which no hands can enmore compylle.

Who list the Romane greatness forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seake for usage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or square, to measure
Her length, her breadth, her deepness, or her hight;
But him behoves to vew in compass round
All that the Ocean grasps in his long armes;
Be it where the yerely starre doth scorcht the ground,
Or where cold Boreas blows his bitter storms.
Rome was th' whole world, and al the world was
Rome;
And if things nam'd their names doo equalize,
When land and sea ye name, then name ye Rome;
And, naming Rome, ye land and sea comprize:
For th' auncient plot of Rome, displayed plaine,
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

Thou that at Rome astonisht dost behold
The antique pride, which menaced the skie,
These haughty heapes, these palaces of olde,
These walls, these arcks, these bathes, these temples Judge,
By these ample Ruines vew, the rest [lie:
This the which inurious Time hath quite outworne,
Since of all workmen helde in recking best;
Yet these olde fragments are for paternes borne:
Then also marke, how Rome, from day to day,
Repaying her decayed fashion,
Renewes herselfe with buildings rich and gay;
That one would judge, that the Romane Demon

— The Romaine Demon —

T. Warton.
RUINES OF ROME.

Doth yet himselfe with fatall hand enforce,
Againe on foote to tearre her pouldred corse.

XXXVIII.
He that hath scene a great oke drye and dead
Yet clad with reliques of some trophyes olde,
Lifting to heaven her aged hoarie head,
Whose foote in ground hath left but feble holde,
But halfe disbowled fies above the ground,
Shewing her wretched rovets, and naked armes,
And on her trunke all rotten and unsound
Onely supports herselfe for mente of wormses:
And, though she owe her fall to the first winde,
Yet of the devout people is ador'd,
And, manie yong plants spring out of her rinde;
Who so much an oke hath scene, let him record
That such this Cities honour was of yore,
And amongst all Cities flourished much more.

XXXIX.
All that which Aegypt whilome did devise;
All that which Grecce their temples to embraue,
After th' Ionische, Attickie, Doricke guise;
Or Corinth skil'd in curious workes to grave;
All that Lysippus practike arte could forme;
Apelles wit; or Phidias his skil;
Was wont this ameneit Citie to adorn,
And the heaven it selfe with her wide wonders fill.
All that which Athens ever brought forth wise;
All that which Afrike ever brought forth strange;
All that which Asie ever had of prize;
Was here to see. O meravelous great change!
Rome, living, was the worlds sole ornament;
And, dead, is now the worlds sole monument.

XXX.
Like as the seeded field greene grass first showes,
Then from greene grassse into a stalke doth spring,
And from a stalke into an eare forth-growes,
Which eare the fruitefull graine doth shortly bring;
And as in season due the husband mowes
The waving lockes of those faire yellowe heares,
Which bound in sheaves, and hay'd in comely rowses;
Upon the naked fields in stalkes he reares
So grew the Romane Empire by degree,
Till that Barbarian hands it quite did spill,
And left of it but those olde markes to see,
Of which all passers by doo somewhat pill:
As they, which gleane, the reliques use to gather,
Which th' husbandman behind him chaunt to scatter.

XXXI.
That same is now nought but a champain wide,
Where all this worlds pride once was situate.
No blame to thee, whosoever dost abide
By Nyle, or Gange, or Tygre, or Elpirate;

Ne Afrike thereof gultie is, nor Spaine,
Nor the hilde people by the Thamus brinkes,
Nor the brave warlike brood of Alemaine,
Nor the horte sounderlie which Rhine running drinks:
Thou onely cause, O Civil Furie, art!
Which, sowing in th' Aemathian fields thy spight,
Didst arme thy hand against thy proper hart;
To th' end that when thou wast in greatest hight
To greatnes growne, through long prosperitie,
Thou then adowne might'st fall more horrible.

XXXII.
Hope ye, my Verses, that posteritie
Of age ensuing shall you ever read?
Hope ye, that ever immortalitie
So meane Harpes worke may chalenge for her need?
If under heaven anie endurance were,
These moniments, which not in paper writ,
But in porphyre and marble doo appeare,
Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.
Nathi'les my Lute, whom Phobus deign'd to give,
Cease not to sound these olde antiquities:
For if that Time doo let thy glorie live,
Well must thy beast, how ever base thou bee,
That thon art first, which of thy Nation song
Th' olde honoure of the people gowned long.

—

L'ENVOY.
Bellay, first garland of free Poësie
That France brought forth, though fruitful of brave wits,
Well worthie thou of immortalitie,
That long hast travell'd, by thy learned wits,
Olde Rome out of her ashes to revive,
And give a second life to dead decayes!
Needes must he all eternitie survive,
That can to other give eternall dayes:
Thy dayes therefore are ended, and thy prayse
Excelling all, that ever went before.
And, after thee, gins Bartas hie to rayse
His heavenly Muse, th' Almighty to adore.
Live, happie spirits, th' honour of your name,
And fill the world with never dying fame!

L'Envoy. 1. Bellay, &c.] Joachim Bellay obtained the appellation of the French Ovid. He was also called Patrie elegiadorum, Pater omnium temporum. He died in 1560. Todd.
L'Envoy. 11. Bartas] William de Salustia de Bartas, a Frenchman of high rank, was highly celebrated, in his own time, on account of his elaborate poem on the Creation. Todd.
Visions of the Worlds Vanitie

I.
One day, whiles that my daylie cares did sleepe,  
My spirit, shaking off her earthly prison,  
Began to enter into meditation depe  
Of things exceeding reach of common reason;  
Such as this age, in which all good is gason,  
And all that humble is, and meane debaced,
Hath brought forth in her last declining season,  
Grieue of good mindes, to see goodnesse disgrace
On which when as my thought was throughe placed,
Unto my eyes strange showes were,
Pictureing that, which I in minde embraced,
That yet those sights empassion me full here.
Such as they were (faire Ladie!) take in worth,
That when time serves may bring things better forth.

II.
In summers day, when Phoebus fairly shone,
I saw a Bull as white as driven snowe,
With gilden hornes embowed like the moonne,
In a fresh floweringe meadow lying lowe:
Up to his cares the verdant grasse did grove,
And the gay flowers did offer to be eaten;
But he with fatnes so did overflowe,
That he all wallowed in the weeds downe bewate.
He car'd with them his dannite lips to sweeten:
Till that a Brize, a scorneful little creature,
Through his faire hide his angrie sting did threaten,
And vext so sore, that all his goodly feature
And all his plenteous pasture nought him pleased:
So by the small the great is oft diseased.

III.
Beside the fruitfull shore of muddie Nile,
Upon a sunnie banke outstretched lay,
In monstrons length, a crocodile,
That, cram'd with guiltles blood and greddie pray
Of wretched people traffailling that way,
Thought all things lesse than his disasamine pride:
I saw a little Bird, call'd Tedula,
The least of thousands which on earth abide,
That forest this hideous beast to open wide
The greisly gates of his devouring hell,
And let him feele, as Nature did provide,
Upon his lawes, that with blacke venime swell:
Why then should greatest things the least disdaine,
Still that so small so mightie can contracne!

IV.
The kingly bird, that bares loves thunder-clap,
One day did scorne the simple Scarabee,
Proud of his highest service, and good lap,
That made all other foules his thralls to bee:
The silly Fie, that no redresse did see,
Spide where the Eagle built his towering nest,
And, kindling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt up his yong ones, and himselfe distrest;
Ne suffred him in anie place to rest,
But drove in loves owne lap his eggs to lay;
Where gathering also filth him to infect,
Forst with the filth his eggs to cling away:
For which when as the foule was wroth, said love,
"Lo! how the least the greatest may reprove."

V.
Toward the sea turning my troubled eye,
I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleene)
That makes the sea before his face to flye,
And with his flaggie finnes doth seeme to sweepe
The lonie waves out of the dreadfull deep,
The huge Leviathan, dame Natures wonder,
Making his sport, that manie makes to weep:
A Sword-fish small him from the rest did sunder,
That, in his throat him pricking softly under,
His wide abyse him forc'd forth to spewe,
That all the sea did roare like heavens thunder,
And all the waves were stam'd with fliethie hewe:
Hereby I learned have not to despise
Whatever thing seems small in common eyes.

VI.
An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,
Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of speare
With shields of brasse that shone like burnishd golde,
And forked sting that death in it did beare,
Strove with a Spider his unequall peer;
And bad defiance to his enemy.
The subtil vermin, creeping closely near,
Did in his drinke shed posyon privile;
Which, through his entrailes spreading diversly,
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowells brust,
And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,
That did so much in his owne greatness trust.
O, how great vaninesse is it then to scorn
The weake, that hath the strong so oft forlorne!

VII.
High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
Of wondrous length, and straignt proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odors threwe;
Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,
Her match in beautie was not anie one.
Shortly within her inmost pith there bred
A little wicked worme, perceiv'd of none,
That on her sap and vital moystures fed;
Thenceforth her garland so much honoured began to die,
(Of great ruth for the same)
And her faire locks fell from her lofie head,
That shortly bald and bared she became,
I, which this sight beheld, was much dismayed.
To see so goodly thing so soon decayed.
VIII.
Soone after this I saw an Elephant,
Adorn’d with bells and bosses gorgeouslie,
That on his backe did beare (as battellant)
A gilden towre, which shone exceedinglie;
That he himselfe through foolish vanitie,
Both for his rich attire, and goody forme,
Was puff’d up with passing surmordre,
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorne.
Till that a little Ant, a silly worme,
Into his nostrils creeping, so him pains,
That, casting downe his towres, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and native beautie stained.

Let therefore nought, that great is,
Therin glorie,
Sith so small thing his happines may varie.

IX.
Looking far forth into the ocean wide,
A goodly ship with banners bravely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant, I espied
Through the maine sea making her merry flight:
Fairie blew the winde into her bosome right;
And th’ heavens looked lovely all the while;
That she did seeme to dance, as in delight,
And at her owne felicitie did smile.

All sodainely there clove unto her keele
A little fish, that men call Remora,
Which stopt her course, and held her by the keele,
That winde nor tide could move her thence away.
Strange thing, me seemeth, that so small a thing
Should able be so great an one to wring.

X.
A mighty Lyon, lord of all the wood,
Having his hunger throughly satisfied
With pray of beasts and spoyle of living blood,
Safe in his drades den him thought to hide:
His sternesse was his praye, his strength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruel claves.
I saw a Wasp, that fiercely him dehide,
And bad him battale even to his lawes;
Sore he him stong, that it the blood forth drawes,
And his proute heart is full with fretting ire;
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his paws,
And from his bloody eyes doth sparkle fire;
That dead himselfe he wishes for deslight.
So weakest may ari in the most of might!

XI.
What time the Romaine Empire bore the raine
Of all the world, and florish most in might,
The nations gan their soveraignty disdain,
And cast to quitt them from their bondage quight:
So, when all shrouded were in silent night,
The Galles were, by corrupting of a mayde,
Possed nigh of the Capitol through slight;
Had not a Goose the treachery bewrayde:
If then a Goose great Rome from ruine stayde,
And love himselfe, the patron of the place,
Preserved from being to his foes betrayde;
Why do vaine men mean things so much deface,
And in their might repose their most assurance,
Sith nought on earth can chalenge long endurance?

XII.
When these sad sights were overpast and gone,
My spright was greatly moved in her rest,
With inward ruth and deare affection,
To see so great things by so small distrest:
Theneforth I gan in my engrieved breast
To seorne all difference of great and small,
Sith that the greatest often are oppression,
And unawares did into danger fall.
And yet, that read these Ruines Tragicall,
Learn, by their losse, to love the low degree;
And, if that Fortune chance you up to call
To Honours seat, forget not what you be:
For he, that of himselfe is most secure,
Shall finde his state most fickle and unsure.

VISIONS OF BELLAY.

1.
It was the time when rest, the gift of Gods,
Sweetly sliding into the eyes of men,
Both drown’d in the forgetfulness of sleepe,
The carefull trannesles of the painfulfull day;
Then did a ghost appeare before mine eyes,
On that great riuers bank that runnes by Rome;
And, calling me then by my proper name,
He bade me vpwarde vnto heaven looke:
He cried to me; and, loe, (quod he) behold
What vnder this great Temple is containde;
Loe, all is nought but flying vanitie.
So I, knowing the worldes vnstedfastnesse,
Sith onely God surmountes the force of tyne,
In God alone do stay my confidence.

II.
On hill, a frame an hundred cubites hee
I sawe an hundred pillers eke about,
All of fine diamant deckling the front,
And fashion were they all in Dorike wise.
Of bricke, ne yet of marble was the wall,
But shining christall, which from top to base
Out of deepe vaute threw forth a thousand rayes
Vpon an hundred steps of purest golde;
Golde was the patrige; and the sylvyg eke
Did shine all scaly with fine golden plates.
The floore was Jaspis, and of Emerande.
O worldes vainenesse! A soodein earthquake loe,
Shaking the hili even from the bottome deepe,
Threw downe this building to the lowest stone.

III.
Then did appear to me a sharped spire
Of diamant, ten feete eche way in square,
Justly proportionde vp vnto his height,
So hie as mought an archer reach with sight.
Vpon the top thereof was set a pot,
Made of the mettall that we honour most. 
And in this golden vessell couched were 
The ashes of a mightie Emporer. 
Upon foure corners of the base there lay, 
To heare the frame, foure Great Lions of golde: 
A worthie tombe for such a worthie corps. 
Alas, nought in this world but griefe endures. 
A sudden tempest from the heaven, I saw, 
With flushe stroke downe this noble monument.

And, I Still Sonde Outraged 
Surmount When Many Along And Then Where 
The I Upon The A A To The Made With The Made 
I saw raise vp on pillers of Iuoric, 
Whereof the bases were of richest golde, 
The chapters Ababaster, Christill frises, 
The double front of a triumphall arke. 
On eche side portraide was a Victorie, 
With golden wings, in habite of a nymph, 
And set on hie upon triumphing chaire; 
The auncient glorie of the Romane lorde. 
The worke did shew it selfe not wrought by man, 
But rather made by his owne skilfull hands 
That forrth thunder darts for Jove his sire. 
Let me no more see faire thing vnder heaven, 
Sith I have seen so faire a thing as this, 
With sodaine falling broken all to dust.

Then I behelde the faire Dodonian tree 
Upon seven hilles throw forth his gladsome shade, 
And conquerors bedecked with his leanes, 
Along the bankes of the Italian streame. 
There many auncient trophes were erect, 
Many a spoile, and many goodly signes 
To shew the greatness of the stately race 
That erst descended from the Trojan bloud. 
Ranish it I was to see so rare a thing, 
When barbarous villains, in disorderd heape, 
Outraged the honoure of these noble houres: 
I heard the trumke to grone vnder the wedge, 
And, since, I saw the roote in hie disdain 
Sende forth again a twinne of forked trees.

I saw the bire, that dares behelde the sunne, 
With phable flight venture to mount to heauen, 
By more and more she gan to trust hir wings, 
Still following th' example of hir damme: 
I saw hir risc, and with a larger flight 
Surmount the toppes eu'n of the hiest hilles, 
And pierce the cloudes, and with hir wings to reach 
The place where is the temple of the gods; 
There was she lost, and sodenly I saw 
Where tobmbing through the aire in lope of fire, 
All flaming, downe she fell vp on the plaine. 
I saw hir bodic turned all to dust, 
And saw the foule, that shummes the cherefull light, 
Out of hir ashes as a worme arise.

Then all astonne'd with this nightingly ghost, 
I saw an hideous body big and strong, 
Long was his bearde, and side did hang his hair, 
A grisyly forched and Saturnlike face. 
Leaning against the belly of a pot, 
He shed a water, whose outgushing stremme 
Ran flowing all along the crockie shoure, 
Where once the Troyan Duke with Turnus fought. 
And at his feete a kitcht wolf did give sucke 
To two yong labes. In his right hand he bare 
The Tree of peace, in left the conquering Palme; 
His head was garnisht with the Laurel bow. 
Then sodenly the Palme and Olive fell, 
And faire greene Laurel withered up and dide.
THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

1531.

I.

It was the time, when Rest, soft sliding downe
From heavens height into mens heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulness of sleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries;
Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appear,
On that great rivers banke, that rannes by Rome;
Which, calling me by name, bad me to reaue
My lookes to heaven whence all good gifts do come,
And crying lowd, lo! now beholde (quoth hee)
What under this great temple placed is:
Lo, all is nought but flying vanitee!
So I, that know this worlds inconstancies,
Sith only God surmounts all times decay,
To God alone my confidence do stay.

II.

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by just assize,
With hundred pillores fronting faire the same,
All wrought with diamond after Davit wise:
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining chrestall, which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rays throw,
One hundred steps of Afrike golds enchase:
Golde was the parget, and the seeling bright
Did shine all sealy with great plates of golde;
The floore of iasp and emeraude was light.
O worlds vainesse! Whiles thus I did behold,
An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest seat,
And overthrow this frame with ruine great.

III.

Then did a sharped spyre of diamond bright,
Ten feete each way in square, appeare to mee,
Justly proportion'd up unto his hight,
So far as archer might his level see:
The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
Made of the mettall, which we most do honour;
And in this golden vessel couched were
The ashes of a mightie Empereour:
Upon foure corners of the base were sight,
To beare the frame, foure great Lyons of gold;
A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.
Alas this world doth nought but grievance hold!
I saw a tempest from the heaven descend,
Which this brave monument with flash did rend.

IV.

I saw raysde up on yeorie pillowes tall,
Whose bases were of richest mettals warke,
The chapters alabaster, the fryses chrestall,
The double front of a triumphall arke;
On each side portraitt was a Victorie,
Clad like a Nymph, that wings of silver weares,
And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,
The auncient glory of the Romaine Peares.
No worke it seem'd of earthily craftsmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne industry,
That thunder-dartes for love his syre doth fit.
Let me no more see faire thing under sky,
Sith that mine eyes have scene so faire a sight
With sodain fall to dust consumd quight.

V.

Then was the faire Dodonian tree far scene,
Upon seaven hills to spred his gladsome gleece,
And conquerors bedecked with his greene,
Along the bankes of the Ausonian streame:
There many an auncient trosphie was addrest,
And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,
Which that brave races greatnes did attest,
That whilstone from the Trowan blood did low.
Ravish I was so rare a thing to vew:
When lo! a barbarous troupe of clowsnesh fence
The honour of these noble bougles down throw:
Under the wedge I heard the tronek to groane;
And, since, I saw the route in great disdain
A twinne of forked trees send forth againe.

VI.

I saw a Wolfe under a rockie cave,
Noursing two whelpes; I saw her little ones
In wanton dalliance the tense to crave,
[nones:
While sheh her neck wreath'd from them for the
I saw her rance abroad to seeke her food,
And roming through the field with greedy rage
T' embrew her teeth and clawes with lukewarm blood.
Of the small heards, her thirst for to assawe.
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
Downe from the mountains bordring Lombardie,
That withan hundred speares her flank wide rended.
I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,
Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne soyle;
Soone on a tree uphang'd I saw her spoyle.

VII.

I saw the Bird, that can the Sun endure,
With feele wings assay to mount on hight;
By moree and moree she gan her wings t' assure,
Following th' exsuple of her mothers sight;
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneoms
To measure the most haughty mountaines hight,
Until she raughte the gods owne mansions:

VI. 8. — [raught] Roughted, the old and legitimate
preter-perfect, as it should seem, of raught as taught is of teach, &c. Todd.
VISIONS OF BELLAY.

There was she lost; when sauddaine I behold,
Where, tumbling through the ayre in fierie fold,
All flaming downe she on the plains was fowled;
And soone her solitary turn'd to ashes cold.
I saw the foule, that doth the light despise,
Out of her dust like to a worne arise.

viii.
I saw a river swift, whose annoy' billowes
Did wash the ground-work of an old great wall;
I saw it cover'd all with grissey shadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall:
The round a strange Beast with seven heads arose,
That towers and castles under her bress did couse.
And seem'd both wilder beasts and fiercer foes
Alike with equal ravine to devour.
Much was I amazed, to see this monsters kinde
In hundred formes to change his fearfull hue;
When as at length I saw the wrathfull winde,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of Seithian new,
That sprest these clouds; and, in so short as thought,
This dreadful shape was vanished to nought.

ix.
Then all astonied with this mighty ghosst,
An hideous bodie big and strong I saw,
With side-long beard, and locks down hanging long,
Sterne face, and front full of Saturnlike awe;
Who, leaning on the belly of a pot,
Poured forth a water, whose out gushing flood
Ran bathing all the creakie shore afoot,
Whereon the Trojan prince split Tumans blood;
And at his feete a bitch wolfe such did yeeld
To two young babes: His left the Palace tree stant,
His right hand did the peacefull Olive wield;
And head with Lawrell garnished was about.
Sudden both Palace and Olive fell away,
And faire greene Lawrell branch did quite decay.

x.
Hard by a rivers side a Virgin faire,
Folding her armes to heaven with thousand throbbs,
And outraging her cheekes and golden hair,
To falling rivers sound thus turn'd her sobes.
Where is (quet the whilom honoured face?
Where the great glorie and the ancient praise,
In which all worlds felicitie had place,
When gods and men my honour up did raise?
Such fetch not that civil warres me made
The whole worlds spoile, but that this Ilyd neue,
Of hundred Hercules to be assaile,
With seven heads, budding monstrous crimes anew,
So many Nereos and Calagases
Out of these crooked shores must dayly rayse?

xi.
Upon an hill a bright flame I did see
Waving aloft with trithe point to skie,
Which, like incease of precious Cedar tree,
With balmy odours fill'd the ayre farre and nee.
A bird all white, well feathered on each wing,
Hereout to the throne of gods did fli,
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing.
Whilest in the smoke she unto heaven did sie,
Of this faire fire the scattered rays forth throw
On everie side a thousand shining beams:
When sudden dropping of a silver dew [flames;
(O grieveous chance!) gan quench those precious
That it, which carst so pleasant sent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeeld.

xii.
I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,
As cleare as Christall against the sunnie beames,
The botome yeellow, like the golden graine
That bright Pactolus was beth with his streams;
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasure there, for which maws hart could not long.
And there a noyse alluring sleep soft trembling,
Of manie accordes more sweete than Mermaids
The seates and benches shone as yorie,
[song:
And hundred Nymphes sate side by side about;
When from nigh hills, with hideous outerie,
A trompe of Satyres in the place did rout, [ray,
Which with their vilerne feete the streame did
Throw down the seates, and drove the Nymphs away.

xiii.
Much richer then that vessell seem'd to bee,
Which did to that sad Florentine appere,
Casting mine eyes farre off, I chaunted to see
Upon the Latine Coast herselues to reare:
But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing close envie to these riches rare,
Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,
This ship, to which none other might compare:
And finallly the storme immetitious
Sumke up these riches, second unto none,
Within the guile of greedi Neures.
I saw both ship and mariners each one,
And all that treasure drown'd in the maine:
But I the ship saw after raisd againe.

xiv.
Long having deeply grond' these Visions sad,
I saw a Cite like unto that same,
Which saw the messenger of tidings glad;
But that on sand was built the goodly frame:
It seem'd her top the firmament did rayse,
And, no lesse rich than faire, right wordlic sure
(If ought here wordlic) of immortall dayes,
Or if ought under heaven might firme endure.
Much wonder'd I to see so faire a wall:
When from the Northern coast a storme arose,
Which, breathing furie from his inward gall
On all which did against his course oppose,
Into a clowde of dust spret in the air
The weake foundations of this Cite faire.

xv.
At length, even at the time, when Morpheus
Most truleo deth unto our eyes appeare,
Worie to see the heavens still waivered thus,
I saw Typhoeus sister coming neare;
Whose head, full bravely with a morion hold,
Did scence to match the gods in majestie.
She, by a rivers bancke that swift downe shied,
Over all the world did raise a Trophic liee;
An hundred vanquished Kings under her lay,
With armes bound at their lacks in shamefull wize;
Whilst I thus mazed was with great afferay,
I saw the heavens in waire against her rize:
Then downe she stricken fell with clift of thonder,
That with great noyse I wakte in sudden wonder.

xvi.


[mo] Head-piece. Fr. morion. Tomm.
THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH,
FORMERLY TRANSLATED.
1591.

I.
Being one day at my window all alone,
So manie strange things happened me to see,
As much it grieveth me to think t'ereon.
At my right hand a Hynde appeare'd to me,
So faire as mote the greatest god delite;
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chase,
Of which the one was blacke, the other white:
With deadly force so in their cruell race
They pinch't the haunches of that gentle beast,
That at the last, and in short time, I spide,
Under a rocke, where she alas, opprest,
Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.
Crul death vanquishing so noble beautie,
Oft makes me wayle so hard a destenie.

II.
After, at sea a tall ship did appeare,
Made all of heben and white yvorie;
The sailles of golde, di of silke the tackle were:
Milde was the winde, calme seem'd the sea to bee,
The skie eachwhere did shew full bright and faire:
With rich treasures this gay ship fraught was:
But sudden storme did so turmoyle the aire,
And tumbled up the sea, that she (alas)
Strake on a rock, that under water lay,
And perish'd past all recovery.
O! how great ruth, and sorrowfull assay,
Doth vex my spirite with perplexitie,
Thus in a moment to see lost, and drown'd,
So great riches, as like cannot be found.

III.
The heavenly branches did I see arise
Out of the fresh and lustie lawrell tree,
Amidst the yong greene wood of Paradise:
Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see:
Such store of birds therein yshrowded were,
Chamiting in shade their sunderie melodie,
That with their sweetnes I was ravish't here:
While on this lawrell fixed was mine eie,
The skie gan everie where to overcast,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When sudden flash of heavens fire out brast,
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote;
Which makes me much and ever to complaine;
For no such shadow shalbe had againe.

IV.
Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
Whereeto approch'd not in anie wise
The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne;
But manie Muses, and the Nymphes withall,
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the soft sounding of the waters fall;
That my glad hart thereat did much rejoicye.
But, while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,
I saw (alas) the gaping earth devoure
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight;
Which yet aggrees my hart even to this hour,
And wounds my soule with ruffull memorie,
To see such pleasures gon so suddenly.

V.
I saw a Phoenix in the wood alone,
With purple wings, and crest of golden hue;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of some heavenly wight I had the veue;
Until he came unto the broken tree,
And to the spring, that late devour'd was.
What say I more? each thing at last we see
Doth passe away: the Phoenix there alas
Spying the tree destroid, the water dride,
Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdain,
And so forthwith in great despight he dide;
That yet my heart burnes, in exceeding paine,
For ruth and pitie of so haples plight:
O! let mine eyes no more see such a sight.

VI.
At last so faire a Ladie did I spie,
That thinking yet on her I burne and quake;
On heares and fowres she walked pensive;
Milde, but yet love she proudly did forsake:
White seem'd her robes, yet woven so they were,
As snow and golde together had been wrought:
Above the wast a darke clowde shrownd her,
A stinging serpent by the heele her caught;
Wherewith she languisht as the gathered flour;
And, well assur'd, she mounted up to joy.
Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,
But bitter griefe and sorrowfull anoy;
Which make this life wretched and miserable,
Tossed with stormes of fortune variable.

VII.
When I beheld this tickle trustles state
Of vaines worlds glory, flitting too and fro,
And mortall men toss'd by troublous fate
In restles seas of wretchednes and wo;
I wish I might this wearey life forgoe,
And shortly turne unto my happy rest,
Where my free spirite might not anie moe
Be vext with sights, that doo her peace molest.
And ye, faire Ladie, in whose bounteous brest
All heavenly grace and vertue shrunk is,
When ye these rythmes doe read, and vew the rest,
Louth this lase world, and thinke of heavens bliss:
And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,
Yet thinke, that Death shall spoyle your goodly features.
DAPHNAIDA:
AN ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS DOUGLAS HOWARD, DAUGHTER AND HEIRE OF HENRY LORD HOWARD, VISCOUNT BYNDON, AND WIFE OF ARTHUR GORGES, ESQUIER.

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND VERTUOUS LADY, HELENA, MARQUESSE OF NORTHHAMPTON.

I HAVE the rather presumed humbly to offer unto your Honour the dedication of this little Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous gentlewoman of whom it is written, was by match neere allied, and in affection greatly devoted, unto your Ladiship. The occasion why I wrote the same, was aswell the great good fame which I heard of her deceased, as the particular goodwill which I bear unto her husband Master Arthur-Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue, whose house, as your Ladiship by marriage hath honoured, so doe I find the name of them, by many notable records, to be of great antiquitie in this realme, and such as have ever borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and unspotted loyaltie to their prince and country: besides, so lineally are they descended from the Howards, as that the Lady Anne Howard, eldest daughter to John Duke of Norfolke, was wife to Sir Edmumd, mother to Sir Edward, and grandmother to Sir William and Sir Thomas Gorges, Knightes: and therefore I doe assure my selfe that no due honour done to the White Lyon, but will be most gratefull to your Ladiship, whose husband and children do so neerely participate with the bloud of that noble family. So in all dutie I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honourable favour and protection. London, this first of January, 1591. Your Honours humbly ever.

ED. SP.

What-ever man he be whose heauie mynde,
With griefe of mournefull great mischall opprest,
Fit matter for his cares increase would fyde,
Let reade the ruffall plainct herein exprest.
Of one, I weene, the wofulst man alive,
Even sad Aleyon, whose empeciered brest
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces rive.

But whoso else in pleasure findeth sense,
Or in this wretcht life doth take delight,
Let him be banisht farre away from hence;
No let the Sacred Sisters here be light,
Though they of sorrowe heauie can sing;
For even their heauie song would breede delight;
But here no tunes, save sobs and grones, shall ring.

In stead of them, and their sweet harmonic,
Let those three Fatall Sisters, whose sad hands
Doe weave the direfull threads of Destinie,
And in their wrath break off the vitall bands,
Approch hereby;
And let the dreadful Queene Of Darkness deepre come from the Stygian straunds,
And grisly ghosts, to hear this dolefull scene.

In gloomy evening, when the weary sun,
After his dayes long labour drow to rest,

And sweatie steedes, now having overrun
The compast skie, gan water in the west,
I walkt abroad to breath the freshing ayre
In open fields, whose flowing pride, opprest
With early frosts, had lost their beautie faire.

There came unto my mind a troublous thought,
Which dayly doth my weaker wit possesse.
Ne lets it rest untill it forth have brought
Her long borne infant, fruit of heaviness,
Which she conceived hath through meditation
Of this world's vainnesse and life's wretchednesse.
Thet yet my soule it deeply doth empassion.

So as I mazed on the miserie
In which men live, and I of many most,
Most miserable man; I did espie
Where towards me a sorry wight did cost,
Chad all in black, that mourning did bowray,
And Jacob staffe in hand devoutly crost,
Like to some pilgrim come from farre away.

His careless locks, uncombed and unshorne,
Hanging long downe, and beard all overgrown,
That well he seemd to be some wight forborne:
Downe to the earth his heauie eyes were throwne,
As loathing light; and ever as he went
He sighed soft, and inly depe did grone,
As if his heart in peeces would have rent.
Approaching nigh, his face I vewed nere,
And by the semblant of his countenance
Me secund I had his person scene elsewhere,
Most like Aleyon seeming at a glance;
Aleyon he, the fiddle shephard swaine,
That wout full merrie to pipe and daunce,
And fill with pleasure every wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguize,
I softlie said, Aleyon! There-withall
He lookt aside as in disdainefull wise,
Yet stayd not, till I againe did call:
Then, turning back, he said, with hollow sound,
"Who is it that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
The wretched man that treads this day on
ground?"—

"One, whom like woefulnesse, impressed deep,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to hear,
And given like cause with thee to waile and wepe;
Grief finds some ease by him that like doeth bear.
Then stay, Aleyon, gentle Shepheard! stay,
(Quoth I) till thou have to my trustie care
Committed what thee dooth so ill apace?"

"Cease, foolish Man!" (said he, halfe wrothfully)
"To seeke to heare that which cannot be told,
For the huge anguish, which doeth multiply
My dying paines, no tongue can well unfold;
Ne doe I care that any should bemoone
My hard mishap, or any wepe that would,
But seeke alone to wepe, and dye alone."

"Then be it so," quoth I, "that thou art bent
To die alone, unpitied, unpleased;
Yet, ere thou die, it were convenient
To tell the cause which thee thereto constrained,
Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt."

"Who life does loath, and longs to be unbound.
From the strong shackles of fraile flesh," quoth he,
"Nought cares at all what they, that live on ground,
Deem the occasion of his death to bee;
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
Than question made of his calamity;
For harts deep sorrow hates both life and light.

Yet since so much thou seemest to me grieve,
And canst for one that for himself cares nought,
(Sign of thy love, though nought for my relieve,
For my relieve exceedeth living thought;)
I will to thee this heavie case relate:
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For never didst thou hearre more haplesse fate.

"Whilome I usde (as thou right well dost know)
My little flocke on westerne downes to keep,
Not far from whence Sabrinaes streame doth flow,
And flowrie bancks with silver linger steep.
Nought cardes I then for worldly change or channce,
For all my joye was on my gentle sheepe,
And to my pipe to caroll and to daunce:

"It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearlesse and free, a faire young Lionesse,
Whose as the native rose before the change
Which Venus blood did in her leaves impress,
I spied playing on the grassie plaine
Her youthfull sports and kindle wantonnesse,
That did all other beasts in beatuy staine.

"Much was I moved at so goodly sight,
Whose like before mine eye had seeldome scene,
And gan to cast how I her compasse might,
And bring to hand that yet had never seen;
So well I wrought with mildesse and with paine,
That I her caught disporting on the greene,
And brought away fast bound with silver chaaine.

"And afterwarde I handled her so faire,
That though by kind shee stout and salvage were,
For being borne an auncient Lions hayre,
And of the race that all wild beasts do faire,
Yet I her fram'd, and wan so to my bent,
That shee become so mecke and milde of cheare,
As the least lamb in all my flock that went:

"For shee in field, where-ever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and waite by me all day;
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or els in sleepe, if nay,
Shee would all night by me or watch or sleepe;
And evermore when I did sleepe or play,
She of my flock would take full warie keepe.

"Safe then, and safest were my sille sheepe,
No fear'd the wolf, no fear'd the wildest beast,
All were I drowned in carelesses quiet deep.
My lovely Lionesse without behaste
So careful was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither most nor least
I found miscarried or in plaine or wood.

"Oft did the shepheards, which my hap did heare,
And oft their lasses, which my luck enryde,
Daylie resort to me from farre and nere,
To see my Lionesse, whose praises wyde
Were spread abroad; and when her worthinesse
Much greater then the rude report they tryde,
They her did praise, and my good fortune blesse.

"Long thus I joyed in my happinesse,
And well did hope my joye would have no end;
But oh! fond Man! that in worlds ficklenesse
Reposedst hope, or weenedst thy frend
That glories most in mortall miseries,
And daylie doth her changefull counsels bend
To make new matter fit for tragedies;

"For whilst I was thus without dread or dout,
A cruel Satyre with his murderous dart,
Greide of mischiefs, ranging all about,
Gave her the fataill wound of deadly smart,
And reft from me my sweete companion,
And reft from me my love, my life, my hart:
My Lionesse (ah, woe is me!) is gon!"

"Out of the world thus was she reft away,
Out of the world, unworthy such a spoyle,
And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter pray;
Much fitter then the Lyon, which with toyle
Aicidea slew, and fit in firmente
Her now I seeke throughout this earthlie soyle,
And seeking missde, and missing doc lament."

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and wepe,
That I for pittie of his heavie plight
And, after the noble passion of his troubled rest, he would, as he said, do all things with mankind. He saw his world was no better, and his soul no worse, than he had left it.

Thereby does the world, with all its powers, sense, and soul, become the object of the highest regard, and the most noble passion, that any man can have; and this is the highest reward that the world can give to man, and the most noble passion that any man can have.
May come, their happy quiet to molest;  289
But saints and angels in celestial thrones
Eternally Him praise that hath them blest;  230
There shall be amongst those blessed ones.

Yet, ere I goe, a pledge I leave with thee
Of the late love the which betwixt us past,
My young Ambrosia; in lieu of mee,
Love her; so shall our love for ever last.
Thus, Daun! adieu, whom I expect ere long.—  370
So having said, away she softly past:  375
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make mine under-

So oft as I record those piercing words,
Which yet are deep engraven in my breast,
And those last deadly accents, which like swords
Did wound my heart, and rend my bleeding chest,
With those sweet sugred speeches doe compare.
The which my soul first conquered and possess'd
The first beginners of my endless care:

And when those pallid checks and ashe dew,
In which sad Death his portraiture had writ,
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the cloud of ghastly Night did sit,
I match with that sweete smile and cheerful brow,
Which all the world subdued unto it,
How happy was I then, and wretched now!

How happy was I when I saw her head
The shephearders daughters dancing in a round!  230
How trimly she would trace and softly tread
The tender grasse, with rosye garland crown'd!
And, when she list, advance her heavenly voyce,
Both Nympheus and Muses nigh she made astound,
And flocks and shephearders caused to rejoice.

But now, ye shepheard Lasses! who shall lead
Your wandring troupes, or sing your virclayes?
Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead
That was the lady of your holy-dayes?
Let now your blisse be turned into bale,
And into plaints convert your joyous players,
And with the same fill every hill and dale.

Let bagpipe never more be heard to shrill,
That may allure the senses to delight,
Ne ever shepheard sound his eaten quill
Into the many that provoke them might
To idle pleasure; but let ghostliness
And drearie horror dim the cheerfull light,
To make the image of true heaviness:

Let birds be silent on the naked spray,
And shadly woods resound with dreadful yells;
Let streaming floods their hastic courses stay,
And parching drought drie up the crystal wells;
Let th' earth be barren, and bring forth no flowers,
And th' ayre be filld with noyse of dolcfull knells.
And wandring spirits walke untimely bowres.

And Nature, nurse of every living thing,
Let rest her selfe from her long weariness,
And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,

But hideous monsters full of ugliness;
For she it is that hath me done this wrong,
No nurse, but stepdame, cruel, merciless.
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my under-

My little Flock, whom carest I lov'd so well,
And wont to feed with finest grasses that grew,
Feed ye henceforth on bitter asturfell,
And slinking smallage, and unsavoury raw
And, when your maws are with those weeds corre-
le ye the prey of wolves; ne will I rewe [rapted,
That with your corkasses wild beasts be glutted.  330

Ne worse to you, my silie Sheepe! I pray,
Ne sorer vengeance wish on you to fall
Than to my selfe, for whose confusde decay
To careless Heavens I doo daylie call;
But Heavens refuse to heare a wretches cry;
And cruel Death doth scorn to come at call,
Or grant his boon that most desires to dye.

The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th' unrighteous which alive remaine;
But the ungodly ones he doth forsaake,
By living long to multiplier their paine;
Else surely death should be no punishment,
As the Great Judge at first did it ordaine,
But rather riddance from long languishment.

Therefore, my Daphne they have take away;
For worthie of a better place was she;
But me unworthie willed here to stay,
That with her lacke I might tormented be.
Sith then they so have ordred, I will pay
Penance to her, according their decree,
And to her ghost doe service day by day.

For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waste my better age;
My bread shall be the anguish of my mynd,
My drink the tears which fro mine eyes do
rain,
My bed the ground that hardest I may fynd;
So will I wilfully increase my paine.

And she, my love that was, my saint that is,
When she beholds from her celestiall throne
(In which shee joyeth in eternall bliss)  230
My bitter penance, will my case bemoone,
And pitie me that living thus doo die;
For heavenly spirits have compassion
On mortall men, and rue their miserie.

So when I have with sorrow satisfiye
Th' importune Fates, which vengeance on me secke,
And th' Heavons with long languor pacifiye,
She, for pure pitie of my suffrance mecke,
Will send for me; for which I daily long;
And will fill then my painfull penance ceke.
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my under-

Henceforth I hate what ever Nature made,
And in her workmanship no pleasure finde,
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade;
So soone as on them blowes the northern winde,
They tarry not, but fit and fall away,

Ver. 318. Or who shall dight your bowres.] Who shall deck or prepare your bowres. Tod.
Leaving them behind but grief of mine,
And mocking such as think they long will stay.

St. I hate the Heaven, because it doth withhold
Me from my love, and eke my love from me;
I hate the earth, because it is the mould
Of fleshy slime and frail mortalitie;
I hate the fire, because to nought it eyes;
I hate the ayre, because sighes of it be;
I hate the sea, because it teares supplies.

I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, and not my love to see;
I hate the darkness and the dreamy night,
Because they breed sad balefulness in mee;
I hate all times, because, all times doo fly
So fast away, and may not stay bee,
But as a spedit post that passeth by.

I hate all men, and shun all womankinde;
The one, because as they wretched are;
The other, for because I doo not finde
My love with them, that want to be their starre:
And life I hate, because it will not last;
And death I hate, because it life doth marre;
And all I hate that is to come or past.

So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Because it changelth ever to and fro,
And never standeth in one certaine state,
But, still unstedfast, round about doth goe;
Like a mill-wheele in midst of miserie,
Driven with streames of wretchednesse and woe,
That dying lives, and living still does dye.

So doo I live, so doo I daylie die,
And pine away in self-consuming paine!
Sith she that did my vital powers supplicie,
And feeble spirits in their force mainataine,
Is fetched fro me, why seeke I to prolong
My wearie daies in dolour and disdainie?
Weep, Shepheard! weepe, to make my undersong.

Why doo I longer live in lives despight,
And doo not dye then in despiyte of death;
Why doo I longer see this lossthoms light
And doo in darkness not abridge my breath,
Sith all my sorrow shoulde have end thereby,
And care finde quiet! Is it so unmeet
To leave this life, or dolorous to dye?

To live I finde it deadly dolorous,
For life drawes care, and care continually woe;
Therefore to dye must needs be glorious,
And wishfull thing this sad life to forget:
But I must stay; I may it not amend,
My Daphne hence departing had me so;
She had me stay, till she for me did send.

Yet, whilst I in this wretched vale doo stay,
My wearie feete shall ever wandring be,
That still I may be ready on my way
When as her messenger doth come for me;
Ne will I rest my feete for febleness, Ne will I rest my limmes for frailtie,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heavinesse.

But, as the mother of the gods, that sought
For faire Eurydice, her daughter dere,
Throughout the world, with wofull heavie thought;
So will I travail whilst I tarry here,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,
Ne, when as drouping Titan draweth here
To loose his teeme, will I take up my inne.

Ne sleepe (the harbinger of waree wights)
Shall ever lodge upon mine eye-lids more;
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
Nor failing force to former strength restore:
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With Philumene, my fortune to deplore;
With Philumene, the partner of my plight.

And ever as I see the starre to fall,
And under ground to goe to give them light
Which dwell in darknesse, I to mind will call
How my fair starre (that shine on me so bright)
Fell solanie and faded under ground;
Since whose departure, day is turned to night,
And night without a Venus starre is found.

But soon as Day doth show his dewie face,
And calls forth men unto their toylsome trade,
I will withdraw me to some darksome place,
Or some dere cave, or solitarie shade;
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares unlade.
Weepe, Shepheard! weepe, to make my undersong.

Henceforth mine eyes shall never more behold
Faire thing on earth, ne feed on false delight
Of ought that framed is mortall mould,
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight;
For all I see is vale and transitorie.
Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,
But in a moment lose their grace and glory.

And ye, fond Men! on Fortunes wheel that ride,
Or in ought under heaven repose assurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honours pride,
Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will fly away;
For nought of them is yours, but th' only usance
Of a small time, which none ascertainment may.

And ye, true Lovers! whom desastrous channce
Hath farre exiled from your ladies grace,
To mourne in sorrow and sad sufferrance,
When ye doe heare me in that desert place
Lamenting loud my Daphnes elegie,
Help me to waile my miserable case,
And when life parts vouesafe to close mine eye.

And ye, more happie Lovers! which enjoy
The presence of your dearest loves delight,
When ye doe heare my sorrowfull annoyn
Yet pitie me in your empassion spright,
And thinke that such mishap, as chariot to mee,
May happen unto the most happiest wight;
For all mens states alike mustedfast be.
COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAINE.

"And ye, my fellow Shepheards! which do feed
Your carelesse flockes on hils and open plaines,
With better fortune than did me succeed,
Remember yet my undeserved plains;
And, when ye heare, that I am dead or shaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow swaines
That sad Alcyon dyde in lies discharge.

And, ye faire Damsels! shepheards deare delights,
That with your loves do their rude hearts possess,
When as my hearse shall happen to your sightes,
Vouchsafe to deck the same with cypressse;
And ever sprinkle brackish tears among,
In plie of my undeserve'd distressse,
The which, I wretch, endured have thus long.

And ye poore Pilgrims! that with restlesse toyle
Wearie your selves in wandering desert wayes,
Till that you come where ye your vows assoyle,
When passing by ye reade these wofull layes
On my grave written, rue your Daphnes wrong,
And mourne for me that languish out my dayes.
Cease, Shepherds! cease, and end thy undersong."

Thus when he ended his heavie plaint,
The heaviest plaint that ever I heard sound,
His cheekes went pale, and sprights began to faint,
As if againe he would have fallen to ground;
Which when I saw, I, stepping to him light,
Amouoved him out of his stonie swound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no waie recomforted would be,
Nor suffer solace to approach him nie,
But casting up a seditfull eie at me,
That in his trance I would not let him lie,
Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbered face,
As one disposed wilfullie to die,
That I sore griev'd to see his wretched case.

Tho when the pang was somewhat overpast,
And the outrageous passion high appeased,
I him desyre stith date was overcast,
And darke night fast approched, to be pleased
To turne aside unto my cabinet,
And staie with me, till he were better eased
Of that strong stound which him so sore beset.

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreate with me to staie,
But without taking leave he foorth did goe
With staggering pace and dismal looks dismay,
As if that Death he in the face had scene,
Or hellish vlags had met upon the way;
But what of him became I cannot weene.

COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAINE.

1595.

TO

THE RIGHT WORTHY AND NOBLE KNIGHT SIR WALTER RALEIGH,
CAPTAIN OF HER MAJESTIES GUARD, LORD WARDIN OF THE STANNERS, AND
LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTRY OF CORNWALL.

Sir,

That you may see that I am not alwaies yde as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupi'd,
or altogether undutiful, though not precisely efficacious, I make you present of this simple Pastorall,
unworthy of your higher concept for the meanesse of the stile, but agreeing with the truth in circumstance
and matter. The which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of paiment of the infinite debt, in which
I acknowledge my selue bounden unto you for your singular favours, and sundrie good turnses, shewed to
me at my late being in England; and with your good courtesie protect against the malice of evill
mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning. I pray continually
for your hapiness. From my house of Kilcolman, the 27. of December.

1591. [rather perhaps 1595.]

Yours ever humbly, ED. SP.

The shepheardes boy (best known by that name)*
That after Tityrus first sung his laye,
Lies of sweet love, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his custome was) upon a day,
Charming his eaten pipe unto his peres,
The shepheard swaines that did about him play:
Who all the while, with greedie listfull eares,

Did stand astonishd at his curious skill,
Like hartlesse deare, dismayd with thunders sound.
At last, when as he piped had his fill,
He rested him; and, sitting then around,
One of those gromes (a jolly grome was he,
As ever piped on an eaten reed,
And lov'd this shepheard dearest in degree,
Hight Hobbinol :) gan thus to him aecess.

"Colin, my liefe, my life, how great a losse

Ver. 2. — Tityrus] Chaucer. Torn.
COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGAIN.

Had all the shepherds nation by thy laek!
And I, poore swaine, of many, greatest crosse!
That, sithe thy Muse first since thy turning backe,
Was heard to sound as she was wont on hie,
Hast made us all so blessed and so blythe:
Whilst thou wast hence, all dead in dole did lie:
The woods were heard to waile full many a sythe,
And all their birds with silence to complain:
The fields with fadde flowers did seem to monnere,
And all their flocks from feeding to refraime:
The running waters wept for thy returne,
And all their fish with langoure did lament.
But now both woods and fields and floods revive,
Sith thou art come, their cause of meriment,
That us, late dead, hast made againe alive:
But were it not too painfull to repeat
The passed fortunes, which to thee befell
In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat,
Now at thy leisure them to us to tell.

To whom the shepheard gently answered thus;
"Fobbin, then, thontest me to thine cove;
For of good passed newly to diseases,
By dubble usurie doth twice renew it.
And since I saw that Angels blessed eie,
Her worlds bright sun, her heavens fairest light,
My mind, full of my thoughts satietie,
Doth feed on sweet contentement of that sight:
Since that same day in mought I take delight,
Ne feeling have in any earthly pleasure,
But in remembrance of that glorious bright,
My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall threasure.
Wake then, my pipe; my sleepe Muse, awake; Till I have told her praises lasting long:
Hobbin, then maist me to thine cove:
Harke then, ye tolly shepherds, to my song.

With that they all gan throng about him neare,
With hungrie cares to heare his harmonie:
The whiles their flocks, devoyd of dangers feare,
Did round about them feed at libertie.

"One day (quoth he) I sat, (as was my trade) Under the footes of Mole, that mountaine bore,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the coole shade Of the greene alders by the Mulhes shore:
There a strange shepheard channat to finde me out,
Whether allerd with my pipes delight,
Whose pleasant sound yarbled all about,
Or thither led by channat, I know not right:
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight, himselfe he did yellepe.
The Shepheard of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deep.
He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit;
And, when he heard the musicke which I made,
He found himselfe full greatly pleased at it:
Yet, remung my pipe, he looke in hond My pipe, before that remung of many,
And plaied theron; (for well that skill he cond.) Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.
He pipd, I sung; and, when he sung, I piped
By change of turnses, each making other mery:
Neither envying other, nor envied,
So pipped we, untill we both were weary.
There interrupting him, a bonie swaine,
That Cuddy hight, him thus atweene bespeak: "And, should it not thy realie course restraine,
I would request thee, Colin, for my sake,
To tell what thou didst sing, when he did plaie;
For well I weene it worth recounting was,
Whether it were some hymne, or morall tale,
Or carol made to praise thy loved lasse."

"Nor of my love, nor of my lasse, (quoth he) I then did sing, as then occasion fell;
For love had me forborne; forborne of me,
That made me in that desert choose to dwell.
But of my river Bregogs love I song.
Which to the shiny Mulla he did beare,
And yet doth beare, and ever will, so long
As water doth within his lancks appeare."

"Of fellowship (said then that bony Boy)
Record to us that lovely lay againe:
The stai whereof shall nought these cares annoy,
Who all that Colin makes do covet faigne."

"Heare then (quoth he) the tenor of my tale,
In sort as I to that shepheard told:
No leasing new, nor grandams fable stale,
But auncient truth confirme with credence old.

"Old father Mole, (Mole hight that mountain gray
That wails the northside of Armulla dale)
He had a daughter fresh as floure of May,
Which gave that name unto that pleasant vale;
Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so hight
The Nymph, which of that water course has charge,
That, springing out of Mole, doth run downe right To Buttervant, where, spreading forth at large,
It giveth name unto that auncient Cidie,
Which Kilenmullah cleped is of old;
Whose ragged rulers bred great rath and pitie.
To travellers, which it from far beheld,
Full faire she lovd, and was belovd full faire
Of her owne brother river, Bregog light,
So hight because of this deceitfull traine,
Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight.

But her old sire more carefull of her good,
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,
Which Allo hight, Broad-water called farre;
And wrought so well with his continual paine,
That he that river for his daughter wome:
The dowre agreed, the day assigned plaine,
The place appoincted where it should be done.
Nathesse the Nymph her former liking held;
For love will not be drawe, but must be ledde;
And Bregog did so well her fancie weld,
That her good will he got her first to wedde.
But for her father, sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she went,
And eke from far observd, with jealous eie,
Which way his course the wanton Bregog bent;
Him to deceive, for all his watchfull ward.

The wilke lover did devise this slight:
First into many parts his stream he did shar'd,
That, whilst the one was watcht, the other might
Passe unespide to meete her by the way;
And then, besides, those little streams so broken
He under ground so closely did convey,
That of their passage doth appeare no token,
Till they into the Mullakes water slide.
So secretly did he his love enioy:

Ver. 86. or morall tale.] Meaning his Faerie Queene. Todd.
Ver. 119. So hight because of this deceitfull traine.] The
tymology of Bregog, according to Libred, as Mr. Walker has observed to me, means, also, or lying. Todd.
Yet not so secret, but it was descur'd,
And told her father by a shepherd's boy,
Who, wondrous worth for that so foule despight,
In great avenge did roll downe from his hill
Huge mightie stones, which the encomber might 150
His passage, and his weter-courses spill.
So of a River, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scattered all to nought;
And, lost among those rocks into him rold,
Did lose his name: so deare his love he bought."

Which having said, him Thestyli bespake; 155
"Now by my life this was a merie lay,
Worthy of Colin self, that did it make.
But read now eke, of friendship I thee pray,
What dittie did that other shepheard sing:
For I do covet most the same to heare,
As men use most to covet forreigne thing."

"That shall I eke (quoth he) to you declare:
His song was all a lamentable lay
Of great unkindness, and of usage hard,
Of Cynthia the Ladie of the Sea,
Which from her presence faultlesse he debard.
And ever anon, with singalls rife,
He cryed out, to make his undersong:
"Ah! now, what hope is there of my life,
Whose story doth me pittie, when thou dost me wrong?"

Then gan a gentle bonnylass to speake,
That Marin hight; "Right well he sure did plaine,
That could great Cynthia's sory displeasure breake,
And move to take him to her grace agayne."

But tell on further, Colin, as beffel
Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence disnade.
"When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
(Quoth he) and each an end of singing made,
He gan to east great lyking to my lore,
And great deelyking to my backless lot,
That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.
The which to leave, thenceforth he counself mee,
Unmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,
And wend with him, his Cynthia to see;"

Whose grace was grete, and bounty most rewardfull.
Besides her pleasure skil in making well,
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
Such as all womankyd did far excel;
Such as the world admyr'd, and praised it:
So wthet with hope of grace, and hope ill,
He me perswaded forth with him to fare,
Nought takest I with me, but mine oaten quill:
Small needments else need shepheard to prepare.
So to the sea we came; the sea, that is
A water of worlds heaped up on hie,
Rolling like mountains in wide wilderness,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with howse erie.

"And is the sea (quoth Coridon) so fearfull?"

"Fearful much more (quoth he) then hart can fear."

Though wyld beasts with deep mouths gaping
Therin stall wait poor passengers to earce. [direfull
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
Before he die, alreadie dead with fear,
And yet would live with heart halfe stonic cold,

Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.
And yet as ghastly dreadfull, as it seems,
Bold men, presuming life for gain to sell,
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandering streames
Seek wais unknowne, wais leading down to hell.
For, as we stood there waiting on the strand,
Behold, an huge great vessell to us came,
Dancing upon the waters back to land;
As if it scornd the daunger of the same.
Yet was it but a woode frame and fraille,
Glewed together with some subtile matter.
Yet had it armes and wings, and head and talle,
And life to move it selfe upon the wateres.
Strange thing! how bold and swift the monster was,
That neither carr'd for wynd, nor hail, nor raine,
Nor swelving waves, but through them did passe
So proudly, that she made them roare againe.
The same aboard us gently did receive,
And without harme us farre away did bee,
So farre that land, our mother, us did leave,
And nought but sea and heaven to us appeare.
Then desperate we, and full of inward feare,
That shepheard I besought to me to tell,
Under what skye, or in what world we were,
In which I saw no living people dwell.
Who, me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the Regiment
Of a great shepheardesse, that Cynthia hight,
His liege, his Ladie, and his life Regent.—
"If then (quoth I) a shepheardesse she bee,
Where be the flockes and hearvs, which she doth
And where may I the hills and pastures see, (keep)
On which she useth for to feed her sheepe?"

"These be the hills, (quoth he) the surges lie,
On which faire Cynthia her shepheardes doth feed:
Her hearvs be thousand fishes with their firs,
Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.
Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chief,
Is Triton, blowing loud his wretched horn:
At sound whereof, they all for their relief
Wend too and fro at evening and at morn.
And Proteus eke with him does drive his heard
Of stinking scales and porepisses together,
With hoary head and droopying beard,
Compelling them which way he list, and whether.
And I, among the rest, of many least,
Have in the Ocean charge of the same;
Where I will live or die at her behest,
And serve and honour her with faithfull mind.
Besides an hundred Nymphs all heavenly borne,
And of immortal race, doe still attend
To wash faire Cynthia sheep, when they be shorne,
And fold them up, when they have made an end.
Those be the shephearders which my Cynthia serve
At sea, beside a thousand mee at land:"

For land and sea my Cynthia dost desire
To have in her commandance and in her hand.

Thereat I wondred much, till, wonderfull more
And more, at length we land far off descryde:
Which sight much gladde me; for much afore
I feared, least land we never should have eyde:
Thereto we ship her course directly bent,
As if the way she perfectly had knowne.
We Lunday passe; by that same name is meant
An island, which the first to west was showne.
Thence another world of land we kend,
Floting amid the sea in leopard.
And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,
Against the sea encroaching cruel.

Ver. 188. — in making well.] In poetical composition. Puttenham highly commends, as "passing sweete and harmonious," a Ditty by his Majesty; which is reprinted in Ellis's Specimens of the Early English Poets; and in Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, her verses, written with charcoal on a shutter while she was prisoner at Woodstock, are reprinted from a corrected copy of them as preserved by Henshaw. Tove.
Those same the shepherd told me, were the fields
In which dame Cynthia her handfast fed:
Faire goodly fields, then which Armulla yields
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.
The first, to which we nigh approached, was
An high headland thrust far into the sea,
Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
Yet seemed to be a goodly pleasant lea:
There did a loftie mount at first us greet,
Which did a stately hanpe of stones uprearre,
That seemd amid the surges for to fle.

Much greater then that frame, which us did heare:
There did our ship her fruitfull harkes undeale,
And put us all ashore on Cynthia land.
"What land is that then measths,(then Cuddy sayd)
And is there other then whereon we stand?"
"Ah! Cuddy, (then quoth Colin) thons a fen,
That hast not scene least part of natures worke:
Much more there is unkend then thon doest kon,
And much more that does from mens knowledge lurke.

For that same land much larger is then this,
And other men and beasts and birds doth feed:
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, fresh herbage is,
And all things else that living creatures need.
Besides most goodly rivers there appeare,
No what inferior to thy Fanchines praise,
Or unto Allo, or to Mulla clear:
Nought last thou, foolish boy, scene in thy daies."
"But if that land be there (quoth he) as here,
And is thyer heaven likewise there all one?
And, if like heaven, be heavenly graces there,
Like as in this same world where we done wone?"

"Both heaven and heavenly graces do much more
(Quoth he) abound in that same land then this.
For there all happy peace and plentiful store
Conspire in one to make contented blisse:
No wayling there nor wretchedness is heard,
No bloody issues nor no leporises,
No griesly famine, nor no raging sword,
No nightly bodrags, nor no hue and cries;"
The shepheardes there abred may safely lie,
On hills and downes, withouten dread or damager:
No ravenous wolves the good mans hope destroy,
Nor outlaws fell affray the forest rauenger.
There learned arts do flourish in great honor,
And all the wits are had in pecells price:
Religion hath at first the harkes upon her,
Advancing vertue and suppressing vice.
For end, all good, all grace there freedy growes,
Had people grace it gratefully to use:
For God his gifts there plentiously bestowes,
But graeesesse men them greatly do abuse."

"But say on further, then said Corylas,
The rest of thine adventures, that beteddy."

"Fourth on our voyage we by land did passe,
(Quoth he) as that same shepheard still us gyved,
Untill that to Cynthiaes presence came:
Whose glorie greater then my simple thought,
I found much greater then the former fame;
Such greatness I cannot compare to ought:
But if I her like ought on earth might read,
I would her lyken to a crowne of hilles,
Upon a virgin braydes adorned head,
With roses dight and goolds and daффadillies;"

Or like the circlet of a turtle true,
In which all colours of the rainbow bee;
Or like faire Phebes garland shining new,
In which all pure perfection one may see.
But vaine it is to thinke, by pargone
Of earthly things, to juge of things divine:
Her power, her mercy, and her wisdome, none
Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define.
Why then do I, base shepheard, bold and blind,
Presume the things so sacred to prophane?
More fit it is I adore, with humble mind,
The image of the heavens in shape humane."

With that Alexis broke his tale asunder,
Saying: "By wondering at thy Cynthiaes praise,
Colin, thy selfe thou makst us more to wonder,
And her upraising doest thyl selfe upraise.
But let us heare what grace she showed thee,
And how that shepheard strange thy cause ad
dvanced."
That seems, with none of them thou favor foundest, Or art ingratitude to each gentle maid, That none of all their due deserts resoundest.”

"Ah far be it (quoth Colin Clout) fro me, That I of gentle mayds should ill deserve; For that my selfe I do profess to be Vassall to one, whom all my dayes I serve; The beame of beantie sparkled from above, The flour of vertue and pure chastitie, The blossom of sweet joy and perfect love, The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie: To her my thoughts I daily dedicate, To her my heart I nightly martyrize, To her my love I lowly do prostrate, To her my life I wholly surrender, My thought, my heart, my love, my life is sleek, And I hers ever onely, ever one: One ever I all vowed hers to bee, One ever I, and others never none.”

Then thus Melissa said; “Thrice happie Mayd, Whom thou dost so enforce to defile: That woods, and hills, and valleys thou hast made Her name to echo unto heaven hie. But say, who else vouesafed thee of grace !”

“Then they all (quoth he) me graced goodly well, That all I praise in the highest place, Urania, sister unto Astroffel, In whose brave mynd, as in a golden cofer, All heavenly gifts and riches locked are; More rich then pearls of Ynde, or gold of Opher, And in her sex more wonderfull and rare.

Ne lesse praise-worthie I Theana read, Whose goodly beams though they be over dight With mourning stole of careful wydowhead, Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright; She is the well knowne, and most brave mynd, Excelling most in glorie and great light; She is the ornament of womankind, And courts chief garland with all vertues dight.

Therefore great Cynthia her in chiefest grace Doth hold, and next unto her selfe advance, Well worthie of so honourable place, For her great worth and noble governance. Ne lesse praise-worthie is her sister deare, Faire Marian, the Muses onely desiring:

Whose beautie shyneth as the morning creepe, With silver dewe upon the rose pearling. Ne lesse praise-worthie is Mansitien, Best knowne by bearing up great Cynthiaes traine: That same is she to whom Daphnaida
Upon her neeces death I did complaine: She is the paterne of true womanhood, And onely mirrhor of feminitie.

Worthie next after Cynthia to tread, As she is next her in nobilitie. Ne lesse praise-worthie Galatea seemes, Then best of all that honourable save.

Faire Galatea with bright shining beams, Inflamming feeble eyes that her do view. She there then waited upon Cynthia, Yet there is not her won; but here with us About the borders of our rich Coshma, Now made of Ma, the Nymph delitions. Ne lesse praiseworthie faire Neegra is, Neegra ours, not theirs, though there she be; For of the famous Shure, the Nymph she is, For high desert, advaunst to that degree. She is the blossom of grace and curiesse, Adorned with all honourable parts:

She is the branch of true nobilitie.
Belov'd of high and low with faithfull harts.  
Ne lesse praiseworthy Stella do I read,  
Though nought my prais of her needed are,  
Whom verse of noblest shephard lately dead  
Hath praise'd and rais'd above each other starre.  
Ne lesse praiseworthy are the sisters three,  
The honor of the noble famillie:  
Of which I meanest boast my selfe to be,  
And most that unto them I am so nigh:  
Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis;  
Phyllis, the faire, is eldest of the three:  
The next to her is bountifull Charillis:  
But th' youngest is the highest in degree.  
This proue of vare perfection,  
Faire spreading forth her leaves with fresh delight,  
That, with their beauties amorous reflexion,  
Bereave of sense each rash beholders sight.  
But sweet Charillis is the paragone  
Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise,  
Admyr'd of all, yet envied of none.  
Thombs, with rightfull temperance of her goodly rais.  
Thrice hapie do I hold thee, noble swaine,  
The which art of so rich a spoile possessest,  
And, it embracing deare without disdainse,  
Hast sole possession in so chaste a breast:  
Of all the shephards daughters which there bee,  
And yet there be the fairest under skie,  
Or that elsewhere I ever yet did see,  
A fairer Nymph yet never saw mine eie:  
She is the pride and primrose of the rest,  
Made by the Maker selfe to be admired;  
And like a goodly beacon high address,  
That is with sparks of heavenlie beaurie fired.  
But Amaryllis, whether fortunate  
Or else unfortunate may I heare,  
That freed is from Cupids yoke by fate,  
Since which she doth new bands adventure dread;—  
Shephard, what ever thou hast heard to be  
In this or that praysd diversly apart,  
In her thou mast them all assembled see,  
And scall it up in the thresure of her hart.  
Ne thee lesse worthie, gentle Flavia,  
For thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme;  
Ne thee lesse worthie, courteous Candida,  
For thy true love and loyaltie I deeme.  
Besides yet many no that Cynthia serve,  
Right noble Nymphs, and high to be commended:  
But, if I all should praise as they deserve,  
This sun would faile me ere I halfe had ended.  
Therefore, in closure of a thankfull mynd,  
I deeme it best to hold eternally  
Their bounteous deeds and noble favours shrynd,  
Then by discourse them to indifferent.  
So having said, Aglaura him bespake:  
"Come, well worthie were those goodly favours  
Bestowed on thee, that so of them doest make,  
And them requitest with thy thankfull labours.  
But of great Cynthiaes goodnesse, and high grace,  
Finish the storie which thou hast beginnè."  
"More eath (quoth he) it is in such a case  
How to begin, then know how to have done.  
For everie gift, and everie goodly meed,  
Which she on me bestowed, demands a day;  
And everie day, in which she di'd a deed,  
Demands a yeare it duly to display.  
Her words were like a streame of bonny fleeting,  
The which doth softly trickle from the hive:  
Hable to melt the hearers heart unweating,  
And eke to make the dead againe alive.  
Her deeds were like great clusters of nine grapes,  
Which load the banches of the fruitfull vine;  
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,  
And fill the same with store of timely wine.  
Her looks were like beames of the morning sun,  
Forth looking through the windows of the east,  
When first the fleemie entall have begun  
Upon the pereld grasse to make their feast.  
Her thoughts are like the flame of francelicenece,  
Which from a golden censer forth doth rise,  
And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro thence  
In rolling globes up to the vauing skyes.  
There she beholds, with high aspiring thought,  
The cradle of her owne creation,  
Emongst the seats of angels heavenly wrought,  
Much like an angel in all forme and fashion."  
"Colin, (said Cuddy then) thou hast forgot  
Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie:  
Such loftie flight base shephard seemeth not,  
From flocks and fields, to angels and to skie."  
"True, (answered he) but her great excellency,  
Lifts me above the measure of my might:  
That, being filld with furious insolence,  
I feele my selfe like one yrap't in spright.  
For when I think of her, as oft I ought,  
Then want I words to speake it fitly forth:  
And, when I speake of her what I have thought,  
I cannot thinke according to her worth.  
Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,  
So long as life my limbs doth hold together;  
And, when as death these vitall bands shall break,  
Her name recorded I will leave for ever.  
Her name in everie tree I will endessse.  
That, as the trees do grow, her name may grow:  
And in the ground each where will it engresse,  
And fill with stones, that all men may it know.  
The speaking woods, and murmuring waters fall,  
Her name I teach in knowne termes to frame:  
And eke my lambs, when for their dams they call,  
I teach to call for Cynthia by name.  
And, long while after I am dead and rotten,  
Amongst the shephards daughters dancing round,  
My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,  
But sung by them with flowing larks round.  
And ye, who so ye be, that shall survive,  
When as ye heare her memory renewed,  
Be witsesse of her bountie here alive,  
Which she to Colin her poore shephard shewed."  
Much was the whole assembly of those heards  
Moo'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake:  
And stood awhile astonisht at his words,  
Till Thestyllis at last their silence brake,  
Saying: "Why Colin, since thou foundest such grace  
With Cynthia and all her noble crew;  
Why didst thou ever leave that happie place,  
In which such wealth might unto thee accrew;  
And back returnest to this barrein soyle,  
Where cold and care and penury do dwell,  
Here to keep shepche, with hunger and with toyle?  
Most wretched be, that is and cannot tell."  
"Happie indeed (said Colin) I him hold,  
That may that blessed presence still enjoy,  
Of fortunate and of envy uncomptrold,  
Which still are wont most happie states t' annoy:  
But I, by that which little while I provved,  
Some part of those enormities did see."
The which in court continually hooed, 660
And followed those which happy secon'd to bee. 662
Therefore 1, sily man, whose former days
Had in rude fields benc altogether spent,
Durst not adventure such unknowne wayes,
Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment;
But rather chose back to my sheep to tourne,
Whose utmost hardinesse I before had tryed,
Then, having learned repentence late, to mourn.

"Shepheard, (said Thystyls) it seemes of spight
Thou speakest thus against their felicite,
Which thou enviest, rather then of right
That ought in them blameworthie thou dost spie."

"Cause have I none (quoth he) of canceled will
To quite them ill, that me demand of so wel:
But selfe-regard of private good or ill
Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell
And eke to warne yong shepheards wandering wit,
Which, through report of that lives painted blisse,
Abounds in faire, to seeme and see,
And leave their lambes to losse misled amisse.
For, sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
For shepheard fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seeks with malice, and with strife,
To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
Himselfe to raise: and he doth soonest rise
That best can handle his deceitfull wit
In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,
Either by slanndring his well deeme'd name,
Through leasings lewd, and fained forgere;
Or else by breeding him some bold of blame,
By creaping close into his secrete;
To which he needs a guilefull hollow hart,
Masked with faire resembling curtesie,
A field toung furnisht with tearmes of art,
No art of schoole, but courtiers schooleiry.
For arts of schoole have there small countenance,
Counted but toyes to basie ydle braines;
And therre professors find small maintenance,
But to be instruments of others gains.
Ne the repose of any good man
Unlesse, to please, it selte it can applie;
But sholdred is, or out of doore quite shit,
As base, or blunt, unmeet for melodie.
For each mauns worth is measured by his weed,
As harts by hornes, or asses by their eares:
Yet asses been not all whose cares exceed,
Nor yet all harts that horns the highest bears.
For highest lookes have not the highest mynd,
Nor haughtie words most full of highest thoughts:
That are like bladders blowen up with wynd,
That being prickt do vanish into noughts.
Even such is all their vaunted vantidie,
Nought else but smoke, that fineth some away:
Such is their glorie that in simple eie
Seeme greatest, when their garments are most gay.
So they themselfes for praise of foole do sell,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall;
With price whereof they buy a golden bell,
And purchase highest rowneis in bower and hall:
Whiles single Truth and simple Honesie
Do wander up and downe despy'sd of all;
Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry
Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call."

"Ah Colin, (then said Hobbinol) the blame
Which thou imputest, is too general,
As if not any gentle wit of name
Nor honest mynd might there be found at all.
For well I wot, sigh I my selfe was there,
To wait on Lobbin, (Lobbin well thou knowest)
Full many worse thy there then whenning were,
As ever else in princes court thou west.
Of which, among you many yet remaine,
Those names I cannot readily now gessse:
That those that poore Sirs papers preserve,
And those that skill of medicine professe,
And those that do to Cynthia expond
The ledden of strange languages in charge:
For Cynthia doth in sciences abound,
And gives to their professors stipends large.
Therefore unjustly thou doest wyte them all,
For that which thou miskledest in a few."

"Blame is (quoth he) more blamelesse generell,
That which private errours doth pursce;
For well I wot, that there amongst them bee
Full many persons of right wittie soules,
Both for report of spotlesse honestie,
And for profession of all learned arts,
Whose praise hereby no whitt impaired is,
Though blame do light on those that faultie bee;
For all the rest do most what far amiss,
And yet their owne misfaring will not see:
For either they be puffed up with pride,
Or fraught with envie that their galls do swell,
Or they their days ye llennesse divide,
Or drownded lie in pleasures wasteful mire,
In which like moldwarps nouising still they lurke,
Unmindfull of chiefe parts of manliesse;
And do themselves, for want of other worke,
Vaine votaries of lascie Love professe,
Whose service high so basely they enuse,
That Cupid selfe of them ashamed is,
And, mustring all his men in Venus yew,
Denies them quite for servitors of his."

"And is Love then (said Corylas) once knowingly
In Court, and his sweet love professed there
I might have well could he not have deserted me,
And only woon in fields and forest here:
Not so, (quoth he) Love most abundeth there.
For all the walls and windows there are witt,
All full of love, and love, and love my deare,
And all their talke and studie is of it.
Ne any there doth brave or valiant seeue,
Unlesse that some gay Mistresse badge he bearas:
Ne any one himselfe doth ought esteemee,
Unlesse he swim in love up to the eares.
But they of Love, and of his sacred here,
(As it should be) all otherwise devise,
Then we poore shepherds are accustomd here,
And him do sue and serve all otherweise.
For with lewed speeches, and licentious deeds,
His mightie mysteries they do prophane,
And use his ydle name to other needs,
But as a complement for courting vaine.
So him they do not serve as they professe,
But make him serve to them for sorcild uses:
Ah I my dread Lord, that does liege hearts possess,
A shame thy selfe on them for their abuses,
But we poore shepherds whether rightly so,
Or through our rudenesse into error led,
Do make religion how we rashly go
To serve that god, that is so greatly dreed;"
For him the greatest of the gods we deeme,
Borne without syre or couple of one kynd; 860
For Venus selfe doth solely couples seeme,
Both male and female through commixture loyed:
So pure and spotlesse Cupid forth she brought,
And in the Gardens of Adonis must:
Where growing he his owne perfection wrought,
And shortly was of all the gods the first.
Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
In which so fell and puissant he grew,
That love himselfe his powre began to dread,
And, taking up to heaven, him godded new.
From thence he shootes his arrowes every where
Into the world, at-random as he will:
On us frail men, his wretched vassals here,
Like as himselfe us pleaseth save or spill.
So we him worship, so we him adore
With humble hearts to heaven uplifted hie,
That to true loves he may us overmore
Preferre, and of their grace us dignifie:
Ne is there shepheard, ne yet shepheards swaine,
What ever feeds in forest or in field,
That dare with evil deed or leasing vaine
Blesphame his powre, or termes unmeete yield.
"Shepheard, it seemeth that some celestiall range
Of love (quoth Cuddy) is breath'd into thy breaste,
That powreth forth these oracles so sage
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art possesse.
But never wist I till this present day,
Albe of Love I always humbly deemed,
That he was such an one, as thou dost say,
And so religiously to esteme.
Well may it seeme, by this thy deep insight,
That of that god the priest thou shouldest bee:
So well thou wootst the mysterie of his might,
As it is godhead, thou dost present see.
"Of Loves perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed (said Colin) passeth reasons reach,
And needs his priest v extresse his powre divine.
For long before the world he was ybore,
And bred above in Venus bosome deare:
For by his powre the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appear.
For how should else things so far from attone,
And so great enemies as of them bee,
Be ever drawn thegither into one
And tangle in such accordance to agree?
Through him the cold began to covet heat,
And water fire; the light to monte on hie,
And th' heavie downe to peize; the hungry v eat,
And voydnesse to seeke full satiety.
So, being former foes, they waxed friends,
And gan by little learne to love each other:
So, being knit, they brought forth other kynds
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
Then first gan heaven out of darknesse dread
For to appear, and brought forth charfull day:
Next gan the earth to shew her naked head,
Out of deep waters which her dwind awaye:
And, shortly after, everie living wight
Crept forth like wormes out of her slimie nature.
Soone as on them the suns life-giving light
Had poured kindly heat and formall feature,
Therefrom they gan each one his like to love,
And like himselfe desire for to beget;
The lyon chose his mate, the turtle dove
Her deare, the dolphin his owne dolphinet;
But many, that had the sparks of reason might
More then the rest to rule his passion.

Chose for his love the fairest in his sight,
Like as himselfe was fairest by creation:
For Beautie is the bayt which with delight
Doth man allure to for to enlarge his kynd;
Beautie, the burning lamp of heavens light,
Darting her beams into each feeble mynd;
Against whose powre, nor God nor man can fynd
Defence, ne w ard the danger of the wound;
But, being hurt, seeketh to be medicyn
Of her that first did stir that mortall stownd.
Then do they cry and call to Love space,
With prayers lowe impuring the skie,
Whence he them hiraces; and, when he list shew grace,
Does grant them grace that otherwise should die.
So Love is lord of all the world by right,
And rules their creatures by his powrfull saw:
All being made the vassalls of his might.
Through secret sence which thereof they doth draw.
Thus ought all lovers of their lord to deeme:
And with chaste heart to honor him alway:
But who so else doth otherwise esteme,
Are outlaws, and his love do disloy.
For their desire is base, and doth not merit
The name of love, but of dialoyall lust:
Ne mongst true lovers they shall place inherit,
But as exuls out of his court he must.
So having said, Melissa spake at will;
"Colin, thon now full deelys hast divyned
Of Love and Beautie; and, with wondrous skill,
Hast Cupid selfe depainted in his kynd.
To thee are all true lovers greatly bound,
That doest their cause so mightily defend:
But most, all women are thy debtors found,
That doest their bountie still so much command.
"Thall ill (said Hobbinol) they him require,
For having loved ever one most deare:
He is repayd with scorn and foule despe,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth here.
"Indeed (said Lucid) I have often heard
Faire Rosalind of divers lowly blamed
For being to that swaine too cruel hard;
That her bright glorie else hath much defamed.
But who can tell what cause had that faire Mayd
To use him so that used her so well;
Or who with blame can lustily her upbrayd,
For loving not? for who can love compell?
And, sooth to say, it is foolhardy thing,
Rashly to wytien creatores so divine;
For demiogos they be and first did spring
From heaven, though graunt in fraulnesse feminine.
And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
How one, that fairest Helene did revile,
Through judgement of the gods to been ywroken,
Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long while,
Till he recantet had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praise.
 Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes,
How rashly blame of Rosalind ye raise.
"Ah! shepheards, (then said Colin) ye ne weet
How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,
To make so bold a doome, with words unmeet,
Of things celestiall which ye never saw.

Ver. 804. — by his powerfull saw:} Sentence, decree.
T. WARTON.
Ver. 906. That yrkes each gentle heart:} That grieveth each gentle heart. TEOD.
Ver. 920. How one & c.} He speaks of the poet Sisicchotus. JORTIN.
ASTROPHEL.

A PASTORALL ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE AND VALOROUS KNIGHT, SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST BEAUTIFULL AND VERTUOUS LADIE, THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

Shepheards, that wont, on pipes of eaten reed,
Oft times to plaine your loves conceiued smart;
And with your pitious layes have learnd to breed
Compassion in a country lasses hart:
Hearken, ye gentle shepheards, to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint your plaints among.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfullst verse that ever man heard tell:
To you whose softned hearts it may emprise

A gentle Shepheard borne in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that ever shepheard bore,
About the grassie bancks of Hamony,
Did kepe his sheep, his little stock and store.
Full carefully he kept them day and night,
In fairest fields; and Astrophel he bught.

Young Astrophel, the pride of shepheards praise,
Young Astrophel, the rusticke lasses love;
Far passing all the pastors of his race,
In all that seemly shepheard might behove.
In one thing onely fayling of the best,
That he was not so happie as the rest.

Far from the time that first the Nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her hands to feed;
A scelerate swaine, excelling far each other,
In comely shape, like her that did him breed.
He grew up fast in goodness and in grace,
And doubly faire woze both in mynd and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentel usage and demeanure myld:
That all mens hearts with secret ravishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguylid.

With odours dart for death of Astrophel,
To you I sing and to none other wight,
For well I wet my rymes bene rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nyuer wit
Shall hap to heare, or covet them to read:
Think he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living but the dead.
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be mou'd to pity such a case.

Ne Spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his loves innocent,
Sweet without sover, and homy without gall:
And he himselfe second made for meritum,
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
When Astrophel so ever was away.

For he could pipe, and dauce, and caroll sweet,
Emongst the shepheards in their shearing feast;
As somers lark thee that with her song doth greet
The dawning day forth comming from the East.
And layes of love he also could compose:
Thrice happie she, whom he to praise did chose.

Full many Maydens often did him woo,
Them to vouchsafe amongst his rimes to name,
Or make for them as he was wont to doo.
For her that did his heart with love inflame.
For which they promised to dight for him
Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a Nymph both of the wood and brooke,
Soone as his eaten pipe began to shrill,
Both christall wells and shade groves forsooke.

Ver. 941. — paravant.] Publicly. Toon.
ASTROPHEL.

To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill;  
And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,  
Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,  
Yet Woodgods for them often sighed sore:  
Ne for their gifts unworthy of his wit,  
Yet not unworthy of the countries store.

For one alone he cared, for one he sigh’d,  
His lives desire, and his deare delights.

Stella the faire, the fairest star in skie,  
As faire as Venus or the fairest faire,  
(A faire star saw never living eie,)  
Shot her sharp pointed beams through purest aire.

Her he did love, her he alone did honor,  
Her thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all upon her.

To her he vowed the service of his daies,  
On her he spent the riches of his wit:  
For he made hymnes of immortall praise,  
Of onely he she sung, he thought, he writ.

Her, and but her, of love he worthie deemed;  
For all the rest but little he esteemed.

Ne her with ydle words alone he vowed,  
And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine,)  
But with brave deeds to her sole service vowed,  
And bold achievements her did entertaine.

For both in deeds and words he nourrsted was,  
Both wise and hardie, (too hardie alas!)  
In wrestling nimble, and in running swift,

In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong:  
Well made to strike, to throw, to leap, to lift.

And all the sports that shepheards are emong:  
In every one he vanquiished every one,  
He vanquiished all, and vanquished was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicitie  
Or rather infeliciti he found,  
That every field and forest far away  
He sought, where salvage beasts do most abound.

No beast so salvag but he could it kill,  
No chase so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill, mateht with such courage as he had,  
Did prickt him forth with proud desire of praise,  
To seek abroad, of dauner nought y’drad,  
His mistresse name, and his owne fame, to raise.

What needeth perill to be sought abroad,  
Since, round about us, it doth make abound  
It forstuned as he that perilous game  
In fororne soyle pursued far away;  
Into a forest wide and waste he came,  
Where store he heard to be of salvag pray.

So wide a forest and so waste as this,  
Nor famous Ardeyn, nor fowle Arlo, is.

There his welwoven toyles, and subtill trains,  
He laid the brutish nation to enwrap:  
So well he wrought with practise and with pains,  
That he of them great troops did soone entrap.

Full happie man (misweening much) was hee,  
So rich a spoile within his power to see.

Eftsoones, all headlesse of his dearest hale,  
Full greedily into the heard he thrust,  
To slaughter them, and workre their finall hale,  
Least that his toyle should of their troupes be brust.

Wide woundes enmogent them many one he made,  
Now with his sharp borespear, now with his blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill,  
That none might scape, (so partiall unto none:)  
Ill mynd so much to mynd anotheres ill,  
As to become unmyndfull of his owne.

But pardon that unto the cruel skyes,  
That from himselfe to them withdrew his eies.

So as he rag’d emongst that beastly rout,  
A cruell beast of most accursed brood.

Upon him turnd, (despeyre makes eows to stout,)  
And, with fell tooth accustomed to blood,

Lammeched his thigh with so mischevous might,  
That it both bone and muscles ryved quight.

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,  
And so huge streames of blood thereout did flow,  
That he endured not the direfull stound,

But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw;  
The whites the captive heard his nets did rend.

And, having none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while his shepheard peares,  
To whom alive was nought so deare as lee;  
And ye faire Mayds, the matches of his yeres,

Which in his grace did boast you most to bee!  
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need,  
To stop his wound that wondrouly did bleed!

Ah! wretched boy, the shape of derryhead,  
And sad ensemble of mans suddain end:  
Full little faieth but thou shalt be dead,  
Unpited, unplaynd, of foe or frend!

Whilst none is nigh, thine eylids up to close,  
And kisse thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort of shepheards sewing of the chace,  
As they the forest raunged on a day,

By fate or fortune came unto the place,  
Where as the luckesse boy yet bleeding lay;  
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,

Had not good hap those shepheards thether led.

They stope his wound, (too late to stop it was!)  
And in their armes then softly did him reare:  
Tho (as he wild) unto his loved lasse,  
His dearest love, him doefully did care.

The dolefulst biree that ever man did see,  
Was Astrophel, but dearest unto mee!

She, when she saw her Love in such a plight,  
With erdid blood and filthie gore deformed,  
That wont to be with flowers and gyrlonds light,  
And her deare favours dearly well adorned;  
Her face, the fairest face that eye mote see,

She likewise did deforme like him to bee.

Ver. 103. — %Ole.] Welfare, Sax. hael., sanitas, salus.

Ver. 139. A sort of shepheards &c.] A company of shepheards, &c. F. WARTON.

Ver. 55. Stella the faire, &c.] This means Sir Philip’s beloved mistress, as the name Astrophel points out Sir Philip himself. TOD.
THE DOLEFULL LAY OF CLORINDA.

Then to my selfe will I my sorrow mourn,
Sith none alive like sorrowfull remaines:
And to my selie my plaints shall back retourn,
To pay their usury with doubled paines.
The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall resound
The mournefull accent of my sorrowes ground.

Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:
And all the fiches do waile their widow state,
Sith death their fairest floure did late depace.
And the fairest floure in field that ever grew
Was Astrophel; that was, we all may rew.

What cruel hand of cursed foe unknowne,
Hath cropt the stake which borne so faire a floure?

Ver. 215. Which least I marre the sweetnesse of the vearse,
In sort as she it sung I will rehearse.] From this avowal I conclude that the following poem was not
written by Spenser, but by the sister of Sir Philip, the
accomplished Mary Countess of Pembroke, here poetically
called Clarinda. All the subsequent poems on the death of
Sir Philip are evidently a collection brought together by
Spenser. Tonn.

THE DOLEFULL LAY OF CLORINDA.

Ay me, to whom shall I my case complaine,
That may compassion my impatient griefe!
Or where shall I unfold my inward paine,
That my enriven heart may find reliefe!
Shall I unto the heauenly powres it show
Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

To heavens ah! they alas! the authors were,
And workers of my unremedied wo:
For they foresee what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffered this be so.
From them comes good, from them comes also ill,
That which they made, who can them warne to spill!

To men ah! they alas like wretched bee,
And subject to the heavens ordinance:
Bound to abide what ever they decreed,
Their best redresse, is their best sufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,
The which no lesse need comforted to bee!

Ver. 178. her make] Mate, companion; the old word. Tonn.
Untimely cropt, before it well were growne,
And cleanly defaced in untimely hourre.
Great losse to all that ever him did see,
Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee!

Broke now your gyrlonds, O ye shepheardes lasses,
Sith the faire flowre, which them adorn'd, is gon:
The flowre, which them adorn'd, is gone to ashes,
Never againe let lasse put gyrlond on.
In stead of gyrlond, weare sad Cypress nowe,
And bitter Elders, broken from the bowe.
Ne ever sing the love-layes which he made,
Who ever made such layes of love as bee!
Ne ever read the riddles, which he sayd
Unto your selves, to make you merry glee.
Your merry glee is now laid all abed,
Your merry maker now alas! is dead.

Death, the devourer of all worlds delight,
Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my joy:
Both you and me, and all the world he quight
Hath robl of ioyance, and left sad annoy.
Joy of the world, and shepheardes pride was bee!
Shepheardes, hope never like againe to see!
Oh Death! that bast us of such riches rest,
Tell us at least, what hast thou with it done?
What is become of him whose flowre here left
Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone?
Searce like the shadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pas.

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestiall grace,
By soveraine choice from th' hevenly quires select,
And lineall deriv'd from Angels race,
O! what is now of it become aeraed.
Ay me, can so divine a thing be dead!
Ah! no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aie, in blissfull Paradise:
Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie,
In bed of lillies wrapt in tender wise;

And compast all about with roses sweet,
And daintie violets from head to feet.
There thousand birds all of celestiall brood,
To him do sweetly caroll day and night;
And with strange notes, of him well understood,
Lull him a sleep in angelick delight;
Whilst in sweet dreames to him presented bee
Immortall beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their divine aspects, appearing plaine,
And kindling love in him above all measure,
Sweet love still ioynes, never feeling paine.
For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
He may enjoy from jealous ranour free.

There liveth he in everlasting bliss,
Sweet Spirit never fearing more to die:
Ne dreading harne from any foses of his,
Ne fearing salvage beasts more crucetie.
Whilst we here, wretches, waile his private lack,
And with vaine vowes do often call him back.
But live thou there, still happie, happie Spirit,
And give us leave thee here thus to lament!
Not thee that dost thy hevenous ioy inherit,
But our owne selves that here in dole are drent.
Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our cies,
Mourning, in others, our owne miseries.

Which when she ended had, another swaine
Of gentle wit and daintie sweet device,
Whom Astrophel full deare did entertaine,
Whilst here he liv'd, and held in passing price,
Hight Thestylis, began his mournfull tourne:
And made the Muses in his song to mourn.

And after him full many other moe,
As everie one in order lov'd him best,
Gan dignit themselves to express their inward woe,
With dolefull layes unto the time adrest.
The which I here in order will rehearse,
As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse.

THE MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS*.

COME forth, ye Nymphes, come forth, forsake your
warry bowres,
Forsake your mossie caves, and help me to lament:
Help me to tune my dolefull notes to gurgling sound
Of Lillies tumbling streames: Come, let salt teares
of ours,
Mix with his waters fresh. O come, let one consent
joyne us to mourne, with wailfull plaints the deadly
wound.

* In 1597, the following license, among others, was
granted by the Stationers' Company to John Wolf, printer,
viz. "The mourning Muses of Lod. Drysket upon the death
of the most noble Sir Phillip Sydney knight &c." Tott.
Alas, And earthly carasse have thy service sought t' advance;
If my desire have bene still to relieve th' opprest;
If justice to maintaine that valour I have spent
Which thou me gav'st; or if henceforth I might advance
Thy name, thy truth, then spare me (Lord) if thou think best;
Forbeare these unripe yeares. But if thy will be bent,
If that prefixed time be come which thou hast set;
Through pure and fervent faith, I hope now to be plant
In th' everlasting bliss, which with thy precious blood
Thou purchase didst for us." With that a sigh he set,
And straight a cloudie mist his sences overcast;
His lips waxe pale and wan, like damaske roses bud Cast from the stalle, or like in field to purple flowre,
Which languisheth being shred by culter as it past. A trembling chilly cold ran through their veins, which were
With cies brimfull of teares to see his fatal howre,
Whose blustering sighes at first their sorrow did declare,
Next, murmuring ensude; at last they not forbeare Plaine outcries, all against the heav'n that enviously Depri'd us of a spright so perfect and so rare.
The Sun his lightsom beames did shrowd, and hide his face
For grieve, whereby the earth feard night eternally:
The mountaines eachwhiere shooke, the rivers turn'd their streames,
And th' aire gan winterlike to rage and fret apace:
And grisly ghosts by night were scene, and fierie gleames,
Amid the clouds with claps of thunder, that did scene [afear'd]
To rent the skies, and made both man and beast
The birds of ill presage this lucklesse chancie foretold,
By durnfull noise; and dogs with howling made man deeme
Some mischief was at hand; for such they do escone
As tokens of mishap, and so have done of old.
Ah! that thou hast but heard his lovely Stella plane [there, her greevous losse, or scene her heavie mourning
While she, with woo opprest, her sorrowes did unfold.
Her haire hung lose, neglect, about her shoulders twaine;
And from those two bright starres, to him sometime so deere
[downe]
Her heart sent drops of pearle, which fell in foyson
Twixt lilly and the rose. "She wrong her hands
with paine, and piteously gan say: "My true and faithfull pheere,
Alas, and woe is me, why should my fortune frowne On me thus frowardly to rob me of my joy!
What cruel envious hand hath taken thee away,
And with thee my content, my comfort, and my stay? Thou onelie want the ease of trouble and annoy,
When they did me assalse; in thee my hopes did rest
Alas, what now is left but grieve, that night and day
Afflicts this wofull life, and with continuall rage
Tornentes ten thousand wales my miserable breast!
O greecie envious hea'n, what needest thee to have
Eenricht with such a Jewell this unhappie age;
To take it back againe so soone! Alas, when shalt
Of tears had beene, they flow'd so plentifully therefor: And, with her sobs and sighs, th' aire round about her roong.

If Venus, when she wail'd her deare Adonis slain, Ought mow'd in thy fiers hart compassion of her woe, His noble sisters plaints, her sighs and tears ample
Would sure have made thee milde, and inly rae her paine: Aurora halfe so faire her selfe did never show, When, from old Tithons bed, shee weeping did arise. The blinded archer-boy, like larke in showre of raine, Sat bathing of his wings, and glad the time did spend
Under those cristall drops, which fell from her faire ies; And at their brightest beames him pround in lovely Yet sorie for her grief, which he could not appease. The gentle boy can wipe her ies, and clear those lights, Those lights through whic her glory and his conquests shine. The Graces tuckt her hair, which hung like threads of gold, Along her yvorie brest, the treasure of delights. All things with her to weep, it seemed, did encline. The trees, the hills, the dales, the caves, the stones so cold. The aire did help them mourne, with dark clouds, raine, and mist, Forbearing many a day to cleare it selfe againe; Which made them eftsoones forre the daies of Piritho boldly Of creatures spoile the earth, their fallat threads untwist. For Phoebus gladsome raisen were wished for in vaine, And with her quivering light Latonas daughter faire, And Charles-waine eke refus'd to be the shipmans guide. On Neptune warre was made by Aeolus and his

Who, letting loose the winds, tost and tormentet th' aire, So that on every coast men shipwrack did abide, Or else were swallowed up in open sea with waves, And such as came to shooare were beaten with despair. The Medwaias silver streames, that wont so still to slide, [hollow caves, Were troubled now and wrothe; whose hidden Along his banks with fog then shrowded from mans eye, Ay Philip did resound, aie Phillip they did crie. His Nymphs were seen no more (thogh custom stil it craves) With haire speed to the wynd themselves to bath or sport, Or with the hooke or net, barefooted wantonly. The pleasant dainty fish to entangle or deceive. The shepleards left their vounted places of resort, Their bagpipes now were still; their loving mery layes Were quite forgot; and now their flocks men might perceive To wander and to straie, all carelessly neglect. And, in the stead of mirth and pleasure, nights and days Nought els was to be heard, but woes, complaints, and mone. But thou (O blessed soule!) doeest haply not respect [affect, These teares we shed, though full of loving pure Having affixt thine eyes on that most glorious throne, Where full of maistie the High Creator reignes; In whose bright shining face thy łożyes are all compleat, Whose love kindles thy spright; where, happy always one, Thou liv'st in bliss that earthly passion never stains; Where from the purest spring the sacred Nectar sweete [now Is thy continuall drinke; where thou dost gather Of well emploied life th' inestimable gains. There Venus on thee smiles, Apollo gives thee place, And Mars in reverent wise doth to thy vertue bow, And decks his fiery sphere, to do thee honour most. In highest part whereof, thy valour for to grace, A chaire of gold he setts to thee, and there doth tell Thy noble acts arew, whereby even they that boast Themselves of amnicient fame, as Pirus, Hannibal, Scipio, and Caesar, with the rest that did excell In martiall prowess, high thy glorie do admire. All halle, therefore, 0 worthie Philip immortal, The flowre of Sydneys race, the honour of thy name! Whose worthie praise to sing, my Muses not aspire, But sorrowfull and sad these teares to thee let fall, Yet wish their verses might so farre and wide thy fame [same. Extend, that envies rage, nor time, might end the
A PASTORALL AEGLOGUE,
UPON THE DEATH OF SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT, &c.

LYCON. COLIN.

Colin, well fits thy sad cheere this sad stownd,
This wofull stownd, wherein all things complaine
This great mishap, this greevous losse of owres.
Hear'st thou the Grown? how with hollow sound
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine,
And seemes to say unto the failing flowers,
Along his bankeis, unto the bared trees;
Philisides is dead. Up, lolly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Help him to mourn. My hart with grief doth freeze.
Howse is my voice with crying, else a part
Sure would I beare, though rude: But, as I may,
With sobes and sighes I second wil thy song,
And so express the sorrowes of my hart.

Colin. Ah Lycon, Lycon, what need skill to teach
A grieved mynd powre forth his plaints! how long
Hath the poore turtle gon to school (wenest thou)
To learne to mourne her lost make! No, no, each
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seest not these flockes, how sad they wander now?
Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
In dolefull sound. Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to shew a heavie cheare.
What bird (I pray thee) hast thou seen, that prunes
Himself of late? did any cheerful note
Come to thine eares, or gladsome sight appeare
Unto thine eies, since that same fatall houre?
Hath not the aire put on his mourning coat,
And testified his grief with flowing teares?
Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his powre
Doth us invite to make a sad consort;
Come, let us joyne our mournfull song with theirs.
Griefe will endite, and sorrow will enforce,
Thy voice; and eche will our words report.

Lycon. Though my rude rymes ill with thy verses frame,
That others farre excell; yet will I force
My selue to answere thee the best I can,
And honor my base words with his high name.
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit
In secret shade or cave; vouchesafe (O Pan)
To pardon me, and hear this hard constraint
With patience while I sing, and pittie it.
And eke ye rurall Muses, that do dwel.
In these wilde woods; if ever pious plaint
We did endite, or taught a wofull minde
With words of pure affect his griefe to tell,
Instruct me now. Now, Colin, then goe on,
And I will follow thee, though farre behindme.

Colin. Philisides is dead. O harfull death,
O deadly harme! Unhappe Albion,
When shalt thou see, emoing thy shepheardes all,
Any so sage, so perfect! Whom unmeath

Envie could touch for vertuous life and skill
Curteous, vaillant, and liberall.
Behold the sacred Pales, where with haire
Untrust she sits, in shade of yonder hill.
And her faire face, bent sadly downe, doth send
A flood of teares to bathe the earth; and there
Doth call the heayns despitfull, envious,
Cruell his fate, that made so short an end
Of that same life, well worthie to have bone
Prolonged with many yeares, happie and famous.
The Nymphs and Oreades her round about
Do sit lamenting on the grassie grene;
And with shrill cries, beating their whitest brests,
Accuse the direfull dart that death sent out
To give the fatall stroke. The starres they blame
That deafe or carlessesse seemo at their request.
The pleasant shade of stately groves they shun;
They leave their cristall springs, where they wont
frame
Sweet bowres of myrtel twigs and lawrel faire,
To sport themselves free from the scorching sun.
And now the hollow caves where horror darke
Doth dwell, whence banish't is the gladsome aire,
They seeke; and there in mourning spend their time
With waifull tunes, whiles wolves do howle an barke,
And seem to beare a bourdon to their plaint.

Lycon. Philisides is dead. O dolefull ryme!
Why should my toong express thee? who is left
Now to uphold thy hopes, when they do faint,
Lycon unfortunat! What spitefull fate,
What luckssee destine, hath thee bereft
Of thy chief comfort; of thy onely stay!
Where is become thy wonted happie state,
(Alas!) wherein through many a hill and dale,
Through pleasant woods, and many an unknown
Along the bankeis of many silver streames,
[way
Thou with him yestore; and with him diest soal.
The craggie rocks of th' Alpes and Appenine!
Still with the Muses sporting, while these beames
Of vertue kindled in his noble brest,
Which after did so gloriously forth shine!
But (woc is me!) they now quenched are
All suddainly, and death hath them opprest.
Loe father Neptune, with sad countenance,
How he sitts mourning on the strand now bare,
Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rolling wares
The white flete waslhed (wailing this mishance)
Of Dover cliffeis. His sacred skirt about
The sea-gods all are set; from their moist caves
All for his comfort gathered there they be.
The Thamus rich, the Humber rough and stout,
The fruitfull Severne, with the rest are come
To helpe their lord to mourne, and eke to see
The dolefull sight, and sad pomp funemal
Of the dead corps passing through his kigdome.
And all their heads, with cypres gylands crown'd
With wofull shrikes salute him great and small.

The signature to this poem is L. B., that is, Lodowick Bryskett. Toph.
AN ELEGIE.

Eke wailfull Eccho, forgetting her deare
Narcissus, their last accents doth resound.

Colin. Phillisides is dead. O lucklesse age;
O widow world ; O brookes and fountains clear;
O hills, O dales, O woods, that oft have rong
With his sweet caroling, which could asswage
The fiercest wrath of tygre or of beare:
Ye Silvans, Pawanes, and Satyres, that emong
These thickets oft have daunst after his pipe;
Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden heares,
That oft have left your purest cristall springs
To harken to his lays, that coulde wipe
Away all griefe and sorrow from your harts :
Alas ! who now is left like him sings?
When shall you heare againe like harmony?
So sweet a sound who to you now imparts?
Looe where engraved by his hand yet lives
The name of Stella in yonder bay tree.

Haply name ! haply tree ! faire may you grow,
And spred your sacred branch, which honor gives
To famous Emperours, and Poets crowned.
Unhaply flock that wander scattered now,
What marvell if through grief ye woxen lene,
Iorsake your food, and hang your heads adowne !
For such a shepherde never shall you guide,
Whose parting hath of weale bereft you cleane.

Lycon. Phillisides is dead. O happy sprite,
That now in heav'n with blessed soules doest hide;

Lookedown a while from where thou sitt above,
And see how busie shepheardes be to endite
Sad songs of grief, their sorrowes to declare,
And gratefull memory of their kynd love.
Behold my selfe with Colin, gentle swaine, (Whose learned Muse thou cherishst most whylere,)
Where we, thy name recording, seek to case
The inward torment and tormenting paine,
That thy departure to us both hath breed ;
No can each others sorrow yet appease.
Behold the fountains now left desolate,
And withred grasse with cypresses boughes be spread ;
Behold these fiores which on thy grave we siked : Which, faded, shew the givers faded state, (Though eke they shew their fervent zeale and pure,)
Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
Whose prayers importance shall the heav'n's for ay,
That, to thy ashes, rest they may assure ;
That learnedst shepheardes honor may thy name
With yeerly praises, and the Nymphs alway
Thy tomb maydeck with fresh and sweetest flores ;
And that for ever may endure thy fame. [sick
Colin. The Sun (lo!) hastned hath his face to
In western waves ; and th' aire with stormy showres
 Warnes us to drive homewards our silly sheep :
Lycon, let's rise, and take of them good keep.

Virtute summa : extera fortuna.

L. B.

AN ELEGIE,
OR FRIENDS PASSION, FOR HIS ASTROPHILL.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY KNIGHT, LORD GOVERNOUR OF FLUSHING*.

As then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling cloude accloid the aire ;
The skie, like grasse [glasse] of watchet hew,
Reflected Phœbus golden laire ;
The garnish tree no pendant stird,
No voice was heard of anie bird.

There night you see the burly Beare,
The Lion king, the Elephant ;
The maiden Unicorne was there,
So was Acteons horned plant,
And what of wilde or tame are found,
Were conchit in order on the ground.

Alces speckled poplar tree,
The palme that Monarchs do obtaine,
With love-juice staind the mulberie,
The fruit that dewes the poets braine ;
And Phillis philibert there away,
Compardle with mirtle and the bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorn,
With stately height threatening the skie ;
And, for the bed of Love fororne,
The blacke and dolefull Ebony ;
All in a circle compost were,
Like to an amphitheatere.

Upon the branches of those trees,
The airie-winged people sat,
Distinguished in od degrees,
One sort is this, another that,
Here Philomell, that knowes full well
What force and wit in love doth dwell,

The skiebred Eagle, reall bird,
Perchit there upon an oke above ;
The Turtle by him never stird,
Example of immortal love.
The swan that sings, about to dy,
Leaving Meander stood thereby.

And, that which was of wunder most,
The Phoenix left sweet Arabie ;
And, on a Cedar in this coast,
Built up her tombe of spicerie,
As I conjecture, by the same
Preparede to take her dying flame.

* This poem was written by Matthew Roydon, as we are informed in Nash's Preface to Greene's Arconia, and in Engl. Parnassus.
To the two following pieces I am unable to assign their authors; but no reader will imagine them the productions of Spenser. Torr.
AN ELEGIE.

In midst and center of this plot,
I saw one grovelling on the grasse:
A man or stone, I knew not that;
No stone; of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More than the image made of stone.

At length I might perceive him reare
His bodie on his elbow end;
Earthly and pale with ghastly cheare,
Upon his knees he upward tend,
Seeming like one in uncomely stound,
To be ascending out the ground.

A grievous sigh forthwith he throwes,
As might have torne the vital strings;
Then down his cheeks the teares so flows,
As doth the streame of many springs.
So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine.

Incontinent, with trembling sound,
He wofullly gan to complains;
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teares a diamond rocke in twaine;
After his throb did somewhat stay,
Thus heavily he gan to say.

O sunne! (said he) seeing the sunne,
On wretchedly me why dost thou shine,
My star is false, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of my eie;
Shine upon those possess delight,
And let me live in endless night.

O griefe that liest upon my soule,
As heevie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Consort me quickly with the dead;
Half of this hurt, this sprite, and will,
Di'de in the brest of Astrophill.

And you, compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shade trees,
I am assur'd ye long to kno
What be the sorrowes me agreev's;
Listen ye then to that insu'th,
And heare a tale of teares and ruth.

You knew, who knew not Astrophill!
(That I should live to say I knew,
And have not in possesion still!)
Things knowne permit me to renew,
Of him you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you heare, too much.

Within these woods of Arcadia,
He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,
And on the mountain Parthenie,
Upon the chryssall liquid brooke,
The Muses met him ev'ry day,
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe to the mount,
His personage seemed most divine,
A thousand graces one might count,
Upon his lovely chearfull eie;
To heare him speake and sweetly smyle,
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospell bookes,
I trove that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

Was never eie did see that face,
Was never eare did heare that tong,
Was never minde did minde his grace,
That ever thought the travell long;
But eies, and eares, and ev'ry thought,
Were with his sweete perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man,
In whom so rare desarts did agaune,
Desired thus, must leave us than,
And we to wish for him in vaine!
O could the stars, that bred that wit,
In force no longer fixed sit!

Then being filld with learned dew,
The Muses willed him to love;
That instrument can aptly now,
How finely our conceits will move;
As Bacchus opes dissembled harts,
So Love sets out our better parts.

Stella, a Nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heavenly bliss,
The highest in his fancies stood,
And she could well demerre this;
Tis likely they acquainted some;
He was a Sun, and she a Moone.

Our Astrophill did Stella love;
O Stella, vanit of Astrophill,
Albeit thy graces gods may move,
Where wilt thou finde an Astrophill?
The rose and lillie have their prime,
And so hath beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie do exceed,
In common sight of ev'ry eie,
Yet in his Poesies when we reade,
It is apparant more thereby,
He, that hath love and judgement too,
Sees more than any other doo.

Then Astrophill hath honor thec;
For when thy bodie is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternall be,
And live by virtue of his insyle;
For by his verses he doth give
The short-livde beautie aye to live.

Above all others this is hee,
Which erst approv'd in his song,
That love and honor might agree,
And that pure love will do no wrong.
Sweet saints! it is no sinne or blame,
To love a man of vertuous name.

Did never love so sweetly breath
In any mortall brest before,
Did never Muse inspire beneath
A Poets braine with finer store:
He wrote of love with high conceit,
And beautie reard above her height.
Then Pallas afterward attyrde
Our Astrophill with her device,
Whom in his armor heaven admyrde,
As of the nation of the skies;
He sparkled in his armes afarrs,
As he were light with herie stars.

The blaze whereof when Mars beheld,
(An envious eye doth see afar)
Such maistie (quoth he) is seel'd,
Such maistie my mart may mar,
Perhaps this may a sueter be,
To set Mars by his deitie.

In this surmise he made with speede
An iron cane, wherein he put
The thunder that in clouds do breede;
The flame and bolt together shut
With privie force burst out againe,
And so our Astrophill was slaine.

His word (was slaine!) straightway did move
And natures inward life strings twitch;
The skie immediately above
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
The wrestling winds from out the ground
Fild all the aire with rathing sound.

The bending trees exprest a grone,
And sight'd the sorrow of his fall,
The forrest beasts made ruthfull mone,
The birds did tune their mourning call,
And Philomell for Astrophill
Unto her notes annex a phill.

The turtle dove with tunes of ruth
Sewed feeling passion of his death,
Me thought she said I tell the true the he
Was never he that draw in breath,
Until his love more trustie found,
Than he for whom our griefs abound.

To praise thy life, or waile thy worthie death,
And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, divine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortal line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learuings lore,
And friendly care obscure in secret breast,
And love that envie in thy life suppress,
Thy deere life done, and death hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time, and living state,
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought,
As one that seeld the rising sun hath sought,
With words and teares now waile thy timelesse fate.

Drawne was thy race aright from princely line,
Nor lesse than such, (by gifts that nature gave,
The swan, that was in presence here,
Begun his funerall dirge to sing,
Good things (quoth he) may scarce appeare,
But passe away with speedie wing.

This mortall life as death is tride,
And death gives life, and so he doe.

The generall sorrow that was made,
Among the creatures of each kinde,
Fired the Phoenix where she laide,
Her ashes flying with the winde,
So as I might with reason see,
That such a Phoenix nere should bee.

Hapy the cinders, driven about,
May breede an offspring neere that kinde,
But hardly a peere to that I doubt,
It cannot sink into my minde,
That under branches eare can bee,
Of worth and value as the tree.

The Egle markt with pearcing sight
The mournefull habite of the place,
And parted thence with mounting flight,
To signifie to love the case,
What sorrow nature doth sustaine,
For Astrophill by envie slaine.

And, while I followed with mine eie
The flight the Egle upward tooke,
All things did vanish by and by,
And disappeared from my looke;
The trees, beasts, birds, and grove was gone,
So was the friend that made this mone.

This spectacle had firmly wrought,
A deepe compassion in my spright,
My molting hart issue, me thought,
In streames forth at mine eies ariyth:
And here my pen is forst to shrinke,
My teares discoller so mine inke.

The common mother that all creatures have,)  
Doth vertue shew, and princely lineage shine.

A king gave thee thy name; a kingly minde,
That God thee gave, who found it now too deere
For this base world, and hath resume it neere,
To sit in skies, and sort with powres divine.

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth;
The heavens made hast, and staid nor yeers, nor
The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime, [time;
Thy will, thy words; thy words the scales of truth.

Great gifts and wisdom rare imployd thee thence,
To treat from kings with those more great than
kings;
AN EPITAPH.

Such hope men had to lay the highest things
On thy wise youth, to be transported hence!

Whence to sharpes wars sweet honor did thee call,
Thy countries love, religion, and thy friends:
Of worthy men the marks, the lives, and ends,
And her defence, for whom we labor all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
Griefe, sorrow, sickness, and base fortunes might:
Thy rising day saw never wofull night,
But past with praise from off this worldy stage.

Back to the camepe, by thee that day was brought,
First thyme owne death, and after thy longe fame;
Tears to the soldiers, the proud Castilians shame,
Vertue express, and honor truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath woon!
Young yeeres for endles yeeres, and hope unsure
Of fortunes gifts for wealth that still shall dure;
Oh! happe race with so great praises run.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

Silence augmenteth grief, writing encreaseth rage,
Stald are my thoughts, which lovd, and lost, the
wonder of our age, [ere now,
Yet quickened now with fire, though dead with frost
Enrag'de I write, I know not what: dead, quick, I
know not how.

Hard harted mindes relent, and Rigors eares abound,
And Envy strangely rues his end, in whom no
fault she found; [knight;
Knowledge her light hath lost, Valor hath shaine her
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the
worlds delight.

Place pensife wailes his fall, whose presence was her
pride,
Time crieth out, my ebbe is come; his life was my
spring tide;
Fame mournes in that she lost the ground of her
reports;
Ech living wight laments his lacke, and all in sun-
dry sorts.

He was (woe worth that word!) to ech well thinking
minde
A spotlesse friend, a matches man, whose vertue
ever shinde,
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he wrte,
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest
works of wit.

He, onely like himselfe, was second unto none,
Whose deth (though life) we rue, and wrong, and
al in vain do mone;
Their losse, not him, waile they, that fill the world
with cries;
Death sue not him, but he made death his ladder
to the skies.

England doth hold thy limis that bred the same,
Flamders thy valure where it last was tried,
The Campe thy sorrow where thy bodey died,
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay up thy love;
Letters thy learning, thy lose, yeeres long to come;
In worthy hartes sorrow hath made thy tombe;
Thy soule and spright enrich the heavens above.

Thy liberal hart imbalmd in grateful full teares,
Young sighes, sweet sighes, sage sighes, bewaile thy
fall;
Envie her sting, and Spie hath left her gall,
Malice her selfe a mourning garment weares.

That day their Hanniball died, our Scipio fell,
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time!
Whose vertues, wounded by my worthlesse rime,
Let Angels speake, and heaven thy praises tell.

Now sinke of sorrow I, who live; the more the
wrong;
Who wishing death, whom deth denies, whose thred
is al-to long,
Who tied to wretched life, who looks for no reliefe,
Must spend my ever dying daies in never ending
griefe.

Harts ease and onely I, like parables run on,
Whose equall length keep equall breth, and never
meet in one;
Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my sorrowes
Shall not run out, though leake they will, for liking
him so well.

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking
dreames;
Farewell sometimes enjoyed, joy; eclipsed are thy
beames!
Farewell selfe pleasing thoughts, which quietnes
brings forth;
And farewell friendships sacred league, uniting
minds of woorth.

And farewell mery hart, the gift of guiltlesse
mindes, [assignes;
And all sports, which, for lives restore, varietie
Let all, that sweete is, voyde; in me no mirth may
dwell,
Phillip, the cause of all this woe, my lives content,
farewell !

Now rime, the some of rage, which art no kin to
skill,
And endless griefe, which deads my life, yet knowes
not how to kill,
Go, seeke that haples tombe; which if ye hap to finde,
Salute the stones, that keep the limis that held so
good a minde.
PROTHALAMION:

OR, A SPUSALL VERSE.


Calme was the day, and through the trembling ayre
Sweete-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titans beams, which then did glyster fayre ;
When I, (whom [whose] soleim care,
Through discontent of my long fruitdees stay
In princes court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brayne,)
Walkt forth to case my payne
Along the share of silver streaming Themmes;
Whose runty bank, the which his river hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adornd with dainty gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their paramours
Against the brydale-day, which is not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

There, in a meadow, by the rivers side,
A flocke of Nymphes I channeued to espie,
All lovely daughters of the Flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyme,
As each had bene a bryde ;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine fingers crot full feateously
The tender stalkes on hye.
Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,
They gathered some ; the violet, pallid blew,
The little dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin lillie, and the primrose trew,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their briedgroomes posies
Against the brydale-day, which was not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
Come softly swimming downe along the lee;
Two furer birds I yet did never see;
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appeare ;

Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near;
So purely white they were,
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billows spare
To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,
And marre their beauties bright,
That shine as heavens light,
Against their brydale day, which was not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoones the Nymphes, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the cristal flood;
Whom when they saw, they stood amazed still,
Their wondering eyes to fill;
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre,
Of fowles, so lovely, that they sure did dece
Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
Which through the skie draw Venus silver teeme;
For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly seede,
But rather angels, or of angels breede;
Yet were they bred of Somers-hent, they say,
In sweetest season, when each flower and weede
The earth did fresh array;
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Even as their brydale day, which was not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
All which upon those goodly birds they threw,
And all the waves did straw,
That like old Peneus waters they did seeme,
When downe along by pleasant Tempes shore,
Scatterd with flowres, through Thessaly they streeeme,
That they appeare, through lillies plenteous store,
Like a brydes chamber flore.
Two of those Nymphes, meane while, two garlands bound
Of freshest flowres which in that mead they found
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowy foreheads therewithall they crownd,

Ver. 3. — delay] Temper or mitigate. Tonn.
Ver. 17. — which is not long.] That is approaching, near at hand. T. Warton.
Ver. 27. — with fine fingers] With elegant or hony fingers. Tonn.

Ver. 67. — Somers-hent.] A punning allusion to the surname of the Ladies, whose marriages this sponsa verse celebrates. Tonn.
WHILST ONE DID SING THIS LAY, PREPAR'D AGAINST THAT DAY, AGAINST THEIR BRIDAL DAY, WHICH WAS NOT LONG:

**Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.**

"Ye gentle Birds! the worlds faire ornament,
And heavens glory, whom this happy hower
Doth leade unto your lovers blissfull hower,
Ioy may you have, and gentle hearts content
Of your loves complemcent;
And let faire Venus, that is Queene of Love,
With her heart-quelling Sonne upon you smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
All loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile
For ever to assoile.
Let endless peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessed plentie wait upon your bord;
And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your royes redound
Upon your brydale day, which is not long:
"Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song."

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said, their brydale daye should not be long:
And gentle Eecho from the neighbour ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous Birds did passe along
Adowne the lee, that to them murmurde low,
As he would speake, but that he lackt a song,
Yet did by signs his glad affeccion show,
Making his stremme run slow.
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
Can flock about these twaine, that did excell
The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser stars. So they, enraged well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding day, which was not long:
"Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song."

At length they all to mery London came,
To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
That to me gave this lies first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame:
There when they came, whereas those brickye towres
The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,

WHERE NOW THE STUDIOUS LAWYERS HAVE THEIR BOWERS,
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,
Till they decayd through pride;
Next wherunto there standes a stately place,
Where of I gayned gifts and goodly grace
Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell.
Whose want too well now feels my frendles case;
But ah! here fits not well
Ode woes, but loves, to tell
Against the bridale daye, which is not long:
"Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song."

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great Englands glory, and the worlds wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did thunder,
And Hercules two Pillars standing neere
Did make to quake and feare:
Faire branch of honor, flower of chevalrie!
That fittest England with thy triumphs fame,
Ioy have thou of thy noble victorie,
And endesse happynese of thine owne name
That promiseth the same:
That through thy provesse, and victorious armes,
Thy country may be freed from forraigne harmes,
And great Elisasglorious name may ring
Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide alarms,
Which some brave Muse may sing
To ages following,
Upon the brydale day, which is not long:
"Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song."

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,
Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre
In th' ocean billowes he hath bathed fayre
Descended to the rivers open vewing,
With a great traine ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to bee scene
Two gentle Knights of lovely face and counte,
Beseeing well the bower of any queene,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the Twins of love they seem'd in sight,
Which decke the baeldrieke of the heavens bright;
They two, forth pacing to the rivers side,
Receive'd those two faire Brides, their loves deaught;
Which, at th' appointed tyde,
Each one did make his Bryde
Against their brydale day, which is not long:
"Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song."

Ver. 121. — shend' 1 Put to shame, disgrace. Tod. 122. — bauldricke] A girdle or belt. Tod.
AMORETTI, OR SONNETS.

TO THE AUTHOR.

DARKS is the day, when Phoebus face is shrouded,
And weaker sights may wander some astray:
But, when they see his glorious rays unclouded,
With steadye steps they keep the perfect way:
So, while this Muse in foraine land doth stay,
Invention weeps, and pens are cast aside;
The time, like night, depriv'd of cheerfull day;
And few do write, but (ah!) too soon may slide.
Then, ble thee home, that art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illustrate England's fame,
Dunning thereby our neighbours ancient pride,
That do, for Poesie, challenge chiefeast name:
So we that live, and ages that succeed,
With great applause thy learned works shall read.

G. W. SENIOR.

SONNET I.

HAPPY, ye leaves! when as those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in loves soft bands,
Lyke captives trembling at the victors sight.
And happy lines! on which, with starry light,
Those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to look,
And reade the sorrowes of my dying sigh:
Written with teares in harts close bleeding book.
And happy rymes! bith'd in the sacred brooke
Of Helicon, whence she derived is;
When ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
My soules long lacked food, my heavens bis;
Leaves, lines, and rymes, seek her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none!

Which if she graunt, then live, and my love cherish;
If not, die soone; and I with thee will perish.

G. W. JUNIOR.

SONNET II.

UNQUIET thought! whom at the first I bred
Of th' inward bale of my love-pined hart;
And sithens have with sighes and sorrowes fed,
Till greater then my wome thou woxen art:
Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
In which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood;
And secke some succour both to ease my smart,
And also to sustayne thy selue with food.
But, if in presence of that fayrest Proud
Thon chance to come, fall lowly at her feet;
And, with meek humblesse and afflicted mood,
Pardon for thee, and grace for me, intracat:


SONNET III.

THE soverayne beauty which I doo admyre,
Witnesses the world how worthy to be prayzed
The light whereof hath kindled heavenly fyre
In my fraile spirt, by her from basenesse raisedy;
That being now with her huge brightnesse dazed;
Base thing I can no more endure to view:
But, looking still on her, I stand amazed
At wondrous sight of so celestiall hew,
So when my tong would speake her praises dew,
It stopped is with thongts astonishment:
And, when my pen would write her titles true,
It ravishis with fancies wonderment:
Yet in my hart I then both speak and write
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET IV.

NEW yeare, forth looking out of Ianus gate,
Both seeme to promise hope of new delight:
And, biding th' old adion, his passed date
Bide all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright:
And, calling forth out of sad Winters night
Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerlesse bower,
Wils he awake, and soone about him dight

His wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
For lusty Spring now in his timely flower
Is ready to come forth, him to receive;
And warns the Earth with divers colored flower,
To decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weave.
Then you, faire flowre! in whom fresh youth doth raine,
Prepare your selfe new love to enterteine.

SONNET V.
Rude ly heart doth wrest it selfe cares desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride:
The thing which I doo most in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy most envie:
For in those lofty lookes is close imclide,
Scorne of base things, and vaine of foul dishonor;
Thrething rash eyes which gaze on her so wide,
That loosely they dare to looke upon her.
Such pride is praise; such portinesse is honor;
That bolden innocence heares in hir ies;
And her faire countenance like a goodly banner,
Spreds in defaunce of all enemies.
Was never in this world ought worthy trie,
Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

SONNET VI.
Be nought dismayd that her unmoved mind
Doth still persist in her rebellious pride:
Such love, not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,
The harder woman, the firmer will abide.
The durefull ies, whose sap is not yet drie,
Is long ere it conceive the kindling fyre;
But, when it once doth burne, it doth divide
Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven aspire.
So hard it is to kindle new desire
In gentle brest, that shall endure for euer:
Deepe is the wound, that dints the parts exsore.
With chaste affects, that naught but death can sever.
Then thinke not long in taking hir paine
To knit the knot, that ever shall remaine.

SONNET VII.
Fayre eyes! the myrrour of my mazed hart,
What wondroues vertue is contain'd in you,
The which both lyfe and death forth from you dart
Into the object of your mighty view.
For, when ye mildly looke with lovely hew,
Then is my soule with life and love inspired:
But when ye lowre, or looke on me aske,
Then do I die, as one with lightning fyred.
But, since that lyfe is more then death desyre'd,
Looke ever lovest, as becomes you best;
That your bright beams, of my wea keies admir'd,
May kindle living fire within my brest.
Such life should be the honor of your light,
Such death the sad ensamle of your might.

SONNET VIII.
More than most faire, full of the living fire,
Kindled above unto the Maker newe;
No ies but joyes, in which all powers conspire,
That to the world nought else be counted deare:
Through your bright beams doth not the blinded guest
Shoot out his darts to base affections wound;
But Angels come to lead frail minds to rest
In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within;
You stopp my tongues, and teach my hart to speake;
You calme the storme that passion did begin,
Strong through your cause, but by your vertue weak.
Dark is the world, where your light shined never;
Well is he borne, that may behold you ever.

SONNET IX.
LONG-WHILE I sought to what I might compare
Those powerfull ies, which lighten my dark sprite:
Yet fand I sought on earth, to which I dare
Resemble th' ymage of their goodly lyght.
Not to the Sun; for they doo shine by night;
Nor to the Moon; for they are changed never;
Nor to the Starres; for they have purer sight;
Nor to the Fire; for they consume not euer;
Nor to the Lightning; for they still perserver;
Nor to the Diamond; for they are more tender;
Nor unto Cristall; for nought may them sever;
Nor unto Glasse; such basenesse mought offend her
Then to the Maker selfe they liket he,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

SONNET X.
UNRIGHTEOUS Lord of love, what lawe is this,
That me thou makest thus torment d be,
The whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse
Of her free-will, scorning both thee and me?
See! how the Tyrannesse doth joy to see
The huge massakers which her eyes do make;
And humbled hartes brings captive unto thee,
That thou of them mayst mightie vengeance take.
But her proud hart doe thou a little shake,
And that high look with which she doth comptroll
All this worlds pride bow to a baser make,
And al her faults in thy blacke booke enroll:
That I may laugh at her in equall sort,
As she doth laugh at me, and makes my pain her sport.

SONNET XI.
DAYLY when I do seeke and swee for peace,
And hostages doe offer for my truth:
She, cruel warriour, doth her selfe address
To battell, and the weary war renueth:
Ne wilbe moov'd with reason, or with rewe,
To graunat small respi to my restlesse tole;
But greedily her fell intent porsweeth,
Of my poore life to make unpittied spoile.
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assayle,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacify:
But then she seekes, with torment and turnoyle,
To force me hart, and will not let me dy.
All paine hath end, and every war hath peace;
But mine, no price nor prayer may surcease.

SONNET XII.
ONE DAY I sought with her hart-thrilling ies
To make a truce, and terms to enterteine;
All fearlesse then of so false enemies,
Which sought me to entrap in treasons traine.
SONNET XIII.

In that proud port, which her so greatly graceeth,
Whiles her faire face she reares up to the skie,
And to the ground her eie-lids low embuseth,
Most greatlye temperate ye may desery;
Myld humblesse, mixt with awfull majestie.
For, looking on the earth whence she was borne,
Her minde remembrith her mortalitie,
Whatso is fayrest shall to earth returne.
But that same lofty countenance seems to scorne
Base thing, and thinke how she to heaven may clime;
Treading downe earth as losthome and forlorne,
That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy slime.
Yet lowly still vouche safe to looke on me,
Such lowliness shall make you lofty be.

SONNET XIV.

Returne agayne, my forces late dismayd,
Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite.
Great shame it is to leave, like one afraid,
So faire a pece, for one repulse so light.
'Gainst such strong castles needeth greater might
Then those small forts which ye were wont belay:
Such haughty mynds, ever'd to hardy fight,
Disdayne to yield unto the first assay.
Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
And lay incessant battery to her heart;
Playnts, prayers, vowses, ruth, sorrow, and dismay
Those engins can the proudest love convert:
And, if those fayle, full down and dy before her;
So dying live, and living do adore her.

SONNET XV.

Ye tradefull Merchants, that, with weeny toyle,
Do sekke most pretious things to make your gain;
And both the Indias of their treasure spoile;
What needeth you to sekke so farre in vaine?
For loe, my Love doth in her selfe containe
All this worlds riches that may farre be founded:
If Saphyres, loe, her eies be Saphyres plaine,
If Rubies, loe, her lips be Rubies sound:
If Pearles, her teeth be Pearles, both pure and round:
If Yvoric, her forhead Yvory weene;
If Gold, her locks are finest Gold on ground;
If Silver, her faire hands are Silver sheene;
But that which fairest is, but fewe behold,
Her mind adorned with vertues manifold.

xiv. 6. — belay:] To place in ambush, says Dr. Johnson; but it means, to conceave, to attack. Tod.
SONNET XX.
In vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace,
And doe myne humbled hart before her pourage;
The whiles her foot she in my necke doth place,
And tread my life downe in the lowly floure.
And yet the lyon that is lord of powre,
And reigneoth over evey beast in field,
In his most pride disdaineth to devour
The silly lambe that to his might doth yield.
But she, more cruel, and more salvage wynde,
Than either lyon, or the lyonnesse;
Shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud defyled,
But taketh glory in her cruenesse.

Payre then payrest! let none ever say,
That ye were blooded in a yeded pray.

SONNET XXI.
Was it the worke of Nature or of Art,
Which tempred so the feature of her face,
That pride and meeknesse, mixt by equall part,
Doe both appeare t' adorn her beauties grace!
For with mild pleasure, which doth pride displaceth,
She to her love doth lookers eyes allure;
And, with stern countenance, back againe doth chace
Their lesser lookes that stir up lustes impair;
With such strange termes her eyes she doth inure,
That, with one looke, she doth my life dismay;
And with another doth it straightly recure;
Her smile me drawes; her frowne me drives away.
Thus doth she traine and teach me with her lookes;
Such art of eyes I never read in bookes!

SONNET XXII.
This holy season, fit to fast and pray,
Men to devotion ought to be inclyned;
Therefore, I lykewise, on so holy day,
For my sweet Saynt some service fit will find.
Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
In which her glorious ymage placed is;
On which my thoughts doo day and night attend,
Lyke sacred Priestes that never thinkes amisse:
There I to her, as th' author of my blisses,
Will build an altar to appease her yre;
And on the same my hart will sacrifice,
Burning in flames of pure and chaste desire;
The which vouchsafe, O Goddesse, to accept,
Amongst thy dearest relics to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.
Penelope, for her Ullises sake,
Deviz'd a Web her woers to deceave;
In which the worke that she all day did make,
The same at night she did againe unreave;
Such subtile craft my Damzell doth conceave,
Th' importune suit of my desire to shone;
For all that I in many days do weave,
In one short houre I find by her monnse,
So, when I think to end that I begonne,
I must begin and never bring to end;
For, with one looke, she sigls that long I spare;
And, with one word, my whyle years work doth rend.
Such labour like the spyderrers web I fynde,
Whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least wynde.

SONNET XXIV.
When I behold that beauties wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part;
Of Natures skill the onely complement;
I honor and admire the Makers art.
But when I see the bitter balefull smart,
Which her fayre eyes unwares doe worke in mee,
That death out of their shyne beames doe dart;
I think that I a new Pandora see,
Whom all the gods in councell did agree
Into this sinfull world from heaven to send;
That she to wicked men a scourge should bee,
For all their faults with which they did offend.
But, since ye are my scourge, I will intreat,
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.
How long shall this lyke dyeing lyfe endure,
And know no end of her owne mystery,
But wast and wearie away in termes unsure,
'Twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully!
Yet better were attone to let me die,
And shew the last ensample of your pride;
Then to torment me thus with cruelty,
To prove your powre, which I too wel have trie.
But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide
A close intent at last to shew me grace;
Then all the woes and wrecks, which I abide,
As meane of blisses I gladly wil embrace;
And wish that more and greater they might be,
That greater meede at last may turne to mee.

SONNET XXVI.
Sweet is the Rose, but growes upon a brere;
Sweet is the Junipeer, but sharpe his bough;
Sweet is the Eglinante, but pricketh nere;
Sweet is the Firbhome, but his branches rough;
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is tough;
Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the Broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough;
And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill.
So every sweet with sourc is tempres still,
That maketh it be coveted the more;
For easie things, that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store.
Why then should I accompt of little paine,
That endlessse pleasure shall unto me gaine!

SONNET XXVII.
Faire Proud! now tell me, why should faire be
Sith all worlds glory is but drosse uncleane, [prond,
And in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,
However now thereof ye little weene!
That godly Idol, now so gay becone,
Shall doffe her fleshes borrowed fayre attyre;
And be forget as it had never beene;
That many now much worship and admire
Ne any then shall after it inquire,
Ne any mention shall thereof remaine,
But what this verse, that never shall expyre,
Shall to you purchas with her thanklesse pain!
Faire! be no longer proud of that shall perish;
But that, which shall you make immortal
cherish.
SONNET XXVIII.

The laurel-leaf, which you this day dose ware,
Gives me great hope of your relenting mynd:
For since it is the badge which I dose ware,
Ye, bearing it, doe seeme to me inclin:
The powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,
Let it lykewise your gentle brest inspire
With sweet infusion, and put you in mind
Of that proud Mayd, whom now those leaves attye:
Proud Daphne, scorning Phobus lovelyyre,
On the Thessalian shore from him did flie:
For which the gods, in theyr revengefull yre,
Did her transforme into a Laurell-tree. [chace,
Then fly no more, sayre love, from Phobus
But in your brest his leaf and love embrace.

SONNET XXIX.

See! how the stubborne Damzell doth deprave
My simple meaning with dishonfull scorne;
And by the bay, which I unto her gueve,
Accompts my self her captuie quite forborne.
The bay, quoth she, is of the victuors born,
Yielded them by the vanquish that theye needs,
And they therewith doe Poetes heads adorn,
To sing the glory of their famous deeds:
But sith she will the conquest challenge needs,
Let her accept me as her faidfull thrall;
That her great triumph, which my skill exceeds,
I may in triumph of fame blaze over all. [bayes,
Then would I decke her head with glorious
And fill the world with her victorious prays.

SONNET XXX.

My love is lyke to yse, and I to fyre;
How comes it then that this her cold so great
Is not dissolv'd through my so hot desyre,
But harder grows the more I her intreit?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not delayd by her hart-frosten cold;
But that I burne much more in boylinge sweat,
And feele my flames augmented manifolde!
What more miraculous thing may be told
That fire, which all thing melts, should harden yse;
And yse, which is congeald with seacelesse cold,
Should kindle fyre by wonderful deveye!
Such is the powre of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kynd.

SONNET XXXI.

Art why hath Nature to so hard a hart
Given so godly gifts of beauties grace
Whose pryde depraves each other better part
And all those precious ornaments deface.
Sith to all other beastes, of bloody race,
A dreadful countenance she given hath;
That with theyr terroure all the rest may chace
And warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.
But my proud one doth worke the greater seath,
Through sweet allurement of her lovely hew;

xxx. 6 —— delayed? Tempered. Tott.
xxxi. 4 —— def. cro.] For "dooe deface." Jonst.

That she the better may, in bloody bath
Of such poore thralles, her cruel hands embrew.
But, did she know how ill these two accord,
Such cruelty she would have some ahord.

SONNET XXXII.

The paynfull smith, with force of fervent heat,
The hardest full of embers doth mollify;
That with his heavy sedgye he can it beat,
And fashion to what he it list apply.
Yet cannot all these flames, in which I fry,
Her hart more hard then yron soft a whil;
Ne all the playnts and prayers, with which I
Doe beat on th' andvile of her stubberne wit:
But still, the more she fervent sees my fit,
The more she freshech in her wilfull pyde;
And harder growes, the harder she is smit
With all the playnts which to her be applyde.
What then remaines but I to ashes burne,
And she to stones at length all frozen turne!

SONNET XXXIII.

Great wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
To that most sacred Empresse, my dear dreed,
Not finishing her Queene of Pauly,
That mote enlarge her living prayses, dead:
But Lodwick, this of grace to me arend;
Do ye not think th' accomplishment of it,
Sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ?
How then should I, without another wit,
Thinck ever to endure so tedious toyle?
Sith that this one is lost with troublous fit
Of a proud Love, that doth my spirit spoyle.
Cease then, till she vouche safely to graunt me rest;
Or lend you me another living brest.

SONNET XXXIV.

Lyke as a ship, that through the ocean wyde,
By conduct of some star, doth make her way;
Whenes a storm hath dimd her trusty guyde,
Out of her course doth wander far astray:
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with cloudes is over cast,
Doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast;
Yet hope I well that, when this storme is past,
My Helice, the lodestar of my lyfe,
Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,
In secret sorrow, and sad pensiveness.

SONNET XXXV.

My hungry eyes, through greedy covetise
Still to behold the obiect of their paine,
With no contentment can themselves suffize;
But, having, pine ; and, having not, complain.
For, lacking it, they cannot lyfe sustayne;
And, having it, they gaze on it the more;
In their amazement lyke Narcissus vain,

xxxv. 6 —— sel] For soften. Tott.
Whose eyes him starv'd: so plenty makes me
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store [poore.
Of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,
But lothe the things which they did like before,
And can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,
And all their shows but shadowes, saving she.

SONNET XXXVI.

Tell me, when shall these wearie woes have end,
Or shall their ruthless terror never cease:
But al my days in pining languor spend,
Without hope of assuagement or respite!
Is there no means for me to purchase peace,
Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes,
But that their cruelty doth still increase,
And dayly more augment my miseries!
But, when ye have shew'd all extremeties,
Then think how little glory ye have gayned
By slaying him, whose lyfe, though ye despysse,
Mote have your life in honor long maintayned.
But by his death, which some perhaps will mone,
Ye shall condemned be of many a one.

SONNET XXXVII.

What gyule is this, that those her golden tresses
She doth attyre under a net of gold:
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold, or haire, may scarce be told?
Is it that mens frayele eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare;
And, being caught, may craftly enfold
Their weaker harts, which are not well aware!
Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye do stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guildefull net,
In which if ever ye entrapped are,
Out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.
Fondnesse it were for any, being free,
To covet fetteres, though they golden bee!

SONNET XXXVIII.

Arion, when, through tempests cruel wracke,
He forth was throwne into the greedy seas;
Through the sweet musick, which his harp did
Allur'd a dolphin him from death to ease.
[make,
But my rude musick, which was wont to please
Some dainty cares, cannot, with any skill,
The dreadful tempst of her wrath appease,
Nor move the dolphin from her stubborn will;
But in her pride she dooth persever still,
All carelessse how my life for her decayes:
Yet with one word she can it save or spill.
To spill were pitty, but to save were prayse!
Chuse rather to be praysd for doing good,
Then to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse blood.

SONNET XXXIX.

Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art.
For, when on me thou shinedst late in sadness,
A melting pleasant ran through every part,
And me revived with hart-robbinge gladness.
Why lest rap't with joy resembling heavenly madness,
My soule was ravished quite as in a trance;
And, feeling thence no more her sorrowes sadness,
Fed on the fulnesse of that chearfull glance.
More sweet than nectar, or ambrosiall meall,
Seem'd every bit which thenceforth I did eat.

SONNET XL.

Mark when she smiles with amiable cheare,
And tell me whereto can ye lyken it;
When on each eylid sweetly doe appeare
An hundred Grace, as in shade to sit.
Lykst it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Uuto the fayre sunshine in somers day;
That, when a dreadful storme away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spred his goodly ray;
At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drooping hed.
So my storme-beaten hart likewise is cheared
With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

SONNET XLI.

Is it her nature, or is it her will,
To be so cruel to an humbled foe?
If nature; then she may it need with skill:
If will; then she at will may will forgue.
But if her nature and her will be so,
That she will plague the man that loves her most,
And take delight t' encrease a wretches woe;
Then all her natures goodly gifts are lost:
And that same glorious beanties ydele boast
Is but a bayt such wretches to beguile,
As being long in her loves tempest tost,
She meanes at last to make her pitious spoyle.
O fayrest fayre! let never it be named,
That so fayre beauty was so fouly shamed.

SONNET XLII.

The love, which me so cruelly tormenteth,
So pleasing is in my extremest paine,
That, all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
The more I love and doe embrase my bane.
Ne do I wish (for wishing were but vaine)
To be acquit fro my continual smart;
But joy, her thrall for ever to remayne,
And yield for pledge my poor and captvyed hart;
The which, that it from her may never start,
Let her, ye please her, bynd with adamant chayne;
And from all wandering loves, which mote pervart
His safe assurance, strongly it restrayne.
Onely let her abstaine from cruelty,
And doc me not before my time to dy.

SONNET XLIII.

Shall I then silent be, or shall I speake?
And, if I speake, her wrath renew I shall;
And, if I silent be, my hart will brake,
Or choked be with overflowing gall.
SONNETS.

What tyranny is this, both my hart to thrall,
And eke my tong with proud restraint to tie;
That neither I may speake nor thinke at all,
But like a stupid stock in silence die!
Yet I my hart with silence secretly
Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead;
And eke mine eies, with meek humility,
Love-learned letters to her eyes to read: [spel,
Which her deep wit, that true harts thought can
Wil soon conceive, and learn to construe well.

SONNET XLIV.
When those renowned noble Peres of Greece,
Through stubbon pride, among themselves did iar,
Forgetfull of the famous golden fleece;
Then Orpheus with his harp theyr strife did bar.
But this continuall, cruell, civill warre,
The which my selfe against my selfe doe make;
Whilst my weak powres of passions wareied arre;
No skill can stint, nor reason can aslake.
But, when in hand my tunelesse harp I take,
Then doe I more augment my foes despight;
And grieue renew, and passions doe awake
To battale, fresh against my selfe to fight.
Mongst whome thome the more I seeke to settle peace,
The more I fynd their malice to increase.

SONNET XLV.
Leye, Lady! in your glasse of cristall dene,
Your goodly selfe for evermore to vew:
And in my selfe, my inward selfe, I make,
Most lively lyke behold your semblant trew.
Within my hart, though hardly it can shew
Thing so divine to vew of earthly eye,
The fayre idea of your celestial hew
And every part remains immortally:
And were it not that, through your crueltie,
With sorrow dimmed and deform’d it were,
The goodly ymage of your visomie,
Clearer than cristall, would therein appere.
But, if your selfe in me ye playne will see,
Remove the cause by which your fayre beames
darkned be.

SONNET XLVI.
When my abodes prefixed time is spent,
My cruell fayre straight bids me wend my way:
But then from heaven most hideous stormes are sent,
As willing me against her will to stay.
Whom then shall I, or heaven or her, obey?
The heavens know best what is the best for me:
But as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
My lower heaven, so it perforce must be.
But ye high heavens, that all this sorrow see,
Sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe,
Aswage your stormes; or else both you, and she,
Will both together me too sorely wrack.
Enough it is for one man to sustaine,
The stormes, which she alone on me doth raince.

SONNET XLVII.
Trust not the treason of those smyling lookes,
Untill ye have their guylefull traynes well tryde:
For they are lyke but unto golden hookes,
That from the foolish fish theyr baytes do hyde:
So with flattering smyles weake harts doth guyde
Unto her love, and tempte to theyr decay;
Whome, being catcht, she kills with cruell pryde,
And leedes at pleasure on the wretched pray:
Yet, even whilst her bloody hands theyr slay,
Her eyes looke lovelye, and upon them smytle;
That they take pleasure in their cruell play,
And, dying, doe themselves of payne beguyle.
O mighty charm! which makes men love theyr lane,
And think they dy with pleasure, live with payne.
SONNET LII.

Do I not see that fayrest image
Of hardnest marble are of purpose made,
For that they should endure through many ages.
Ne let theyr famous monuments to fade!
Why then doe I, untrained in Lovers trade,
Her hardnes blame, which I should more commend?
Sith never ought was excellent assayde
Which was not hard t' atchieve and bring to end.
Ne ought so hard, but he, that would attend,
Mote soften it and to his will allure;
So do I hope her stubborn hart to bend,
And that it then more stedfast will endure.
Only my paines wil be the more to get her;
But, having her, my joy wil be the greater.

SONNET LIII.

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
I go lyke one that, having lost the field,
Is prisoner led away with heavy hart,
Deep poyld of warlike armes and knownen shield.
So do I now my self a prisoner yield
To sorow and to solitary paine;
From presence of my dearest deare exylde,
Long-while alone in languor to remaine.
There let no thought of lyce, or pleasure vaine,
Dare to approch, that may my solace breed;
But sudden dumps, and dreary sad disdayne
Of all worlds gladnesse, more my torment feed.
So I her absens will my peneance make,
That of her presens I my meed may take.

SONNET LIV.

The panther, knowing that his spotted hyde,
Doth please all beasts, but that his looks them fray;
Within a bush his dreadful head doth hide,
To let them gaze, whilst he on them may pray:
Right so my cruelayre with me doth play.
For, with the goodly semblance of her hew,
She doth allure me to mine owne decay,
And then no mercy will unto me shew.
Great shame it is, thing so divine in view,
Made for to be the worlds most ornament,
To make the layte her gazers to embrow:
Good shames to be to ill an instrument!
But mercy doth with beantie best agree,
As in theyr Maker ye them best may see.

SONNET LV.

What then can move her? if nor merth, nor mone,
She is no woman, but a senselesse stone.

SONNET LVI.

So oft as I her beauty doe behold,
And therewith doe her cruelty compare,
I marvaille of what substance was the mould,
The which her made attone so cruel faire.
Not earth; for her high thoughts more heavenly are
Not water; for her love doth burne like fyre:
Not ayre; for she is not so light or rare:
Not fyre; for she doth friese with faint desire.
Then needs another Element inquire
Whereof she mote be made; that is, the skye.
For, to the heaven her hauty looks aspire;
And eke her love is pure immortal bye.
Then, sith to heaven ye lykene are the best,
Be lyke in mercy as in all the rest.

SONNET LVII.

Fayre ye be sure, but cruel and unkind,
As is a tygre, that with greedinesse
Hunts after bloud; when he by chance doth find
A feele beast, doth felly him oppresse.
Fayre be ye sure, but proud and pitlesse,
As is a storme, that all things doth prostrate;
Finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,
Beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.
Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
As is a rocke amidst the raging floods;
Gaynest which, a ship, of succour desolate,
Doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.
That ship, that tree, and that same beast, am I,
Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruin, and destroy.

SONNET LVIII.

Sweet warriour! when shall I have peace with
High time it is this warre now ended were; [you!]
Which I no lenger can endure to sue,
Ne your incessant battre more to beare:
So weake my powres, so sore my wounds, appear,
That wonder is how I should live a jot,
Seeing my hart through-lanched every where
With thousand arrowes, which your eies have shot.
Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not,
But glory thinke to make these cruel stoures.
Ye cruel one! what glory can be got,
In slaying him that would live gladly yours!
Make peace therefore, and graunt me timely grace,
That al my wounds that will heale in little space.

SONNET LVII.

By her that is most assured to her selfe.

Weake is th' assurance that weake flesh reposeth
In her own powre, and sconemeth others ayde;
That soonest falls, when as she most supposeth
Her selfe assured, and is of nought aforayd.
All flesh is frayle, and all her strength unystayd,
Like a vaine bubble blowen up with ayre;
Devouring tyme and changefull chance have prayd,

SONNET LIX.

There happie she! that is so well assured
Unto her selfe, and setted so in hart,
That neither will for better be allure
No feard with worse to any chance to start;
But, like a stedy ship, doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keepes her course arieth;
Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.
Such selfe-assurance need not feare the spight
Of grudging foes, no favour seek of friends:
But, in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
Neither to one her selfe nor other bends.
Most happy she, that most asur'd doth rest;
But he most happy, who such one loves best.

SONNET LX.

They, that in course of heavenly spheraes are skild,
To every planet point his sundry yeare;
In which her circles voyage is fulfilled,
As Mars in threescore yeares doth run his sphere.
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 forty which my life out-went:
Then by that count, which lovers books invent,
The sphare of Cupid forty yeares contains:
Which I have wasted in long languishment,
That seem'd the longer for my greater paines.
But let my Loves fayre planet short her wavys,
This yeare ensuing, or else short my dayer.

SONNET LXI.

The glorious image of the Makers beautie,
My soveraigne saynt, the idol of my thought,
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of dawte,
T' accence of pride, or rashly blame for ought.
For, being as she is, divinly wrought,
And of the brood of Angels heavenly born;
And with the crew of blessed saynts asphore,
Each of which did her with their guilts adorn;
The bud of joy, the blossom of the mome,
The beame of light, whom mortal eyes admyre;
What reason is it then but she should scorn
Base things, that to her love too bold aspire!
Such heavenly formes ought rather worship be,
Then daro be lov'd by men of meane degree.

SONNET LXII.

The weary yeare his race now having run,
The new begins his compast course arieyn:
With shew of morning mylde he hath begun,
Betoking peace and plenty to ensue.
So let us, which this change of weather vew,
Change eke our mynds, and former lives amend;
The old yeares sinnes forepast let us eschew,
And fly the faults with which we did offend.
Then shall the new yeares joy forth freely send,
Into the grousing world, his gladsome ray:
And all these storms, which now his beauty blend,
Shall turne to calmes, and tymely cleare away.
So, likewise, Love! chere you heavy spright,
And change old yeares annoy to new delight.

SONNET LXIII.

After long stormses and tempests sad essay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore,
In dread of death, and daungerous disdain,
With which my silly bark was tossed sore;
I doe at length decry the happy shore,
In which I hope ere long for arriye:
Fayre soyle it scene from far, and fraught with store.
Of al that dear and dainty is alwe.
Most happy he! that can at last attye
The joyous safety of so sweet a rest;
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all paines which him oppressed.
All paines are nothing in respect of this;
All sorrows short that gaine eternall blisse.

SONNET LXIV.

Coming to kiss her lyps, (such grace I found,)  
Me seemd, I smelt a gardein of sweet flowres,  
That dainty odours from them threw around,  
For damzells fit to decke their lovers bowres.  
Her lips did smell lyke unto gillyflowres;  
Her ruddy cheeks, lyke unto roses red;  
Her snowy browes, lyke bidded bellamoures;  
Her lovely eyes, lyke pinkejs but newly spred;  
Her goodly bosome, lyke a strawberry bed:  
Her neck, lyke to a bough of cullimynes;  
Her breast, lyke lillyes, ere their leaves be shed;  
Her nippes, lyke young blossomed jessemynes;  
Such fragrant flowres doe give most odorous smell;  
But her sweet odour did them all excell.

SONNET LXV.

The doibt which ye misdeeme, fayre Love, is vaine,
That fondly feare to lose your liberty;
When, losing one, two libertyes ye gayne,
And make him bond that bondage earst did fly.
Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth tye
Without constraynt, or dread of any ill:
The gentle birde feele no captivity
Within her cage; but sings, and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill,
The league twixt them, that loyal love hath bound:
But simple Truth, and mutual Good-will,
Seeks, with sweet peace, to salve each others wound:
There Fayth doth fearless dwell in brazen towre,
And spotlesse Pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

LXII. 11. blend,] Confound, in which sense it repeatedly occurs in the Faerie Queene. Tod.
SONNET LXVI.

To all those happy blessings, which ye have
With plenteous hand by heaven upon you thrown;
This one disparagement they to you gave,
That ye your love lent to so mean an one.
Ye, whose high worths surpassing paragon
Could not on earth have found one fit for mate,
Ne but in heaven matchable to none,
Why did ye stoup unto so lowly state?
But ye thereby much greater glory gate,
Then had ye sorted with a Princess pere:
For, now your light doth more it selfe dilute,
And, in my darknesse, greater doth appear.
Yet, since your light hath once enkindled me,
With my reflex yours shall encreased be.

SONNET LXVII.

Lyke as a huntsman after weary chase,
Seeing the game from him escapt away,
Sits downe to rest him in some shady place,
With panting hounds beguiled of their pray:
So, after long pursuit and vain assay,
When I all weary had the chase forsooke,
The gentle deer returnd the selfe-same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke:
There she, beholding me with mylder looke,
Sought not to fly, but fearlesse still did bide;
Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
And with her owne goodwill her fynenly tyde,
Strange thing, me seemd, to see a beast so wyld,
So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguyld.

SONNET LXVIII.

Most glorious Lord of lyfe! that, on this day,
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin;
And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away
Captive thence captive, us to win:
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin;
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dy
Beinge with thy deare blood clene wash't from sin,
May live for ever in felicity!
And that thy love we well and worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same againe;
And for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst buy,
With love may one another entertaine:
So let us love, deare Love, lyke as we ought:
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

SONNET LXIX.

The famous warriors of the antike world
Us'd trophyes to erect in stately wise:
In which they would the records have enrol'd
Of theyr great deeds and valorous emprize.
What trophyes then shall I most fit devize,
In which I may record the memory
Of my loves conquest, peerlesse beauties prise,
Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity!
Even this verse, vowed to eternity,
Shall be thereof immortall monument;
And tell her praise to all posterity,
That may admire such worlds rare wond'renment;
The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
Gotten at last with labour and long toyle.

SONNET LXX.

FRESH Spring, the herald of loves mighty king,
In whose owne-armed richly are displayed
All sorts of flowres, the whiche on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously array'd;
Goe to my Love, where she is carelesse hyd,
Yet in her winters bowre not well awake;
Tell her the joyous time will not be staid,
Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take;
Bid her therefore her selfe some ready make,
To waynt on Love amongst his lovely crew;
Where every one, that misseth then her make,
Shall be by him ancastred with penance dew, [prime;
Make hast therefore, sweet Love, whilst it is
For none can call againe the passed time.

SONNET LXXI.

I joy to see how, in your drawn work,
Your selfe unto the bee ye doe compare;
And me unto the Spyder, that doth lurke
In close awayt, to catch her unaware:
Right to your selfe were caught in cunning snare
Of a deare foe, and thralled to his love;
In whose straights bands ye now captivated are
So firmly that ye never may remove.
But as your worke is woven all about
With Woodelyand flowres and fragrant Egliantine;
So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
With many deare delights bedecked ynone.
And all thenceforth eternall peace shall see
Between the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

SONNET LXXII.

Oft, when my spiritt doth spred her bolder winges,
In mind to mount up to the purest sky
It down is weighd with thought of earthly things,
And clogd with burden of mortality;
Where, when that soverayne beauty it doth spy,
Reassembling heavens glory in her light,
Drawn with sweet pleasures bayt, it backe doth fly
And unto heaven forgets her former light.
There my faire fancy, fed with full delight,
Doth bath in blisse, and mantelied most at ease;
Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
Her harts desire with most contentment please.
Hart need not wish none other happinesse,
But here on earth to have such heavens blisse.

SONNET LXXIII.

Bring me my self captvyed here in care,
My hart, (whom none with servile bands can tye
But the layre tresses of your golden layre,)
Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly.
Like as a byrd, that in ones hand doth spy
Desired food, to it doth make his flight:
Even so my hart, that wont on your layre eye
To teed his fill, flies backe unto your sight.
Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright
Gently eneage, that he may be your thrall:
SONNETS.

Perhaps he there may learn, with rare delight,
To sing your name and prayses over all:
That it hereafter may you not repent,
Him lodging in your bosome to have lent.

SONNET LXXIV.

Most happy letters! fram'd by skilfull trade,
With which that happy name was first desynd,
The which three times thriue happy hath me made,
With guifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
The first my being to me gave by kind,
From Mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent;
The second is my sovereign Queene most kind,
That honour and large richesse to me lent:
The third, my Love, my lives last ornament,
By whom my spirit out of dust was rayed:
To speake her praysse and glory excellent,
Of all live most worthy to be prayssed.
Ye three Elizabeths! for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give.

SONNET LXXV.

One day I wrote her name upon the strand;
But came the waves, and washed it away:
Agayne, I wrote it with a second hand;
But came the tyle, and made my paynes his pray.
Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay
A mortall thing so to immortalize;
For I my selfe shall lyke to this decay,
And cke my name bee wyped out lykewiza.
Not so, quod I; let barger tisdes devise
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
And in the bernes wyare your glorious name.
Where, when as death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and laterlie renew.

SONNET LXXVI.

Fayre bosome! fraught with vertues richest tasure,
The neast of love, the lodging of delight,
The bowre of blissse, the paradice of pleasure,
The sacred harbour of that hevenly spriuht;
How was I ravished with your lovely sight,
And my frayle thoughts too rashly led astray!
Whiles diving deepse through amorous insight,
On the sweet spoyle of beaute theyt did pray;
And twixt her paps, (like early fruit in May,
Whose harvest seemd to hasten now apace,) They loosely did their wanton wings display,
And there to rest themselves did boldly place.
Sweet thoughts! I envy your so happy rest,
Which oft I wish, yet never was so blest.

SONNET LXXVII.

Was it a dreeame, or did I see it playne?
A goodly table of pure cyvy,
All spred with juncats, fit to entertaine
The greatest Prince with pompous royaltie:
Mongst which, there in a silver dish did ly
Two golden apples of unvalued price;
Far passing those which Hercules came by,
Or those which Atalanta did entice;

LXXVII. 5. unvalued. Invaluable. Todd.

Exceeding sweet, yet vroyd of sinfull vice;
That many sought, yet none could ever taste;
Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Paradise
By Love himsellie, and in his garden plaste.
Her brest that table was, so richly spread;
My thoughts the guests, which would thereon have fed.

SONNET LXXVIII.

Lackynge my Love, I go from place to place,
Lyke a young fawne, that late hath lost the hynd;
And seeke each where, where last I saw her face,
Whose ymage yet I carry fresh in mynd.
I seeke the fields with her late footing synd;
I seeke her bowre with her late presence deckt;
Yet nor in field nor bowre I can her fynd;
Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect:
But, when myne eyes I therunto direct,
They ydly back return to me agayne;
And, when I hope to see theyr trow obiect,
I fynd my self but fed with fancies vayne.
Cease then, myne eyes, to seeke her selfe to see;
And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

SONNET LXXIX.

Men call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
For that your selfe ye daily such doe see:
But the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit,
And vertuous mind, is much more praysd of me:
For all the rest, how ever fayre it be,
Shall turne to nought and lose that glorious hew:
But onely that is permanent and free
From frayle corruption, that doth flesh ensue.
That is true beaute: that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly sead;
Deriv'd from that fayre Spirit, from whom all true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed:
He only fayre, and what he fayre hath made;
All other fayre, lyke flowers, untymely fade.

SONNET LXXX.

After so long a race as I have run
Through Faery land, which those six books compile,
Give leave to rest me being halfforedonne,
And gather to my selfe new breath awhile;
Then, as a steed refreshed after toyle,
Out of my prison I will break aneaw,
And stoutly will that second work assoyle,
With strong endeavour and attention dew.
Till then give leave to me, in pleasant mew
To sport my Muse, and sing my Loves sweet prais;
The contemplation of whose heavenly hew,
My spirit to an higher pitch will rayse.
But let her praysses yet be low and meane,
Fit for the handmaid of the Faery Queene.

SONNET LXXXI.

Fayre is my Love, when her fayre golden haires
With the loose wynd ye waving chance to marke;
Fayre, when the rose in her red cheeckes appears,
Or in her eyes the fayre of love does sparkle.
Fayre, when her brest, lyke a rich laden barke,
With pretious merchandize she forth doth lay;
SONNET LXXXII.

Joy of my life! full oft for loving you
I bless my lot, that was so lucky plac'd:
But then the more your own mishap I rew,
That are so much by so meane love embas'd.
For, had the equal hevens so much you grace'd
In this as in the rest, ye mote invent
Some heavenly wit, whose verse could have encharg'd
Your glorious name in golden monument.
But since ye deign'd so godly to relent
To me your thrall, in whom is little worth;
That little, that I am, shall all be spent
In setting your immortal prayses forth:
Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,
Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

Let not one spark of filthy lustfull fyre
Break out, that may her sacred peace molest;
Ne one light glance of sensuoall desyre
Attempt to work her gentle mindes unrest:
But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,
And modest thoughts breathed from well tempred spirits,
Goe visit her, in her chaste bowre of rest,
Accompanyde with angelicke delightes.
There fill your selfe with those most joyous sighes,
The which my selfe could never yet attayne:
But speake no word to her of these sad plights,
Which her too constant stinness doth constrain.
Onely behold her rare perfection,
And bless ye fortunes faire election.

SONNET LXXXIV.

The world that cannot deeme of worthy things,
When I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter:
So does the cuckow, when the mavis sings,
Begin his widesse note apiece to clatter,
But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,
All that they know not, envy or admyre;
Rather then envy, let them wonder at her,
But not to deeme of her desert aspyre.
Deepe, in the closet of her parts enrye,
Her worth is written with a golden quill,
That me with heavenly fure doth inspire,
And my glad mouth with her sweet prayses fill.
Which when as Fame in her shrill trump shall thunder,
Let the world chuse to envoy or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXV.

Venomeus tongue, tipt with vile aduers sting,
Of that self kynd with which the Furies fell

SONNET LXXXVI.

Since I did leave the presence of my Love,
Many long weary dayes I have outworne;
And many nights, that slowly seemd to move
Theyr sad protract from evening untill morn.
For, when as day the heaven doth adorn,
I wish that night the noyous day would end;
And, when as night hath us of light fordone,
I wish that day would shortly reasend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And faine my grieve with changes to beguile,
That further seemes his terme still to extend,
And maketh every minute seem a myle.
So sorrow still doth seem too long to last;
But joyous hours do fly away too fast.

SONNET LXXXVII.

Since I have lackt the comfort of that light,
The which was wont to lead my thoughts astray;
I wander as in darknesse of the night,
Affrayd of every dangers least dismay.
Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
When others gaze upon theyr shadowesayne,
But th' only image of that heavenly ray,
Whereof some glance doth in mine eie remayne.
Of which beholding the idea playne,
Through contemplation of my purest part,
With light thereof I doe my self sustayn,
And thereon feed my love-affamisht hart.
But, with such brightnesse whylest I fill my mind,
I starve my body, and mine eyes doe bynyd.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

Lyke as the culver, on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate;
And, in her songs, sends many a wishful vow
For his returne that seemes to linger late:
So I alone, now left desconsolate,
Mourne to my selfe the absence of my Love;
And, wandering here and there all desolate,
Seek with my playnts to match that mournful dove:
Ne joy of ought, that under heaven doth love,
Can comfort me, but her owne joyous sight:
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasures to delight.
Dark is my day, whyles her faire light I mis,
And deal my life that wants such lively blis.

SONNETS.

COLLECTED FROM THE ORIGINAL PUBLICATIONS IN WHICH THEY APPEARED.

* I.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL, MY SINGULAR GOOD FRIEND,

M. GABRIEL Harvey, Doctor of the Laws.

Harvey, the happy above happiest men
I read; that, sitting like a Looker-on
Of this worldes stage, doest note with critike pen
The sharpe dislikes of each condition:
And, as one careless of suspicion,
Ne fawnest for the favour of the great;
Ne fearest foolish reprehension
Of fantry men, which daunger to thee threat:
But freely doest, of what thee list, entreat,
Like a great lord of peeresse liberty;
Lifting the Good up to high Honours sent,
And the Evill dunning evermore to dy:
For Life, and Death, is in thy doomefull writing!
So thy renowne lives ever by endighting.
Your devoted friend, during life,
EDMUND SPENSER.

Dublin, this xvij. of July, 1598.

* II.

Whoso will seeke, by right deserts, t' attaine
Unto the type of true Nobility;
And not by painted sheaves, and titles vaine,
Derived farre from famous Auncestrie:
Behold them both in their right visonym
Here truly pourtray'd, as they ought to be,
And striving both for termes of dignitie,
To be advanced highest in degree.
And, when thou doest with equall insight see
The ods twixt both, of both the deem aright,
And chuse the better of them both to thee;
But thanks to him, that it deserves, behight;
To Nenna first, that first this worke created,
And next to Jones, that truly it translated.
ED. SPENSER.

* III.

UPON THE HISTORIE OF GEORGE CASTRIOT, ALIAS SCANDER
BEG, KING OF THE EPHEM, TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

WHEREFORE doth vaunt Antiquitie so vaunt
Her ancient monuments of mightie peeces,
And old heroes, which their world did daunter care?
With their great deeds and fild their childrens
Who, rapt with wonder of their famous praise,
Admire their statues, their colosses great:
Their rich triumphant arcks which they did raise,
Their huge pyramids, which do heaven threat.
Lo! one, whom Later Age hath brought to light,
Matchable to the greatest of those great;
Great both by name, and great in power and might,
And meriting a meere triumphat seate.

The scourge of Turkes, and plague of infidels,
Thy acts, O Scanderbeg, this volume tells.

ED. SPENSER.

* IV.

The antique Babel, Empresse of the East,
Uproارد her buildinges to the threatened skie:
And second Babell, Tyrant of the West,
Her ayry towers upraised much more high.
But, with the weight of their own surquedry,
They both are fallen, that all the earth did feare,
And buried now in their owne ashes ly;
Yet shewing, by their heapes, how great they were.
But in their place doth now a third appeare,
Fayre Venice, flower of the last worlds delight;
An l next to them in beauty draweth nere,
But farre excedes in policie of right.
Yet not so fayre her buildinges to behold
As Lewkenors stile that hath her beautie told.

EDM. SPENCER.

* III. Prefixed to the "Historie of George Castriot, alias Scanderbeg, King of Albania: Containing his famous acts, &c. Newly translated out of French into English by Z. J. Gentleman, 1626." Todd.

* IV. Prefixed to "The Commonwealth and Government of Venice, Written by the Cardinall Gaspar Contarino, and translated out of Italian into English, by Lowr Lewkenor, Esquire, 1609." Todd.

* 1. From "Foure Letters, and certaine Sonnets, especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties by him abused, &c. 1592." Todd.

* n. Prefixed to "Nennio, or A Treatise of Nobility, &c. Written in Italian by that famous Doctor and worthy Knight Sir John Baptista Nenna of Bari. Done into English by William Jones, Gent. 1595." Todd.
POEMS.

POEM I.

In youth, before I waxed old,
The blind boy, Venus baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter byve to grope for honey:
But, when he saw me stung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did fly.

POEM II.

As Diane hunted on a day,
She chauns't to come where Cupid lay,
His quiver by his head;
One of his shafts she stole away,
And one of hers did close convey
Into the others stead:
With that Love wounded my Loves hart,
But Diane beasts Cupids dart.

POEM III.

I saw, in secret to my Dame
How little Cupid humbly came,
And said to her; "All hayle, my mother!"
But, when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashfull blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other.
"Then, never blush, Cupid, quoth I,
For many have err'd in this beauty.

POEM IV.

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbering
All in his mothers lap;
A gentle Bee, with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
About him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with the noyse,
And saw the beast so small;
"What's this (quoth he) that gives so great a voyce,
That wakens men withall?" I
In angry wize he flies about,
And threatens all with courage stout.
To whom his mother closely smiling sayd,
"Twixt earnest and twixt game:
"See! thou thy selfe likewise art lyttle made,
If thou regard the same.

And yet thou suffrest neyther gods in sky,
Nor men in earth, to rest:
But, when thou art disposed cruelly,
Theyr sleep thou dost molest.
Then either change thy cruelty,
Or give lyke leave unto the fly;"
Nathless, the crnell boy, not so content,
Would needs the fly pursue;
And in his hand, with heedlesse hardiment,
Him caught for to subdue.
But, when on it he hasty hand did lay,
The Bee him stung therefore:
"Now out alas, he cryde, and weleway,
I wounded am full sore:
The fl', that I so much did seorne,
Hath hurt me with his little homine."
Unto his mother straight he weeping came,
And of his grieve complain'd
Who could not chace but laugh at his fond game,
Though sad to see him pained.
"Think now (quoth she) my son, how great the smart
Of those whom thou dest wound:
Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,
That pitty never found :
Therefore, henceforth some pitty take,
When thou dost spoye of Lovers make."
She tooke him straight full pitiously lamenting,
And wrapt him in her smock:
She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting
That he the fly did mock.
She drest his wound, and it enblamed well
With salve of soveraigne might:
And then she bath'd him in a dainty well,
The well of deare delight.
Who would not oft be stung as this,
To be so bath'd in Venus blis? I
The wanton boy was shortly wel recured
Of that his malady:
But he, soone after, fresh again enured
His former cruelty.
And since that time he wounded hath my selfe
With his sharper dart of Love:
And now forgets the cruel carelesse elfe
His mothers heast to prove.
So now I languish, till he please
My pining anguish to appease.

EPITHALAMION*

Ye learned Sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to the ayding, others to adorn,
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare their names sung in your simple lays,
But loyed in their praise ;
And when ye list your own mishaps to mounte,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadden tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your dolefull derriment : 
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside ;
And having dispersèd the nights uncheerfull dampe,
Doe ye awake ; and, with fresh lustybed,
Go to the bowre of my beloved Love,
My truest turtle dove ; 
Bid her awake ; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to move,
With his bright tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
For bie ! the wished day is come at last,
That shal, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her usury of long delight : 
And, whyllest she dote her dight,
Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,
Thus all the woods may answer, and your eecho ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
Both of the Rivers and the Forrests greene,
And of the Sea that neighbours to her neare ;
All with gay girlandes goodly wel bescene.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland,
For my farewe Love, of Lillyes and of Roses,
Bound truelove wize, with a blewe silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale posies,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridale bowres.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewd with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.

Which done, doe at her chamber doe awayt,
For she will waken strayt ;
The whites do ye this Song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your echo ring.

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
The silver sealy trouts do tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed ;
(Those trouts and pikes all others doe excel) ;
And ye likewise, which keepe the rushy lake,
Where none doe fishes take ;
Bynd up the locks which hang scattered light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereso my Love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke, ye lightfoote maiads, which keepe the doe,
That on the heary mountaine use to towre.
And the wyldle wolves, which seke them to devour,
With your steele darts doe chace from coming neer ;
Be also present heere,
To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Wake now, my Love, awake ; for it is time ;
The rosy Morne long since left Tithons bed,
All ready to her silver eecho to clyme,
And Phoebus gins to shew his glorious bed.
Hark ! how the cheersfull birds do chaunt theyr
And carroll of Loves praise.
[faies,
The merry Larke her mattsings aloft,
The Thrush replies ; the Mavis descant plaies,
The Ouzell shrills ; the Ruddock waveles soft ;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes meriment.
Ah ! my deere Love, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
'T awayt the comming of your ioysome Make,
And hearten to the birds love-learned song,
The deawy leaves among !
For they of joy and pleasure to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr echo ring.

My Love is now awake out of her dreame,
And her farewe eyes, like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly bennis
More bright then Hesperus his head doth cere.
Come now, ye Damzels, Daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to sight : 
But first come, ye farewe Humes, which were beg .
In loves sweet paradise, of Day and Night ;

Ver. 81. — the Mavis; The (brute or thrush. Toon.
Ver. 82. — the Ruddock. The Red-breast. Toon.
Ver. 83. — consent.] We should rather read consent.
  i.e. harmony. Todd.

* Epithalamion.] The song of love and Jollity, as he calls it, F. Q. I. xii. 38. Toon.
  Ver. 81. — And diapred &c.] Diversified, a word borrowed from Chaucer. Toon.
Which doe the seasons of the year allot,  
And all, that ever in this world is faire,  
Do make and still repaire:  
And ye three handmaidys of the Cyprian Queene,  
The which doe still adorn her beauties pride,  
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:  
And, as ye her array, still throw betwene  
Some graces to be scene;  
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,  
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo  
ring.

Now is my Love all ready forth to come:  
Let all the Virgins therefore well away;  
And ye fresh Boys, that tend upon her Groome,  
Prepare your selves; for he is comming strayt.  
Set all your things in seemly good array,  
Fit for so joyful day:  
The joyfullst day that ever Sunne did see.  
Fair Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,  
And let thy lilluf heat not fervent be,  
For feare of burning her shining face,  
Her beauty to disgrace.  
O fairest Phoebus! Father of the Muse!  
If ever I did honour thee aright,  
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,  
Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse;  
But let this day, let this one day, be mine;  
Let all the rest be thine.  
Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,  
That all the woods shall answer, and your echo  
ring.

Harke! how the minstrils gin to shrill aloud  
Their merry musick that resounds from far,  
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling crew,  
That well agree withouten breach or far.  
But, most of all, the Damzels doe delight,  
When they their tymbrels smyte,  
And therunto doe daunce and carol sweet,  
That all the senses they doe ravish quite;  
The whyles the Boys run up and downe the street;  
Crying aloud with strong confused noyse,  
As if it were one voyce,  
Hymen, Hymen, Hymen, they do shout;  
That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill  
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;  
To which the people standing all about,  
As in approvance, doe thereo appland,  
And loud advance their Laud:  
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen, sing,  
That all the woods them answer, and your echo  
ring.

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,  
Lyke Phaene, from her chamber of the East,  
Arising forth to run her mighty race,  
Chald in all white, that seems a Virgin best.  
So well it her becomes, that ye would weene  
Some Angell she had beene.  
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,  
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene.  
Doe lyke a golden mane her attyre;  

Ver. 131. — croud.] Crotta; Welch, crowth, the fiddle. Todd.

Ver. 134. — Her long loose yellow locks.] It is remarkable, that Spanish’s females, both in the Faerie Queen, and in his other Poems, are all described with yellow hair.

T. Warton.

And, being crowned with a girland greene,  
Seem lyke some Mayden Queene.  
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold  
So many gazers as on her do stare,  
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;  
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,  
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,  
So farre from being proud.  
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your echo  
ring.

Tell me, ye Merchants daughters, did ye see  
So fayre a creature in your towne before?  
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,  
Adorned with beauties grace and vertues store:  
Her goodly eyes lyke saphryes shining bright,  
Her forehead yvory white,  
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath subdued,  
Her lips lyke cherries charming men to lyke,  
Their breath like to a bowl of creame unerudded,  
Her paps lyke byllies budded,  
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre;  
And all her body like a pallace fayre,  
Ascenting up, with many a stately stayre,  
To Honors seat and Chastities sweet bowre.  
Why stand ye still ye Virgins in amaze,  
Upon her so to gaze,  
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,  
To which the woods did answer, and your echo  
ring.

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,  
The inward beauty of her lively spright,  
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,  
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,  
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red  
Medusae a mazefull hed.  
There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,  
Unspotted Fayth, and comely Womanhood,  
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty:  
There Vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,  
And giveth laws alone,  
The which the breath affections doe obey,  
And yeeld their services unto her will;  
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may  
Thereto approach to tempre her mind to ill.  
Had ye once scene these her celestial thresures,  
And unrevealed pleasures,  
Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,  
That all the woods should answer, and your echo  
ring.

Open the temple gates unto my Love,  
Open them wide that she may enter in,  
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,  
And all the pillows deck with girlands trim;  
For to receyve this Salynt with honour dew,  
That commeth in to you.  
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,  
She commeth in, before th’ Almighties view:  
Of her ye Virgins keare obedience,  
When so ye come into these holy places,  
To humble your proud faces;  
Bring her up to th’ high altar, that she may  
The sacred ceremonies there partake,  
The which do endlesse matrimonie make;  

Ver. 174. — charming.] That is, tempting by enchantment. T. Warton.
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throates,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flux up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne,
Like crimsin dye in grayne:
That even the Angels, which continually
About the sacred altar doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more faire,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance away,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our land!
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Now all is done: bring home the Bride again;
Bring home the triumph of our victory;
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With joyance bring her and with bolly,
Never had man more joyfull day than this,
Whom heaven would heape with bliss,
Make feast therefore now all this live-long day;
This day for ever to me holy is.
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the posts and wals with wire,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine;
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can doe it best:
The whiles the Maydens doe theyr caroll sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and theyr eecho ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This the Sunne is in his chiefelest hight,
With Hora by the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat losseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To choose the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:
Yet never day so long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,
And bonediers make all day:
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Art to when will this long weary day have end,
And rende me leave to come unto my Love?

How slowly do the hours their numbers spend!
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move!
Hast thee, O fairest Planet, to thy home,
Within the Western fome;
Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see It gloome,
And the bright Evening-star with golden crease
Appeare out of the East.
Fayre childe of beauty! glorious lampes of Love!
That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead,
And guidest Lovers through the nights sad dread.
How chearfully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh ateweene thy twinkling light,
As loving in the sight
Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Now cease ye, Damsels, your delights forepast;
Enough it is that all the day was yours;
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the Bryde into the brydally bowres.
The night is come, now soon her disayre,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken curtains over her display,
And odours sheets, and Arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my faire Love does ly,
In proud humility!
Like unto Main, when as Love her took
In Tempe, lyng on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
Now it is night, ye Damsels may be gone,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shall answer, nor your echo ring.

Now welcome, Night! thou night so long expected,
That long daies labour doest at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruel Love collected,
Hast sumd in one, and cancelled for aye:
Spread thy broad wing over my Love and me,
That no man may us see;
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seekus us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once amony
The safety of our joy;
But let the night be calm, and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad afraie:
Lyke as when love with faire Alemena lay,
When he begot the great Thyrinbyan groome:
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie,
And begot Majesty,
And let the Mayds and Yongmen cease to sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eecho ring.

Let no lamenting eyses, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breate gentle sleepe with misconceived dont.
Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful sights,
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let house-fyes, nor lightnings helpless harms.
Ne let the pouke, nor other evil spriyhts.
Ne let the mischeivous witches with theyr charmes,

Ver. 341. Ne let the pouke be. ] The pouke is the fairy
Robin Goodfellow, known by the name of Puck. Terr
Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not;
Let not the shriek-owl, nor the storke, be heard;
Nor the night raven, that still deadly yells;
Nor damned ghosts, call up with mighty speels;
Ne let the unholy quyre of frogs still croaking
Make us to wish theyr choking.
Let none of these theyr dreary accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr echo ring.

But let still Silence trow night-watches keepe,
That sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely Sleep, when it is tyne to sleepe,
May pourre his limbs forth on your pleasant playne.
The whiles an hundred little winged Loves,
Like divers-fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about the bed,
And in the secret darke, that none reproves.
Their pretty stealths shall worke, and snares shall spread.
To flych away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through covert night.
Ye Sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will!
For greedy Pleasure, careless of your toyes,
Thinks more upon her Paradise of loyes,
Then what ye do, abe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it soone be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing;
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your echo ring.

Who is the same, which at my window peepes!
Or whose is that faire face that shines so bright!
Is it not Cintiuh, she that never sleepes,
But walkes about high heaven al the night?
O! fairest goddess, do thou not envy
My Love with me to spy:
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wool, which privly
The Latmian Shepherd once unto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wroght.
Therefore to us be favorable now;
And sith of weomen labours thou hast charge,
And generation goddy doest enlarge,
Eucline thy will t' effect our wishfull vow,
And the chaste womb informe with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we cease our hopeful hup to sing;
Ne let the woods us answer, nor our echo ring.

And then great Juno! which with awful might
The Lawes of Wedlock still dost patronize;
And the religion of the faith first shone
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize;
And eke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart;
Eternally bind thou this lovely hand,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand
The bridal bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blenish or staine;
The secret pleasures of thy loving delight
And the sweet pleasures of thy loving delight
Tell theyr way through the fruitfull progeny;
Sing us the timely fruit of this same night,
And thou, faire Helle! and thou, Hymen free!
Grant that it may so be.
Till which we cease our further prayse to sing,
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your echo ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthy clods
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light.
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More than we men can fayne;
Pourre out your blessing on us plentiously,
And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth which they may long possesse
With lasting happiness;
Up to your haughty palaces may mount;
And, for the guderon of thy glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet Love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely loyes to sing:
The woods no more us answer; nor our echo ring!

Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my Love should duly have been drest,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect,
But promisist both to recompense;
Be unto her a godly ornament,
And for short time an endesse monument!

FOURE HYMNES.

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST VERTUOUS LADIES, THE LADIE MARGARET,
COUNTESSE OF CUMBERLAND; AND THE LADIE MARIE COUNTESSE
OF WARWICK.

Having, in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymnes in the praise of love
and beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which, being
too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather sucke out poyson to their strong passion,
then honey to their honest delight, I was moved, by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in
AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

Love, that long since hast to thy mighty powre
Perforce subdued my poor captivd hart,
And, raging now therein with restlesse siorwe,
Dost tyrannize in everie weaker part,
Faine would I seek the to ease my bitter smart
By any service I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.

And now t' asswage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I meant to sing the praises of thy name,
And thy victorious conquests to adore;
By which thou madest many harts to bleed
Of mighty victors, with wide wounds embrewed,
And by thy cruel darts to thee subdued.

Only I fear my wits enfeebled late,
Through the sharp sorrowes which thou hast me
bred,
Should faint, and words should faile me to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great godhead:
But, if thou wouldst vouchsafe to overspreed
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,
I should enable be thy actes to sing.

Come, then, O come, thou mightie God of Love!
Out of thy silver bowres and secret kisses,
Where thou dost sit in Venus lap above,
Bathing thy wings in her ambrosial kisse,
That sweeter farre than any nectar is;
Come softely, and my feeble breath inspire
With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye, sweet Muses! which have often proved
The piercing points of his avengefull darts;
And ye, fair Nymphs! which oftentimes have loved
The cruel worker of your kindly smarts,
Prepare yourselves, and open wide your harts
For to receive the triumph of your glory,
That made you merie oft when ye were sorrie.

And ye, faire blossoms of youths wanton breed!
Which in the conquests of your beauteous host,
Wherewith your lovers feele these eyes ye feed,
But sterve their harts that needeth mountaine most,
Prepare your selves to march amongst his host,
And all the way this sacred Hymne do sing,
Made in the honor of your sovereign king.

Great God of might, that reignest in the mynd
And all the bodie to thy best doest frame,
Victor of gods, subdue of mankynd,
That doest the lions and fell tigers tame,
Making their cruel rage thy scornfull game,
And in their roaring taking great delight;
Who can express the glory of thy might?

Or who alive can perfectly declare
The wondrous cradle of thine infanct,
When thy great mother Venus first thee bare,
Begot of Plenty and of Pernie,
Though elder than thine own nativitie,
And yet a chylde, renewing still thy yeres,
And yet the eldest of the heavenly pears?

For ere this worlds still moving mightie masse
Out of great Chaos ugly prison crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From heavens view, and in deep darkness kept,
Love, that had now long time securely slept
In Venus lap, unarmed then and naked,
Gan rewe his head, by Clothe being waked:

And taking to him wings of his own heat,
Kindled at first from heavens life-giving fyre,
Gan to move out of his idle seat;
Weake at first, but after with desyre
Lifted aloft, he gan to mount up high,
And, like fresh eagle, made his hardy flight
Thro' all that great wide wast, yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandering way,
His own faire mother, for all creatures sake,
Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray;
Then through the world his way he gan to take,
The world, that was not till he did it make,
Whose sundrie parts he from themselves did sever,
The which before had lyen confused ever.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fyre,
Then gan to range themselves in huge array,
And with contrary forces to conspyre
Each against other by all means they may,
Threatening their owne confusion and decay:
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fyre,
Till Love relentd their rebellious yre.

Ver. 13. — embrewed.] Sorded or moistened. Todd.
Ver. 44. — host ] Behest, command. Todd.
He then them took, and, tempering goodly well
Their contrary dislikes with loved means,
Did place them all in order, and compel
To keepe themselves within their sundrie raines,
Together linked with adamantine chains;
Yet so, as that in every living sight
They mix themselves, and shew their kindly might.

So ever since they firmly have remained,
And duly well observed his becase;
Through which now all these things that are con-
Within this goodly cope, both most and least,
Their being have, and daily are increas
Through secret sparks of his infused fyre,
Which in the barraine cold he doth inspire.

Thereby they all do live, and moved are
To multiply the likenesse of their kynd;
Whilst they seeks oneley, without further care,
To quench the flame which they in burning fynd;
But man that breathes a more immortal mynd,
Not for laste sake, but for eternity,
Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie;

For, having yet in his deduced sprot
Some sparks remaining of that heavenly fyre,
He is enlimed with that goodly light,
Unto like goodly semblant to aspire;
Therefore in choice of love he doth desire
That seems on earth most heavenly to embrace,
That same is Beautie, borne of heavenly race.

For sure of all that in this mortall frame
Concerned is, nought more divine doth seem,
Or that resembleth more thy immortal flame
Of heavenly light, than Beauties glorious beam.
What wonder then, if with such rage extreme
Fruit men, whose eyes seek heavenly things to see,
At sight thereof so much enavish bee!

Which well perceiving, that imperious boy
Doth therewith tip his sharp empoinoed deart,
Which glancing thro the eyes with countenance coy
Rest not till they have pierst the trembling hurts,
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which snakes the blood, and drinketh up the lyfe,
Of carefull wretches with consuming grieffe.

Thenceforth they playne, and make full piteous
Unto the author of their balefull bane: [more
The dates they waste, the nights they grieve and
grone,
Their lives they loath, and heavens light disdaine;
No light but that, whose happe doth yet remaine
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
They degine to see, and seeing it still dye.

The whylst thou tyrant Love doest laugh and soorne
At their complaints, making their paine thy play,
Whylst they lie languishing like thralls forborne,
The whyles thou dost triumph in their decay;
And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,
Thou dost enmarme the proud hart of her
Whose love before their life they doe prefer.

So hast thou often done (ay me, the more!) To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so sore,
That whole remains scarce any little part;
Yet, to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast unforetned her disdaineful brest,
That no one drop of pitie there doth rest.

Why then do I this honor unto thee,
Thus to enoble thy victorious name,
Sith thou dost shew no favour unto me,
Ne once more ruth in that rebellious dame,
Somewhat to shake the rigour of my flame? Certes small glory dost thou winne hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to dy.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call,
The worlds great parent, the most kind preserver
Of living wights, the soveraine lord of all,
How falles it then that with thy furious fervour
Thou dost afflict as well the not-deserver,
As him that doeth thy lovely heastes despize,
And on thy subiects most doth tyrannize!

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best-thee serve,
That, ere thou dost them unto grace restore,
Thou mayest well trie if thou wilt ever swerce,
And mayest them make it better to deserve,
And, having got it, may it more esteeme;
For things hard gotten men more dearly deeme.

So hard those heavenly beauties he enfyrd
As things divine, least passions doe imprese,
The more of stedfast mynds to be admyned,
The more they stayed be on stedfastnesse;
But baseborne minds such lumps regard the lesse
Which at first blowing take not haste fyre;
Such fancies feel no love, but loose desire.

For Love is lord of Truth and Loyaltie,
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust
On golden planes up to the purest ski,
Above the reach of loathly sinfull lust,
Whose base affect through cowardly distrust
Of his weake wings dare not to heaven fly,
But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth ly.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves endure
To dirtie drosse, no higher dare aspire,
No can his feele earthlie eyes endure
The flaming light of that celestiall fyre
Which kindleth love in generous desire,
And makes him mount above the native might
Of heavie earth, up to the heavens height.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid basenese doth expell,
And the refined mynd doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it selfe excelle,
Which lie beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirrour of so heavenly light.

Ver. 120. — emmarble] This elegant and expressive verb is unnoticed by all our lexicographers. Topn.

Ver. 180. — whose base affect] That is, whose wretched imitation or imitator. The use of the substantive affect, in this sense, is not noticed by our lexicographers. Topn.
HYMNES.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
He thereon feeds his hunger's fantasy,
Still full, yet never satisfy'd with it; 210
Like Tantale, that in store doth sterv'd ly,
So doth he pine in most satiety;
For nought may quench his infinite desyre,
Once kindled through that first conceive'd fyre.

Thereon his mynd affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought but how to attaine;
His care, his joy, his hope, is all on this,
That seemes in it all blisses to containe,
In sight whereof all other blisses seemes vaine:
Thrice happy Man! might he the same possess,
He faines himselfe, and doth his fortune blesse. 219

And though he do not win his wish to end,
Yet thus farre happy he himselfe doth weene,
That heavens such happy grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth so heavenly to have seen;
His haris enbraundt shined, his heavens queene,
Fairer then fairest, in his faying eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicitie.

Then forth he casts in his unquiet thought,
What he may do, her favour to obtaine;
What brave exploit, what peril hardly wrought,
What puissant conquest, what aduenturous paine,
May please her best, and grace unto him gaine;
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guyde, 225
Thou, being blind, lest not see his feares,
But carriest him to that which he had euye,
Through seas, through flames, through thousand swords and speares;
Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,
With which thou armest his resistslesse hand.

Witnesse Leander in the Euxine waves,
And stout Æneas in the Troiane fyre,
Achilles preassing through the Phrygian glaives,
And Orpheus, daring to provoke the yre,
Of damned fiends, to get his love retyre; 235
For both through heaven and hell thou makest way,
To win them worship which to thee obay.

And if by all these perils, and these paynes,
He may but purchase lyking in her eye,
What heavens of joy then to himselfe he fayneth! 240
Eftsoones he wypes quite out of memory
Whateuer ill before he did aby:
Had it bene death, yet would he die againe,
To live thus happie as her grace to gaine.

Yet, when he hath found favour to his will,
He nathmore can so contented rest,
But foreth further on, and striveth still
T' approach more neare, till in her innest brest
He may embosound bec and loved best;
And yet not best, but to be lov'd alone;
For love cannot endure a paragon.


The fear whereof, O how doth it torment
His troubled mynd with more then hellish paine!
And to his payning fanie represent
Sights never seen, and thousand shadows vaine,
To break his sleepe, and waste his ydle braine:
The thought that hast never lov'd canst not beleeeve
Least part of th' evil which poore lovers greeve.

The gnawing envie, the hart-fretting feare,
The vaine surmizes, the distrustfull showes,
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the dangiers, the delays, the woes,
The fayned friends, the unassured foes,
With thousands more then any tongue can tell,
Doe make a lovers life a wretches hell.

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,
That cancker-worme, that monster, Gelsie,
Which eates the heart and feedes upon the gall,
Turning all Loves delight to misery,
Through feare of losing his felicitie.

Ah, Gods! that ever ye that monster placed
In gentle Love, that all his loyes defaced!

By these, O Love! thou dost thy entrance make
Unto thy heaven, and doest the more endear
Thy pleasures unto those which them partake,
As after stormes, when clouds begin to clear,
The sunne more bright and glorious doth appeare;
So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorio,
Dost beare unto thy blisse, and heavens glorie.

There thou them placest in a paradise
Of all delight and joyful happy rest,
Where they doe feade on nectar heavenly-wize,
With Hereules and Hebe, and the rest.
Of Venus dearlings, through her bountie best;
And lie like gods in yvory beds arayd,
With rose and lillies over them displayd.

There with thy daughter Plesure they doe play.
Their hirtesse sports, without relucce or blame,
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay
Their quiet heads, devout of guilty shame.
After full IOyance of their gentle game;
[queene] Then her they crowne their goddesse and their
And decke with flowers thy altars well beseene.

Ay me! deare Lord! that ever I might hope,
For all the paines and woes that I endure,
To come at length unto the wished scope
Of my desire, or might myselfe assure
That happie port for ever to recure!
Then would I thinke these paines no paines at all,
And all my woes to be but penance small.

Then would I sing of thine immortal praise
And heavenly Hymme, such as the angels sing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raise
bove all the gods, thee only honoring;
My guide, my god, my victor, and my king;
Till then, dread Lord! vouesafe to take of me
This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.
AN HYMNE IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE.

Ah! whither, Love! wilt thou now carry mee?
What wontless fury dost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee!
Whylest seeking to ashake thy raging fyre,
Thou in me kindlest much more great desire,
And up aloft above my strength doth rase
The wondrous matter of my fire to praise.

That as I cast, in praise of thine owne name,
So now in honour of thy mother deare,
An honourable Hymne I eke should frame,
And, with the brightnesse of her beaute cleare,
The ravisht hearts of gazeful men might reare
To admiration of that heavenly light, [migh't,
From whence proceeds such sole-enchanting
Therto do thou, great God Jesse! Queene of Beauty,
Mother of Love, and of all worlds delight,
Without whose soveraigne grace and kindly dewty
Nothing on earth seems faire to fleshy sight,
Doe thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling light
T' illuminate my dim and dulled eyne,
And beauteie this sacred Hymne of thynie:

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
And eke to her, whose faire immortall beame
Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,
That now it wasteth with woes extreme,
It may so please, that she at length will streame
Some dawe of grace into my withered hart,
After long sorrow and consuming smart.

WHAT TIME THIS WORLDS GREAT WORKMAISTER
did cast
To make all things such as we now behold,
It seems that he before his eyes had plast
A goodly paterne, to whose perfect mould
He fashioned them as comely as he could,
That now so faire and seemingly appeare,
As nought may be amended any wheare.

That wondrous paterne, wheresore it bee,
Whether in earth layd up in secret store,
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore;
Whose face and feature doth so much excell
All mortal sence, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or lesse, by influence divine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the grosse matter of this earthly myne
Which closeth it theerafter doth refyne,
Doing away the drosse which dimeth the light
Of that faire beame which therein is empight,

For, through infusion of celestiall powre,
The daller earth it quickneth with delight,

And life-full spirits privily doth powre
Through all the parts, that to the looker's sight
They seeme to please; that is thy soveraine might,
O Cyprian queene! which flowing from the beame
Of thy bright starre, thou into them dost streame,
That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth lively fyre,
Light of thy lampe; which, shyning in the face,
Thence to the soule darteth amorous desire,
And robs the harts of those which it admyre;
Therewith thou pointest thy sons poisned arrow,
That wounds the life, and wastes the immost narrow.

How vainely then do yele wits invent,
That Beautie is sought else but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goody temperament
Of pure complextions, that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a sommers shade;
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measured, with meet disposition!

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the hart,
And therein stirre such rage and restlesse stowre,
As nought but death can stint his doyles smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part
Move such affection in the inward mynd,
That it can rob both sense, and reason bynd!

Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,
Which are arrayd with much more orient hew,
And to the sense most damtie odours yield,
Worke like impression in the lookers view?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,
In which oft-times we Nature see of Art
Exceed, in perfect limning every part!

But ah! believe me there is more theu so,
That workes such wonders in the minds of men;
I, that have often prov'd, too well it know,
And who so list the like assayes to ken,
Shall find by trial, and confesse it then,
That Beautie is not, as fond men mislume,
An outward shew of things that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the chekkeas are sprinkleked, shall decay,
And those sweete rosy leaves, so fairely spred
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted clay:
That golden wyre, those sparkleling stars so bright,
Shall turne to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray
That light proceedes, which kindleth lovers fire,
Shall never be exstinguish nor decay;
But, when the vital spirrits doe expyre,
Unto her native planet shall retyre;
For it is heavenly borne and cannot die,
Being a parcell of the purest skie.

Ver. 56. " streame] Send forth, as in ver. 56.
4 Thou into them dost streame." Toon.
For when the soul, the which derived was,
At first, out of that great immaterial Sprit,
By whom all live to love, whilome did pass
Down from the top of purest heaveas light
To be embodied here, it, then took light
And lively spirits from that favrest starre
Which lights the world forth from his fire care.

Which powre retaving still or more or lesse,
When she in fleshly seeede is etn enacred,
Through every part she doth the same impress,
According as the heavens have her graceed,
And frames her house, in which she shall be placed,
Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
Of th' heavenly riches which she rob'd ere whyle.

Thereof it cometh that these faire soules, which have
The most resemblance of that heavenly light,
Frame to themselves most beautifull and brave
Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
And the grace capable is faire and beauteous night
Temper so trim, that it may well be seen
A pallace fit for such a virgin queuee.
So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habitt in, and it more fairely light
With cheerfull grace and amiable sight;
For of the sole bushes the bodie forme doth take;
For soul is forme, and doth the bodic make.

Therefore where-er that thou deost behold
A comely corpse, with beauteous faire endued,
Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soule, with fair conditions theewed,
Fist to receive the seed of vertue strewed;
For all that faire is, is by nature good;
That is a sign to know the gentle blood.
Yet oft it faileth that many a gentle mynd
Dwells in deformed tabernacle drown'd,
Either by chance, against the course of kynd,
Or through unaptnesse in the substance found,
Which it assumed of some stubborne ground,
That will not yield unto her formes direction,
But is perform'd with some foule imperfection.
And oft it faileth, (ay me, the more to rew!)
That goodly Beautie, albe heavenly borne,
Is foule abused, and that celestiall hew,
Which doth the world with her delight adorn;
Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorne,
Whereby every one decke and sew to have it,
But every one doth seeke but to deprave it.
Yet nath'more is that faire Beauties blame,
but theirs that do abuse it unto ill:
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
May be corrupt, and wrested unto will;
Nathless the soule is faire and beauteous still,
However fleshes fault it filthy make;
For things immaterial no corruption take.

But ye, faire Dames! the worlds dearer ornaments,
And lively images of heavens light,

Let not your beames with such disparagements
Be dim'd, and your bright glory darken quight;
But, mindfull still of your first countries sight,
Doe still preserve your first informed grace,
Whose shadow yet shynes in your beauteous face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish færbrand,
Disholll lust, fair Beauties foulest blame,
That base affection, which your cares would blind
Command to you by Loves abused amme,
But is indee the bondslave of Defame;
Which will the garland of your glorie marre,
And quench the light of your brightnessyning starre.

But gentle Love, that loiall is and trw,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,
And add more brightness to your goddly hew,
From light of his pure fire; which, by like way
Kindled of yours, your likeness doth display;
Like as two mirrours, by oppos'd reflection,
Doe both express the faces first impression.

Therefore, to make your beautie more appeare,
It you beloves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches which in you ye beare,
That men the more admyre their fountaine may;
For else what boasteth that celestiall ray,
If it in darknesse be enshrined ever,
That it of loving eyes be vewed never!

But, in your choice of loves, this well advize,
That likest to your selves ye them select,
The which your forms first source may sympathize,
And with like beauties parts be inly dress'd;
For if you loosely love without respect,
It is not love, but a discordant warre,
Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do iarre.

For love is a celestiall Harmonie
Of likely harts compos'd of starres concord,
Which joyned together in sweete sympathie,
To work each others joye and true content,
Which they have harboured since their first descent
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see
And know each other here belove'rd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
Should in Loves gentle band combyned bee
But those whom Heaven did at first ordaine,
And made out of one mondl the more t'agree;
For all, that like the beautie which they see,
Straight do not love; for Love is not so light
As straight to burne at first beholders sight.

But they, which love indeeole, looke otherwise,
With pure regard and spotless true intent.
Drawing out of the obiet of their eyes
A more refined form, which they present
Unto their mind, voide of all blemishment;
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Befoldeth free from fleshes frailye infection.

And then conforming it unto the light,
Which in it selue it hath remaining still,
Of that first sunne, yet sparingly in his sight,
Thereof he fashiones in his higher skill
An heavenly beautie to his fancies will;
And, it embracing in his mind entyre,
The mirrour of his owne thought doth admyre.
HYMNES.

Which seeing now so inly faire to be, 235
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his spirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
And fully setteth his felicitie;
Counting it fairer then it is indeele,
And yet indeede her faireness doth exceede.

For lovers eyes more sharply sighted bee
Then other mens, and in deare loves delight
See more then any other eyes can see,
Through mutuell receipt of beames bright,
Which carrie privie message to the spright,
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,
As plaine as light discovers dawning day.

Therein they see, through amorous eye-glances,
Armies of Loves still flying too and fro;
Which dart at them their little fierie hunces;
Whom having wounded, back againe they go,
Carrying compassion to their lovely fee;
Who, seeing her faire eyes so sharp effect,
Cures all their sorrows with one sweet aspect.

In which how many wonders doe they reede
To their conceit, that others never see;
Now of her smiles, with which their soules they feed;
Like gods with nectar in their banquets free;
Now of her looks, which like to cordials bee;
But when her words embassade forth she sends,
Lord, how sweete musick that unto them lends!

Sometimes upon her forhead they behold
A thousand graces masking in delight;
Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their sight

Do seeme like twinkleing starres in frostie night;
But on her lips, like rosy buds in May,
So many millions of chaste Pleasures play.

All those, O Cytherea! and thousands more
Thy handmaids be, which doe on thee attend,
To decke thy beautye with their dainties store,
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
And make it more admir'd of fee and frend;
And that in mens harts thou mayst thy throne enstall,
And spred thy lovely kingdome over all.

Then 16, triumph! O great Beautyes Queene,
Advance the banner of thy conquests she,
That all this world, the which thy vassals bee,
May draw to thee, and with dew felicity
Adore the powre of thy great majestie,
Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,
Compylld by me, which thy poor figerman am!

In lien whereof grant, O great Sovereine!
That she, whose conquering beauty doth captkrive
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me give,
That I her bounden thrall by her may live,
And this same life, which first fro me she reaved,
May owe to her, of whom I it receaved.

And you faire Venus deareling, my dear Dred!
Fresh flowre of grace, great goddess of my life,
When your faire eyes these fearfull lines shall read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pining griefe,
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can restore a daunted wight from death.

AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

Love, lift me up upon thy golden wings
From this base world unto thy heavens bright,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workst by thy soveraine might.
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly Hymne may sing
Unto the God of Love, high heavens King.

Many lued hyes (ah I woe is me the more !)
In praise of that mad fit which foolish calleth Love,
I have in th' heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection move;
But all those follies now I do reprove,
And turned have the tenor of my string,
The heavenly prayses of true Love to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire
To reade my fault, and, wondering at my flame,
To warme your selves at my wide sparcckling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame;
For who my passed follies now pursueth\nBeignes his owne, and my old fault renoweres.

Ver. 13. — turned] It would be more agreeable to the context to read tuned. Todd.

Before this worlds great frame, in which al things
Are now contain, found any being-place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyes wings
About that mightie bond which doth embrace
The rolling spheres, and parts their hours by space,
That High Eternall Powre, which now doth move
In all these things, mov'd in it selfe by love.

It lov'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire;
(For fair is lov'd;) and of it selfe begot
Like to it selfe his eldest Sonne and Heire,
Eternall, pure, and void of sinfull blot,
The firstling of His lyce, in whom no lot
Of loves dislike or pride was to be found,
Whom He therefore with equall honour crowned.

With Him he reignd, before all time prescrib'd,
In endless glorie and immortall might,
Together with that Third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most almeight Spright!
Whose kingdomes throne no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse
With equall words can hope it to reverse.

Ver. 24. — eyes] Unfluted. Todd
Yet, O most blessed Spirit! pure lamp of light, 492
Eternall spring of grace and wisdom trew,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright,
Some little drop of thy celestiall dew,
That may my rymes with sweet infuse embrow,
And give me words equall unto my thought,
To tell the marvelli by thy mercie wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace, 493
And full of fruitfull Love, that loves to get
Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood, though not of powre so great,
Yet full of beautie, next He did beget,
And infinite increase of angels bright,
All glistring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heavens illimitable hight
(Not this round heaven, which we from hence behold,
Adorn with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning gold,) He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve Him in eternall bliss,
And be partakers of those loyes of His.

There they in their trimall triplicities About Him wait, and on His will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When He them on His messages doth send,
Or on His owne dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glory of His light,
And call hymnes of love both day and night.

Both day, and night, is unto them all one;
For He Hisannes doth unto them extend,
That darknesse there appeareth never none;
Ne hath their day; ne hath their blisse, an end,
But there their termelesse time in pleasure spend;
Ne ever should their happiness decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puffe them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they can cast their state how to increase
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in Gods own seat without commission:
The brightest angel, even the child of Light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of His consuming yre,
And with His only breath them blew away
From heavens hight, to which they did aspire,
To deepest hell, and lake of damned yre,
Where they in darknesse and dread horror dwell,
Hating the happiest light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers love,
Next to Himselfe in glorious degree,
Degendering to hate, fell from his love
Through pride; (for pride and love may'ld agree)
And now of sinne to all ensample bee:
How then can sinnfull flesh it selfe assure,
Sith purest angels fell to be impure?

But that Eternall Fountain of love and grace,
Still flowing forth His goodness unto all,
HYMNES. 493

Doing him die that never it deserved,
To free His foes, that from His heart had swerved!
What hart can feel least touch of so sore launch,
Or thought can think the depth of so dearie wound?
Whose bleeding source their streames yet never staunch,
But still do flow, and freshly still redound,
To heal the sores of sinfull souls unsound,
And cleanse the guilt of that infected cryme
Which was envoited in all fleshly syme.

O blessed Well of Love! O Floure of Grace!
O glorious Morning-Starre! O Lampe of Light!
Most lively image of thy Fathers face,
Eternal King of Glorie, Lord of Might,
Mecke Lambe of God, before all worlds belight,
How can we Thee requite for all this good?
Or what can praze that Thy most precious blood?
Yet nought Thou ask' st in lieu of all this love,
But love of us, for g uerdon of thy paine:
Ay me! what can us lesse than that behove?
Had He required life for us againe,
Had it beene wrong to ask His owne with gaine?
He gave us life, He it restored lost;
Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But He our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was bond;
Ne ought demandes but that we loving bec,
As He Himselfe hath lovd us afofe-hand,
And bound thereto with an eternal band,
Him first to love that was so dearly bought,
And next our brethren, to his image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we fareld had amisse,
Us wretches from the second death did save;
And last, the food of life, which now we have,
Even He Himselfe, in his dear sacrament,
To feede our hungry soules, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were made
Of that selle mould, and that self Maker's hand,
That we, and to the same againe shall fade,
Where they shall have like heritage of land,
However here on higher steps we stand,
Which also were with selfe-same price redeemed
That we, however of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet since that loving Lord
Commanded us to love them for His sake,
Even for His sake, and for His sacerd word,
Which in His last bequest He to us spake,
We should them love, and with their needs partake;
Knowing that, whosoere to them we give,
We give to Him by whom we all doe live.

Such mercy He by His most holy reede
Unto us taught, and to approve it trew,
En sampled it by His most righteous deede,
Shewing us mereie (miserable crew!)
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And love our brethren; thereby to approve
How much, Himselfe that loved us, we love.

Then rouze thy selfe, O Earth! out of thy soyle,
In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,
And doest thy mynd in durtie pleasures moyle;
Unmindfull of that dearest Lord of thine;
Lift up to Him thy heavey clouded eyene,
That thou this soweraine bountie mayst behold,
And read, through love, His mercies manifold.

Beginne from first, where He enrailed was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Betweene the toylefull ox and humble asse,
And in what raggs, and in now base array,
The glory of our heavely riches lay,
When Him the silly shepheards came to see,
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence reade on the storie of His life,
His humble carriage, His unfaulty wayes,
His canered foes, His fights, His toyle,
His strife, His paines, His povertie,
His sharpe assayed,
Through which He past His miserably dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malist both by great and small.

And look at last, how of most wretched wights
He taken was, betrayed, and false accused,
How with most scornfull taunts, and fell despights
He was revyld, disgrast, and foule abused;
How scourged, how crownd, how buffeted, how
And, lastly, how twixt robbers crucifide, [brased;
With bitter wounds through hands, through feet, and syde!

Then let thy flinty hart, that feelest no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorse,
And let thy bowels bleed in every vaine,
At sight of His most sacred heavenly corse,
So torne and mangled with malicious force;
And let thy soule, whose sins His sorrows wrought,
Melt into teares, and groane in grieved thought.

With sence whereof, whilst so thy softened spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meekze zeale
Through meditation of His endless merit,
Lift up thy mind to the Author of thy weale,
And to His soveraine mercie doe appeale;
Learnie Him to love that loved thee so deare,
And in thy brest His blessed image bear.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,
Thou must Him love, and His beastes embrace;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,
Thou must remonance and utterly displace,
And give thy selfe unto Him full and free,
That full and freely gave Himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possess,
And ravisht with devouring great desire
Of His dear selfe, that shall thy feele brest
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in His sweet and amiable sight.

Ver. 235. — cratch:] See Cotgrave in V. " Creech, a cratch, racke, ox-stall, or crib, &c." Todd.
Ver. 239. — mallet:] Regarded with littell. Todd.
**AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE.**

Rapt with the rage of mine own ravish't thought,  
Through contemplation of those goodly sights,  
And glorious images in heaven wrought,  
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,  
Do kindle love in high conceiv'd sprightlie;  
I fain to tell the things that I behold,  
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.  

Vouchsafe then, O Thou most Almighty Sprit!  
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,  
To shed into my breast some sparkling light  
Of Thine eternall truth, that I may shew  
Some little beames to mortal eyes below  
Of that immortal Beautie, there with Thee,  
Which in my wake distracted mynd I see;  

That with the glorie of so goodly sight  
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre  
Faire seeming sheaves, and feed on vaine delight,  
Transported with celestiall desire.  
Of those faire forms, may lift themselves up hyer,  
And learn to love, with zealos humble deauty,  
Th' Eternall Fountain of that heavenly Beauty.  

Beginning then below, with th' easie view  
Of this base world, subject to fleshy eye,  
From thence to mount aloft, by order dew,  
To contemplation of th' immortall sky;  
Of the soare faulcon so I learn to flye,  
That flags a while her fluttering wings beneath,  
Till she selue for stronger flight can breathe.  

Then looke, who list thy gazedall eyes to feed  
With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame  
Of this wyde universe, and therein reed  
The endlesse kinds of creatures which by name  
Thou canst not count, much less their natures aime;  
All which are made with wondrous wise respect,  
And all with admirable beautie deckt.  

First, th' Earth, on adamantine pillars founded  
Amid the Sea, engirt with bransen hands;  
Then th' Aire still flitting, but yet firmly bound  
On every side, with pyles of flaming brands,  
Never consum'd, nor quench't with mortall hands;  
And, last, that mightie shining cristall wall,  
Wherewith he hath encompassed this all.  

By view whereof it plainly may appeare,  
That still as every thing doth upward tend,  
And further is from earth, so still more cleare  

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Then shall thy ravish't soul inspired bee  
With heavenly thoughts, farre above humane skil,  
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see  
The idee of His pure glorie present stil  
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill  
With sweete enraugment of celestiall love,  
Kindled through sight of those faire things above.

And faire it growes, till to his perfect end  
Of purest Beautie it at last ascend;  
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,  
And heaven then fire, appears more pure and ayre.  

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye  
On that bright shinie round still moving masse,  
The house of Blessed God, which men call Skye,  
All sowd with glistring stars more thick than grass,  
Whereof each other doth in brightness passe,  
But those two most, which, ruling night and day,  
As king and queene, the heavens empire sway;  

And tell me then, what hast thou ever scene  
That to their beautie may compared bee,  
Or can the sight that is most sharpe and keene  
Endure their captains flaming head to see?  
How much lesse those, much higher in degree,  
And so much fairer, and much more then these,  
As these are fairer then the land and seas!  

For farre above these heavens, which here we see,  
Be others farre exceeding these in light,  
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,  
But infinite in largenesse and in hight,  
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,  
That need no sunne to illuminate their spheres,  
But their owne native light farre passing theirs.  

And as these heavens still by degrees arize,  
Until they come to their first Movers bound,  
That in his mightie compass doth comprize,  
And carrie all the rest with him about;  
So those likewise doe by degrees redound,  
And rise more faire, till they at last arive,  
To the most faire, whereeto they all do strive.  

Faire is the heaven where happy soules have place,  
In full enjoyment of felicite,  
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face  
Of the Divine Eternall Majestie;  
More faire is that, where those Idees on hie  
Enravenged be, which Plato so admryved,  
And pure Intelligences from Godkipryed.  

Yet fairest is that heaven, in which doe raine  
The sovranigne Powres and mightie Potencates,  
Which in their high protections doe containe  
All mortall princes and imperiall states;  
And hyryer yet, whereas the royall Seates  
And heavenly Dominations are set,  
From whom all earthly governance is fet.

Ver. 69. — their captains] The sun's. T. Warton.
Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins,
Which all with golden wings are overlight,
And those eternall burning Seraphims,
Which from their faces dart out fierie light;
Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright,
Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne person, without rest or end.

These thus in faire each other farre excelling,
As to the Highest they approach more near;
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
Fairer then all the rest which there appears;
Though all their beauties layn'td together were;
How then can mortall tongue hope to express
The image of such endless perfectnesse ?

Ise ease then, my tongue! and lend unto my mynd
Leave to behinde how great that Beautie is,
Whose utmost parts so beautifull I fynd;
How much more those essentiall parts of His,
His truth, His love, His wisdome, and His blis,
His grace, His doone, His mercy, and His might,
By which He lends us of Himselfe a sight!

Those unto all He daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in his image of His grace,
As in a looking-glass, through which He may
Be scene of all his creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see His face,
His glorious face! which glistereth else so bright,
That th' angels selves can not endure His sight.

But we, fraille wights! whose sight cannot sustaine
The suns bright beames when he on us doth shyne,
But that their points rebuittt backe againe
Are dull, how can we see with feele yeue
The glory of that Maiestie Divine,
In sight of whom both sun and moone are darke,
Compared to His least replendent sparke?

The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on His works to looke,
Which He hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a bracen booke,
To read enregistred in every nooke
His goodness, which His Beautie doth declare;
For all thats good is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mynd,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose dams the soule do
And, like the native brood of eagles kynd, [blynd,
On that bright Summe of Glorie fixe thine eyes,
Cleard from grosse mists of fraille infirmities.

Humbled with feare and awfull reverence,
Before the footsteole of His Maiestie
Throw thy selfe downe, with trembling innocence,
Ne dare looke up with corruptile eye
On the dread face of that Great Deity,
For feare, lest if He chance to look on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before His mercifull seate,
Close covered with the Lambs integrity
From the just wrath of His avengefull threaten
That sits upon the righteous throne on hy;
His throne is built upon Eternity,
More firme and durable then steale or brasse,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth passe.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,
With which He busheall His foes to dust,
And the great Dragon strongly doth repress,
Under the rigour of His judgment just;
His seate is Truth, to which the faithful trust,
From whence proceed her beames so pure and bright.
That all about Him shedeth glorious light:
Light, farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke
Which darted is from Titans flaming head,
That with his beames enlumineth the darke
And damphis air, whereby all things are red;
Whose nature yet so much is marvell'd
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wisards which thercen do gaze.

But that immortall light, which there doth shine,
Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare,
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And even the thoughts of men, do plainly appear;
For from th eternall Truth it doth proceed;
Through heavenly vertue which her beames doe breed.

With the great glorie of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in His owne brightnesse from the sight
Of all that looke thereon with eyes unsound;
And underneath His feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestous fyre,
The instrumens of His avenging yre.

There in His bosome Sapience doth sit,
The soveraine derring of the Deity,
Clad like a queene in royall robes, most fit
For so great powre and peerelasse majesty,
And all with gemmes and jewels gorgeously
Adorned, that brighter than the stars appeare,
And make her native brightness seem more cleare.

And on her head a crown of purest gold
Is set, in signe of highest soverainety;
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hy,
And menegheth the ever-moving sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all
Subiected to her powre imperial.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe;
For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill
They all partake, and do in state remaine
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
Through observation of her high behaile,
By which they first were made, and still increast.

The fairnesse of her face no tongue can tell;
For she the daughters of all womens race,
And angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,
And more increast by her owne goodly grace,
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he lived yet)  
Which pictured Venus with so curious quill,  
That all posteritie admir'd it,  
Have purtray'd this, for all his mastring skill;  
Ne she her selfe, had she remained still,  
And were as faire as fabled wits do fayne,  
Could once come near this Beat'itie sovereign.

But had those wits, the wonders of their dayes,  
Or that sweete Telian poet, which did spend  
His plenteous vaine in setting forth her praise,  
Seen but a glims of this which I pretend,  
How wondrously would be her face commend,  
Above that idole of his dayning thought,  
That all the world should with his rimes be fraught!

How then dare I, the novice of his art,  
Presume to picture so divine a wight,  
Or hope t' expresse her least perfections part,  
Whose beat'itie filleth the heavens with her light,
And darces the earth with shadow of her sight?  
Ah, gentle Muse! thou art too weake and faint  
The pourtrac't of so hevenly hew to paint.

Let angels, which her goodly face behold  
And see at will, her soveraigne praises sing,  
And those most sacred mysteries unfold  
Of that faire love of Mighty Heavens King;  
Enough is me t' admyre so heavenly thing,  
And, being thus with her huge love posses't,  
In th' only wonder of her selfe to rest.

But whose may, thriue happiest man him hold,  
Of all on earth whom God so much doth grace,  
And lets his owne Beloved to behold;  
For in the view of her celestiall face  
All joy, all blisse, all happiness, have place;  
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight  
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

For she, out of her secret threasurny,  
Plente of riches forth on him will powre,  
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden ly  
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,  
Th' eternal portion of her precious dowre,  
Which Mighty God hath given to her free,  
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee  
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receave,

Ver. 219. — that sweete Telian poet.] Anacreon.

And letteth them her lovely face to see,  
Whereof such wondrous pleasures they conceave,  
And sweete contentment, that it doth beraue  
Their soul of sense, through infinite delight,  
And them transport from flesh into the spriit.

In which they see such admirable things,  
As carries them into an extasy;  
And heare such heavenly notes and carollings  
Of Gods high praise, that filleth the brasen sky;  
And feel such joy and pleasure inwardly,  
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,  
And only thinke on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshy sense,  
Or idle thought of earthly things, remaine;  
But all that earst seend sweet scenes now offens,  
And all that pleased earst now seemes to paine;  
Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,  
Is fixed all on that which now they see;  
All other sights but fayned shadowes bee.

And that faire lamphe which useth to enflame  
The hearts of men with selfe-consuming fyre,  
Thenceforth seemes fowle, and full of sinfull blaine;  
And all that pomp 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.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,  
And senses fraught with such satiefe,  
That in nought else on earth they can delight,  
But in th' aspect of that felicite,  
Which they have written in theyr inward ey;  
On which they feed, and in theyr fastened mynd  
All happie joy and full contentment fynd.

Ah, then, my hungry Soule! which long hast fed  
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,  
And, with false Beauties flattering bait misled,  
Hast after vaine deceitfull shadowes sought,  
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought  
But late repentance through thy follies grief;  
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grief:

And looke at last up to tht Soveraine Light,  
From whose pure beams all perfect Beauty springs,  
That kindles love in every godly spright,  
Even the love of God; which loathing brings  
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things;  
With whose sweet pleasures being so possesst,  
Thy straying thoughts thenceforth for ever rest.
BRITAIN'S Ida*.  

LONDON: PRINTED FOR THOMAS WALKLEY,  
1628.  

THE EPISTLE.  

TO  
THE RIGHT NOBLE LADY, MARY, DAUGHTER TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIUS PRINCE, GEORGE, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,  

Most noble Lady! I have presumed to present this Poem to your honourable hand, encouraged only by the worth of the famous Author, (for I am certainly assured, by the ablest and most knowing men, that it must be a worke of Spencers, of whom it were pitty that any thing should bee lost,) and doubting not but your Lady-ship will graciously accept, though from a meane hand, this humble present, since the man that offers it is a true honourer and observer of your selfe and your princely family, and shall ever remaine  

The humblest of your devoted servants,  

Thomas Walkley.  

---  

MARTIAL.  

See here that stately Muse, that erst could raise  
In lasting numbers great Elizaz praise,  
And dresse fair Vertue in so rich attire,  
That even her foes were forced to admire  
And court her heavenly beauty! Shee that taught  
The Graces grace, and made the Vertues thought  

More vertuous than before, is pleased here  
To slacke her serious flight, and feed your ear  
With love's delightsome toys; doe not refuse  
These harmlesse sports: 'tis learned Spencers Muse;  
But think his lossest odes worther then  
The serious follies of unskilfull men.  

---  

CANTO I.  

THE ARGUMENT.  

The youthful Shepheards having here,  
And honiours rare displayed, appearing;  
What exercise her choice affects,  
His name and renownd love neglects.  

In Ida vale (who knowes not Ida vale?)  
When harmlesse Troy yet felt not Graccian spite,  
An hundred shepheards woun'd, and in the dale,  
While their faire flockes the three-leav'd pastures bite,  
The shepheards bayes with hundred sportings light,  
Gave wings unto the times too speedy hast;  
Ah, foolish Lads! that strow with lavish wast  
So fast to spend the time that spends your time  
as fast.  

* The printer's assertion is the only authority on which this Poem has been admitted into the editions of Spenser's Works, since its first publication in 1628. The critics agree in believing that it was not written by Spenser. Tona,  

Among the rest, that all the rest excel'd,  
A dainty boy there woun'd, whose harmlesse yeares  
Now in their freshest budding gently sweld;  
His nimph-like face were felt the nimble sheerees,  
Youth's downy blossom through his checke appears;  
His lovely limbs (but love he quite discarded)  
Were made for play (but he no play regarded)  
And fit love to reward, and with love be rewarded.  

High was his fore-head, arch't with silver mould,  
(Where never anger churlish rinkle dighted,)  
His auburne lockes hung like darke threals of gold,  
That wanton aires (with their faire length incited)  
To play among their wanton curles delighted;  
His smiling eyes with simple truth were stor'd  
Ah! how should truth in those thieve eyes be stor'd,  
Which thousand loves had stol'n, and never one  
restor'd!  

A. S.
BRI'ITAIN'S

His lily-cheeked might seem an ivory plaine,
More purely white than frozen Apennine,
Where lovely Bashfulnessi did sweetly raine,
In blush'ng scarlet cloth'd and purple fine.
A hundred hearts had this delightfull shrine,
(Still cold it selfe) inflam'd with hot desire,
That well the face might seem, in divers tire,
To be a burning snow, or else a freezing fire.

His cheerfull lookes and merry face would prove no bar
(If eyes the index be where thoughts are read)
A dainty play-fellow for naked Love;
Of all the other parts enough is said,
That they were fit twins for so faire a head:
Thousand boyes for him, thousand maidens dy'de;
Dye they that list, for such his rigorous pride,
He thousand boyes (ah, Foole!) and thousand maids deni'd.

His Izy was not in musiques sweete delight,
(Though well his hand had learnt that cunning arte)
Or dainty songs to daintier cares indite
But through the plaines to chase the nible hart
With well-tun'd hounds; or with his certaine dart
The tasked boare or savage beare to wound;
Meane time his heart with monsters doth abound;
Ah, Foole! to seeke so farre what ne'er might be found!

His name (well knowne unto those woody shades,
Where unrewarded lovers oft complaine them,) Anchises was; Anchises oft the glades
And mountains heard, Anchises did dishe'nd them;
Not all their love one gentle looke had gain'd them,
That rocky hills, with eechoing noyse consenting,
Anchises plain'd; but he no whit relenting,
Harder then rocky hills, fraught at their vaine lamenting.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dionysus Garden of Delight
With wonder looks Anchises sight;
While from the bower such musique sounds,
As all his senses there contoudns.

One day it chanc't as hee the deere persade,
Tyred with sport, and faint with weary play,
Faire Venus grove not farre away he view'd,
Whose trembling leaves invite him there to stay,
And in their shades his sweating limbs display;
There in the cooling glade hee softly paces,
And much delighted with their even spaces,
What in himselfe he seem'd, hee prai'd their kind imbraces.

The woods with Paphian myrtles peopled,
(Whose springing youth felt never winters spiting.)
To laurels sweete were sweeteely married,
Doubling their pleasing smells in their uniting;
When single much, much more when mixt, delighting:
No foot of beast durst touch this hallowed place;
And many a boy that long'd the woods to trace,
Erred with fear, but soone turn'd back his frightened face.

The thicke-lockt boughs shut out the tell-tale Sunne,
(For Venus hated his all-bladding light,
Since her knowne fault, which oft she wisht undon,) And scattered rayes did make a doubtful sight,
Like to the first of day or last of night:
The fittest light for lovers gentle play:
Such light best shewes the wanderings lovers way,
And guides his erring hand: night is Love's hollyday.

So farre in this sweet labyrinth he stray'd
That now he views the Garden of Delight,
Whose breast, with thousand painted flowers array'd,
With divers joy captiv't his wandering sight;
But soon the eyes rendered the cares their right;
For such strange harmony he seem'd to heare,
That all his senses flockt into his care,
And every faculty to be seated there.

From a close bower this dainty musicke flow'd,
A bower apparell'd round with divers roses,
Both red and white, which by their liverys show'd Their mistris faire, that there her selfe repos'd;
Seem'd that would strive with those rare musicke closes,
By spreading there faire bosom's to the light,
Which the distracted sense should most delight:
That, raps the melted care; this, both the smell and sight.

The boy 'twixt fearefull hope, and wishing feare,
Crept all along (for much he long'd to see The bower, much more the guest so lodg'd there;) And, as hegoes, he marks how well agree Nature and Arte in discord unity,
Each striving who should best performe his part,
Yet Arte now helping Nature, Nature Arte;
While from his cares a voyce thus stole his heart.

"Fond Men! whose wretched care the life soone ending,
By striving to increase your joy, do spend it;
And, spending joy, yet find no joy in spending;
You hurt your life by striving to amend it;
And, seeking to prolong it, soonest end it:
Then, while full time affordeth thee time and leisure,
Enjoy while yet thou mayst thy lifes sweetest pleasure;
Too foolish is the man that starves to feed his treasure.

"Love is lifes end; (an end, but never ending)
All joys, all sweetes, all happiness, awarding;
Love is lifes wealth (bere spent, but ever spending.)
More rich by giving, taking by discarding;
Love's lifes reward, rewarded in rewarding;
Then from thy wretched heart fond care remove;
Ah! shouldst thou live but once loves sweetes to prove,
Thou wilt not love to live, unless thou live to love."

To this sweet voyce a dainty musique fitted
It's well-tun'd strings, and to her notes consort,
And while with skilfull voyce the song she dittted,
The blabbling Echo had her words retorted;
That now the boy, beyond his soule transported,
Through all his limbes feeleis run a pleasant
shaking,
And, twixt a hope and feare, suspects mistaken,
And doubts his sleeping dreams, and broad awake
feares waking.

CANTO III.
THE ARGUMENT.
Faire Cythereas limbs beheld,
The sleeping lads heart so intent'd,
That in a trance his mind was spent;
Leaves th' senses slumbering in delight.

Now to the bower hee sent his theevishe eyes
To steal a happy sight; there doe they finde
Faire Venus, that within halfe naked ies;
And straight amaz'd (so glorious beauty shin'd)
Would not returne the message to the mind;
But, full of feare and superstitious aye,
Could not retire, or backe their beams withdraw,
So fixt on too much seeing made they nothing saw.

II.
Her goodly length stretcht on a lilly-bed,
(A bright foyle of a beauty farre more bright,) Few roses round about were scattered,
As if the lilies learnt to blush, for spight
To see a skime much more then lilly-white;
The bed sanke with delight so to be pressed,
And knew not which to think a chance more blessed,
Both bless'd so to kiss, and so agayne be kissed.

III.
Her spacious fore-head, like the clearest moone,
Whose full-growne orbe begins now to be spent,
Largely display'd in mattie silver shone,
Giving wide room to Beauty's regiment,
Which on the plaine with Love triumphing went;
Her golden hairie a rope of pearle imbrac'd,
Which, with their dainty threds oft-times encased,
Made the eie think the pearle was there in gold
incased.

IV.
Her full large eye, in jetty-blacke array'd,
Provd beauty not confin'd to red and white,
But oft her selue in blacke more rich display'd;
Both contraries did yet themselves unite,
To make one beauty in different delight;
A thousand Loves sate playing in each eye,
And smiling Mirth, kissing fair Courtesie,
By sweete perswasion wan a bloodlesse victory.

V.
The whitest white, set by her silver cheeke,
Grew pale and wan, like unto heavy lead;
The freshest purple fresher dyes must seeke,
That dares compare with them his faining red:
On these Cupido winged armes led
Of little Loves that, with bold wanton raine
Under those colours, marching on the plaine,
Force every heart, and to low vassallage constraine.

VI.
Her lips, most happy each in other's kisses,
From their so wise'nt embracments seldom parted,
Yet seem'd to blush at such their wanton blisses;
But, when sweet words their joyning sweet dispers'd,
To th' eare a dainty musique they imparted:
Upon them fitly sate, delightfull smiling,
A thousand soules with pleasing stealth beguiling:
Ah! that such shews of loves should be all loves
exiling.

VII.
The breath came slowly thence, unwilling leaving
So sweet a lodge; but when she once intended
To feast the aire with words, the heart deceiving,
More fast it thronged so to be expended;
And at each word a hundred Loves attended,
Playing i' th' breath, more sweete than is that
Where that Arabian onely bird, expiring, [tering
Hives by her death, by losse of breath more fresh
repreiring.

VIII.
Her chin, like to a stone in gold incased,
Seem'd a fair jewell wrought with cunning hand,
And, being double, doubly the face grace'd;
This goody frame on her round necke did stand;
Such pilar well some curious work sustaint'd;
And, on his top the heavenly spheric up-rearling,
Might well present, with daintier appearing,
A lesse but better Atlas, that faire heaven bearing.

IX.
Lower two breasts stand, all their beauties bearing,
Two breasts as smooth and soft; but, ah, alas!
Their smoothest softenes farre exceeds comparing,
More smooth and soft, but naught that ever was;
Where they are first, deserves the second place;
Yet each as soft and each as smooth as other;
And when thou first tri'st one, and then the other,
Each soeuer seemes then each, and each then each
seemeth smoother.

X.
Lowly betweene their dainty hemispheres,
(Their hemispheres, the heavenly globes excelling)
A path more white then is the name it beares,
The Lactal Path, conductes to the sweet dwelling
Where best Delight all loves sits freely dealing;
Where hundred sutes, and still fresh loves attending,
Receive in giving; and, still love dispending,
Grow richer by their losse, and wealthy by expending.

XI.
But stay, bold Shephard! here thy footing stay,
Nor trust too much unto thy new-born quill,
As farther to those dainty limbs to stray,
Or hope to paint that vale or beauteous hill
Which past the finest hand or choyste skil;
But were thy verse and song as finely fram'd
As are those parts, yet should it sooner be blam'd,
For now the shameles world of best things is
asham'd.

XII.
That cunning artist, that old Greece admir'd,
Thus farre his Venus fitly portrayed,
But thence he left, nor farther eve aspir'd;
His diddell hand, that Nature perfected

R. S. 2
By Arte, felt Arte by Nature limited.
  Ah! well he knew, though his fit hand could give
  Breath to dead colours, teaching marble live,
  Yet would these lively parts his hand of skill deprive.

Such when this gentle boy her closely view'd,
One with thinnest silken veil, o'er-laid,
Whose snowy colour much more snowy show'd
By being next that skin, and all betray'd,
Which best in naked beauties are array'd,
His spirits, melted with so glorious sight,
Run from their works to see so splendid light,
And left the fainting limbs sweet slumbering in delight.

CANTO IV.

THE ARGUMENT.
The swatong swaine recovered is
By the goddess's; his soul's rapt bliss:
Their mutual conference, and how
Her service he doth him allow.

I.

SOFT-SLEEPING Venus, waked with the fall,
Looking behind, the sinking boy espy'd;
With all she starts, and wondereth withall;
She thinks that there her faire Adonis dy'd,
And more she thinks the more the boy she eyes:
So, stepping nearer, up begins to rear him;
And now with Love himselfe she will confer him,
And now before his Love herselfe she will prefer him.

II.

The lad, soon with that dainty touch reviv'd,
Feeling himselfe so well, so sweetly seat'd,
Begins to doubt whether he yet live liv'd,
Or else his fleeting soul, to heav'n translated,
Was there in starry throne and bliss translated;
Oft would he dye, so to be often save'd;
And now with happy wish he closely crave'd,
For ever to be dead, to be so sweet ingrave'd.

III.

The Paphian princesse (in whose lovely breast
Spiteful disdain could never find a place)
When now she saw him from his fit releas'd,
(To Juno leaving wrath and seckling base,
Comforts the trembling boy with smiling grace;
But oh! those smiles (too full of sweete delight)
Surfeit his heart, full of the former sight;
So, seeking to revive, more wounds his feeble sprite.

IV.

"Tell me, fair Boy! (say'd she) what erring chance
Hither directed thy unwary pace?
For sure Contempt or Pride durst not advance
Their foule ascept in thy so pleasant face:
Tell me, what brought thee to this hidden place?
Or lacke of love, or mutuell answering fire?
Or hinderd by ill chance in thy desire?
Tell me, what ist thy faire and wishing eyes require?"

V.

The boy, (whose sence was never yet acquainted
With such a musique,) stood with cares arced,
And, sweetly with that pleasant spell enchanted,
More of those sagred straines long time expected;
Til seeing she his speeches not rejected,
First sighs arising from his heart's low center,
Thus gan reply, when each word bold would venter,
And strive the first that dainty labyrinth to enter.

VI.

"Fair Cyprian Queene, (for well that heavenly face
Prooves thee the mother of all conquering Love,)"
"Pardon, I pray thee, my unweaving pace;
For no presumptuous thoughts did hither moove
My daring feete to this thy holy grove;
But luckless chance (which, if you not gauge-say,
I still must rue,) hath caus'd me here to stray,
And lose my selfe (alas!) in losing of my way.

VII.

"Nor did I come to right my wronged fire;
Never till now I saw what ought to be loved;
And now I see, but never dare aspire
To move my hope, where yet my love is mooved;
Whence though I would, I would it not remov'd;
Only since I have plac't my love so high,
Which sure thou must, or sure thou wilt, deny,
Grant me yet still to love, though in my love to dye."

VIII.

But shee that in his eyes Loves face had seen,
And flaming heart, did not such suite disdain:
(For cruelty fits not sweete Beauties queene,)
But gentle could his passion entertain,
Though she Loves princesse, he a lowly swain;
First of his bold intrusion she acquir'd him,
Then to her service (happy Boy!) admitt's him,
And like another Love, with bow and quiver fits him.

IX.

And now with all the Loves he grew acquainted,
And Cupids selfe, with his like face delight'd,
Taught him a hundred wayes with which he daunted
The prouder hearts, and wronged lovers righted,
Forcing to love that most his love despis'd:
And now the practique boy did so approve him,
And with such grace and cunning arte did moove him,
That all the pritty Loves and all the Graces love him.

CANTO V.

THE ARGUMENT.
The lovers and despairing plaints
Bright Venus with his love acquaints;
Sweetly importune, he doth shew
From whom proceedeth this his woe.

IX.

Yet never durst his faint and coward heart
(Alas, fool! faint heart faire lady we're could win!)
Assaile faire Venus with his new-learn'd arte,
But kept his love and burning flame within,
Which more flam'd out, the more he prest it in;
And thinking oft how must shee might displease him,
While some cool mirrile shade did entertaine him,
Thus sighing would he sit, and sadly would he plain him:
"Ah, fond and hapless Love! nor know I whether
More fond or hapless more, that all so high
Hast plac'd thy heart, where love and fate together
May never hope to end thy misery,
Nor yet thy self dare wish a remedy:
All hindrances (alas!) conspire to let it;
Ah, fond, and hapless Love! if canst not get it!
In thinking to forget, at length learn to forget it.

"Ah, farre too fond, but much more hapless
Seeing thy love can be forgotten never, [Swaine! Serve and observe thy love with willing paine;
And though in vaine thy love thou doe persever,
Yet all in vaine doe thou adore her ever.
No hope can crown thy thoughts so farre aspiring,
Nor darest thy selfe desire thine owne desiring,
Yet live thou in her love, and dye in her admiring:"

Thus oft the hopelesse boy complaininglyes;
But she, that well could guess his sad lamenting,
(Who can conceale love from Loves mothers eyes?) Did not disdain to give his love contenting;
Cruel the souls that feeds on soules tormenting:
Nor did she scorn him, though not nobly borne,
(Love is nobility) nor could she scorn
That with so noble skill her title did adorn.

One day it chane't, thrice happy day and chance!
While Loves were with the Graces sweetly sporting,
And to fresh musique sounding play and dance,
And Cupids selfe, with sheepheads boyes consorting,
Laugh'd at their pritty sport and simple courting;
Faire Venus seate the fearfull boy close by her,
Where never Iphabus jealous looks might eye her,
And bids the boy his mistris and her name desery her.

Long time the youth bound up in silence stood,
While hope and feare with hundred thoughts begun
Fit prologue to his speech; and fearefull blood
From heart and face with these post-tydings runne,
That eyther now he's made, or now undon.
At length his trembling words, with feare made
Began his too long silence thus to breake, [weake,
While from his humblest first reverence seem'd
to speake.

"Faire Queene of Love! my life thou maist com,
Too slender price for all thy former grace, [mand,
Which I receive at thy so bounteous hand;
But never dare I speak her name and face;
My life is much lesse-priz'd than her disgrace;
And, for I know if her name relate
I purchase auger, I must hide her state,
Unless thou swear by Stix I purchase not her hate."

Faire Venus well perceiv'd his subtle shift,
And, swearing gentle patience, gently smil'd,
While thus the boy perswas'd his former drift:
"No tongue was euer yet so sweetly skil'd,
Nor greatest orator so highly skil'd,
Though help't with all the choicest artes direction,
But when he durst describ'se her heaven's perfection,
By his imperfect praise dispraises'd his imperfection.

"Her forme is as her selfe, perfect cedestriall,
No mortall spot her heavenly frame disgrace
Beyond compare such nothing is terrestrial!
More sweete than thought or pow'rfull wish embraces;
The map of heaven, the summne of all her graces:
But if you wish more truly limb'd to eye her,
Than fainting speech or words can well desery her,
Look in a glasse, and there more perfect you may spy her."

CANTO VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The boyes short wish, her larger grant,
That doth his smile with bliss ensue;
Whereof impetuous uttering all,
Turgid love contrives his thrall.

"Th' crafty arte," reply'd the smiling queene,
"Hath well my chiding and not rage prevented,
Yet might'st thou thinke that yet twas never scene
That angry rage and gentle love consented;
But if to me thy true love is presented,
What wages for thy service must I owe thee?
For by the selfe-same vow I here owne thee,
Whatever thou require I frankly will allow thee."

"Pardon," replies the boy, "for so affecting
Beyond mortalitie, and not discarding
Thy service, was much more than my expecting;
But if thou (more thy bounty-hood regarding)
Wilt needs heap up reward upon rewarding,
Thy love I dare not aske, or mutual fixing,
One kisse is all my love and prides aspiring,
And after starve my heart, for my too much desiring."

"Fond Boy!" (sayd she) "too fond, that askt no more;
Thy want by taking is no whit decreased,
And giving spends not our increasing store:"—
Thus with a kisse his lips she sweetly press'd; Most blessed kisse! but hope more than most blessed.
The boy did thinke heaven fell while thus he joy'd,
And while ioy he so greedily enjoy'd,
He felt not halfe his ioy by being over joy'd.

"Why sighs I faire Boy?" (sayd she) "dost thou repeate the
Thy narrow wish in such straight bonds to stay?"
"Well may I sigh" (sayd he) "and well lamen me,
That never such a debt may hope to pay."
"A kisse," (sayd she) "a kisse will lack repay."
"With thou" (reply'd the boy, too much delighted,)
"Content thee with such pay to be required?"
She grants; and he his lips, heart, soule, to payment cited.
Look as a ward, long from his lands detain'd,
And subject to his guardians cruel love,
Now spends the more, the more he was restrain'd;
So he yet thought in laying out his store
He doubly takes, yet finds himself grow poor;
With that he markes, and tells her out a score,
And doubles them, and trebles all before.
Fond boy! the more thou paist, thy debt still grows the more.

At length, whether these favours so had fir'd him,
With kindly heat, inflaming his desiring,
Or whether those sweete kisses had inspir'd him,
He thinks that something wants for his requiring,
And still aspires, yet knows not his aspiring;
But yet though that hee knoweth so the care,
That he presents himselfe her bounden slave,
Still his more wishing face seem'd somewhae else to crave.

And, boldned with succese and many graces,
His hand, chait'd up in feare, he now releast,
And asking leave, courag'd with her embrases,
Against prison'd in her tender breast:
Ah, blessed prison! prisoners too much blest!
There with those sisters long time doth he play,
And now full boldly enters loves highway,
While downe the pleasant vale his creeping hand doth stray.

She, not displeas'd with this his wanton play,
Hiding his blushing with a sacred kisse,
With such sweete heat his rudenesse doth allay,
That now he perfect knowes whatever blisse
Elder Love taught, and he before did misse;
That moult with ioy, in such untri'd ioyes trying,
He gladly dies; and death new life applying,
Gladly againe he dyes, that oft he may be dying

Long thus he liv'd, shambring in sweete deliga,
Free from sad care and fickle worlds annoy,
Bathing in liquid ioyes his melted sprite:
And longer mought, but he (ah, foolish Boy!) Too proud, and too impatient of his ioy,
To woods, and heay'n, and earth, his blisse imparted,
That Jove upon him downe his thunder darted,
Blasting his splendent face, and all his beauty swarted.

Such be his chance that to his love doth wrong;
Unworthy he to have so worthy place,
That cannot hold his peace and blabbing tongue;
Light ioyes float on his lips, but rightly grace
Sinkes depee, and th' heart's low center doth imbrace.
Might I enjoy my love till I unfold it,
I'd lose all favours when I blabbing told it;
He is not fit for love that is not fit to hold it.
VIEW OF THE STATE OF IRELAND.

WRITTEN DIALOGUE-WISE BETWEEENE EUDOXUS AND IRENÆUS.

Eudox. But if that countrey of Ireland, whence you lately came, be of so goodly and commodious a soyl, as you report, that no course is taken for the turning thereof to good uses, and reducing that nation to better government and civility.

Iren. Marry so there have bin divers good plottes devised, and wise counsellors cast already about reformation of that realme; but they say, it is the falling 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 genins of the soyle, or influence of the starres, or that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that hee reserved her in this unquiet state still for some secret scourge, which shall by her come unto England, it is hard to knowe, but yet much to be feared.

Eudox. Surely I suppose this but a vaine conception of simple men, which judge things by their effects, and not by their causes; for I would rather thinke the cause of this evil, which hangeth upon that countrey, to proceed rather of the unsoundnes of the counsellors, and plots, which you say have been oftentimes laid for the reformation, or of fainties in following and effecting the same, then of any such fallace course appointed of God, as you misdeme; but it is the manner of men, that when they are fallen into any absurdity, or their actions succeed not as they would, they are always ready to impute the blame thereof unto the heavens, so to excuse their owne follies and imperfections. So have I heard it often wished also, (even of some whose great wisdomes in opinion should seeme to judge more soundly of so weighty a consideration) that all that land were a sea-ppoole; which kind of speech, is the manner rather of desperate men farre driven, to wish the utter ruine of that which they cannot redress, then of grave counsellors, which ought to think nothing so hard, but that thorough wisdome, it may be mastered and subdued, since the Poet saith, that "the wise man shall rule even over the starres," much more over the earth; for were it not the part of a desperate phisitian to wish his diseased patient dead, rather then to apply the best endeavour of his skill for his recovery. But since we are so farre entred, let us, I pray you, a little devise of those evils, by which that country is held in this wretched case, that it cannot (as you say) be recouered. And if it be not painefull to you, tell us what things, during your late continuance there, you observed to bee most offensive, and greatest impeachement to the good rule and government thereof.

Iren. Surely Eudox. The evils which you desire to be recounted are very many, and almost countable with those which were hidden in the basket of Pandora. But since you please, I will out of that infinite number, reckon but some that are most capital, and commonly occurring both in the life and conditions of private men, as also in the managing of publicke affaires and policy, which you shall understand to be of divers natures, as I observed them; for some of them are of verry great antiquite and continuance; others more late and of lesse endurance; others dayly growing and increasng continuallie by their evil occasions, which are everyday offered.

Eudox. Tell them then, I pray you, in the same order that you have now rehearsed them; for there can be no better method then this which the very matter it selfe offerveth. And when you have reckoned all the evils, let us hear your opinion for the redressing of them; after which there will perhaps of it selfe appear some reasonable way to settle a sound and perfect rule of government, by slumming the former evils, and following the offered good. The which method we may learne of the wise Phisitians, which first require that the malady be knowne throughly, and discovered; afterwards to teach how to cure and redresse it; and lastly doe prescribe a dyet, with straight rule and orders to be daily observed, for feare of relapse into the former disease, or falling into some other more dangerous then it.

Iren. I will then according to your advisement begin to declare the evils, which seeme to me most injuriefull to the common-wealth of that land; and first, those (I say) which were most auncient and long grown. And they also are of three sorts: The first in the Lawes, the second in Customes, and the last in Religion.

Eudox. Why, Irenæus, can there be any evil in the Lawes; can things, which are ordained for the good and safety of all, turne to the evil and hurt of them? This well I vote both in that state, and in all other, that were they not contained in duty with fear of law, which restraineith offences, and infliceth sharpe punishment to misdoers, no man should enjoy any thing; every manse hand would be against another. Therefore, in finding fault with the lawes, I doubt me, you shall much overseethe your selfe, and make me the more dislike your other dislikes of that government.

Iren. The lawes Eudox. I doe not blame for
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By which vile law of theirs, many murderers amongst them are made up, and smothered.

And this judge being as hee is called the Lords Brehon, adjudgeth for the most part, a better share unto his Lord, that is the Lord of the soyle, or

*the head of that sect, and also unto himselfe for his judgement a greater portion, then unto the plaintiffs or parties greived.*

Endor. This is a most wicked law indeed : but I trust it is not now used in Ireland, since the kings of England have had the absolute dominion thereof, and established their owne laws there.

Iren. There are so many wide countries in Ireland, which the lawes of England were never established in, nor any acknowledgment of subjuction made, and also even in those which are subdued, and seeme to acknowledge subjuction ; yet the same Brehon law is practised among themselves, by reason, that, dwelling as they doe, whole nations and septs of the Irish together, without any Englishman amongst them, they may doe what they list, and compound or altogether concave amongst themselves their owne crimes, of which no notice can be had, by them which would and might amend the same, by the rule of the lawes of England.

Endor. What is this which you say ? And is there any part of that realme, or any nation therein, which have not yet beene subdued to the crowne of England ? Did not the whole realme universally accept and acknowledge our late Prince of famous memory Henry the viiith for their owne King and Liege Lord ?

Iren. Yes verily : in a Parliament holden in the time of Sir Anthony Saint-Leger, then Lord Deputy, all the Irish Lords and principall men came in, and being by faire means wrought thereunto, acknowledged King Henry for their Sovereigne Lord, reserving yet (as some say) unto themselves all their owne former priviledges and seignories inviolate.

Endor. Then by that acceptance of his sovereignty they also accepted of his lawes. Why then should any other lawes be now used amongst them ?

Iren. True it is that thereby they bound themselves to his lawes and obedience, and in case it had beene followed upon them, as it should have beene, and a government thereupon settled among them agreeable thereunto, they should have beene reduced to perpetuall civilitie, and contained in continuall duty. But what bootes it to break a colte, and to let him straight runne loose at randome. So were these people at first well handled, and wisely brought to acknowledge allegiance to the Kings of England : but, being straight left unto themselves and their owne inordinate life and manners, they oftimes forgot what before they were taught, and so soon as they were out of sight, by themselves shock off their briddles, and became to colte anew, more licentious then before.

Endor. It is a great pity, that so good an opportunity was omitted, and so happy an occasion fore-slacked, that might have beene the eternal good of the land. But doe they not still acknowledge that submission ?

Iren. No, they doe not : for now the heires and posterity of them which yeelded the same, are (as

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* the head of that sect, Sept is family. Tornado
* so happy an occasion fore-slacked. I Declare. Tornado
they say) either ignorant thereof, or do wilfully deny, or stedfastly disavow it.

Eudox. How can they so doe justly? Doth not the act of the parent in any lawfull grant or conveyance, bind their heires for ever thereafter? Sith then the ancestours of those that now live, yeelded themselves then subjects and liegeamen, shall it not tye their children to the same subjection?

Iren. They say no: for their anciehasts had no estate in any their lands, seigniories, or hereditaments, longer then during their own lives, as they allege, and all the Irish have their land by Tanistrie; which is (say they) no more but a personal estate for his life time, that is, Tanist, by reason that he is admitted therunto by election of the country.

Eudox. What is this which you call Tanist and Tanistry? They be names and tennes never heard of nor knowne to us.

Iren. It is a custome amongst all the Irish, that presently after the death of any of their chiefe Lords or Captaines, they doe presently assemble themselves to a place generally appointed and knowne unto them, to choose another in his stead, where they doe nominate and elect for the most part, not the eldest some, nor any of the children of the Lord deceased, but the next to him of blood, that is the eldest and worthiest, as commonly the next brother unto him if he have any, or the next cousin, or so forth, as any is elder in that kinred or sept, and then next to him doe they choose the next of the blood to be Tanist, who shall next succeed him in the said Captainry, if he live thereunto.

Iren. Do they not use any ceremony in this election for all barbarous nations are commonly great observers of ceremonies and superstitious rites.

Iren. They use to place him that shallbe their Captaine, upon a stone always reserved for that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill: In some of which I have seen formed and ingraven a foot, which they say was the measure of their first Captaines foot, whereon hee standing, receives an oath to preserve all the auncient former customes of the countrey inviolable, and to deliver up the successor paissance to him, he receives a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper office that is: after which, descending from the stone, he turneth himselfe round, thrice forward, and thrice backward.

Eudox. But how is the Tanist choosen?

Iren. They say he setteth but one foot upon the stone, and receiveth the like oath that the Captaine did.

Eudox. Have you ever heard what was the occasion and first beginning of this custome? for it is good to know the same, and may perhaps discover some secret meaning and intent therein, very materiall to the state of that government.

Iren. I have heard that the beginning and cause of this ordinance amongst the Irish, was specially for the defence and maintenance of their lands in their posteritie, and for excluding all innovation or alienation thereof unto strangers, and specially to the English. For when their Captaine dieth, if the signiorre should descend to his child, and he perhaps an infirm man by nature, or another might peradventure succeed between, or thrust him out by strong hand, being then unable to defend his right, or to withstand the force of a forreinr; and therefore they
doe appoint the eldest of the kinne to have the signiorre, for that he commonly is a man of stronger years, and better experience to maintain the inheritance, and to defend the country, either against the next bordering Lords, which use commonly to incroache one upon another, as one is stronger, or against the English, which they thinke lye in wai to wroche them out of their lands and territorie. And to this end the Tanist is always ready knowne, if it should happen the Captaine suddenly to die, or to be slaine in battell, or to be out of the country, to defend and keepe it from all such incursions and dangers. For which cause the Tanist hath also a share of the country allotted unto him, and certaine cuttings and spendings upon all the inhabitants under the Lord.

Eudox. When I heard this word Tanist, it bringeth to my remembrance what I have read of Tania, that it should signifie a province or seigniorie, as Aquitania, Lusitania, and Britannia, the which some thinke to be derived of Tania, that is, from the Danes, but, I think, amisse. But sure it seemeth, that it came anciently from those barbarous nations that over-ran the world, which possessed these dominions, whereof they are now so called. And so it may well be that from thence the first original of this word Tanist and Tanistry came, and the custome thereof hath sithence, as many others else, beene continued. But to that generall subjection of the land, whereof wee formerly spake, me seemes that this custome or tenure can be no barre nor impeciance, seeing that in open Parliament by their said acknowledgement they waved the benefit thereof, and submitted themselves to the benefit of their Sovereign.

Iren. Yea, but they say, as I carst tolde you, that they reserved their titles, tenures, and seigniories whole and sound to themselves, and for proof alleges, that they have ever sithence remained to them untouched, so as now to alter them, should (say they) be a great wrong.

Eudox. What remedie is there then, or means to avoide this inconvenience? for, without first cutting of this dangerous custome, it seemeth hard to plant any sound ordinance, or reduce them to a civil government, since all their ill customes are permitted unto them.

Iren. Surely nothing hard: for by this Act of Parliament whereof we spake, nothing was given to King Henry which he had not before from his ancestors, but onely the bare name of a King; for all other absolute power of principality he had in himselfe before derived from many former Kings, his famous progenitours and worthy conquercours of that land. The which, sithence they first conuered and bounde them, which needed afterwards to enter into any such idle termes with them to be caled their King, when it is in the power of the conqueror to take upon himself what title he will, over his dominions conquered. For all is the conquerors, as Tully to Brutus saith. Therefore (me scene)s instead of so great and meritorious a service as they boast they performed to the King, in bringing all the Irish to

* the first original of this word Tanist and Tanistry came. See whether it may not be more fitly derived from Thane, which word was commonly used among the Danes, and also among the Saxons in England, for a noble man, and a principall officer. * Sir James Ware.
acknowledge him for their Liege, they did great hurt unto his title, and have left a perpetual gill in the minde of the people, who before being absolutely bound to his obedience, are now tyde but with termes, whereas else both their lives, their lands, and their liberties were in his free power to appoint what tenures, what laws, what conditions hee would over them, which were all his: against which there could be no rightfull resistance, or if there were, he might, when he would, establish them with a stronger hand.

Eudox. Yea, but perhaps it seemed better unto that noble King to bring them by their owne accord to his obedience, and to plant a peaceable government amongst them, then by such violent means to pluck them under. Neither yet hath he thereby lost any thing that he formerly had; for, having all before absolutely in his owne power, it remaineth so still unto him, he having thereby neither forgiven nor forgone any thing thereby unto them, but having received somthing from them, that is, a more voluntary and bolyal subjection. So as her Majesty may yet, when it shall please her, alter any thing of those former ordinances, or appoint other laws, that may be more both for her own bleepe, and for the good of that people.

Iren. Not so: for it is not so ease, now that things are growne unto an habit, and have their certaine course to change the channell, and turne their streames another way, for they may have now a colorable pretence to withstand such innovations, having accepted of other laws and rules already.

Eudox. But you say they do not accept of them, but delight rather to leane to their old customes and Breton lawes, though they be more unjust and also more inconvenient for the common people, as by your late relation of them I have gathered. As for the lawes of England they are surely most just and most agreeable, both with the government and with the nature of the people. How falls it then, that you seeme to dislike of them, as not so meete for that nation of Ireland, as which will happen the Common Law, but also the Statutes and Acts of Parliament, which were specially provided and intended for the onlie benefit thereof?

Iren. I was about to have told you my reason therein, but that your selfe drew me away with other questions, for I was shewing you by what meanes, and by what sort, the positive lawes were first brought in and established by the Norman Conquerour: which were not by him devised nor applied to the state of the realme then being, nor as yet might best be, (as should by lawgivers principally be regarded) but were indeed the very lawes of his owne countrey of Normandie. The condition whereof, how farre it differeth from this of England, is apparent to every least judgement. But to transferre the same lawes for the governing of the realme of Ireland, was much more inconvenient and uneete; for he found a better advantage of the time, then was in the planting of them in Ireland, and followed the execution of them with more severity, and was also present in person to overlooke the Magistrates, and to overawe these subjects with the terror of his sword, and countenance of his Majesty. But not so in Ireland, for they were otherwise affected, and yet doe so reneine, so as the same lawes (as seemes) can ill fit with their disposition, or worke that reformation that is wished. For lawes ought to be fashioned unto the manneres and conditions of the people, to whom they are meant, and not to be imposed upon them according to the simple rule of right, for then (as I said) in stead of good they may worke ill, and pervert justice to extreme injustice. For bee that transforres the lawes of the Lacedemonians to the people of Athens, should finde a great absurditie and inconvenienc. For those lawes of Lacedemon were devised by Lysippus as most proper and best agreeing with that people, whom bee knew to be inclined altogether to warres, and therefore wholly trained them up even from their cradles in armes and military exercises, clean contrary to the institution of Solon, who, in his lawes to the Athenians, laboured by all meanes to temper their warlike courages with sweet delights of learning and sciences, so that asmuch as the one excelled in armes, the other excelled in knowledge. The like regard and moderation ought to be had in tempering, and managing, this stubborne nation of the Irish to bring them from their delight of licenterious barbarisme unto the love of goodnes and civilitie.

Eudox. I cannot see how that may better be then by the discipline of the lawes of England: for the English were, at first, as stout and warlike a people as ever the Irish, and yet you see are now brought unto that civility, that no nation in the world excelleth them in all goodly conversation, and all the studies of knowledge and humanitie.

Iren. What they now be, both you and I see very well, but by how many thorny and hard wayes they are come thereunto, by how many civill broiles, by how many tumultuous rebellions, that even hazarded ofentimes the whole safety of the kingdom, may easily be considered: all which they nevertheless fairly overcame, by reason of the continual presence of their King; whose only person is oftentimes in stead of an army, to contain the unruly people from a thousand civill occasions, which this wretched kingdom, for want thereof, is daily cast away in, which will happen they make head, no lawes, no penalties, can restraine, but that they doe, in the violence of that furie, tread downe and trample under foote all both divine and humane things, and the lawes themselves they doe specially rage at, and rend in peeces, as most repugnant to their libertie and natural freedom, which in their madness they affect.

Eudox. It is then a very unseasonable time to plead law, when swords are in the hands of the vulgar, or to thinke to restraine them with fear of punishments, when they looke after liberty, and shewe off all government.

Iren. Then so it is with Ireland continually, Eudoxus; for the sword was never yet out of their hand, but when they are weary of warres, and brought downe to extreme wretchednesse; then they creep a little perhaps and sue for grace, till they have gotten new breath and recovered their strength againe. So as it is in vaine to speake of planting lawes, and plotting pollicie, till they be altogether subdued.

Eudox. Were they not so at the first conquering of them by Strongbowe, in the time of King Henry the second? was there not a thorough way then made by the sword, for the imposing of the lawes upon them? and were they not then executed with such a mightie hand as you said was used by the Norman Conquerour? What oddles is there then
in this case? why should not the same lawes take
as good effect in that people as they did here, being
in like sort prepared by the sword, and brought
under by extremitie? and why should they not
continue in as good force and vigour for the con-
taining of the people?

Iren. The case yet is not like, but there appear-
eth great odds betwixt them: for, by the con-
quest of Henry the second, true it is that the Irish
were utterly vanquished and subdued, so as no
enemy was able to hold up hand against his power,
in which their weakness hee brought in his lawes,
and settled them as now they there remaine; like
as William the Conqueror did: so as in thus much
they agree; but in the rest, that is the chiefest, they
varie: for to whom did King Henry the second
impose those lawes? not to the Irish, for the most
part of them fled from his power, into deserts and
mountaines, leaving the wyde countrey to the con-
queror: who in their stead esayes placed Eng-
lish men, who possessed all their lands and did quite
shut out the Irish, or the most part of them. And
to those new inhabitants and colonies he gave his
lawes, to wit, the same lawes under which they were
borne and bred, the which it was no difficultie to
place amongst them, becoming formerly well inured
therunto; unto whom afterwards there repaired
diverse of the poore distressed people of the Irish,
for succour and reliefe; of whom, such as they
thought fit for labour, and industriously disposed,
as the most part of their labour sort are, they re-
ceived unto them as their vassalls, but scarcely
against such as were under them the benifit of his
lawes, under which themselves lived, but every one
made his will and commandement a law unto his
owne vassall; thus was not the law of England
ever properly applieth unto the Irish nation, as by
a purposed plot of government, but as they could
insinuate and steele themselves under the same, by
their humble carriage and submission.

Eudox. How comes it then to passe, that having
beene once so low brought, and thoroughly sub-
jected, they afterwards lifted up themselves so
strongly againe, and sithence do stand so stiffly
against all rule and government?

Iren. They say that they continued in that low-
liness, untill the time that the division between the
two houses of Lancaster and York arose for the
crowne of England: at which time all the great
English Lords and Gentlemen, which had great
possessions in Ireland, repaired over hither into
England, some to succour their friends here, and
to strengthen their partie for to obtain the crowne;
others to defend their lands and possessions here
against such as coveted all the benefite of the
alteration of the kingdom, and success of that side
which they favoured and affected. Then the
Irish whom before they had banished into the
mountaines, where they lived onely upon white
ncates, as it is recorded, seeing now their lands so
dispeopled and weakened, came downe into all the
plaines adjoining, and thence expelling those few
English that remained, repoposessed them againe,
since which they have remained in them, and, grow-
ning greater, have brought under them many of the
English, which were before their Lords. This was
one of the occasions by which all those countreyes,
which lying neere unto any mountains or Irish
desarts, had beene planted with English, were
shortly displantled and lost. As namely in Moun-
ster all the lands adjoining unto Sleweburgh, Arlo,
and the bog of Allon. In Connaught all the Coun-
btries bordering upon the Curiles, Mointerolis, and
Oroukres countrey. In Leinster all the lands bor-
dering unto the mountaines of Glannaleur, unto
Shideleah, unto the Brecnenah, and Polmonte. In
Ulster, all the countryeys near unto Tircennel,
Tyrone, and the Scottes.

Eudox. Surely this was a great violence; but yet
by your speach it seemeth that only the coun-
tryeys and valleys neere adjoining unto those
mountaines and desarts, were thus recovered by
the Irish: but how comes it now that we see almost
all that realtime repoposessed of them? Was there
any more such evil occasions growing by the trou-
bles of England? Or did the Irish, out of those
places so by them gotten, break further and stretch
themselves out thorough the whole land? for now,
for ought that I can understand, there is no part
but the lare English Pale, in which the Irish have
not the greatest footing.

Iren. Both our nows the small beginnings by them
gotten neere to the mountaines, did they spread
themselves into the inland; and also, to their fur-
ther advantage, there did other like unhappy acci-
dents happen out of England; which gave heart and
good opportunity to them to regaine their old pos-
sessions: For, in the raigne of King Edward the
fourth, things remained yet in the same state that
they were after the late breaking out of the Irish,
which I spake of; and that noble Prince began to
cast an eye unto Ireland, and to mind the reform-
ation of things there resons about the King, cast
over his brother the worthy Duke of Clarence, who
having married the heire of the Earle of Ulster,
and by her having all the Earledomde of Ulster,
and much in Meath and in Monnstier, very carefully
went about the redressing of all those late evils,
and though he could not beate out the Irish againe,
by reason of his short continuance, yet hee did shut
them up within those narrow corners and gleness
under the mountaines foote, in which they lurked,
and so kept them from breaking any further, by
building strong castellons upon every border, and
fortifying all passages. Amongst the which hee
repaired the castle of Clare in Thomond, of which
countrey he had the inheritance, and of Martimers
lands adjoining, which is now (by the Irish) called
Kilalaue. But the times of that good King growing
also troublesome, did lett the thorough reformation
of all things. And therunto soone after was added
another fatall mischiefe, which wrought a greater
calamity then all the former. For the said Duke of
Clarence, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was,
for the safe performance of his office, and his brother,
called thence away: and soone after, by suister meanes was cleane made away. Presently
after whose death, all the North revolting, did set

* Duke of Clarence, who having married the heire of the
Earle of Ulster, &c. ] It was not George Duke of Clarence
here spoken of by the author, but Lionel Duke of Clarence,
third sonne of King Edw. the 3. who married the earle of
Ulsters daughter, and by her had the earledomde of Ulster;
and although Edw. the 4. made his brother the Duke of
Clarence Lo. Lieutenant of Ireland, yet the place was still
executed by his Deputyes (which were at several times)
Thomoe earle of Desmund, John Earle of Worcester, Tho-
maye of Kihllare, and Ili also Eudox Eorl, Bishop of Meth,
The Duke himselfe never comming into Ireland to governe
there in person. SIR JAMES WARE
up Oncale for their Captaine, being before that of small power and regard: and there arose in that part of Thomond, one of the O-Briens, called Murrough en-Ranagh, that is, Morrice of the Ferne, or vast wild places, who, gathering unto him all the reliques of the discontented Irish, eyesones surprized the said castle of Clare, burnt, and spoyled all the English there dwelling, and in short space possessed all that country beyond the river of Shan- nan and neere adjoining: whence shortly breaking forth like a suddaine tempest he over-run all Mounster and Connaght: breaking downe all the holds and fortresses of the English, defacing and utterly subverting all corporate townes, that were not strongly walled: for those he had no means nor engines to overthrow, neither indeed would he stay at all about them, but speedily ran forward, count- ing his suddennesse his most advantage, that he might overtake the English before they could foritie or gather themselves together. So in short space hee alone wept out of his side King, and first Inchequin, then Killalow, before called Clari- ford, also Thurles, Murnoe, Buttevant, and many others, whose names I cannot remember, and of some of which there is now no memory nor signe remaining. Upon report whereof there flocket unto him all the scumme of the Irish out of all places, that ere long he had a mighty army, and thence marched forth into Leinster, where hee wrought great out-rages, wasting all the country where he went: for it was his policie to leave no hold behind him, but to make all plaine and waste. In which hee some after created himselfe King, and was called King of all Ireland: which before him I doe not reade that any did so generally, but oneley Edward le Bruce.

Eudox. What! was there ever any generall King of all Ireland! I never heard it before, but that it was alwayes (whilst it was under the Irish) divided into four, and sometimes into five kingdomes or dominions. But this Edward le Bruce, what was hee, that could make himselfe King of all Ireland? 

Iren. This Edw. le Bruce was brother of Robert le Bruce, who was King of Scotland, at such time as King Edward the second raigned here in England, and bare a most malicious and rightfull minde against King Edward, doing him all the scathe that hee could, and annoyeng his territories of England, whilst he was troubled with civil wares of his Barons at home. Hee also, to worke him the more mischief, sent over his said brother Edward with a power of Scottes and Red-shanks into Ireland, where, by the means of the Ladies, and of the Irish with whom they combined, they gave footing, and gathering unto him all the *scatterlings and out-lawes out of all the woods and mountaines, in which they long had lurked, marched forth into the English Pale, which then was chiefly in the North, from the point of Donluce, and beyond unto Dublin: having in the midst of her Kneckergins, Belfast, Armagh, and Carlingford, which are now the most out-bounds and abandoned places in the English Pale, and hurtles not countd of the English Pale at all: for it stretcheth now no further then Dundalkle towards the North. There the said Edward le Bruce spoyled and burnt all the olde English Pale inhabitants, and sacked and rased all citties and corporate townes, no lesse then Mur- rough en Ranagh, of which I earst tolde you: For hee wasted Belfast, Green-Castle, Kelles, Bellturbut, Castletowne, Newton, and many other very good townes and strong holdes: he rooted out the noble families of the Audlies, Talbots, Tuchets, Chamberlaines, Maundervilles, and the Savages out of Ardes, through of the Lo. Savage there remained yet an heire, that is now a poore gentleman of very meane condition, yet dwelling in the Ardes. And coming lastly to Dundalkle, heee there made himselfe King, and raigned the space of one whole yeare, untill that Edward King of England, having set some quiet in his affairs at home, sent over the Lord John Birmingham to be Generall of the warres against him, who, encountering him neere to Dun- dalkle, over-threw his army, and slew him. Also hee presently followed the victory so hotly upon the Scotch, that hee suffered them no more to gather themselves together againe, untill they came to the sea-coast. Notwithstanding all the way that they fledde, for very rancour and despit, in their returne, they utterly consumed and wasted whatsoever they had before left unspayed, so as of all townes, castles, forts, bridges, and habitations, they left not any sticke standing, nor any people remanyng; for those few, which yet survived, fledde from their fury further into the English Pale that now is. Thus was all that godly country utterly wasted. And sure it is yet a most beautiful and sweet country; that hee suffered them no more to restor ed throughout with many godly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish most abundantly, sprinkled with many very sweet inlands and goddy lakes, like little inland seas, that will carry even shippes upon their waters, adorned with goddy woods even fit for building of houses and ships, so commodiously, as that if some Princes in the world had them, they would some hope to be lords of all the seas, and ere long of all the world: also full of very good ports and havens opening upon England, as inviting us to come unto them, to see what

*scatterlings and out-lawes] He uses scatterlings for ravagers again in this View of the State of Ireland. Toth.
excellent commodities that country can afford, besides the soil it self most fertile, it also yield all kinds of fruit that shall be committed thereunto. And lastly, the heavens most milde and temperate, though somewhat more moist then the parts towards the West.

Eudox. Truely Iren. what with your praises of the country, and what with your discourse of the lamentable desolation therof, made by those Scottes, you have filled mee with a great compassion of their calamities, that I doe much pity that sweet land, to be subject to so many evils as I see more and more to be lade upon her, and doe halfe beginne to thinke, that it is (as you said at the beginning) her fatall misfortune above all other countreys that I know, to bee thus miserably tossed and turmoyled with these variable storms of affliction. But since wee are thus far entered into the consideration of her mishaps, tell mee, have there beene any more such tempests, as you term them, wherein she hath thus wretchesly beene wacked?

Iren. Many more, God wot, have there beene, in which principal parts have beene rent and torne sundred, but none (as I can remember) so universall as this. And yet the rebellion of Thomas Fitz-Garret did well-neye stretch it selfe into all parts of Ireland. But that, which was in the time of the government of the Lord Grey, was surely no lesse generall then all those; for there was no part free from the contagion, but all conspired in one, to cast off their subjection to the crowne of England. Nevertheless thorough the most wise and valiant handling of that right noble Lord, it got not the head which the former evills found; for in them the mine was left like a ship in a storm, amidst all the raging surges, unrulld, and undirected of any: for they to whom she was committed, either fainted in their labour, or forsooke their charge. But hee (like a most wise pilote) kept her course carefully, and held her most strongly even against those roaring billowes, that he safely brought her out of all; so as long after, even by the space of 12 or 13 whole yeares, she roade at peace, thorough his onely pains and excellent insurances, * how ever Envy list to blatter against him. But of this wee shall have more occasion to speake in another place. Now (if you please) let us returne againe unto our first course.

Eudox. Truely I am very glad to hearre your judgement of the government of that honourable man so soundly; for I have heard it oftentimes maligncd, and his doings depraved of some, who (I perceive) did rather of malicious minde, or private grieuance, seek to detraet from the honour of his deeds and counsels, then of any just cause: but he was nevertheless, in the judgements of all good and wise men defended and maintaine. And now that he is dead, his immortal fame surviveth, and flourisheth in the mouths of all people, that even those which did backbite him, are checked with their owne vnome, and breake their galls to heare his so honourable report. But let him rest in peace; and turne we to our more troublesome matters of discourse, of which I am right sorry that you make so short an end, and covet to passe over to your former purposes; for there be many other parts of Ireland, which I have heard have bin no less vexed with the like stormes, then these which you have treated of, as the countreys of the Burkes and Tooles near Dublin, with the insolent out-rages and spoyles of Fobgh mac Hugh, the countreys of Catherlough, Wexford, and Waterford, by the Cavanaghes. The countreys of Leix, Kilkenny, and Kildare by the O Moores. The countreys of Ofaly and Longford by the Connors. The countreys of Westmeath, Cavan, and Lowth, by the O Relyes, the Kellyes, and many others, so as the discoursing of them, besides the pleasure which would redound out of their history, be also very profitable for matters of policy.

Iren. All this which you have named, and many more besides, oftentimes have I right well knowne, and yet often doe kindle great fires of tumultuous broyles in the countreys bordering upon them. All which to rehearse, should rather bee to chronicle times, then to search into reformation of abuses in that realme; and yet very needfull it will bee to consider them, and the evils which they have often stirred up, that some redresse thereof, and prevention of the evills to come, may thereby rather be devised. But I suppose wee shall have a fitter opportunity for the same, when wee shall speake of the particular abuses and enormities of the government, which will be next after these general defects and inconveniences which I saide were in the lawes, customs, and religion.

Eudox. Goe to them a Gods name, and follow the course which you have promised to your selfe, for it fitteth best, I must confesse, with the purpose of our discourse. Declare your opinion as you began about the lawes of the realme, what incommoditie you have conceived to bee in them, chiefly in the Common Law, which I would have thought most free from all such dislike.

Iren. The Common Law is (as I saide before) of itselfe most rightfull and very convenient (I suppose) for the kingdome, for which it was first devised: for this (I thinke) as it seems reasonable, that out of your manners of your people, and abuses of your countrey, for which they were invented, they take their first beginning, or else they should bee most unist; for no lawes of man (according to the straight rule of right) are just, but as in regard of the evills which they prevent, and the safety of the common-weale which they provide for. As for example, in your true ballaining of justice, it is a flat wrong to punish the thought or purpose of any before it bee enacted; for true justice punishteth nothing but the evil act or wicked word, that by the lawes of all kingdomes it is a capitall crime to devise or purpose the death of your King: the reason is, for that when such a purpose is effectted, it should then bee too late to devise thereof, and should turne the common-weale to more losse by the death of their Prince, then such punishment of the malefactors. And therefore the law in that case punishteth the thought; for better is a mischief, then an inconvenience. So that ipsis politicum, though it bee not of it selfe just, yet by application, or rather necessity, it is made just; and this onely respect maketh all lawes just.

Now then, if these lawes of Ireland bee not likewise applied and fitted for that realme, they are sure very inconvenient.

Eudox. You reason strongly; but what unfitness doe you finde in them for that realme I shew us some particulars.

* How ever Envy list to blatter against him. To blatter is to rail or rage. Toon.
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Iren. The Common Law appointeth, that all
tryalls, as well of crimes, as titles and rights, shall
bee made by vertue of a jury, chosen out of the
house and most substantiall freeholders. Now,
most of the freeholders of that realme are Irish,
which when the cause shall fall betwixt an English-
aman and an Irish, or between the Queene and
any free-holder of that country, they make no
more scruple to passe against an Englishman,and the
Queene, though it bee to strayn their cattles, then
to drinke milke unstrayned. So that before the jury
goe together, it is all to nothing what the verdict
shall be. The tryall have I so often scene, that I
dare confidently avouch the abuse thereof. Yet is
the law, of it selfe, (as I said) good; and the first
institution thereof being given to all Englishmen
very rightfully, but now that the Irish have stepped
into the very roomes of our English, wee are now
to become heedfull and provident in iurys.

Eudox. In sooth, Iren, you have discovered
a point worthy the consideration; for heereby not
only the English subject findeth no indifferencie
in deciding of his cause, bee it never so lust; but
the Queene, aswell in all pleas of the crowne, as
also in inquiries for escheates, lands attainted,
ward-slips, concealments, and all such like, is
abused and exceedingly damaged;

Eudox. You say very true; for I dare undertake,
that at this day there are more attainted lands,
concealed from her Majestie, then shee hath now
possessions in all Ireland; and it is no small incon-
vienence; for besides that shee lesseth so much
land as should turne to her great proffite, shee be-
sides lesseth so many good subjectes, which might
bee assured unto her, as those bandeys would yeald
inhabitants and living unto.

Eudox. But doth many of that people (say you)
make no more conception to perjur themselves in
their verdicts, and damage their soules?

Iren. Not onely so in their verdicts, but also in
all other there dealings; especially with the English,
they are most wilfully bent; for though they will
not seeme manifestly to doe it, yet will some one
or other subtle-headed fellow amongst them put
some quirke, or devise some evasion, whereof the
rest will likely take hold, and suffer themselves
easily to be led by him to that themselves desired.
For in the most apparent matter that may bee, the
least question or doubt that may bee moved, will
make a stoppe unto them, and put them quite out
of the way. Besides, that of themselves (for the
most part) they are so cautious and wyle-headed,
especially being men of so small experience and
practice in law matters, that you would wonder
whence they borrow such subtlties and slye shifts.

Eudox. But mee thinks this inconveniency
might bee much helped in the Judges and Chief
Magistrates which have the choosing and nomin-
ting of those iurors, if they would have dared to
appoint either most Englishmen, and such Irishmen
as were of the soundest judgment and disposition;
for no doubt but some there bee incorruptible.

Iren. Some there bee indeed as you say; but
then would the Irish partie crye out of partialitie,
and complain bee hath no justice, bee is not used
as a subject; bee is not suffered to have the free
benefite of the law; and these outcrys the Magis-
trates there doe much shume, as they have cause,
since they are readily heartened unto heere; neither
can it bee indecle, although the Irish party would
be so contented to be so composed, that such
English freeholders who are but few, and such
faithfull Irish-men, which are indee as few, shall
always bee chosen for tryalls; for being so few,
they should bee made weary of their free-houles.
And therefore a good care is to bee had by all
good occasions, to increase their number, and to
plant more by them. But were it so, that the
iurors could bee picked out of such choyce men as
you desire, this would nevertheless bee as bad
a corruption in the tryall; for the evidence being
brought in by the baser Irish people, will bee as
decertfull as the verdict; for they care much lesse
then the others, what they swear, and sure their
Lorde may compell them to say any thing; for I
my selfe have heard, when one of the baser sort
†(which they call churches) being challenged, and
reprooved for his false oath, hath answered con-
defently, That his Lord commaunded him, and it
was the least thing that hee could doe for his Lord
to swere for him; so inconcileable are these
common people, and so little feeling have they of
God, or their owne soules good.

Eudox. It is a most miserable case, but what
happens there bee in this I for though the manner
of the trials should bee altered, yet the proofe
of every thing must needs bee by the testimony
of such persons as the partie shall produce, which
if they shall bee corrupt, how can there ever any
light of the truth appear, what remedy is there
for this evill, but to make heavy lawes and penal-
ties against iurors!

Iren. I thinke sure that will doe small good; for
when a people be inclined to any vice, or have no
touch of conscience, nor sense of their evil doings;
it is booteless to thinke to restraine them by any
penalties or feare of punishment, but either the
occasion is to be taken away, or a more understand-
ing of the right, and shame of the fault to be im-
printed. For if that Lieurgus should have made
it death for the Lacedemonians to steal, they being
a people which naturally delighted in stealth; or if
it should bee made a capitall crime for the Flem-
nings to be taken in drunkennesse; there should
have beene few Lacedemonians then left, and few
Flemings now. So impossible it is, to remove
any fault so general in a people, with terror of
lawes or most sharpe restrains.

Eudox. What mennes may there be then to
avoide this inconveniency for the case seems very
hard.

Iren. We are not yet come to the point to devise
remedies for the evils, but only have now to recount
them; of the which, this I have told you is one
defect in the Common Law.

Eudox. Tell us then (I pray you) further, have
you any more of this sort in the Common Law?

Iren. By rehearsal of this, 1 remember also of
an other like, which I have often observed in trialls,
to have wrought great hurt and hinderance, and
that is, the exceptions which the Common Law
alloweth a felon in his tryall; for he may have (as
you know) fifty-six exceptions peremptory against
the iurors, of which he shall shew no cause. By
which shif there being (as I have showed you) so

† (which they call churches) "Hinds, which they call
churches," as he presently explains the word. Todd.
small store of honest jury-men, he will either put off his tryall, or drive it to such men as (perhaps) are not of the soundest sort, by whose means, if he can acquire himselfe of the crime, as he is likely, then will he plague such as were brought first to bee of his iurie, and all such as made any party against him. And when he comes forth, he will make their *coves and garrons to walke, if he doe no other harme to their persons.

**Euadox.** This is a sly devise, but I think might some bee remedie, but we must leave it a while to the rest. In the meantime doe you goe forward with others.

**Iren.** There is another no lesse inconvenience then this, which is, the tryall of necessaries to fel lows; for, by the Common Law, the necessaries cannot be proceeded against, till the principall have received his tryall. Now to the case, how it often fell out in Ireland, that a stealing being made by a rebel, or an outlawe, the stolne goods are conveyed to some husbandman or gentleman, which hath well to take to, and yet liveth most by the receipt of such stealthes, where they are found by the owner, and handled; wherupon the partie is perhaps apprehend and committed to goal, or put upon sureties, till the sessions, at which time the thief is brought to bee committed upon him, by such an outlaw, and to have beene found in the possession of the prisoner, against whom, nevertheless, no course of law can pro ceede, nor tryall can be had, for that the principall thefte is not to be gotten, notwithstanding that he likewise, standing perhaps indicted at once, with the receiver, being in rebellion, or in the woods; where peradventure he is shame before he can be gotten, and so the receiver cleane acquitted and discharged of the crime. By which means the theefe are greatly encouraged to steals, and their maintainers imboldened to receive their stealthes, knowing how hardly they can be brought to any tryall of law.

**Euadox.** Truly this is a great inconvenience, and a great cause (as you say) of the maintenance of thefeves, knowing their receivers always ready; for, were there no receivers, there would be no thieves: but this (me seems) might easily be provided for, by some Act of Parliament, that the receiver being convicted by good proofes might receive his tryall, without the principall.

**Iren.** You say very true Euadox, but that is almost impossible to be compassed: And herein also you discover another imperfection, in the course of the Common Law, and first ordinance of the realm: for you know that the said Parliament must consist of the peers, gentlemen, freeholders, and burgesses of that realm it selfe. Now these being perhaps themselves, or the most part of them (as may seeme by their stiffe with-standing of this Act) culpable of this crime, or favourers of their friends, which are such, by whom their kitchens are sometimes amended, will not suffer any such Statute to passe. Yet hath it oftenetimes beene attempted, and in the time of Sir John Parrot very earnestly (1 remember) laboured, but could by no means be effectd. And not only this, but many other like, which are as needefull for the reformation of that realm.

**Euadox.** This also is surely a great defect, but wee may not talke (you say) of the redressing of this, untilt our second part come, which is purposely appointed thereunto. Therefore wee proceed to the reaccounting of more such evils, if at least, you have any more.

**Iren.** There is also a great inconvenience, which hath wrought great dammage, both to her Majesty, and to that common wealth, thorough close and colourable conveyances of the lands and goods of traytors, fel lows, and fugitives. As when one of them mindeth to goe into rebellion, hee will convey away all his lands and lordships to feoffees in trust, whereby hee reserveth to himselfe but a state for terme of life, which being determined either by the sword or by the halter, their lands straight commeth to their heir, and the Queen is defrauded of the intent of the law, which hate that grievous punishment upon traytors, to forfeite all their lands to the Prince; to the end that men might the rather be terriffied from committing treasons; for many which would little esteeme of their owne lives, yet for remorse of their wives and children would bee withheld from that harmous crime. This appeared plainly in the late Earle of Desmond. For, being a way to force forth into open rebellion, hee had conveyed secretly all his lands to feoffees of trust, in hope to have cut off her Majestie from the escheate of his lands.

**Euadox.** Yea, but that was well enough avoided; for the Act of Parliament, which gave all his lands to the Queene, did (as I have heard) cut off and frustrate all such conveyances, as had at any time by the space of twelve yeares before his rebellion, bee made; within the compasse whereof, the fraudulent feoffement, and many the like of others his accomplices and fellow-traytors, were contained.

**Iren.** Very true, but how hardly that Act of Parliament was wrought out of them, I can witness; and, were it to be passed againe, I dare undertake it would never be compassed. But were it also that such Acts might be easily brought to passe against traytors and fel lows, yet were it not an endless trouble, that no traytour or fellow should be attainted, but a Parliament must be called for bringing of his lands to the Queene, which the Common Law giveth her.

**Euadox.** Then this is no fault of the Common Law, but of the persons which work this fraud to her Majestie.

**Iren.** Yes, marry; for the Common-Law hath left them this benefite, whereof they make advantage, and wretst it to their bad purposes. So as thereby they are the holder to enter into evil actions, knowing that if the worst befal them, they shall lose nothing but themselves, whereof they seeme very carloses.

**Euadox.** But what meant you of fugitives herein? Or how doth this concerne them?

**Iren.** Yes, very greatly, for you shall understand that there bee many ill disposed and unprofitfull persons of that realm, like as in this point there are also in this realm of England too many, which being men of good inheritance, are for dislike of religion, or danger of the law, into which they are run, or discontent of the present government, fled beyond the seas, where they live under Princes, which are her Majesties professed enemies, and
converse and are confident with other traitors and fugitives which are there abiding. The which nevertheless have the benefits and profits of their lands here, by pretence of such colourable conveyances thereof, formerly made by them unto their privy friends heere in trust, who privily doe send over unto them the said revenues wherewith they are there maintained and enabled against her Majestie.

*Eudox.* I doe not think that there be any such fugitives, which are relieved by the profite of their lands in England, for there is a straiter order taken. And if there be any such in England, it were good it were likewise looked unto; for this evil may easily be remedied. But proceed.

*Iren.* It is also inconvenient in the realme of Ireland, that the wargs and marryings of gentlemen children should be in the disposition of any of those Irish Lords, as now they are, by reason that their lands bee held by knights service of those Lords. By which means it comes to passe that those gentlemen being thus in the hand of those Lords, are not onlye thereby brought up lewdly, and Irish-like, but also for ever after so bound to their services, they will runne with them into any dishonest actes.

*Eudox.* This grievance Iren. is also complained of in England, but how can it be remedied? since the service must follow the tenure of the lands, and the lands were given away by the Kings of England to those Lords, when they first conquerred that realme, and, to say true, this also would be some prejudice to the Prince in her wardships.

*Iren.* I doe not meane this by the Princes wards, but by such as fall into the hands of Irish Lords; for I could wish, and this I could enforce, that all those wardships were in the Princes disposition, for then it might be hoped, that she, for the universal reformation of that realme, would take better order for bringing up those wards in good nurture, and not suffer them to come into so bad hands. And although these things be already passed away, by her progenitours former grants unto those said Lords; yet I could finde a way to remedy a great part thereof, as hereafter, when fit time serveth, shall appearre. And since we are entred into speech of such grants of former Princes, to sundry persons of this realme of Ireland, I will mention unto you some other, of like nature to this, and of like inconveniences, by which the former Kings of England passed upon them a great part of their prerogatives, which though then it was well intended, and perhaps well deserved of them which received the same; yet now such a gapp of misciffe lyes open thereby, that I could wish it were well stopped. Of this sort are the grants of Counties Palatines in Ireland, which though at first were granted upon good consideration when they were first conquered, for that those lands lay then as a very border to the wild Irish, subject to continual invasion, so as it was needfull to give them great priviledges for the defence of the habituants thereof; yet now that it is no more a border, nor fraughted with enemies, why should such priviledges bee any more continued?

*Eudox.* I would gladly know what you call a County Palatine, and whence it is so called.

*Iren.* It was (I suppose) first named Palatine of a pale, as it were a pale and defense to their inward lands, as so it is called the English Pale, and therefore is a Palgrave named an Earle Palatine. Others think of the Latine, palatia, that is, to force or out-run, because those marchers and borderers use commonly so to doe. So as to have a County Palatine is, in effect, to have a priviledge to spoyle the enemies borders adjoining. And surely so it is used at this day, as a priviledge place of spolies and stealthes; for the County of Tipperary, which is now the onely County Palatine in Ireland, is, by abuse of some bad ones, made a receptacle to rob the rest of the counties about it, by means of whose priviledges none will follow their stealthes, so as it being situate in the very lap of all the land, is made now a border, which how inconvenient it is, let every man judge. And though that right noble man, that is the Lord of the liberty, doe paine himselfe, all he may, to yeeld equal justice unto all, yet can there not but great abuses lurke in so inward and absolute a priviledge, the consideration whereof is to be respected carefully, for the next succession. And much like unto this grant, there are other priviledges granted unto most of the corporations there: that they shall not be homage to any other government then their owne, that they shall not be charged with garrisions, that they shall not be travelled forth of their owne franchises, that they may buy and sell with theewes and rellys, that all amercements and fines that shall be imposed upon them, shall come unto themselves. All which, though at the time of their first grant they were tolerable, and perhaps reasonable, yet now are most unreasonable and inconvenient, but all these will easily be cut off with the superiour power of her Majesties prerogative, against which her own grants are not to be pleaded or enforced.

*Eudox.* Now true Irennes you have (me seemes) very well handled this point, touching inconveniences in the Common Law there, by you observed; and it seemeth that you have had a mindefull regard unto the things that may concern the good of that realme. And if you can aswel goe thorough with the Statute Lawes of that land, I will think you have not lost all your time there. Therefore I pray you, now take them in hand, and tell us, what you think to bee amisse in them.

*Iren.* The Statutes of that realme are not many, and the most we shall passe through with you.

And yet of those few there are [some] impertinent and unnecessary: the which though perhaps at the time of the making of them, were very needful, yet now thorough change of time are cleane antiquated, and altogether idle: As that which forbiddeth any to weare their beards all on the upper lippe, and none under the chine. And that which putth away saffron shirts and smockes. And that which restrained the use of guilt bridles and petronnels. And that which is appointed for the recorders and clerks of Dublin and Tredagh, to take but Iyd for the copy of a plaine. And that which commandeth bowes and arrowes. And that which makes, that all Irishmen which shall conversed among the English, shall be taken for spyes, and so punished. And that which forbidds persons amenable to law, to enter and distraine in the

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*pertonel:* See Cotgrave's Fr. Dict. "Petronel, a horseman's pece, a petronell." Hence the soldier, who served with a petronell, was called petroneliter. It appears to have been much the same as our blunderbuss. *Toon*
lands in which they have title; and many other the like, I could rehearse.

Endo. These truly, which ye have repeated, seem very frivolous and fruitless; for, by the breach of them, little damage or inconvenience, can come to the Common-wealth: Neither indeed, if any transgress them, shall be seemly worthy of punishment, scarce of blame, saving but for that they abide by that name of laws. But laws ought to be such, as that the keeping of them should be greatly for the behoof of the Common-wealth, and the violating of them should be very hasty, and sharply punishable. But tell us of some more weighty dislikes in the Statutes then these, and that may more behooffully import the reformation of them.

Irv. There is one or two Statutes which make the wrongfull distraining of any mans goods against the forme of Common Law, to be felony. The which Statutes seeme surely to have beene at first meant for the good of that realme, and for restraining of a foule abuse, which then raigned commonly amongst that people, and yet is not altogetheraside: That when any one was indebted to another, he would first demand his debt, and, if he were not paid, hee would straight goe and take a distress of his goods, and where he could find them, to the value; which he would keep till he were satisfied, and this the simple churl (as they call him) doth commonly use to doe: yet thorough ignorance of his misdoing, or evil use, that hath long settled amongst them. This, though, it bee sure most unlawfull, yet surely (me seemes) too hard to make it death, since there is no purpose in the party to steal the others goods, or to conceal the distressore, but doth it openly, for the most part, before witnesses. And againe, the same Statutes are so slackely penned (besides the later of them is so unsensibly contrived, that it scarce carryeth any reason in it) that they are often and very easily wrested to the fraud of the subject, as if one going to distraigne upon his owne land or tenement, where lawfully he may, yet if in doing therof he transgresses the least point of the Common Law, bee straight committeth felony. Or if one by any other occasion take any thing from another, as layes use sometimes to cap one another, the same is straight felony. This is a very hard law.

Endo. Nevertheless that evil use of distraigning of another mans goods yee will not deny but it is to be abolished and taken away.

Irv. It is so, but not by taking away the subject withall, for that is too violent a medecine, especially this use being permitted, and made lawfull to some; and to other some death. As to most of the corporate towns there, it is granted by their charter, that they may, every man by himselfe, without an officer (for that were more tolerable) for any debt, to distrain the goods of any Irish, being found committing petty theft, or but passing thorough their towns. And the first permission of this, was for that in those times when that grant was made, the Irish were not amsnable to law, so as it was not safety for the townes-man to goe to him forth to demand his debt, nor possible to draw him into law, so that he had leave to bee his owne bayliff, to arrest his said debtors goods, within his owne franchise. The which the Irish seeing, thought it as lawfull for them to distraine the townes-mans goods in the countrey, where they found it. And so by example of that grant to townes-men, they thought it lawfull and made it a use to distrayne on anothers goods for small debts. And to say truth, methinks it is liefer for every trifling debt, of two or three shill. to be driven to law, which is so farre from them sometimes to be sought, for which me thinketh it too heavy an ordinance to give death, especially to a rude man that is ignorant of law, and thinketh, that a common use or grant to other men, is a law for himselfe.

Endo. Yea, but the judge, when it commeth before him to triall, may easily decide this doubt, and lay open the intent of the law, by his better discretion.

Irv. Yea, but it is dangerous to leave the sense of the law unto the reason or will of the judge, who are men and may bee miscaried by affections, and many other meanes. But the laws ought to bee like stony tables, plain, stedfast, and unmoveable. There is also such another Statute or two, which make Coigny and Livery to bee treason, no lesse inconvenient then the forer, being as it is penned, how ever the first purer, thereof were expedient; for thereby now no man can goe into another mans house for lodging, nor to his owne tenants house to take victuals, by the way, notwithstanding that there is no other meares for him to have lodging, nor horse meate, nor mans meate, there being no time, nor none otherwise to bee bought for money, that but he is endangered by that Statute for treason, whencesoever he shall happen to fall out with his tenant, or that his said hoste list to complain of grievance, as oftentimes I have seen them very malitiously doe thorough the least provocation.

Endo. I doe not well know, but by ghesse, what you doe meane by these termes of Coigny and Livery, therefore I pray you examine them.

Irv. I know not whether the words bee English or Irish, but I suppose them to bee rather amument English, for the Irishmen can make no derivation of them. What Livery is, wee by common use in England know well enough, namely, that it is allowance of horse-meate, as they commonly use the word in stabling, as to keep horses at livery, the which word, I guesses, is derived of livering or delivering forth their nightly food. So in great houses, the livery is said to be served up for all night, that is their evenings allowance for drinke: And Livery is also called the upper weede, by a serving man weared, so called (as I suppose) for that it was delivered and taken from him at pleasure: so it is apparent, that, by the word Livery, is there meant horse-meate, like as, by the word Coigny, is understood mans meate; but whence the word is derived is hard to tell: some say of coine, for that they used commonly in their Coignies, not only to take meate, but coine also; and that taking of money was speciellc meant to be prohibited by that Statute: but I thinke rather this word Coigny is derived of the Irish. The which is a common use amongst land-lords of the Irish, to have a common spending upon their tenants: for all their tenants, being commonly but tenants at will, they use to take of them what victuals they list; for of the victuals they were wont to make small reckoning: neither in this was the tenant wronged, for it was an ordinary and knouwe custome, and his Lord commonly used so to covenant with him, which it at any time the tenant disliked, hee might freely depart at his pleasure. But now by this Statute,
the said Irish Lord is wronged, for that hee is cut off from his customary services, of which this was one, besides many other of the like, as Cuddy, Coxyer, Bonneag, etc.; Shraith, Sorechin, and others; the which (I think) were customes at first brought in by the English upon the Irish, for they were never wont, and yet are loath to yield any certaine rent, but only such spendings: for their common saying is, "Spend me and defend me."

Eudox. Surely I take it as you say, that therein the Irish Lord hath wrong, since it was an amastic custome, and nothing contrary to law, for to the willing there is no wrong done. And this right well I wit, that even heere in England, there are in many places as large customes, as that of Coigne and Livery. But I suppose by your speech, that it was the first meaning of the Statute, to forbid the violent taking of victuals upon other mens tenants, against their wills, which surely is a great out-rage, and yet not so great (as seems) as that it should be made treason: for considering that the nature of treason is concerning the royall estate or person of the Prince, or practicing with his enemies, to the derogation and danger of his crowne and dignitie, it is hardly wrested to make this treason. But (as you earliest said) better a miscarrie then an inconstancy.

Iren. Another Statute I remember, which having beene an amastic Irish custome, is now upon advision made a law, and that is called the Custome of Kin-cogish, which is, that every head of every seft, and every chiefe of every kindred or family, should be answerable and bound to bring forth every one of that seft and kindred under it, at all times to be justified, when he should be required or charged with any treason, felony, or other haymous crime.

Eudox. Why? surely this seems a very necessary law. For considering that many of them bee such losells and scatterlings, as that they cannot easily by any sheriffe, constable, bayliffe, or other ordinary officer bee gotten, when they are challenged for any such fact; this is a very good meanes to get them to bee brought in by that, that is, the head of that seft, or chiefe of that house; wherefore I wonder what just exception you can make against the same.

Iren. Truely Eudoxus, in the pretence of the good of this Statute, you have nothing errred, for it seems very expedient and necessary; but the hurt which commeth thereby is greater then the good. For, whilst every chiefe of a seft standeth so bound to the law for every man of his blood or seft that is under him, he is made great by the commaundings of them all. For if hee may not command them, then that law doth wrong, that bindeth him to bring them fourthe to bee justified. And if hee may command them, then bee may command them aswell to ill as to good. Hereby the lords and capaines of countreyes, the principall and heads of sefts are made stronger, whereon it should bee a most speciall care in policie to weaken, and to set up and strenthen diverse of his underlings against him, which wheversoever he shall swarve from duty, may bee able to heard him; for it is very dangerous to leave the commaundment of so many as some sefts are, being five or sixe thousand persons, to the will of one man, who may leade them to what he will, as he himselfe shall be inclined.

Eudox. In very deede Iren. it is very dangerous, seeing the disposition of those people is not alwayes inclinable to the best. And therefore I hope it no wisedome to leave unto them too much command over their kindred, but rather to withdrawe their followers from them asmuch as may bee, and to gather them under the command of law, by some better meanes then this custom of Kin-cogish. The which word I would bee glad to know what it namely signifies, for the meaning thereof I seeme to understand reasonably well.

Iren. It is a word mingled of English and Irish together, so as I am partly led to think, that the custome thereof was first English, and afterwards made Irish; for such an other law they had heere in England. Thus I remember Aured, that every gentleman should bring forth his kinred and followers to the law. So * Kin is English, and Congish affinitie in Irish.

Eudox. Sith then wee that have thus reasonably handled the inconveniences in the lawes, let us now passe unto the second part, which was, I remember, of the abuses of customes: in which, mee seemes, you have a faire champan layde open unto you, in which you may at large stretch out your discourse into many sweete remembrances of antiquities, from whence it semeth that the customes of that nation proceeded.

Iren. Indeedly Eudoxo, you say very true; for all the customes of the Irish which I have often noted and compared with that I have read, would minister occasion of a most ample discourse of the original of them, and the antiquity of that people, which in truth I thinkke to bee more amastic then most that I know in this end of the world, so as if it were in the handling of some man of sound judgement and plentiful reading, it would bee most pleasant and profitable. But it may bee wee may, at some other time of meeting, take occasion to twit those thereof more at large. Whereon it shall suffice to touch such customes of the Irish as seeme offensive and repugnant to the good government of the realme.

Eudox. Follow then your owne course, for I shall the better content my selfe to forbeare my desire now, in hope that you will, as you say, some other time more abundantly satisfy it.

Iren. Before we enter into the treatie of their customes, it is first needfull to consider from whence they first sprang; for from the sundry manners of the nations, from whence that people which now is called Irish, were derived, some of the customes which now remain amongst them, have beene first fetcht, and sithence there continued amongst them; for not of one nation was it peopled, as it is, but of sundry people of different conditions and manners. But the chiefest which have first possessed and inhabited it, I suppose to bee Scythian.

Eudox. How commeth it then to passe, that the Irish doe derive themselves from Gathelus the Spaniard?

Iren. They doe indeed, but (I conceive) without any good ground. For if there were any such notable transmission of a colony hither out of Spain, or any such famous conquest of this kingdome by Gathelus a Spaniard, as they would faile believe, it is not unlikely, but the very Chronicles of Spain (had Spanie then bee so in high regard, * Kin is English, and Congish affinitie in Irish. I conceive the word to be rather altogether Irish. Kin signifying in Irish, the head or chiefe of any seft. Sir James Ware
as they now have it) would not have omitted so memorable a thing, as the subduing of so noble a realm to the Spaniard, no more then do they now neglect to memorize their conquest of the Indians, especially in those times, in which the same was supposed, being nearer unto the flourishing age of learning and writers under the Romancs. But the Irish doe heerein no otherwise, then our vnine English-men doe in the Tale of Brutus, whom they devise to have firstre conquered and inhabited this land, it being as impossible to prove, that there was ever any such Brutus of Albion or England, as it is, that there was any such Gadhesus of Spaine. But surely the Scythians (of whom I earst spake) at such time as the Northern Nations overflowed all Christendome, came downe to the seacoast, where inquiring for other countries abroad, and getting intelligence of this country of Ireland, finding shipping convenient, passed thither, and arrived in the North-part thereof, which is now called Ulster, which first inhabiting, and afterwards stretching themselves forth into the land, as their numbers increased, named it all of themselves Scottenland, which more briefly is called Scotland, or Scotland.

Euclix. I wonder (Irenacens) whether you runne so farre a stray; for whilst wee, talk of Ireland, wee thinks you rippe up the original of Scotland, but what is that to this?

Iren. Surely very much, for Scotland and Ireland, are all one and the same.

Euclix. That seemeth more strange; for we all know right well, that are distinguished with a great sea running between them; or else there are two Scotlands.

Iren. Never the more are there two Scotlands, but two kindes of Scots were indeed (as you may gather out of Buchanan) the one Erin, or Irish Scots, the other Albin-Scots; for those Scots are Scythians, arrived (as I said) in the North parts of Ireland, where some of them after passed into the next coast of Albion, now called Scotland, which (after much trumbl) they possessed, and of themselves named Scotland; but in process of time (as it is commonly scene) the dominion of the part prevaileth in the whole, for the Irish Scots putting away the name of Scots, were called only Irish, and the Albin Scots, leaving the name of Albine, were called only Scots. Therefore it commaeth thence that of some writers, Ireland is called Scotia-major, and that which now is called Scotland, Scotia-minor.

Euclix. I doe now well understand your distinguishing of the two sorts of Scots, and two Scotland, how well this which now is called Ireland, was ancienly called Erin, and afterwards of some written Scotland, and that which now is called Scotland, was formerly called Albin, before the coming of the Scythians thither; but what other nation inhabited the other parts of Ireland?

Iren. After this people thout placed in the North, (or before,) for the certaintie of things in so farre from all knowledge cannot be justly avouchd, another nation coming out of Spaine, arrived in the West part of Ireland, and finding it waste, or weakely inhabited, possessed it; who whether they were native Spaniards, or Gauls, or Africans, or Gothes, or some other of those Northern Nations which did over-spread all Christendume, it is impossible to affirme, only some naked conjectures may be gathered, but that out of Spaine certainly they came, that do all the Irish Chronicles agree.

Euclix. You doe very boldly Iren, adventure upon the histories of ancients times, and loole too confidently on those Irish Chronicles which are most fabulous and forged, in that out of them you dare take in hand to lay open the original of such a nation so antique, as that no monument remains of her beginning and first inhabiting; especially having been in those times without letters, but only bare traditions of times and remembrances of Bardes, which use to forge and fabricate any thing as they list, to please or displease any man.

Iren. Truly I must confess I doe so, but yet not so absolutely as you suppose. I do herein rely upon those Bardes or Irish Chroniclers, though the Irish themselves through their ignorance in matters of learning and deepe judgement, doe most commonly believe and avouch them, but unto them besides I adde mine owne reading; and out of them both together, with comparison of times, likewise of manners and customs, affinity of words and names, properties of natures, and names, resemblance of rites and ceremonies, monuments of churches and tombs, and many other like circumstances. I doe gather a likelihood of truth, not certainly affirming any thing, but by conferring of times, language, monuments, and such like, I doe hunt out a probability of things, which I leave to your judgement to believe or refuse. Neverthelesse there be some very anciennt authors that make mention of these things, and some moderne, which by comparing them with present times, exterior letters, and their own reason, doe open a window of great light unto the rest that is yet unseen, as namely, of the elder times, Caesar, Strabo, Tacitus, Ptolomie, Pliny, Pomponius Mela, and Berosus; of the later, Vincentius, Zenes Sylvius, Luidus, Buchanan, for that hee himselfe, being an Irish Scot or Pict by nation, and being very excellently learned, and industrious to seeke out the truth of all things concerning the original of his owne people, hath both set downe the testimonie of the ancients truely, and his owne opinion together withall very reasonably, though in some things hee doth somewhat flatter. Besides, the Bardes and Irish Chroniclers themselves, through desire of pleasing perhaps too much, and ignorances of arts, and purer learning, they have clouded the truth of those lines; yet there appeares among them some reliques of the true antiquitie, though disguised, which a well eyed man may happily discover and finde out.

Euclix. How can here be any truth in them at all, since the anciennt nations which first inhabited Ireland, were of such parts, that writers, mucho more of learning, by which they might leave the verity of things written. And those Bardes, comming also so many hundred yeares after, could not know what was done in former ages, nor deliver certainty of any thing, but what they fayned out of their unlearned heads.

Iren. *Those Bardes indeed, Caesar writeth, delivered no certaine truth of any thing, neither is

* Those Bardes indeed, Caesar writeth, Concerning them I finde no mention in Caesar’s Commentaries, but much touching the Druides which were the priests and philosophers, (or Magi as * Pliny calls them) of the Gauls and British. Sir James Ware.

there any certaine hold to be taken of any antiquity
which is received by tradition, since all men be
lyars, and many ye when they wil; yet for the
antiquities of the written Chronicles of Ireland,
give me leave to say something, not to justify them, but
to shew that some of them might say truth. For
where you say the Irish have always bin without
letters, you are therein much deceived; for it is
certaine, that Ireland hath had the use of letters
very anciently, and long before England.

Evadoc. Is it possible? How comes it then
that they are so unlearned still, being so old schoolers?
For learning (as the Poet saith) "Emolit mores,
nee sinit esse feros:" whence then (I pray you)
could they have those letters?

Iren. It is hard to say: for whether they at
their first comming into the land, or afterwards by trading
with other nations which had letters, learned them
of them, or devised them amongst themselves, is
very doubtful; but that they had letters amicently,
is nothing doubtfull, for the Saxons of England are
said to have their letters, and learning, and learned
men from the Irish, and that also appeared by
the likeness of the character, for the Saxons character
is the same with the Irish. Now the Scottians,
ever, as I can reade, of old had letters amongst
them, therefore it seemeth that they had them from
the nation which came out of Spaine, for in Spaine
there was (as Strabo writeth) letters anciently used,
whether brought unto them by the Phenicians, or
the Persians, which (as it appeareth by him) had
some footing there, or from Marsells, which is said
to have bin inhabited by the Greeks, and from
them to have had the Greekke character, of which
Marsiliani it is said, that the Gauls learned them
first, and used them only for the furtherance of
their trades and privat busines; for the Gauls (as
is strongly to be proved by many ancient and
authentical writers) did first inhabit all the sea coast
of Spaine, even unto Cales, and the mouth of the
Straitts, and peopled also a great part of Italy,
which appeareth by sundrie towns and cities in
Spaine, Gaules, Cales, Gades, Gallia, and also by
sundry nations thereof dwelling, which yet have received their own names
of the Gauls, as the Rhagini, Pressamari, Tamari,
Cneri, and divers others. All which Pompomus
Mela, being himself a Spaniard, ye thaut to have
descended from the Celts of France, whereby it is
to be gathered, that that nation which came out
of Spaine into Ireland, were ancint Gaules, and
that they brought with them those letters which
they had ancintly learned in Spaine, first into
Ireland, which some also say, do much resemble
the old Phenician character, being likewise distin-
guished with prick and accent, as theirs amici-
mently, but the further enquirie hereof needeth
a place of longer discourse then this our short con-
ference.

Evadoc. Surely you have shewed a great proba-
ibility of that which I had thought impossible to
have bin proved; but that which you now say,
that Ireland should have bin peopled with the Gaules,
seemed much more strange, for all the Chronicles
doe say, that the west and south was possessed and
inhabited of Spaniards; and Cornelius Tacitus
doth also strongly affirm the same, all which you
must overthrow and falsifie, or else renounce your
opinion.

Iren. Neither so, nor so; for the Irish Chronicles
(as I shewed you) being made by unlearned
men, and writing things according to the appear-
ance of the truth which they conceived, doe erre in
the circumstances, not in the matter. For all that
came out of Spaine (they being no diligent searchers
into the differences of the nations) supposed to be
Spaniards, and so called them; but the ground-
work thereof is nevertheless true and certain, how-
ever they through ignorance disguise the same,
or through vanity, whilst they would not seem to be
ignorant, doe thereupon build and enlarge many
forged histories of their owne antiquity, which they
deliver to fools, and make them believe for true;
and as for example, That first of one Cathalus the
sonne of Cecernius or Argos, who having married
the King of Egypt his daughter, thence sailed
with her into Spaine, and there inhabited: Then that
of Nemelus and his sonne, who comming out of
Sceythia, peopled Ireland, and inhabited it with
his sonnes 250 yeares, until he was overcome of the
Giants dwelling then in Ireland, and at the last
quite banished and rooted out, after whom 200
years, the sonnes of one Dalla, being Seythians,
arrived there againe, and possessed the whole land,
of which the youngest called Sianius, in the end
made himselfe Monarch. Lastly, of the 4 sonnes
of Milesius King of Spaine, which conquered
the land from the Seythians, and inhabited it with
Spaniards, and called it of the name of the youngest
Hiberus, Hibernia: all which are in truth fabbles,
and very Milesian lyes, as the later proveer is:
for never was there such a King of Spaine, called
Milesins, nor any such colonie seated with his
sonnes, as they faine, that can ever be proved;
but yet under these tales you may in a manner see
the truth lurke. For Seythians here inhabiting, they
name and put Spaniards, whereby appeareth
that both these nations here inhabited, but whether
very Spaniards, as the Irish greatly affect, is no ways
to be proved.

Evadoc. Whence commeth it then that the Irish
doe so greatly covet to fetch themselves from the
Spaniards, since the old Gaules are a more ancient
and much more honorable nation?

Iren. Even of a very desire of new fanglecnes
and vanity, for they derive themselves from the
Spaniards, as seeing them to be a very honorable people,
and neere bordering unto them; but all that is most
vaunt; for from the Spaniards that now are, or that
people that now inhabitte Spaine, they no ways
can prove themselves to descend; neither should it
be greatly glorious unto them; for the Spaniard that
now is, is come from as rude and savage nations as
they, there being, as there may be gathered by
consideration of their own history, (though they there
inhabiting much labour to enable themselves)
scarcely any drop of the old Spanish blood
left in them; for all Spaine was first conquered by
the Romans, and filled with colonies from them,
which were still increased, and the native Spaniard
still cut off. Afterwards the Carthaginians in all
the long Punick Warres (having spoiled all Spaine,
and in the end subdued it wholly unto themselves)
did, as it is likely, root out all that were affected
to the Romans. And lastly the Romans having againe
recovered that country, and being out Hannibal,
did doubtlesse cut off all that favored the Cartha-
ginians, so that betwixt them both, to and fro,
there was scarce a native Spaniard left, but all in-
habited of Romans. All which tentnesse of troubles
being overblown, there long after arose a new storme, more dreadful then all the former, which over-ran all Spaine, and made an infinite confusion of all things; that was, the comming downe of the Gothes, the Hunnes, and the Vandals: And lastly all the nations of Scythia, which, like a mountainne flood, did over-flowe all Spaine, and quite drowned and wafted away whatsoever reliques there was left of the land-bred people, yea, and of all the Romans too. The which Northern Nations finding the nature of the soyle and the vehement heat thereof farre differing from their constitutions, took no felicity in that country, but from thence passed over, and did spread themselves amongst themselves of Christendome, of all which there is none but hath some mixture or sprinkling, if not thoroughly peopling of them. And yet after all these the Mooves and the Barbarians, breaking out of Africa, did finally possess all Spaine, or the most part thereof, and did tread, under their heathenish feete, whatsoever little they found yet there standing. The which, though after they were beaten out by Ferdivando of Arragon and Elizabeth his wife, yet they were not so cleansed, but that through the marriages which they had made, and mixture with the people of the land, during their long continuance there, they had left no pure drop of Spanish blood, no more than of Roman or of Scythian. So that of all nations under heaven (I suppose) the Spaniard is the most mingled, and most uncertain; wherefore most foolishly doe the Irish thinke to enable themselves by wresting their amienity from the Spaniard, who is unable to derive himselfe from any in certainty. Eudox. You speake very sharply Iren. in dispraise of the Spaniard, whom some others boast to be the onely brave nation under the skie.

Iren. So surely he is a very brave man, neither is that any thing which I speake to his derogation; for in that I said he is a mingled people, it is no dispraise, for I think there is no nation now in Christendom, nor much further, but is mingled, and compounded with others: for it was a singular providence of God, and a most admirable purpose of his wisedome, to draw those Northern Heathen Nations downe into those Christian parts, where they might receive Christianity, and to mingle nations so remote unaccustomed, to make as it were one blood and kindred of all people, and each to have knowledge of him.

Eudox. Neither have you sure any more dishonored the Irish, for you have brought them from very great and ancient nations, as any were in the world, how ever fondly they affect the Spanish. For both Scythians and Gaules were two so mighty nations as ever the world brought forth: But is there any token, denomination or monument of the Gaules yet remaining in Ireland, as there is of the Scythians?

Iren. Ye surely very many words of the Gaules remaining, and yet daily used in common speech.

Eudox. What was the Gaulish speech, is there any part of it still used among any nation?

Iren. The Gaulish speech is the very British, the which was very generally used here in all Britaine, before the comming of the Saxons: and yet is retained of the Welshmen, Cornishmen, and the Britaines of France, though time working the alteration of all things, and the trading and intercourse with other nations round about, have changed and greatly altered the dialect thereof; but yet the original words appear to be the same, as who hath list to read in Camden and Buchanan, may see at large. Besides, there be many places, as havens, hills, townes, and castles, which yet beare the names from the Gaules, of the which Buchanan rehearseth above 500 in Scotland, and I (I think) recount more as many in Ireland which retaine the old denomination of the Gaules, as the Menapi, Cardi, Venti, and others: by all which and many other reasonable probabilities (which this short course will not suffer to be laid forth) it is evident that the chiefe inhabitants in Ireland were Gaules, comming thicker first out of Spaine, and after from besides Tamis, where the Gothes, the Hunnes, and the Getes sate down; they also being (as it is said of some) ancient Gaules; and lastly passing out of Gallia it selfe, from all the sea-coast of Belgia and Celtica, into all the southern coasts of Ireland, which they possessed and inhabited, whereupon it is at this day, amongst the Irish a common use, to call any stranger inhabitant there amongst them, Gaul, that is, descended from the Gaules.

Eudox. This is very likely, for even so did those Gaules anciently possess all the southerme coasts of our Britaine, which yet retaine their old names, as the Belgæ in Somerset-shire, Wilshire, and part of Hamsire, Atrebattis in Berksire, Regni in Sussex and Surry, and many others. Now thus farre then, I understand your opinion, that the Scythians planted in the North part of Ireland; the Spaniards (for so we call them, what ever they were that came from Spaine) in the West; the Gaules in the South: so that there now remaineth the East parts towards England, which I would be glad to understand from whence you doe think them to be peopled.

Iren. Mary I thinkke of the Britaines themselves, of which though there be little footing now remaining, by reason that the Saxons afterwards, and lastly the English, driving out the inhabitants thereof, did possess and people it themselves. Yet amongst the Tooles, the Birns, or Brins, the Cavenaghes, and other nations in Leinster, there is some memory of the Britains remaining. As the Tooles are called of the old British word Tol, that is, a Hill Countrey, the Brins of the British word Brein, that is, Woods, and the Cavenaghes of the word Cane, that is, strong; so that in these three people the very denomination of the old Britons doe still remaine. Besides, when any fletch under the succour and protection of any against an enemy, he cryeth unto him, Comerice, that is in the British Hefpe, for the Britaine is called in their owne language, Comeroy. Furthermore to prove the same. *Ireland is by Diodorus Siculus, and by Strabo, called Britania.* I ren is by Diodorus called a part of Britaine; but Ireland by neither of them Britania. Sir James Ware.

* Ireland is by Diodorus Siculus, and by Strabo, called Britania.*
you have had my opinion, how all that realme of Ireland was first peopled, and by what nations. After all which the Saxons succeeding, subdued it wholly to themselves. For first Egridr, King of Northumberland, did utterly waste and subdue it, as appeareth out of Beda's complaint against him; and after him, King Edgar brought it under his obedience, as appeareth by an ancient Record, in which it is found written, that he subdued all the islands of the North, even unto Norway, and brought them into his subjection.

Eudox. *This ripping of ancestors, is very pleasing unto me, and indeed savoury of good concept, and some reading withall. I see hereby how profitable travaile, and experience of foreigne nations, is to him that will apply them to good purpose. Neither indeed would I have thought, that any such antiquities could have beene avouched for the Irish, that maketh me the more to long to see some other of your observations, which you have gathered out of that country, and have earst half promised to put forth: and sure in this mingling of nations appeareth (as you earst well noted) a wonderfull providence and purpose of Almighty God, that stirr'd up the people in the furthest parts of the world, to secke out their regions so remote from them, and by that means both to restore their decayed habitations, and to make him selfe knowne to the Heathen. But was there I pray you no more generall employing of that island, then first by the Scythians, which you say were the Scottes, and afterwards by the Spaniards, besides the Gaulses, Britaine, and Saxons!

Iren. Yes, there was another, and that last and greatest, which was by the English, when the Earle Strangebowe, having conquer'd that land, delivered up the same into the hands of Henry the second, then King, who sent over thilther great store of gentlemen, and other warlike people, amongst whom he distributed the land, and setted such a strong colonie therein, as never since could with all the subtle practices of the Irish be rooted out, but abide still a mighty people, of so many as remaine English of them.

Eudox. What is this that you say, of so many as remaine English of them! Why I are not they that were once English, English still?

Iren. No, for some of them are degenerate and growne almost more Irish, yea and more maligne to the English then the Irish themselves.

Eudox. What heare I! And is it possible that an Englishman, brought up in such sweet civility as England affords, should find such liking in that barbarous rudenes, that he should forget his owne nature, and forgoe his owne nation! how may this bee, or what (I pray you) may be the cause thereof?

Iren. Surely, nothing but the first evil ordinance and institution of that Common-wealth. But thereof here is no fit place to speake, least by the occasion thereof, offering matter of a long discourse, of the first inhabiting of Ireland; for what is that to your purpose?

Iren. Truely very materiall, for if you marked the course of all that speech well, it was to shew, by what means the customes, that now are in Ireland, being some of them indeeved very strange and almost heathenish, were first brought in: and that was, as I said, by those nations from whom that countrey was first peopled; for the difference in manners and customes, doth follow the difference of nations and people. The which I have declared to you, to have beene those especially which settled themselves here: to wit, first the Scythian, then the Gaules, and lastly the English. Notwithstanding that I am not ignorant, that there were sundry nations which got footing in that land, of the which there yet remaine divers great families and sects, of whom I will also in their proper places make mention.

Eudox. You bring your selfe Iren, very well into the way againe, notwithstanding that it seemeth that you were never out of the way, but now that you have passed through those antiquities, which I could have wished you so soone to have seene, because you please, to declare what customes and manners have beene derived from those nations to the Irish, and which of them you finde fault withall.

Iren. I will begin then to count their customes in the same order that I counted their nations, and first with the Scythian or Scottish manners. Of the which there is one use, amongst them, to keepe their cattle, and to live themselves the most part of the yeare in booles, pasturage upon the mountaines, and waste wild places; and removing still to fresh land, as they have depastur'd the former. The which appeareth plaine to be the manner of the Scythians, as you may read in Olaus Magnus, and Jo. Bohemus, and yet is used amongst all the Tartarians and the people about the Caspian Sea, which are naturally Scythians, to live in heards as they call them, being the very same, that the Irish booles are, driving their cattle continually with them, and feeding onlye on their milke and white meats.

Eudox. What fault can you finde with this custome! for though it be an old Scythian use, yet it is very behawfull in this country of Ireland, where there are great deserts, and waste deserts full of grasse, that the same should be eaten downe, and nourish many thousands of cattle, for the good of the whole realme, which cannot (me thinks) well be any other way, then by keeping those booles there, as yee have shewed.

Iren. But by this custome of booking, there grow in the meane time many great enormities into that Common-wealth. For first if there be any out-laws, or loose people, (as they are never without some) which live upon steales and spoyles, they are evermore succour'd and finde releife only in these booles, being upon the waste places, whereas else they should be driven shortly to starve, or to come downe to the townes to secke releife, where by one meannes or other, they would soone be caught. Besides, such steales of cattle as they make, they bring commonly to those booles, being upon those waste places, where they are readily receiv'd, and the theife harboured from danger of law, or such officers as might light upon him. Moreover the people that thus live in those booles, grow thereby the more barbarous, and live more...
lictently than they could in townes, using what manners they list, and practizint what mischiefes and villainies they will, either against the government there, by their combinations, or against private men, whom they maligue, by stealing their goods, or murdering themselves. For there they think themselves halfe exempted from law and obedience, and having once tasted freedome, doe like a steere, that hath beene long out of his yoke, grudge and repynce ever after, to come under rule again.

Eudor. By your speech Iren. I perceive more evil come by this use of boodles, then good by their grasing; and therefore it may well be reformed: but that more in his due course: do you proceed to the next.

Iren. They have another custom from the Seythians, that is the wearing of Mantles, *and long gibbles, which is a thicke curled bush of hair, hanging downe over their eyes, and monstrously disguising them, which are both very bad and hurtfull.

Eudor. Doe you thinke that the mantle commeth from the Seythians? I would surely think otherwise, for by that which I have read, it appareth that most nations of the world amicently used the mantle. For the Iews used it, as you may read of Elyas mantle, &c. The Chaldees also used it, as yee may read in Diodorus. The Egyptians, likewise used it, as yee may read in Herodots, and may be gathered by the description of Berenice, in the Greeke Commentary upon Callimachus. The Grecians also used it amicently, as appeareth by Venus mantle lyned with stars, though afterwaards they changed the form thereof into their cloakes, called Pallia, as some of the Irish also use. And the amicent Latines and Romans used it, as you may read in Virgil, who was a very great antiquary: That Evander, when AEmas came to him at his feast, did entertaine and feast him, sitting on the ground, and lying on mantles. Insomuch as he useth the very word mantle for a mantle.

"Hum. Mantilla sternunt."

So that it seemeth that the mantle was a generall habit to most nationes, and not proper to the Seythians only, as you suppose.

Iren. I cannot deny but that amicently it was common to most, and yet silence disused and laid away. But in this later age of the world, since the decay of the Romane empire, it was reserved and brought in againe by those Northerne Nations, when breaking out of their cold caves and frozen habitations, into the sweet soyle of Europe, they brought with them their usual weedes, fit to shield the cold, and that continual frost, to which they had at home beene imured: the which yet they left not off, by reason that they were in perpetual waifes, with the nations whom they had invaded, but, still removing from place to place, carried always with them that weed, as their house, their bed, and their garment; and, comming lastily into Ireland, they found there more speciall use thereof, by reason of the raw cold climate, from whom it is now growne into that general use, in which that people now have it. After whom the Gauls succeeding, yet finding the like necessitie of that garment, continued the like use thereof.

Eudor. Since then the necessity thereof is so commodious, as you allledge, that it is instead of housing, bedding, and cloathing, what reason have you then to wish so necessarie a thing cast off?

Iren. Because the commoditie doth not counter-vail the discommoditie; for the inconveniences which thereby doe arise, are much more many; for it is a fit house for an out-law, a meet bed for a rebel; and an apt cloke for a thief. First the out-law being for his many crimes and villainies banished from the townes and houses of honest men, and wandering in waste places, far from danger of law, makes himselfe a mantle, and under it covereth himselfe from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth it is his pent-house; when it bloweth it is his tent; when it freezeth it is his tabernacle. In Sommer he can wear it loose, in winter he can wrap it close; at all times he can use it; never heavy, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is as serviceable. For in his warre that he maketh (if at least it deserve the name of warre) when he still flyeth from his foe, and lurketh in the thicke woods and straiter passages, waiting for advantages, it is his bed, yea and almost his household stuff. For the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle is his couch to sleep in. Therein he wappeth himselfe round, and couseth himselfe strongly against the gants, which in that country doe more annoy the naked rebels, whilst they keepe the woods, and doe more sharply wound them then all their enemies swords, or spears, which can seldome come nigh them: yea and oftentimes their mantle serveth them, when they are neere driven, being wrapped about their left arm in stead of a target, for it is hard to cut thorough with a sword, besides it is light to beare, light to throw away, and, being (as they commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly for a theif it is so handsome, as it may seem it was first invented for him, for under it he may cleanly convey any fit pillage that commeth handsomely in his way, and when he goeth abroad in the night in freerooteing, it is his best and surest friend; for lying, as they often do, 2 or 3 nights together abroad to watch for their booty, with that they can prettily shroud themselves under a bush or a bank side, till they may conveniently do their errand: and when all is over, he can, in his mantle passe thorough any town or company, being close hooded over his head, as he useth, from knowledge of any to whom he is indangered. Besides this, he, or any man els that is disposed to mischief or villany, may under his mantle goe privily armed without suspicion of any, carry his head-piece, *his skene, or pistol if he please: to be always in readines. Thus necessary and fitting is a mantle, for a bad man, and surely for a badhuswife it is no lesse convenient, for some of them that bee wandring women, called of them Moms-shul, it is halfe a wardrobe; for in Summer you shall find her arrayed commonly but in her smock and mantle to be more ready for her light services; in Winter, and in her travaille, it is her claque and safeguard, and also a coverteur for herewe exercise. And when she

* and long gibbles, &c. *In Terronelh the hair of their head growes so long and curlid, that they goe over the eyes, and are called Gibbes: the women Gibbons." Grimsford’s Story of England, 4to. Lond. 1618, p 151. Toon, his skane.] "Sward ; skian, or skene." See Walker’s Memoir &c. p 112. Toon.
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But hath filled her vessel, under it she can hide both her burden, and her blame; yea, and when her bastard is borne, it serves instead of swelling clouts. And as for all other good women which love to doe but little worke, how handsome it is to lye in and sleepe, or to loose themselves in the sun-shine, they that have beene but a while in Ireland can well witnes. Sure I am that you will think it very unfit for a good huswife to stirre in, or to busie her selfe about her huswifry in such sorte as she should. These be some of the abuses for which I would think it meet to forbid all mantles.

Edward. O evill minded man, that having reckoned up so many uses of a mantle, will yet wish it to be abandoned! Sure I thinkke Diogenes dish did never serve his master for more turns, notwithstanding that he made it his dish, his cup, his cap, his measure, his water-pot, then a mantle doth an Irish man. But I see they be most to bad intents, and therefore I will joyne with you in abolishing it. But what blame lay you to the glibbe? take heed (I pray you) that you be not too busie therewith for feare of your owne blame, seeing our Englishmen take it up in such a general fashion to wear their hair so immeasurably long, that some of them exceed the longest Irish glibbe.

Iren. I fear not the blame of any undeserved dislikes: but for the Irish glibbes, they are as fit muskets as a mantle is for a thiefe. For whencesoever he hath run himselfe into that perill of law, that he will not be knowne, he either cutteth off his glibbe quite, by which he commeth nothing like himselfe, or pulleth it so lowe downe over his eyes, that it is very hard to discerne his theevish countenance. And therefore fit to be troussed up with the mantle.

Edward. Truly these three Scythian abuses, I hold most fit to bee taken away with sharpe penalties, and sure I wonder how they have beene kept thus long, notwithstanding so many good provisions and orders, as have beene devised for that people. Iren. The cause thereof shall appear to you hereafter: but let us now goe forward with our Scythian customs. Of which the next that I have to treat of, is the manner of raising the cry in their conflicts, and at other troublesome times of upreare: the which is very natural Scythian, as you may read in Diodorus Siculus, and in Herodotus, describing the manner of the Scythians and Parthians coming to give the charge at battles: at which it is said, that they came running with a terrible yell as if heaven and earth would have gone together, which is the very image of the Irish limbub, * which their kerne use at their first encounter.

Besides, the same Herodotus writeth, that they used in their battles to call upon the names of their captains or generals, and sometimes upon their greatest kings deceased, † as in that battle of Thomyris against Cyrus: which custom to this day manifestly appeareth amongst the Irish. For at their joyning of battle, they likewise call upon their captains name, or the word of his ancestours. As they under O傩leae cry Lamarg-año, that is, the bloody hand, which is Oncales badge. They under O'Brien call Lam-laidier, that is, the strong hand. And to their consouple, the old English alae, which there remayneth, have gotten up their eyes Scythian-like, as Crom-abo, and Butleer-abo. And here also lyeth open an other manifest proofe, that the Irish bee Scythes or Scots, for in all their encouters they use one very common word, crying Ferragh, Ferragh, which is a Scottish word, to wit, the name of one of the first Kings of Scotland, called Feragu, or Fergus, which fought against the Picts, as you may read in Buchanan, de rebus Scotiaeis; but as other men write, it was long before that, the name of their chiefe Captain, under whom they fought against the Africans, the which was then so fortunate unto them, that ever sithence they have used to call upon his name in their batailles.

Edward. Believe me, this observation of yours, Irenaeus, is very good and delightfull: far beyond the blinde concepte of some, who (I remember) have upon the same word Ferragh, made a very blunt conjecture, as namely Mr. Staneward, who though he be the same country man borne, that should search more nearly into the secret of these things; you with a stray from the truth all the heavens wyde, (as they say,) for he therefore stirs up with a very grosse imagination, that the Irish should descend from the Egyptians which came into that Island, first under the leading of one Scotia the daughter of Pharaoh, whereupon they use (saith he) in all their batailles * to call upon the name of Pharaoh, crying Ferragh, Ferragh. Surely he shoots wyde on the bow hand, and very far from the marke. For I would first know of him what amanent ground of authority he hath for such a senselesse fable, and if he have any of the rude Irish books, as it may be he hath, yet (me scenes) that a man of his learning should not so lightly have him carried away with old wives tales, from approvance of his owne reason; for whether it be a smack of any learned judgment, to say, that Scotia is like an Egyptian word, let the learned judge. But his Scotia rather comes of the Greek σκύθος, that is, darknes, which hath not let him see the light of the truth.

Iren. You know not Eudoxxus, how well M. Stan. could see in the darke; perhaps he hath owles or cats eyes: but well I wot he seeth not well the very light in matters of more weight. But as for Ferragh I have told you my conjecture only, and yet thus much I have more to prove a likelyhood, that there be yet at this day in Ireland, many Irish men (chiefly in the Northern parts) called by the name of Ferragh. But let that now be: this only for this place suffiseth, that it is a word used in their common hububs, the which (with all the rest) is to be abolished, for that it discovereth an affectation to Irish captivity, which in this platform I endeavour specially to beat down. There be other sorts of cryes also used among the Irish, which savour greatly of the Scythian barbarism, as their lamentations at their buryals, with despairfull out-cryes, * to call upon the name of Pharaoh, crying Ferragh.] The vulgar Irish suppose the subject of this war-song to have been Fergus or Ferragh, (an easy corruption of Pharaoh, which Selden, in his notes on Drayton's Polytion, says was the name of the war-song once in use amongst the Iri-sh kerns,) a terrible giant, of whom they tell many a marvellous tale. Todd.
and inmoderate wayings, the which M. Stanhurst might also have used for an argument to prove them Egyptians. For so in Scripture it is mentioned, that the Egyptians lamented for the death of Joseph. Others thinke this custom to come from the Spaniards, for that they doe immeasurably likewise bewray their dead. But the same is not proper Spanish, but altogether heathenish, brought in thither first either by the Scythians, or the Moors that were Africans, and long possessed that country. For it is the manner of all Pagans and Infidels to be intemperate in their wayings of their dead, for that they had no faith nor hope of salvation. And this ill custom also is specially noted by Diodorus Siculus, to have beene in the Scythians, and is yet amongst the Northern Scots at this day, as you may reade in their chronicles.

Eved. This is sure an ill custom also, but yet doth not so much concern civil reformation, as abuse in religion.

Iren. I did not release it as one of the abuses which I thought most worthie of reformation; but having, your obstant of Ireland I thought this manner of lound crying and howling, not inpatient to be noted as uncivil and Scythian-like; for by these old customes, and other like coniectural circumstances, the descents of nations can only be proved, where other monuments of writings are not remaining.

Eved. Then (I pray you) whencesoever in your discourse you meet with them by the way, doe not shun, but boldly touch them: for besides their great pleasure and delight for their antiquity, they bring also great profit and helpe unto civility.

Iren. Then with you will have it so, I will necesse take occasion, since I lately spake of their manner of cryes in ioyning of battale, to speake also somewhat of the manner of their armes, and array in battell, with other customes perhaps worthy the noting. And first of their armes and weapons, amongst which their broad swords are proper Scythian, for such the Scythes used commonly, as you may reade in Olas Magnus. And the same also the old Scots used, as you may read in Buchanan, and in Solinus, where the pictures of them are in the same also to be intepreted. Also their short bowes, and little quivers with short bearded arrows, are very Scythian, as you may reade in the same Olas. And the same sort both of bowes, quivers, and araways, are at this day to bee scene commonly amongst the Northern Irish-Scots, whose Scottish bowes are not past three quarters of a yard long, with a string of wretched hempe slackely bent, and whose arrows are not much above halfe an ell long, tipped with steale heads, made like common broad arrow heads, but much more sharpe and slender, that they enter into a man or horse most cruelly, notwithstanding that they are shot forthe weakely. Moreover their long broad shilds, made but with wicker roddes, which are commonly used amongst the said Northern Irish, but especially of the Scots, are brought from the Scythians, as you may reade in Olas Magnus, Solinus, and others: likewise their going to battle without armor on their bodies or heads, but trusting to the thickness of their gibbes, the which (they say) will sometimes beare e2e a good stroke, is meere Scythian, as you may see in the said images of the old Scythes or Scots, set forth by Herodotus and others. Besides, their confused kindes of march in heapes, without any order or array, their clashing of swords together, their fierce running upon their enemies, and their manner of fight, resembled altogether that which is read in histories to have beene used of the Scythians. By which it may almost infallibly be gathered together, with other circumstances, that the Irish are very Scots or Scythes originally, though sitence intermingled with many other nations repairing and joyning unto them. And to these I may also adde another strong conjecture which commmeth to my mind, that I have often observed there amongst them, that is, certain religious ceremonies, which are very superstitionsly yet used amongst them, the which are also written by sundry authors, to have bin observed amongst the Scythians, by which it may very vehemently be presumed that the nations were anciently all one.

For * Plutarch (as I remember) in his Treatise of Homer, endeavouring to search out the truth, what countryman Homer professed, (as he thinketh) that he was an Eolian born, for that in describing a sacrifice of the Greeks, he omitted the Ione, the which all the other Grecians (saving the Eolians) use to burne in their sacrifices: also for that he makes the intralls to be rosted on five spits, which was the proper manner of the Eolians, who onely, of all the nations of Greece, used to sacrificize in that sort. By which he inferreth necessarily, that Homer was an Eolian. And by the same reason may I as reasonably conclude, that the Irish are descended from the Scythians; for that they use (even to this day) some of the same ceremonies which the Scythians anciently used. As for example, you may read in Lucian in that sweet dialogue, which is intituled Texaris, or of friendship, that the common oath of the Scythians was þ by the sword, and by the fire, for that they accounted those two especiall divine powers, which should workre vengeance on the perjurers. So doe the Irish at this day, when they goe to battale, say certaine prayers or charmes to their swords, making a cross therewithall upon the earth, and thrusting the points of their blades into the ground; thinking thereby to have the better success in fight. Also they use commonly to swearre by their swords. Also the Scythians used, when they would binde any solemn vow or combination amongst them, to drink a bowle of blood together, vowing thereby to spend their last blood in that quarrell: and even so do the wild Scots, as you may read in Buchanan: and some of the Northern Irish. Likewise at the kindling of the fire, and lighting of candles, they say certaine prayers, and use some other superstitions rites, which shew that they honour the fire and the light: for all those Northern nations, having beene used to be annoyed with much colde and darkenesse, are wont therefore to have the fire and the sunne in great veneration; like as contrarywise the Moors and Egyptians, which are much offended and grieved with extremate heat of the sunne, doe every morning, when the sunne ariseth, fall to cursing and

* Scythian. The original of the very name Scythians seems thence to come from shooting. Sir James Ware.

* Plutarch. Not he, but Herodotus, in the Life of Homer. Sir James Ware.

† by the sword, and by the fire. Lucian hath it, by the sword, and by the wind. Sir James Ware.
banning of him as their plague. You may also read in the same book, in the Tale of Arucascomas, that it was the custom of the Scythis to swear by their oxen, when any one of them was heavily wounded, and would assemble unto him any forces of people to joyne with him in his revenge, to sit in some publicke place for certaine dayes upon an oxen hide, to which there would resort all such persons as being disposed to take armes, would enter into his pay, or joyne with him in his quarrel. And the same you may likewise reade to have beene the ancient manner of the wilde Scots, which are indeed the very natural Irish. Moreover the Scythis used to swear by their Kings hand, as Olains sheewed. And so do the Irish now to swear by their Lords hand, and, to forswear it, hold it more criminal than to swear by God. Also the Scythis said, That they were once a yere turned into wolves, and so is it written of the Irish: Though Master Camden in a better sense doth suppose it was a disease, called Lyceanthropia, so named of the wolves. And yet some of the Irish doe use to make the Wolfe their gossip. The Scythis used also to seethe the flesh in the hide: and so doe the Northerne Irish. The Scythis used to draw the blood of the beast to living, and to make meat thereof: and so do the Irish in the North still. Many such customes I could recount unto you, as of their old manner of marrying, of burying, of dancing, of singing, of feasting, of cursing, though Christians have wiped out the most part of them, by ressemblance, whereof it might plainly appeare to you, that the nations are the same, but that by the reckoning of these few, which I have told unto you, I finde my speech drawne out to a greater length then I purposed. Thus much only for this time I hope shall suffice you, to thynke that the Irish are anciently devided from the Scythis.

Euadoc. Suredly Iren. I have heard, in these few words, that from you which I would have thought had bin impossible to have bin spoken of times so remote, and customes so ancient: with delight whereof I was all that while as it were intranent, and carried so farre from my selfe, as that I am now right sorry that you ended so soon. But I marvaile much how it commeth to passe, that in so long continuance of time, and so many ages come betwecne, yet any jot of those old rites and superstitions customes should remaine amongst them.

Iren. It is no cause of wonder at all; for it is the manner of many nations to be very superstitions, and diligent observers of old customes and antiquities, which they receive by continuall tradition from their parents, by recording of their Bards and Chronicles, in their songs, and by dailye use and ensample of their elders.

Euadoc. But have you (I pray you) observed any such customes amongst them, brought likewise from the Spaniards or Gaules, as those from the Scytheans: that may sure be very materiall to your first performance.

Iren. Some perhaps I have; and who that will by this occasion more diligently marke and compare their customes, shall finde many more. But there are fewer remaying of the Gaules or Spaniards, then of the Scytheans, by reason that the partes which they then possessed lying upon the coast of the Westerne and Southenre Sea, were stelene visitted with strangers and fornaine people, requiping thither for traffick, and for fishes, which is very plentiful upon those coasts; for the trade and interdelle of sea-coast nations one with another, where any one of them was heavily wounded, and would assemble unto him any forces of people to joyne with him in his revenge, to sit in some publicke place for certaine dayes upon an oxen hide, to which there would resort all such persons as being disposed to take armes, would enter into his pay, or joyne with him in his quarrel. And the same you may likewise reade to have beene the ancient manner of the wilde Scots, which are indeed the very natural Irish. Moreover the Scytheans used to swear by their Kings hand, as Olains sheewed. And so do the Irish now to swear by their Lords hand, and, to forswear it, hold it more criminal than to swear by God. Also the Scythis said, That they were once a yere turned into wolves, and so is it written of the Irish: Though Master Camden in a better sense doth suppose it was a disease, called Lyceanthropia, so named of the wolves. And yet some of the Irish doe use to make the Wolfe their gossip. The Scytheans used also to seethe the flesh in the hide: and so doe the Northerne Irish. The Scytheans used to draw the blood of the beast to living, and to make meat thereof: and so do the Irish in the North still. Many such customes I could recount unto you, as of their old manner of marrying, of burying, of dancing, of singing, of feasting, of cursing, though Christians have wiped out the most part of them, by ressemblance, whereof it might plainly appeare to you, that the nations are the same, but that by the reckoning of these few, which I have told unto you, I finde my speech drawne out to a greater length then I purposed. Thus much only for this time I hope shall suffice you, to thynke that the Irish are anciently devided from the Scytheans.

Euadoc. Suredly Iren. I have heard, in these few words, that from you which I would have thought had bin impossible to have bin spoken of times so remote, and customes so ancient: with delight whereof I was all that while as it were intranent, and carried so farre from my selfe, as that I am now right sorry that you ended so soon. But I marvaile much how it commeth to passe, that in so long continuance of time, and so many ages come betwecne, yet any jot of those old rites and superstitions customes should remaine amongst them.

Iren. It is no cause of wonder at all; for it is the manner of many nations to be very superstitions, and diligent observers of old customes and antiquities, which they receive by continuall tradition from their parents, by recording of their Bards and Chronicles, in their songs, and by dailye use and ensample of their elders.

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Likewise the said Io. Bonemus writeth, that the Gaules used swords a handfull bread, and so doe the Irish now. Also they used long woody shields in battle that should cover their whole bodies, and so doe the Northerne Irish. But I have not seene such fashioned targets used in the Southerne parts, but onely amongst the Northerne people, and Irish-Scottes, I doe thinke that they were brou't in rather by the Scythians, then by the Gaules. Also the Gaules used to drinke their enemies blood, and paint themselves therewith. So also they write, that the old Irish were wont, and so have l seen some of the Irish doe, but not their enemies but friends blood. As namely the Scythians, the Spaniards, the Gaules, and the Britaines. It now remaineth that you take in hand the customes of the old English which are amongst the Irish: of which I do not thinke that you shall have much cause to finde fault with, considering that, by the English, most of the old bad Irish customes were abolished, and more civill fashions brought in their stead.

Eudox. You have very well runne through such customes as the Irish have derived from the first old nations which inhabit the land. Namely the Scythians, the Spaniards, the Gaules, and the Britaines. It now remaineth that you take in hand the customes of the old English which are amongst the Irish: of which I do not thinke that you shall have much cause to finde fault with, considering that, by the English, most of the old bad Irish customes were abolished, and more civill fashions brought in their stead.

Iren. You think otherwise, Eudox. then l doe, for the cheifest abuses which are now in that realme, are gowrne from the English, and somne of them are now much more lawlesse and licentious then the very wilde Irish: so that as much care as was by them had to reforme the Irish, so and much more must now bee used to reforme them; so much time doth alter the manners of men.

Eudox. That seemeth very strange which you say, that men should so much degenerate from their first natures, as to gowe wilde.

Iren. So much can liberty and ill examples doe.

Eudox. What liberty had the English there, more then they had here at home! And were not the laws planted as neatly at the first, and had they not governours to curbe and kepe them still in awe and obedience?

Iren. They had, but it was, for the most part, such as did more hurt then good; for they had governours for the most part of themselves, and commonly out of the two families of the Geraldines and Butler's, both adversaries and contrivales one against the other. Who though for the most part they were but deputies under some of the Kings of England's sons, brethren, or other near kinsmen, who were the Kings lieutenants, yet they swayed so much, as they had all the rule, and the others but the title. Of which Butler's and Geraldynes, albeit (l must confesse) there were very brave and worthy men, as also of other the Peeres of that realme, made Lo: Deputies, and Lo: Justices at sundry times, yet thorow greatness of their late conquests and seignories they grew insolent, and bent both that regall authority, and also their private powers, one against another, to the utter subversion of themselves, and strengthening of the Irish againe. This you may read plainly dis-covered by a letter written from the citizens of Cork out of Ireland, to the Earle of Shrews bury then in England, and remaining yet upon record, both in the Tower of London, and also among the Chronicles of Ireland. Wherein it is by them complained, that the English Lords and Gentlemen, who then had great possessions in Ireland, began, through pride and insolency, to make private warres one against another, and, when either part was weak, they would wage and draw in the Irish to take their part, by which means they both greatly encouraged and enabled the Irish, which till that time had been shut up within the Mountaines of Sloweleghe, and weakened and disabled themselves, insomuch that their revenues were wonderfully impaired, and some of them which are there reckoned to have been able to have spent 12 or 1300 pounds per annum, of old rent, (that I may say no more) besides their commodities of creeke and havens, were now scarce able to support the third part. From which disorder, and through other great calamities which have come upon them thereby, they are almost now gowrne like the Irish; I mean the whole English nation were planted above towards the West: for the English Pale hath preserved it selfe, thorough narrowness of the state in reasonable civiltie, but the rest which dwelt in Connoit and in Mountsier, which is the sweetest soyle of Ireland, and some in Leinster and Ulster, are degenerate, yea, and some of them have quite shaken off their English names, and putt on Irish that they might bee altogether Irish.

Eudox. Is it possible that any should so farre gowe out of frame that they should in so short space, quite forget their country and their owne names? I that is a most dangerous lethargie, much worse then that of Messala Corvinus, who, being a most learned man, thorough sickenesse forgot his owne name. But can you count us any of this kind?

Iren. I cannot but by report of the Irish themselves, who report, that the *Mac-mahons in the North, were ancieently English, to wit, descended from the Fitz Ursuhes, which was a noble family in England, and that the same appeared by the signification of their Irish names: Likewise that the Mac-saynes, now in Ulster, were ancieently of the Veres in England, but that they themselues, for hatred of English, so disguised their names.

Eudox. Could they ever conceive any such dislike of their owne natural countries, as that they would bee ashamed of their name, and bye at the dungre from which they sucked life.

Iren. I wote well there should be none; but proud hearts doe oftentimes (like wanton colts) kick at their mothers, as we read Aelbiades and Theimstoches did, who, being banished out of Athens, fled unto the Kings of Asia, and there stirred them up to warre against their country, in which warres they themselves were cheualtaine. So they say did these Mac-swine and Mac-mahons, or rather Veres and Fitz-Ursuhes, for private despight, turne themselves against England. For at such time as Robert Vere, Earl of Oxford, was in the Barons warres against King Richard the Second, through the mallice of the Peeres, banished

* Mac-mahons &c J. The families of Mac-mahones and Mac-swine are by others held to be of the ancient Irish
Sir James Ware.
the realme and proscribed, he with his kinsman Fitz Ursula fled into Ireland, where being ponerous curiosities in England put to death, his kinsman there remaining behind in Ireland rebelled, and, conspiring with the Irish, did quite cast off both their English name and allegiance, since which time they have so remained still, and have since beene counted meere Irish. The very like is also reported of the Mac-swines, Mac-mahones, and Mac-shehis of Mounster, how they likewise were anciently English, and old followers to the Earl of Desmond, until the raigne of King Edward the Fourth: at which time the Earl of Desmond that then was, called Thomas, being through false subornation (as they say) of the Queene for some offence by her against him conceived, brought to his death at Tredagh most unjustly, notwithstanding that he was a very good and sound subject to the King: Thereupon all his kinsmen of the Geraldines, which then was a mighty family in Mounster, in revenge of that huge wrong, rose into armes against the King, and utterly renounced and forsooke all obedience to the Crowne of England, to whom the said Mac-swines, Mac-shehis, and Mac-mahones, being then servants and followers, did the like, and have ever since continued. And with them (they say) all the people of Mounster went out, and many other of them, which were meere English, thenceforth joined with the Irish against the King, and termed themselves very Irish, taking on them Irish habits and customs, which could never since be elene wiped away, but the contagion hath remained still amongst their posterityes. Of which sort (they say) be most of the surnames which end in an, as Hermann, Shinnan, Mungan, &c., the which now account themselves naturall Irish. Other great houses there bee of the English in Ireland, which though licentious conversing with the Irish, or marrying, or fostering with them, or lack of meete nurture, or other such unhappy occasions, have degendred from their annucent dignities, and are now growne as Irish, as O-hanans breech, as the proverbe there is.

Eudox. In truth this which you tell is a most shamefull hearing, and to be reformed with most sharpe censure, in so great personages to the terror of the meaner: for if the lords and cheife men degenerate, what shall be hoped of the peasants, and baser people? And hereby sure you have made a faire way unto your selfe to lay open the abuses of their evil customs, which you have now next to declare, the which, no doubt, but are very bad, being borrowed from the Irish, as their apparell, their language, their riding, and many other the like.

Iren. You cannot but hold them sure to be very uncivill; for were they at the best that they were of old, when they were brought in, they should in so long an alteration of time seeme very meanest and strange. For it is to be thought, that the use of all England was in the reignes of Henry the Second, when Ireland was planted with English, very rude and barbarous, so as if the same should be nowe used in England by any, it would seeme worthy of sharpe correction, and of newe laws for reformation, for it is but even the other day since England grew civill: Therefore in counting the evil customes of the English there, I will not have regard, whether the beginning thereof were English or Irish, but will have respect only to the inconvenience thereof. And first I have to finde fault with the abuse of the English language, for the speaking of Irish among the English, which as it is unnatural that any people should love anothers language more then their owne, so it is very inconvenient, and the cause of many other evills.

Eudox. It seemeth strange to me that the English should take more delight to speake that language, then their owne, whereas they should (mea thines) rather take seorne to acquaint their tongues thereto. For it hath ever beene the use of the conquerour, to despise the language of the conquered, and to force him by all meanes to learnis his. So did the Romanes always use, insomuch that there is almost no nation in the world, but is sprinkled with their language. It were good therefore (me seemes) to search out the original cause of this evil; for, the same being discovered, a redresse thereof will the more easily be provided: For I think it very strange, that the English being so many, and the Irish so few, as they then were left, the fewer should draw the more unto their use.

Iren. I suppose that the cheife cause of bringing in the Irish language, amongst them, was specially their fostering, and marrying with the Irish, the which are so much more infectious; for first the childe that sucketh the milk of the nurse, must of necessity leare his first speach of her, the which being the first imrured to his tongue, is ever after most pleasing unto him, insomuch as though hee afterwards be taught English, yet the snacte of the first will alwayes abide with him; and not onlye of the speach, but also of the manners and conditions. For besides that yong children be like napes, which will affect and imitate what they see done before them, especially by their nurses, whom they love so well, they moreover drawe into themselves, together with their sucke, even the nature and disposition of their nurses: for the minde followeth much the temperature of the body; and also the words are the image of the minde, so as they proceeding from the minde, the minde must needs be affected with the words. So that the speach being Irish, the heart must needs bee Irish: for out of the abundance of the heart, the tongue speaketh. The next is the marrying with the Irish, which how dangerous a thing it is in all common-wealthes, appeareth to every simplest sense, and though some great ones have perhaps used such matches with their vassals, and have of them nevertheless raised worthy issue, as Telamon did with Teemesssa, Alexander the Great with Roxana, and Julius Cesar with Cleopatra, yet the example is so perillous, as it is not to be adventurous: for in stead of those few good, I could count unto them infinite many evil. And indeed how can such matching succeede well, seeing that commonly the childe taketh most of his nature of the mother, besides speech, manners, and inclination, which are (for the most part) agreeable to the conditions of their mothers: for by them they are first framed and fashioned, so as what they receive enu from them they will hardly ever after forgoe. Therefore are these evil customes of fostering and marrying with the Irish, most carefully to be restrayned: for of them two, the third evil that is the custome of language, (which I spake of,) chiefly proceedeth.

Eudox. But are there not laues already provided, for avoyding of this evil?
Iren. Yes, I think there be, but as good never a whit as never the better. For what doe statutes avail without penalties, or gladys without charge of execution; for so there is another like law enacted against wearing of the Irish apparel, but nevertheless there is it observed by many, or executed by them that have the charge; for they have private discretions think it not fit to bee forced upon the poor wretches of that country, which are not worth the price of English apparel, nor expedient to be practised against the abler sort, by reason that the country (say they) doth yeeld no better, and were there better to be had, yet these were fitter to be used, as Namely, the mantle in travelling, because there be no Innes within meete bedding may be had, so that his mantle serves him then for a bed; the leather quilted lacke in lording and in camping, for that is fittest to be under his shirt of mayle, and for any occasion of saddaine service, as there happen may, to cover his trouse on horsehacke; the great linen roll, which the women weare, to keepe their heads warme, after cutting their hair, which they use in sicknesse; besides their thicke folded linen shirts, their long-slevard snocks, their halfe-sliced coates, their silken fillets, and all the rest; they will devise some colour for, either of necessitie, or of antiquity, or of comelynesse.

Eudox. But that colour soever they allledge, mee thinks it is not expedient, that the execution of a law once ordained should be left to the discretion of the judge, or officer, but that, without partialitie or regard, it should be fulfilled as well on English, as Irish.

Iren. But they thinke this precisenes in reformation of apparel not to be so materiall, or greatly pertinent.

Eudox. Yes surely but it is: for mens apparel is commonly made according to their conditions, and their conditions are oftentimes governed by their garments; for the person that is gowned, is by his gonne put in mind of gravitie, and also restrained from lightnes, by the very unaptnesse of his weede. Therefore it is written by Aristotile, that when Cyrus had overcome the Lydians that were a warlike nation, and devised to bring them to a more peaceable life, hee changed their apparel and musicke, and, in stead of their short warlike coat, cloathed them in long garments like women, and, in stead of their warlike musicke, appointed to them certaine lascivious lyes, and loose jiggs, by which in short space their brains were so modified, and abated, that they forgot their former fiercenesse, and became most tender and effeminat; whereby it appeareth, that there is not a little in the garment to the fashioning of the minde and conditions. But be these, which you have described, the fashions of the Irish weede?

Iren. No: all these which I have rehearsed to you, be not Irish garments, but English; for the quilted leather jack is old English: for it was the proper weed of the horseman, as you may read in Plutarch when he describeth Sir Thomas apparrell: and armours, as he went to fight against the gant, in his robe of sheeklaton, which is that kind of gilded leather with which they use to imbroder their Irish jackets. And there likewise by all that description, you may see the very fashion and manner of the Irish horseman most truely set forth, in his long leaue, his ryding shoes of costly cordwaine, his haequeton, and his haberdon, with all the rest thereunto belonging.

Eudox. I surely thought that the manner had beene Irish, for it is farre differing from that we have now; as also all the furniture of his horse, his strong brasse hit, his sulky reines, his shanke pil lows, his manner of mounting, his fashion of ryding, his charging of his speare aloft above head, the forme of his speare.

Iren. No sure: they be native English, and brought in by the Englishmen first into Ireland: neither is the same accounted an uncomely manner of ryding; for I have heard some great warriours say, that, in all the services which they had scene abroad in forraigne countreyes, they never saw a more comely man then the Irish man, nor that commeth on more bravely in his charge; neither is his manner of mounting uncomely, though bee lacke stirruppes, but more ready then with stirruppes; for, in his getting up, his horse is still going, whereby bee gayneth way. And therefore the stirrup was called so in scorue, as it were a stay to get up, being derived of the old English word sty, which is, to get up, or mounte.

Eudox. It seemeth then that you finde no fault with this manner of ryding; why then would you have the quilted lacke laid away?

Iren. I doe not wish it to be hide away, but the abuse thereof to be put away; for being used to the end that it was framed, that is, to be worn in warre under a shirt of mayle, it is allowable, as also the shirt of mayle, and all his other furniture: but to be worn daylie at home, and in townes and civile places, is a rude habite and most uncomely seeming like a players painted coate.

Eudox. But it is wore (they say) likewise of Irish footmen; how doe you allow of that? for I should thinke it very uncomelie.

Iren. No, not as it is used in warre, for it is wore then likewise of footmen under their shirts of mayle, the which footmen they call Galloglasses, the which name doth discover them also to be ancient English; for Gallagoge signifieth an English servitor or yeoman. And he being so armed in a long shirt of mayle downe to the caiffe of his leg, with a long broad axe in his hand, was then pedes gravis armature, and was instead of the armed footman that now weareth a corset, before the caslet was used, or almost invented.

Eudox. Then him belike you likewise allow in your straite reformation of old customes.

Iren. Both him and the kerne also, (whom onely I take to be the proper Irish soldier;) con I allow, so that they use that habite and custome of theirs in the warres onely, when they are led forth to the service of their Prince, and not usually at home, and in civile places, and besides doe laye aside the evil and wilde uses which the galloglass and kerne do use in their common trade of life.

Eudox. What be those?

Iren. Marrie those bee the most barbarous and loathly conditions of any people (I thinke) under heaven; for, from the time that they enter into that course, they doe use all the beastly behaviour that may bee; they oppress all men, they spilte aswell the subject, as the enemy; they stynke, they are cruel and bloody, full of revenge and delighting in deadly execution, licentious, swearers, and blasphemers, common ravishers of women, and murtherers of children.
Eudox. These bee most villainous conditions; I marvaile then that they be ever used or imployed, or almost suffered to live; what good can there be in the world?

Iren. Yet sure they are very valiant, and hardy, for the most part great indurers of cole, labour, hunger, and all hardnesse, very active and strong of hand, very swift of foot, very vigilant and circumspect in their enterprises, very present in perils, very great scorners of death.

Eudox. Truely by this that you say, it seemes that the Irishman is a very brave soldier.

Iren. Yea surely, in that rude kinde of service, hee bearreth himselfe very courageously. But when hee commeth to experience of service abroad, or is put to a peace, or a pike, hee maketh as worthie a soullion as any nation hee meteth with. But let us (I pray you) turne againe to our discours of evil customes among the Irish.

Eudox. Me thinkes, all this which you speake of, concerneth the customes of the Irish very materially, for their uses in warre are of no small importance to bee considered, aswell to reforme those which are evil as to confirme and continue those which are good. But follow you your owne course, and shew what other their customes you have to dislike of.

Iren. There is amongst the Irish a certaine kind of poete, called Bardes, which are to them instead of poets, whose profession is to set forth the praises or dispraises of men in their poems or rymes, the which are had in so high regard and estimation amongst them, that none dare displease them for feare to runne into reprooch thorough their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouthes of all men. For their verses are taken up with a generall applause, and usually sung at all feastes and meetings, by certaine other persons, whose proper function that is, who also receive for the same great rewards and reputation amongst them.

Eudox. Doe you blame this in them which I would otherwise have thought to have bee worthy of good approbation, and rather to have beene maintained and augmented amongst them, then to have beeen disliked? For I have reade that in all ages Poets have beeen had in speciall reputation, and that (me thinkes) not without great cause; for besides their sweete inventions, and most witty layes, they have alwayes used to set forth the praises of the good and vertuous, and to beate downe and disgrace the bad and vituous. So that many brave yong men, have ofentimes thorow hearing the praises and famous eulogies of worthie men sung and reported unto them, bee a long time to affect the like commendations, and so to strive to the like deserts. So they say that the Lacedemonians were more exceld to desire of honour, with the excellent verses of the Poete Tirtzuns, then with the exhortations of their Captaines, or authority of their Rulers and Magistrates.

Iren. It is most true, that such Poets as in their writings doe labour to better the manners of men, and doe the sweete harte of their numbers, to steale into the young spirits a desire of honour and vertue, are worthy to bee had in great respect. But these Irish Bardes are for the most part of another minde, and so farre from instructing yong men in morall discipline, that they themselves doe more deserve to bee sharplie disciplined; for they seldome use to choose unto themselves the doings of good men for the arguments of their poems, but whomsoever they finde to be most licentious of life, most bold, and lawlesse in his doings, most dangerous and deare, in all sorts of disobedience and rebellions disposition, him they set up and glorifie in their ritumes, him they praise to the people, and to yong men make an example to follow.

Eudox. I marvaile what kinde of speeches they can finde, or what face they can put on, to praise such bad persons as live so lawlesse and licentious upon stealthes and spoyles, as most of them doe, or how can they thinke that any good mind will applaud or approve the same.

Iren. There is none so bad, Eudoxus, but shall finde some to favour his doings; but such licentious partes as these, tending for the most part to the hurt of the English, or maintenance of their owne lowde libertie, they themselves being most desirous thereof, doe most allow. Besides this, evil things being decked and attended with the gay attire of goodly words, may easily deceave and carry away the affection of a yong mind, that is not well stayed, but desirous by some bolde adventures to make proofe of himselfe; for being (as they all be brought up idly) without awe of parents, without precepts of masters, and without fear of offfence, not being directed or employed in any course of life, which may carry them to vertue, will easily be drawn to follow such as any shall set before them; for a yong minde cannot rest; if he be not still busied in some goodnesse, he will finde himselfe such business, as shall soone busie all about him. In which if he shall finde any to praise him, and to give him encouragement, as those Bardes and rythmues doe for little reward, or a share of a stolne cow, then wexeth he most insolent and haife madde with the love of himselfe, and his owne lewd deeds. And as for words to set forth such lewdes, it is not hard for them to give a goodly and painted shew thereunto, borrowed even from the praises which are proper to vertue it selfe. As of a most notorious thieve and wicked out-law, which had lidd all his life-time of spoyles and robberies, one of their Bardes in his praise will say, That he was none of the idle milke-sops that was brought up by the fire side, but that most of his dayes he spent in armes and valiant enterprises, that he did never eat his meat, before he had won it with his sword, that he lay not all night slugging in a cabbin under his mantle, but used commonly to kepe others wacking to defend their lives, and did light his candle at the flames of their houses, to leade him in the darknesse; that the day was his night, and the night his day; that he love not to be long wooling of wenches to yeold to him, but where he came hee tooke by force the spoyle of others menes love, and left but lamentation to their lovers; that his musick was not the harpe, nor layes of love, but the cries of people, and clashing of armure; and finally, that he did not bewayled of many, but made many waile when hee died, that dearly bought his death. Doe you not thinke (Eudoxus) that many of these praises might be applied to men of best deserts? yet are they all yeelded to a most notable trauyor, and amongst some of the Irish not smally accounted of. For the song, when it was first made and sung to a person of high degree there, was bought (as their manner is) for forty crownes.
Endor. And well worthy sure. But tell me (I pray you) have they any art in their compositions! or be they any thing witty or well savoured, as poets should be.

Iron. Yea, truly, I have caused divers of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them, and surely they savoured of sweet wit and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry; yet were they sprinkled with some pretty floweres of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused, to the gracing of wickednes and vice, which with good usage would serve to adornne and beautifie vertue. This evil estomach these meannses of reformation. And now next after the Irish Kerne, I think the Irish Horse-boyes would come well in order, the use of which, though necessity (as times now) do enforme, yet in the thorough reformation of that realme they should be cut off. For the cause why they are now to be permitted, is want of convenient innes for lodging of travellers on horseback, and of hostlers to tend their horses by the way. But when things shalbe reduced to a better passe, this needeth specially to be reformed. For out of the fry of these * rauke-hell horse-boyes, growing up in knavery and villainy, are their kerne continually supplied and maintained.

For having beene once brought up an idle horse-boy, he will never after fall to labour, but is only made fit for the halter. And these also (of which is one foule ove-sight) are for the most part bred up amongst the Englishmen, of whom learning to shoote in a piece, and being made acquainted with all the trades of the English, they are afterwards when they become kernes, made more fit to cut their throats. Next to this, there is another much like, but much more leve and dishonest, and that is, of their Carrows, which is a kinde of people that wander up and downe to Gentle-men's houses, living onely upon cardes and dice, the which, though they have little or nothing of their owne, yet will they play for much money, which if they winne, they waste most lightly, and if they lose, they pay as slenderly, but make recompence with one stealth or another, whose onely hurt is not, that they themselves are idle lossells, but that thorough gaming they draw others to like knednesse and idlenesse. And to these may be added another sort of like loose fellowes, which doe passe up and downe amongst gentlemen by the name of Jesters, but are (indeed) notable rogues, and partakers not onely of many stealthies, by setting forth other mens goods to be stolne, but also privy to many traitraus practices, and common caryers of news, with desire whereof you would wonder how much the Irish are fed; for they use commonly to send up and downe to knowe newes; and if any meet with another, his second word is, What news? Insomuch that hercelf is tolde a prettie jest of a French-man, who having beene sometimes in Ireland, where he marked their great inquirie for newes, and meeting afterwards in France an Irishman, whom hee knew in Ireland, first saluted him, and afterwards said thus merrily: O Sir, I pray you tell me of centesic, have you heard any thing of the news, that you so much inquired for in your country?

Endoex. This arguage sure in them a great desire

of innovation, and therfore these occasions which nourish the same must be taken away, as namely, these Jesters, Carrowses, * Mona-shiles, and all such straglers for whom (as I thinkes) the short ribblance of a Marshall were mester then an ordainance or prohibition to restrain them. Therefore (I pray you) leave all this rabblemont of rummages, and passe to other customes.

Iron. There is a great use amongst the Irish, to make great assemblies together upon a rath or hill, there to parke (as they say) about matters and wronges betweene township and township, or one privet person and another. But well I wot, and true it hath beene oftentimes proved, that in their meetings many miscarriages have bene both practised and wrought; for to them doe commonly resort all the sceeume of the people, where they may meete and conferre of what they list, which else they could not doe without suspicion or knowledge of others. Besides at these meetings I have knowne divers times, that many Englishmen, and good Irish subjects, have bin villanously murdered by moving one quarrel or another against them. For the Irish neuer come to those rathes but armed, whether on horse or on foot, which the English nothing suspecting, are then commonly taken at advantage like sheep in the pin-foldes.

Endoex. It may be (Ireneus) that abuse may be in those meetings. But * these round hills and square bawnes, which you see so strongly trenched and thrownne up, were (they say) at first ordained for the same purpose, that people might assemble themselves therein, and therefore amunently they were called Folkmotes, that is, a place of people, to meete or talke of any thing that concerned any difference betweene parties and townships, which seath yet to may be very rejoyned.

Iron. You see very true. Endoexus, the first making of these high hills, were at first indeed to very good purpose for people to meet; but howsoever the times when they were first made, might well serve to good occasions, as perhaps they did then in England, yet things being since altered, and now Ireland much differing from the state of England, the good use that then was of them, is now turned to abuse; for those hills whereof you speak, were (as you may gather by reading) appointed for 2 special uses, and built by 2 several nations. The one is that which you call Folkmotes, which were built by the Saxons, as the word bewaroweth, for it signifieth in Saxon, a meeting of folk, and these are for the most part in forme foure square, well intrenched; the others that were round, were cast up by the Danes, as the name of them doth betoken, for they are called Danes-raths, that is, hills of the Danes, the which were by them devised, not for treatises and parties, but appointed as fortes for them to gather unto, in troublous time, when any trouble arose; for the Danes being but a few in comparison of the Saxons (in England) used this for their safety; they made these small round hills, so strongly fenced, in every quarter of the hundred, to the end that if in the night, or any other time, any troublous cry or

* Mona-shiles.] Shutter, is a common name for a wandering beggar in Ireland. Toda.

† these round hills, and square bawnes.] Bawn is evidently used by Spenser for an entencement. Of its etymology our lexicographers give no account. Toud.
upproare should happen, they might repair with all speed unto their own fort, which was appointed for their quarter, and there remaine safe, till they could assemble themselves in greater strength; for they were made so strong with one small entrance, that whosoever came thither first, were he one or two, or like few, had no other way to get in, but they did oneself and defended themselves against many, till more succour came unto them; and when they were gathered to a sufficient number, they marched to the next fort, and so forward till they met with the peril, or knew the occasions thereof. But besides these two sorts of hills, there were anciently divers other; for some were raised, where there had been a great battle fought, as a memory or trophie thereof; others, as monuments of burials, of the carcasses of all those that were slain in any field, upon whom they did throw such round mounds, as memorials of them, and sometimes did cast up great heapes of stones, (as you may read the like in many places of the Scripture,) and otherwhiles they did throw up many round heapes of earth in a circle, like a garland, or pitch many long stones on end in compasse, every of which (they say) betokened some person of note there slain and buried; for this was their ancienct custome, before Christianity came in amongst them, that church-yards were inclosed.

Eudox. You have very well declared the original of their mounds and great stones encompassed, which some vainely terme the oldie Gyants Trevets, and thinke that those huge stones would not else be brought into order or reared up, without the strength of gyants. And others vaunly thinke that they were never placed there by mans hand or art, but onely remained there so since the beginning, and were afterwards discovered by the deluge, and laide open as then by the washing of the waters, or other like casualty. But let them dreame their owne imaginations to please themselves, you have satisfied me much better, both for that I see some confirmation thereof in the Holy Writ, and also remember that I have read, in many Histories and Chronicles, the like mounds and stones oftentimes mentioned.

Iren. There be many great authorities (I assure you) to prove the same, but as for these meetings on hills, whereof we were speaking, it is very inconvenient that any such should be permitted.

Eudox. But yet it is very needefull (me thinkes) for many other purposes, as for the countrees to gather together, when there is any imposition to be laide upon them, to the which they then may all agree at such meetings to devide upon themselves, according to their holdings and abilities. So as if at these assemblies, there be any officers, as Constables, Bayliffes, or such like amongst them, there can be no peril, or doubt of such had practises.

Iren. Nevertheless, dangerous are such assemblies, whether for cesse or ought else, the Constables and Officers being also of the Irish; and if any of the English happen to be there, even to them they may prove perillons. Therefore for avoyding of all such evil occasions, they were best to be abolished.

Eudox. But what is it that which you call cesse? It is a word sure unmind among us here, therefore (I pray you) expend the same.

Iren. Cesse is none other then that which your sort have, but it is in a kind unacquainted perhaps unto you. For there are cesses of sundry sorts; one is, the cesse of sondiers upon the countrey: For Ireland being a countrey of warre (as it is handled) and always full of sondiers, they have the government, whether they finde it the most ease to the Queenes purse, or the most ready means at hand for victualing of the sondiers, or that necessity inoforth brought them there, and therfore they aessemble them in the countrey, and place them in villages to take their victuals of them, at such vacant times as they lye not in campe, nor are otherwise employed in service. Another kinde of cesse, is the imposings of provision for the Governors house-keeping, which though it be most necessary, and be also (for avoyding of all the evils formerly therein used) lately brought to a composition, yet it is not without great inconveniences, no lesse then here in England, or rather much more. The like cesse is also charged upon the countrey sometimes for victualling of the sondiers, when they lye in garrison, at such times as there is none remaining in the Queenes store, or that the same cannot be conveniently conveyed to their place of garrison. But these two are not easily to be redressed when necessity thereto compellith]; but as for the former, as it is not necessary, so it is most hurtfull and offensive to the poore countrey, and nothing convenient for the sondiers themselves, who, during their lying at cesse, use all kinde of outragious disorder and villany, both towards the poore men, which victnaill and lodge them, as also to all the country round about them, whom they abuse, oppress, spoyle, and afflict by all the means they can invent, for they will not only content themselves with such victuals as their hosts nor yet as the place perhaps affords, but they will have other means provided for them, and aqua vita sent for, yea and money besides laide at their trenchers, which if they want, then about the house they walk with the wretched poore man and his silly wife, who are glad to purchase their peace with any thing. By which vile manner of abuse, the countrey people, yea and the very English which dwell abroad and see, and sometimes feel this outrage, grove into great detestation of the sondiers, and thereby it be not strange that the very government, which draweth upon them such evils: And therefore this you may also joyn unto the former evil customs, which we have to reprove in Ireland.

Eudox. Truly this is one not the least, and though the persons, by whom it is used, be of bettore note then the former roughish sort, which you reckoned, yet the fault (me thinkes) is no lesse worthy of a Marshall.

Iren. That were a harder course, Eudoxus, to redresse every abuse by a Marshall: it would seeme to you very evil surgery to cut off every unsound or stinke part of the body, which, being by other due meanes recovered, might afterwards doe very good service to the body againe, and haply help to save the whole: Therefore I think better that some good salve for the redresse of the evil bee sought forth, then the least part suffered to perish: but hereof wee have to speake in another place. Now we will proceede to other like defects, amongst which there is one generall inconvenience, which raigneth almost throughout all Ireland: that is, the Lords of land and Free-holders, doe not there use to set out their land in farme, or for termes of yeeres, to their tenants, but only from yeere to yeare, and somde during pleasure, neither indicate
will the Irish tenant or husbandman otherwise take his land, then so long as he list himselfe. The reason hereof in the tenant is, for that the landlords there use most shamefully to racke their tenants, laying upon them coigny and livery at pleasure, and exacting of them (besides his covenants) what he pleaseth. So that the poor husbandman either dare not bind himselfe to him for longer terme, or thinketh, by his continual liberty of change, to keepe his land-lord the rather in awe from wronging of him. And the reason why the land lord will no longer covenant with him, is, for that he dayly looketh after change and alteration, and hovreth in expectation of new worlds.

Eudox. But what evil commeth hereby to the common-wealth, or what reason is it that any landlord should not set nor any tenant take his land, as himselfe list?

Iren. Marry, the evils which commeth hereby are great, for by this means both the land lord thinketh that he hath his tenant more at command, to follow him into what action soever hee shall enter, and also the tenant being left at his liberty is fit for every occasion of change that shall be offered by time: and so much also the more ready and willing is he to runne into the same, for that he hath no such state in any his houlding, no such building upon any farme, no such estate imployed in fencing or husbanting the same, as might with-hold him from any such willfull course, as his lords cause, or his owne luste disposition may carry him unto. All which hee hath forbore, and spared so much expense, for that he had no firme estate in his tenement, but was only a tenant at will or little more, and so at will may leave it. And this inconvenience may be reason enough to ground any ordinance for the good of the common-wealth, against the private behoofe or will of any landlord that shall refuse to grant any such terme or estate unto his tenant, as may tende to the good of the whole realme.

Eudox. Indeede (me thinkes) it is a great willfulness in any such land-lord to refuse to make any longer farmes unto their tenants, as may, besides the general good of the realme, be also greatly for their owne profit and avaiile: For what reasonable man will not think that the tenement shalbe made much better for the lords behoofe, if the tenant may by such good means bee drawne to build himselfe some handsome habitation thereon, to ditch and inclose his ground, to maneure and husband it as good farmers use? For when his tenants terme shall be expired, it will yeeld him, in the renewing his lease, both a good fine, and also a better rent. And also it shall be for the good of the tenant likewise, who by such buildings and inclosures shall receive many benefits: first, by the handsomeomesse of his house, he shall take more comfort of his life, more safe dwelling, and a delight to keepe his said house neat and cleanly, which now being, as they commonly are, rather swyne-styes then houses, is the choicest cause of his so beastly manner of life, and savage condition, lying and living together with his beast in one house, in one roome, in one bed, that is, clean strawe, or rather a foul dunghill. And to all these other commodities hee shall in short time find a greater added, that is his owne wealth and riches increased, and wonderfully enlarged, by keeping his cattle in inclosures, where they shall alwayes have fresh pasture, that now is all trampled and over-runne; warme covert, that now lyeth open to all weather; safe being, that now are continually filed and stolen.

Iren. You have, Eudoxus, well accomplished the commodities of this one good ordinance, amongst which, this that you named last is not the least: for, all the other being most beneficiall to the land-lord and tenant, this cheily redoundeth to the good of the common-wealth, to have the land thus inclosed, and well fenced. For it is both a principall barre and impeachment unto theeves from stealing of cattle in the night, and also a gaule against all rebels, and outlawes, that shall rise up in any numbers against the government; for the thefe thereby shall have much ado, first to bring forth and afterwards to drive away his stolen prey, but through the common highe ways, where he shall soon bee deserued and met withall: And the rebell or open enemy, if any such shall happen, either at home, or from abroad, shall easily be found when he commeth forth, and also be well encountered withall by a few, in so straight passages and strong inclosures. This therefore, when we come to the reforming of all these evil customes before mentioned, is needfull to be remembred. But now by this time me thinkes that I have well run through the evil uses which I have observed in Ireland. Nevertheless I well wote that there be many more, and infinitely many more in the private abuses of men. But these that are most generall, and tending to the hurt of the common weale, (as they have come to my remembrance) I have as briefly as I could rehearsed unto you. And therefore now I think best that we passe into our third part, in which we noted inconveniences that are in religion.

Eudox. Surely you have very well handled these two former, and if ye shall as well goe thorough the third likewise, you shall merit a very good need.

Iren. Little have I to say of religion, both because the parts thereof be not many, (it selfe being but one,) and my selfe have not much beene conversant in that calling: but as lightly passing by I have scene or heard: Therefore the fault which I finde in religion is but one, but the same is universal, thoroughall about that country, that is, that they be all Papists by their profession, but in the same so blindly and brutishly informed, (for the most part) that not one amongst a hundred knoweth any ground of religion, or any article of his faith, but can perhaps say his Pater nostor, or his Ave Maria, without any knowledge or understanding what one word thereof meaneth.

Eudox. Is it not then a little blot to them that now hold the place of government, that they which now are in the fight themselves, suffer a people under their charge to wallow in such deadly darkness?

Iren. That which you blame, Eudoxus, is not (I suppose) any fault of will in those godly fathers which have charge thereof, but the inconvenience of the time and troublous occasions, wherewith that wretched realme hath continually beene tormeyled; for instruction in religion needeth quiet times, and ere we seek to settle a sound discipline in the clergy, we must purchase peace unto the lity, for it is till time to preach among swords, and most hard or rather impossible it is to settle a good opinion in
the minde of men for matters of religion doubtfull, which have doubtesly an evil opinion of us. For ere a new be brought in, the old must be removed.

Eudox. Then belike it is meete that some fitter time be attended, that God send peace and quietness there in civil matters, before it be attempted in ecclesiasticall. I would rather have thought that (as it is said) correction must first begin at the house of God, and that the care of the soul should have been preferred before the care of the body.

Iren. Most true, Eudoxus, the care of the soul and soule matters is to be preferred before the care of the body, in consideration of the worthynesse thereof, but not till the time of reformation; for if you should know a wicked person dangerously sick, having now both soul and body greatly diseased, yet both recoverable, would you not think it evil advertisement to bring the preacher before the physician? for if his body were neglected, it is like that his languishing soul being disquieted by his diseaseful body, would utterly refuse and both all spiritual comfort; but if his body were first recovered, and brought to good frame, should there not then he find best time, to recover the soul also? So it is in the state of a realme: Therefore (as I said) it is expedient, first to settle such a course of government there, as whereby both civil disorders and ecclesiasticall abuses may be reformed and amended, wheto needeth not any such great distance of times, as (you suppose) I require, but one joynt resolution for both, that each might second and confirm the other.

Eudox. That we shall see when we come thereunto; in the mean time I conceive thus much, as you have delivered, touching the general fault, which you suppose in religion, to wit, that it is popish; but doe you finde no particular abuses therein, nor in the ministers thereof?

Iren. Yes verily; for what ever disorders you see in the Church of England, you may finde there, and many more: Namely, grosse simony, greedy covetousnesse, fleshly inconstancie, carelessnesse, and generally all disordered life in the common clergyman: And besides all these, they have their particular enormities; for all Irish priests, which now enjoy the church livings, they are in a manner meere laymen, saving that they have taken holy orders, but otherwise they doe goe and live like lay men, follow all kinde of husbandry, and other worldly affaires, as other Irish men doe. They neither read scriptures, nor preach to the people, nor administrate the communion, but baptisie they doe, for they christien yet after the popish fashion, onely they take the tithes and offerings, and gather what profit else they may of their livings, the which they convert as badly and some of them (they say) pay as due tributes and shares of their livings to their Bishops, (I speake of those which are Irish,) as they receive them duly.

Eudox. But is that suffered amongst them? It is wonder but that the governours doe redresse such shamefull abuses.

Iren. How can they, since they know them not! for the Irish bishops have their clergy in such awe and subjection under them, that they dare not complainte of them, so as they may doe to them what they please, for they knowing their owne unworthy-nesse and incapacity, and that they are therefore still removable at their bishops will, yield what pleaseth him, and he taketh what he listeth; yea, and some of them whose dioceses are in remote parts, somewhat out of the worlds eye, doe not at all bestow the beneficies, which are in their owne donation, upon any, but keep them in their owne hands, and set their owne servants and horse-boyes to take up the tithes and fruite of them, with the which some of them purchase great lands, and build faire castles upon the same. Of which abuse if any question be mov'd they have a very secrete colour and excuse, that they have no worthy ministers to bestow them upon, but keepe them so bestowed for any such sufficient person as any shall bring unto them.

Eudox. But is there no law nor ordinance to meet with this mischief? nor hath it never before beene looked into?

Iren. Yes, it seems it hath, for there is a statute there enacted in Ireland, which seems to have beene grounded upon a good meaning. That whatsoever Englishman, whatsoever doth in the government and sufficiency, shall be brought unto any of the bishoppes, and nominated unto any living, within their diocesse that is presently voyde, that he shall (without contradiction) be admitted thereunto before any Irish.

Eudox. This is surely a very good law, and well provided for this evil, whereof you speake; but why is not the same observed?

Iren. I think it is well observed, and that none of the bishopes transgresse the same, but yet it worketh no reformation thereof for many defects. First there are no such sufficient English ministers as come over there, which might be presented to any bishop for any living, but the most part of such English as come over thither of themselves, are either unlearned, or men of some bad note, for which they have forsaken England. So as the bishop, to whom they shall be presented, may justly reject them as incapable and insufficient. Secondly, the bishop himselfe is perhaples an Irish man, who being made judge, by that law, of the sufficiency of the ministers, may at his owne will, dislike of the Englishman, as unworthy in his opinion, and admit of any Irish, whom hee shall think more for his turne. And if hee shall at the instance of any Englishman of countenance there, whom hee will not displease, accept of any such English minister as shall bee tendered unto him, yet hee will under hand carry such a hard hand over him, or by his officers wring him so sore, that hee will some make him weary of his poore living. Lastly, the benefices themselves are so meane, and of so small profit in those Irish countreys, thorough the ill husbandrie of the Irish people which doe inhabithe them, that they will not yeeld any competent maintenance for any honest minister to live upon, scarcely to buy him a gowne. And were all this redressed (as haply it might bee) yet what good should any English minister doe amongst them, by teaching or preaching to them, which either cannot understand him, or will not heare him? Or what comfort of life shall he have, where his parishioners are so insatiable, so intractable, so ill-affecte to him, as they usually bee to all the English; or finally, how dare almost any honest minister, that are peaceable civil men, commit his saftie to the handle of such neighbours, as the boldest captaines dare scarcely dwell by?

Eudox. Little good then (I see) was by that
Iren. To you only, Endoxus, I doe tell it, and that even with great hearts grieve, and inward trouble of mind to see her Majesty so much abused by some who are put in speciall trust of those great affairs; of which, some being martall men, will not doe always what they may for quieting of things, but will rather winke at some faults, and will suffer them un punished, lest that (having put all things in that assurance of peace that they might) they should seeme afterwards not to be needed, nor continued in their governments with so great a charge to her Majesty. And therefore they doe cunningly carry their course of government, and from one hand to another doe handle the service like a tennis-ball, which they will never strike quite away, for feare lest afterwards they should want. 

Endox. Doe you speake of under magistrates, Irenæus, or principal governours?
Iren. I doe speake of no particular, but the truth may be found out by tryall and reasonable insight into some of their doings. And if I should say, there is some blame therof in the principal governours, I thinke I might also shew some reasonable proofe of my speech. As for example, some of them keeing the end of their government to draw nigh, and some mischiefs and troublous practice growing up, which afterwards may worke trouble to the next succeeding governour, will not attempt the redresse or cutting off thereof, either for fear they should learn the rule unquiet at the end of their government, or that the next that commeth, should receive the same too quiet, and so happily winne more prays therof then they before. And therefore they will not (as I said) seeke at all to repress that evil, but will either by granting protection for a time, or holding some empaunchance with the rebell, or by treatie of commissioners, or by other like devices, onely another and keepe downe the flame of the mischief, so as it may not breake out in their time of government: what comes afterwards, they care of, or rather worst. This course hath beene noted in some governours.

Endox. Surely (Irenæus) this, if it were true, should bee worthy of an heavy judgment: but it is hardly to be thought, that any governour should so much either envie the good of that realm which is put into his hand, or defraunde her Majesty who trusteth him so much, or maligne his successor which shall possesse his place, as to suffer an evil to grow up, which he might timely have kept under, or perhaps to turne it with coloured comention, or such sinister meanes.

Iren. I doe not certainly avouch so much, (Endoxus) but the sequels of things doth in a manner prove, and plainly speake so much, that the governours usually are envious one of another greater glory, which if they would seeke to excell by better governing, it should be a most laudable emulation. But they doe quite otherwise. For this (as you may marke) is the common order of them, that who commeth next in place, will not follow that course of government, how ever good, which his predecessors held, either for disdain of himselfe, or doubt to have his doings drowned in another mans praise, but will straight take a way quite contrary to the former: as if the former...
thought (by keeping under the Irish) to reforme them: the next, by discountenancing the English, will curry favour with the Irish, and so make his government seeme plausible, as having all the Irish at his command: but he that comes after, will perhaps follow neither the one nor the other, but will dandle the one and the other in such sort, as hee will sucke sweeete out of them both, and leave bitterness to the poore country, which if he that comes after shall seeke to redresse, he shall perhaps find such courses, as hee shall hardly bee able to leave, or doe any good that might worke the disgrace of his predecessors. Examples you may see herof in the governours of late times sufficiently, and in others of former times more manifestly, when the government of that realme was committed sometimes to the Geraldines, as when the House of Yorke had the Crowne of England; sometimes to the Butler’s, as when the House of Lancaster got the same. And other titles, when an English governour was appointed, hee perhaps found excuse in which there was no foundation.

Eudox. I am sorry to hearso much as you report, and now I begin to conceive somewhat more of the cause of her continual wretchednes then heerefore I found, and wish that this inconvenience were well looked into; for sure (me thinkest) it is more weightie then all the former, and more hardly to be redressed in the governour then in the governed; as a malady in a vitall part is more incurable then in an externall.

Iren. You say very true; but now that we have thus ended all the abuses and inconveinencies of that government which was our first part. It followed now, that we passe unto the second part, which was of the meanes to cure and redresse the same, which wee must labour to reduce to the first beginning thereof.

Eudox. Right so, Irenens: for by that which I have noted in all this your discourse, you suppose, that the whole ordinance and institution of that realmes government, was both at first, when it was placed, evil plotted, and also sitthence, thorough other over-sights, came more out of square to that disorder which it is now come unto, like as two indirect lines, the furthe that they are drawn out, the further they goe asunder.

Iren. I doe see, Eudoxus, and as you say, so thinke, that the longer that government thus continueth, in the worse course will the realme bee; for it is all in vaine that they now strive and endeavour by faire meanes and peaceable plots to redresse the same, without first removing all those inconveinencies, and new framing (as it were) in the forge, all that is wore out of fashion: For all other meanes will be but as lost labour, by patching up one hole to make many: for the Irish doe strongly hate and abhorre all reformation and subjection to the English, by reason that having beene once subdued by them, they were thrust out of all their possessions. So as now they feare, that if they were againe brought under, they should be likewise expelled out of all, which is the cause that they hate the English government, according to the saying, “Quem mutatam odierunt:” Therefore the reformation must now bee those, catch of a greater power.

Eudox. But me thinke that might bee by making of good lawes, and establishing of new statutes, with sharpe penalties and punishments, for amending of all that is presently amisse, and not (as you sup-

pose) to beginne all as it were anew, and to alter the whole forme of the government, which how dangerous a thing it is to attempt, you your selfe must needs confesse, and they which have the managing of the realmes whole policy, cannot, without great cause, feare and refrainme; for all innova-
tions are perilous, insomuch as though it bee neede for the better, yet so many accidents and fearefull events may come betweene, as that it may hazard the base of that whole.

Iren. Very true, Eudoxus; all change is to be shunned, where the affairs stand in such sort, as that they may continue in quietnes, or be assured at all to abide as they are. But that in the realme of Ireland we see much otherwise, for every day wee perceive the troubles growing more upon us, and one evil growing upon another, insomuch as there is no part now sound or ascertained, but all have their cares upright, wayting when the watchword shall come, that they should all arise generally into rebellion, and cast away the English submission, in which there now little wanteth; for I thinke the word be already given, and wanteth nothing but opportunity, which truely is the death of one noble person, who being himselfe most stedfast to his soveraigne Queene, and his country, coasting upon the South-Sea, stoppeth the ingate of all that evil which is looked for, and holdeth in all those which are at his becke, with the terrour of his greatness, and the assurance of his most immovable loyalty: And therefore where you thinke, that good and sound lawes might amend, and reforme things there amisse, you think savely amisse. For it is vaine to prescribe lawes, where no man careth for keeping of them, nor feareth the daunger for breaking of them. But all the realme is first to be reformed, and lawes are afterwards to bee made for keeping and continuing it in that reformed estate.

Eudox. How then doe you think is the reformation thereof to be begunne, if not by lawes and ordinances?

Iren. Even by the sword; for all these evils must first be cut away by a strong hand, before any good can bee planted, like as the corrupt broaches and unwholesome boughs are first to bee pruned, and the foule mose cleansed and scraped away, before the tree can bring forth any good fruit.

Eudox. Did you blame me even now, for wishing of Kerne, Horse-boyes, and Carrowes to bee clean cut off, as too violent a meane, and doe you your selfe now prescribe the same medicine? Is not the sword the most violent redresse that may bee used for any evil?

Iren. It is so; but where no other remedie may bee devised, we hope of recovery had, there must needs this violent meane bee used. As for the loose kind of people which you would have cut off, I blamed it, for that they might otherwise perhaps bee brought to good, as namely by this way which I set before you.

Eudox. Is not your way all one with the former in effect, which you found fault with, save onely this odds, that I said by the halter, and you say by the sword? what difference is there?

* of one noble person. Meaning Sir Walter Raleigh.
There is surely great, when you shall understand it; for by the sword which I named, I did not mean the cutting off all that nation with the sword, which fare bee it from me, that I should ever think so desperately, or wish so uncharitably, but by the sword I mean the royal power of the Prince, which ought to stretch it selfe forth in the chiefest strength to the redressing and cutting off those evils, which I before blamed, and not of the people which are evil. For evil people, by good ordinances and government, may be made good; but the evil that is of it selfe evil, will never become good.

I pray you then declare your minde at large, how you would wish that sword, which you mean, to be used to the reformation of all those evils.

The first thing must be to send over into that realme, such a strong power of men, as should perforce bring in all that rebellions route and loose people, which either doe now stand out in open armes, or in wandring companies doe kepe the woods, spoiling the good subjects.

You speak now, Irenaeus, of an infinite charge to her Majestie, to send over such an army, as should tread down all that standeth before them on foot, and lay on the ground all the stiff-necked people of that land, for there is now but one law of any great reckoning, to wit, the Earle of Tyrone, abroad in armes, against whom, you see what huge charges she hath here at this last yeare, in sending of men, providing of victuals, and making head against him; yet there is little or nothing at all done, but the Queenes treasure spent, her people wasted, the poor country troubled, and the enemy nevertheless brought into no more subjection then he was, or list outwardly to shew, which in effect is none, but rather a scare of her power, and emboldening of a proud rebel, and an encouragement to all like wildlewd disposed traitours, that shall dare to lift up their heele against their sovereign, and therefore doe not, nor can she sell to draw such an exceeding great charge upon her, whose event should be so uncertain.

True indeed, if the event should bee uncertain, but the certainty of the effect hereof shall be so infallible, as that no reason can gaines it, neither shall the charge of all this army (the which I demand) be much greater, then so much as in these last two years warres, hath vaine been expended. For I dare undertake, that it hath coste the Queene above 200000 pounds already, and the present charge, that she is now at there, amounteth to very necer 12000 pounds a moneth, whereof cast you the accompt; yet nothing is done. The which summe, had it beene employed as it should bee, would have effected all this which now I go about.

How meane you to have it imployed, but to bee spent in the pay of souldiours, and provision of victuals?

Right so, but it is now not disbursed at once, as it might be, but drawne out into a long length, by sendinge over now 20000 pounds, and next halfe yeare 10000 pounds; so as the souldiour in the mean time want of due provision of victual, and good payment of his due, is starved and consumed; that of a 1000 which came over lusty able men, in halfe a yeare there are not left 500. And yet is the Queenes charge never a whith the lesse, but what is not payd in present mony, is accounted in debt, which will not be long unpayd; for the Captaine, halfe of whose souldiours are dead, and the other quarter never mustered, nor scene, comes shortly to demand payment of his whole accompt, where by good meanes of some great ones, and pryvie shareings with the officers and servants of other some, he receiveth his debt, much lesse perhaps then was due, yet much more indeede then he justly deserved.

I take this sure to bee no good husbandry; for what must needs be spent, as good spend it at once, where is enough, as to have it drawne out into long delays, seeing that thereby both the service is much hindered, and yet nothing saved; but it may be, Irenaeus, that the Queenes treasure in so great occasions of disbursments (as it is well knowne she hath beene at lately) is not alwaies so ready, nor so plentiful, as it can spare so great a summe together, but being payed as it is, now some, and then some, it is no great burden unto her, nor any great impoverishment to her coffers, seeing by such delay of time, it daily cometh in, as fast as she parteth it out.

May it be as you say, but for the going thorough of so honorable a course I doubt not but if the Queenes coffers be not so well store, (which we are not to looke into) but that the whole realme which now, as things are used, doe feele a continual burthen of that wretched realme hanging upon their hands, would, for a small riddance of all that trouble, be once troubled for all; and put to all their shoulders, and helping hands, and hearts also, to the defraying of that charge, most gladly and willingly; and surely the charge in effect, is nothing to the infinite great good, which should come thereby, both to the Queene, and all this realme generally, as when time serveth shall be shewed.

How many men would you require to the furnishing of this, when you take in hand? and how long space would you have them entertained?

Verily not above 10000, footmen, and a 1000 horse, and all these not above the space of a yeare and a halfe, for I would still, as the heate of the service abateth, abate the number in pay, and make other provision for them, as I will shew.

Surely it seemeth not much which you require, nor no long time; but how would you have them used? I would you leade forth your army against the enemy, and seek him where he is to fight?

No, Irenaeus; that would not be, for it is well knowne that he is a flying enemie, hiding himselfe in woods and bogges, from whence he will not drawe forth, but into some straight passage or perilous food, where he knows the army must needs passe; there will he lye in waite, and, if hee finde advantage fit, will dangerously hazard the troubled souldiour. Therefore to seek him out that still fliteth, and follow him that can hardly bee found, were vaine and bootlesse; but I would devide my men in garrison upon his country, in such places as I should think might most annoy him.

But how can that be, Irenaeus, with so few men for the enemie, as you now see, is not all in one country, but some in Ulster, some in Connaught, and others in Leinster. So as to plant strong garrisons in all those places should need manye more men then you speake of, or to plant
all in one, and to leave the rest naked, should be but to leave them to the spoily.

Iren. I would wish the cheife power of the army to be garrisoned in one countrey that is strongest, and the other upon the rest that is weakest: As for example, the Earle of Tyrone is now accompted the strongest, upon him would I lay 8000 men in garrison, 1000 upon Phengh Mac-Hugh and the Cavanaghes, and 1000 upon some parts of Con-

nacht, to be at the direction of the Governor.

Eudox. I see now all your men bestowed, but what places would you set their garrison that they might rise out most conveniently to service, and though perhaps I am ignorant of the places, yet I will take the mappe of Ireland, and lay it before me, and make mine eyes (in the mean time) my schoole-masters, to guide my understanding to judge of your plot.

Iren. Those eight thousand in Ulster I would devise likewise into foure parts, so as there should be 2000. horsemen at one place; the which I would thus place. Upon the Blacke water, in some convenient place, as high upon the river as might be, I would lay one garrison. Another would I put at Castle-Iffer, or thereabouts, so as they should have all the passages upon the river to Loghfoyle. The third I would place about Fermanagh or Bundroise, so as they might lye betwixt Connaght and Ulster, to serve upon both sides, as occasion shall be offered, and this therefore would I have stronger than any of the rest, because it should be most inforced, and most impolyed, and therfore they might put wardes at Ballshaman, and Bellick, and all those passages. The last would I set about Monog- han or Balburdet, so as it should front both upon the enemy that way, and also keep the countreys of Cavan and Meath in awe, from passage of strag- lers from those parts, whence they use to come forth, and oftentimes use to work much mischief.

And to every of these garrisons of 2000. horsemen, I would have 200. footemen added, for the one without the other can doe but little service. The 4 garrisons, thus being placed, I would have to bee vicioulsed before hand for halfe a yere, which you will say to be hard, considering the excess of the usual waste of victuals. But why should not they be aswell viciuised for so long time, as the ships are usually for a yere, and sometimes two, seeing it is easier to keepe victual on land than water? Their bread I would have in flower, so as it might be baked still to serve their necessary want. Their beere there also brewe in them, from time to time, and their beefe before hand barell, the which may bee used but as it is needed: For I make no doubt but fresh victuals they will sometimes purse for themselves, amongst their enemies. Hereunto likewise I would have them have a store of hose and shoes, with such other necessaries as may be needful for so troublesome, so as they shall have no occasion to looke for reliefe from abroad, or occasion of such trouble, for their continual supply, as I see and have often proved in Ireland to bee more numeorous to the Deputy, and dangerous to them that relieve them, then halfe the leading of an army; for the enemy, knowing the ordinary wayes thorough the which their reliefe must be brought in, will place in them into the said 8 passages thitherward, and oftentimes doth dangerously distress them; besides the pay of such force as should be sent for their coun-

voy, the charge of the carriages, the exactions of the country shall be spared. But only every halfe yere the supply brought by the Deputy him- selfe, and his power, who shall then visite and everlooke all those garrisons, to see what is needefull to change, what is expedient, and to direct what hee shall best advise. And those 4 garrisons issuing forth, at such convenient times as they shall have intelligence or espall upon the enemy, will so drive him from one side to another, and tennis hire amongst them, that he shall finde no where safe to keepe his creeke in, nor hide himselfe, but flying from the fire shall fall into the water, and out of one danger into another, that in short space his creeke, which is his cheife sustenance, shall be wasted with preying, or killed with driving, or starved for want of pasture in the woods, and he himselfe brought so lowe, that he shall have no heart nor ability to indure his wretchedness, the which will surely come to passe in very short time; for one winter well followed upon him will so plucke him on his knees, that he will never be able to stand up again.

Eudox. Do you then thinke the winter time fittest for the services of Ireland? how falls it then that our most employments bee in summer, and the armes then led commonly forth?

Iren. It is surely misconceived; for it is not with Ireland as it is with other countreys, where the warres flame most in summer, and the helmets glister brightest in the fairest sunshine: But in Ire-

land the winter yeeldeth best services, for then the trees are bare and naked, which use both to cloath and house the Kerne: the ground is cold and wet, which useth to be his bedding; the aire is sharpe and bitter, to blowe throught his naked sides and legs; the kyne are barren and without milke, which use to be his onely foode, neither if he kill them, will they yeeld him flesh, nor if he keepe them, will they give him food, besides being all with eale (for the most part) they will, thorough much clashing and driving, cast all their calves, and lose their milke, which should releive him the next summer.

Eudox. I doe well understand your reason; but by your leave, I have heard it otherwise said, of some that were outlaws: That in summer they kept themselves quiet, but in winter they would play their parts, and when the nights were longest, then bumre and spoyle most, so that they might safely returne before day.

Iren. I have likewise heard, and also seene proofe thereof true: But that was of such outlaws as were either abiding in well inhabited countreys, as in Monster, or bordering on the English yale, as Pengh Mac Hugh, the Cavanaghes, the Moors, the Denipsies, or such like: For, for them the winter incelede is the fittest time for spoiling and robbing, because the nights are then (as you said) longest and darkest, and also the countreys round about are then most full of corne, and good provision to be gotten every where by them, but it is farre other-

wise with a strong peopled enemy, that possesseth a whole countrey; for the other being but a few, and incelede privily lodged, and kept in out villiges, and corners nigh to the woodes and mountains, by some stratage, in whom they bring their spoyles and stealthes, and of whom they con-

tinually receive secret reliete; but the open enemy having all his countrey wasted, what by himselfe,
and what by the souldiours, finding them succour in no place: Townes there are none, of which he may get spoyle, they are all burnt: I spake, I say not, in summer: Flesh he hath, but if he kill it in winter, he shall want milk in summer, and shortly want life. Therefore if they bee well followed but one winter, you shall have little worke with them the next summer.

Eudox. I doe now well perceive the difference, and doe verily thinke that the winter time is there fittest for service; withall I conceive the manner of your handling of the service, by drawing souldiours draughts upon the enemy, when he looketh not for you, and the watche which you make upon him, as he doth upon you. By which straight keeping of them in, and not suffering them at any time long to rest, I must needs thinke that they will soone be brought lowe, and driven to great extremities. All which when you have performed, and brought them to the very last cast, suppose that they will offer, either to come to you and submit themselves, or that some of them will seeke to withdraw themselves, what is your advice to doe I will have them received! 

Iren. No, but at the beginning of those warres, and when the garrisons are betrayed, and knowne, I would wish a proclamation were made generally, to come to their knowledge: That what persons soever would within twenty dayes absolutely submit themselves, (excepting only the very principalls and ring-leaders,) should finde grace: I doubt not, but upon the settling of these garrisons, such a terour and meeke consideration of their perilous state, would be stricken into most of them, that they will covet to drawe away from their leaders. And againe I well know that the rebels themselves (as I saw by proofe in Descent) will turne away all their rascal people, whom they thinke unserviceable, as old men, women, children, and lyndes, (which they call churlis,) which would once waste their victuals, and yedle them no more; but their cattle they will surely keepe away: These therefore, though policy would turne them backe againe, that they might the rather consume and afflick the other rebels, yet in a pittyfull commiseration I would wish them to be receivd: the rather for that this sort of base people doth not for the most part rebell of themselves, having no heart thereof, but are by force drawn by the grand rebels into their action, and carryed away with the violence of the steeame, else they should be sure to loose all that they have, and perhaps their lives too: The which they now carry unto them, in hope to enjoy them there, but they are there by the strong rebels themselves, soone turned out of all, so that the constraint hereof may in them deserve pardon. Likewise if any of their able men or gentlemen shall then offer to come away, and to bring their cattle with them, as some no doubt may stelke them away privily: I wish them also to be receivd, for the disabling of the enemy, but withall, that good assurance may be taken for their true behauiour and absolute submission, and that then they be not suffered to remaine any longer in those parts, no nor about the garrisons, but sent away into the inner parts of the realme, and dispersed in such sort as they may not come together, nor easily returne if they would: For if they might bee suffered to remaine about the garrisons, and there inhabyte, as they will offer to till the ground, and yield a great part of the profit thereof, and of their cattle, to the Corrioll, wherewith they have heretofore tempted many, they would (as I have by experience knowne) bee ever after such a gale and inconveniency to them, as that their profit shall not reconciple their hurt; for they will privily releive their friends that are forth: they will send the enemy secret advertisements of all their purposes and journeys, which they meane to make upon them; they will not also sticke to drawe the enemy privily upon them, yea and to betray the forte it selfe, by discovery of all her defects and disadvantages (if any be) to the cutting of all their throates. For avoiding whereof and many other inconveniences, I wish that they should be carryd farre from thence into some other parts, so that (if possible) they may submit themselves, upon the first summons: But afterwards I would have none received, but left to their fortune and miserable end: my reason is, for that those which will afterwards remaine without, are stout and obstinate rebels, such as will never be made dutifull and obedient, nor brought to labour or civill conversation, having once tasted that licentious life, and being acquainted with spoyle and out-rages, will ever after be ready for the like occasions, so as there is no hope of their amendment or recovery, and therefore needfull to be cut off.

Eudox. Surely of such desperate persons, as will follow the course of their owne folly, there is no compassion to bee had, and for others you have proposed a mercifull meanes, much more then they have deserved, but what then shall be the conclusion of this warre? for you have prefixed a short time of its continuance.

Iren. The end will (I assure me) bee very short and much sooner then can be in so great a trouble, as it seemeth hoped for, although there should none of them fall by the sword, nor bee slaine by the souldiour, yet thus being kept from mannurice, and their cattle from running abroad, by this hard restraint they would quickely consume themselves, and devoure one another. The proofe whereof, I saw sufficiently exampld in these late warres of Mounter; for notwithstanding that the same was a most rich and plentiful country, full of corn and cattle, that you would have thought they should have beene able to stand long, yet ere one yeare and a halfe they were brought to such wretchedness, as that any styne heart would have med the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glynes they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legges could not beare them; they looked like anatomes of death, they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eate the dead carrions, happy where they could finde them, yea, and one another soone after, insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves; and, if they found a plot of water-cresses or shamrocks, there they fletched as to a feast for the time, yet not able long to continue therewithall; that in short space there were none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country sudainely left voyde of man and beast; yet sure in all that warre, there persich not many by the sword, but all by the extremite of famine, which they themselues had wrought.

Eudox. It is a wonder that you tell, and more

* of the woods and glynes] Gens, that is, dales or valleys; here spelt in the original editius "glunys" perhaps in conformity to the Irish pronunciation. Toms.
to bee wondred how it should so shortly come to passe.

Iren. It is most true, and the reason also very ready; for you must conceive that the strength of all that nation, is the Kerne, Gallaghase, Stocah, Horseman, and Horseboy, the which having beene never used to have any thing of their owne, and now being upon spoyle of others, make no spare of any thing, but havocke and confusion of all they meet with, whether it bee their owne friends goods, or their foes. And if they happen to get never so great a spoyle at any time, the same they waste and consume in a truce, as naturally delighting in spoyle, though it doe themselves no good. On the other side, whatsoever they leave unspent, the soildier when hee commeth there, spoyleth and havocketh likewise, so that betwixt both nothing is very shortly left. And yet this is very necessary to bee done for the soone finishing of the warre, and not only this in this wise, but also those subjectes which doe border upon those parts, are either to bee removed and drawn away, or likewise to bee spoyled, that the enemie may find no succour thereby. For what the soildier spares, the rebell will surely spoyle.

Eudox. I doe now well understand you. But now when all things are brought to this passe, and all filled with these riuell spectacles of so many wretched carcases starving, goodly countreys wasted, so huge desolation and confusion, that even I that doe but hear it from you, and do picture it in my minde, doe greatly pitie and commiserate it. If it shall happen, that the state of this miserie and lamentable image of things shall bee tolde, and feelingly presented to her Sacred Maistrie, being by nature full of mercy and clemency, who is most inclinable to such pitiful complaints, and will not endure to heare such tragedies made of her poore people and subjectes, as some about her may insinuate; then shehappes, for very compassion of such calamities, will not onely stoppe the streame of such violesces, and returne to her wonted mildnesse, but also come them little thanks which have bee the authors and counsellours of such bloody platformes. So I remember that in the late government of that good Lord Grey, when after long travell, and many perillous assayes, he had brought things almost to this passe that you speake of, that it was even made ready for reformation, and might have beeene brought to what her Majestie would, like complaint was made against him, that he was a bloode man, and regarded not the life of her subjectes no more then dogs, but had wasted and consumed all, so as now she had nothing almost left, but to elaigne in their ashes; care was soon lent thenceunto, and all suddenly turned topside-turvey; the noble Lord erst-soumes was blamed; the wretched people pitied; and new counsells plotted, in which it was concluded that a general pardon should be sent over to all that would accept of it, upon which *all former purpuses were blancked, the Governour at a bay, and not only all that great and long charge which shee had before beeene at quite lost and cancelled, but also that hope of good which was even at the doore put back, and cleane frustrate. All which, whether it be true, or no, your selfe can well tell.

*all former purpuses were blancked, Confounded or dis-appointed. Topo.  
Fren. Too true, Eudoxus, the more the pity, for I may not forget so memorable a thing: neither can I bee ignorant of that perillous device, and of the whole meanes by which it was compassed, and very cunningly contrived by sawing first dissension betwixt him, and an other Noble Personage; wherein they both at length found how notably they had beeene abused, and how thereby under hand this universall alteration of things was brought about, but then too late to stay the same; for in the meane time all that was formerly done with long labor, and great toyle, was (as you say) in a moment undone, and that good Lord blotted with the name of a bloody man, whom, who that well knew, knew to be most gentle, affable, loving, and temperate; but that the necessitie of that present state of things inforced him to that violence, and almost changed his natural disposition. But otherwise he was so farre from delighting in blood, that oftentimes he suffered not just vengeance to fall where it was deserved; and even some of them which were discovered by his enemies, had tasted too much of his mercy, and were from the gallowes brought to bee his accusers. But his course indeede was this, that hee spared not the heads and principals of any mischievous practices or rebellion, but shewed sharpe judgement on them, chiefly for examples sake, that all the meaner sort, which also were generally then infected with that evil, might by terrour thereof bee reclaimed, and saved, if it were possible. For in the last conspiracy of some of the English Pale, thinke you not that there were many more guilty then they that felt the punishment? yet hee touched on a few of special note; and in the tryall of them also even to prevent the blame of cruelty and partiall proceeding, and seeking their blood, which he, as in his great wisdome (as it seemed) did fore-see would bee objected against him; hee, for the avoyding thereof, did use a singular discretion and regard. For the lury that went upon their tryall, hee made to bee chosen out of their nearest kinsmen, and their judges he made of some of their owne fathers, of others their uncles and dearest friends, who when they could not but justly condemne them, yet hee uttered their conspiracy and also afterwards, yet hee even herein was called bloody and cruel.

Eudox. Indeed so have I heard it bee often spoken, but I perceive (as I alwayes verily thought) that it was most unjustly, for hee was alwayes knowne to bee a most just, sincere, godly, and right noble man, farre from such sternenesse, farre from such unrighteousnes.

Fren. But the one and the other is most untrue; for this I can assure you, my selfe being as neare them as any, that hee was so farre either from promising, or putting them in hope, that when first their Secretarie (called, as I remember) Signior Jeffrey an Italian, being sent to treate with the Lord Deputie for grace, was flatly refused; and afterwards their *Correell named Don Sebastian, came forth to intreate that they might part with

* Corr'ell! The old word for Colonel. Topo.
their armes like soldiers, at least with their lives according to the custome of warre, and law of nations; it was strongly denied him, and tolde him by the Lord Deputie himselfe, that they could not justly pleade either custome of warre, or law of nations, for that they were not any lawfull enemies, and if they were, hee willed them to shew by what commission they came thither into another Principes dominions to warre, whether from the Pope or the King of Spaine, or any other; the which when they said they had not, but were onely adventurers that came to seekc fortune shall, and to save warre amongst the Irish, who desired to entreate them; it was then tolde them, that the Irish themselves, as the Earle and Iohn of Desmond, with the rest, were no lawfull enemies; but rebels and traytours; and therefore they that came to succour them, no better then rogues and runnagates, specially comming with no licence, nor commission from their owne King: So as it should bee dishonourable for him in the name of his Queene, to condition or make any tramees with such rascals, but left them to their choyce, to yeeld and submit themselves, or no: Wherupon the said Coloneell did absolutely yeeld himselfe and the fort, with all therein, and craved onely mercy, which it being not thought good to shew them, for danger of them, if, being saved, they should afterwards ioyne with the Irish; and also for terror to the Irish, who are much imboldened by those forraigne succours, and also put in hope of more ere long; there was no other way but to make that short end of them as was made. Therefore most untruly and malicjously doe these willfull rogue and traitours the sacred ashes of that most inst and honourable personage, whose least virtue of many most excellent that abounded in his herioike spirit, they were never able to aspire unto.

Ende. Truly, ireneums, I am right glad to be thus satisfied by you, in that I have often heard questioned, and yet was never able till now, to choke the mouth of such detractours, with the certaine knowledge of their slanderous untruths, neither is the knowledge hereof impertinent to that which wee formerly had in hand, I meanes, for the thorough proceeding of that shameful course which you have set downe for the bringing under of those rebels of Ulster and Connaught, and preparing a way for their perpetual reformation, least haply, by any such sinister suggestions of cruelitie and too much blood-sheild, all the plot might be overthowndre, and all the coste and labour therein implied bee utterly lost and cast away.

Iren. You say most true; for, after that Lords calling away from thence, the two Lords Justices contynued but a while of which the one was of mindes (as it seemed) to have continued in the foot-

ing of his predecessors, but that he was curbed and restrayned. But the other was more mildly disposed, as was meete for his profession, and willing to have all the wounds of that commonwealth healed and re cured, but not with that heed as they should bee. After, when Sir Iohn Perrot succeeding (as it were) into another mans harvest, found an open way to what course hee list, the which hee bent not to that point which the former governours intended, but rather quicke contrary, as it were in seorne of the former, and in vaune vaunt of his owne counsellors, with the which hee was too wilfully caried; for hee did twade downe and disgrace all the English, and set up and commutate the Irish all that hee could, whether thinking thereby to make them more tractable and buxome to his government, (wherein hee thought much amisse,) or privity plotting some other purposes of his owne, as it partly afterwards appeared; but surely his manner of government could not be sound nor wholesome for that realme, it being so contrary to the former. For it was even as too physicians should take one sicke body in hand, at two sundry times: of which the former would weaken, the latter would strengthen, the one to the bodie, the other to pamper and strengthen it suddenly againe, whereof what is to bee looked for but a most dangerous relapse? That which wee now see thorough his rule, and the next after him, happened thereunto, being now more dan-
ergiously sicke then ever before. Therefore by all means it must bee fore-scene and assured, that after once entering into this course of reformation, there bee afterwards no remorse nor drawing backe for the sight of any such rueful objects, as must thereupon follow, for posterior composition of their calamities, seeing that by no other means it is possible to cure them, and that these are not of will, but of very urgent necessitie.

Ende. Thus farre then you have now proceeded to plant your garrisions, and to direct their services, of the which nevertheless I needes conceive that there cannot be any certaine direction set downe, so that they must follow the occasions which shall bee daily offered, and diligently awayted. But by your leave (Ireneums) notwithstanding all this your careful fore-sight and provision (nee none thinks) I see an evil lurke unsayed, and that may chance to hazard all the hope of this great service, if it bee not very well looked into, and that is, the corruption of their capaines; for though they be placed never so carefully, and their companies filled never so sufficiently, yet may they, if they list, discarde whom they please, and send away such as will perhaps willingly bee ridde of that dangerous and hard service, the which (well I vote) is their common custome to doe, when they are layde in garrison, for then they may better hide their defaults, then when they are in company, where they are continually eyed and noted of all men. Besides, when their pay commeth, they will (as they say) detain the greatest portion thereof at their pleasure, by a hundred shifts that need not here be named, through which they oftentimes de
evive the soldiier, and abuse the Queene, and greatly hinder the service. So that let the Queene pay never so fully, let the master-master view them never so diligently, let the deputy or general looke to them never so exactly, yet they can ozone them all. Therefore me-thinks it were good, if it be possible, to make provision for this inconveniency.

Iren. It will surely be very hard; but the chiefest helpe for prevention hereof must be the care of the coronell that hath the government of all his garrison, to have an eye to their alterations, to know the numbers and names of the sick soldiiers, and the slaine, to marke and observe their ranks in their daylie rising forth to service, by which he cannot easily bee abused, so that hee himselfe be a man of speciall assurance and integrity. And therefore great regard is to bee had in the choosing and appointing of them. Besides, I would not by any means, that the captains should have th
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paying of their soldiers, but that there should bee a pay-master appointed, of speciall trust, which should pay every man according to his capitaines ticket, and the accept of the clerke of his band, for by this meanes the capitaine will never seeke to falsifie his alterations, nor to diminish his company, nor to deceive his soldiers, when nothing thereof shalbe sure to come unto himselfe, but what is his owne bare pay. And this is the manner of the Spaniards capitaine, who never hath to meddle with his soldiers pay, and indeed scornt the name as base, to be counted * his soldiers pagadore ; whereas the contrary amongst us hath brought things so to bad a passe, that there is no capitaine, but thinkes his band very sufficient, if hee can muster 60: and stickes not to say openly, that he is unworthy to have a capitainship, that cannot make it worth 500l. by the yeare, the which they right well verifie by the proofe.

Eudox. Truly I think this is a very good meanes to avoid that inconvenience of capitaines abuses. But what say you to the coronell! what authority thinke you meete to be given him? whether will you allow him to protect or safe conduct, and to have martiall lawes as they are accustomed? I very verily, but all these to bee limited with very straite instructions. As first for protections, that hee shall have authority after the first proclamation, for the space of twenty dayes, to protect all that shall come in, and them to send to the Lord Deputy, with their safe conduct or passe, to bee at his disposition, but so as none of them returne backe again, being once come in, but be presently sent away out of the countrey, to the next sheriffe, and so conveyed in safe-tie. And likewise for martiall lawe, that to the soldier it bee not extended, but by tryall formerly of his crime, by a jury of his fellow soldiers as it ought to bee, and not rashly, at the will or displeasure of the coronell, as I have sometimes scene too lightly. And as for other of the rebels that shall light into their hauntes, that they bee well aware of what condition they bee, and what holding they have. For, in the last generall warres there, I knew many good freeholders executed by martiall law, whose landes were thereby saved to their heirs, which should have otherwise escheated to her Majestie. In all which, the great discretion and uprightness of the coronell himselfe is to bee the cheifest stay both for all those doubts, and for many other difficulties that may in the service happen.

Eudox. Your caution is very good; but now touching the arch-rebell himselfe, I meane the Earl of Tyrone, if he, in all the time of these warres, should offer to come in and submit himselfe to her Majestie, would you not have him receavd, giving good hostages, and sufficient assurance of himselfe?

Irvin. No, marrie; for there is no doubt, but hee will offer to come in, as hee hath done divers times already, but it is without any intent of true submission, as the effect hath well shewed, neither indeed can hee now, if hee would, come in at all, nor give that assurance of himselfe that should bee meete; for being as hee is very suble headed, seeing himselfe now so farre engaged in this bad action, can you thinke that by his submission, hee can purchase to himselfe any safety, but that heere-after, when things shall bee quieted, these his villanies will be ever remembered! and whensoever hee shall treate awry, (as needes the most righteous must sometimes) advantage will bee taken thereof, as a breach of his pardon, and hee brought to a reckoning for all former matters; besides, how hard it is now for him to frame himselfe to subjuction, that having once set before his eyes the hope of a kingdome, hath therunto not onely found encourage ment from the greatest king in Christendome, but also found great faintnes in her Majesties understanding him, whereby he is animated to think that his power is able to defend him, and offend further then he hath done, whensoever he please, let every reasonable man judge. But if hee himselfe should come and leave all other, his accomplies without, as O Donel, Mac Mahone, Maguire, and the rest, he must needs thinke that then even they will ere long cut his throate, which having drawne them all into this occasion, now in the midst of their trouble giveth them the slip; whereby hee must needs perceive how impossible it is for him to submit himselfe. But yet if hee would so doe, can he give any good assurance of his obedience? For how weak hee shall be there by hostages, hath too often beene proved, and that which is spoken of taking Shane O-Nealles sonnes from him, and setting them up against him as a very perillous counsaille, and not by any means to be put in proofe; for were they set forth and coulde overthrow him, who should afterwards overthrow them, or what assurance can be had of them! It will be like the tale in AEsop, of the wild horse, who, having emynity with the stagge, came to a man to desire his ayde against his foe, who yelding thereunto, mounted upon his backe, and so following the stagge, ere long slew him, but then when the horse would have him alight he refused, but ever after kept him in his subjuction and service. Such I doubt would bee the proofe of Shane O-Neales sonnes. Therefore it is most dangerous to attempt any such plot; for even that very manner of plot, was the means by which this traytorous Earle is now made great; For when the last O-Neale, called Terling Leinagh, began to stand upon some ticle ternes, this fellow then, called Baron of Dunganon, * was set up as it were to be heard, and contemnaced and strengthened by the Queene so far, as that he is now able to kepe her selfe play; much like unto a game ster that having lost all, borroweth of his next fellow-gamester somwmat to maintaine play, which he setting unto him againe, shortly thereby winneth all from the winner.

Eudox. Was this rebell then set up at first by the Queene (as you say) and now become so undaiful?

Irvin. He was (I assure you) the most outcast of all the O-Neales then, and lift up by her Majesty out of the dust, to that he hath now wrought himselfe unto, and now hee playeth like the frozen snake, who being for compassion releived by the husbandman, soone after he was warme began to hisse, and threaten danger even to him and his.

Eudox. He surely then deserveth the punishment of that snake, and should worthily be heaved 

* his soldiers pagadore; Papador, Spanish; a pay-master or treasurer. Todd.

* was set up as it were to be heard him. To afford him Todd.
to pieces. But if you like not the letting forth of Shane O-Neales some against him, what say you then of that advice which I heard was given by some, to draw in Scots, to serve against him? how like you that advice?

Iren. Much worse then the former; for who that is experienced in those parts knoweth not that the O-Neales are necarly allied unto the Mac-Neiles of Scotland, and to the Earle of Argyle, from whence they use to have all succours of those Scots and Redshankes: Besides all these Scots are, through long continuance, intermingled and allied to all the inhabitants of the North; so as there is no hope that they will ever be willing to serve faithfully against their old friends and kinsmen: And though they would, how when they have overthrown him, and the warres are finished, shall they themselves be put out? Doe we not all know, that the Scots were the first inhabitants of all the North, and that those which now are called the North Irish, are indeed very Scots, which challenge the ancient inheritance and dominion of that country, to be their owne amicently: This then were but to leap out of the pan into the fire: For the cheftest causeth of all, whose success was commonly to be according to the justness of the cause, for which it is made: For if Tyrone have any right in that seigniory (me thinks) it should be wrong to thrust him out: Or if (as I remember) you said in the beginning, that O-Neale, when he acknowledged the King of England for his heige Lord and Sovereign, did (as he alledged) reserve in the same submission his seigniories and rights unto himselfe, what should it be accounted to thrust him out of the same?

Iren. For the right of O-Neale in the seigniory of the North, it is surely none at all: For besides that the Kings of England conquered all the realme, and thereby assumed and invested all the right of that land to themselves and their heirs and successors for ever, so as nothing was left in O-Neale but what he received backe from them, O-Neale himselfe never had any ancient seigniory over that country, but what by usurpation and incroachment after the death of Duke of Clarence, he got upon the English, whose lands and possessions being formerly wasted by the Scots, under the leading of Edward le Bruce, (as I formerly declared unto you) he eft-soones entered into, and sithence hath wrongfully detained, through the other operations and great affairs which the Kings of England (soone after) fell into here at home, so as they could not intend to the recovery of that country of the North, nor restrain the insolency of O-Neale; who, finding none now to withstand him, raigned in that desolation, and made himselfe Lord of those few people that remained there, upon whom ever sithence he had continued his first usurped power, and now exacteth and exacteth upon all men what he list; so that now to subdue or expell an usurper, should bee no unjust enterprise or wrongfull warre, but a restitution of amicent right unto the crowne of England, from whence they were most unjustly expelled and long kept out.

Endox. I am very glad herein to be thus satisfied by you, that I may the better satisfie them, whom I have often heard to object these doubts, and shamelessly to barke at the courses which are helpt against that traiterous Earle and his adherents. But now that you have thus settled your service for Ulster and Connought, I would bee glad to heare your opinion for the prosicuting of Feagh Mac Hugh, who being as a base villaine, and of himselfe of no power, yet so continually troubled the state, notwithstanding that he lyeth under their nose, that I disclaim his bold arrogancy, and think it to be the greatest indignity to the Queene that may be, to suffer such a caytfife to play such Rex, and by his enample not onely to give heart and incouragement to all such bad rebels, but also to yeeld them succour and refuge against her Majesty, whencesoever they fly unto his Comerike, whereof I would first wish before you enter into your plot of service against him, that so the Queene may know, what it means he, being so base, first lifted himselfe up to this dangerous greatness, and how he maintaineth his part against the Queene and her power, notwithstanding all that hath beene done and attempted against him. And whether also hee have any pretence of right in the lands which he houldeth, or in the warres that he maketh for the same?

Iren. I will so, at your pleasure, and will further declare, not only the first beginning of his private house, but also the original of the Sept of the Birnes and Tooles, so farre as I have learned the same from some of themselves, and gathered the rest by reading: The people of the Birnes and Tooles (as before I shewed unto you my conjecture) descended from the amicent Brittaines, which first inhabited all those easterne parts of Ireland, as their names doe betoken: for Brin in the brittish language signifieth woody, and Toole hilly, which names it seemeth they tooke of thee countries which they inhabited, which is all very mountainous and woody. In the which it seemeth that ever since the conquering in to the English with *Dermod ni Gall, they have continued: Whether that their country being so rude and mountainous was of them despised, and thought unworthy the inhabiting, or that they were received to grace by them, and suffered to enjoy their lands, as unif for any other, yet it seemeth that in some places of the same they have put foote, and fortified with sundry castles, of which the ruins onely doe there now remaine, since which time they are grown to that strength, that they are able to lift up hand against all that stays: and now lately through the kindness and late good successe of this Feagh Mac Hugh, they are so farre imboldened, that they threaten perill even to Dublin, over whose necke they continually hang. But touching your demand of this Feagles right unto that country which he claims, or the seigniory therein, it is most vaine and arro-

* Dermod ni Gall,] Dermod Mac Morogh, King of Leinster, who was surnamed ni Gall, as being a friend to the English, and chief instrument in uniting them to the conquest of Ireland. Sir James Ware.
gant. For this you cannot be ignorant, that it was part of that which was given in inheritance by Dormont Mac Morrough, King of Leinster, unto Strongbowe with his daughter, and which Strongbowe gave over unto the King and his heirs, so as the right is absolutely now in her Majesty, and if it were not, yet could it not be in this Feagh, but in * O Brin, which is the ancient Lord of all that country; for he and his amanscers were but followers unto O Brin; and his grandfather Shane Mac Terlagh, was a man of meanest regard amongst them, neither having wealth nor power. But his sonne Hugh Mac Shane, the father of this Feagh, first began to lift up his head, and through the strength and great fastnes of Glan-Malor, which adjoineth unto his house of Ballinecor, drew unto him many theeveys and out-lаwes, which fled unto the succour of that glyme, as to a sanctuary, and brought unto him part of the spoyle of all the country, through which he grew strong, and in short space got unto himselfe a great name thereby amongst the Irish, in whose footing this his sonne continuing, hath, through many unhappy occasions, increased his said name, and the opinion of his greatness. Being which that now he is become a dangerous enemy to deale withall.

Eudox. Surely I can commend him, that being of himselfe of so meane condition, hath through his owne hardinesse lifted himselfe up to the height, that he dare now front princes, and make tarmes with great potentates; the which as it is to him honourable, so it is to them most disgracefull, to be bearded of such a base varlet, that being but of late growne out of the dunghill, beginnew now to over-crow so high mountains, and make himselfe great protector of all outlaws and rebels that will redpate unto him. But doe you thinke he is new so dangerous an enemy as he is counted, or that it is so hard to take him downe as some suppose?

Iren. No verily, there is no great reckoning to bee made of him; for had he ever beene taken in hand, when the rest of the realme (or at least the parts adjoyning) had ben quiet, as the honourable gent, that now governeth there (I meane Sir William Russell) gave a notable attempt thereunto, and had worthyly performed it, if his course had not beene crossed unhappily, he could not have stood 3. moneths, nor ever have looked up against a vambrace power; but now all the parts about him being up in a madding mood, as the Moores in Leix, the Cavanaghes in the county of Wexford, and some of the Butlers in the county of Kilkenny, they all flocke unto him, and drawe into his country, as to a strong houle, where they thinke he be safe from all that prosecute them: And from thence they doe at their pleasures brake out into all the borders adjoyning, which are well peopled countys, as the counties of Dublin, of Kildare, of Catherlagh, of Kilkenny, of Wexford, with the spoiles whereof they victuall and strengthen them-selves, which otherwise should in short time be starved, and sore pined; so that what he is of himselfe, you may hereby perceive.

Eudox. Then by so much as I gather out of your speech, the next way to end the warres with him, and to rote him out quite, should be to keepe him from invading of those countys adjoyning, which (as I suppose) is to be done, either by drawing all the inhabitants of those next borders away, and leaving them utterly waste, or by planting garrisons upon all those frontiers about him, that, when he shall breake forth, may set upon him and shorten his returne.

Iren. You conceive very rightly, Eudoxus, but for that the dispeopling and driving away all the inhabitants from the countrey about him, which you speake of, should bee a great confusion and trouble, aswell for the unwillingnesse of them to leave their possessions, as also for placing and providing for them in other countries, (me thinks) the better course should be by planting of garrisons about him, whereby whenever he shall leske forth, or be drawne out with the desire of the spoyle of those borders, or for necessity of victuall, shall be always ready to intercept his going or comming.

Eudox. Where then doe you wish those garrisons to be planted that they may serve best against him, and how many in every garrison?

Iren. I my selfe, by reason that (as I told you) I am no martiall man, will not take upon me to direct so dangerous affairs, but onely as I understood by the purposes and plots, which the Lord Grey who was well experienced in that service, against him did lay downe, whereof he onely required 1000. men to be laid in 6. garrisons, that is, at Ballinecor 200. footemen and 50. horsemen, which should shut him out of his great glyme, whereto he so much trusteth; at Knockdough 200. footemen and 50. horsemen, to answer the county of Catherlagh; at Arcol or Wicklow 200. footemen and 50. horsemen to defend all that side towards the sea. In Shillelagh 100. footemen which should cut him from the Cavanaghes, and the county of Wexford; and about the three castles 50. horsemen, which should defend all the county of Dublin; and 100. footemen at Talbots Towne, which should keep him from breaking out into the county of Kildare, and be always on his necke on that side: The which garrisons so laide, will so buse him, that he shall never rest at home, nor stirre forth abroad but he shall be had; as for his creete they cannot be above ground, but they must needs fall into their hands or starve, for he hath no fastnes nor refuge for them. And as for his partakers of the Moores, Butlers, and Cavanaghes, they will soone leave him, when they see his fastnes and strong places thus taken from him.

Eudox. Surely this seemeth a plot of great reason, and small difficulty, which promiseth hope of a short end. But what special directions will you set downe for the services and risings out of these garrisons?

Iren. None other then the present occasions shall minister unto them, and as by good espials, whereof there they cannot want store, they shall be drawne continually upon him, so as one of them shall be still upon him, and sometimes all at one instant, bating him. And this (I assure my selfe) will demand no long time, but will be all finished in the space of one yeare, which how small a thing it is, unto the eternell quietnesse which shall thereby be purchased to that realme, and the great good which should growe to his Majesty, should (as I thinke) readily drawe on her Highnesse to the undertaking of the enterprise.

Eudox. You have very well (me thinks), Irenues, plotted a course for the attiching of those warres now in Ireland, which seems to ask no long time, nor great charge, so as the effecting thereof
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bee committed to men of sure trust, and sound experience, aswell in that country, as in the manner of those services; for if it be left in the hands of such rawe captains, as are usually sent out of England, being thereunto onely preferred by friendship, and not chosen by sufficiency, it will some fall to the ground.

Iren. Therefore it were meete (me thinks) that such captains onely were thereunto employed, as have formerly served in that country, and been at least lieutenants unto other captains there. For otherwise being brought and transferred from other services abroad, as in France, in Spain, and in the Low-countries, though they be of good experience in the way, yet have never so well deserved, yet in these they will be new to seeke, and, before they have gathered experience, they shall buy it with great losse to her Majestie, either by hazarding of their companies, through ignorance of the places, and manner of the Irish services, or by loosing a great part of the time which is required hereunto, being but short, in which it might be finisht, almost before they have taken out a new lesson, or can tell what is to be done.

Eudox. You are no good friend to new captains; it seemes Iren, you barre them from the credit of this service: but (to say truth) me thinks it were meete, that any one before he came to be a captain, should have beene a soldiour; for, "Farere qui nescit, nescit imperare." And besides there is great wrong done to the old soldiour, from whom all meanes of advancement which is due unto him, is cut off, by shuffling in these new cutting captains, into the place for which he hath long served, and perhaps better deserved. But now that you have thus (as I suppose) finished all the warre, and brought all things to that low ebbie which you speake of, what course will you take for the bringing in of that reformation which you intend, and recovering all things from this desolate estate, in which (me thinks) I behold them now left, unto that perfect establishment and new common-wealth which you have conceivd of, by which so great good may redound unto her Majestie, and an assured peace bee confirmed! for that is it whereunto wee are now to looke, and doe greatly long for, being long silence made wearey with the huge charge which you have laide upon us, and with the strong insufficiency of so many complaints, so many delays, so many doubts and dangers, as will hereof (I know well) arise; unto the which before weree come, it were meete (me thinks) that you should take some order for the soldiour, which is now first to bee discharged and disposed of, some way: the which if you doe not well see, may growe to as great inconveniencie as all this that I suppose you have quitt us from, by the loose leaving of so many thousand soldiours, which from thence forth will be unfit for any labour or other trade, but must either seeke service and employment abroad, which may be dangerous, or else employ themselves here at home, as may bee discommodious.

Iren. You say very true, and it is a thing much mislyked in this our common-wealth, that no better course is taken for such as have been imploied in service, but that returning, whether mayned, and so unable to labour, or otherwise whole and sound, yet afterwards unwilling to worke, or rather willing to set the hang-man on work. But that needeth another consideration; but to this which wee have now in hand, it is farre from my meaning to leave the soldiour so at randome, or to leave that waste remnant so weakened and desitute of strength, which may both defend it against others that might seeke then to set upon it, and also keepe it from that relapse which I before did fore-cast. For it is one speciall good of this plot, which I would devise, that 6000. soldiours of these whom I have now imploied in this service, and made thoroughly acquainted both with the state of the country, and manners of the people, should henceforth bee still continued, and for ever maintayned of the country, without any charge to her Majestie; and the rest that are either olde, and unable to serve any longer, or willing to fall to thrist, as I have seen many soldiours after the service to prove very good husbands, should bee placed in part of the landes by them wone, at such rate, or rather better then others, to whome the same shall be set out.

Eudox. Is it possible, Irenicus! can there be any such meanes devised, that so many men should be kept still in her Majesties service, without any charge to her at all! Surely this were an exceeding great good, both to her Highnes to have so many olde soldiours and others readie at call, to what purpose soever she list to employ them, and also to have that hand thereby so strengthened, that it shall neither feare any foreign invasion, nor proue, which the Irish shall ever attempt, but shall keepe them under in continuall awe and firme obedience.

Iren. It is so indeed. And yet this truely I doe not take to be any matter of great difficultie, as I think it will also soone appeare unto you. And first we will speake of the North part, for that the same is of more weight and importance. So soone as it shall appeare that the enemy is brought downe, and the stout rebell either cut off, or driven to that wretchednesse, that hee is no longer able to holde up his head, but will come in to any conditions, which I assure my selfe will be befoe the end of the second Winter, I wish that there bee a generall proclamation made, that whatsoever out-laws will freely come in, and submit themselves to her Maies- tyes mercy, shall have liberty so to doe, where they shall either finde that grace they desire, or have leave to returne againe in safety; upon which it is likely that so many as survive, will come in to sue for grace, of which who soever may be thought meet for subjection, and fit to be brought to good, may be received, or else all of them; (for I think that all wilbe but a very few;) upon condition and assurance that they will submit themselves absolutely to her Maiesties ordinance for them, by which they shall be assured of life and libertie, and be onely tyed to such conditions as shall bee thought by her meet for containing them ever after in due obedience. To the which conditions I nothing doubt, but they will all most readily, and upon their knees submit themselves, by the proofe of that which I have seen in Musumer. For upon the like proclamation there, they all came in both tagg and ragg, and when as afterwaerdes many of them were denied to be received, they bade them doe with them what they would, for they would not by any meanes returne againe, nor goe forth. For in that case who will not accept almost of any conditions, rather than dye of hunger and miserie!

Eudox. It is very likely so. But what then is the ordinance, and what bee the conditions which
you will propose unto them, which shall reserve unto them an assurance of life and liberty!

Iren. So soon as they have given the best assurance of themselves which may be required, which must be (I suppose) some of their principal men to remain in hostage one for another, and some other for the rest, for other surety I reckon of none that may bind them, neither of wife, nor of children, since then perhaps they would gladly be ridder of both from the famine; I would have them first unarmèd utterly, and stripped quite of all their warlike weapons, and then, these conditions set down and made knowne unto them, that they shall be to ye President in Leinster, given to occupy and to live upon, in such sort as shall become good subjects, to labour therefor for their living, and to apply themselves to honest trades of civility, as they shall every one be found meete and able for.

Eudox. Where then a Gods name will you place them in Leinster? or will you finde out any new land there for them that is yet unknowne?

Iren. No, I will place them all in the countrey of the Birnes and Tooles, which Phægan Mac Hugh hath, and in all the lands of the Cavanidges, which are now in rebellion, and all the lands which will fall to her Maiestie there abouts, which I know to be very spacious and large enough to containe them, being very neere twenty or thirty miles wyde.

Eudox. But then what will you doe with all the Birnes, the Tooles, and the Cavanidges, and all those that now are joynded with them?

Iren. At the same very time, and in the same very manner that I make that proclamation to them of Ulster, will I have it also made to these, and upon their submission thereunto, I will take like assurance of them as of the other. After which, I will translate all that remaines of them unto the places of the other in Ulster, with all their creete, and what else they have left them, the which I will cause to be divided amongst them in some meete sort, as each may thereby have somewhat to sustaine himselfe a while withall, untill, by his further travaile and labour of the earth, he shalbe able to provide himselfe better.

Eudox. But will you give the land then freely unto them, and make them heires of the former rebels? so may you perhaps make them also heires of all their former villainies and disorders; or how else will you dispose of them?

Iren. Not so; but all the lands will I give unto Englishmen, whom I will have drawne thither, who shall have the same with such estates as shall bee thought meete, and for such rent as shall oft-soones bee rated; under every of those Englishmen will I place some of those Irish to bee tenants for a certaine rent, according to the quantity of such land, as every man shall have allotted unto him, and shalbe found able to wierd, wherein this speciall regard shall be had, that in no place under any land-lord there shall bee many of them placed together, but dispersd wise from their acquaintance, and scattered farre aheade thorowall the countrey: For that is the evill which now I finde in all Ireland, that the Irish dwell altogether by their septs, and several nations, so as they may practise or conspire what they will; whereas if there were English well placed among them, they should not bee able once to stirre or to mutine, but that it should be knowne, and they shortend according to their demerites.

Eudox. You have good reason; but what rating of rents meane you? to what end doe you purpose the same?

Iren. My purpose is to rate the rent of all those lands of her Maiestie in such sort unto those Englishmen which shall take them, as they shall be well able to live thereupon, * to yeeld her Maiestie reasonable chieflie, and also give a competent maintenance unto the garrisons, which shall be there left amongst them; for those souldiers (as I toole you) remaining of the former garrisons, I cast to maintaine upon the rent of those lands, which shall be escheated, and to have them divided through all Ireland, in such places as the thought most convenient, and occasion may require. And this was the course which the Romanes observed in the conquest of England, for they planted some of their legions in all places convenient, the which they caused the country to maintaine, cutting upon every portion of land a reasonable rent, which they called Romeset, the which might not surcharge the tenant or free-holder, and might defray the pay of the garrison; and this hath beene always observed by all princes in all countreys, to them newly subdued, to set garrisons amongst them, to containe them in dutie whose burthens they made them to beare; and the want of this ordinance in the first conquest of Ireland by Henry the Second, was the cause of the so short decay of that government, and the quicke recovery againe of the Irish. Therefore by all meanes it is to bee provided for. And this is that I would blame, if it should not misbecome me, in the late planting of Mouster, that no care was had of this ordinance, nor any strength of garrison provided for, by a certaine allowance out of all the said lands, but only the present profite looked into, and the safe continuance thereof for ever hereafter neglected.

Eudox. But there is a land of souldiers hyde in Mouster, to the maintenance of which, what oddes is there whether the Queene, receiving the rent of the countrey, doe give pay at her pleasure, or that there be a settled allowance appointed unto them out of her lands there?

Iren. There is great oddes; for now that said rent of the countrey is not appointed to the pay of the souldiers, but it is, by every other occasion comming betwene, converted to other uses, and the souldiers in time of peace dischargd and neglcted as unnecessary; whereas if the said rent were appointed and ordained by an establishment to this end onely, it should not bee turned to any other; nor in troublous times, upon every occasion, her Majestie bee so troubled with sending over new souldiers as shee is now, nor the countrie ever should dare to mutine, having still the souldier in their neck, nor any forraigne enemy dare to invade knowing there so strong and great a garrison, allways ready to receive them.

Eudox. Sith then you thinke that this Romeset of the pay of the souldiers upon the land, to be both the readiest way to the souldiers, and least troublesome to her Majestie; tell us (I pray you) how would you have the said lands rated, that both a rent may rise thereout unto the Queene, and also the souldiers receive pay, which (me thinkes) willie hard?

* to yeeld her Maiestie reasonable chieflie] Chieflie is a small rent paid to the Lord paramount. JOHNSON.
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Iren. First we are to consider, how much land there is in all Ulster, that according to the quantity thereof we may ease the said rent and allowance issuing thereout. Ulster (as the ancient records of that realme doe testifie) doth containe 9000. plowlands, every of which plow-lands containeth 120. acres, after the rate of 21. foote to every perch of the acre, every of which plow-lands I will rate at 40 s. by the yeare; the which yearly rent amounteth in the whole to 15000 l. besides 5 s. 3 d. chiefe out of every plow-land. But because the countie of Louth, being a part of Ulster, and containing in it 712. plow-lands is not wholly to escheate to her Majesty, as the rest, therefore in all their warres contained for the most part dutifull, though otherwise a great part thereof is now under the rebels, there is an abatement to be made thereout of 400. or 500. plow-lands, as I estimate the same, the which are not to pay the whole yearly rent of 40 s. out of every plow-land, like as the escheated lands doe, but yet shall pay for their composition of esse towards the keeping of soldiers, 20 s. out of every plow-land, so as there is to bee deducted out of the former summe 200 or 300 l. yearly, the which may nevertheless be supplied by the rent of the fishings, which are exceeding great in Ulster, and by an increase of rent in the best lands, and those that lye in the best places neere the sea-coast. The which eighteen thousand pounds will defray the entertainment of 1500. souldiers, with some overplus towards the pay of the victuallers, which are to bee employed in the victuallling of these garrisons.

Eudox. So then belike you meant to leave 1500. souldiers in garrison for Ulster, to bee payde principally out of the rent of those lands, which shall be there escheated unto her Majesty. The which, where (I pray you) will you have them garrisoned?

Iren. I will have them divided into three parts, that is, 500. in every garrison, the which I will have to remaine in three of the same places, where they were before appointed, to wit, 500. at Strabane and about Loughtoile, so as they may holde all the passages of that part of the country, and some of them be put in warde, upon all the straights thereabouts, which I know to be such, as may stoppe all passages into the country on that side; and some of them also upon the lan, up towards Lough-Sideley, as I therfore directed. Also other 500. at the fore, upon Loughtorne, and warde the rest, of them, which shall bee layde at Fernamagg, at Bealick, at Ballyshannon, and all the straights towadres Connam, the which I know doe so strongly command all the passages that way, as that none can passe from Ulster into Connam, without their leave. The last 500. shall also remaine in their fort at Monoghan, and some of them bee drawne into warde, to keepe the kaies of all that country, both downwards, and also towadres O Relics countrie, and the parye and some at Eniskillen, some at Belfurt, some at the Blacke Fort, and so along that river, as I formerly shewed in the first planting of them. And moreover at every of these forts, I would have the seate of a towne layde forth and incompassed, in the which I would that there should inhabittants of all sortes, as merchants, artificers, and husbandmen, bee placed, to whom there should chartiers and franchises be granted to incorporate them. The which, as it will be no matter of dificultie to draw out of England persons which would very gladly be so placed, so would it in short space turne those parts to great commodity, and bring ever long to her Majestie much profit; for those places are as well convenient for trade and traffickke, having most convenient out gates by divers to the sea, and in-gates to the richest parts of the land, that they would soone be enriched, and mightily enlarged, for the very seating of the garrisons by them; besides the safetye and assurance which they shall worke unto them, will also draw thither store of people and trade, as I have scene ensample at Mariborough and Philipstowne in Leinster, where by reason of these two fortres, though there be but small wardes left in them, there are two good towmes now growne, which are the greatest stay of both those two countrie.

Eudox. Indeed (me thinke) three such towmes as you say, would do very well in those places with the garrisons, and in short space would be so augmented, as they would bee able with little to in-wall themselves strongly; but, for the planting of all the rest of the countrie, what order would you take?

Iren. What other then (as I said) to bring people out of England, which should inhabit the same; whereunto though I doubt not but great troops would be requisite to rumine, yet for that in such cases the worst and most decayed men are most ready to remove, I would wish them rather to bee chosen out of all partes of this realme, either by discretion of wise men thereunto appointed, or by lot, or by the drumme, as was the old use in sending forth of Colonies, or such other good meanes as shall in their wisecombe bee thought meetest. Amongst the chief of which, I would have the land sett into seigniories, in such sort as it is now in Monyster, and divided into hundreds and parishes, or wardes, as it is in England, and layde out into shires, as it was aunciently, &c. The countie of Downe, the countie of Autrim, the countie of Louth, the countie of Armagh, the countie of Cavan, the countie of Colesman, * the countie of Monoghan, the countie of Tyrone, the countie of Fermannagh, the countie of Donnegall, being in all tenne. Over all which I wish a Lord President and a Councell to bee placed, which may keepe them afterwards in awe and obedience, and minister unto them justice and equity.

Eudox. Thus I see the whole purpose of your plot for Ulster, and now I desire to heare your like opinion for Connaght.

Iren. By that which I have already said of Ulster, you may gather my opinion for Connaght, being very answerable to the former. But for that the lands, which shall therein escheate unto her Majesty, are not so intirely together, as that they can be accomodated in one summe, it needeth that they be considered severally. The province of Connaught in the whole contained (as appeareth by the Records of Dublin) 7220. thousand of the former measure, and is of late divided into six shires or counties: The countie of Clare, the countie of Lectrim, the countie of Roscoman, the countie of Galway, the countie of Maio, and the countie of Sligo. Of the which all the countie of Sligo, all the countie of Maio, the most part of the countie of Roscoman, the most part of the countie of Lectrim, a great part of the countie of Galway, and

* the countie of Monoghan This is now part of the countie of London derry. Sir James Ware.
some of the county of Clare, is like to escheat to her Majesty for the rebellion of their present possessors. The which two counties of Sligo and Maio are supposed to contain almost 2000 plow-lands, the rent whereof rateably to the former, I value almost at 6000 l. per annum. The county of Roscoman, saving that which pertained to the house of Roscoman, and some few other English there lately seated, is all one, and therefore it is wholly likewise to escheat to her Majesty, saving those parts of English inhabitants, and even those English doe (as I understand by them) pay as much rent to her Majesty, as is set upon those in Ulster, counting their composition money therewithall, so as it may as well run into one reckoning with the former two counties: So that this county of Roscoman containing 1200 plow-lands, as it is accounted, amounteth to 2400 l. by the year, which with the former two counties rent, maketh about 8300 l. for the former wanted somewhat. But what the escheated lands of the county of Galway and Le-trim will rise unto, is yet uncertain to define, till survey thereof be made, for that those lands are intermingled with the Earle of Clanricardes, and others lands, but it is thought they be the one half of both those counties, so as they may be counted to the half of the plowlands which containeth about 1000 plow-lands; for so many the least county of them all comprehended, which maketh 2000 l. more, that is in all ten or eleven thousand pounds. The other 2 counties must remaine till their escheats appeare, the which letting passe yet, as unknowne, yet this much is knowne to be accepted for certaine, that the composition of these two counties, being rated at 20 shill. every plow-land, will amount to above 2000 pounds more, all which being bide together to the former, may be reasonably estimated to rise unto 12000 pounds, the which summe, together with the rent of the escheated lands in the two last counties, which cannot yet be valued, being, as I doubt not, no lesse then a thousand pounds more, will yeeld pay largely unto 1000 men and their victuallers, and 1000 pounds over towards the Governour.

Eudor. You have (me thinkes) made but an estimate of those lands of Connaght, even at a very venture, so as it should be hard to build any certainty of charge to be raised upon the same.

Iren. Not altogether upon uncertainties; for this much may easily appear unto you to be certaine, as the composition money of every plowland amounteth unto; for this I would have you principally to understand, that my purpose is to rate all the lands in Ireland at 20 shill. every plowland, for their composition towards the garrison. The which I know, in regard of being freed from all other charges whatsoever, will be readily and most gladly yeelded unto. So that there being in all Ireland (as appeareth by their old Records) 43920 plow-lands, the same shall amount to the summe likewise of 43920 pounds, and the rest to be reared of the escheated lands which fall to her Majesty in the said provinces of Ulster, Connaght, and that part of Leinster under the rebels; for Munster wee deale not yet withall.

Eudor. But tell me this, by the way, doe you then lay composition upon the escheated lands as you doe upon the rest? for so (me thinkes) you reckon altogether. And that sake were too much to pay 7. nobles out of every plow-land, and composition money besides, that is 20 shill. out of every plow-land.

Iren. No, you mistake me; I doe put only 7 nobles rent and composition both upon every plow-land escheated, that is 40. shill. for composition, and 6. shill. 3. pence for cheifrie to her Majesty.

Eudor. I doe now conceive you; proceeve then (I pray you) to the appointing of your garrisons in Connaght, and shew us both how many and where you would have them placed.

Iren. I would have 1000 hide in Connaght, in 2 garrisons; namely, 500 in the county of Maio, about Clan Mac Costilagh, which shall keep all and the half of the county of Mayo; The other 500. in the county of Galway, about Garvandaugh, that they may containe the Conhors and the Bourkes there, the Kellies and Murries, with all them there-aboutes; for that garrison which I formerly placed at Longhearnel will serve for all occasions in the county of Sligo, being more adjoining thereunto, so as in one nights march they maye be in any place thereof, when neede shall require them. And like as in the former places of garrisons in Ulster, I wished three corporate towns to be planted, which made the safeguard of that length should dwell and trade safely with all the country about them; so would I also wish to be in this of Connaght: and that besides, there were another established at Ath lone, with a convenient ward in the castle there for their defence.

Iren. What should that neede, seeing the Governour of Connaght useth to lye there alwayes, whose presence will be a defence to all that towneiship?

Iren. I know he doth so, but that is much to be disliked, that the Governour should lye so farre of, in the remest place of all the province, whereas it were meeeter that he should be continually abiding in the midst of the charge, that he might both looke out alike unto all places of his government, and also be soone at hand in any place, where occasion shall demand him; for the presence of the Governour is (as you sayd) a great stay and bridall unto those that are ill disposed: like as I see it is well observed in Munster, where the dayly good thereof is continually apparent: and, for this cause also, doe I greatly mislike the Lord Deputies seating at Dublin, being the outest corner of the realme, and least needing the awe of his presence; whereas (me thinkes) it were fitter, since his proper care is of Leinster, though he have care of all besides generally, that he should sente himselfe at Athie, or there-abouts, upon the skirt of that unquiet country, so that he might sit as it were at the very maine waste of his ship, wherehe he might easily over looke and sometimes over-reach the Moores, the Denpasles, the Conmors, O-Carroll, O-Molloy, and all that hepe of Irish nations which there lyed laded together, without any to overawe them, or containe them in dutie. For the Irishman (I assure you) faires the Government no longer then he is within sight or reach.

Eudor. Surely (me thinkes) herein you observe a matter of much importance more then I have heard ever noted, but sure that seems so expedient, as that I wonder that heretofore it hath beene overseen or omitted; but I suppose the instance of the citizens of Dublin is the greatest left thereof.
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Iren. Truely then it ought not so to be; for no cause have they to fear that it will be any hindrance to them; for Dublin will bee still, as it is the key of all passages and transportation out of England thither, no lesse profit of those citizens then it now is, and besides other places will hereby receive some profit. But how it is to be done (pray you) come to Leinster, in the which I would wish the same course to be observed, that was in Ulster.

Eudox. You mean for the leaving of the garrisons in their forts, and for planting of English in all those countieys, betweene the county of Dublin and the county of Wexford; but those waste wild places I thinke when they are won unto her Majesty, that there is none which will be hasty to seek to inhabite.

Iren. Yes enough. (I warrant you) for though for the whole tracts of the country be mountaineous and woody, yet there are many goodly valleys amongst them, fit for faire habitation, to which those mountains adjoyned will be a great increase of pasturage; for that country is a great soyle of cattle, and very fit for breed: as for corn it is nothing natural, save onely for barley and oats, and some places for rye, and therefore the larger pennyworthes may be allowed to them, though otherwise the wildnes of the mountaine pasturage doe recompence the badnes of the soyle, so as I doubt not but it will find inhabitantes and undertakers enough.

Eudox. How much doe you thinke that all those lands, which Feagh Mac Hugh houldeth under him, may amount unto, and what rent may be recev'd thereout, to the maintenance of the garrisons that shall be there id?

Iren. Truely it is impossible by reason to tell it, and for experience and knowledge thereof, I doe not thinke that there was ever so much of the particulars thereof, but yet I will (if it please you) guesseth thereat, upon ground onely of their judgement which have formerly divided all that country into 2 shires or countieys, namely the countie of Wicklow, and the *countie of Fernes*; the which I see no cause but that they should wholly escheate to her Majesty, all save the barony of Arbot which is the Earle of Ormonde's auncient inheritance, and hath ever been in his possession; for all the whole land is the Queene's, unless there be some grant of any part thereof, to bee shewed from her Majesty; as I think there is onely of New Castle to Sir Henrie Harrington, and of the castle of Fernes to Sir Thomas Masterson, the rest, being almost 30 miles over, I doe suppose, can contain no lesse than 20000 plow-lands, which I will estimate at 4000. pounds rent, by the yeare. The rest of Leinster being 7. countieys, to wit, the county of Dublin, Kildare, Catherligh, Wexford, Kilkenny, the Kings and the Queene county, doe contain in them 7400. plow-lands, which amounteth to so many pounds for composition to the Garrison, that makes in the whole 11400. pounds, which summe will yeeld pay unto 10000000 pounds a little hunting, which may be supphied out of other lands of the Cavagnages, which are to be eschated to her Majesty for the rebellion of their possessors, though otherwise indeed they bee of her owne auncient demesne.

Eudox. It is great reason. But tell us now where you will wish those garrisons to be laide, whether altogether, or to bee dispersed in sundry places of the country?

Iren. Marry, in sundry places, viz. in this sort, or much the like as may be better advised, for 200. in a place I doe thinke to bee enough for the safe-keeng of that country, and keeping under all sub-daines uparts, that shall seek to trouble the peace thereof; therefore I wish 200. to be laide at Bal- linecor for the keeping of all bad persons from Glen-maor, and all the fastnes thereabouts, and also to containe all that shall be planted in those lands there-aboue. Another 200. at Knockelough in their former place of garrison, to keepe the Brackagh and all those mountains of the Cavagnages; 200. more to lie at Fernes and upards, inward upon the Shane; 200. to be placed at the fort of Lox, to restraine the Mores, Upper-Ossory, and O-Carrol; other 200. at the fort of Olyby, to curbe the O-Connors, O-Molloyes, Mac-Coghlan, Mageoghegan, and all those Irish nations bordering there-aboue.

Eudox. Thus I see all your men bestowed in Leinster; what say you then of Meath?

Iren. Meath which containeth both East Meath, and West Meath, and of late the Amaly, now called the county of Longford, is counted therunto: But Meath it selfe according to the old Records, containeth 4320 plow-lands, and the county of Longford 917, which in the whole makes 5267. plow-lands, of which the composition money will amount likewise to 5267. pounds to the maintenance of the garrison: But because all Meath, lying in the bosome of that kingdom is always quiet enough, it is needless to put any garrison there, so as all that charge may be spared. But in the county of Longford I wish 200. footmen and 50. horsemen to bee placed in some convenient scape, betweene the Amaly and the Brany, as about Lough Sillon, or some like place of that river, so as they might keepe both the O-Relies, and also the O-Ferrals, and all that out- skirt of Meath, in awe, the which use upon every light occasion to be stirring, and, having continual cunny amongst themselves, doe thereby oftentimes trouble all those parts, the charge whereof being 3400. and odde pounds is to be cut out of that composition money for Meath and Longford, the over plus being almost 2000. pounds by the yeare, will come in clearly to her Majesty.

Eudox. It is worth the heatcking unto: But now that you have done with Meath, proceed (I pray you) to Munster, that wee may see how it will rise there for the maintenance of the garrison.

Iren. Munster containeth by Record at Dublin 16000. plow-lands, the composition whereof, as the rest, will make 16000. pounds by the yeare, out of the which I would have 1000. souldiers to be maintained for the defence of that province, the charge whereof with the victuallers wages, will amount to 1200. pounds by the yeare; the other 4900. pounds wil. defray the charge of the Presidency and the Council of that province.

Eudox. The reckoning is ease, but in this encount, by your leave (me thinkes) you are deceived; for in this summe of the composition money, you account the lands of the undertakers of that province, who are, by their grant from the Queene, to bee free from all such impositions whatsoever, excepting their annie rent, which is surely enough.

Iren. You say true, I did so, but the same 29,
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shil. for every plow-land, I meant to have deducted out of that rent due upon them to her Majesty, which is no hinderance, nor charge at all more to her Majesty then it now is; for all that rent which she receives of them, she putteth forth againe to the maintenance of the President, and thereit is. Hereinafter, the charge of it doth more distinctly appear; whereas in this accomplish both that charge of the Presidency, and also of a thousand souldeours more, shall be maintained.


dowed. It should be well if it could be brought to that: But now where will you have your thousand men garrisoned?

Iren. I would have a hundred of them placed at the Bauntry where is a most fit place, not only to defend all that side of the west part from foraine invasion, but also to answer all occasions of troubles, to which that country being so remote is very subject. And surely there also would be planted a good town, having both a good haven and a plentiful fishing, and the land being already escheated to her Majesty, but being forcibly kept from her, by one that proclaims himselfe the bastard son of the Earl of Clanear, being called Domell Mac Carty, whom it is meete to forsee to; For whenser the Earl shall die, all those lands (after him) are to come unto her Majesty, he is like to make a foule stirre there, though of himselfe no power, yet through supportance of some others who lye in the wind, and looke after the fall of that inheritance. Another hundred I would have placed at Castle Mayne, which should keep all Desmond and Kerry; for it answereth them both most conveniently: Also about Kilmore in the county of Cork, would I have 2. hundred placed, the which should breake that nest of thieves there, and answer equally both to the county of Limericke, and also the county of Cork; Another hundred would I have lye at Corke, aswell to command the town, as also to be ready for any foraine occasion: Likewise at Waterford, would I place 2. hundred, for the ports thereunto, and privy causes, that are no lesse important: Moreover on this side of Arlo, near to Muskery Quirke, which is the countrey of the Burkes, about Kill-Patrickie, I would have two hundred more to be garrisoned, which should scour the White Knights country and Arlo, and Muskery Quirke, by which places all the passages of thieves doe lye, which convey their stealth from all Munster downewards towards Tipperary, and the English Pale, and from the English Pale also up unto Munster, whereof they use to make a commodious trade: Besides that, one long I doubt that the county of Tipperary it selfe will neede such a strength in it, which were good to be there ready before the evil fall, that is dayly of some expected: And thus you see all your garrisons placed.

Eudox. I see it right well, but let me (I pray you) by the way aske you the reason, why in those cities of Munster, namely Waterford and Corke, you rather place garrisons, than in all others in Ireland! For they may thinke themselves to have great wrong to bear so charged above all the rest.

Iren. I will tell you; those two cities above all the rest, do offer an ingate to the Spaniard most fitly: But yet because they shall not take exceptions to this, that they are charged above all the rest, I will also lay a charge upon the others likewise; for indeed it is no reason that the corporate towns

enjoying great franchises and privileges from her Majesty, and living thereby not onely safe, but drawing to them the wealth of all the land, should live so free, as not to be partakers of the burden of this garrison for their own safety, specially in this time of trouble, and seeing all the rest burthened; (and therefore) I will thus charge them all ratably, according to their abilities, towards their maintenance, the which her Majesty may (if she please) spare out of the charge of the rest, and reserve towards her other costs, or else add to the charge of the Presidency in the North.

Waterford. C. Clonmel. X. Dunvalke. X.
Corke. L. Cashel. X. Mollingare. X.
Limericke. L. Fedard X. Newrie. X.
Galway. L. Kilkenney XXV. Trim. X.
Dingleash. X. Wexford XXV. Ardee. X.
Kinsale. X. Tredah XXV. Kells. X.
Volgall. X. Ross XXV. Dublin. C.
Kilmallock X.

In all 500.

Eudox. It is ease, Irenecius, to lay a charge upon any town, but to foresee how the same may be answered and defrayed, is the chief part of good advisement.

Iren. Surely this charge which I put upon them, I know to bee so reasonable, as that it will not much be felt; for the part townes that have benefit of shipping may cut it easilie off their trading, and townes of the same comne and cattle; neither do I see, but since to them especially the benefit of peace doth redound, that they especially should bear the burthen of their safeguard and defence, as wee see all the townes of the Low-Countrys, doe cut upon themselves an excuse of all things towards the maintenance of the warre that is made in their behalfe, to which though these are not to be compared in richesse, yet are they to bee charged according to their povertie.

Eudox. But now that you have thus set up these forces of soldiers, and provided well (as you suppose) for their pay, yet there remaineth to fore-cast how they may bee victualled, and where purvayence thereof may bee made; for, in Ireland it selfe, I cannot see almost how any thing is to bee had for them, being already so pitifully wasted, as it is with this short time of warre.

Iren. For the first two yeares, it is needfull indeede that they bee victualled out of England thoroughly, from half yeare to halfe yeare, aforhand. All which time the English Pale shall not bee burdened at all, but shall have time to recover themselves; and Munster also, being reasonably well stored, will by that time, (if God send seasonable weather,) bee thoroughly well furnished to supply a great part of that charge, for I knowe there is a great plenty of corne sent over sea from thence, the which if they might have sale for at home, they would bee glad to have money so neree hand, specially if they were strightely restrayned from transporting of it. Therunto also there will bee a great helpe and furtherance given, in the putting forward of husbandrie in all meece places, as hereafter shall be in due place apprehend. And therewithal, these things shall growe into a better strength, and the country be replenished with corne, as in short space it will, if it bee well followed, for the country people themselves are great plowers, and small spenders of corne, then would I wish that there should bee good store of houses and
magazines erected in all those great places of gar- 

dison, and in all great towes, as well for the 

victualing of souldiers, and shippes, as for all 

occasions of suddaine services, as also for preventing of 

all times of death and scarcity; and this want is 
much to bee complained of in England, above all 

other countrieys, who, trusting too much to the 

usual blessing of the earth, doe never fore-cast any 

such hard seasons, nor any such suddaine occasions 
as these troublous times may every day bring forth, 

when it will bee to late to gather provision from 

abroad, and to bring it perhaps from farre for 

the furnishing of shippes or souldiers, which perad- 

venture may neede to bee presently employed, and 

whose want may (which God forbid) hap to hazard a 
kingsome.

Eudox. Undeede the want of those magazines of 

victuals, I have often times complain'd of in Eng- 

land, and wondered at in other countreyes, but that 
is nothing now to our purpose; but as for these 
garrisones which you have now so strongly planted 
throughout all Ireland, and every place swarmeing 
with souldiers, shall there bee no end of them? 

For now thus being (me thinke) I doe see rather 

a country of warre, then of peace and quiet, which 
you carst pretendt to worke in Ireland; for if you 
bring all things to that quietness that you said, 

what then needeth to maintaine so great forces, 
as you have charged upon it?

Iren. I will unto you Eudox. in privatte discover 

the drift of my purpose: I meane (as I tolde you) 

and doe well hope thereby both to settle an eternal 

peace in that countrie, and also to make it very 

profitable to her Majestie, the which I see must 
bring in with a strong hand, and so continued, 
till it runne in a steadfast course of government, 

which in this sort will neither bee difficult nor 
dangerous; for the souldier being once brought in 
for the service into Ulster, and having subdued it 
and Connaught, I will not have him to lay downe his 
armes any more, till bee have effected that which 
I purpose, that is, first to have this general com- 

position for maintenance of these throughout all 
the realme, in regard of the troublous times, and 
daylie danger which is threatened to this realme by 
the King of Spaine: And thereupon to bestow all 
my souldiers in such sort as I have done, that no 
part of all that realme shall be able to dare to 

*quench: Then will I eftsoones bring in my refor- 
mation, and thereupon establish such a forme of 
government, as I may thinke meetest for the good of 
that realme, which being once settled, and all 
things put into a right way, I doubt not but they 
will runne on fairely. And though they would ever 
seeke to swerve aside, yet shall they not bee able 
without forrence violence, once to remoove, as you 
your selfe shall soone (I hope) in your own reason 
readily conceive; which if it shall ever appeare, then 
may her Majestie at pleasure with-draw some of 
the garrisones, and turne their pay into her purse, 
or shee will never please so to doe (which I would 
rather wish); then shall shee have a number of brave 
old souldiers always ready for any occasion that 
shee will imployle them unto, supplying their garrisones 
with fresh ones in their stead: the maintenance of 
whome, shall bee no more charge to her Majestie 
then now that realme is for all the revenue thereof; 
and much more shee spendeth, even in the most 

peaceable times, that are there, as things now stand. 
And in time of warre, which is now surely every 
seventh yeares, shee spendeth infinite treasure besides, 
to small purpose.

Eudox. I perceive your purpose; but now that 
you have thus strongly made way unto your re- 
formation, and that I see the people so humbled 
and prepared, that they will and must yeeld to any 
ordainace that shall bee given them, I doe much 
desire to understand the same; for in the beginning 
you promised to shewe a meanes how to redresse all 
those inconveniences and abuses, which you shewed 
to bee in that state of government, which now 
stands there, as in the lawes, customs, and religion, 
wherin I would gladly know first, whether, in stead 
of those lawes, you would have new lawes made; 
for now, for ought that I see, you may doe what 
you please.

Iren. I see Eudox. that you well remember our 
first purpose, and doe rightly continue the course 
thereof. First therefore to speake of lawes, since 
wee first beganne with them, I doe not thinke it 
now convenient, though it bee in the power of the 
Prince to change all the lawes and make new; for 
that should breede a great trouble and confusion, 
aswell in the English there dwelling, and to be 
planted, as also in the Irish. For the English hav- 
ing beeene alwayes trayned up in the English 
government, will hardly bee invoyed to any other, 
and the Irish will better be drawne to the English 
then the English to the Irish government. 
Therefore sithen wee cannot now apply lawes fit to 
the people, as in the first institutions of common- 
wealths it ought to bee, wee will apply the people, 
and fit them unto the lawes, as it most conveniently 
may bee. The lawes therefore wee resolve shall 
abide in the same sort that they doe, both Common 
Law and Statutes, only such defects in the Com- 
mon-law and inconveniences in the Statutes, as in 
the beginning wee noted, and as men of deeper 
insight shall advise, may be changed by some other 
new acts and ordinances to bee by Parliament there 
confirmed: As those for tryall of Pleas of the 
Crowne, and private rights betwixt partie, 
colourable conveynances, and necessaries.

Eudox. But how will those be redressed by Par- 
liament, when as the Irish which sway most in Par- 
liament (as you said) shall oppose themselves against 
them?

Iren. That may well now be avoyded: For now 
that so many Free-holders of English shall bee 
establised, they together with Burgess of townes, 
and such other loyall Irish-men, as may bee per- 
ferred to bee Knights of the shire, and such like, 
will bee able to heard and to counter-poise the rest, 
who also, being now more brought in arie, will the 
more easily submit to any such ordinances as shall 
bee for the good of themselves, and that realme 
generally.

Eudox. You say well, for by the increase of 
Free-holders their numbers hereby will be greatly 
augmented; but how should it passe through the 
higher house, which still must consiste all of Irish?

Iren. Marry, that also may bee redressed by 
ensample of that which I have heard was done in 
the like case by King Edward the Third (as I 
remember) who being greatly bearded and crossed 
by the Lords of the Cleargie, they being there by 
reason of the Lords Abbots, and others, too many 
and too strong for him, so as hee could not for
their frowardness order and reforme things as hee desired, was advised to direct out his writs to certaine Gentlemen of the best ability and truth, authorising them therein Barons, to serve and sit as Barons in the next Parliament. By which meannes hee had so many Barons in his Parliament, as were able to weigh downe the Cleargy and their friends: The which Barons they say, were not afterwards Lords, but only Barones, as smoryl of them doe yet retayne the name. And by the like device her Malestie may now likewise curbe and cut short those Irish and unruly Lords, that hinder all good proceedings.

Ludox. It seemes no lesse then for reforming of all those inconvenient statutes that you noted in the beginning, and redressing of all those evil customes; and lastly, for settling of sound religion amongst them, me thynkes you shall not neede any more to over-goe those particulars againe, which you mentioned, nor any other which might besides be remembre, but to leave all to the reformation of such a Parliament, in which, by the good care of the Lord Depuie and Counsell they may all be amended. Therefore now you may come into that generall reformation which you spoke of, and bringing in of that establishment, by which you said all should be contained in duty ever after, without the terror of warlike forces, or violent wresting of things by sharpe punishments.

 Ire. I will so at your pleasure, the whiche (me thynkes) can by no meanes be better plotted then by ensample of such other realmes as have beene annoyed with like evils, that Ireland now is, and useth still to bee. And first in this our realme of England, it is manifest by report of the Chronicles, and ancient writers, that it was greatly infected with robbers and out-laws, which, lurking in woods and fast places, were often to breake forth into the high-ways, and sometimes into small villages to rob and spoyle. For redresse whereof it is written, that King Alured, or Aldred, did divide the realme into shires, and the shires into hundreds, and the hundreds into lathes or wapentakes, and the wapentakes into tythings: So that tenne tythings make an hundred, and five make a lathe or wapentake, of which tenne, each one was bound for another, and the eldest or best of them, whom they called the Tythingman or Borsoldier, that is, the eldest plenoy became surety for all the rest. So that if any one of them did start into any untellful action, the Borsoldier was bound to bring him forth, when, joyning eft-soones with all his tything, would follow that loose person thorough all places, till they brought him in. And if all that thything fayled, then all that lathe was charged for that thything, and if that lathe fayled, then all that hundred was demanded for them; and if the hundred, then the shire, who, joyning eft-soones together, would not rest till they had found out and delivered in that undutful fellow, which was not asemable to law. And herein it seemes, that that good Saxon King followed the Counsell of Iethrio to Moyes, who advised him to divide the people into hundreds, and to set Captaines and wise men of trust over them, who should take the charge of them, and case of that burthen. And so did Romulus (as you may read) divide the Romane into tribes, and the tribes into centuries or hundreds. By this ordinance, this King brought this realme of England, (which before was most troublesome,) into that quiet state, that no one bad person could stirre be the heat, straight taken holde of by those of his own, tything, and their Borsoldier, who being his neighbor or next kinsman were privie to all his waies, and looked narrowly into his life. Which theke institution (if it were observed in Ireland) would worke that effect which it did in England, and keep all men within the compass of dutie and obedience.

Ludox. This is contrary to that you said before; for as I remember, you said, that there was a great disproporsion betweene England and Ireland, so as the lawes which were fitting for one, would not fit the other. How comes it now then, that you would transfer a principall institution from England to Ireland?

Ire. This law was not made by the Norman Conqueror, but by a Saxon King, at what time England was very like to Ireland, as now it stands: for it was (as I tolde you) annoyed greatly with robbers and out-laws, which troubled the whole state of the realme, every corner having a Robin Hood in it, that kept the woods, that spoyled all passangers and inhabitants, as Ireland now hath; so as, me thynkes, this ordinance would fit very well, and bring them all into order.

Ludox. But when you have thus tythed the commonalty, as you say, and set Borsoldiers over them all, what would you doe when you came to the gentlemen? would you holde the same course?

Ire. Yea, marry, most especiall; for this you must know, that all the Irish almost boast themselves to be gentlemen, no lesse then the Welsh; for if he can derive himselfe from the head of any seft, (as most of them can, they are so expert by their Barles,) then hee holde him selfe a gentleman, and thereupon scorneth to worke, or use any hard labour, which hee saith, is the life of a peasant or churlie; he theenceforth becometh either an horseboy, * or a stewch to some kerne, immerse himselfe to his weapon, and to the gentlemanly trade of stealing, (as they count it.) So that if a gentleman, or any weally man yeoman of them, have any children, the eldest of them perhapes shall be kept in some order, but all the rest shall shift for themyselves, and fall to this occupation. And moreover it is a common use amongst some of their gentlemen somes, that so soone as they are able to use their weapons, they straight gather to themselves three or foure straggers, or kerne, with whom wandring a while up and downe idly the country, taking onely meate, hee at last fal-then unto some bad occasion that shall be offered, which being once made knowne, hee is thenceforth counted a man of worth, in whom there is courage; whereupon there draw to him many other like loose young men, which, stirring him up with couragement, provoke him shortly to flat rebellion; and this happens not onely sometimes in the somes of their gentle-men, but also of their noble-men, speciallly of them who have base somes. For they

* or a stewch to some kerne.] The word stewch, as Dr. Johnson observes, is probably from the Erse stoich ; but is generally used by Spencer in the sense of "one walking at a horseman’s foot, or of a horseboy," as the context clearly proves; it may be in that of “an attendant or wallet-boy." So before: "The strength of all that nation, is the kerne, gallowchass, stoich, horseman, and horseboy.

* here, as in "stoich, horseman, and horseboy."
are not onely not ashamed to acknowledge them, but also to use them, and use them to such secret services, as they themselves will not be sicke in, as to plague their enemies, to spoyle their neighbours, to oppress and crush some of their owne too stubborn free-holders, which are not tractable to their wills.

Eudox. Then it seemeth that this ordinance of tying them by the pole, is not onely fit for the gentle-men, but also for the noble-men, whom I would have thought to be of so honourable a mind, as that they should not neede such a kind of being bound to their allegiance, who should rather have heart and stakke all the other from unprofitfulness, then neede to be forced thereunto themselves.

Iren. Yet so it is, Eudoxius; but because that noble-men cannot be tythed, there being not many tythings of them, and also because a Borsoldier over them should be not onely a great indignitie, but also a danger to adde more power to them then they have, or to make one the commander of tenne, I holde it meeteth that there were onely sureties taken of them, and one bound for another, whereby, if any shal swerve, his sureties shall for seigniories be made bounden unto, and seake to serve upon him; and besides this, I would wish them all to bee sworn to her Majesty, which they never yet were, but at the first creation; and that oath would sure containe them greatly, or the breach of it bring them to shorter vengeance, for God useth to punish purjurie sharpely: So I saide, that there was a corporall oath taken in the raignes of Edward the Second, and of Henry the Seventh, (when the times were very broken) of all the lord- and best gentle-men, of fealtie to the Kings, which now is no lesse needfull, because many of them are suspected to have taken an other oath privately to some bad purposes, and thereupon to have received the Sacrament, and beene sworn to a priest, which they think bindeth them more then their allegiance to their Prince, or love of their country.

Eudox. This tything to the common-people, and taking sureties of lories and gentlemen, I like very well, but that it wilbe very troublesome; should it not be as well for to have them all booked, and the lords and gentle-men to take all the menner sort upon themselves? for they are best able to bring them in, whatsoever any of them starteth out.

Iren. This indeed (Eudoxus) hath bene hitherto, and yet is a common order among t hem, to have all the people booked by the lords and gentlemen; but yet the worst order that ever was devised; for, by this booking of men, all the inferiour sort arre brought under the command of their lords, and forced to follow them into any action whatsoever. Now this you are to understand, that all the rebellions which you see from time to time happen in Ireland, are not begun by the common people, but by the lords and captains of countries, upon pride or wilfull obstinacy against the government, which whensoever they will enter into, they draue with them all their people and followers, which think themselves bound to goe with them, because they have booked them and undertaken for them. And this is the reason that in England you have such few bad occasions, because that the noble-men, however they should happen to be evil disposed, have no command at all over the communaty, though dwelling under them, because that every man standeth upon himselfe, and buildeth his fortunes upon his owne faith and firme assurance: The which this manner of tything the poles will worke also in Ireland. For by this the people are broken into many small parts like little streams, that they cannot easily come together into one head, which is the principal regard that is to be had in Ireland, to keene them from growing unto such a head, and adhering unto great men.

Eudox. But yet I cannot see how this can bee well brought, without doing great wrong unto the noble men there; for, at the first conquest of that realme, those great seigniories and lordships were given them by the King, that they should bee the stronger against the Irish, by the multitudes of followers and tenants under them: all which hold their tenementes of them by fealty, and such services, whereby they are (by the first grant of the King) bounden to be bounden unto them, into all occasions of service. And this I have often heard, that when the Lord Deputy hath raised any generall hostings, the noble men have claimed the leading of them, by grant from the Kings of England, under the Greate Seal exhibited; so as the Deputies could not refuse them to have the leading of them, or, if they did, they would so worke, as none of their followers should rise forth to the hostage.

Iren. You say very true; but will you see the fruite of those grants? I have knowne when those lords have had the leading of their own followers under them to the generall hostings, that they have for the same cut upon every plow-land within their country 40. shill. or more, whereby some of them have gathered above seven or eight hundred pounds, and others much more into their purse, in lieu whereof they have gathered unto themselves a number of loose learen out of all parts, which they have carried forth with them, to whom they never gave any penny of entertainment, allowed by the country or forced by them, but let them feede upon the countryes, and extort upon all men where they come; for that people will never aske better entertainment then to have a colour of service or employment given them, by which they will pole and spoyle so outrageously, as the very enemy cannot doe much worse; and they also sometimes turne to the enemy.

Eudox. It seemes the first intent of those grants was against the Irish, which now some of them use against the Queene her selfe: But now what remedy is there for this? or how can those grants of the Kings be avoyded, without wronging of those lords, which had those lands and lordships given them?

Iren. Surely they may be well enough; for most of those lords, since their first grants from the Kings by which those lands were given them, have sithence bestowed the most part of them amongst their kinsfolke, as every lord perhaps hath given in his time one or other of his principall castles to his younger sonne, and other to others, as largely and as amply as they were given to him, and others they have sold, and others they have bought, which
were not in their first grant, which now nevertheless they bring within the compass thereof, and take and exact upon them, as upon their first demesne, all those kinds of services, ye and the very wilde exactions, * Coligny, Livery, Sorehon, and such like, by which they pole and utterly undo the poor tenants and free-holders unto them, which either thorough ignorance know not their tenures, or through greatness of their new lords dare not challenge them; ye, and some lords of countrystes also, as great ones as themselves, are now by strong hand brought under them, and made their vassalls. As for example Arundell of the Stronge in the County of Corke, who was aunciently a great lord, and was able to spend 3500l. pounds by the yeare, as appeareth by good records, is now become the Lord Barries man, and doth to him all those services, which are due unto her Majesty. For reformation of all which, I wish that there were a commission granted forth under the Great Seale, as I have seen one recorded in the old council booke of Munster, that was sent forth, in the time of Sir William Drurie, unto persons of speciall trust and judgement to inquire throughout all Ireland, beginning with one county first, and so resting a while till the same were settied, by the verdict of a sound and substantiall jury, how every man houldeth his land, of whom, and by what tenure, so that every one should be admitted to shew and exhibit what right he hath, and by what services he houldeth his land, whether in chief or in socage, or by knights service, or how else soever. Thereupon would appeare, first how all those great English lords doe claim those great services, what seigniories they usurpe, what wardships they take from the Queene, what lands of hers they conceale: And then, how those Irish captains of countrystes have inerocated upon the Queennes free-holders and tenants, how they have translated the tenures of them from English houlding unto Irish Tenantry, and decreated her Majesty of all her rights and duties, which are to acrew to her thereof, as wardships, livery, marriages, fires of alienations, and many other commodities; which now are kept and concealed from her Majesty, to the value of 4000l. pounds per annum, I dare undertake in all Ireland, by that which I know in one county.

Edox. This, Irencens, would seeme a dangerous commision, and ready to stirre up all the Irish in rebellion, who knowing that they have nothing to shew for all those lands which they hould, but their swords, would rather drawe them then suffer the land to bee thus drawne away from them.

Iren. Neither should their lands be taken away from them, nor the utmost advantages inforced against them: But this by discretion of the commissioners should be made knoune unto them, that it is not her Majesties meaning to use any such extremity, but only to reduce things into order of English law, and make them hould their lands of her, and to restore to her her due services, which they detaine out of those lands, which were aunciently held of her. And that they should not only not be thrust out, but also have estates and grants of their lands new made to them from her Majesty, so as they should thence-forth hould them rightfully, which they now usurpe wrongfully; and yet withall I wish that in all those Irish countrystes there were some land reserved to her Majesties free disposition for the better containing of the rest, and intermingling them with English inhabitants and customes, that knowledge might still be had of them, and of all their doings, so as no manner of practise or conspiracy should be had in hand amongst them, but notice should bee given thereof by one means or another, and their practises prevented.

Edox. Truely neither can the Irish, nor yet the English lords, thinke themselves wronged, nor hardly dealt withal herein, to have that which is indee none of their ownes at all, but her Majesties absolutely, given to them with such equal conditions, as that both they may be assured thereof, better then they are, and also her Majesty not defrauded of her right utterly; for it is a great grace in a prince, to take that with conditions, which is absolutely her owne. Thus shall the Irish be well satisfied, and as for the great men which had such grants made to them at first by the Kings of England, it was in regard that they should be made forth the more able, and defend the Kings right, and his subjects; but now seeing that, in stead of defending them, they robble and spoyle them, and, in stead of keeping out the Irish, they doe not only make the Irish their tenants in those lands, and thrust out the English, but also some of themselves become meere Irish, with marrying with them, with fostering with them, and comblyng with them against the Queene; what reason is there but that those grants and privilidges should bee either revoked, or at least reduced to the first intention for which they were grunted? for sure in mine opinion they are more sharply to bee chastised and reformed then the rude Irish, which, being very wilde at the first, are now become more civill; when as these, from civillity, are growne to be wilde and moore Irish.

Iren. Indeede as you say, Eudoxus, these doe neede a sharfer reformation then the Irish, for they are more stubborne, and disobedient to law and government, then the Irish be.

Edox. In truth, Irencens, this is more then ever I heard, that any English there should bee worse then the Irish: Lord, how quickly doth this country alter mens natures! It is not for nothing (I perceive) which I have heard, that the Council of England think it no good policie to have that realm deformed, or planted with English, lest they should grow so undutifull as the Irish, and become much more dangerous: As appeareth by the ensembles of the Ladies in the time of Edward the Second, which you spake of, that shooke off their allegiance to their natural Prince, and turned to Edward le Bruce, to make him King of Ireland.

Iren. No times have beene without bad men. But as for that purpose of the Council of England which you spake of, that they should keep that realm from reformation, I thinke they are most lowly abused; for their great carefulnesse, and earnest endeavours, doe witness the contrary. Neither is it the nature of the countrey to alter mens manners, but the bad mindest of the men, who having beene brought up at home under a

* Coligny, Livery, Sorehon. What Coligny and Livery do signify, has been already expressed. Sorehon was a tax of the free-holders, for the maintenance in each quarter of a yeare, to faynd victuals, and lodging, and to pay certaine stipends to the korne, galloglasses, and horsemen. SIR JAMES WARE.
straight rule of duty and obedience, being always restrained by sharpe penalties from lowe behaviour, so soone as they come thither, where they see lawes more slackely tended, and the hard restraint which they were used unto now slacked, they grow more loose and careless of their duty: and as it is the nature of all men to love liberty, so they become flat libertines, and fall to all licentiences, more boldly daring to disobey the law, thorough the possession of favour and friendship, then any Irish daret.

Eudox. Then if that be so, (me thinkes) your late advisement was very evil, whereby you wished the Irish to be sowed and sprinkled with English, and in all the Irish countries to have English planted amongst them, for to bring them to English fashions, since the English sooner drawe to the Irish then the Irish to the English: For as you sayd before, if they must runne with the streame, the greater number will carry away the lesse: Therefore (me thinkes) by this reason it should bee better to part the Irish and English, then to mingle them together.

Iren. Not so, Eudoxus; for where there is no good stay of government, and strong ordinances to holde them, there indecd the fewer follow the more, but where there is due owder of discipline and good rule, there the better shall goe foremost, and the worst shall follow. And therefore now, since Ireland is full of her owne nation, that ought not to be rooted out, and somewhat stored with English already, and more to be, I think it best by an union of manners, and conformity of minds, to bring them to be one people, and to put away the dishikefull conceit both of the one, and the other, which will be by no means better then by this intermingling of them: For neither all the Irish may dwell together, nor all the English, but by translating of them and scattering them amongst the English, not onely to bring them by dayly conversation unto better liking of each other, but also to make discreet persons, which shall leave them to hurt the Irish, and therfore when I come to the tything of them, I will tittle them one with another, and for the most part will make an Irish man the tything-man, whereby he shall take the lesse exception to partiality, and yet be the more tyed thereby. But when I come to the Head Borough, which is the head of the fathre, him will I make an English man, or an Irish man of special assurance: As also when I come to appoint the Alderman, that is the head of the hundred, him will I surely choose to be an English man of special regard, that may be a stay and pillar of all the borough under him.

Eudox. What doe you meane by your hundred, and what by your borough! By that, that I have read in auncient records of England, an hundred did contain an hundred villages, or as some say an hundred plough-lands, being the same which the Saxons called * Cantred;* the which cantred, as I finde it recorded in the blacke booke of the Exchequer of Ireland, did containe xxx. Villatias terrae, which some call, quarters of land, and every Villata can maintaine 100, cowes in pasture, and the 100. cowes to be divided into 4. heards, as soone of them shall come neere other; every Villata containing 13. plow-lands, as is there set downe: And by that which I have read of a borough it significh a free town, which had a principall officer, called a head-borough, to become ruler, and undertake for all the dwellers under him, having, for the same, franchises and priviledges granted them by the King, whereof it was called a free borough, and of the lawyers *frand-plagium:* Both that which you said, Eudoxus, is true, and yet that which I say not untrue; for that which you spake of devising the country into hundreds, was a devisaion of the lands of the realme, but this which I tell, was of the people, which were thus devisd by the pole: so that hundredth in this sense significh a 100, pledges, which were under the command and assurance of their alderman, the which (as I suppose) was also called a wapentake, so named of touching the weapon or speare of their alderman, and swearing to follow him faithfully, so as to serve their Prince truly. But others think that a wapentake was 10. hundreds or boroughs: Likewise a borogh, as I here use it, and as the old lawes still use, is not a borowgh town, as they now call it, that is a franchised town, but a maunce pledge of 100. free persons, therefore called a free borogh or (as you say) *franc-plagium:* For Borh in old Saxon significh a pledge or surety, and yet it is so used with us in some speeches, as Chaucer saith; *St. Iohn to borrow,* that is for assurance and warranty.

Iren. I conceive the difference: But now that you have thus divided the people into these tything and hundreths, how will you have them so preserved and continued? for people doe often change their dwelling places, and some must die, whilst other some doe growe up into strength of yeares, and become men.

Iren. These hundredes I would wish to assemble themselves once every yeare with their pledges, and to present themselves before the justices of the peace, which shall be in this part, to be surveyed and numbered, to see what change hath happened since the yeare before; and, the defects to supply, of young plants late grewen up, which are diligently to bee overlooked and viewed of what condition and demeanour they be, so as pledges may bee taken for them, and they put into order of some tything; of all which alterations note is to be taken, and bookes made thereof accordingly.

Eudox. Now (me thinkes) Irenamus, you are to be warned to take heed lest unawares you fall into that inconvenience which you formerly found fruit with in others: namely, that by this looking of them, you doe not gather them into a new head, and, having broken their former strength, doe not unite them more strongly again: For every alderman, having all these free pledges of his hundred under his command, may (me thinkes) if hee be evil disposed make all his companie into an evil action. And likewise, by this assembling of them once a yeare unto their alderman by their wapentakes, take heed lest you also give them occasion and means to practise together in any conspiracies.

Iren. Neither of both is to be doubted; for their aldermen and head-boroughs, will not be such men of power and constancie of themselves, being to be chosen thereunto, as neede to be feared: Neither if hee were, is his hundred at his command, further then his Princes service; and also

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* Cantred: A British word, answering to the Saxon *Huniged.* How much land a cantred containeth, is variously delivered. Some hold that it containeth 100 towns: *Sir James Ware.*
every tything man may controU him in such a case. And as for the assembling of the hundred, much lesse is any danger thereof to be doubted, seeing it is before some notice of the peace, or some high constable to be thereunto appointed: So as of these tythings there can no peril ensue, but a certaine assurance of peace and great good; for they are thereby withdrewne from their lords, and subjected to the Prince: Moreover for the better breaking of these heads and septs, which (I told you) was one of the greatest strengths of the Irish, me thinkes it should bee very well to renewe that old statute, which was made *in the reign of Edward the Fourth in Ireland, by which it was commanded, that whereas all men then used it to be called by the name of their septs, according to the several nations, and had no surnames at all, that from thenceforth each one should take upon himselfe a several surname, either of his trade and facultie, or of some quality of his body or minde, or of the place where he dwelt, so as every one should be distinguished from the other, or from the most part, whereby they shall not only not depend upon the head of their sept, as now they do, but also in time leame quite to forget his Irish nation. And herewhilst would I also wish all the O's and the Mac's, which the heads of septs have taken to their names, to bee utterly forbidden and extinguished. For that the same being an ordinarie (as some say) first made by * O Brien for the strengthening of the Irish, the abrogating thereof will as much enfeebled them.

Eadex. I like this ordinaire very well; but now that you have thus divided and distinguished them, what other order will you take for their manner of life!

Iren. The next thing that I will doe shall be to appoint to every one that is not able to live of his free-hole, a certaine trade of life, to which he shall finde himselfe fittest, and shallbe thought ablest, the which trade bee shall be bound to follow, and live solely thereupon. All trades therefore are to be understood to be of three kinds, manuall, intellectuall, and mixed. The first containeth all such as needeth exercise of bodily labour, to the performance of their profession. The second consisting only of the exercise of wit and reason. The third sort, part of bodily labor, and part of the wit, but depending most of industrie and carefullnes. Of the first sort be all handycrafts and husbandry labour. Of the second be all sciences, and those which be called liberal arts. Of the third is merchandize

* in the reign of Edward
† all men

for husbandry being the nurse of thrift, and the daughter of industrie and labour, de-testeth all that may worke her sale, and destroy the travalle of her hands, whose hope is all her lives comfort unto the plough; therefore are those Kearn, Stoeaches, and Horse-boys, to bee driven and made to imply that abstinence of boodie, which they were wont to use to theft and villany, henceforth to labour and industry. In the which, by that time they have spent but a little paine, they will finde such sweetnesse and happy contentment, that they will afterwards hardly bee haled away from it, or drawne to their wonted lowde life in thevocracy and rognerie. And being once thus inured thereunto, they are not only to be contennented and encouraged by all good meanes, but also provided that their children after them may be brought up likewise in the same, and succeede in the roomes of their fathers. To which end there is a Statute in Ireland already well provided, which commandeth that all the sonnes of husbandmen shall be trained up in their fathers trades, but it is (God wot) very slenderly executed.

Eadex. But doe you not count, in this trade of husbandry, pasturing of cattle, and keeping of their cows? for that is reckoned as a part of husbandrie.

Iren. I know it is, and neededly to bee used, but I doe not mean to allow any of those able bodies, which are able to use bodily labour, to follow a few cows grazing. But such impotent persons, as being unable for strong travaile, are yet able to drive cattle to and fro to pasture; for this keeping of cows is of it selfe a very idle life, and a fit nurisrie for a thief. For which cause (you remembre) I disliked the Irish manner of keeping Boolies in Summer upon the mountains, and living after that savage sort. But if they will aglades feede many cattle, or keep them on the mountains, let them make some townes near to the mountains side, where they may dwell together with neighbours, and be conversant in the view of the world. And to say truth, though Ireland be by nature counted a great soyle of pasture, yet had I rather have fewer cows kept, and men better mannered, then to have such huge increase of cattle and no increase of good conditions. I would therefore wish that there were some ordinances made amongst them, that whosoever keepe thventi
twelve kinde, should keep a plough going; for otherwise

* There is a Statute

* in the reign of Edward
† all men

According to the context, the document is discussing the state of Ireland, focusing on the state of the Irish people, their occupations, and the need for reform to prevent the decline of traditional Irish life and resources. The text refers to various statutes and ordinances aimed at improving the situation by better organizing the use of resources such as land and labor. It also touches on the contrast between traditional Irish life and the modernization that was happening, necessitating reforms to maintain a healthy balance between tradition and progress.
all men would fall to pasturage, and none to husbandry, which is a great cause of this dearth now in England, and a cause of the usual slaughters in Ireland: For looke into all countreys that live in such sort by keeping of cattle, and you shall finde that they are both very barbarous and uncivil, and also greatly given to warre. The Tartarvians, the Muscovites, the Norwegians, the Gothers, the Armenians, and many other doe witness the same. And therefore since now wee purpose to draw the Irish, from desire of warre and tumults, to the love of peace and civillity, it is expedient to abridge their great custome of hardening, and augment their trade of tillage and husbandrie. As for other occupations and trades, they need not bee inforced to, but every man to be bound only to follow one that hee thinkes himselfe aptest for. For other trades of artificers will be occupied for very necessitie, and constrained use of them; and so likewise will merchandize for the gaine thereof; but learning, and bringing up in libearl sciences, will not come of it selfe, but must bee drawne on with strict laws and ordinances: And therefore it were meete that such an act were ordained, that all the sonsne of lords, gentlemen, and such others as are able to bring them up in learning, should be trayned up therein from their child-hoods. And for that end every parish should be forced to keepe a pettie schoole-master, adjoyning unto the parish church, to bee the more in view, which should bring up their children in the first elements of letters: and that, in every countrey or baronie, they should keepe an other able schoole-master, which should instruct them in grammar, and in the principles of sciences, to whom they should be compellied to send their youth to bee disciplined, whereby they will in short space grow up to that civill conversation, that both the children will loathe their former rudeness in which they were bred, and also their parents will even by the example of their young children perceive the foulenesse of their own behaviour, compared to theirs: For learning hath that wonderfull power in it selfe, that it can soften and temper the most sterner and savage nature.

Eudox. Surely I am of your minde, that nothing will bring them from their uncivil life sooner then learning and discipline, next after the knowledge and feare of God. And therefore I doe still expect, that you should come thereunto, and set some order for reformation of religion, which is first to bee respected; according to the saying of Chaucer, *"Seeke first the kingdome of heaven, and the rightousnesse thereof."

Iren. I have in minde so to doe; but let me (I pray you) first finish that which I had in hand, whereby all the ordinances which shall afterwardees bee set for religion, may abide the more firmly, and bee observed more diligently. Now that this people is thus tythed and ordered, and every one bound unto some honest trade of life, which shall bee full and fully sett down in a certaine tything booke, yet perhaps there will bee some stragglers and runnagates, which will not of themselves come in and yeeld themselves to this order, and yet after the well finishing of the present warre, and establishing of the garrisons in all strong places of the countrey, where their wonted refuge was most, I suppose there will few stand out, or if they doe, they will shortly bee brought in by the eares:

But yet afterwardees, lest any one of them should swerve, or any that is tied to a trade, should afterwardees not follow the same, according to this institution, but should straggle up and downe the countrey,* or mich in corners amongst their friends idely, as Currowes, Bardes, lester, and such like, I would wish that a Provost Marshall should bee appointed in every shire, which should continually walke about the countrey, with halfe a dozen, or halfe a score horsemen, to take up such loose persons as they should finde thus wandering, whom hee should punish by his owne authority, with such pains as the person shall seeme to deserve; for if hee be but once so taken idely roguing, hee may punish him more lightly, as with stocks, or such like; but if hee bee found againe so loytering, hee may scourge him with whippes, or rods, after which if hee bee againe taken, let him have the bitterness of marshall lawe. Likewise if any relics of the olde rebellion bee found by any, that either have not come in and submitted themselves to the law, or that having once come in, doe brake forth aynge, and walke disorderly, let them taste of the same cuppe in Gods name; for it was due to them for their first guilt, and now being revived by their later loosenesse, let them have their first desert, as now being found unfit to live in the common-wealth.

Eudox. This were a good ordinance: but mee thinkes it is an unecessary charge, and also unfit to continue the name or forme of any marshall law, when as there is a proper officer already appointed for these turnes, to wit the marshall of the shire, whose peculiar office it is to walke up and downe his bayli-wicke, as you would have a marshall to snatch up all those runnagates and unprofitable members, and to bring them to his galoe to bee punished for the same. Therefore this may well be spared.

Iren. Not so, me thinkes; for though the sheriffe have this authority of himselfe to take up all such stragglers, and imprison them, yet shall he: not doe so much good, nor worke that terrors in the hearts of them, that a marshall will, whom they shall know to have power of life and death in such cases, and especially to bee appointed for them: Neither doth it hinder that, but that though it pertaine to the sheriffe, the sheriffe may doe therein what hee can, and yet the marshall may walke his course besides; for both of them may doe the more good, and more terrifie the idle rogue, knowing that though he have a watch upon the one, yet hee may light upon the other: But this provision of the sheriffe is here needfull to be had in this case, that the sheriffe may not have the like power of life, as the marshall hath, and as herebefore they have beene accustomed; for it is dangerous to give power of life into the hands of him which may have benefite by the parties death, as, if the said loose liver have any goods of his owne, the Sheriffe is to seize thereupon, whereby it hath come to passe, that some who have not deserved judgement of death, though otherwise perhaps offending, have bee for their goods sake caught up, and carried straight to the bough; a thing indeed very pitiful and horible. Therefore by no means I would have the Sheriffe have such authority, nor yet to imprison that lozell till the

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* or mich in cornere] The word micher is used by Chaucer to denote a thief or vagabond. Tenr.
sessions, for so all gaules might soon be filled; but to send him to the Marshall, who, eftsoones finding him faulch, shall give him mete correction, and rig him away forthwith.

Endox. I doe now perceive your reason well: But come wee now to that whereof wee earst spake, I meant, to religion and religious men; what order will you set amongst them? Iren. For religion little have I to say, my selfe being (as I said) not professed therein, and it selfe being but one, so as there is but one way therein; for that which is true onely is, and the rest is not at all; yet, in planting of religion, thus much is needful to be observed, that it bee not sought forcibly to bee impressed into them with terror and sharpe penalties, as now is the manner, but rather delivered and intimated with mildnesse and gentlenesse, so as it may not be hated before it be understood, and their Professors despised and rejected. And therefore it is expedient that some disereeete Ministers of their owne countreymen, bee first sent over amongst them, which by their meke persuasions and instructions, as also by their sober lives and conversations, may draw them first to understand, and afterwards to imbace, the doctrine of their salvation; for if that the ungodly godly Fathers, which first converted them, when they were infidels, to the faith, were ever to pull them from idolatry and paganism to the true believe in Christ, as S. Patricke, and S. Columb, how much more easily shall godly teachers bring them to the true understanding of that which they already profess'd wherein it is great wonder to see the oddes which is betweene the zeal of Popish Priests, and the Ministers of the Gospell; for they spare not to come out of Spaine, from Rome, and from Remes, by long toyle and dangerous travayling hither, where they know perill of death awayteth them, and no reward or richesso is to be found, onely to draw the people into the Church of Rome; whereas some of our idle Ministers, having a way for credite and estimation thereby opened unto them, and having the livinges of the countrey offered unto them, without paines, and without perill, will neither for the same, nor any love of God, nor zeal of religion, nor for all the good they may doe, by winning somes to God, bee drawn forth from their warme nearest, to looke out into Gods harvest, which is even ready for the sickle, and all the fields yellow long aye; doubtlesse those good able godly Fathers, will (I fear mee) rise up in the day of judgement to condemne them.

Endox. Surely, it is great pity, Iren, that there are none chosen out of the Ministers of England, good, sober, and discreet men, which might be sent over thither to teach and instruct them, and that, there is not as much care had of their souls, as of their bodies; for the care of both lyeth upon the Prince.

Iren. Were there never so many sent over, they should doe small good till one enormity be taken from them, that is, that both they bee restrained from sending the yong men abroad to other Universities beyond the see, as Remes, Doway, Lovaine and the like, and others from abroad bee restrained for comming into them; for their hauing secretly in their houses, and in corners of the countrey, doe more hurt and hinderance to religion with their private persuasions, then all the others can doe good with their publique instructions; and though for these latter there be a good statute there ordained, yet the same is not executed; and as for the former there is no law nor order for their restraint at all.

Endox. I marvaille it is no better looked unto, and not only this, but that also which I remember you mentioned in your abuses concerning the profits and revenewes of the lands of fugitives in Ireland, which by pretence of certaine colourable conveyances are sent continually over unto them, to the comforting of them and others against her Majestie, for which here in England there is good order taken; and why not then aswell in Ireland? For though there be no statute there yet enacted therefore, yet might her Majestie, by her owne prerogative, seize the frutes and profits of those fugitive lands into her handes, till they come over to testify their true allegiance.

Iren. Indeede she might so doe; but the combarious times doe perhaps bender the regard thereof, and of many other good intentions.

Endox. But why then did they not mend it in peaceable times?

Iren. Leave we that to their grave considerations; but proceed we forward. Next care in religion is to build up and repayre all the ruined churches, and thereof the most part lye even with the ground, and some that have bin lately repayred are so unhandsomely patched, and thatched, that men doe even shunne the places for the uncomelinesse thereof; therefore I would desire that there were order taken to have them built in some better forme, according to the churches of England; for the outward shew (assure your selfe) doth greatly drawe the rude people to the reverencing and frequenting thereof, what ever some of our late too nice fotees say, there is nothing in the seemely forme, and comely order of the church. And, for the keeping and continuing them, there should likewise Church-wardens of the gravest men in the parish be appointed, as they bee here in England, which should take the yearly charge both hereof, and also of the schoole-houses which I wish to be built meer the said churches; for maintenance of both which, it were meete that some small portion of lands were allotted, sith no more mortmaines are to be looked for.

Endox. Indeede (me thinks) it would be so convenient; but when all is done, how will you have your churches served, and your Ministers maintained? since the livings (as you say) are not sufficient scarce to make them gowne, much lesse to yeelede meece maintenance according to the dignity of their degree.

Iren. There is no way to helpe that, but to lay 2. or 3. of them together, until such time as the countrey grow more rich and better inhabited, at which time the tythes, and other obventions, will also be more augmented and better valued: But now that we have thus gone through all the 3 sorts of trades, and set a course for their good establishment; let us (if it please you) goe next to some other needfull points of other publicke matters no lesse concerning the good of the commonwealt, though but accidentally depending on the former. And first I wish, that order were taken for the cutting and opening of all places through woods, so that a wide way of the space of 100. yards might be layde open in every of them for the safety of travellers, which use often in such perilous places to be robbed,
and sometimes murdered. Next, that bridges were built upon the rivers, and all the fordes marred and spilt, so as none might pass any other way but by those bridges, and every bridge to have a gate and a gate-house set thereon, whereby this good will come that no night stealths which are commonly driven and bred by those, and whereby every barnful of any but such like, shall not be conveyed out of one country into another, as they use, but they must pass by those bridges, where they may either be hardly encountered, or easily tracked, or not suffered to pass at all, by means of those gate-houses thereon: Also that in all straights and narrow passages, as between 2. bogs, or through any deep foord, or under any mountain side, there should be some little forlaidge, or wooden castle set, which should keep and command that straight, whereby any rebels that should come into the country might be stopped that way, or pass with great peril. Moreover, that all high ways should be fenced and shut up on both sides, leaving only 40. foot breath for passage, so as none shall be able to pass but through the high ways, whereby thieves and night robbers might be the more easily pursued and encountered, when there shall be no other way to drive their stone cattle, but therein, as I formerly declared. Further, that there should be in sundry convenient places, by the high ways, townes appointed to be built, the which should be free Burgessesses, and incorporate under Bayliffes, to be by their inhabitants well and strongly intrenched, or otherwise fenced with gates on each side thereof, to be shut nightly, like as there is in many places in the English Pale, and all the ways about it to be strongly shut up, so as none should pass but through those townes: To some of which it was good that the privilege of a market were given, the rather to strengthen and enable them to their defence, for there is nothing doth sooner cause civility in any country then many market townes, by reason that people repairing often thither for their needs, will daily see and learn civile manners of the better sort: Besides, there is nothing doth more stay and strengthen the country then such corporate townes, as by proofe in many rebellions hath appeared, in which when all the countriey have swerved, the townes have stood fast, and yielded good reliefe to the souldiers in all occasions of services. And lastly there is nothing doth more enrich any country or realtime then many townes; for to them will all the people draw and bring the fruits of their trades, aswell to make money of them, as to supply their needfull uses; and the countrymen will also be more industrious in tillage, and rearing of all husbandry commodities, knowing that they shall have ready sale for them at those townes; and in all those townes there should be convenient innes, erected for the lodging and harbouring of travellers, which are now oftentimes spoyled by lodging abroad in weake thatched houses, for want of such safe places to shroude them in.

Nor. But what profit shall your market townes reap of their market? when as each one may sell their corn and cattle abroad in the country, and make their secret bargains amongst themselves as now I understand they use.

Iren. Indeed, Endoxus, they do so, and thereby no small inconvenience doth rise to the commonwealth; for now when any one hath stolne a cove or a garron, he may secretly sell it in the country without privity of any, wheras if he brought it to a market town it would perhaps be knowne, and the thiefe discovered. Therefore it were good that a straight ordinance were made, that none should buy or sell any cattle, but in some open market, (there being now many necessities in hand,) upon a great penalty, neither should they likewise buy any corne to sell the same againe, unless it were to make malt thereof; for by such ingrosing and regrating wee see the deareh, that now commonly reigneth here in England, to have beene caused. Hereunto also is to bee added that good ordinance, which I remember was once proclaimed throughout all Ireland: That all men should marke their cattle with an open searell market upon their flaneces or buttockes, so as if they happenet to be stolne, they might appeare which they were, and they, which should buy them, might thereby suspect the owner, and be warned to abstaine from buying them of a suspected person, with such an unknowne marke.

Eudox. Surely these ordinances seeme very expedient, but especially that of free townes, of which I wonder there is so small store in Ireland, and that, in the first peopling and planting thereof, they were neglected and omitted.

Iren. They were not omitted; for there were, through all places of the country convenient, many good townes seated, which thorough that inundation of the Irish, which I first told you of, were utterly wasted and defaced, of which the ruines are yet in many places to be seene, and of some no signe at all remaining, save only their bare names; but their seats are not to be found.

Eudox. But how then commeth it to passe, that they have never since beene recovered, nor their habitations refeedished, as of the rest, which have beene no lesse spoyled and wasted?

Iren. The cause thereof was, for that, after their desolation, they were beggred by gentlemen of the Kings, under colour to repair them, and gather the poore relics of the people againe together, of whom having obtained them, they were so farre from reedifying of them, as that by all meanes they have endeavoured to keepe them waste, leaft that, being repaired, their charters might be renewed, and their Burgess restored to their lands, which they had now in their possession; much like as in those old monuments of abbeyes, and religious houses, we see them likewise use to doe: For which cause it is judged that King Henry, the Eight bestowed them upon them, conceiving that thereby they should never bee able to rise againe. And even so doe these Lords, in these poore old corporate townes, of which I could name divers, but for kindling of displeasure. Therefore as I wished many corporate townes to be erected, so would I againe wish them to be free, not depending upon the service, nor under the command of any but the Governor. And being so, they will both strengthen all the country round about them, by which their meanes will be the better replenished and enriched, and also be as continual bonides for her Majesty, if the people should revolt or breake out againe; for without such it is easie to forrage and over-run the whole land. Let be for ensample all those free-boroughes, in the low-countries, which are now all the strength thereof. These and other like ordinances might be delivered for the good.
establishment of the realme, after it is once subdued and reformed, in which it might afterwards be very easily kept and maintained, with small care of the Governours and Connell there appointed, so as it should in short space yeeld a plentiful revenue to the crowne of England; which now doth but sucke and consume the treasure thereof, through those unsound plots and changefull orders, which are daily devised for her good, yet never effectually prosecuted or performed.

Edoxor. But in all this your discourse I have not marked any thing by you spoken touching the appointment of the principal Officer, to whom you wish the charge and performance of all this to be committed: Only I observed some foule abuses by you noted in some of the late Governours, the reformation whereof you left of for this present place.

Frew. I delight not to lay open the blames of great Magistrates to the rebuke of the world, and therefore their reformation I will not meddle with, but leave unto the wisdome of greater heads to be considered; only thus much I will speake generally thereof, to satisfy your desire, that the Government and chief Magistracy, I wish to continue as it doth, to wit, that it be ruled by a Lord Deputy or Justice, for that it is a very safe kind of rule; but there-withall I wish that over him there were placed also a Lord Lieutenant, of some of the greatest personages in England,* such a one I could name, upon whom the eye of all England is fixed, and our last hope now rest; who being intituled with that dignity, and being here always resident, may backe and defend the good course of that government against all malingers, which else will, through their cunning working under hand, deprave and pull back what ever thing shall be begun or intended there, as we commonly see by experience at this day, to the utter ruine and desolation of that poore realme; and this Lieutenantcy should be no discountemancing of the Lord Deputy, but rather a strengthening of all his doings; for now the chief evil in that government is, that no Governour is suffered to goe on with any one course, but upon the least information here, of this or that, hee is either stopped and crossed, or other courses appointed him from hence which he shall run, which how inconvenient it is, is at this houre too well felt: And therefore this should be one principall in the appointing of the Lord Deputies authority, that it should bee more ample and absolute then it is, and that he should have uncontroled power to doe any thing, that he with the advisement of the Connell thinketh mee to be done: For it is not possible for the Connell here, to direct a Governour there, who shall be forced oftentimes to follow the necessitie of present actions, and to take the sudden advantage of time, which being once lost will not bee recovered; whilst, through expectning direction from hence, the delays whereof are oftentimes through other greater affairs most irre-some, the opportunitie there in the meane time passe away, and great danger often groweth, which

by such timely prevention might easily be stopped: And this (I remember) is worthily observed by Machiavel in his discourses upon Livie, where he commendeth the manner of the Romans government, in giving absolute power to all their Councellors and Governours, which if they abused, they should afterwards dearly answere: And the contrary thereof he reprehended in the States of Venice, of Florence, and many other principaliites of Italy; who use to limit their cheife officers so strictly, as that thereby they have oftentimes lost such happy occasions, as they could never come unto againe: The like whereof, who so hath become conversant in that government of Ireland, hath too often seen to their great hinderance and hurt. Therefore this I could wish to be redressed, and yet not so but that in particular things he should be restrained, thought not in the general government: as namely in this, that no offices should bee sold by the Lord Deputy for money, nor no pardons, nor no protections bought for reward, nor no beaves taken for Captaines of countreys, nor no shares of Bishopricks for nominating Bishops, nor no fortyures, nor dispensations with penall Statutes given to their servants or friends, nor no selling of licences for transportation of prohibited wares, and specially of corne and flesh; with many the like; which neede some manner of restrainte, or else very great trust in the honourable disposition of the Lord Deputy.

Thus have, Edoxor, as briefly as I could, and as my memory would serve me, run through the state of that whole country, both to let you see what it now is, and also what it may bee by good care and amendment: Not that I take upon me to change the policy of so great a kingdome, or prescribe rules to such wise men as have the handling thereof, but onely to shew you the evils, which in my small experience I have observed, to be the chief hinderance of the reformation; and by way of conference to declare my simple opinion for the redresse thereof, and establishing a good course for government; which I doe not deliver as a perfect pleat of mine owne invention to be onely followed, but as I have learned and understood the same by the consultations and actions of very wise Governours and Councellours, whom I have (sometimes) heard treate hereof: So have I thought good to set downe a remembrance of them for my owne good, and your satisfaction, that who so list to overlooke them, although perhaps much wiser then they which have thus advised of that state, yet at least by comparison hereof may perhaps better his owne judgment, and by the light of others fore-going him, may follow after with more care, and happily finde a faire way thereunto, then they which have gone before.

Edoxor. I thank thee, Frewens, for this your gentle paines: withall not forgetting, now in the shutting up, to put you in minde of that which you have formerly hafe promised, that hereafter when we shall meete againe, upon the like good occasion, you will declare unto us those your observations, which you have gathered of the Antiquities of Ireland.

* such a one I could name, &c.] Meaning the Earl of

Eem'l. Todd.
GLOSSARIAL INDEX

OF

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