A poor sa. A2 in Italy. But the day from another Shrewsbury. Despatched 4.751. B1 loan as from March 27th, copy 3, mark on 3.73
THE FIRST
BOOKE OF THE
FAERIE QUEENE.

Containing

THE LEGENDE OF THE
KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSS.

OR

OF HOLINESSE.

O I the man, whose Muse whilome did maske,
As time her taught in lowly Sheapards weeds,
Am now enforst a far unsitter task,

For trumpets sterne to change mine oaten reeds,
And singe of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds
Whose prayses having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds

To blazon broad amongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my song

Help then, a holy Virgin cheife of nine,
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will,
Lay forth out of thine euerlafting shryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,

A 2
Of Faerie knights and fairest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:
Ohelp thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong:

And thou most dreaded image of highest Love,
Fair Venus sonne, that with thy cruel dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his heart,
Lay now thy deadly Heben bow apart,
And with thy mother milde come to my ayde:
Come both, and with you bringe triumphant Mars,
In loves and gentle jollities arrayd,
After his murderous spoiles and bloody rage allayd.

And with them eke, 6 Goddess heavenly bright,
Mirror of grace and Maiestie divine,
Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like Phabos lampe throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beams into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughts too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile:
The which to heare, vouchsafe, 6 dearest dred a-while.
A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,  
Ycladd in mightie armes and siluer shielde,  
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,  
The cruell markes of many' a bloody fielde;  
Yet armes till that time did he neuer wield:  
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,  
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:  
Full iolly knight he seemd, and faire did fitt,  
As one for knightly giults and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore,  
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,  
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,  
And dead as liuing euer him ador'd:  
Vpon his shield the like was also scor'd,  
For soueraine 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 euer was ydrad.

Vpon a great adventure he was bond,  
That greatest Gloriana to him gaue,  
That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery lond,  
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to haue,

Which
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode his hart did earne,
To prove his puissance in battell braue
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A louely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Ass more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Vnder a vele, that wimples was full low,
And ouer all a blacke stole shee did throw,
As one that inly mourned: so was she sad,
And heauie fate vpon her palfrey flow:
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milkewhite lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held,
Till that infernall seend with soule vprore
Forwafted all their land, and them expeld:
Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far copeld.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lassie seemd in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine ouercast,
And angry Ioite an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
That euerie wight to shrowd it did constrain,
And this faire couple eke to shrowd theselues were fain.
Enforst to seke some couert nigh at hand,
A shade groue not farr away they spide,
That promis ayde the tempest to withstand:
Whose loftie trees yelad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heauens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any ftarr:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward farr:
Faire harbour that them seemes, fo in they entred ar.

And foorth they passe, with plearesse forward led,
Ioying to heare the birds sweete harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to fcorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-propp Elme, the Popler neuer dry,
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
The Aspen good for ftanes, the Cypresse funerall.

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage, the Firre that weepeth still,
The Willow worn of forlorne Paramours,
The Eugh obedient to the benders will,
The Birch for fhaftes, the Sallow for the mill,
The Mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull Oliue, and the Platane round,
The caruer Holme, the Maple seeldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Vntill the blustring storme is ouerblowne;
When weening to returne, whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,

A 4
But wander too and fro in waies vnknowne,  
Furthest from end then, when they neerer seene,  
That makes the doubt, their wits be not their owne:  
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,  
That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

At last resolving forward still to fare,  
Till that some end they finde or in or out,  
That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,  
And like to lead the labyrinth about;  
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,  
At length it brought them to a hollowe caue,  
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout  
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser braue,  
And to the Dwarfe a while his needfesse spere he gaue.

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,  
Leaft suddaine mischiese ye too rash prouoke:  
The danger hid, the place vnknowne and wilde,  
Breedes dreadfull doubts: Oft fire is without smoke,  
And perill without show: therefore your hardy stroke  
Sir knight with-hold, till further tryall made.  
Ah Ladie (sayd he) shame were to reuoke,  
The forward footing for an hidden shade: (wade.  
Vertue giues her selfe light, through darkenesse for to

Yea but (quoth she) the perill of this place  
I better wot then you, though nowe too late, -  
To with you backe returne with soule disgrace;  
Yet wisedome warns, whilst foot is in the gate,  
To stay the steppe, ere force to retrace.  
This is the wandring wood, this Errours den,  
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:  
Therefore I read beware. Fly fly (quoth then  
The fearefull Dwarfe:) this is no place for liuing men.  
But
But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthful knight could not for ought bestaide,
But forth vnto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his gliftring armor made
A little glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the vgly monfier plaine,
Halfe like a serpente horribly displaide,
But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine;
Most lothsom, filthie, soule, and full of vile disdain.

And as she lay vpon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes vpwound,
Pointed with mortall stinge. Of her there bred,
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking vpon her poisnous dugs, each one
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill fauored:
Soone as that vncoth light vpon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

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

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiued, he lepte
As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly keeped
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:

A 5

There.
Therewith enrag'd, she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled taile aduaunst,
Threatning her angue sting, him to dismay:
Who nought aghaft, his mightie hand enhaunst:
The stroke down fto her head vnto her shoulder glaunst.

Much daunted with that dint, her fence was dazd,
Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,
And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
With doubled forces high aboue the ground:
Tho wrapping vp her wreted sterne around,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirr he stroue in vaine:
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errors endlesse traine.

His Lady sade to fee his sore constraint,
Cride out, Now now Sir knight, shew what ye bee
Add faith vnto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, els the sure will strangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high disdaine,
And knitting all his force got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypther gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her conclaine.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of fleshe and gobets raw,
Which stunck fo villy, that it forst him flacke,
His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:
Her vomit full of booke and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping fought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.
Cant. I.

the Faery Queene

As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
His fattie waues doe fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
But when his later ebbe gins t'auale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures partly male
And partly femall of his fruitful seed;
Such vgly monstrous shapes elfwher may no man reed.

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That welnigh choked with the deadly finke,
His forces faile, he can no lenger fight.
Whose corage when the scend perceiud to shrinke,
She poured forth out of her hellish finke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle Shepheard in sweete euentide,
When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which doe byte their hafty suppre bést,
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
All striuing to inxixe their seeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can reft,
But with his clownifh hands their tender wings,
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

Thus ill bestedd, and searefull more of shame,
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furius vnto his foe he came,
Resolud in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
And stroke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body full of filthie sin
He raft her hatefull heade without remorfe;
A streame of cole black blood forth gushed fro her corse

Her scattered brood, soone as their Parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,
Gathred themselues about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to haue found
At her wide mouth: but being there withstood
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked vp their dying mothers bloud,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

That detestable sight him much amaze,
To see th'vnkindly Impes of heauen accurst,
Deoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
Hauing all satiffide their blody thurst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnese burst,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst;
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,(contend.
His foes haue slaine themselues, with whom he shouleld

His Lady seeing all, that chaunst, from farre
Approcht in haft to greet his victorie,
And faide, Faire knight, borne vnder happie starre,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye:
Well worthie be you of that Armory,
Wherein ye haue great glory wonne this day,
And prou'd your strength on a strong enimie,
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth euer wish, that like succeed it may.

Then
Then mounted he vpon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward fought to wend;
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
Neuer would to any byway bend,
But still did follow one vnto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new aduenture sough,
Long way he trauelled, before he heard of ought.

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

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quitet, as that courteous was:
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge aduentures, which abroad did pas.
Ah my deare Sonne (quoth he) how shoulde alas,
Silly old man, that liues in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father fits not with luch things to mell.

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

Far hence (quoth he) in wastfull wildernesse
His dwelling is, by which no liuing wight
May euer passe, but thorough great distresse.
Now (saide the Ladie) draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forweareied be: for what so strong,
But wanting rest will also want of might?
The Sunne that measures heauen all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the Ocean waues emong.

Then with the Sunne take Sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Untroubled night they say giues counsel best.
Right well Sir knight ye haue aduised bin,
Quoth then that aged man; the way to win
Is wisely to aduise: now day is spent;
Therefore with me ye may take vp 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 forest's side,
Far from ressort of people, that did pas
In trauell to and froe: a little wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
His holy things each morn and euentyde:
Thereby a chrystall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.
Arryued
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 euening so they pas:
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas,
He told of Saintes and Popes, and euermore
He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

The drooping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humor loading their eye liddles,
As messenger of Morpheus on them cast
Sweet flobring deaw, the which to sleep them biddes;
Vnto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes, and there amiddles
His magick bookes and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seekes 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 bad awake blacke Plutos grievely Dame,
And cursed heuen, and spake reprochful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light,
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night,
At which Cocytus quakes and Styx is put to flight.

And forth he calf out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of Sprights, the which like little flyes
Fluttering about his everdamned hedd,
A waite where to their service he applyes,
I've written a few things.

To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gaue a message too,
The other by himselfe aide other worke to doo.

He making speedy way through sperfed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth neuer peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In siluer deaw his euer drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night ouer him her matile black doth spred.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yuory,
The other all with siluer overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banishe Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And vnto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe
And euery drizling raine vpon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the stowne
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne:
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: but carelessse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enimyes.
The Messenger approaching to him spake,
But his waste wordes retournd to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sighes and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threaten'd vnto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,
And lifting vp his lompish head, with blame
Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.
Hether (quoth he) me Archimag of sent,
He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

The God obayde, and calling forth straight way
A diuerse dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heauie head, deuoide of careful carke,
Whose fences all were straight benumbd and starke.
He backe returning by the Yvorie dore,
Remounted vp as light as chearefull Larke,
And on his little winges the dreame he bore,
In haft vnto 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 fence it could have rais'd quight:
The maker selfe for all his wondrous wit,
Was nigh beguil'd with so goodly sight:
Her all in white he clad, and ouer it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Vna fit.

Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought,
Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled pruily:
And that new creature borne without her dew,
Full of the makers guyle with vnage fly
He taught to imitate that Lady true,
Whose semblance she did carrie vnnder feigned heu.

Thus well instructed, to their worke they haste,
And comming where the knight in slumber lay,
The one vpon his hardie head him plaste,
And made him dreame of loues and lustfull play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy:
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false winged boy, (toy
Her chaste hart had subdewd, to learne Dame pleasures.

And she her selfe of beautie soueraigne Queene,
Fayre Venus seemde vnto his bed to bring
Her, whom he waking euermore did weene,
To bee the chastelest flowre, that aye did spring
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose Leman to vile seruice bound:
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,
Hymen is Hymen, dauncing all around,
Whylst freshest Flora her with Yuicgitlond crownd.
In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wondred feare of doing outh amis,
He starteth vp, as seeming to mistrust,
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo there before his face his Lady is,
Vnder blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke,
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and louely looke,
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him took

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought haue slaine her in his fierce despight,
But haftie heat tempring with sufferance wife,
He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe aduise
To proove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
Wringing her hands in wemens pitteous wife,
Tho can she weepe, to stirre vp gentle ruth,
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

And sayd, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my loue,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
And mightie causes wrought in heauen aboue,
Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped loue to winne me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
Die is my dew: yet rew my wretched state
You, whom my hard auenging destinie
Hath made judge of my life or death indifferentely.

Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leaue
My Fathers kingdom, There she stoppt with teares;
Her swollen hart her speech semd to bereaue,
And then againe begonne, My weaker yeares

Captiud
The firft Booke of  
_Cant. 1._

Capti'ed to fortune and frayle worldly feares
Fly to your fayth for succour and fure ayde.
Let me not die in languor and long teares.
Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismayd?
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?

Loue of your felfe, she faide, and deare constraint
Let me not sleepe, but waste the weariue night
In secret anguifli and vnppitied plaint,
Whiles you in careleffe sleepe are drowned quight.
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suspect her truth: yet since no vntruth he knew,
Her fawning loue with foule disdauemfull fpight
He would not fhend, but faid, Deare dame I rew,
That for my fake vnknowne fuch grieue vnto you grew.

Assure your felfe, it fell not all to ground;
For all fo deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your loue, and hold me to you bound;
Ne let vaune feares procure your needlesse smart,
Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.
Not all content, yet feemd she to appeafe
Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words, that could not chose but pleafe,
So flyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much grieu'd to thinke that gentle Dame fo light,
For whose deffence he was to shed his blood.
At laft dull weares of former figh.
Hauing yrockt a sleepe his irkesome fpight,
That troublous dreame gan frehly toffe his braine,
With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:
But when he faw his labour all was vaine,
With that misiformed fpight he backe returnd againe.

Cant.
Cant. II.

The guileffull great Enchaunter parts.
The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:
Into whose steps faire falshood steps,
And workes him woefull ruth.

By this the Northerne wagoner had set
His seuenfold tyme behind the stedfast starre,
That was in Ocean waues yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To al, that in the wide deepe wandring arre:
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre,
In haft was climbing vp the EASTERne hill,
Full envious that night so long his roome did fill.

When those accursd messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tel
Their booteleffe paines, and ill succeeding night:
Who all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright.
But when he saw his threatening was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes againe.

Efssoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young Squire, in loues and lusty hed

B 3

His
His wanton daies that euer loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Those twoo he tooke, and in a secrete bed,
Couered with darkenes and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to joy in vaine delight.

Forthwith herunnes with feigned faithfull haft
Vnto his guest, who after troublous fights
And dreames gan now to take more sound repast,
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
And to him cals, Rise rise unhappy Swaine,
That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
Haue knit themselues in Venus shameful chaine;
Come see, where your false Lady doth her honor staine.

All in amaze he suddenly vp start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went,
Who soone him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely ment
In wanton lust and leud enbracement:
Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire,
The eye of reason was with rage yblent,
And would haue slaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was restraine of that aged fire.

Retourning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guilty fight,
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
And waft his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrksome of life, and too long lingring night.
At last faire Hesperus in highest skie
Had spent his lape, and brought forth dawning light,
Then vp he rose, and clad him hastily;
The dwarfe him brought his steed: so both away do fly.

Now
Now when the rosy fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spred her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hills Titan discouered,
The royall virgin shooke of drousy hed,
And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each howre;
Then gan she wail and wepe, to see that woeful flowre.

And after him she rode with so much speede,
As her lowe beast could make; but all in vaine:
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlese paine;
Yet she her weary limbes would neuer rest,
But euyry hil and dale, each wood and plaine
Did search, sore grieued in her gentle brest,
He so vngently left her, whom she loued best.

But subtil Archimago when his guests
He saw diuided into double parts,
And vna wandring in woods and forrests,
Th'end of his drift, he praiud his diuelish arts,
That had such might ouer true meaning harts:
Yet rest not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke vnto her further smarts:
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

He then deuised himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wife,
As euer Protes to himselfe could make:

Sometime
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fith in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell,
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O who can tell
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of Magick spel?

But now seemde best, the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:
In mighty armes he was yelad anon:
And siluer shield, vpon his coward brest
A bloody crosse, and on his crauen creft
A bounc of heares discoulourd diuerfly:
Full jolly knight he seemde, and wel addreft,
And when he fate vpon his courser free,
Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him to be.

But he the knight, whose semblaunt he did beare,
The true Saint George was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare;
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astra\y.
At la\t him chaunst to meete vpon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin all armde to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans for: full large of limbe and euery ioint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearele of rich assay,
And like a Persian mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lauifh louters to her gaue;
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, wouen like a waue,
Whose bridlerung with golden bels and bosses braue.
With faire dispomt and court ing dalliaunce
She intertainde her louer all the way:
But when she saw the knight his speare aduaunce,
Shee soone left of her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight address him to the fray:
His foe was nigh at hand. He prickte with pride
And hope to winne his Ladies hearte that day.
Forth spurred falt: adowne his courser's side
The red bloud trickling staid the way, as he did ride.

The knight of the Redcroff when him he spide,
Spurring so hote with rage dispituous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and to wards ride:
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That daunted with theyr forces hideous,
Theit steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand,
And eke themselues too rudely rigorous,
Aftonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebutte, and ech to other yealdeth land.

As when two rams stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side,
Doe meete, that with the terror of the flocke.
Aftonied both, stands fencelesse as a blocke.
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stood these twaine, unmoued as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely,
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The Saracen fore daunted with the buffe
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
Each others euall puissance enuies,

And
And through their iron sides with cruelties
Does seek to perce: repining courage yields
No soote to foe. The flashing fier flies
As from a forge out of their burning shields,
And streams of purple bloud new dies the verdât fields.

Curse on that Crossf (qd. then the Sarazin)
That keepes thy body from the bitter fitt;
Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwared it:
But yet I warne thee now assured fitt,
And hide thy head. Therewith vpon his crest
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest, (blest.
And glauncing downe his shield, from blame him fairely

Who theerat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eftfoones reuiue,
And at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did riue,
And cleft his head. He tumbling downe alioe,
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his graue:his grudging ghoft did driue
With the fraile fleshe: at last it flitted is,
Whether the soules doe fly of men,that liue amis.

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

Shee
Shee turning backe with ruefull countenaunce,
Cride, Mercy mercy Sir vouchsafe to shew
On sily Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
And to your mighty wil, Her humblesse low
In so ritch weedes and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmone his stout heroicke heart,
And said, Deare Dame, your sudden 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 wrecched woman, whom unhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heauens lift to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to thy powre,
Was, (O what now auailcth that I was?)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West vnder his rule has,
And high hath set his throne, where Tiberis doth pas.

He in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me vnto the onely haire
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
Was neuer Prince so faithfull and so faire,
Was neuer Prince so meeke and debonaire;
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest Lord fell from high honors staire,
Into the hands of hys accurfed sone,
And cruelly was slaine, that shall I euer mone.

His blessed body spoild of liuely breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, conuaid
And from me hid: of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to mee unhapy maid,
O how
O how great sorrow my sad foule a said,
Then forth I went his woesfull corse to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
With loue, long time did languish as the striken hind.

At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin,
To meete me wandring, who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could neuer win
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soueraigne dread.
There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
Who whiles he liude, was called proud Sansfoy,
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad fire, whose youngest is Sansfoy,
And twixt them both was born the bloudy bold Sansfoy.

In this sad plight, friendlesse, vnfortunate,
Now miserable I Fidessa dwell,
Crauing of you in pitty of my state,
To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well.
He in great passion al this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eies, her face to view,
Then his dull eares, to heare what shee did tell,
And said, faire Lady hart of flint would rew
The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

Henceforth in safe asurauance may ye rest,
Hauing 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 chaunge of chear the seeming simple maid
Let fal her eien, as shamefast to the earth,
And yeelding soft, in that she nought gain-said,
So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
And shee coy lookes: so dainty they say maketh derth.
Long time they thus together trauelled,
  Til weary of their way, they came at last,
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did sprede
Their armes abroad, with gray mossie ouercast,
And their greene leaues trembling with euery blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:
The fearefull Shepheard often there aghast
Vnder them neuer fat, ne wont there found
His mery oaten pipe, but shund th'vnlucky ground.

But this good knight soone as he them can spie,
  For the coole shade him thither haftly got:
For golden Phoebus now that mounted hie,
  From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
  And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themeselfes to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide,
Least to you hap, that happened to me heare,
And to this wretched Lady, my deare loue,
O too deare loue, loue bought with death too deare.
Aftond he stood, and vp his heare did houe,
And with that suddein horror could no member moue.

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
Was ouerpast, and manhood well awake,
Yet musing at the straung occasion,
And doubting much his fence, he thus bespake;
What voice of damned Ghost from Limbo lake,
Or guilful spright wandering in empty aire,
Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,
Sends to my doubtful eares these speaches, rare,
And truefull plants, me bidding guiltlesse blood to spare?

Then groning deep, Nor damned Ghost, (qd, he,)
Nor guileful sprite to thee these words doth speake,
But once a man Fradubio, now a tree,
Wretched man, wretched tree; whose nature weake
A cruell witch her cursed will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plaft in open plaines,
Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
And scorching Sunne does dry my sectret vaines:
For though a tree I feene, yet cold & heat me paines.

Say on Fradubio then, or man, or tree,
Qd, then the knight, by whose mischieuous arts
Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see?
He oft finds med’cine, who his grieve imparts;
But double griefs affliet concealing harts,
As raging flames who striueth to suppreffe.
The author then (said he) of all my smarts,
Is one Duesa a false sorceresse,
That many errat knights hath brought to wretchedness.
In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hotte
The fire of loue and ioy of cheualtree
First kindled in my brest, it was my lott
To loue this gentle Lady, whome ye see,
Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree;
With whome as once I rode accompanyde,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire Lady by his syde,
Lyke a faire Lady, but did fowle Dueffa hyde.

Whose forged beauty he did take in hand,
All other Dames to haue exceeded farre;
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the Morning starre:
So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre,
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Vnder my spreare: such is the dye of warre:
His Lady left as a prize martiall,
Did yield her comely person, to be at my call.

So doubly lou'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 exceede;
A Rosy girlond was the victors meede:
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
So hard the discord was to be agreeede.
Fralissa was as faire, as faire more bee,
And euer false Dueffa seemde as faire as shee.

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

Then cride she out, fye, fye, deformed wight,
Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
To haue before bewitched all mens sight;
O leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine.
Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,
Estsoones I thought her such, as she me told,
And would haue kild her; but with faigned paine,
The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold:
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

Then forth I tooke Dueffa for my Dame,
And in the witch vnweeting joyd long time,
Ne euer wist, but that she was the same,
Till on a day (that day is euerie Prime,
When Witches wont do penance for their crime)
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing herself in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
That euer to haue toucht her, I did deadly rew.

Her neather partes misshapen, monstrous,
Were hidd in water, that I could not see,
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would beleue to bee.
Then forth from her most beastly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to flipp away,
Soone as appeard safe opportunitie:
For danger great, if not assurd decay
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

The
The diuclifh hag by chaunges of my cheare
Perceiued my thought, and drownd in sleepeie night,
With wicked herbes and oynments did besmeare
My body all, through charmes and magicke might,
That all my senses were bereaued quight:
Then brought he me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched louers side me pight,
Where now enclofd in wooden wals full faste,
Banisht from liuing wights, our weary daies we wast.

But how long time, said then the Elfin knight,
Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?
We may not chaunge (quoth he) this euill plight,
Till we be bathed in a liuing 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 sufficed fates to former kynd
Shall vs restore, none else from hence may vs vnbynd.

The false Djuala, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreiment,
When all this speech the liuing tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with freshe clay did close the wooden wound:
Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her found.

Her seeming dead he found with feigned feare,
As all vnweeting of that well she knew,
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelessse swowne. Her eylids blew

C

And
And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew did sit,
At last she vp gan list: with trembling cheare.
Her vp he tooke, too simple and too trew,
And of her kist. At length all passed feare,
He set her on her steede; and forward forth did beare.

Cant. III.

Forsaken Truth long seekes her loue,
And makes the Lyon mylde,
Res blind Deotions mart, & fals
In hand of leachour wylde.

Nought is there vnder heau'ns wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought: t'vnworthie wretchednesse
Through enuiues snares or fortunes sleeakes vnkind:
I, whether lately through her brightneblynd,
Or through alleageance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe vnto all womankynd,
Feele my hart perfit with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pitty I could dy.

And now it is empassioned so deep,
For fairest Vnaes fake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
To thanke, how she through guyleful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as euer liuing wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight diuorced in despayre
And her dew loues deryu'd to that vile witches shayre.

Yet
Yet the most faithfull Ladie all this while
  Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd
  Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
  In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who subtilly betrayd (wrought
Through that late vision, which th'Enchaunter
Had her abandond. She of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily fought;
Yet wiled tydings none of him vnto her brought.

One day nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
  From her vnhaftie beast she did alight,
  And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight:
  From her fayre head her fillet she vnlight,
  And layd her stole aside. Her angels face
As the great eye of heauen shyned bright,
  And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did neuer mortall eye behold such heauenly grace.

It fortuned out of the thickeft wood
  A ramping Lyon rushed suddeinly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood;
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse:
  But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
And with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

In stead thereof he kist her wearie seer,
  Andlick her lilly hands with sawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
  O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue auenging wrong?
Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

The Lyon Lord of euerie beast in field
Quoth she, his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her that him lou'd, and euer most adord,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

Redounding teares did choke th'end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint
The kingly beast vpon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last in close hart shutting vp her payne,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy Palfrey got agayne.
To secke her strayed Champion, if she might attayne.

The Lyon would not leaue her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
And when the wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepar'd:
From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
And euer by her lookes conceiued her intent.
Long she thus trauelled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandring knight hold pas,
Yet neuer shew of living wight espide;
Till that at length she found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Vnder the steepe foot of a mountaine hore;
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzell spyde slow footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

To whom approching she to her gan call,
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her answerd nought at all,
She could not heare, nor speake, nor vnderstand;
Till seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
With suddeine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away: for neuer in that land
Face of fayre Lady she before did vew,
And that dredd Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

Full fast she fled, neuer lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay,
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall night: nought could she say,
But 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 Vna, weary Dame, and entrance did requere.

Which when none yielded, her vnruuly Page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and saint astonishment,

She
Shee found them both in darkesome corner pent,
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads devoutly penitent;
Nine hundred pater nosters every day,
And thrife nine hundred Aues she was wont to say.

And to augment her painefull penaunce more,
Thrife every weeke in ashes shee did sitt,
And neath her wrinkled skin rough tacecloth wore,
And thrife three times did fast from any bitt:
But now for feare her beads she did forgett.

Whose needlessse dread for to remove away,
Faire \( vna \) framed words and countenaunce sitt:
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray.
That in their cottage small that night she rest her may.

The day is spent, and commeth drowsie night,
When euery creature shrowded is in sleepe;
Sad \( vna \) downe her lacies in weary plight,
And at her feete the Lyon watch doth keepe:
In stead of rest, she does lament, and weep.
For the late losse of her deare loued knight,
And sighes, and grones, and euermore does sleepe.
Her tender brest in bitter tears all night,
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

Now when \( \text{Aldeboran} \) was mounted hye
Above the shynie Caffiopeias chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
He knocked fast, and often cursed, and swore,
That ready entrance was not at his call:
For on his backe a heavey load he bare.
Of nightly stelths and pillage seuerall,
Which he had got abroad by purchas criminal,

He
Cant. II I.  the Faery Queene:

He was to wee a stout and sturdy thiefe,
Wont to robb Churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which giuen was to them for good intents;
The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men careless slept,
And spoild the Priests of their habiliments,
While none the holy things in safety kept;
Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept,

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

Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bett,
Yet of those fearfull women none durft rize,
The Lyon frayled them, him into lett:
He would no longer stay him to aduize,
But open breaks the dore in furious wize,
And entring is; when that disdainfull beast
Encountring fierce, him sudein doth surprize,
And seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
Vnder his Lordly foot him proudly hath luppresst.

Him booteth not resift, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand,
Who streight him rent in thousand pieces small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty land.
The first Booke of Cant. III.

Dronke vp his life; his corse left on the strand.
His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
The heauie hap, which on them is alight,
Affraid, leaft to themselfes the like mishappen might.

Now when broad day the world discouerced has,
Vp Vna rose, vp rose the lyon eke,
And on their former journey forward pas,
In waies vnknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
With paines far passing that long wandring Greeke,
That for his loue refused deitye;
Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did flye,
Then furthest from her hope, whé molt she weened nye.

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 heare,
And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare.
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
Then forth they ran like two amazed deare,
Halfe mad through malice, and reuenging will,
To follow her, that was the caufer of their ill.

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow houling, 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 mischeifes, and long misery
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endlessse error she might euer stray.
But when she saw her prayers nought preuaile,
Shee backe retourned with some labour lost;
And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,
A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging boist,
But subtill Archimag, that Vna sought
By traynes into new troubles to haue toste:
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a Lady shee could telden ought.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and tale, and rend her heare,
Saying, that harlott she too lately knew,
That caufd her shed so many a bitter teare,
And so forth told the story of her feare:
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
And after for that Lady did inquere;
Which being taught, he forward gan advaunce
His fair enchantted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

Ere long he came, where Vna traueld flow,
And that wilde Champion wayting her byside:
Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst not show
Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Vnto an hil; from whence when she him spyde,
By his like seeming shiled her knight by name
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:
Approching nigh shee wist, it was the same, (came.
And with faire fearfull humblesse towards him shee

And weeping said, Ah my long lacked Lord,
Where haue ye bene thus long out of my sight?
Much feared I to haue bene quite abhord,
Or ought haue done, that ye displeasen might, 
That
That should as death ynto my deare heart light:
For since mine eie your joyous sight did mis,
My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is;

But welcome now my light, and thining lampe of blis.

He thereto meeting said, My dearest Dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame;
As you to leaue, that have me lound stil,
And chose in Faery court of meere goodwil,
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth:
The earth shall sooner leaue her kindly skil
To bring forth fruit, and make eternall derth,

Then I leaue you, my lische, yborne of heucly berth.

And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
Was for to seeke aduenture in straunge place,
Where Archimagus said a felon strong
To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
But knight he now shall neuer more deface,
Good cause of mine excuse, that mote ye please
Well to accept, and euer more embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and seas

Haue vowed you to defend. Now then your plaint ap-

His lonly words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines: one lousing howre:
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence:
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sourre:
Shee has forgott, how many, a woeful howre
For him she late endurd; she speaks no more
Of past: true is, that true louse hath no powre
To looken backe; his eies be fixt before.

Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyled so sore.

Much
Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Ofte souf in swelling Tethys saltish teare,
And long time hauing tand his tawney hide,
With blusstring breath of Hauë, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound,
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His cheerfull whistle merily doth found, (round.
And Nereus crownes with cups; his mates him pledg a-

Such ioy made Vna, when her knight she found;
And eke th'enchauenter ioyous seemde no lesse,
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
His ship far come from wattrie wildernesse,
He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth bleffe:
So forth they past, and all the way they spent
Discourseing of her dreadful late distresse,
In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment:
Who told her all that fell in journey, as she went.

They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with haitie heat,
Full strongly armd, and on a courser free,
That through his fiernesse fomed all with sweat,
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side;
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell reuenge, which he in hart did hyde,
And on his shield Sans loy in bloody lines was dyde.

When nigh he drew vnto this gentle payre
And saw the Red-croffe, which the knight did beare;
He burnt in fire, and gan estfoones prepare
Himselfe to batreill with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through fear,
To taste th' untried dint of deadly steel;
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feel;
So bent his spear, and spurs his horse with yron heele.

But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce,
And full of wrath, that with his sharpheade spear
Through vainly crost'd shield he quite did perce,
And had his staggering steed not shonke for feare,
Through shield and body eke he should him beare:
Yet so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his sacle quite he did him beare:
He tumbling rudely downe to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in minde to reave his life,
And proudly said, Lo there the worthie meed
Of him, that slew Sansjoy with bloody knife;
Henceforth his ghost freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen ouer Lethe lake,
When mourning altars purgd with enimies life,
The black infernall Furies doen aslake:
Life from Sansjoy thou tookst, Sansjoy shall fro thee take.

Therewith in haste his helmet gan vnlace,
Till Vna cride, O hold that heauie hand,
Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
Now at thy mercy: Mercy not withstand;
For he is one the truest knight alieue,
Though conquered now he lye on lowly land,
And whilest him fortune sauour'd, sayre did thriue
In bloudy field: therefore of life him not I epriue.
Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage,
But rudely rending vp his helmet, would
Haue slayne him streight: but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hauly hand he doth amased hold,
And halfe afhamed, wondred at the sight:
For the old man well knew he, though vntold,
In charmes and magick to haue wondrous might,
Neuer wont in field, he in round lifts to fight.

And said, Why Archimago, lucklesse wyre,
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,
In stead of foe to wound my friend amis?
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
And on those guilfe full dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit. Which doen away,
He left him lying so, he would no lenger stay.

But to the virgin comes, who all this while
Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misseigning 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.

But her fiers servaunt full of kingly aw
And high disdaine, whenas his soueraine Dame
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
And ramping on his shield, did wee the same
Haue rest away with his sharp rending clawes:
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His corage more, that fro his griping paws (drawes.
He hath his shield redeemd, and forth his swerd he

O then too weake and seeble was the forse
Of saluage beast, his puissance to withstand:
For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
As euer wielded speare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wisely understaund.
Est soones he perced through his chaufed chest
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his Lordly hart: with death opprest
He ror'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

Who now is left to keepe the forlotne maid
From raging spoile of law leffe victors will?
Her faithfull gard remou'd, her hope dismaid,
Her seffa yielded pray to saue or spill,
He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With soule reproches, and disdaineful spight
Her wildly entertaines, and will or nill,
Beares her away vpon his courser light:
Her prayers nought preuaile, his rage is more of might.

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaintes she fillet hys dull ears,
That stony hart could rieuene haue in twaine,
And all the way she wetts with flowing teares:
But he enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
But followes her far of, he ought he seares,
To be partaker of her wandring woe,
More mild in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.
Oung knight, what euer that dost armes profess,
   And through long labours hunteft after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice, and chaungne of thy deare loued 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 lightnesse and inconstancie in loue;
That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly proue

Who after that he had faire /\nborne,
   Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false Dueff, in her fled had borne,
Called Fideff, and so supposd to be;
Long with her traueld, till at laft they see
A goodly building, bruely garnished,
The house of mightie Prince it seemd to be:
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thether trauelled.

Great troupes of people traueld thetherward
   Both day and night, of each degree and place,
But few returned, having scaped hard,
With balefull beggery, or soule disgrace,
Which
Which euer after in most wretched care,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thereon Drossa badd him bend his pace:
For she is wearie of the toilful way,
And alco nigh consumed is the lingering day.

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

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workman's witt,
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on fo weake foundation euer sitt:
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt,
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heauen shaked it:
And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

Arrived there they passed in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide,
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
Cald Maluen, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight:
Infinite sortes of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.
By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Presence mount; whose glorious view
Their frail eyes amazed, senses did confound:
Inliuing Princes court none euer knew
Such endless richesse, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne Perseus, the nourse of pompous pride
Like euer saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lords and Ladies stood on every side,
Which with their presence fayre, the place much beau-

High above all a cloth of State was spread,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there fate most braue embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene, that shone as Titan's ray,
In glistening gold, and pereless pious stone;
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightness of her glorious throne,
As enuying herself, that too exceeding shone.

Exceeding shone, like Phoebus fairest childe,
That did presume his fathers syrie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steeles unwonted wilde
Through highest heauen with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and advancement wayne,
While flashing beames do daze his feele eyen,
He leaues the welkin way most beaten playne,
And rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the skyen,
With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to shyne.

So proud she shyned in her princely state,
Looking to heauen; for earth she did disdayne,
And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo vnder neath her scornefull feete, was layne
A dreadful Dragon with an hideous trayne,
And in her hand she held a mirrour bright,
Wherein her face she often viewed fayne,
And in herself loud semblance took delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any liuing wight.

Of grievously Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearleffe worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell,
And thundring Jove, that high in heauen doth dwell,
And wield the world, the claymed for her fyre,
Or if that any else did Jove excell:
For to the highest she did still aspire,
Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

And proud Lucifer men did her call,
That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd to be,
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of natuie soueraintie,
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the scepter, which she now did hold:
Ne ruld her Realme with lawes, but policie,
And strong aduizement of six wizards old,
That with their counsels bad her kingdome did uphold.

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
And fale Duessa seeming Lady fayre,
A gentle Hufner, Vanitie by name
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepare:
So goodly brought them to the lowest fayre
Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her roiall state to see,
To prooue the wide report of her great Maieftee.
With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
She thancked them in her disdaineful full wife,
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shewe
Of Princesse worthy, scarce them bad arise.
Her Lords and Ladie, all this while deuise
Themselves to setten forth to strangers fight:
Some srounce their curled heare in courtly guise;
Some pranke their ruffles, and others trimly dight
Their gay attyre: each others greater pride does spight.

Goodly they all that knight doe enterayne,
Right glad with him to haue increaft their crew;
But to Duess each one himselfe did payne
All kindeffe and faire courtesie to shew;
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faery mongst the middeft crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
And that great Princesse too exceeding proud,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

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

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold, and girldons gay,
That seemd as freshe as Flora in her prime,
And stroue to match, in roiall rich array,
Great Iounes golden chayre, the which they say
The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Iounes high hous through heauens bras paused way
Drawne of fayre Pecocks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus eyes their tayles dispredden wide.

But this was drawne of six vnequall beasts,
On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obay their bestiall beasts,
With like conditions to their kindes applyde:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish idlenesse the nourse of sin;
Vpon a slouthfull Asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
Like to an holy Monck, the service to begin.

And in his hand his Porteffe still he bare,
That much was wreene, but therein little redd,
For of deuotion he had little care,
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies dedd;
Scarfe could he once vphold his heauie hedd,
To looken, whether it were night or day:
May seeme the wayne was very euill ledd,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went, or else astry.

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
And greatly shunned manly exercife,
From euerie worke he challenged esloyne,
For contemplation fake; yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawlesse riotife;
By which he grew to grieuous malady;
For in his lustlesse limbs through euill guise
A shaking feuer raigned continually:
Such one was idlenesse, first of this company.
And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne,
His belly was vpblowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne,
And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne,
With which he swallowd vp excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne,
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued vp his gorge, that all did him deteast.

In greene vine leaues he was right fitly clad;
For other clothes he could not weare for heat;
And on his head an yuie girland had,
From vnder which fast trickled downe the sweat:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he suft so oft, that on his seat
His dronken course he scarfe vpholden can,
In shape and life more like a monster, then a man.

Unfit he was for any wordly thing,
And eke vnhabile once to stirre or go,
Not meete to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
That from his frend he seeldome knew his frend:
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropifie through his flesh did flow,
Which by middiet daily greater grew:
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery,
Vpon a bearded Gote, whose rugged heare,
And whally eies (the signe of gelosy),
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:

Who
Whose rough, and blacke, and filthy did appeare,
Vnseemly man to please faire Ladies eye;
Yet he of Ladies oft was loued deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

In a greene goone he clothed was full faire,
Which vnderneath did hide his filthinesse,
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new fanglenesse;
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,
And learned had to loue with secret lookes,
And well could daunce, and sing with ruefulnesse,
And fortunes tell, and read in louing bookes,
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshy hookes.

Inconstant man, that loued all he saw,
And lufted after all, that he did loue,
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But joyd weake wemens hearts to tempt, and proue;
If from their loyall loues he might them moue;
Which lewdnes sild him with reprochfull pain;
Of that foule euill, which all men reproue,
That rots the marrow, and consumes the braine:
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Vppon a Camell loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffets hong on either side,
With precious metall full, as they might hold;
And in his lap an heap of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelspe his God he made,
And vnto hell him selfe for money told;
Accursed vflury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.
His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste,
    And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes hee ware.
Ne scarce good morfell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richeffe to compare;
Yet childene kinsem man liuing had he none
To leaue them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lofe his owne,
He led a wretched life vnto himself unknowne.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise,
    Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store,
    Whose need had end, but no end couetise,
    Whose welth was want, whose plenty made him pore,
Who had enough, yett wished ever more,
    A vile diseaue, and eke in foote and hand
    A grieuous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand:
Such one was Anarice, the forth of this faire band.

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

All in a kirtle of discolourd say
    He clothed was, ypaynted full of cies;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile vptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
Still as he rode, he gnash'd his teeth, to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Couetyse,
And grudged at the great felicitee
Of proud Lucifer, and his owne companee.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no leffe, that any like did vse,
And who with gratious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
So euery good to bad he doth abuse:
And eke the verse of famous Poets witt
He does backebite, and spightfull poison stres
From leprous mouth on all, that euer writt:
Such one vile Envy was, that first in row did sitt.

And him beside rides fierce reuenging Wrath,
Vpon a Lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed;
His eies did hurte forth sparcles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all, that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hew and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trebling through hafty rage, when choler in him sweld.

His ruffin raiment all was stain'd with blood,
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through vnaduized rashnes woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no gouernement,
Necar'd for blood in his auengement;
But when the furious sitt was ouerpast,
His cruell facts he often would repent;
Yet wilfull man he never would forecase,
How many mischieues should ensue his heedlesse haft.
Cant. I III. the Faery Queene

Full many mischiefs follow cruel Wrath;
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Vnmanly murder, and vnthrifty scath,
Bitter delight, with rancours rusty knife,
And fretting griefe the enemy of life;
All these, and many euils moe haunt ire,
The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rise,
The shaking Palfey, and Saint Fraunces fire:
Such one was Wrath, the laft of this vngodly tire.

And after all upon the wagon beame
Rode Sathan, with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lafh the laesy teme,
So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routes of people did about them band,
Shawting for joy, and still before their way
A foggy mist had couered all the land;
And vnderneath their feet, all scattered lay
Dead sculls & bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

So forth they marchen in this goodly fort,
To take the solace of the open aire,
And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport;
Emong the rest rode that false Lady faire,
The foule Dæsia, next vnto the chaire
Of proud Lucifer, as one of the traine:
But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
Him selfe estranging from their ioynance vaine,
Whose fellowship seemd far vnfitt for warlike swaine.

So having solaced themselves a space,
With pleaunaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
They backe returned to the princely Place;
Whereas an errant knight in armes yced,

And
And heathenish shield, wherein with letters red
Was writ Sansjoy, they new arrived find:
Enflam'd with fury and fiercely hardy, he,
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts vnkinde;
And nourish bloody vengeaunce in his bitter mind.

Who when the shamed shield offlaine Sansjoy
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 lept, and that same envious gage
Of victors glory from him snacht away:
But th'Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage;
Diddaind to loose the meed he wonne in fray,
And him renouncing fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

There with they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battalla ready to darrayne,
And clash their shilds, and shake their sverds on hy,
That with their sturre they troubled all the traine;
Till that great Queene upon eternall paine
Of high displeasure, that enswean might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine,
And if that either to that shild had right,
In equall lifts they should the morrow next it fight.

Ah dearest Dame, q.d. then the Paynim bold,
Pardon the error of enraged wight,
Whome great griefe made forgett the raines to hold
Of reasons rule, to see this recreaunt knight,
No knight, but treachourfull of false despight
And shameful treason, who through guile hath flayn
The prouest knight, that euer field did fight,
Euen fromt Sansjoy (O who can then restrayn?) (dayn.
Whose shild he beares renuerst, the more to heap dis-

And
And to augment the glorie of his guile,
His dearest loue the faire Fideffa loe
Is there posseed of the traytour vile,
Who reapes the harvest sowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloodie field, and bought with woe:
That brothers hand shall dearely well requight
So be, O Queene, you equall fauour showe.

Him little anwerd the angry Elfin knight; (right.
He neuer meant with words, but swords to plead his

But threw his gauntlet as a sacred pledg,
His cause in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with harts on edg,
To be aueng'd each on his enimy.

That night they pas in joy and iollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For Steward was excessive Gluttony,
That of his plenty poured forth to all; (call.
Which doen, the Chamberlain Slowth did to rest them.

Now whenas darkefome night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtein ouer brightest skye,
The warlike youthes on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggishe eye,
To mufe on meanes of hoped victory.

But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace,
Arrested all that courtly company,
Vprofe Ducffa from her resting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fitt,
Forecasting, how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoues with speaches seeming fitt:
Ah deare Sanfioy, next dearest to Sanfioy;
Caufe
Cause of my new grieue, cause of new ioy,
Ioyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
And greeud, to thinke how foe did him destroy,
That was the flowre of grace and cheualrye;
Lo his Fideles to thy secret faith I flye.

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
And bad say on the secret of her hart.
Then sighing loof, I learne that little sweet
Ost tentred is (quoth she) with muchell smare:
For since my brest was laucht with louely dart
Of deare Sansfoy, I neuer ioyed howre,
But in eternal wees my weaker hart
Haue wafted, louing him with all my powre,
And for his sake haue felt full many an heauie stowre.

At last when perils all I weened past,
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new wees vnweeting I was caft,
By this false saytor, who vnworthie ware
His worthie sheld, whom he with guilefull snare
Entrapped siew, and brought to shamefull graue.
Me silly maid away with him he bare,
And euer since hath kept in darksom caue,
For that I would not yeeld, that to Sansfoy I gaue.

But since faire Sunne hath sperft that lowring clowd,
And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
Vnder your beames I will me safely shrowd,
From dreaded storne of his disdainfull spight:
To you th'inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers praise, to you eke longes his loue.
Let not his loue, let not his restlesse spight,
Be vnreueng'd, that calleth you above (move.
From wandring Stygian sthores, where it doth endless

There to
Thereto said he, faire Dame be nought dismaid
For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them gone:
Ne yet of present perill be affraid:
For needlesse feare did neuer vantage none,
And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is San fooy, his vitall paines are past,
Though greeued ghost for vengeance deep do grone
He liues, that shall him pay his dewties laft,
And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in haste.

O But I feare the fickle freakes (quoth shee)
Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field.
Why dame (quoth he) what oddes can euuer bee,
Where both doe fight alike, to win or yield?
Yea but (quoth she) he beares a charmed shield,
And eke enchauanted armes, that none can perce,
Ne none can wound the man, that does them wield.
Charmed or enchauanted (answerd he then firce)
I no whitt reck,ne you the like need to reherece.

But faire Fideffa, sithens fortunes guile,
Or enimies powre hath now captiued you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe subdew,
And with San foyes dead dowry you endew.
Ay me, that is a double death (she said)
With proud foes fight my forrow to renew:
Where euer yet I be, my secrete aide
Shall follow you. So passing forth she him obaid.
The faithfull knight in equall field
subdewes his faithlesse foe,
Whom false Duessa saues, and for
his cure to hell does goe.

The noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can neuer rest, vntill it forth haue brought
Th'eternall brood of glorie excellent:
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Deuizing, how that doughtie turnament
With greatest honour he archieuen might;
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

At last the golden Orientall gate
Of greatest heauen gan to open sayre,
And Phoebus fresh, as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre;
And hurls his gliftring beams through gloomy ayre.
Which whē the wakeful Else perceiued, streight way
He started vp, and did him selfe prepayre,
In sunbright armes, and battailous array:
For with that Pagan proud he combatt will that day.

And forth he comes into the commune hall,
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
There many Minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy,
And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
Cantune their timely voices cunningly,
And many Chroniclers, that can record
Old loues, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In wouen maile all armed warily,
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of liuing creatures eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And daintie spices fetcht from furthestEnd,
To kindle heat of corage priuily:
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
T'obserue the sacred lawes of armes,that are assynd.

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

A shrilling trompett souned from on hye,
And vnto battaill bad them felonies addresse:
Their shinning shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
And burning blades about their heades doe bleffe,
The instruments of wrath and heauiness:
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely,that they doe impress
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle:
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak & fraile.
The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great:
For after blood and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For all for praise and honour he did fight.
Both stricken stryke, and beaten both doe beat,
That from their shields forth flyeth firie light,
And hewen helmets deepe shew marks of eithers might.

So th'one for wrong, the other strieues for right:
As when a Gryfon seized of his pray,
A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull rauine rend away:
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so sore, that they the heauens affray:
The wise Southsayer seeing so sad fight,
Th'amazed vulgar telles of warres and mortall fight.

So th'one for wrong, the other strieues for right,
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh, that streames of blood down flow,
With which the armes, that earst so bright did shew
Into a pure vermilion now are dyde:
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
His suddain eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
Vpon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And
And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull syre,
Doest thou sit wayling by blacke stygian lake,
Whyle left here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre,
And sluggish german doest thy forces flake,
To after-send his foe, that him may ouertake?

Goe caytue Elfe, him quickly ouertake,
And soone redeeme from his long wandring woe,
Goe guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield haue quit from dying foe.
Therewith vpon his creft he stroke him so,
That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall;
End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
The false Duessa, Thine the shield, and I, and all.

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake,
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake:
Tho mou'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast auengd to be,
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoupe vpon his knee;
Had he not stouped so, he should haue clouen bee.

And to him said, Goe now proud Miscreant,
Thy selfe thy message do to german deare,
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:
Goes say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.
Therewith his heauie hand he high gan reare,
Him to haue slaine; when lo a darkesome cloud
Vpon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
But answer none receiues: the darknes him does shrowd

E
In haste Duesa from her place arose,
And to him running sayd, O prowest knight,
That euer Ladie to her loue did chose,
Let now abate the terrour of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight,
And bloody vengeance; lo th'infernals powres
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Haue borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres.
The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and glory yours.

Not all so satisfied, with greedy eye
He sought all round about, his thrifty blade
To bathe in blood of faithlesse enmy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He standes amazed, how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpet, Triumph found on hie,
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

Wherewith he goeth to that soueraine Queene,
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seene:
Which she accepts, with thankes, and goodly gree,
Greatly aduauncing his gay cheualree.
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people followe with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the ayre it fills, and flyes to heauen bright.

Home is he brought, and layd in sumptuous bed:
Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
To salue his hurts, that yet still freshely bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
And
And softly gan embalme on euerie side.
And all the while, most heauenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did diuide,
Him to beguile of grieue and agony:
And all the while Dueffa wept full bitterly.

As when a wearie traueller that strayes
By muddy shore of broad feuen-mouthed Nile,
Vnweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell crastie Crocodile,
Which in false grieue hyding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full fore, and sheddeth tender teares:
The foolish man, that pitties all this while
His mournefull plight, is swallowd vp vnwares,
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes an others cares.

So wept Dueffa vntill euentyde,
That shyning lampes in loues high house were light:
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
But comes vnto the place, where th’Hethen knight
In flombring twound nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay couer’d with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as the him left in plight,
To wayle his woefull case she would not stay,
But to the Easterne coast of heauen makes speedy way.

Where grieufully Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phaebus chearefull face durst neuer vew,
And in a soule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darksome new,
Where she all day did hide her hated new,
Before the dore her yron charret stood,
Already harnessed for iourney new;
And coleblacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.
Who when she saw *Duefia* sunny bright,
Adorned with gold and jewels shining clear,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to fear:
For never did such brightness there appeare,
And would have backe retyr'd to her caue,
Vntill the witches speach she gan to heare,
Saying, yet O thou dreaded Dame, I craue
Abye, till I haue told the message, which I haue.

She stayd, and foorth *Duefia* gan proceede,
O thou most auncient Grandmother of all,
More old then *Thone*, whom thou at first didst breede,
Or that great house of Gods cælestiall,
Which wast begot in Damogorgons hall,
And sawst the secrets of the world vnmade,
Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrade?
Lo where the stout *Sansfioy* doth sleepe in deadly shade.

And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold *Sansfioy* shrinck vnderneath his speare;
And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
O what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
If old *Avengles* sonnes so cuill heare?
Or who shall not great *Nightes* children scorne,
When two of three her Nephews are so fowle forlorne.

Vp then, vp dreary Dame, of darknes Queene,
Go gather vp the reliques of thy race,
Or else goe them auenge, and let be seene,
That dreaded *Night* in brightest day hath place.
And
And can the children of fayre light deface:
Her feeling speakes some compassion mou'd
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:
Yet pitty in her hart was neuer prou'd
Till then: for euermore she hated, neuer lou'd.

And said, Deare daughter rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successes, which their foes enfew:
But who can turne the streame of destinee,
Or breake the chaync of strong necessitee,
Which fast is tyde to Ioues eternall seat.
The sones of Day he fauoureth, I see,
And by my ruines 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 Sansfoy to fall,
Shall with his owne blood price, that he hath spilt.
But what art thou, that tellst of Nephews kilt?
I that doseeme not I, Duefsa ame,
Quoth she, how euer now in garments gilt,
And gorgeous gold arayd I to thee came;
Duefsa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame.

Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kifst
The wicked witch, saying, In that fayre face
The fasle resemblaunce of Deceipt, I wist
Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
Could it discerne, though I the mother bee
Of fashhood, and roote of Duefsaes race.
O welcome child, whom I haue longd to see,
And now haue seene vnwares. Lo now I goe with thee.

Then
Then to her yron wagon she betakes,  
And with her beares the fowle welsauourd witch:  
Through mirksome aire her ready way she makes.  
Her twyfold Teme, of which two blacke as pitch,  
And two were browne, yet each to each vnlich,  
Did softly swim away, ne euer stamp,  
Vnlese she chaunt their stubborne mouths to twitch;  
Then foming tarre, their bridles they would champ,  
And trampling the fine element, would fiercely ramp.

So well they sped, that they be come at length  
Vnto the place, whereas the Paynim lay,  
Deuoid of outward fence, and native strength,  
Couerd with charmed cloud from vew of day,  
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.  
His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congeald,  
They binden vp so wisely, as they may,  
And handle softly, till they can be healed:  
So lay him in her charrett, close in night conceald.

And all the while she stood vpon the ground,  
The wakefull dogs did neuer cease to bay,  
As giuing warning of th'vnwonted sound,  
With which her yron wheeles did them affray,  
And her darke griesly looke them much dismay;  
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle  
With drery shrickes did also her bewray;  
And hungry wolues continually did howle,  
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

Thence turning backe in silence softe they stole,  
And brought the heauy corse with easy pace  
To yawning gulfe of deepe Auernus hole.  
By that same hole an entraunce darke and base  
With
With smoke and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to hell: there creature neuer past,
That backe retourned without heavenly grace;
But dreadfull Furies, which their chaines haue braft,
And damned sprifts sent forth to make ill men aghalt.

By that same way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mournefull charet, fild with rusty blood,
And downe to Plutos house are come bilue:
Which passing through, on euery side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattering their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stony eies; and all the hellish brood
Offeends infernall flockt on euery side,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.

They pas the bitter wanes of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefullly,
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp thrilling shriekes doe bootlefe cry,
Cursing high tone, the which them thither sent.
The house of endless paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The curled creatures doe eternally torment.

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venemous,
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong;
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And fellly gnarre, vntill Days enemy
Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong.
And suffered them to passen quietly:
For she in hell and heauen had power equally.
There was 

Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heauen to sin;
And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, nemight from labour lin;
There thrifty Tantalus hong by the chin;
And Titus fed a vultur on his maw;
Typhaeus ioynts were stretched on a gin,
Theus condemned to endlesse slouth by law
And fifty sisters water in letel vessels draw.

They all beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their worke, vnmindfull of their smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,
Till they be come vnto the furthest part:
Where was a Caue ywrought by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, vneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,
In which sad Aesculapius far apart
Emprisond was in chaines remediless,
For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

Hippolytus a iolly huntsman was,
That wont in charret chace the foming bore;
He all his Peeres in beauty did surpas,
But Ladies loue as losse of time forbore:
His wanton stept dame loued him the more,
But when she saw her offred sweets refud
Her loue she turnd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treason false accusd,
And with her gealous termes his open eares abusd.

Who all in rage his Sea-god fyre besought,
Some cursed vengeaunce on his sonne to cast:
From surging gulf two Moisters streight were brought,
With dread whereof his chacing steedes aghast.
Both
Both charlett wiffe and huntsman ouercast, 
His goodly corps on ragged clifts yrent, 
Was quite dismembred, and his members chaff 
Scattered on euery mountaine, as he went, 
That of Hippolytus was lefte no moniment.

His cruell stepdame seeing what was donne, 
Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end, 
In death auowing th'innocence of her sonne. 
Which hearing his rash Syre, began to rend 
His heare, and hafty tong, that did offend: 
Tho gathering vp the relicks of his smart 
By Dianes meanes, who was Hippolyts frend, 
Them brought to Aesculape, that by his art 
Did heale them all againe, and ioyned euery part.

Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain 
When lume auizd, that could the dead reviue, 
And fates expired could renew again, 
Of endlesse life he might him not depreiue, 
But vnto hell did thruft him downe aliue, 
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore: 
Where long remaining, he did alwaies strive 
Him selfe with salues to health for to restore, 
And slake the heauenly fire, that raged euermore.

There auncient Night arriving, did alight 
From her nigh weary wayne, and in her armes 
To Aesculapis brought the wounded knight: 
Whome hauing softly disaraid of armes, 
Tho gan to him discouer all his harmes, 
Beseaching him with prayer, and with praiue, 
If either salues, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes 
A for lonne wight from dore of death mote raise, 
He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.
Ah Dame (qd. 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 heauen dew
Here endless penaunce for one fault I pay,
But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
Thou biddest me to seeke? Can Night dehydrate (day?)
The wrath of thundring /one/, that rules both night and

Not so (qd. she) but sith that heauens king
From hope of heauen hath thee excluded quight,
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing,
And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of everlastling Night?
Goe to then, O thou far renouned sonne
Of great Apollo, shew thy famous might
In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne
Great pains, and greater praise, both neuer to be done.

Her words preuaild: 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 hauing scene, from thence arose away
The mother of dredd darkenesse, and let stay
Aueugles sonne there in the leaches cure,
And backe returning tooke her wonted way,
To ronne her timely race, whist Phoebus pure
In westerne waues his weary wagon did recure.

The false Duesse leauing noyous Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pryde;
Whete when she came, she found the Faery knight
Departed thence, albee his woundes wyde

Not
Not thoroughly heald, vnready were to ryde.

Good cause he had to haften thence away;
For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spyde,
Where in a dungeon deepe huge nombers lay

Of caytiue wretched thralls, that wayled night and day.

A ruefull sight, as could be scene with eie;
Of whom he learned had in secret wife
The hidden cause of their captiuitie,
How mortgaging their liues to Covetise,
Through wastfull Pride, and wanton Riotise,
They were by law of that proud Tyrannesse
Prouokt with Wrath, and Enuye false furmise,
Condemned to that Dungeon mercileffe,
Where they should liue in wo, & dye in wretchednesse.

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him as onely God to call vpon,
Till through celestiall doome thrown out of dore,
Into an Ox he was transformd of yore:

There also was king Crasus, that enhauist
His hart too high through his great richesse store;
And proud Antiochus, the which adua unst
His cursed hand against God, and on his altares daunst.

And them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That first the world with sword and fire warrayd;
And after him old Ninus far did pas
In princely pomp, of all the world obayd;
There also was that mightie Monarch layd
Low vnder all, yet aboue all in pride,
That name of natuie fyre did fowle vpbrayd,
And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide,
Till scornd of God and man a shamefull death he did.

Till scornd of God and man a shamefull death he did.

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

Amongst these mightie men were women mixt,
Proud women, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixed
With sonses own blade, her foule reproches spoke;
Fayre Sthenobæa, that her selfe did choke
With wilfull chord, for wanting of her will;
High minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill:
And thousands moe the like, that did that dungeon

Besides the endless routes of wretched thralles,
Which thether were assembled day by day,
From all the world after their wofull falles,
Through wicked pride, and wasted welthe's decay.
But most of all, which in the Dungeon lay
Fell from high Princes cortes, or Ladies bowres,
Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods, and thirstlesse bowres,
And lastly thrown themselves into these heauy stowres.

Whose case whenas the carefull Dwarfe had tould,
And made example of their mournfull sight
Vnto his maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,

But
But early rose, and ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heauen wyde,
He by a priuie Porterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he more be spied:
For doubtlesse death ensowed, if any him despyde.

Scarce could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corses, like a great Lay-stall
Of murdred men which therein strowed lay,
Without remorse, or decent funerall:
Which al through that great Princesse pride did fall
And came to shamefull end. And them beyside
Forth ryding vnderneath the castell wall,
A Donghill of dead carcases he spied,
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pryde.

Can. VI.

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
sayre Una is releaste:
Whom saluage nation does adore,
and learnes her wise beheaste.

As when a ship, that flyes sayre vnder sayle,
An hidden rocke escaped hath vnwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Marriner yet halfe amazed staires
At perill past, and yet it doubt ne dares
To ioy at his foolhappie oversight:
So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares
The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,
Hauing escaped so sad enamples in his sight.

Yet
Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed
The saie 
as forst him leaue behind;
And yet more sad, that 
His deare deed
Her truth had staynd with treason so vnkind;
Yet crime in her could neuer creature find,
But for his loue, and for her owne selfe fave,
She wandred had from one to other
Him for to seeke, ne euer would forfake,
Till her vnwares the fiers 
did ouertake.

Who after 
Sowle defeat,
Led her away into a forest wilde,
And turning wrathfull fyre to luftfull heat;
With beastly fin thought her to haue defilde,
And made the vassall of his pleasures wilde.
Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes,
Her to persuade, that stubborne fort to yilde:
For greater conquest of hard loue he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

With fawning wordes he courted her a while,
And looking louely, and oft fighing fore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diuerse guile:
But wordes, and lookes, and sighes she did abhore,
As rock of Diamond ftedfaft euermore.
Yet for to feed his fyrie luftfull eye,
He snatcht the vele, that hong her face before;
Then gan her beautie fhyne, as brightest skye,
And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitye.

So when he saw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,
And subtile engines bett from batteree,
With greedy force he gan the fort affayle,
Whereof he weend possesse soone to bee,
And win rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.
Ah heauens, that doe this hideous act behold,
And heauenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance iust so long withheld,
And hurle not flashing flames vpó that Paynim bold?

The piteous mayden carefull comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shrieks, and shrieking cryes,
The last vaine helpe of wemens great distresse,
And with loud plaintes importuneth the skyes,
That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes;
And Phæbus flying so most shamefull sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hydes for shame. What wit of mortall wight
Can now devise to quitt a thrall from such a plight?

Eternall prouidence exceeding thought,
Where none appeares can make her selfe a way:
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.
Her shrill outcryes and shrieks so loud did Bray,
That all the woodes and forestes did resound;
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far a way
Within the wood were dauncing in a round,
Whiles old Syluanus slept in shady arber found,

Who when they heard that piteous strained voice,
In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,
And ran towards the far rebounded noyce,
To weet, what wight so loudly did lament,
Unto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
A rude, mishappen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he never saw, he durft not byde,
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.
The wyld woodgods arriued in the place,  
There find the virgin doolfull defolate,  
With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbred face,  
As her outrageous foe had left her late,  
And trembling yet through feare of former hate;  
All stand amazed at so vncouth sight,  
And gin to pittie her vnhappie state,  
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,  
In their rude eyes vnworthy of so woeful plight.

She more amazd, in double dread doth dwell;  
And every tender part for feare does shake:  
As when a greedy Wolfe through honger fell  
A feely Lamb far from the flock does take,  
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,  
A Lyon spyes faft running towards him,  
The innocent pray in haft he does forfake,  
Which qutt from death yet quakes in euery lim  
With chaunge of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim.

Such fearefull fitt affaid her trembling hart,  
Ne word to speake, ne joynyt to moue she had:  
The saluage nation feele her secret smart,  
And read her sorrow in her count'rance sad;  
Their frowning forheades with rough hornes yclad,  
And rustick horror all a lyde doe lay,  
And gently grenning, shew a semblance glad  
To comfort her, and feare to put away,  
Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obay.

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet committ,  
Her fingle person to their barbarous truth,  
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does fitt,  
Late learnt what harime to hafty truft ensu'th,
Cant. V I.  the Faery Queene.

They in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie souerayne,
Are wonne with pity and vnwonted ruth,
And all prostrate upon the lowly playne,  (fayne.

Doe kisse her feete, and sawne on her with countenance

Their harts she gheffeth by their humble guise,
And yieldes her to extremitie of time;
So from the ground she searelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
They all as glad, as birdes of joyous Pryme,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all as shepheards ryme,
And with greene branches strowing all the ground,
Do worship her, as Queene, with olive girland round.

And all the way their merry pipes they found,
That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring,
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
So towards old Syluanus they her bring;
Who with the noyse awaked, commeth out,
To weet the cause, his weake steps gouerning,
And aged limbs on Cypressse stadle stout,
And with an yuie twyne his waste is girt about.

Far off he wonders, what them makes so glad,
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did inuent,
Or Cybeles franticke rites haue made them mad;
They drawing nigh, unto their God present
That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent:
The God himselfe vewing that mirthour rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent;
His owne favre Dryope now he thinkes not faire,
And Pholce fowlte, when her to this he doth compaire.

The
The woodborne people fall before her flat,

And worship her as Goddesse of the wood;

And old Syluanus selfe bethinkes not, what

To thinke of wight so fayre, but gazing flood,

In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood;

Sometimes Dame Venus selfe he seemes to see,

But Venus neuer had so sober mood;

Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,

But mislith bow, and shaftes, and bulksins to her knee.

By vew of her he ginneth to reuiue

His ancient love, and dearest Cyparissse,

And calles to mind his portraiture aliove,

How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this,

And how he flew with glauung dart amisse

A gentle Hynd, the which the louely boy

Did loue as life, above all worldly blisse;

For grieue whereof the lad n'ould after ioy,

But pynd away in anguill and selfewild annoy.

The wooddy Nymphes, faire Hamadryades

Her to behold do thether runne apace,

And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades,

Flocke all about to see her louely face:

But when they vewed haue her heauenly grace,

They enuy her in their malitious mind,

And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace:

But all the Satyres scorn their woody kind,

And henceforth nothing faire, but her on earth they find

Glad of such lucke, the luckeleffe lucky mayd,

Did her content to please their feeble eyes,

And long time with that saluage people stayd,

To gather breath in many miseries.
During which time her gentle wit she plyes,
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
And made her th’Image of Idolatryes;
But when their bootleffe zeale she did restrayne
From her own worship, they her Asse would worship sayn.

It fortuned a noble warlike knight
By iust occasion to that forest came,
To seeke his kindred, and the lineage right,
From whence he tooke his welde servant name:
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And sild far landes with glorie of his might,
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enimy of shame,
And euer lou’d to fight for Ladies right,
But in vaine glorious frayes he little did delight.

A Satyres sonne yborne in forest wyld,
By strange adventure as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a Lady myld,
Fayre Thyamis the daughter of Labryde,
That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde
To Therion, a loose vnruely swayne;
Who had more ioy to raunge the forest wyde,
And chafe the saluage beast with busie payne,
Then serve his Ladies loue, & waste in pleasures vayne.

The forlorne mayd did with loues longing burne,
And could not lacke her louers company,
But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,
And seeke her spouse, that from her still does fly,
And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to finde,
And kindling coles of lust in brutifh eye,
The loyall linkes of wedlocke did vbinde,
And made her person thrall vnto his beastly kind.

F 2
So long in secret cabin there he held
   Her captiue to his sensuall deyre,
   Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
   And bore a boy into that salvage deyre:
Then home he suffred her for to retyre,
   For ransome leauing him the late-borne childe;
   Whom till to ryper yeares he gan aspyre,
He nouseled vp in life and manners wilde, (exilde.
Emongst wild beastes and woods, from lawes of men
For all he taught the tender ymp was but
To banish cowardize and baird feare;
   His trembling hand he would him force to put
   Upon the Lyon and the rugged Beare,
   And from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare;
   And eke wyld roring Bulls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backes not made to beare;
   And the Robuckes in flight to ouertake,
That euery beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

Thereby so fearelesse, 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 beastes not rashly to despise,
Not too much to prouoke: for he would learne
   The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
   (A lesson hard) and make the Libbard sterne
Leauing roaring, when in rage he for reuenge did earne.

And for to make his powre approued more,
   Wyld beastes in yron yokes he would compell;
The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell;
Cant. V I.  the Faery Queene.

The Antelope, and Wolfe both fierce and fell;
And them constrain in equall terme to draw,
Such ioy he had, their stubborn hartes to quell,
And sturdie courage tamed with dreadfull aw,
That his beheast they feared, as a tyrans law.

His louing mother came vpon a day
Vnto the woodes, to see her little sonne;
And chaunst vnwares to meet him in the way,
After his sportes, and cruell pastime donne,
When after him a Lyonessa did runne,
That roaring all with rage, did lowd requere.
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:
The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes, withouten childishe feare.

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning backe, gan fast to fly away,
Vntill with loue requokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet persuaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan say;
Ah Sadyne, my dearling, and my ioy,
For loue of me leave off this dreadfull play,
To dally thus with death, is no fit toy,
Go find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy.

In these and like delightes of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper yeares he raught,
And there abode, whylest any beast of name
Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not taught,
To feare his force: and then his courage haught
Defyrd of forteine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge aduentures fought:
In which his might was neuer overthrown,
But through al Faery lond his famous worth was blown
Yet
Yet euermore it was his maner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Vnto thole natuie woods for to repaire,
To see his fyre and offspring auncient.
And now he thether came for like intent,
Where he vnwares the fairest Vna found,
Sraunge Lady, in so straunge habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her fat around
Trew sacred lore, which fro her sweet lips did redound.

He wondred at her wisedome heuenly rare,
Whose like in womens witt he neuer knew;
And when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And ioyd to make proofe of her crueltie
On gentle Dame, so hurtleffe, and so trew:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnt her discipline of faith and verity.

But she all vowd vnto the Redcrofe knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintraunce could delight,
But her deare heart with anguith did torment,
And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in priuie wise
To Satyrane she shewed her intent;
Who glad to gain such fauour, gan devise,
How with that pensiue Maid he best might thence arise.

So on a day when Satyres all were gone,
To doe their service to Syluanus 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 euer hope recover her againe:
In vaine he seekes that having cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with careful paine,
That they the woods are past, & come now to the plaine.

The better part now of the lingring day,
They traueld had, whenas they far espide
A weary wight for wandring by the way,
And towards him they gan in haft to ride,
To weect of newes, that did abroad beride,
Or tidings of her knight of the Redcrosse.
But he them spying, gan to turne aside,
For feare as seemd, or for some feigned losse,
More greedy they of newes, fast towards him do crosse.

A silly man, in simple weeds forworne,
And sold with dust of the long dried way;
His sandales were with toil some trauell tornne,
And face all tane with scorching sunny ray,
As he had trauelled many a summers day,
Through boyling sands of Arabe and Ynde;
And in his hand a Jacobs staffe, to stay
His weary limbs vpon: and eke behind,
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

The knight approching nigh, of him inquerd
Tidings of warre, and of aduentures new;
But warres, nor new aduentures none he herd.
Then Vna gan to aske, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
That in his armour bare a croflet red.
Ay me, Deare dame (qd. he) well may I rew
To tell the sad fight, which mine eies haue red:
The sees eies did see that knight both liuing, and eke ded.
That cruel word her tender hart so thrild,
That suddein cold did ronne through every vaine,
And stony horror all her fencs fled
With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine,
The knight her lightly reared vp againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
Then wonne from death, she had him tellen plaine
The further proccess of her hidden griefe;
The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chief.

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunft this day,
This fatall day, that shall I euer rew,
To see two knights in trauell on my way
(A sory sight) arraung'd in batteill new,
Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hewe
My feareful fleth did tremble at their strife,
To see their blades so greedily imbrow,
That dronke with blood, yet thirsted after life: (knife.
What mors, the Redcreste knight was slain with Paynim

Ah dearest Lord (qd. she) how might that bee,
And he the stoutest knight, that euer wonne?
Ah dearest dame, (qd. hee) how migh I see
The thing, that might not be, and yet was done?
Where is (said Satyrane) that Paynims sone,
That him of life, and vs of ioy hath refte?
Not far away (qd. she) he hence doth wonne
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him lefte (were cleft.
Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in haft,
Whiles Vna with huge heaineffe opprest,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
And soone he came, as he the place had gheft,
Whereas that Pagan proud him selfe did rest,
In secret shadow by a fountain side:
Euen he it was, that earst would haue supprest
Faire Vna: whom when Satyrane espied,
With foule reprochfull words he boldly him defide.

And said, Arise thou cursed Miscreant,
That haft with knightlesse guile and trecherous train
Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
That good knight of the Redcroffe to haue slain:
Arise, and with like treason now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield.
The Sarazin this hearing, rose amain,
And catching vp in haft his three square shield,
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

And drawing nigh him said, Ah misborn Elfe,
In euill houre thy foes thee hither sent,
Anothers wrongs to wreak vpon thy selfe:
Yet ill thou blamest me, for hauing blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent:
That Redcroffe knight, perdie, I never flew,
But had he beene, where earst his armes were lent,
Thenchaunter vaine his errour shoulde not rew:
But thou his errour shalt, I hope now proven trew.

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fierly to assaile
Each other, bent his enimy to quell,
That with their force they perst both plate & maile,
And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
That it would pitty any liuing eie.
Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile;
But floods of blood could not them satisifie:
Both hongred after death: both chose to win, or die.
So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,
That fainting each, themselves to breathen lett,
And ofte refreshed, battle oft renew:
As when two Bores with rancing malice met,
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely frett,
Till breathless both them selues aside retire,
Where coming wrath, their cruel tutes they whett,
And trample th'earth, the whiles they may respire;
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

So fierfly, when these knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight retourne, increasing more
Their puissant force, and cruel rage attone,
With heaped strokes more hugely, then before,
That with their drye wounds and bloody gore
They both deformed, scarcely could bee known.
By this sad Vna fraught with anguish sore, (thrown:
Led with their noile, which through the aire was
Arriu'd, wher they in erth their fruitles blood had sown.

Whom all so soon as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan reuive the memory
Of his leud lusts, and late attempted sin,
And lefte the doubtfull battell hastily,
To catch her, newly offered to his eie:
But Satyrane with strokes him turning, stayd,
And sternely bad him other businesse plie,
Then hunt the steps of pure vnspotted Maid:
Wherewith he al enrag'd, these bitter speaches said.

O foolish faeries sonne, what fury mad
Hath thee incensit, to haft thy dolefull fate?
Were it not better, I that Lady had,
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
Most senseless man he, that himselfe doth hate,
To loue another. Lo then for thine ayd
Here take thy louers token on thy pate.
So they to fight, the whiles the royall Mayd
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim fore afrayd

But that falle Pilgrim, which that leasing told,
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay
In secret shadow, all this to behold,
And much reioyced in their bloody fray:
But when he saw the Damfoll passe away
He left his fiond, and her purslew.d apace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay.
But for to tell her lamentable case,
And eke this battels end, will need another place.

Cant. VII.

The Redcrose knight is captaine made
By Gyaunt proud opprest,
Prince Arthur meeats with Una greatly with those newes distrest.

VVhat man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,
As to discry the crafty cunning traine,
By which deceit doth make in violace faire,
And cast her coulours died deepe in graine,
To seeme like truth, whose shape she well can faine,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame;
The guilteffe man with guile to entreate?
Great maistresse of her art was that false Dame,
The false Duessa, cloked with Fidesfases name.
Who when returning from the dreary Night,
She found not in that perilous houe of Pryde,
Where she had left, the noble Redcrofs knight,
Her hoped pray; she would no longer byde,
But forth she went, to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she found, whereas he wearie fate,
To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine syde,
Disarmed all of yron-coted Plate,
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

Hee feedes vpon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,
Which through the trebling leaues full gently playes
Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd
Doe chaunte sweet musick, to delight his mynd,
The witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnes vnkynd,
Vpbrayd, for leaving her in place vnmeet,
(\textit{sweet,})
With fowle words tempring faire, fowre gall with hony

\textit{Vnkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,}
And bathe in pleasaunce of the ioyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountaine like a girllond made;
Whose bubbling waue did euer freshly well,
Ne euer would through fervent sommer fade
The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of \textit{Diane's} favor, as it then befell,

The caufe was this: one day when \textit{Phaeb}e fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This Nymph, quite tyr’d with heat of scorching ayre
Satt downe to rest in midst of the race:
The goddesse wroth gan lowly her disgrace,
And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters wexed dull and slow,
And all that drinke thereof, do faint and feeble grow.

Hereof this gentle knight vnweeing was,
And lying downe, upon the sandie graile,
Dronke of the streame, as cleare as chrystall glas;
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to sayle,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle:
His chaunged powres at first them selues not felt,
Till crulded cold his corage gan a-sayle,
And chearefull blood in sayntnes chill did melt,
Which like a feuier fit through all his body swelt.

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
Pourd out in loosnessse on the grassy ground,
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame:
Till at the last he heard a dreadful sound,
Which through the wood loud bellowing, did re-
That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th'Elfe therewith astound,
Upstart lightly from his loosier make,
And his vnready weapons gan in hand to take.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or gett his sheild, his monstrous enemy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous Geaunt horrible and hie,
That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye,
The ground eke gromed vnder him for dread;
His livyng like saw neuer livyng eye,
Ne duct behold; his stature did exceed
The hight of three the talllesst sonnes of mortall seed,

The
The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,  
And blustering AEolus his boasted hyre,  
Who with his breath, which through the world doth  
Her hollow womb did secretly inspire,  
And fill her hidden caues with stormy hyre;  
That she conceiu'd, and trebling the dew time,  
In which the wombes of wemen doe expyre,  
Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly flyme,  
Pust vp with emptice wynd, and fild with sinfull cryme.

So growen great through arrogant delight 
Of th'high descent, whereof he was yborne,  
And through presumption of his matchlesse might,  
All other powres and knighthood he did scorne,  
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,  
And left to losse: his staking steps are stayde  
Upon a snaggly Oke, which he had torn  
Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made  
His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde.

That when the knight he spyde, he gan aduance  
With huge force and insupportable mayne,  
And towards him with dreadfull fury praunce;  
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine  
Did to him pace, fad battaile to darrayne,  
Disarmd, disgrasse, and inwardly dismayde,  
And eke so faint in euery ioynt and vayne,  
Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble made,  
That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

The Geaunt strooke so maynly mercileffe,  
That could haue overthrowne a stony towre,  
And were not heuenly grace, that him did blessye,  
He had beene pouldred all, as thin as flowre:  
But
But he was wary of that deadly flowre,
And lightly left from underneath the blow
Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre
That with the winde it did him overthrow,
And all his fences stood, that still he lay full low.

As when that diuellish yron Engin wrought
In deepest Hell, and framed by Furie's skill,
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
And ram'd with bullet round, ordain'd to kill,
Conceiueth fyre, the heauens it doth fill
With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
Through smouldry cloud of duskish stinking smok,
That th'only breath him daunts, who hath escape the
 stroke.

So daunted when the Geaunt saw the knight,
His heauie hand he heaued vp on hye,
And him to dust thought to have battred quight,
Untill Dueffa loud to him gan crye;
O great Orgoglio, greatest vnder skye,
O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake,
Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,
But vanquish't thine eternall bondslawe make,
And me thy worthy meed vnto thy Leman take.

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
To gayne so goodly guerdon, as he spake:
So willingly he came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was possesst of his newfound make.
Then vp he tooke the flombred sencelesse corse,
And ere he could out of his owne awake,
Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
And in a Dongeon deep him threw without remorse.
From that day forth Dueffa was his deare,
And highly honour'd in his haughty eye,
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne set on her head full hie,
And her endow'd with royall majesty:
Then for to make her dtede more of men,
And peoples hartes with awfull terror yte,
A monstrous beast ybredd in filthy fen.
He chose, which he had kept long time in darksom den.

Such one it was, as that renowned Snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake,
Whose many heads out budding eu'r new,
Did breed him endless labor to subdew:
But this same Monster much more vgly was;
For seuen great heads out of his body grew,
Anyron brest, and back of scaly bras,
And all embrewd in blood; his eyes did shine as glas.

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the hous of heuenly gods it raught,
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The euerburning lamps from thence it brought,
And proudly threw to ground, as things of naught;
And vnderneath his filthy feet did tread,
The sacred things, and holy heastes for taught.
Vpon this dreadfull Beast with seuenfold head
He sett the talle Dueffa, for more aw and dread.

The wofull Dwarf, which saw his maisters fall,
Wiles he had keeping of his grasing steed;
And valiant knight become a caytieue thrall,
When all was past, tooke vp his forlorn weave,
His mightie Armour, missing most at need;
His siluer shield, now idle maisterlefe;
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed,
The ruefull moniments of heauinesse,
And with them all departes, to tell his great distresse.

He had not travailed long, when on the way
He wofull Lady, wofull Vna met,
Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,
Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let:
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,
And saw the signes, that deadly tydinges spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And liuely breath her sad brest did forfake,
Yet might her pitteous hart be scene to pant and quake.

The messenger of so vnhappie newes,
Would faine haue dyde: dead was his hart within,
Yet outwardsly some little comfort shewes:
At last recovering hart, he does begin
To rubb her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
And euerie tender part does toffe and turne:
So hardly he the flitted life does win,
Vnto her native prison to retoure:
Then gins her grievued ghost thus to lament & mourn.

Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith cruell fates the carefull threds vnfould,
The which my life and loue together tyde?
Now let the stony dart of fenceleffe cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through euerie side,
And let eternall night so sad fro me hyde.
O lighßome day, the lamp of highest love,
First made by him, mens wandring wayes to guide,
When darknesse he in deepest dongeon droue,
Henceforth thy hated face for euer hyde,
And shut vp heauens windowes fhyning wyde:
For earthly light can nought but forow breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
But seeld vp with death, shaue their deadly meed.

Then downe againe she fell into the ground;
But he her quickly reared vp againe:
Thrife did she sinke adowne in deadly swowendung,
And thrife he her reviu'd with busie paine:
At laft when life recover'd had the raine,
And ouer-wrestled his strong enimy,
With folttring tong, and trembling euerie vaine;—
Tell on (quoth he) the woefull Tragedy,
The which these reliques fade present vnto mine eye:

Tempeftuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost dart;
Thy sad tong cannot tell more heauy plight,
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:
Who hath endur'd the whole, can bear each part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound,
That launched hath my breft with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull ground;
If leffe, then that I feare, more fauour I haue found.

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare,
The subtile traines of Archimage old;
The wanton loues of falle Fidesa fayre,
Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold;

The
Cant. VII.  

She heard with patience all unto the end,
And stroue to maister sorrowfull assay,
Which greater grew, the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
And loue fresh coles vnto her fire did lay:
For greater loue, the greater is the losse.

Was neuer Lady loued dearer day,
Then she did loue the knight of the Redcroife;
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did toffe.

At last when seruent sorrow flaked was,
She vp arose, resoluing him to find
Aliue or dead : and forward forth doth pas,
All as the Dwarfe the way to her aflynd :
And euermore in constant careful mind
She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale;
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High ouer hills, and lowe adowne the dale,
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a vale.

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way
Together with his Squyre, arayed meet:
His glitter and armour shined far away,
Like glaucing light of Phoebus brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may :
Athwart his bret a bauldrick braue he ware, ( rare.
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most precious
And in the midst thereof one precious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,
Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding stone;
Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights,
And strive for to amaze the weaker sights;
Thereby his mortal blade full comely hong
In voure sheath, ycaru'd with curious flights;
Whose hilt was burnisht gold, and handle strong
Of mother perle, and buckled with a golden tong.

His haughtie Helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse, and great terror bredd,
For all the crest a Dragon did enfold
With greedie paws, and over all did spredd
His golden winges: his dreadfull hideous hed
Close couched on the beuer, seemed to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
That scondeine horror to faint hartes did show;
And scaly tayle was stretched adowne his back full low.

Upon the top of all his loftie creft,
A bounch of heares discoulourd dierely,
With sprinkled pearle, and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemed to daunce for iolity,
Like to an Almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brauc bedecked daintily;
Her tender locks do tremble every one
At euery little breath, that vnder heauen is blowne.

His warlike shield all cloesly couer'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever scene;
Not made of steel, nor of enduring bras,
Such earthly mettals soone consumed beene;
But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massy entire mould,
Hewn out of Adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it never perce they could,
Ne dint of direfull sword diuide the substance would.

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heauens he would affray:
For so exceeding shone his glistening ray,
That Phoebus golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth ouer-lay
And siluer Cynthia wexed pale and faynt,
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts constraint.

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

Ne let it seen that credence this excedes,
For he that made the same, was knowne right well
To haue done much more admirable deedes.
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All liuing wightes in might of magicke spell:
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought
For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell,
But when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought
To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seen, if sought.
A gentle youth, his dearely loued Squire
His spear of heben wood behind him bare,
Whose harmful head, thrife heated in the fire,
Had riuen many a brett with pikehead square;
A goodly person, and could menage faire,
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bitt,
Who under him did amble as the aire,
And chaunt, that any on his backe should sitt;
The yron rowels into frothy some he bitt.

Whenas this knight nigh to the Lady drew,
With louely court he gan her entertaine;
But when he heard her answers loth, he knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraigne:
Which to allay and calme her storming paine,
Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
And for her humor fitting purpose faine,
To tempt the cause itselfe for to bewray;
(lay.
Wherewith enmound, these bleeding words she gan to

What worlds delight, or joy of liuing speach
Can hart, so plumgd in sea of sorrowes deep,
And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
Soone as I thinke vpon my bitter bale:
Such helpelesse harms yts better hidden keep,
Then rip vp griefe, where it may not auail,
My last left comfort is, my woes to weepe and waile.

Ah Lady deare, qd. then the gentle knight,
Well may I ween, your griefe is wondrous great;
For wondrous great griefe groneth in my spright,
Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat. But
But woeful Lady, let me you intrete,
For to unfold the anguish of your hart:
Mishtaps are maistred by advice discrete,
And counsell mitigates the greatest smart;

Found neuer help, who neuer would his hurts impart.

O but (qd. she) great griefe will not be told,
And can more easely be thought, then said.
Right so (qd. he) but he, that neuer would,
Could neuer: will to might giues greatest aid.
But griefe (qd. she) does greater grow displeied,
If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire.
Despaire breeds not (qd. he) where faith is said.
No faith so fast (qd. she) but flesh does paire.
Flesh may empaire (qd. he) but reason can repaire.

His goodly reason, and well guided speach
So depe did settle in her gracious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach,
Which lune and fortune in her heart had wrought,
And said faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquiere the secrets of my griece,
Or that your wisedome will direct my thought,
Or that your prowess can me yield reliefe:
Then heare the story sad, which I shall tell you briefe.

The forlorne Maiden, whom your eies haue seene
The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,
Am th'only daughter of a King and Queene,
Whose parents deare whiles equal destinies,
Did come about, and their felicities
The favourable heauens did not enuy,
Did spred their rule through all the territories,
Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gebons golden waues doe wash continually.
Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
An huge great Dragon horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
With murdrous raunie, and deuouring might.
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wafted quight:
Themselves, for feare into his iawes to fall,
He forst to castle strong to take their flight,
Where fast embard in mighty brasen wall,
He has them now foure years besieged to make the thrall.

Full many knights aduenturous and stout
Haue enterprizd that Monster to subdue;
From every coast that heauen walks about,
Haue thither come the noble Martial crew,
That famous harde atchievements still pursue,
Yet neuer any could that girldon 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 fiere cruelty haue bin.

At last yled with far reported praise,
Which flying fame throughout the world had spred,
Of doughty knights, whom Fary land did raise,
That noble order hight of maidenhed,
Forthwith to court of Gloriantaesped,
Of Gloriantae great Queene of glory bright,
Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red,
There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,
That Parents deare from tyrants powre deliuer might.

Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was faire and good)
There for to find a fresh vnprowd knight,
Whose manly hand imbrowd in guilty blood
Had neuer beene, neuer by his might

Had
Had throwne to ground the unregarded right:
Yet of his prowesse prowe he since hath made
(I witnes am) in many a cruell fight;
The groning ghosts of many one disnaiade
Haue felt the bitter dint of his auenging blade.

And ye the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His biting sword, and his deuouring speare,
Which haue endured many a dreadful stowe,
Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,
And well could rule: now he hath left you heare,
To be the record of his ruefull losse,
And of my dolefull disauenturous deare:
O heauie record of the good Redcroffe,
Where haue ye eel left your lord, that could so well you

Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captiue languor should redeeme,
Till all vnweeting, an Enchaunter bad
His fence abufd, and made him to misdeeme
My loyalty, not such as it did seeme
That rather death desire, then such despight.
Be iudge ye heauens, that all things right esteeme,
How I him lou'd, and loue with all my might,
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

Thenesforth me desolate he quite forsooke,
To wander, where wilde fortune would me lead,
And other by waies he himselfe betooke,
Where neuer foote of living wight did tread,
That brought not backe the balefull body dead;
In which him chaunced falle Duseffa meete,
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
Who with her witchcraft and misleeming sweete,
Inueigled him to follow her desires vnmeetee.
At last by subtile sleights she him betrayed
Unto his foe, a Gyaunt huge and tall,
Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall
The monster merciless him made to fall,
Whose fall did never foe before behold;
And now in darksome dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remediless, for aie he doth him hold;
This is my cause of griefe, more great, then may be told.

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint:
But he her comforted, and faire bespake,
Certes, Madame, ye haue great cause of plaint,
That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.
But be of cheare, and comfort to you take:
For till I haue acquitted your captiue knight,
Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake.
His chearefull words reviu'd her chearelesse spright,
So forth they went, the Dwarfe the guiding euer right.

Cant. VIII.

Faire virgin to redeeme her deare
Brings Arthure to the fight:
Who slays that Gyaunt, wounds the beast,
And strips Duesia quight.

Aye me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast truth acquite him out of all:

Her
Her loue is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he thorough his own foolish pride,
Or weakness is to sinfull bands made thrall:
Els should this Redcross knight in bands haue dyde,
For whose deliverance this Prince doth thether guyd.

They sadly traueil thus, vntill they came
Nigh to a castle builded strong and hye:
Then cryde the Dwarfe, lo yonder is the same,
In which my Lord my liege doth lucklesse ly,
Thrall ro that Gyaunts hatefull tyranny:
Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay.
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie feed, and badd the Ladie stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

So with his Squire, th'admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that castle wall,
Whose gates he found fast shutt, ne living wight
To warde the same, nor answer were commers call.
Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold,
And taffelles gay. Wyde wonders ouer all
Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approved bene in vses manifold.

Was neuer wight, that heard that shrilling sound,
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine;
Three miles it might be easie heard around,
And Ecchoes three aunswered it selfe againe:
No false enchantment, nor deceitfull traine
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vaine:
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
But with that percing noife flew open quite, or braft.
The fame before the Gyaunts gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the ground,
And every dore of freewill open flew:
The Gyaunt selfe dismayed with that sound,
Where he with his Duesse dallyance fownd.
In haste came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenance sterne, as one astound,
And staggering steps, to weep, what sudden stowre,
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded powre.

And after him the proud Duesse came,
High mounted on her many headed beast,
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his creast,
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.
That when the knight beheld, his mightie chyld
Upon his manly arme he soone addrest,
And at him fierly flew, with corage fild,
And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.

Therewith the Gyaunt buckled him to fight,
Inflamed with scorneful full wrath and high disdain,
And lifting vp his dreadfull club on hight,
All armd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to have flaine.
But wif and wary was that noble Pere,
And lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did faire awoide the violence him nere;
It booted nought, to thinke, such thunderbolts to beare.

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might,
The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed fight
Did fall to ground, and with his heaue fway

So
So deepely dinted in the driuen clay,
That three yards deepe a furrow vp did throw:
The säd earth wounded with so sore assay,
Did groene full grievous vnderneath the blow,
And trembling with strange feare, did like an erthquake

As when almighty love in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Enrold in flames, and smouldring derriment,
Through riuen cloudes and molten firmament;
The fiers threeforked engin making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay,
And shooting in the earth, castes vp a mount of clay.

His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,
He could not rearen vp againe so light,
But that the knight him at aduantage found,
And whiles he streue his combred clubbe to quight,
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smott of his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriu'd of native might;
Large streames of blood out of the truncked stock
Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riuen rocke.

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling fownd,
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 complains,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing,
The neighbor woods around with hollow murmuring.

That
That when his deare Druessa heard, and saw,

The euill stownd, that daungerd her estate,

Vnto his aide she battellly did draw,

Her dreadfull beast, who swolne with blood of late

Came ramping forth, with proud presumpuous gate,

And threatened all his heads like flaming brandes.

But him the Squire made quickly to retreate,

Encountring fiers with single sword in hand,

And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

The proud Druessa full of wrathfull spight,

And fiers did daine, to be affronted so,

Enforth her purple beast with all her might

That stop out of the way to overthroe,

Scorning the let of so vnequall foe:

But nathemore would that corageous swanye

To her yeeld passage, gainst his Lord to goe,

But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,

And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,

Which stille she bore, replete with magick artes;

Death and despeyre did many thereof sup,

And secret poyson through their inner partes,

Th'eternall bale of heauie wounded harts;

Which after charmes and some enchauntments saide,

She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes;

Therewith his sturdie corage soone was quayd,

And all his fences were with sudden dread dismayd.

So downe he fell before the cruelle beast,

Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,

That life nigh cruhte out of his panting breste;

No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.

That
Cant. VIII.

That when the carefull knight gan well auife,
He lightly left the foe, with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan tune his enterprize,
For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loued Squyre into such thraldom brought.

And high aduauncing his blood-thristie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heads so sore,
That of his puiffance proud enample made;
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped more:
A sea of blood guft from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments (taynd with filthy gore,
And overflovd all the field around;
That ouer shoes in blood he waded on the ground.

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,
That to haue heard, great horror would haue bred,
And scourging th'emptie ayre with his long trayne,
Through great impatience of his grieued hed
His gorgeous ryder from her lostic sted
Would haue cast downe, and trodd in durty myre;
Had not the Gyauntioone her succoured;
Who all enrag'd with smart and frantick yre,
Came hurtling in full fier, and forft the knight retyre.

The force, which wont in two to be dispersd,
In one alone left hand he now vnites,
Which is through rage more strong then both were
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrow;
The stroke upon his shield so heavielites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low (blow?
What mortall wight could euer bears so monstrous
And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
Did lose his velle by chance, and open flew:
The light whereof, that heaven's light did pass,
Such blazing brightnesse through the ayre threw,
That eie mote not the same endure to view.
Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and softly withdrew his
His weapon huge, that he aued was on yxe,
For to have slayn the man, that on the ground did ly:

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amaz
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
Became stark blind, and all his fences dazd
That downe he tumbled on the duttie field,
And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield.
Wthom when his maistresse proud perceiu'd to fall,
Whiles yet his seeble feet for saintnesse reeld,
Vnto the Gyaunt lowdly he gan call:
Oh helpe orgoglio, helpe, or els we perish all.

At her so pitteous cry was much amoou'd,
Her champion stout, and for to ayde his frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proou'd:
But all in vaine; for he has reed his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
Themselves in vaine: for since that glauncing sight,
He hath no poure to hurt, nor to defend.
As where th' Almighties lightning brond does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the fences quight.

Whom when the Prince, to batteleill new addrest,
And threatening high his dreadful stroke did see,
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
And smote off quites his right leg by the knee,
That
That downe he tumbled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh hewen be,
The mightie trunck halfe rent, with ragged rift
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

Or as a Castle reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malitious flight
Is vndermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe falles, and with her heaped hight
Her haftie ruine does more heauie make,
And yields it selfe vnto the victours might;
Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for seare did quake.

The knight then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall steele him smot againe so fore,
That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store.
But soone as breath out of her brest did pas,
That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,
Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie blader was.

Whose grievous fall, when false Duesse spyde,
Her golden cup she cast vnto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde;
Such percing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull found,
But leaung all behind her, fled away:
The light-foot Squyre her quickly turnd around,
And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought vnto his Lord, as his descreud pray.

H  The
The royal Virgin, which beheld from farre,
In pensiue plight, and sad perplexitie,
The whole achievement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie,
With sober gladnesse, and myld modestie,
And with sweet ioyous cheare him thus bespake:
Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How shall I quite the paynes, ye suffer for my sake?

And you fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths dore,
What hath poore Virgin for such perill past,
Where with you to reward? Accept therefore
My simple selfe, and service euermore:
And he that high does sit, and all things see
With equall eye, their merites to restore,
Behold what ye this day haue done for mee,
And what I cannot quite, requite with vsurce.

But sith the heavens, and your faire handling
Haue made you master of the field this day,
Your fortune maister eke with gouerning,
And well begonne end all so well, I pray,
Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
For the it is, that did my Lord bethrall,
My dearest Lord, and deepe in dungeon lay,
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all.
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call.

Forthwith he gane in charge vnto his Squyre,
That scarlet whore to keepen carefully;
Whyles he himselfe with greedie great desyre
Into the Castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espie;
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call:
But no man car'd to anfwere to his crye.
There raigned a solemn silence over all, (hall.
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seen in bowre or

At last with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guyde his weary gate both too and fro;
For his eye sight him fayled long ygo,
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which vnusued rust did ouergrow:
Those were the keyes of euery inner dore,
But he could not them vse, but kept them still in store.

But very vncothly sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his vntoward pace,
For as he forward moud his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrinkled face,
Unlike to men, who euer as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the Gyaunt dead;
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

His reuerend heares and holy grauitee
The knight much honord, as beseemed well,
And gently askt, where all the people bee,
Which in that stately building wont to dwell.
Who anfwerd him full soft, he could not tell.
Againe he askt, where that same knight was layd,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puiffuance fell
Had made his cautiuue thrall; againe he sayde,
He could not tell: neuer other anfwere made.

Then
Then asked he, which way he in might pas:  
He could not tell; againe he answered.  
Thereat the courteous knight displeased was,  
And said; Old fyre, it seemes thou hast not red:  
How ill it sits with that same siluer hed,  
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:  
But if thou be, as thou art pourtraied  
With natures pen, in ages graue degree,  
Aread in grauer wise,what I demaund of thee.

His answere likewise was, he could not tell.  
Whose fenceleffe speach, and doted ignorance  
When as the noble Prince had marked well,  
He gheft his nature by his countenance,  
And calmd his wrath withgoodly temperance.  
Then to him flepping, from his arme did reach  
Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.  
Each dore he opened without any breach;  
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.

There all within full rich arayd he found,  
With royall arras and resplendent gold,  
And did with store of euery thing abound,  
That greatest Princes presence might behold.  
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)  
With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,  
Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,  
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew,  
And sacred ashes ouer it was strowed new.

And there beside of marble stone was built  
An Altare, caru'd with cunning ymagery,  
On which trew Christians blood was often spilt;  
And holy Martyres often doen to dye,
With cruel malice and strong tyranny:
Whole blessed sprites from underneath the stone
To God for vengeance cryde continually,
And with great grieue were often heard to grone,
That hardest heart would bleede, to heare their piteous

Through evry rowme he sought, and eucrie bowre,
But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
At laft he came vnto an yron doore,
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bounch, to open it withall;
But in the fame a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet, if liuing wight
Were houfed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
These piteous plaints and dolours did resound;
O who is that, which brings me happy choyce
Of death, that here lye dying euery ftound,
Yet liue perforce in balefull darkenesse bound?
For now three Moones haue changed thrice theire hew,
And haue beene thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the heauens chearefull face did vew,
O welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings true.

Which whē that Champion heard, with percing point
Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled forse,
And trembling horour ran through euery ioynr,
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that yron doore,
With furious force, and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
That breathed euery forth a filthie banefull smell.

H 3

But
But neither darkenesse foule, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell his purpose could with hold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zeale, and corage bold,
After long paines and labors manifold,
He found the meanes that Prisoner vp to reare;
Whose seeble thighes vnhaile to vphold
His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare,
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreere.

His sad dull eies deepe sunk in hollow pits;
Could not endure th'vnwonted sunne to view;
His bare thin checkes for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceiued of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs
Were wont to riue steele plates, and helmets hew,
Were clene consum'd, and all his vitall powres
Decayd, and al his fleshe shronk vp like withered flowres.

Whome when his Lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty ioy: to see him made her glad,
And fad to view his visage pale and wan,
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
Tho when her well of teares she wasted had,
She said, Ah dearest Lord, what euill starre
On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence bad,
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
And this misseeming hew your mauly looks doth marre?

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
Whose presence I have lackt too long a day;
And fie on Fortune mine auowed foe,
Whose wrathful wreakes them selues doe now alay.

And
And for these wronges shall treble penaunce pay
Of treble good: good growes of euils prieze.
The chearelesse man, whom sorow did dismay,
Had no delight to treaten of his grieue;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

Faire Lady, then said that victorious knight,
The things, that grieuous were to doe, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
Best musique breeds delight in loathing eare:
But th'only good, that growes of passid feare,
Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
This daies ensample hath this lesson deare
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

Henceforth Sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
And maister these mishaps with patient might;
Looe wher your foe lies strecht 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 liue, or die.
To doe her die (qd. Vna) were despight,
And shame t'auenge so weake an enimy;
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.

So as she bad, that witch they disfearid,
And robd of roiall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displeid;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then when they had despoild her tire and call,
Such as she was, their eies might her behold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall,
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill fauoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told,
Her crafty head was altogether bald,  
And as in hate of honorable eld, 
Was ouergrowne with scurfe and filthy scald; 
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld, 
And her fowre breath abominably smeld; 
Her dried dugs, lyke bladders lacking wind, 
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld; 
Her wrizled skin as rough, as maple rind, 
So scabby was, that would haue loathd all womankind.

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 talle, with dong all fowly dight; 
And eke her feete most monstrous were in sight; 
For one of them was like a Eagles claw, 
With griping talants armd to greedy fight, 
The other like a beares vneuen paw: 
More vgly shape yet neuer liuing creature saw.

Which when the knights beheld, amazd they were, 
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight. 
Such then (said Vna) as shesemeth here, 
Such is the face of falshood, such the fight 
Of fowle Duseff, when her borrowed light 
Is laid away, and counterfaunce knowne. 
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight, 
And all her filthy feature open showne, 
They let her goe at will, and wander waies vnknowne.

Shee flying fast from heauens hated face, 
And from the world that her discouered wide, 
Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace, 
From liuing eies her open shame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and caus long vnespide.  
But that faire crew of knihts, and \( Vnax \) faire  
Did in that castle afterwards abide,  
To rest them selues, and weary powres repaire,  
Where store they fownd of al, that dainty was and rare.

Cant. IX.

His loves and lignage Arthure tells  
the knights knitt friendly hands:  
Sir Treuisan flies from Despeyre,  
Whom Redcros knight withstand.

O Goodly golden chayne, wherewith yfere  
The vertues linked are in louely wize:  
And noble mindes of yore allied were,  
In braue poursuitt of cheualrous emprize,  
That none did others safety despize,  
Nor aid enuy to him, in need that standeth,  
But friendly each did others praife deuise,  
How to aduaunce with fauourable handes,  
As this good Prince redeemd the Redcrosse knight from

Who when their powres empayrd through labor long,  
With dew repast they had recured well,  
And that weake captiue wight now wexed strong,  
Them lift no lenger there at leasure dwell,  
But forward fare, as their aduentures fell,  
But ere they parted, \( Vnax \) faire besought  
That straunger knight his name and nation tell,  
Leaft so great good, as he for her had wrought,  
Should die unknown, & buried be in thankles thought.

Faire
Faire virgin (said the Prince) yee me require
A thing without the compas of my witt:
For both the ligneage and the certein Sire,
From which I sprong, from mee are hidden yitt.
For all soone as life did me admit
Into this world, and shewed heuens light,
From mothers pap I taken was vnfit;
And freight deliuered to a Fary knight,
To be vp brought in gentle thwes and martiall might.

Unto old Timon he me brought byliue,
Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
In warlike feates th'expertest man alioe,
And is the wisest now on earth I weene;
His dwelling is low in a valley greene;
Vnder the foot of Rawran mossy hore,
From whence the riuer Dee as siluer cleene
His tombling dillowes rolls with gentle rore;
There all my daies he traind mee vp in vertuous lore.

Theither the great magicien Merlin came,
As was his yse, ofttimes to visit mee
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And Tutors nouriture to oversee.
Him oft and oft I askt in priuity,
Of what loines and what ligneage I did spring.
Whose aunfwere bad me still assured bee,
That I was sonne and heire vnto a king,
As time in her iust term the truth to light should bring.

Well worthy impe, said then the Lady gent,
And Pupill fitt for such a Tutors hand,
But what aduenture, or what high intent
Hath brought you hether into Fary land,
Aread Prince Arthure, crowne of Martiali band?
Full hard it is (qd. he) to read aright
The course of heauenly cause, or understand
The secret meaning of th’eternall might; (wight.
That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of living.

For whether he through fatal deepe foresight
Me hither sent, for cause to me vnghest,
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rancle in my riuen brest,
With forced fury following his behest,
Me hether brought by wayes yet neuer found,
You to haue helpt I hold my selfe yet blest.
Ah courteous knight (quoth she) what secret wound
Could euuer find, to grieue the gentlest hart on ground?

Deare Dame (quoth he) you sleepeing sparkes awake,
Which troubled once, into huge flames will grow,
Ne euuer will their fervent fury flake,
Till liuing moisture into smoke do flow,
And wafted life doe lye in ashes low.
Yet sithens silence lessteth not my fire,
But told it flames, and hidden it does glow,
I will reuelle, what ye so much desire:
Ah Loue, lay down thy bow, that whiles I may respire:

It was in freshest flower of youthly yeares,
When courage first does creepe in manly cheft,
Then first that cole of kindly heat appeares
To kindle loue in euery liuing brest;
But me had warned old Cleons wife behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
Before their rage grew to so great vnrest,
As miserable louers vse to rew,
Which still wex old in woe, whiles wox still wexeth new.

That
That ydle name of loue, and louers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enimy
I ever scorned, and ioyd to stirre vp strife,
In middel of their mournfull Tragedy,
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent:
Their God himselfe, grieued at my libertie,
Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent,
But I them warded all with wary gouernment.

But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so fownd,
But will at laft be wonne with battrie long,
Or vnawares at disauantage fownd:
Nothing is sure, that growes on earthly ground:
And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
And boastes, in beauties chaine not to be bownd,
Doth soonest fall in disauentrous fight,
And yeeldes his caytiue neck to victours most despight.

Ensample make of him your haplesse ioy,
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avengeing boy
Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertee.
For on a day prickt forth with iollitie
Of looser life, and heat of hardiment,
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heauens with one consent
Did seeme to laugh at me, and fauour mine intent.

For wearyd with my sportes, I did alight
From lostie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd;
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmett fayre displayed:

Whiles
While every sense the humour sweet embayd,
And slombring soft my hart did steele away
Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

Most goodly glee and louely blandishment
She to me made, and badd me loue her deare;
For dearly sure her loue was to me bent,
As when iust time expired should appeate.
But whether dreamses delude, or true it were,
Was never hart so rauiifht with delight,
Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,
As she to me deliuered all that night;
And at her parting said, She Queene of Faries hight.

When I awoke, and found her place deuyd,
And nought but pressed gras where she had lyen;
I sorrowed all so much, as earst I joyd,
And washed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lou'd that face diuynye;
From that day forth I caft in carefull mynd,
To secke her out with labor, and long tyne,
And never vowd to rest, till her I fynd,
Nyne monethes I seek in vain yet nil that vow vnbynd.

Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,
And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;
Yet still he stroure to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke, that did his fire display,
Till gentle Vna thus to him gan say;
O happy Queene of Faries, that hast fownd
Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound:
True Loues are ofte fown, but seldom grow on ground!

Thine
Thine, O then, said the gentle Redcrosse knight,
Next to that Ladies love, shall be the place,
Of fairest virgin, full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
Was firmest fast in myne extremest case.

And you, my Lord, the Patron of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gainest worthie grace:
For onely worthie you through provest priese
Yf living man mote worthie be, to be her liefe.

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden Sunne his glossying head gan shew,
And fond remembrance now the Prince amoues,
With fresh desire his voyage to pursueth:
Als you earned her truecell to renew.
Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
And love establishe eacch to other trow,
Gaue goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
And eke as pledges firme, right hands together joynd.

Prince Arthur gaue a boxe of Diamond sure,
Embowed with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were clesed few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth and vertue excellent,
That any wounde could heale incontinent:
Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight him gaue
A booke, wherein this Saucours testament
Was writ with golden letters rich and braue;
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to fauie.

Thus beene they parted, Arthur on his way
To seake his loue, and the other for to fight
With Vnaes 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 pursuwe,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew:
For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

So as they traueld, lo they gan espie
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seamed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other grievly thing that him agaist.
Still as he fledd, his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behynd;
Als flew his steed, as he his bandes had brest,
And with his winged heeleis did tred the wynd,
As he had beeene a sole of Pegafus his kynd.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceiue his head
To bee vnarmd, and curld vncombed heares
Vpstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth dread;
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares
Nor life in limbe: and to increase his feares,
In fowle reproch of knighthoodes fayre degree,
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his glaffring armes does ill agree;
But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

The Redcrosse knight toward him crossed fast,
To weet, what mister wight was so dismayd:
There him he findes all fenceleffe and agaist,
That of him selfe he seemd to be afraied,
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
Till he these wordes to him deliuer might;
Sir knight, araed who hath ye thus arayd,
And eke from whom make ye this hastye flight:
For never knight I saw in such misseeming plight.
He answerd nought at all, but adding new
Fear to his first amazement, staring wyde
With stony eyes, and heartlesse hollow hew,
Astonish stood, as one that had aspyde
Infernall furies, with their chains vntyde.
Him yet againe, and yet againe bespake
The gentle knight, who nought to him replyde,
But trembling every joyn did inly quake,
And soltonge tongue at last these words seemed forth to

For Gods deare loue, Sir knight, doe me not stay;
For loe he comes, he comes fast after mee.
Eft looking back would faine haue runne away;
But he him forst to stay, and telle free
The secrete cause of his perplexitie,
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach,
Could his blood frosen hart emboldened bee,
But through his boldnes rather feare did reach,
Yett forst, at last he made through silice suddein breach.

And am I now in safetie sure (quoth he)
From him, that would haue forced me to dye.
And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
That I may telle this haplesse history?
Feare nought: (quoth he) no daunger now is nye?
Then shal I you recount a ruefull case,
(Said he) the which with this vnlyce 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 neuer chaunte)
With a fayre knight to keepen companee,
Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe aduaunte
In all affayres, and was both bold and free,
But not so happy as more happy bee:  
He lou'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent,  
That him againe lou'd in the leaft degree:  
For she was proud, and of too high intent,  
And joyd to see her louer languish and lament.

From whom retourn'ng sad and comfortleffe,  
As on the way together we did fare,  
We met that villen (God from him me bleffe)  
That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,  
A man of hell, that calls himselfe Despayre:  
Who first vs greets, and after fayre arcedes  
Of tydinges strange, and of adventures rare:  
So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,  
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedses.

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts  
Emboft with bale, and bitter byting grievfe,  
Which loue had launched with his deadly darts,  
With woundinge words and termes of foule reprieffe,  
He pluckt from vs all hope of dew reliefe,  
That earst vs held in loue of lingring life;  
Then hopeleffe hartleffe, gan the cunning thiefe  
Persuade vs dye, to fint all further strife:  
To me he lent this rope, to him a rustie knife.

With which sad instrument of hasty death,  
That wofull louer, loathing lenger light,  
A wyde way made to let forth liuing breath.  
But I more feareful, or more lucky wight,  
Dismayd with that deformed dismall figh,  
Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare;  
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,  
Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare:  
But God you neuer let his charmed speaches heare.

I  
How
How may a man (said he) with idle speech
Be wonne, to spoyle the Castle of his health?
I wote (quoth he) whom tryall late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth:
His subtile tong, like dropping honny, meath
Into the heart, and searcheth euery vaine,
That ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is rest, and weaknes doth remaine.
O neuer Sir desire to try his guilefull traine.

Certes (sayd he) hence shall I neuer rest,
Till I that treachours art haue heard and tryde;
And you Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace do me vnto his cabin guyde.
I that hight Treuisan (quoth he) will ryde
Against my liking backe, to doe you grace:
But nor for gold nor glee will I abyde
By you, when ye arriue in that same place;
For leuer had I die, then see his deadly face.

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow caue,
Far vnderneath a craggy clift yplight,
Darke, dolful, dreary, like a greedy graue,
That still for carrion carcaces doth craue:
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly Owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which euer draue
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle & howle.

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruite, nor leafe was euer seene,
Did hang vpon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose
Whose carcases were scattred on the greene,
    And throwne about the clifts. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight for dread and dolefull teene,
    Would faine haue fled, ne durft approchen neare,
But th'other forst him staye, and comforted in feare.

That darkesome caue they enter, where they find
    That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his fulle in mind,
    His grieue lockes, long growen, and vnbound,
Disordred honie about his shoulders round,
    And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stare as aftound;
    His raw-bone checkes through penurie and pine,
Were thronke into his iawes, as he did never dyne.

His garment nought but many ragged clouts,
    With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
    And him beside there lay vpon the gras
A dreary corfe, whose life away did pas,
    All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh alas;
    In which a rusie knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approuing trew
    The woffull tale, that Trevisan had told,
When as the gentle Redcrosse knight did vew,
    With strie zeale he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold,
    And to the villein sayd, Thou damned wight,
The authour of this fact, we here behold,
    What justice can but judge against theeright; (fight.
With thine owne blood to price his blood, here shed in
    What
What frantick fit (quoth he) hath thus disfraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome me to giue?
What justice euer other judgement taught,
But he should dye, who merites not to liue?
None els to death this man despayring driue,
But his owne guiltie mind deserning death.
Is then vnjust to each his dew to giue?
Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at eafe, that liueth here vneath?

Who trauailes by the wearie wandring way,
To come vnto his wished home in hafte,
And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to helpe him ouer past,
Or free his feet, that in the myresticke faft?
Most envious man, that grieues at neighbours good,
And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou haft.
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 enjoy eternall rest
And happy eafe, which thou doest want and craue,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little payne the passage haue,
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter waue?
Is not short payne well borne, that bringes long eafe,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet graue?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Eafe after warre, death after life does greatly please.

The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,
And sayd, The terme of life limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it;
Theouldier may not moue from watchfull sted,
Nor leave his stand, until his Captain bed.  
Who life did limit by almighty doome,  
(Quoth he) knowes best the termes established;  
And he, that points the Centonell his roome,  
Doth license him depart at sound of morning drome.

Is not his deed, what ever thing is done,  
In heaven and earth? did not he all create,  
To die againe? all ends that was begonne.  
Their times in his eternall booke of fate  
Are written sure, and have their certain date.  
Who then can strive with strong necessitie,  
That holds the world in his still chaunging state,  
Or shunne the death ordaind by destinie?  
(why.  
Whé houre of death is come, let none ask whence, nor

The longer life, I wote the greater sin,  
The greater sin, the greater punishment:  
All those great battels, which thou boast to win,  
Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengeement,  
Now prayse, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:  
For life must life, and blood must blood repay.  
Is not enough thy euell life forespent?  
For he, that once hath missed the right way.  
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

Then doe no further goe, no further stray,  
But herely downe, and to thy rest betake,  
Th'll to preuent, that life enswen may.  
For what hath life, that may it loued make,  
And giveth not rather cause it to forslake?  
Feare, sickness, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,  
Payne, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake;  
And euer fickle fortune rageth rife,  
All which, and thousands mo do make a loathsome life.

Thou
Thou wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state:
For never knight, that dared warlike deed,
More lucklesse adventures did amate:
Witness the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
Thy life suit vp, for death so oft did call;
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then, would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which heareafter thou maist happen fall.

Why then doest thou, O man of sin, desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
High heaped vp with huge iniquitee,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
Thou falsest hast thy faith with perjury,
And sold thy selfe to serve Duesstavild,
With whom in al abuse thou hast thy selfe defild?

Is not he just, that all this doth behold
From highest heuen, and beares an equal eie?
Shall he thy sins vp in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impietie?
Is not his lawe, Let every sinner die:
Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,
Is it not better to doe willinglie,
Then linger, till the glass be all out ronne?
Death is the end of woes: die soone, O faires soone.

The knight was much enmoued with his speach,
That as a swords point through his hart did pierce,
And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
Well knowing trew all, that he did reherse,
And to his fresh remembrance did revert,
The ugly view of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powers it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted times,
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement, when the Miscreant
Perceived him to waue weake and fraile,
Whilest trembling horror did his conscience daunt,
And hellish anguish did his soule affaile,
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaille,
Hee shewed him painted in a table plaine,
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,
And thousand seends that doe them endless paine
With fire and brimstone, which for euer shall remaine.

The sight whereoff so throughly him dismayd,
That nought but death before his eies he saw,
And euer burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th'Almighties law:
Then gan the villain him to ouercraw,
And brought vnto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him choose, what death he would desire:
For death was dew to him, that had prouokt Gods ire.

But whenas none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gaue it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seen
To come, and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a ronning messenger had beene.
At last resolu'd to worke his finall smart,
He lifted vp his hand, that backe againe did start.

Which
Which when as vn\textit{e} heard, through every vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a s\textit{w}owne: but soone reliu\textit{d} againe,
Out of his hand she snach\textit{t} the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said, Fie fie, faint hearted knight,
What meanest thou by this reproch full strive?
Is this the battaile, which thou vaunt\textit{f}t to fight
With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

\textit{Come, come away, fraile, seeble, fleshly wight,}
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne diuelish thoughts dismay thy constant spirit.
\textit{In hea\textit{u}enly mercies ha\textit{t} thou not a part?}
Why should\textit{st} thou then despeire, that chosen art?
\textit{Where justice growes, there grows eke greter grace,}
The which doth quench the brond of hellish sm\textit{art},
And that accur\textit{st} hand-writing doth deface.
\textit{Arise, Sir knight arise, and leaue this cursed place.}

\textit{So vp he rose, and thence amounted streight.}
\textit{Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest}
\textit{Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight,}
He cho\textit{s}e\textit{e} an halter from among the rest,
And with it hong him selfe, \	extit{v}nb\textit{i}d \textit{v}n\textit{b}lest.
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
For thousand times he so him selfe had dreft,
\textit{Yet nathel\textit{e}se it could not doe him die,}
\textit{Till he should die his last, that is eternally.}
Cant. X.

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
To house of Holiness,
Where he is taught repentance, and
The way to heavenly blesse.

Vhat man is he, that boasts of fleshly might,
And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which all so soone; as it doth come to fight,
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the fielde most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man acribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any strength we haue, it is to ill,
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

By that, which lately hapned, Vnasaw,
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his finewes woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was vnfit for bloody fight:
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint.
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,
Till he recouered had his late decayed plight.

There was an auncient house not far away,
Renowned throughout the world for sacred lore,
And pure vnspotted life: so well they say
It gouerned was, and guided euermore,

Through
Through wisedome of a matrone graue and hore;
Whose onely joy was to relieue the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore:
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all she day in doing good and godly deedes.

Dame Cailla men did her call, as thought
From heauen to come, or thether to arise,
The mother of three daughters, well vp brought
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
The eldest two most sober, chaft, and wise,
Fidelia and Speranza virgins were,
Though spoufd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
But faire Charissa to a louely fere
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes: but when they knobt,
The Porter opened unto them streight way:
He was an aged frye, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full flow,
Wont on a staff his feeble steps to lay,
Hight Humilda. They passe in stouping low;
For streight & narrow was the way, which he did shew.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin,
But entred in a spacious court they see,
Both plaine, and pleaftant to be walked in,
Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous glee,
His name was Zele, that him right well became,
For in his speaches and behaueour hee
Did labour liuely to expresse the same,
And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

There
There fayrely them receiues a gentle Squyre,  
Of myld demeanure, and rare courtesee,  
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire ;  
In word and deede that shewd great modestie,  
And knew his good to all of each degree,  
Hight Reverence. He them with speaches meet  
Does faire entreat ; no courting nicetee,  
But simple true, and eke vnfained sweet,  
As might become a Squyre so great persons to greet.

And afterwardes them to his Dame he leades,  
That aged Dame, the Lady of the place :  
Who all this while was busy at her beades:  
Which doen, she vp arose with seemely grace,  
And toward them full matronely did pace.  
Where when that fairest vnna she beheld,  
Whom well she knew to spring from heuenly race,  
Her heart with ioy vnwonted inly sweld,  
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

And her embracing said, O happy earth,  
Whereon thy innocent feet doe euer tread,  
Most vertuous virgin borne of heuenly berth,  
That to redeeme thy woefull parents head,  
From tyrans rage, and euer-dying dread,  
Hast wandred through the world now long a day;  
Yett ceasest not thy weary soles to lead,  
What grace hath thee now hether brought this way?  
Or doen thy feeble feet vnweeting hether stray?

Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see  
Here in this place, or any other wight,  
That hether turns his steps. So few there bee,  
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right:  
All
All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to goe astray,
And be partakers of their euill plight,
Then with a few to walke the rightest way;
O foolish men, why haft ye to your owne decay?

Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
O matrone sage (quoth she) I hether came,
And this good knight his way with me addrest,
Ledd with thy prayses and broad-blazed fame,
That vp to heuen is blowne. The auncient Dame,
Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,
And enterceynd them both, as best became,
With all the court'sies, that she could deuyse,
Ne wanted ought, to shew her bounteous or wise.

Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges deuise,
Loo two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme in louely wise,
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numbred euens steps and equall pace:
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her Christall face,
That could haue dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like heuens light.

She was arrayed all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water filld vp to the hight,
In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horror made to all, that did behold;
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke that was both signd and seald with blood,
Wherin darke things were writ, hard to be vnderstood.

Her
Her younger Sister, that speranza hight,
   Was clad in blew, that her besem'd well;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
   As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguith in her hart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a siluer anchor lay,
   Whereon she leaned ever, as befell:
And ever vp to heuen, as she did pray,
Her stedfaft eyes were bent, ne swarued other way.

They seeing Vna, towardes her gan wend,
   Who them encounters with like courtesee;
Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,
   And greatly ioy each other for to see:
Then to the knight with stedfaast modestie
They turne them selues, at Vnaes meeke request,
   And him salute with well besem'd glee;
Who faire them quites, as him besem'd best,
And goodly gan discouerse of many a noble gest.

Then Vna 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,
   And hath encreast the world with one sonne more;
That her to see should be but troublesome.
Indeed (quoth she) that should be trouble some,
But thankt be God, and her encrease so euermore.

Then saide the aged Celia, Deare dame,
   And you'good Sir, I wote that of youre toyle,
And labors long, through which ye hether came,
   Ye both forweatied be: therefore a whyle.
   I read.
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.
Then called she a Groome, that forth him ledd
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd;
His name was meeke obedience rightfully aredd.

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
   And bodies were refresh't with dew repast,
Fayre Vna gan Fidelia fayre request,
To have her knight into her schoolehous plaft
That of her heauenly learning he might taste,
   And heare the wisedom of her wordes diuine.
She graunted, and that knight so much agraffe,
   That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

And that her sacred Booke, with blood ywritt,
   That none could reade, except she did them teach,
She vnto him disclosed euery whitt,
And heauenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker witt of man could never reach,
   Of God, of grace, of justice, of free will,
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:
For she was hable, with her wordes to kill,
And rayse againe to life the hart, that she did thrill.

And when she lift poure out her larger spright,
She would commande the hasty Sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from heuens hight,
Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay,
   And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
She would command, themselves to bear away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat.
Almightie God her gaue such powre, and puissance
Cant. X.  

The faithfull knight now grew in little space,  
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,  
To such perfection of all heuently grace;  
That wretched world hegan for to abhore,  
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,  
Greeed with remembrance of his wicked wayes,  
And prickt with anguish of his winnes so sore,  
That he desirde, to end his wretched dayes:  
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes,  

But wise Speranza gaue him comfort sweet,  
And taught him how to take assured hold  
Vpon her siluer anchor, as was meet;  
Els had his sinnes so great, and manifold  
Made him forget all, that Fidelia told.  
In this distressed doubtfull agony,  
When him his dearest Vna did behold,  
Disdeining life, desiring leaue to dye,  
She found her selfe assayld with great perplexity  

And came to Caelia to declare her smart,  
Who well acquaiinted with that commune plight,  
Which sinfull horror worke in wounded hart,  
Her wisely comforted all, that she might,  
With goodly counsell and aduisement right;  
And straightway sent with carefull diligence,  
To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight  
In that disease of grieved conscience,  
And well could cure the same; His name was Patience.  

Who comming to that soule-diseased knight,  
Could hardly him intreat, to tell his grief:  
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heaviespright,  
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief.
Of sallues and med'cines, which had passing prief,
And there to added wordes of wondrous might:
By which to ease he him recured brief,
And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption, and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And festring sore did ranckle yett within,
Close creeping twixt the marow and the skin.
Which to extirpe, he laid him priuily
Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,
Whereas he meant his corrosiues to apply,
And with streight diet came his stubborne malady.

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate,
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate,
And made him pray both earely and eke late:
And euer as superfluous flesh did rott
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pincers fyrie whott,
That soone in him was lefteno one corrupted iott.

And bitter Penance with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to disple every day:
And sharpe Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play;
And sad Repentance vsed to embay,
His blamefull body in salt water fore,
The filthy blottes of sin to wash away.
So in short space they did to health restore (dore.
The man that would not liue, but erst lay at deathes

In which his torment often was so great,
That like a Lyon he would cry and roar,
And rend his flesh, and his owne synewes car.
His owne deare Vna hearing euermore
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments, and her golden heare,
For pitty of his payne and anguifh sore;
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare;

For well she wist, his cryme could els be neuer cleare.

Whom thus recouer'd by wise Patience,
And trew Repentaunce they to Vna brought;
Who joyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and sayrely eke besought
Himselfe to cheerishe, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest,
By this Chariffe, late in child-bed brought,
Wax strong, and lefre her fruitfull nest;
To her sayre Vna brought this vnaquainted guest.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;
Full of great loue, but Cupids wanton snare
As hell she hated, chaste in worke and will;
Her necke and brests were euuer open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their full;
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 weak & young,
But thrust them forth still, as they waxed old:

And
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,
Whose passing price vneath was to be told;
And by her syde there fate a gentle payre
Of turtle doves, the sitting in an yuory chayre.

The knight and Yna entring, fayre her greet,
And bid her joy of that her happy brood;
Who them requires with court'sies seeming meet,
And enteraynes with friendly chearefull mood.
Then Yna her besought, to be fo good,
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood,
In that sad house of Penance, where his spright
Had past the paines of hell, and long enduring night.

She was right joyious of her just request,
And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
Gan him instruct in euerie good beheth,
Of loue, and righteousnes, and well to donne,
And wrath, and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men 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 gyde de,
An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisedome well descryde:
Her name was Mercy, well knowne over all,
To be both gratious, and eke liberall:
To whom the carefull charge of him she gaue,
To leade aright, that he should neuer fall
In all his waies through this wide woldes waue,
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might saue.
Cant. X.  the Faerie Queene.

The godly Matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her pretence, by a narrow way,
Scattered with bushy thornes, and ragged breares,
Which still before him the remou’d away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And euer when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrink, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmely did vpbeare,
As carefull Nourse her child from falling oft does reare.

Eftsoones vnto an holy Hospitall,
That was fore by the way, she did him bring,
In which seuen Bead-men that had vowed all
Their life to service of high heauens king
Did spend their daies in doing godly thing:
There gates to all were open euermore,
That by the wearie way were traueiling,
And one fate wayting euermore 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 gouernement,
As Guardian and Steward of the rest:
His office was to giue entertainement
And lodging, vnto all that came, and went:
Not vnto such, as could him feast againe,
And double quite, for that he on them spent,
But such, as want of harbour did contraine:
Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

The second was as Almner of the place,
His office was, the hungry for to feed,
And thrifty giue to drinke, a worke of grace:
He feard not once himselfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those, whom he did breede:  
The grace of God he layd vp still in store,  
Which as a stocke he left vnto his seede;  
He had enough, what need him care for more?  
And had he lesse, yet some he would giue to the pore.

The third had of their wardrobe custody,  
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,  
The plumes of pride, and wings of vanity,  
But clothes meet to keepe keene cold away,  
And naked nature seemely to aray;  
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,  
The images of God in earthly clay;  
And if that no spare clothes to giue he had,  
His owne cote he would cut, and it distibute glad.

The fourth appointed by his office was,  
Poore prisoners to relieue with gratious ayd,  
And captiues 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 vs forgiueth every howre  
Much more then that, why they in bands were layd,  
And he that harrowd hell with heauie ftowre,  
The faulty soules from thence brought to his heauenly (bowre.

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 seeble soule departing hence away.  
All is but lost, that liuing we bestow,  
If not well ended at our dying day.  
O man haue mind of that last bitter throw;  
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it euer low.
Cant. X. the Faery Queene.

The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
   In seemly sort their corses to engrace,
   And deck with dainty flowres their bry dall bed,
   That to their heauenly spouse both sweet and braue
   They might appeare, when he their soules shall saue.
   The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
   Whose face he made, all beastes to feare, and gaue
   All in his hand, euen dead we honour should.
Ah dearest God me graunt, I dead be not defould.

The seuenth now after death and buriall done,
   Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead
   And wydowes ayd, leaft they should be vndone:
   In face of judgement he their right would plead,
   Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
   In their defence, nor would for gold or see
   Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread:
   And when they stood in most necessitie,
   He did supply their want, and gaue them euer free.

There when the Elfin knight arrived was,
   The first and chieuest of the seuen, whose care
   Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas:
   Where seeing Mercie, that his steps vpbare,
   And alwaies led, to her with reuerence rare
   He humbly louted in meeke lowlineffe,
   And seemely welcome for her did prepare:
   For of their order she was Patronesse,
Albe Charissa were their chieuest founderesse.

There she awhile him stayes, him selfe to rest,
   That to the rest more hable he might bee:
   During which time, in euery good behest
   And godly worke of Almes and charitee

K 3
Shee him instructed with great industrie;
Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That from the first vnto the last degree,
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holy righteousness, without rebuke or blame.

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas,
Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hye;
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a little Hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
That day and night saide his devotion,
Ne other worldly busines did apply;
His name was heuenly Contemplation;
Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

Great grace that old man to him giuen had;
For God he often saw from heauens hight,
All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and perfaunt was his sprite,
As Eagles eie, that can behold the Sunne:
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his fraile thigges nigh weary, and fordonne
Gan faile, but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

There they doe finde that godly aged Sire,
With snowye lockes adowne his shoulders shed,
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy braunches of an Oke halfe fered.
Each bone might through his body well be reed,
And euery sinew seen through his long fave;
For nought he car'd his carcass long vnfed;
His mind was full of spirituall repast,
And pyn'd his flesh, to keepe his body low and fhaft.

Who
Who when these two approching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agriued aoe;
That for't him lay his heuenly thoughts aside;
And had he not that Dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reuerence and adore,
He would not once haue moued for the knight.
They him saluted standing far afore;
Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious hight.

What end (qd. she) shoule cause vs take such paine,
But that same end, which euery liuing wight
Should make his marke, high heauen to attaine?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright
With burning starres, and eueryliuing fire,
Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight
By wise Fidelia? shee doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire.

Thris happy man, said then the father graue,
Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shewes the way, his sinfull soule to faue.
Who better can the way to heauen aread,
Then thou thy selfe, that was both borne and bred
In heuenly throne, where thousand Angels shine?
Thou doest the prayers of the righteous read
Present before the maiefty diuine,
And his auenging wrath to clemency incline.

Yet since thou bidst thy pleasure shalbe donne.
Then come thou man of earth, and see the way,
That neuer yet was seene of Faries sonne,
That neuer leads the traveiler astray.
But after labors long, and sad delay,
Bring them to joyous rest and endless bliss.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright afoiled is,
And haue her strength recur'd from fraile infirmity.

That done, he leads him to the highest Mount;
Such one, as that same mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowes like a walled front
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty daies vpon; where writ in stone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receiue, whiles flaishing fire about him thone.

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adorned with fruitfull @liues all arownd,
Is, as it were for endless memory
Of that deare Lord, who oft thereon was fownd,
For euer with a flowring girland crownd:
Or like that pleasaunt Mount, that is for ay
Through famous Poets verse each where renownd,
On which the thrife three learned Ladies play
Their heuenly notes, and make full many a louely lay.

From thence, far off he vnto him did shew
A little path, that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly Citty led his vew;
Whose wals and towres were builded high & strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song:
The Citty of the greate king hight it well,
Wherein eternal peace and happinesse doth dwell.
As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed Angels to and fro descend.
From highest heaven, in gladsome company,
And with great joy into that city went,
As commonly as friend does with his friend.
Whereat he wondered much, and gan enquire,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towers unto the starry sphere,
And what unknown nation there empeopled were.

Fair knight (quoth he) *Hierusalem* that is,
The new *Hierusalem*, that God has built
For those to dwell in, that are chosen his,
His chosen people purged from sinful guilt,
With piteous blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted lamb,
That for the snares of all the world was kilt:
Now are they Saints all in that city saw,
More dear unto their God, than youglings to their dam.

Till now, said then the knight, I weened well,
That great *Cleopolis*, where I haue beene,
In which that fairest *Faery Queene* doth dwell
The fairest city was, that might be seen;
And that bright tower all built of chrystall clene,
Panthea, seemd the brightest thing, that was:
But now by proofe all otherwise I weene;
For this great city that doth far surpass,
And this bright Angels tower quite dims that tower of

Most trew, then said the holy aged man;
Yet is *Cleopolis* for earthly fame,
The fairest piece, that eie behelden can:
And well beseemes all knights of noble name,

That
That couett in th'immortall booke of fame,
To be eternized, that fame to haunt,
And doen their service to that soueraigne Dame,
That glory does to them for guerdon graunt:
For s he is heuenly borne, and heauen may juystly vaunt.

And thou faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
How euer now accompted Elfins sonne,
Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
To aide a virgin desolate foredone.
But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
And high amongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
Thenceforth the fruit of earthly conquest honne,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
For blood can nought but sin, & wars but sorrows yield.

Then seek this path, that I to thee presage,
Which after all to heauen shall thee tend;
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder fame Hierusalem doe bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end:
For thou amongst those Saints, whom thou doest see,
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations frend
And Patrone: thou Saint George shalt called bee,
Saint George of mery England, the signe of victorie.

Unworthy wretch (q.d. he) of so great grace,
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine:
These that haue it attaynd, were in like case
As wretched men, and liued in like paine.
But deeds of armes must I at last be faine,
And Ladies loue to leave so dearly bought?
What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,
(Said he) and bitter battales all ate fough't?
As for loose loves they are vaine, & vanish into nought.
O let me not (quoth he) then turne againe
Backe to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are,
But let me heare for aie in peace remaine,
Or freight way on that last long voyaige fare,
That nothing may my present hope empare.
That may not be (saiid he) ne maist thou yitt
Forgoe that royal maides bequeathed care,
Who did her cause into thy hand committ,
Till from her cursed foe thou haue her freely quitt.

Then shall I soone, (qul. he) so God me grace,
Abett that virgins cause disconsolate,
And shortly back returne vnto 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 sonne doen nominate?
That word shalI (saiid he) auouchen good,
Sith to thee is vunknowne the cradle of thy brood.

For well I wote, thou springest from ancient race
Of Saxon kinges, that haue with mightie hand
And many bloody battailes fought in face
High reard their royall throne in Britans land
And vanquished them, vnable to withstand:
From thence a Faery thee vnweeting rest,
There as thou slepest in tender swadling band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left. (theft.
Such men do Chaungelings call, so chaungd by Faeries

Thence she thee brought into this Faery lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,
Where thee a Ploughman all vnweeting fond,
As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
And
And brought thee vp in ploughman's state to bye,
Whereof Georgos he thee gaue to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
To Fary court thou cam'st to seeke for fame, (came.
And prowe thy puissaunt armes, as seemes thee best be-

O holy Sire (quoth he) how shall I quight
The many favours I with thee haue fownd,
That haft my name and nation redd aright,
And taught the way that does to heauen bownd?
This said, adowne he looked to the ground,
To haue returnd, but dazed were his eyne,
Through passing brightnes, which did quite confound
His feeble fence, and too exceeding shine.
So darke are earthly thinges compard to things diuine.

At last whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,
To Vna back he cast him to retire;
Who him awaited still with pensue mynd.
Great thankes and goodly meed to that good syre,
He then departing gaue for his paynes hyre.
So came to Vna, who him ioyd to see,
And after little rest, gan him desyre,
Of her aduenture myndfull for to bee.
So leaue they take of Cælia, and her daughters three.
Cant XI.

The knight with that old Dragon fights two days incessantly:
The third him overthrowes, and gains most glorious victory.

High time now gan it wax for Vna Fayre,
To thinke of those her captiue Parents deare,
And their forwafted kingdom to repayre:
Where to whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest maner thus bespake;
Deare knight, as deare, as euer knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heuen behold the tedious toyle, ye for me take.

Now are we come vnto my natiuue toyle,
And to the place, where all our perilles dwell;
Here hauntes that feend, and does his dayly spoyle,
Therefore henceforth bee it your keeping well,
And euer ready for your foeman fell.
The sparke of noble corage now awake,
And striue your excellent selfe to excell;
That shall ye euermore renowned make,
Aboye all knights on earth, that batteill undertake.

With that they heard a roaring hideous sound,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemd vneath to shake the stedfast ground.
Estfoones that dreadfull Dragon they espie,
   Where
Where stretch he lay upon the sunny side,
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill.
But all too soone, as he from far descryde
Those glistening armes, that heuen with light did fill,
He rouse himselfe full blyth, and hastned them vntill.

Then badd the knight this Lady yede aloof,
And to an hill her selfe withdraw alyde,
From whence she might behold that battaillies proof
And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:
She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde,
Now O thou sacred Muse, most learned Dame,
Fayre yepe of Phaebus, and his aged bryde,
The Nourse of time, and euerlafting fame,
That warlike handes ennobled with immortall name;

O gently come into my feeble brest,
Come gently, but not with that mightie rage,
Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
And hartes of great Heroës doest enrage,
That nought their kindled corage may aswage,
Soone as thy dreadful trompe begins to sound;
The God of warre with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe neuer he so sound,
And feared nations doest with horror sterne astring.

Fayre Goddesse lay that furious fitt alyde,
Till I of warres and bloody Mars doeing,
And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
Twixt that great faery Queene and Paynim king,
That with their horror heuen and earth did ring,
A worke of labour long, and endless praysse:
But now a while lett downe that haughty string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.
By this the dreadfull Beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying, and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largeness measured much land,
And made wide shadow vnder his huge waste;
As mountaine doth the valley ouercalfe.
Approaching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monfrous, horrible, and vaste,
Which to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
Was swoln with wrath, & poyson, & with bloody gore.

And ouer, all with brazen scales was armd,
Like plated cote of steel, so couched neare, (harm'd
That nought more perce, ne might his corse bee
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare,
Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
So shaked he, that horror was to heare,
For as the clashing of an Armor bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send vnto the knight.

His flaggy wingses when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yardes, with flying canuas kynd,
With which whenas him lift the ayre to beat,
And ther by force vnwonted passage fynd,
The clowdes before him fledd for terror great,
And all the heuens stood still amazed with his threat.

His huge long tayle wound vp in hundred foldes,
Does ouerspred his long bras-scaly back,
Whose wreathed boughtes when euer he vnfoldes,
And thick entangled knots adown does flack,
Bespotted.
Bespotted all with shields of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but little lacke;
And at the point two stinges in fixed are,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steale exceden farre.

But stinges and sharpest steale did far exceed
The sharpness of his cruel rending clawes;
Dead was its sure, as sure as death in deed,
What euer thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he euer draws.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell,
Does tremble: for his deepe deouring iawes
Wyde gaping, like the grieulcy mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abyffe all rauien fell.

And that more wondrous was, in either iaw
Three rancakes of yron teeth enraunget were,
In which yet trickling blood and gobbets raw
Of late deoured bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare:
Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of smoothing smoke and sulphure seare
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled liuing fyre;
As two broad Beacons, sett in open fieldes,
Send forth their flames far off to euerly shyre,
And warning giue, that enimies conspyre,
With fire and sword the region to invade;
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre:
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lampes were sett, that made a dreadfull
So
Cant. XI. the Faery Queene.  1 5 9

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
  Forelifting vp a loft his speckled brest,
    And often bounding on the bruised gras,
      As for great joyaunce of his newcome guest.
Eftsoones he gan aduaunce his haughty crest,
  As chauffed Bore his bristles doth vpreare,
    And shook his scales to bataile ready dreft;
      That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake for feare,
    As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neare.

The knight gan sayrely couch his stedy speare,
  And stierely ran at him with rigorous might:
  The pointed steele arriving rudely theare,
    His hardre hyde would nether perce, nor bight,
      But glauncing by foorth passed forward right,
        Yet fore amoued with so puiffaunt push,
          The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
            And him so rudely passing by, did brush (rush.

With his long rayle, that horse and man to ground did

Both horse and man vp lightly rose againe,
  And stier encounter towards him addrest:
    But th'ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
      And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
  To be auenged of so great despight;
    For neuer felt his imperceable brest
      So wondrous force, from hand of living wight;
    Yet had he prou'd the powre of many a puifmant knight.

Then with his wauing wings displayed wyde,
  Himselfe vp high he lifted from the ground,
    And with strong flight did forcibly diuyde
      The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
To bear so great a weight: he cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round:
At last low stooping with unweldy sway;
Snatcht vp both horse & man, to bear the quite away.

Long he them bore above the subiecte plaine,
So far as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constrain,
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagard hauke presuming to contend
With hardy fowle, above his hable might,
His weary pounces all in vaine doth spend,
To truss the pray too heavy for his flight; (fight.
Which comming down to ground, does free it selfe by

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,
The knight his thrallant speare againe assayd
In his bras-plated body to emboffe,
And three mens strength vnto the stroake he layd;
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke, did glyde
Close vnnder his left wing, then broad displayd.
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the uncouth smart the Monster lowdly cryde.

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat,
The rolling billowes beat the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her feat,
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blustering brethren boldly threat,
To moue the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous bataile make, each other to auenge.
Cant. XI.  

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
   Till with his cruel clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
   A gushing riever of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land, whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill.
Treibly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter fence of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth fro his large nose thrill.

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
   And therewith all enwrapr the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knott, that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
To throw his ryder: who can quickly ryle
From of the earth, with dury blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right sowly he disdaynd.

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
   With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puiffaunce could withstand:
Upon his creft the hardned yron fell,
But his more hardned creft was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he thund the like to take,
But when he saw them come, he did them still forfake.

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
   And smot againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparling steele recyld,
And left not any marke, where it did light.
As if in Adamant rocke it had beene pight,
The beast impatient of his smarting wound,
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his winges to flye aboue the ground;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard,
And from his wide devouring ouen sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard,
Him all amazd, and almost made as card:
The scorching flame fore swunged all his face,
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell case,
But thought his armes to leaue, and helmet to vnlace.

Not that great Champion of the antique world,
Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt
With Centaures blood, and bloody verses charmd,
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie sleepe now burnt, that erst him armd,
That erst him goodly armd, now most of all him harmd.

Faynt, wareie, sore, embouled, grieued, brennt
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, & in ward fire
That neuer man such mischifes did torment;
Death better were, death did he oft desire,
But death will neuer come, when needes require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

It
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the Faery Queene.

It fortuned (as fayre it then befell,)  
Behynd his backe vnweeting, where he stood,  
Of auncient time there was a springing well,  
From that fast trickled forth a siluer flood,  
Full of great vertues, and for med’cine good.  
Whylyme, before that cursed Dragon got  
That happy land, and all with innocent blood  
Defyld those sacred waues, it rightly hot  
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot.

For vnto life the dead it could restore,  
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away,  
Those that with sickness were infected sore,  
It could recure, and aged long decay  
Renew, as it were borne that very day.  
Both Silo this, and Jordan did excell,  
And th’English Bath, and eke the German Spaun,  
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus match this well:  
Into the same the knight back ouerthrown fell.

Now gan the golden Phæbus for to steepe  
His fierie face in billowes of the west,  
And his faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,  
Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest,  
When that infernall Monster, hauing keft  
His weareye foe into that liuing well,  
Can high aduaunce his broad discoloured brest,  
Aboue his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,  
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

Which when his pensiue Lady saw from farre,  
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,  
As weening that the sad end of the warre,  
And gan to highest God entirely pray,
That feared chaunce from her to turne away,
With folded hands and knees full lowly bent
All night shee watcht, no once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreiment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

The morrow next gan early to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race;
But earily ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
Vp rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loued knight to moue his manly pace:
For she had great doubt of his safty,
Since late she saw him fall before his enimy.

At last she saw, where he vpstarted braue
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay;
As Eagle fresh out of the Ocean wave,
Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray;
And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
Like Eyas hauke vp mounts into the skies,
His newly budded pineons to assay,
And merueiles at himselfe, stil as he flies:
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rife.

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy,
No wonder, if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted, whether his late enimy
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 fore did smite,
That to the feull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled fences all dismaid.
I wote not, whether the renewing steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew,
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did seemle,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew;
Or other secret vertue did enflue;
Els neuer could the force of fleshy arme,
Ne molten mettall in his blood embrew:
For till that sould could neuer wight him harme,
By subtilty, nor sight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

The cruel wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelded for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping Lions seemd to rore,
Whom raunuous hunger did thereto constraine:
Then gan he toffe aloft his stretched traine,
And therv with scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yeilden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees ouerthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

The same aduauncing high aboue his head,
With sharper intended sting so rude him smott,
That to the earth him droue, as stricken dead,
Ne living wight would have him life behott:
The mortall sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seald,
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott:
The griefe thereof him wondrous fore diseald,
Ne might his rancling paine with patience be appeased.

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
Then of the grieuous smart, which him did wring,
From loathed foile he can him lightly reare,
And stroue to loose the far infixed sting:

Which
Which when in vaine he tryde with struggling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite a sonder cleft:
Five jointes thereof he hewd, but the stump him lefte.

Hart cannot thinke, what outrage, and what cries,
With fowle ensoyledred smoake and flaming fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth vnto the skies,
That all was couered with darknesse dire:
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged yre,
He caft at once him to avenge for all,
And gathering vp himselfe out of the mire,
With his vneuen wings did fiercely fall,
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast withall.

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wift yet, how his talaunts to vnfold;
For harder was from Cerberus greedy iaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by strengthe, the griped gage away:
Thrice he affayd it from his foote to draw,
And thrice 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 preuaile,
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fierfly did his foe aflaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid;
As sparckles from the Anduile vse to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedg are swaid,
Therewith at last he forst him to vnty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend threby.
The other foot, fast fixed on his shield

Whenas no strength, nor strokes mote him constraine
To loose, yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He smote thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puissance might sustaine;
Upon the joint the lucky steele did light,
And made such way, that hewed it quite in twaine,
The paw yett missed not his minishd might,
But hang still on the shield, as it at first was right.

For griefe thereof, and diueller despight,
From his infernal fournace forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heuens light,
Enrol'd in duskish smoke and brimstone blew;
As burning Aetna from his boiling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in pieces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrent in coleblacke cloudes and filthy smoke,
That all the land with steche, & heuen with horror choke.

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence
So sore him noy'd, that forst him to retire
A little backeward for his best defence,
To saue his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrails did expire.
It chaunst (eternal God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoiled backeward, in the mire
His nigh foreweried feele feet did slide,
And down he fell, with dread of shame for terriside.

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
As they in pure verminion had beene dide,
Whereof great vertues over all were red:

For
For happy life to all, which thereon fedd,
And life eke everlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed fedd
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 sowned,
Saue in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull ground,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dredd Dragon all did ouerthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof who so did eat, eftssoones did know
Both good and ill: O mournfull memory:
That tree through one mais fault hath done vs all to dy.

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
A trickling streame of Balme, most soueraine
And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
And ouerflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
Life and long health that gracious ointment gaue,
And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe
The fencelesse corse appointed for the graue.
Into that fame he fell: which did from death him saue.

For nigh thereto the euer damned Beast
Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,
And all that life preserued, did detest:
Yet he it oft aduentur'd to inuade.
By this the drooping day-light gan to fade,
And yield his rowme to sad succeeding night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth, and ways of liuing wight,
And high her burning torch set vp in heauen bright.

When
When gentle Vna saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who weary of long fight,
And faint through losse of blood, moou'd not at all,
But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Befmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous
Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay,
Againe the stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan deuoutly pray;
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

The ioyous day gan early to appeare,
And sayne Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithon: gan her selfe to reare,
With rofy cheekes, for shame as blushing red;
Her golden locks for haft were loosely shed
About her eares, when Vna her did marke
Clymbe to her charret, all with flowers spred;
From heuen high to chace the chearelesse darke,
With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting larke.

Then freshely vp arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did him selfe to battaile ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him bside
To haue deuourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw him selfe so freshely reare,
As if late figh had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to seare:
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him aduaunced neare.

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought at once him to haue swallowd quight,
And rufht vpon him with outragious pryde;
Who him reencountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce.
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright
Taking aduantage of his open iaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
And back retyr'd, his life blood forth with all 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 vnderneath
Did grone, as seeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundacion waues haue washt away,
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
And rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay;
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

The knight him selfe eu.en trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seemd;
And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,
Durft not approch for dread, which she misdeemd,
But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, of shaking vaine affright,
She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:
Then God she prayld, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchieued so great a conquest by his might.

Cant.
Behold I see the hauen nigh at hand,
To which I meane my weareie course to bend;
Vere the maine there,and beare vp with the land,
The which afore is faerly to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms,that may offend;
There this fayre virgin wearie of her way
Must landed bee,now at her iourneyes end:
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till mery wynd and weather call her thence away.

Scarfe ly had Phabus in the glooming East:
Yett harnessed his fyrie-footed teeme,
Ne rared aboue the earth his flaming creast,
When the laft deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
That signe of laft outbreathed life did seeme,
Vnto the watchman on the castle wall;
Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,
And to his Lord and Lady lowd gan call;
To tell, how he had scene the Dragons fatall fall;

Vprofe with hasty ioy,and feeble speed
That aged Syre, the Lord of all that land,
And looked forth,to weet, if trewe indeed
Those tydinges were,as he did understand,
Which
Which whenas trew by tryall he out fond,
He badd to open wyde his brasen gate,
Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond
Proclaymed ioy and peace through all his state;
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

Then gan triumphant Trompers fownd on hye,
That sent to heuen the echoed report
Of their new ioy, and happie victorie
Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full confort,
Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

Forth came that auncient Lord and aged Queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the ground,
And sad habiliments right well bescene;
A noble crew about them waited round
Of sage and sober Peeres, all grauely gownd;
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to fownd,
But now they laurell braunches bore in hand;
Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.

Unto that doughtie Conquerour they came,
And him before themselues prostrating low,
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.
Soone after them all dauncing on a row
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As frefh as flowres in medow greene doe grow,
When morning deaw vpon their leaues doth light:
And in their handes sweet Timbrels all vpheld on hight.
And
And them before, the fry of children yong
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
And to the Maydens sounding tymbrels song
In well attuned notes, a joyous lay,
And made delightfull musick all the way,
Vntill they came, where that faire virgin flood;
As sayre Diana in freshe sommers day,
Beholdes her Nymphes, enraung'd in shady wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood,

So she beheld those maydens meriment.
With chearefull vew; who when to her they came,
Themselves to ground with gracious humblessse bent
And her ador'd by honorable name,
Lifting to heauen her everlafting fame:
Then on her head they set a girlond greene,
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game;
Who in her self-resemblance well beseen,
Did seeme such, as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

And after all the raskall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To see the face of that victorious man:
Whom all admired, as from heauen sent;
And gazd upon with gaping wonderment,
But when they came, where that dead Dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
The fight with ydle feare did them dismay,
Ne durft approch him nigh to touch, or once aslay.

Some feard, and fled; some seard, and well it saynd;
One that would wiser seeme, then all the rest,
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd;
Some lingsing life within his hollow brest,
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
Of many Dragonettes, his fruitfull seede;
Another saide, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparkling kyre, and badd thereof take heed;
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

One mother, whenas her foolehardy chyld
Did come to neare, and with his talants play
Hale dead through feare, her litle babe reuyld,
And to her gossips gan in counsell say:
How can I tell, but that his talants may
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand.
So diuerfly them selues in vaine they fray;
Whiles some more bold, to measure him nigh stand,
To prove how many acres he did spreid of land.

Thus flocked all the folke him round about,
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arrived, where that champion stout
After his foes defeasance did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne,
With princely gifts of yuory and gold,
And thousand thankes him yeeldes for all his paine.
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearely doth imbrace, and kissteth manifold.

And after to his Pallace he them bringes,
With shames, & trompetts, & with Clarions sweet;
And all the way the ioyous people singes,
And with their garments strowes the paued street
Whence mounting vp, they fynd purueyuncce meet
Of all, that royall Princes court became,
And all the floore was vnderneath their feet
Be spredd with costly scarlott of great name,
On which they lowly sitt, and fitting purpose frame.

What
What needes me tell their feast and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needes of dainty dishes to deuize,
Of comely services, or courtly trayne?
My narrow leaves cannot in them montayne
The large discourse of roiall Princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and playne:
For th'antique world excesse and pryde did hate;
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen vp but late.

Then when with meates and drinkes of every kinde
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,
Of strange adventure, and of perils sad,
Which in his trauell him befallen had,
For to demaund of his renowned guest:
Who then with vtt'rance graue, and count'nance sad,
From poyn to poyn, as is before express'd,
Discours'd his voyage long, according his request.

Great pleasure mixt with pittifull regard,
That godly King and Queene did passionate,
Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard,
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too importune fate,
That heapd on him so many wrathfull wrekkes:
For neuer gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes;
And all the while salt teares bedeawd the hearers cheaks.

Then sayd that royall Pere in sober wise;
Deare Sonne, great beene the euils, which ye bore
From first to laft in your late enterprize,
That I note, whether praise, or pitty more:

For
The firft Booke of Cant. XII.

For never living man, I weene, so sore
In sea of deadly daungers was distrest;
But since now safe ye seised haué the shore,
And well arrived are, (high God be blest)
Let vs deuize of ease and euèrlafting rest.

Ah dearest Lord, said then that doughty knight,
Of ease or rest I may not yet deuize;
For by the faith, which I to armes haue plight,
I bownden am freight after this emprize,
As that your daughter can ye well aduize,
Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
And her to serue six yeares in warlike wize,
Gainsft that proud Paynim king, that works her teene:
Therefore I ought craue pardon, till I there haue beeue.

Unhappy falls that hard necessity,
(Quoth he) the troubler of my happy peace,
And vowed foe of my felicity;
Ne I against the same can iustly preace:
But since that band ye cannot now release,
Nor doen vndoe; (for vowes may not be vayne)
Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
Ye then shall hether backe retourne agayne,
The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twayn.

Which for my part I couet to performe,
In fort as through the world I did proclame,
That who so kild that monster most deforme,
And him in hardy battayle overcame,
Should haue mine onely daughter to his Dame,
And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee:
Therefore since now to thee perteynes the same,
By dew desert of noble cheualree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo I yield to thee.
Then forth he called that his daughter fayre,
The fairest 
his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter, and his only hayrc;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long wished light;
So faire and fresh that Lady shewed her selfe in light.

So faire and fresh, as freshest flourre in May;
For she had layd her mournesfull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heauenly beautie she did hide,
Whiles on her weary iourney she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did weare,
All lilly white, withouten spot, or pride,
That seemed like silke and siluer wouen neare,
But neither silke nor siluer therein did appeare.

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshyny face
To tell, were as to striue against the streame,
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace,
Her heauenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder; for her own deare loued knight,
All were she daily with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestiall light:
Oft had he seene her faire, but neuer so faire sight.

So fairely sight, when she in presence came,
She to her Syre made humble reuerence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace vnto her excellence:

Who
Who with great wisdom, and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say. But care he thus had sayd,
With flying speed, 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 suddeinesse of that unwary sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood,
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the king he did alight;
Where falling flat, great humbleste he did make,
And kist the ground, whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his handes that writ he did betake,
Which he disclosings, read thus, as the paper spake.

To thee, most mighty king of Eden payre,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest,
The wofull daughter, and forsaken heyre
Of that great Emperour of all the West;
And bids thee be auized for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band
Of wedlocke to that new unknowen guest:
For he already plighted his right hand
Vnto another loue, and to another land.

To me sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affyounced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gaue, and had,
False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore:
Witnessse the burning Altars, which he swore,
And guilty heauens of his bold periury,
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
Yet I to them for judgement just doe fly,
And them coniure t' auenge this shamefull injury.

Therefore
Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,
Or false or true, or liuing or else dead,
Withhold, O souerayne Prince, your hafty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
Through weakenesse of my widowed, or woe:
For truth is strong, her rightfull cause to plead,
And I shall finde friends, if need requireth soe.
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe,
Fideffa.

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
That till he fated long time astonished
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
At last his solemne silence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest;
Redoubted knight, that for myne only sake
Thy life and honor late aduenturest;
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be express,

What meane these bloody vowes, and idle threats,
Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd?
What heuens? what altars? what enraged heates
Here heaped vp with termes of loue vnknynd,
My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bynd?
High God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse ame.
But if your selfe, Sir knight, ye faulty fynd,
Or wrapped be in loues of former Dame,
With cryme doe not it couer, but disclose the same.

To whom the Redcrofe knight this answere sent,
My Lord, my king, be nought hereat dismayd,
Till well ye wote by graue intendiment,
What woman, and wherefore doth me vpbrayd

With
With breach of love, and loyalty betray'd,
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I lately traveiled, that vnwares I stayd
Out of my way, through perils strange and hard;
That day should faile me, ere I had them all declar'd.

There did I find, or rather I was found
Of this false woman, that Fideffa hight,
Fideffa hight the falsest Dame on ground,
Most false Dueffa, royall richly dight,
That easy was to intuigle weaker ftreight:
Who by her wicked arts, and wiely skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Vnwares me wrought vnto her wicked will,
And to my foe betray'd, when least I feared ill.

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,
And on the ground her selfe prostrating low,
With sober countenaunce thus to him sayd;
O pardon me, my soueraine Lord, to sheow
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To haue bene wrought by that false sorceresse.
Shee onely she it is, that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in daily wretchednesse.

And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
This crafty messenger with letters faine,
To worke new woe and improvided seath,
By breaking of the band betwixt vs twaine;
Wherein she vfed hath the practicke paine
Of this false footman, clottt with simplenesse,
Whome if ye please for to discouer plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find: I ghesse,
The falsest man alie, who tries shall find no leffe.
The king was greatly moued at her speach,
And all with suddein indignation fraught,
Bad on that messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did wait,
Attacht that fact or fall, and bound him strait:
Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
As chained beare, whom cruell dogs doe bait,
With ydle force did faine them to withstand,
And often semblance made to scape out of their hand.

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains.
And with continual watch did warely keepe;
Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trains
He could escape fowle death or deadly pains?
Thus when that Princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden bains,
And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde,
With sacred rites and vowes for euer to abyde.

His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,
That none but death for euer can diuide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
The housling fire did kindle and prouide,
And holy water thereon sprinckled wide;
At which the bushy Teade a groome did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of euill fates, but burnen euer bright.

Then gan they sprinckle all the postes with wine,
And made great feast to solemnize that day;
They all perfumde with frankincense diuine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,

M 4
That all the house did sweat with great array:
And all the while sweete Musecke did apply
Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull Melancholy;
The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

During the which there was an heauenly noise
Heard found through all the Palace pleasandly,
Like as it had bene many an Angels voice,
Singing before th'eternall majefty,
In their trinall triplicities on hye;
Yett wist no creature, whence that heuenly sweet
Proceeded, yet eachone felt secretely
Himselfe thereby rest of his fences meet,
And rauished with rare impression in his sprite.

Great joy was made that day of young and old,
And solemnne feast proclaymd throughout the land,
That their exceeding merth may not be told:
Suffice it heare by signes to understand
The usuall ioyes at knitting of loues band.
Thrice happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
Possesed of his Ladys hart and hand,
And euer, when his eie did her behold,
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

Her ioyous presence and sweet company
In full contente he there did long enioy,
Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealoys
His deare delights were hable to annoy:
Yet swimming in that sea of blissfull ioy,
He nought forgott, how he whilome had sworne,
Incase he could that monstrous beast destroy,
Vnto his Faery Queene backe to retoure:
The which he shortly did, and vna left to mourne.

Now
Now strike your sailes yee iolly Mariners,
For we be come vn to a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessell of her lode.
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired haue her tackles spent,
And wants supplide. And then againe abroad
On the long voyage whereto she is bent:
Well may she speede and fairely finish her intent.

Finis Lib. I.
The second Booke of the Faerie Queene.

Contayning

The Legend of Sir Guyon.

Or

Of Temperance.

Right well I wote most mighty Soueraine,
That all this famous antique history,
Of some th'aboundance of anydle braine
Will judged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of just memory,
Sith none, that breatheth liuing aire, does know,
Where is that happy land of Faery,
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where show,
But vouch antiquities, which nobody can know.

But let that man with better fence aduize,
That of the world least part to vs is red:
And daily how through hardy enterprise,
Many great Regions are discouered,

Which
Which to late age were never mentioned,
Who ever heard of th' Indian Perú
Or who in venturous vessell measured
The Amarons huge river now found ttw
Or fruitfullest Virginia who did ever view.

Yet all these were when no man did them know,
Yet have from wisest ages hidden been
And later times things more unknown shall show
Why then should witlesse man so much misseen
That nothing is but that which he hath seen?
What if within the Moones fayre shining sphere
What if in every other starre unseen
Of other worldes he happily should hear
He woder would much more, yet such to some appear

Of fayre land yet if he more inquire
By certein signes here sett in sondrie place
He may it fynd; ne let him then admire
But yield his sense to bee too blunt and base
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace
And then O fayrest Princesse vnder sky
In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face
And thine owne realmes in land of Faery
And in this antique ymage thy great auncestry.

The which O pardon me thus to enfold
In couert vele and wrap in shadowes light
That feeble eyes your glory may behold
Which ells could not endure those beames bright
But would bee dazled with exceeding light
O pardon and vouchsafe with patient eare
The braue adventures of this fayre knight
The good Sir Guyon gratially to heare
In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth app-
Guyon by Archimagre abused,
The Redcrosse knight awayes,
Fyndes Mordant and Amauia slaine
With pleasures poisoned bayes.

That conning Architect of cancred guyle,
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,
For falsed letters and suborned wyle,
Soone as the Redcrosse knight he understandes,
To beene departed out of Eden landes,
To serue againe his foucraine Elfin Queene,
His artes he movyes, and out of caytiues handes
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes vnseeene;
His shackles emptie lefte, him selfe escaped cleene.

And forth he fares full of malicious mynd,
To worken mischiefe and auenging woe,
Where euer he that godly knight may fynd,
His onely hart fore, and his onely foe,
Sith Vna now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious handes did earst restore
To natuue crowne and kingdom late ygoe;
Where she enioyes sure peace for euermore,
As wetherbeaten ship arruy’d on happie shore.

Him therefore now the object of his spight
And deadly food he makes: him to offend
By forged treasons, or by open fight
He seekes, of all his drifte the aymed end:
Thereto his subtile engins he does bend
His practick witt, and his fayre fyled tongue,
With thousand other sleightes: for well he kend,
His credit now in doubt full balace hong;
For hardly could bee hurt, who was already strong.

Still as he went, he craftie stales did lay.
With cunning traynes him to entrap vnwares,
And priuy spyals plaft in all his way,
To weete what course he takes, and how he fares;
To ketch him at a vauntage in his snares.
But now so wise and wary was the knight
By tryall of his former harms and cares,
That he descrie, and shonned still his sight:
The fish that once was caught, new bait wil hardly byte.

Nathlefse th'Enchaunter would not spare his payne,
In hope to win occasion to his will;
Which when he long awaited had in vayne,
He chaungd his mynd from one to other ill:
For to all good he enimy was still.
Vpon the way him fortuned to meet,
Fayre marching vnderneath a shady hill,
A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse meete,
That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

His carriage was full comely and vpright,
His countenance demure and temperate,
But yeft so sterne and terrible in fight,
That cheard his friendes, and did his foes amate:
He was an Elfin borne of noble state,
And mickle worship in his natuie land,
Well could he tourney and in lifts debate,
And knighthood tooke of good Sir Huons hand,
When with king Oberon he came to Fary land.
Him als accompanyd upon the way
A comely Palmer, clad in black attyre,
Of rypest yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,
That with a staffe his seeble steps did stride,
Leaft his long way his aged limbes should tire:
And if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He seemd to be a sage and sober lyre,
And euer with slow pace the knight did lead, (read.
Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to

Such whenas Archimago them did view,
He weened well to worke some vncouth wyle,
Eftsoones vntwisting his deceitfull clew,
He gan to weaue a web of wicked guyle,
And with faire countenance and flattering style,
To them aproaching, thus the knight bespake:
Fayre sonne of Mars, that seeke with warlike spoyle.
And great atchieu'ments great your selse to make,
Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers selse.

He stayd his steed for humble misers selse,
And badd tell on the tenor of his playnt;
Who feigning then in euery limb to quake,
Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faynt
With piteous mone his vercing speach gan paynt;
Deare Lady how shal I declare thy case,
Whom late I left in languorous conffraynt?
Would God thy selse now present were in place,
To tell this ruesfull tale; thy fight could win thee grace.

Or rather would, O would it so had chaunst,
That you, most noble Sir, had present beene,
When that lewd rybauld with vyle lust aduaunst
Laid first his silthie hands on virgin cleene,
To spoyle her dainty corps so faire and sheene,
As on the earth, great mother of vs all,
With liuing eye more fayre was neuer seene,
Of chastity and honour virginall:
Witnes ye heauens, whom she in vaine to help did call.

How may it be, sayd then the knight halfe wroth,
That knight should knighthood euer so haue shent?
None but that saw (qd. he) would weene for troth,
How shamefully that Mayd he did torment.
Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,
And drew her on the ground, and his sharpe sword,
Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
And threatned death with many a bloodie word;
Tounge hates to tell the rest, that eye to see abhord.

Therewith amoued from his sober mood,
And liues he yet (laid he) that wrought this act,
And doen the heauens afford him vitall food?
He liues, (quoth he) and boasteth of the fact,
Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt.
Where may that treachoure then (sayd he) be found,
Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?
That shall I shew (sayd he) as sure, as hound
The stricke Deare doth chaleng by the bleeding wound.

He stayd not lenger talke, but with fierce yre
And zealous haste away is quickly gone,
To seeke that knight, where him that crafty S quyre
Supposd to be. They do arriue anone,
Where fate a gentle Lady all alone,
With garments rent, and heare discheueld,
Wringing her handes, and making piteous mone;
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.
Cant. I. the Faery Queene.

The knight approaching nigh, thus to her said,
Fayre Lady, through fowle sorrow ill bedight,
Great pity is to see you thus dismayaed,
And marre the blossom of your beauty bright:
For thy appease your griefe and heavy plight,
And tell the cause of your conceived paine:
For if he liue, that hath you done despight,
He shall you doe due recompence agayne,
Or els his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise,
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offered hope of comfort did despise:
Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
And scratched her face with ghastly dremiment,
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with sorow had transfixed beene.

Till her that Squyre bespake, Madame my life,
For Gods deare loue be not so wilfull bent,
But doe vouchsafe now to receiue reliefe,
The which good fortune doth to you present.
For what bootes it to wepe and to wayment,
When ill is chaunft, but doth the ill increafe,
And the weake minde with double woe torment?
When she her Squyre heard speake, she gan appease
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

Eftsoone she said, Ah gentle trustie Squyre,
What comfort can I wofull wretch conceaue,
Or why should euer I henceforth desyre,
To see faire heauens face, and life not leave,

Sith
Sith that false Traytours did my honour reaue?
False Traytour certes (faide the Faerie knight)
I read the man, that euer would deceau.
A gentle Lady, or her wrong through might:
Death were too little paine for such a fowle despight.

But now, fayre Lady, comfort to you make,
And read, who hath ye wrought this shamfull plight.
That short reuenge the man may ouertake,
Where so he be, and soone vpon him light.
Certes (faide she) I wote not, how he hight,
But vnder him a gray steede he did wield,
Whose sides with dappled circles weren dight;
Vpright he rode, and in his silver shield
He bore a bloody Crosse, that quartred all the field.

Now by my head (faide Guyen) much I muse,
How that same knight should do so fowle amis,
Or euer 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 witnesse well,
When armes he swore, and streight did enterpris
Th'aduenture of the Errant damzell,
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 dearely shall abyde,
Or make you good amendement for the fame:
All wrongs haue mendes, but no amendes of shame.
Now therefore Lady, rise out of your paine,
And see the saluing of your blotting name.
Full loth she seemed thereto, but yet did saine,
For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.
Her purpose was not such, as she did faine,
Ne yet her person such, as it was seen,
But under simple shew and semblant plaine
Lurt false Duefa secretly unseen,
As a chaste Virgin, that had wronged beene:
So had false Archmage her disgraced,
To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad see:
And eke himselfe had craftily devised
To be her Squire, and do her service well disguised.

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 green moss covering her nakedness,
To hide her shame and loathly filthiness,
Sith her Prince Arthur of proud ornaments
And borrowed beauty spoyld. Her nathelisfe
Th' enchaunter finding fit for his intents,
Did thus reuest, and deckt with dew habiliments.

For all he did, was to deceive good knights,
And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame,
To flug in sloth and sensuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowned shame.
And now exceeding grieafe him overcame,
To see the Redcrofe thus aduanced hye;
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Against his praise to stirre vp enmitye
Of such, as vertues like mote vnto him allye.

So now he Guyon guydes an uncouth way
Through woods & mountaines, till they came at last
Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay
Betwixt two hills, whose high heads ouerplast,

N 2
The valley did with coole shade ouercast;
Through midst thereof a little river rold,
By which there sate a knight with helme vnlaste,
Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
After his trauell long, and labours manifold.

Lo yonder he, cryde Archimage alowd,
That wrought the shamefull fact, which I did shew,
And now he doth himselfe in secret throwed,
To fly the vengeance for his outrage dew;
But vaine: for ye shall dearly do him rew,
So God ye speed, and send you good successse;
Which we far off will here abide to vew.
So they him left, inflam’d with wrathfulnessse,
That freight against that knight his speare he did ad-

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 when as still he saw him towards pace,
He gan renoncuer him in equall race:
They bene ymett, both ready to affrap,
When suddeinely that warrior gan abace
His threatened speare, as is some new mishap
Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap.

And cryde, Mercie Sir knight, and mercie Lord,
For mine offence and hecdelesse hardiment,
That had almost committed crime abhord,
And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent,
Whiles cursed steele against that badge I bent,
The sacred badge of my Redeemers death,
Which on your shield is set for ornament:
But his fierce foe his steed could stay vneath,
Who prickt with courage kene, did cruell battell breath
But
But when he heard him speake streight way he knew
His errour, and himselfe inclining sayd,
Ah deare Sir Guyon, well becommeth you,
But me behoueth rather to vpbrayd,
Whose hastie hand so far from reason strayd,
That almost it did haynous violence
On that fayre ymage of that heauenly Mayd,
That decks and armes your shield with faire defence:
Your court'sie takes on you another's dew offence,

So beene they both at one, and doen vpreare
Their beuers bright, each other for to greet,
Goodly comportaunce each to other beare,
And entertaine themselves with court'sies meet;
Then saide the Redcrosse knight, Now mote I weet,
Sir Guyon, why with to fierce sall'naunce,
And sell intent ye did at earst me meet;
For sith I know your goodly gouernaunce,
Great cause, I weene, you guided, orsome uncouth

Certes (said he) well mote I shame to tell
The fond encheafion, that me hether led.
A false infamous saitour late befell
Me for to meet, that seemed ill bested,
And playnd of grievous outrage, which he red
A knight had wrought against a Ladie gent;
Which to auenge, he to this place me led,
Where you he made the marke of his intent,
And now is fled, foule shame him follow, wher he went.

So can he tumne his earnest vnto game,
Through goodly handling and wise temperaunce.
By this his aged Guide in presence came,
Who soone as one that knight his eye did glaunce,
Ere soones of him had perfect cognizaunce,  
Sith him in Faery court he late auizd;  
And sayd, sayre sonne, God giue you happy chaunce;  
And that deare Crosse vpon your shield deuizd,  
Wherewith aboue all knights ye goodly seeme aguizd.

Joy may you haue, and euerlastinge fame;  
Of late moft hard atchieu'ment by you donne,  
For which enrolled is your glorious name  
In heavenly Regesters aboue the Sunne,  
Where you a Saint with Saints your seat haue won:  
But wretched we, where ye haue left your marke,  
Most now aneu begin, like race to ronne;  
God giue thee, Guyen, well to end thy warke,  
And to the wished hauen bring thy weary barke.

Palmer, him answered the Redcrosse knight;  
His be the praife, that this atchieuement 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 ensewes,  
Well mote yee thee, as well can with your thought,  
That home ye may report these happy newes;  
For well ye worthy bene for worth and gentle thewes.

So courteous conge both did giue and take,  
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will:  
Then Guyen forward gan his voyage make,  
With his blacke Palmer, that him guided still.  
Still he him guided ouer dale and hill,  
And with his freedy staffe did point his way:  
His race with reafon, and with words his will,  
From fowle intemperaunce he ofte did stay,  
And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.
In this faire wyse they trauelid long yfere,
Through many hard assayes, which did betide,
Of which he honour still away did beare,
And spred his glory through all countreyes wide.
At last as chaunst them by a forest side
To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cryde,
With percing shriekes, and many a dolefull lay;
Which to attend, awhile their forward steps they stay.

But if that carelesse heuens (qdshe) despise
The doome of iust reuenge, and take delight
To see sad pageants of mens miseries,
As bound by them to liue in liues despight,
Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.
Come then, come soone, come sweett death to me,
And take away this long lenttoathed light:
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines be,
That long consign'd soules from weary thrall-dome free.

But thou, sweete Babe, whom frowning froward fate
Hath made sad witnessse of thy fathers fall,
Sith heuen thee deignes to hold in liuing state,
Long maist thou liue, and better thrive withall,
Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall:
Liue thou, and to thy mother dead attest,
That cleare she dide from blemish criminall,
Thy little hands embrewd in bleeding brest.
Loe I for pledges leaue, So giue me leaue to rest.

With that a deadly shriek she forth did throw,
That through the wood reechoed againe,
And after gane a grone so deepe and low,
That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,
Or thrild with point of thorough piercing paine;
As gentle Hynd, whose sides with cruel fleele
Through lauched,for her bleeding life does raine,
Whiles the sad pang approching thee does seele,
Braies out her latest breath,and vp her eies doth seele.

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting strait
From his tall steed,he ruft into the thicke,
And soone arrived,where that sad pourtraict
Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick,
In whose white alabaster breft did stick
A cruell knife, that made a griesly wound,
From which forf gusht a stream of goreblood thick,
That all her goodly garments staind arownd,
And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassly ground.

Pitifull spectacle of deadly smert,
Befide a bubling fountaine low she lay,
Which shee increased with her bleeding heart,
And the cleane waues with purple gore did ray;
Als in her lap a louely babe did play
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
For in her streaming blood he did embay
His little hands, and tender joints embrew;
Pitifull spectacle, as euer eie did vew.

Befides them both, vpon the soiled gras
The dead corfe of an armed knight was spred,
Whose armour all with blood bespringled was;
His ruddy lips did smyle, and rofy red
Did pi.n his chearefull cheekes, yetr being ded,
Seemd to haue beene a goodly personage,
Now in his frethest flowre of lusty hed,
Fitt to inflame faire Lady with loues rage,
But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of his age.
Cant. I. the Faery Queene

VWhom when the good Sir Guyon did behold,
His hart gan wexe as starke, as marble stone,
And his fresh blood did frize with fearefull cold,
That all his fences seemd bereffe attone:
At laft his mighty ghost gan deepe to grone,
As Lion grudging in his great disdaine,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to him selfe mone,
Til ruth and fraile affection did constraine,
His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his inward paine.

Out of her gored wound the cruell steel
He lightly snatcht, and did the floodgate stop
VWith his faire garment: then gan softly feel
Her feeble pulse, to proue if any drop
Of liting blood yet in her veynes did hop;
V Which when he felt to moue, he hoped faire
To call backe life to her forsaken shop;
So well he did her deadly wounds repairre,
That at the laft shee gan to breath out living aire.

VWhich he perceiving greatly gan rejoicce,
And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart
Is meetest med’cine, tempred with sweete voice;
Ay me, deare Lady, which the ymage art
Of ruefull pitty, and impatient smart,
VWhat direfull chaunce, arm’d with auenging fate,
Or cursed hand hath plaid this cruell part,
Thus fowle to haften your vntimely date;
Speake, O dear Lady speake:help neuer comes too late.

Therewith her dim eie-lids she vp gan reare,
On which the drery death did fitt, as sad
As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare;
But when as him all in bright armour clad
Before her standing she espied had,
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
She weakely started, yet she nothing draid:
Streight downe againe her selfe in great despight,
She grousling threw to groud, as hating life and light.

The gentle knight her soone with carefull paine
Vplifted light, and softly did uphold:
Thrice he her reard, and thrice she funck againe,
Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
And to her said; Yet if the stony cold
Hauen not all seized on your frozen hart,
Let one word fall that may your griefe vnfold,
And tell the secrete of your mortall smart;
He oft finds present helpe, who does his grieue impart.

Then castinge vp a deadly looke, full low
Shee sight from bottome of her wounded brest,
And after, many bitter throbs did throw
With lips full pale and folting tong opprest,
These words she breathed forth from riuens chest;
Leaue, ah leaue of, what euer wight thou bee,
To lett a weary wretch from her dew rest,
And trroble dying soules tranquilitee.
Take not away now got,which none would giue to me.

Ah far be it (said he) Deare dame fro mee,
To hinder soule from her desired rest,
Or hold sad life in long captiuitee:
For all I seeke, is but to haue redrest
The bitter pangs, that doth your heart infeft.
Tell then O Lady tell, what fatall priefe
Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest:
That I may cast to compasyour reliefe,
Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your grieue,
With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,
As heaven accusing guilty of her death,
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
In these sad words she spent her utmost breath:
Heare then, O man, the sorrowes that vnneath
My tong can tell, so far all fence they pas:
Looe this dead corpse, that lies here vnderneath,
The gentlest knight, that ever on greene'gras
Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir Mortdant

Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now)
My Lord my loue; my deare Lord, my deare loue,
So long as heaven's just with equall brow,
Vouchsafed to behold vs from aboue,
One day when him high corage did emmoue,
As wont ye knightes to seeke adventures wilde,
He pricked forth his puissaunt force to proue;
Me then he left enwombed of this childe,
This luckless childe, whom thus ye see with blood defild.

Him fortuned (hard fortune ye may gheffe)
To come, where vile Acrasia does wonne,
Acrasia a false enchaunteresse,
That many errant knightes hath fowle fordonne:
Within a wandring Island, that doth ronne.
And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is,
Fayre Sir, if euer there ye trauell, shonne
The cursed land where many wend amis,
And know it by the name; it hight the Bowre of blis.

Her blis is all in pleasure and delight,
Wherewith she makes her louers dronken mad,
And then with words & weedes of wondrous might,
On them she workes her will to vses bad:
My lieuest Lord she thus beguiled had
For he was flesh: (all flesh doth frayltie breed)
Whom when I heard to bee ne so ill bestdad
Weake wretch I wrapt my selfe in Palmers weed
And caste to seek him forth through danger & great dreed

Now had fayre Cynthia by euen tournes
Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
And thirfe three tymes had fild her crooked hornes,
Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbeare,
And bad me call Lucina to me neare.

Lucina came: a manchild forth I brought:  (weare,
The woods, the Nymphes, my bowres, my midwyes
Hard helpe at need. So deare thec babe I bought
Yet nought to dear I deemd, while so my deare I sought

Him so I sought, and so at laft I found
Where him that witch had thralled to her will,
In chaines of luft and lewe desyres ybownd
And so transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, nether his owne ill;
Till through wise handling and faire gournance,
I him recuted to a better will,
Purged from drugs of fowle intemperaunce:  
Then means I gan deuife for his deliuerance.

Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiu'd,
How that my Lord from her I would repriue.
With cup thus charmd, him parting she deceiud;
Sad verse giue death to him that death does giue,
And loss of love, to her that loses to live,
So soon as Bacchus with the Nymphes does lincke,
So parted we, and on our journey driue,
Till comming to this well, he stoupt to drinke:
The charme fulfild, dead suddely he downe did fincke.

Which
Which when I wretch, Not one word more she sayd
But breaking of, the end for want of breath,
And flying soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That seeing good Sir Guyon, could vneath
From teares abstayne, for griefe his hart did grate;
And from so heauie fight his head did wreath,
Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,
Which plonged had faire Lady in so wretched state.

Then turning to his Palmer said, Old syre
Behold the ymage of mortalitie,
And seeble nature cloth’d with fleshly tyre
When raging passion with fierce tyranny
Rob’s reason of her dew regalitie,
And makes it servaunt to her basest part:
The strong it weakens with infirmitie,
And with bold furie armes the weakest hart;
The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the weake
(through smart)
But temperaunce (saiye) with golden suire
Betwixt them both can meaure out a meane,
Nether to melt in pleasures whoott desyre,
Nor srye in hartleffe griefe and dolefull tene.
Thrie happy man, who fares them both atweene.
But sith this wretched woman overcome
Of anguith, rather then of crime hath bene,
Resere her cause to her eternall doome,
And in the meane vouchsafe her honorable toombe.

Palmer, qd. he, death is an equall doome
To good and bad, the commen In of rest
But after death the tryall is to come,
When best shall bee to them, that liued best.
But both alike, when death hath both suppress,
Religious reverence doth burial teene,
Which who so wants, wants so much of his rest:
For all so greet shame after death I weene,
As selfe to dyen bad, vnburied bad to beone.

So both agree their bodies to engrave;
The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
And with sad Cypresse seemly it embraye,
Then couering with a clod their closed eye,
They lay therein those corses tenderly,
And bid them sleepe in euerlastinge peace.
But ere they did their utmost obsequy,
Sir Guyon more affection to increace,
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should ay releace.

The dead knights sword out of his sheath he drew,
With which he cutt a lock of all their heare,
Which medling with their blood & earth, he threw
Into the graue, and gan deuoutly sweare;
Such and such euil God on Guyon reare,
And worse and worse young Orphane beyth payne,
If I or thou dew vengeance doe forbear,
Till guiltie blood her guerdon doe obtayne:
So shedding many teares, they clofd the earth agayne.

Cant.
Babes bloody handes may not be clensed,
the face of golden Meane.
Her sisters two Extremities:
strike her to banish cleane.

Thus when Sir Guyon with his faithful guide
Had with dew rites and dolorous lament
The end of their sad Tragedie uppyde,
The little babe vp in his armes he bent;
Who with sweet pleasance and bold blandishment
Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As carelessse of his woe, or innocent
Of that was done, that ruth emperced deep (sleep.
In that knightes hart, and wordes with bitter teares did

Ah lucklesse babe, borne vnder cruell starre,
And in dead parents balesfull ashes bred,
Full little weenest thou, what sorrowes are
Left thee for porcion of thy liuelyhed,
Poore Orphane in the wide world scattered,
As budding braunch rent from the natiue tree,
And throwen forth, till it be withered:
Such is the state of men: Thus enter we
Into this life with woe, and end with miseree.

Then soft him selfe inclining on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(Soloue does loath disdainesfull nicitee.)
His guiltie handes from bloody gore to cleene;
He wash't them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
For all his washing cleaner, Still he stroue,
Yet still the little hands were bloody seench,
The which him into great amaz'ment droue,
And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder clouce.

He wist not whether blot of fowle offence
Might not be purgd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To shew how sore bloodguiltiness he hat'th;
Or that the charme and veneme, which they dronck;
Their blood with secret filth infected hath,
Being diffused through the fencless tronck,
That through the great contagion direful deadly stonck.

Whom thus at gaze, the Palmer gan to bord
. With goodly reason, and thus fayre bespake;
Ye bene right hart amated, gratious Lord,
And of your ignorance great merueill make,
Whiles cause not well concoiued ye mistake.
But know, that secret vertues are infus'd
In euerie fountaine, and in euerie lake,
Which who hath skill them rightly to haue chuld,
To prooffe of passing wonders hath full often vld.

Of those some were so from their soure indewd
. By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
Their welheads spring, and are with moisture deawd;
Which feedes each living plant with liquid sap,
And filleth with flow'rs fayre Floraes painted lap:
But other some by guifte of later grace,
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had vertue pou'd into their waters bace, (place,
And thenceforth were renown'd, and sought from place
. Such
Cant. II.     the Faery Queene.

Such is this well, wrought by occasion straunge,
Which to her Nymph befell. Upon a day,
As she the woodes with bow and shaftes did raunge,
The hartlesse Hynd and Robucke to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
And kindling fire at her faire burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
And chaced her, that faft from him did fly;
As Hynd from her, so she fled from her enimy.

At last when sayling breath began to faint,
And saw no meanes to escape, of shame affrayd,
She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint,
And to Diana calling lowd for ayde,
Her deare besought, to let her die a mayd.
The goddesse heard, and suddeine where she sate,
Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismayd
With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

Lo now she is that stone, from whose two heads,
As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
Yet colde through feare, and old conceived dreads;
And yet the stone her semblance seemes to shew,
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 waues with any filth be dyde,
But euer like her selfe vnstayed hath beene tryde.

From thence it comes, that this babes bloody hand
May not be clenfd with water of this well:
Ne certes Sir struie you it to withstand,
But let them still be bloody, as befell,

O That
That they his mothers innocence may tell,
As she bequeathed in her last testament;
That as a sacred Symbole it may dwell
In her sonnes flesh, to mind reuengement,
And be for all chasté Dames an endless moniment.

He hearkned to his reason, and the childe
Vptaking, to the Palmer gau to beare;
But his sad fathers armes with blood desilde,
An heauie load himselfe did lightly reare,
And turning to that place, in which whylere
He left his lofie steed with golden fell,
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not there.
By other accident that earst befell,
He is conuiaide, but how or where, here fits not tell.

Which when Sir Guyon saw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appease,
And fairely fare on foot, how ever loth;
His double burden did him sore disease.
So long they trauelled with little ease,
Till that at last they to a Castle came,
Built on a rocke adjoyning to the seas,
It was an auncient worke of antique frame,
And wondrous strong by nature, and by skilfull frame.

Therein three sisters dwelt of fundry fort,
The children of one fyre by mothers three;
Who dying whylome did diuide this fort
To them by equall shares in equall fee:
But stryfull mind, and diuerse qualitee
Drew them in partes, and each made others foe:
Still did they strive, and daily disagree;
The eldest did against the youngest goe;
And both against the middelst meant to worken woe.
Where when the knight arriu'd, he was right well
Receiu'd, as knight of so much worth became,
Of second sister, who did far excell
The other two; Medina was her name,
A sober fad, and comely courteous Dame;
Who rich aray'd, 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 vp into a goodly bowre,
   And comely courted with meet modestie,
Ne in her speach, ne in her hauior,
   Was lightnesse seene, or looser vanitie,
But gracious womanhood, and grauitie,
Aboue the reason of her youthly yeares:
   Her golden lockes she roundly did vptye
In breaded tramels, that no looser heares
Did out of order stray about her daintie eares.

Whileft she her selfe thus busily did frame,
   Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
   Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
Accounting each her frend with lauifh fest:
They were two knights of pereleffe puiffaunce,
   And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
Which to these Ladies love did countenaunce,
   And to his mistresse each himselfe streue to aduaunce.

He that made loue vnto the eldest Dame,
   Was hight Sir Huddibras, an hardy man;
Yet not soo good of deedes, as great of name,
Which he by many rash adventures wan,

O 2 Since
The second Booke of
Cant. II.

Since errant armes to few he first began;
More huge in strength, then wise in workes he was,
And reason with soole-hardize ouer ran;
Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
And was for terror more, all armd in shyning bras.

But he that lou'd the youngest, was Sansloy,
He that faire vna late fowle outraged,
The most vnruy, and the boldest boy,
That euer warlike weapons menaged,
And to all lawlesse luft encouraged;
Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might:
Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereau'd of right.
He now this Ladies Champion chose for loue to fight:

These two gay knights, vow'd to so diverse loues,
Each other does envy with deadly hate,
And daily warre against his foeman moues,
In hope to win more fauour with his mate,
And th'others pleasing seruice to abate,
To magnifie his owne. But when they heard,
How in that place straunge knight arrived late,
Both knightes and ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fiercely vnto batell sterne themselves prepar'd.

But ere they could proccede vnto the place,
Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
And cruell combat ioynd in middle space:
With horrible assault, and fury fell,
They heapt huge strokes, the scorned life to quell,
That all on vprore from her settled seat,
The house was rayfd, and all that in did dwell,
Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great
Did rend the ratling skyes with flames of fouldring heat.
The noyfe thereof cald forth that strange knight,
To weet, what dreadfull thing was there in hand;
Where when as two braue knightes in bloody fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
His sunbroad shiled about his wreft he bond,
And shyning blade vnshedd, with which he ran
Vnto that stea, their strife to understand;
And at his first arriuall, them began
With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

But they him spyung, both with greedy forse
Attonce upon him ran, and him befe
With strokes of mortall steele without remorfe,
And on his shiled like yron slegdes bet:
As when a Beare and Tygre being met
In cruell fight on lybicke Ocean wide,
Espye a traueller with feet surbet,
Whom they in equall pray hope to diuide,
They flint their strife, and him aflayle on euerie side.

But he, not like a weary trauelere,
Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,
And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
But with redoubled buffes them backe did put:
Whose grieved mindes, which choler did englut,
Against themselues turning their wrathfull spight,
Gan with new rage their shildes to hew and cut,
But till when Guyon came to part their fight,
With heavie load on him they freshly gan to finight.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
Whom raging windes threatening to make the pray
Of the rough rockes, doe diversly disease,
Mectes two contrarie billowes by the way,
That her on either side does sore assay,
And boast to swallow her in greedy graue; (way,
She scorning both their spights, does make wide
And with her breast breaking the fomy waue,
Does ride on both their backs, & faire her self doth faue.

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade.
Wondrous great prouesse and heroick worth
He shewed that day, and rare ensample made,
When two so mighty warriours he dismade;
Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and pays,
Now forst to yield, now forcing to invade,
Before, behind, and round about him laies:
So double was his paines, so double be his praise.

Strange sort of fight, three valiaunt knights to see
Three combats joine in one, and to darraine
A triple warre with triple enmitye,
All for their Ladies froward loue to gaine,
Which gotten was but hate. So loue does raine
In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yet his peace is but continuall iarre:
O miserable men, that to him subiect are.

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes,
The faire Medina with her tresses torne,
And naked brest, in pitty of their harmes,
Emongst them ran, and falling them before,
Besought them by the womb, which them had born,
And by the loues, which were to them most deare,
And by the knighthood, which they sure had sworn,
Their deadly cruel discord to forbear,
And to her just conditions of faire peace to heare.

But
But her two other sisters standing by,
  Her lowd gainsaid, and both her champions bad
Purse the end of their strong enmity,
As euer of their loues they would be glad.
Yet she with pitty words and counsell sad,
Still stroue their stubborne rages to reuoke,
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 puissaunt Lords, what cursed euill Spright,
Or fell Erimnys in your noble harts,
Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
And stird you vp to worke your wilfull smarts?
Is this the ioy of armes: be these the parts
Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thruft,
And not regard dew right and iust defarts?
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory vniust,
That more to mighty hâds, the rightfull cause doth truift.

And were their rightfull cause of difference,
Yet were not better, sayre it to accord,
Then with bloodguiltynes to heape offence,
And mortal vengeaunce ioyne to crime abhord?
O fly from wrath, fly, O my lieuest Lord:
Sad be the fights, and bitter fruities of warre,
And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword;
Ne ought the praise of provesse more doth marre,
Then fowle reuenging rage, and base contentious iarre.

But louely concord, and most sacred peace
Doth nourishe verme, and fast friendship breeds;
Weake she make strâg, & strong thing does increase,
Till it the pitch of highest praisse exceeds:

   O 4   Braue
Braue be her warres, and honorable deeds,  
By which she triumphes over yre and pride,  
And winnes an Oliue garlond for her meeds:  
Be therefore, O my deare Lords, pacifide,  
And this misleeming discord meekely lay a side.

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,  
And sunk to so deepe into their boyling brests,  
That downe they lett their cruell weapons fall,  
And lowly did abase their lofty crefts  
To her faire presence, and discrete behests.  
Then she began a treaty to procure,  
And stablish termes betwixt both their requests,  
That as a law for euer should endure;  
Which to obserue in word of knights they did assure.

Which to confirm, and fast to bind their league,  
After their weary sweat and bloody toile,  
She them besought, during their quiet treague,  
Into her lodging to repaire a while,  
To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.  
They soone consent: so forth with her they fare,  
Where they are well receiud, and made to spoil  
Themselves of soiled armes, and to prepare  
Their minds to pleasure, & their mouths to dainty fare.

And those two froward sisters, their faire loues  
Came with them eke, all were they wondrous loth,  
And fained cheare, as for the time behoves,  
But could not colour yet so well the troth,  
But that their natures bad appeard in both:  
For both did at their second sister grutch,  
And inly grieue, as doth an hidden moth  
The inner garment frett, not th'utter touch; (mutch.  
One thought her cheare too little, th'other thought too
Cant. II. the Faery Queene

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
Ne ought would speake, but euermore did seeme
As discontent for want of meath or meate;
No solace could her Paramour intreat
Her once to shew, ne court, nor dalliaunce,
But with bent lowering browes, as she would threat,
She scould; and frownd with froward countenaunce,

Unworthy of faire Ladies comely gouernaunce.

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 flowd aboue the banck,
And in excess exceeded her owne might;
In sumptuous tire she ioyd her selfe to pranck,
But of her loue too lauifh (little haue she thanck.)

First by her side did sitt the bold Sanslo,
Fitt mate for such a mincing mineon,
Who in her looseneffe tooke exceeding ioy;
Might not be found a francker franion,
Of her leawd parts to make companion:
But Huddibras, more like a Malecontent,
Did see and grieue at his bold fashion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
Yett still he fatt, and inly did him selfe torment.

Betwixt them both the faire Medina late
With sober grace, and goodly carriage:
With equall measure she did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage,

That
That forward pair she euer would all wage,
When they would strive to reason to exceed,
But that same froward twaine would accorage,
And of her plenty adde vnto their need:
So kept she them in order, and her selfe in heed.

Thus fairely she attempered her feast,
And pleas'd them all with meete satiety:
At last when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,
She Guyon deare besought of courtelie,
To tell from whence he came through jeopardy,
And whether now on new aduenture bound.
Who with bold grace, and comely grauity,
Drawing to him the eies of all around,
From lofty siege began these words aloud to sound.

This thy demaund, O Lady, doth require
Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,
Great and most glorious virgin Queene alive,
That with her soueraigne powre, and scepter sheene
All Faery lond does peaceably sustene.
In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,
That ouer all the earth it may be seene;
As morning Sunne her beames dispersden cleare,
And in her face faire peace, and mercy doth appeare.

In her the richesse of all heauenly grace,
In chiefe degree are heaped vp on hye:
And all that els this worlds enclosure have,
Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
Adornes the person of her Maiestye;
That men beholding so great excellence,
And rare perfection in mortalitye.
Doe her adore with sacred reverence,
As th'Idole of her makers great magnificence.
To her I homage and my service owe,
In number of the noblest knights on ground,
Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe
Order of *Maydenhead*, the most renowned,
That may this day in all the world be found,
An y earely solemn feast she wontes to make
The day that first doth lead the yeare around;
To which all knights of worth and courage bold
Resort, to heare of strange adventures to be told.

There this old Palmer shewd himselfe that day,
And to that mighty Princesse did complaine
Of grievous mischieves, which a wicked Fay
Had wrought, and manywhelmd in deadly paine,
Whereof he crau'd redresse. My Soueraine,
Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
Estsoones deuise redresse for such annoyes;
Me all vnfit for so great purpose she employes,

Now hath faire Phebe with her siluer face
Thrise seene the shadowes of the neather world,
Sith laft I left that honorable place,
In which her roiall presence is entrold;
Ne euer shall I rest in house nor hold,
Till I that false Acrasia haue wonne;
Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to bee told
I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,
Whose woffull parents she hath wickedly fordone,

Tell on, fayre Sir, saide she, that dolefull tale,
From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,
That we may pitty such unhappie bale,
And learne from pleasures poynson to abstaine:
Ill by enslave good doth often gayne.
Then forward he his purpose gan pursuwe,
And told the story of the mortall payne,
Which Mordant and Amania did rew;
As with lamenting eyes him selfe did lately vew.

Night was far spent, and now in Ocean deep
Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
His flaming head did haften for to sleep,
When of his pitteous tale he end did make;
Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake,
Those guehles beguyled, did beguyle their eyes
Of kindly sleepe, that did them ouertake.
At last when they had markt the chaunged skyes,
They wist their houre was spent, the each to rest him hyes.

Cant. III.

Oone as the morrow fayre with purple beames
Disperse the shadowes of the misty night,
And Titan playing on the eastern streames,
Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light,
Sir Guyon mindfull of his vow yplight,
Vprofe from drowse couch, and him addrest
Vnto the journey which he had beight:
His puissant armes about his noble brest,
And many-folded shield he bound about his wreist.

Then
Then taking Conde of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe into her truth
Did earnestly commit, and her coniure,
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensueth:
And that so soone as syper yeares he rought,
He might for memory of that dayes ruth,
Be called Ruddymane, and thereby taught,
T'auenge his Parents death on thce, that had it wrought.

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him gone;
Patience perforce: helpleffe what may it boot;
To fret for anger, or for griefe to mone?
His Palmer now shall foot no more alone:
So fortune wrought, as vnder greene woodes syde.
He lately hard that dying Lady grone,
He left his steed without, and speare be syde,
And rushed in on foot to ayd her, ere she dyde.

The whyles a losell wandring by the way,
One that to bountie never caste his mynd,
Ne thought of honour euer did assay
His baser brest, but in his keftrrel kynd
A pleasing vaine of glory he did fynd,
To which his flowing toung, and troublous spright
Gaue him great ayd, and made him more inclynd:
He that braue steed there finding ready dight,
Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full light.

Now gan his hart all swell in iollity,
And of him selfe great hope and help conceiu'd,
That puffed vp with smoke of vanity,
And with selfe-loued personage deceiu'd,
He gan to hope, of men to be receiu'd
For such, as he him thought, or faine would bee:
But for in court gay portaunce he perceiu'd,
And gallant shew to be in greatest grec,
Eftfoones to court he cast t'aduaunce his first degree.

And by the way he chaunced to espy
One sitting ydle on a sunny banck,
To whom auaunting in great brauery,
As Peacocke, that his painted plumes doth pranck,
He smote his courser in the trembling flanck,
And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare:
The feely man seeing him ryde so ranck,
And ayme at him, fell flatt to ground for feare,
And crying Mercy loud, his pitious handes gan rear.

Thereat the Scarterow waxed wondrous proud,
Through fortune of his first aventure sayre,
And with big thundring voice reuyld him lowd;
Vile Caytiue, vassall of dread and despayre,
Vnworthie of the commune breathed ayre,
Why liuest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
And doest not unto death thy selfe prepayre.
Dy, or thy selfe my captiue yield for ay;
Great fauour I thee graunt, for aunsfere thus to stye.

Hold, O deare Lord, hold your dead-doing hand,
Then loud he cryde, I am your humble thrall.
Ah wretch (qd. he) thy destines withstand
My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
I giue thee life: therefore prostrated fall,
And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bee.
The Mifer threw him selfe, as an Offall,
Streight at his foot in base humilitie,
And sleepe'd him his liege, to hold of him in see,
So happy peace they made and faire accord:
Esdoones this liegeman gan to wexe more bold,
And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
In his owne kind he gan him selfe vnfold:
For he was wylie witted, and growne old
In cunning sleightes and practick knauery.
From that day forth he caft for to uphold
His ydle humour with fine flattery,
And blow the bellowes to his swelling vanity.

Trompart sitt man for Braggadochio,
To serve at court in view of vaunting eye;
Vaine glorious man, when fluttiring wind does blow
In his light winges, is lifted vp to skye:
The scorn of knighthood and trew cheualrye,
To thinke without desert of gentle deed,
And noble worth to be aduaunde hys:
Such prayse is Shame; but honour vertues meed
Doth beare the fayrefte flower in honourable seed.

So forth they pas, a well conforted payre,
Till that at length with Archimage they meet:
Who seeing one that thone in armour fayre,
On goodly course thondring with his feet,
Esdoones supposeth him a person meet,
Of his revenge to make the instrument:
For since the Redcrosse knight he erst did weet,
To beene with Guyon knitt in one consent,
The ill, which erst to him, he now to Guyon ment.

And comming close to Trompart gan inquere
Of him, what mightie warriour that more bee,
That rode in golden fell with sngle spere,
But wanted sword to wreake his enmitee,
He is a great aduenturer, (said he)
That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
And now hath vowed, till he avenged bee,
Of that despight, neuer to wearen none;
That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone.

Th'enchaunter greatly ioyed in the vaunt,
And weened well ere long his will to win,
And both his foon with equall foyle to daunt.
Tho' to him louting lowly did begin
To plaine of wronges, which had committed bin
By Guyon, and by that false Redcrosse knight,
Which two through treason and deceptfull gin,
Had slayne Sir Mordant, and his Lady bright:
That mote him honour win, to wreak so foule despight.

Therewith all suddeinly he seemed enraged,
And threatened death with dreadfull countenaunce,
As if their lives had in his hand beene gaged;
And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
Thus said; Old man, great sure fhall be thy meed,
If where those knights for feare of dew vengeance
Doe lurke, thou certeiny to mee areed,
That I may wreake on them their hainous hateful deed.

Certes, my Lord, (said he) that shall I soone,
And giue you eke good helpe to their decay.
But mote I wisely you advise to doon;
Giue no ods to your foes, but doe puruay
Your selfe of sword before that bloody day:
For they be two the prowefte knights on ground,
And oft approu'd in many hard assay,
And eke of sureste Steele, that may be found,
Doe arme your self against that day, them to confound.
Cant. III.  the Faery Queene.

Dotard, (faide he,) let be thy depe aduife;
  Seems that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
  And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,
Else neuer should thy judgement be so frayle,
To measure manhood by the sword or mayle.
Is not enough foure quarters of a man,
Withouten sword or shield, an hoste to quayle?
Thou little wootest, what this right-hand can:
Speake they, which haue beheld the battailes, which it

The man was much abash'd at his boaft;
  Yet well he wift, that who so would contend
With either of those knightes on euen coast,
  Should neede of all his armes, him to defend;
Yet feared leaft his boldnesse should offend,
When Braggadocchio faide, Once I did sweare, (end,
When with one sword euene knightes I brought to
Thence forth in battaile neuer sword to beare,
But it were that, which noblest knight on earth doth

Perdy Sir knight, faide then the' enchaunter bluie,
  That shall I shortly purchase to your hond:
For now the best and noblest knight aliue,
Prince Arthur is, that wonnes in Faerie lond;
He hath a sword, that flames like burning brond.
The same by my deuice I vndertake
Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond.
At which bold word that boaft er gan to quake,
And wondred in his minde, what mote that Monfter

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
  Was suddein vanished out of his sight:
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From of 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 aye: 
Both fled attonce, ne ever backe retourned eye.

Till that they come vnto a forrest greene, 
In which they throwd theselves from causeles feare; 
Yet feare them follows till, where so they becene, 
Each trembling leafe, and whistling wind they heare, 
As ghastely bug does vnto them affeare: 
Yet both doe strive their fearefulness to faine. 
At last they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare 
Throughout the wood, that ecchoed againe, 
And made the forrest ring, as it would rie in twaine.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush; 
With noyse whereof he from his loftie freed 
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush, 
To hide his coward head from dying dreed. 
But Trompart stoutly stayd to taken heed, 
Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped foorth 
A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed, 
That seemd to be a woman of great worth, 
And by her stately portance, borne of heauenly birth.

Her face so faire as flesh it seemed nor, 
But heuenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew, 
Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot, 
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew; 
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew 
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed, 
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw, 
And gazers fence with double pleasure fed, 
Hable to heale the sicke, and to reuiue the ded.
In her faire eyes two liuing lamps did flame,
Kindled aboue ath'heuenly makers light,
And darted syrie beames out of the same,
So passing perfant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereau'd the rash beholders sight:
In them the blinded god his luftfull fyre
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
For with dredd Maiestie, and awfull yre,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace desyre.

Her yuorie forhead, full of bountie braue,
Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
For Loue his loftie triumphes to engrave,
And write the battailes of his great godhede:
All good and honour might therein be red:
For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
Sweete wordes, like dropping honny she did shed,
And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
A siluer found, that heauenly musickse semd to make.

Upon her eyelids many Graces fate,
Vnder the shadow of her euen browes,
Working belgardes, and amorous retreate,
And euerie one her with a grace endowes:
And euerie one with meekenesse to her bowes,
So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
And soueraine moniment of mortall vowes,
How shall frayle pen describe her heauenly face,
For feare through want of skill her beauty to disgrace?

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire
She semd, when she presented was to fight,
And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
All in a silken Camus lyly whight,
Pursued upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinckled was throughout,
With golden aygulets, that glittered bright,
Like twinkling farres, and all the skirt about
Was hewn with golden fringy, illuminating per tout.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat trayne,
And her streight legs most brauely were embayld
In gilden buskins of costly Cordwayne,
All bar'd with golden bendes, which were entayld
With curious antickes, and full fair arrayld:
Before they fastned were under her knee
In a rich jewel, and therein entrayld
The ends of all the knots, that none might see,
How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee.

Like two faire marble pillours they did scene,
Which doe the temple of the Gods support,
Whom all the people decke with girlands green,
And honour in their festiuall resort;
Those same with stately grace, and princely port
She taught to tread, when she herself would grace,
But with the woody Nymphe when she did play,
Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,
She could them nimbly move, and after fly apace.

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held;
And at her backe a bow and quieter gay,
Stuft with steele-headed darts, wherewith she queld
The saluage beastes in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldricke, which forelay
Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
Her daintie paps, which like young fruit in May
Now little gan to swell, and being tide,
Through her thin weed their places only signifide.
Cant. I II. the Faery Queene.

Heryellow lockes crisped, like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the winde amongst them did inspyre,
They waue'd like a penon wyde dispred
And low behind her backe were scattered:
And whether art it were, or heeceleffe hap,
As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaues and blossomes did enwrap.

Such as Diana by the sandy shore
Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene,
Where all the Nymphes haue her vnwares forlore,
Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,
To seeke her game: Or as that famous Queene
Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,
The day that first of Priame she was seene,
Did shew her selfe in great triumphant joy,
To succour 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 bide 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 haunch earst my fiedsfast arrow strake?
If thou didst, tell me, that I may her ouertake.

Wherewith reviu'd, this anfwere forth he threw;
O Goddesse, (for such I thee take to bee)
For nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,
Nor voyce sound mortall; I auow to thee,
Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
Sith earst into this forest wild I came.
But more thy goodly hed forgiue it mee,
To weete, which of the Gods I shall thee name.
That vnto thee dew worship I may rightly frame.

To whom she thus, but ere her words ensew'd,
Vnto the bush her eye did sudde in glaunce,
In which vaine Braggadocio was mewd,
And saw it stirre: she left her percing launce,
And towards gan a deadly shafte aduaunce,
In mind to marke the beast. At which sad flourre,
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
Out crying, O what ever heuenly powre,
Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly howre.

O stay thy hand, for yonder is no game
For thy siers arrowes, them to exercize,
But loe my Lord, my liege, whose warlike name,
Is far renown'd through many bold emprize;
And now in shade he throv'd yonder lies.
She staid: with that he craul'd out of his nest,
Forth creeping on his caitiue hands and thies,
And standing stoutly vp, his lofty crest
Did fiercely shake, and rowze, as coming late fro rest.

As fearfull fowle, that long in secret caue
For dread offoring hauke her selse hath hid,
Not caring how her silly life to sau'e,
She her gay painted plumes disordered,
Seeing at last her selse from daunger rid,
Peepes forth, and soone renuws her natu'e pride;
She gins her feathers fowle disfigured
Proudly to prune, and sett on euery side,
So shakes off Shame, she thinks how erst she did her hide.
So when her goodly visage he beheld,
  He gan himselfe to vaunt: but when he vewd
Thole deadly tooles, which in her hand she held,
  Soone into other fitts he was transmewd,
Till she to him her gracious speach renewd;
All haile, Sir knight, and well may thee befall,
  As all the like, which honor haue purswed
Through deeds of armes and provesse martiall;
All vertue merits praife, but such the most of all.

To whom he thus, O fairest vnder skie,
  Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praife,
That warlike feats doest highest glorifie.
Therein I haue spent all my youthly daies,
  And many battailes fought, and many fraies
Throughout the world, wher so they might be foud,
Endeuoring my dreaded name to raise
  Aboue the Moone, that fame may it refound
In her eternall tromp, with laurell girond crownd.

But what art thou, O Lady, which doest raunge
In this wildeforest, where no pleasure is,
  And doest not it for joyous court exchaunge,
Emongst thine equall peres, where happy blis
And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
There thou maift loue, and dearly loued be,
  And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis;
There maift thou best be feene, and best maift see:
The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fitt for thee.

Who so in pompe of prowde estate (qd. the)
  (Does swim, and bathes him selfe in courtly blis,
 Does waste his dayes in darke obscuritee,
  And in obliuion euer buried is:
Where ease abounds, yet's eath to doe amis;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd
Behaues with cares, cannot so easy mis.
Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd
Who seekes with painfull toile, shall honor soonest fynd.

In woods, in waues, in warres she wonts to dwell,
And wilbe found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man, that moulds in ydle cell,
Vnto her happy mansion attaine:
Before her gate high God did Sweate ordaine,
And wakewillfull watches euer to abide:
But easie is the way, and passage plaine
To pleasures pallace; it may soone bę spide,
And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

In Princes court. The rest she would haue sayd,
But that the foolish man, fled with delight
Of her sweete words, that all his fence dismayd,
And with her wondroues beauty rauisht quight,
Gan burne in filthy lust, and leaping light,
Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.
With that she swauning backe, her Iuelin bright
Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:
So turned her about, and fled away apace.

Which when the Pestaunt saw, amazd he flood,
And gricued at her flight; yet durft he nott
Purshe her steps, through wild vnknowen wood;
Besseis he feard her wrath, and threatned shott
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgott:
Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vayne,
But turning laid to Trompart, What fowlle blott
Is this to knight, that Lady shoule agayne
Depart to woods yntoucht, & leave so proud disdayne?
Perdy
Perdy (sai'd Trompart) lett her pas at will,
  Least by her presence daunger mote befall.
For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)
But that she is some powre celestiall?  
For whiles she speake, her great words did apall
My feeble corage, and my heart oppresse,
That yet I quake and tremble over all.
And I (sai'd Braggadocch'o) thought no lesse,
When first I heard her horn sound with such ghastlinesse.

For from my mothers wombe this grace I haue
  Me giuen by eternall destiny,
That earthly thing may not my corage braue
Dismay with feare, or cause on foote to flye,
But either hellish feends, or powres on hye:
Which was the cause, wheare that horn I heard,
Weening it had beene thunder in the skye,
I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard;
But when I other knew, my selfe I boldely reard.

But now for feare of worse, that may betide,
  Let vs soone hence depart. They soone agree;
So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride,
As one vnfit theretore, that all might see
He had not trayned bene in cheualrec.
Which well that valiaunt courser did discerne;
For he despisid to tread in dew degree,
But chaufd and som'd, with corage fiers and sterne,
And to be easd of that base burden still did erne.
Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,  
And stops occasion:  
Delivers Phaon, and therefore  
By strife is rayled upon.

IN braue pursuitt of honorable deed,  
There is I know not (what) great difference  
Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,  
Which unto things of valorous pretence  
Seemes to be borne by native influence;  
As seates of armes, and love to entertaine,  
But chiefly skill to ride seemes a science  
Proper to gentle blood; some others faine  
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

But he the rightfull owner of that steede,  
Who well could menage and subdew his pride,  
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,  
With that blacke Palmer, his most trufty guide;  
Who suffred not his wandring feete to slide.  
But when strong passion or weake fleshlinesse,  
Would from the right way seke to draw him wide,  
He would through temperaunce and stedfaftnesse,  
Teach him the weak to stregthen, & the strog suppreffe.

It fortuned forth faring on his way,  
He saw from far, or seemed for to see  
Some troublous vprore or contentious fray,  
Whereeto he drew in haft it to agree.
Cant. IIII. the Faery Queene.

A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
Drew by the heare along vpon the ground,
A handsome stripling with great cruellee,
Whom fore he beat, and gor'd with many a wound,
That cheekes with teares, & lydes with blood did all a- (bound.

And him behynd, a wicked Hag did falke,
In ragged robes, and filthy disarray,
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke.
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay;
Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosely hong vnrold,
But all behinde was bald, and wore away,
That none thereof could euer taken hold,
And eke her face ill favourd, full of wrinckles old.

And euer as she went, her young did walke
In fowle reproch, and termes of vile despight,
Prouoking him by her outrageous talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight,
Sometimes she raught him stones, wherwith to smite,
Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which she could not goe vpright;
Ne any euill meanes she did forbeare,
That might him moue to wrath, and indignation reare.

The noble Guyon mou'd with great remorse,
Approaching, first the Hag did thrust away,
And after adding more impetuous force,
His mighty hands did on the madman lay,
And pluckt him backe; who all on fire stattayd way,
Against him turning all his fell intent,
With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
And smott, and bitt, and kickt, and scratcht, and rent,
And did he wist not what in his avengement. And
And sure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had gouernaunce, it well to gyde:
But when the frantick fitt inflamed his fpright,
His force was vaine, and stroke more often wyde,
Then at the aymed marke, which he had eyde:
And oft himfelfe he chaunst to hurt vnaire,
Whylest reaso blent through passio, nought descryde
But as a blindfold Bull at randon faires, (nought cares.
And where he hits, nought knowes, & whom he hurts,

His rude assault and rugged handeling
Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with foe
In fayre defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to fight, yet nathemoe
Was he abashed now not fighting fo,
But more enfierced through his currifh play,
Him fternly Grypt, and hailing to and fro,
To ouerthrow him ftrongly did affay,
But ouerthrew him felfe vnaire, and lower lay.

And being downe the villein fore did beate,
And bruze with clownifh fiftes his manly face:
And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat.
Still cald vpon to kill him in the place.
With whose reproch and odious menace
The knight embouling in his haughtie hart,
Knitt all his forces, and gan foone vnbrace
His grafting hold: so lightly did vpsart,
And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his part.

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
Not fo O Guyon, never thinke that fo
That Monfter can be maiftred or destroyd:
He is no, ah, he is not such a foe,
As steele can wound, or strength can ouerthroe.
That fame is Furor, cursed cruel wight,
That vnto knighthood workes much shame & woe;
And that fame Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion, the roote of all wrath and despight,

With her, who so will raging Furor tame,
Must first begin, and well her amenage:
First her restraine from her reprochfull blame,
And euill meanes, with which she doth enrage
Her frantick sonne, and kindles his courage,
Then when she is withdrawne, or strong withstood,
It's eath his ydle fury to aswage,
And calme the tempest of his passion wood;
The bankes are ouerflowne, when stopped is the flood.

Therewith Sir Guyon left his first emprise,
And turning to that woman, fast her hent
By the hoare lockes, that hong before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stent
Her bitter rayling and soule reuilement,
But still prouokt her sonne to wreake her wrongs;
But nathelasse he did her still torment,
And catching hold of her vngratious tongue,
Thereon an yron lock, did fasten firme and strong.

Then whenas vfe of speach was from her rest,
With her two crooked handes the signes did make,
And beckned him, the last help she had left:
But he that last left helpe away did take,
And both her handes fast bound vnto a stake,
That she note stirre. Then gan her sonne to flye
Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;
But Guyon after him in hast did hye,
And soone him ouertooke in sad perplexitye.
In his strong arms he stily him embrasse,
Who him gainingriuing, nought at all prevailed:
For all his power was utterly desfaite,
And furious fits at earst quite weren quiald:
Oft he reenforst, and oft his forces sayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor slack.
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,
And both his feet in fetters to an yron rack.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots that did him fore constrain:
Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind,
And grimly gnash, threatening revenge in vaine:
His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes did staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fyre,
And more for rancke despight, then for great paine,
Shakt his long locks, colourd like copper-wyre,
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging yre.

Thus whenas Guyon Farrer had captiud,
Turning about he saw that wretched Squyre,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late depriuad,
Lying on ground, all foild with blood and myre:
Whom whenas he perceiued to respyre,
He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dresse.
Being at last recured, he gan inquyre,
What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
And made that caytiues thrall, the thrall of wretched-

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
Fayre Sir (qd. he) what man can shun the hap,
That hidden lyes vnwares him to surpryse
Miftortune waites aduantage to entrap

The
The man most wary in her whelming lap,
Some weake wretch, of many weakest wretch,
Unwitting, and vnware of such mishap,
She brought to mischief through her guilful treach,
Where this same wicked villein did me wading ketch.

It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the Sourse
Of all my sorrow, and of these sad teares,
With whom from tender dugs of commune nourse,
Attonence I was vpbrught, and est when yeares
More rype vs reason lent to chose our Peares,
Our selues in league of vowed lounwe we knitt:
In which we long time without gealous seares,
Or faultie thoughts contynued, as was fitt;
And for my part I vow, dissembled not a whitt.

It was my fortune, commune to that age,
To lounce a Lady fayre of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And set in highest seat of dignitee,
Yet seemed no lesse to lounce, then lound to bee:
Long I her seru'd, and found her faithfull still,
Ne euer thing could cause vs disagree:
Lounce that two harts makes one, makes eke one will;
Each stroue to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

My friend, hight Philemon, I did partake,
Of all my loun and all my privitie;
Who greatly joyous seemed for my sake,
And gratious to that Lady, as to me;
Ne euer wight, that mote so welcome bee,
As he to her, withouten blott or blame;
Ne euer thing, that she could thinke or see,
But vnto him she would impart the same:
O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle Dame.
At last such grace I found, and means I wrought,
That I that Lady to my spouse had wonne;
Accord of friends, consent of Parents sought,
Affyance made, my happiness begunne,
There wanted nought 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, myself I did esteeme,
And that my falser friend did no lesse joyous deeme.

But ear that wished day his beame disclosed,
He either enuying my toward good,
Or of himselfe to treason ill disposed
One day vnto me came in friendly mood,
And told for secret how he understood
That Lady whom I had to me assynd,
Had both distained her honorable blood,
And eke the faith, which she to me did bind;
And therefore wish't me stay, till I more truth should fynd.

The gnawing anguish and sharp gelosy,
Which his sad speach infixed in my brest,
Ranckled so sore, and festred inwardly,
That my engreeued mind could find no rest,
Till that the truth thereof I did out wrest,
And him besought by that same sacred band
Betwixt vs both, to counsell me the best.
He then with solemnne oath and plighted hand
Assur'd, ere long the truth to let me understand.

Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
Saying, he now had boulted all the floure,
And that it was a groome of base degree,
Which of my loue was partener Paramoure:
Who
Cant. III. the Faery Queene.

Who vied in a darksome inner bowre
Her oft to meete: which better to approue,
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 loue.

This gracelesse man for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmayd of my Lady deare,
Who glad t'embrothe his affection vile,
Did all she might, more pleasing to appeare.
One day to worke her to his will more neare,
He woo'd her thus: Pryene (so she hight)
What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,
Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
That it should not deface all others lesser light?

But if she had her leaft helpe to thee lent,
T'adorne thy forme according thy destart,
Their blazing pride thou wouldest foone haue blent,
And staynd their prayses with thy leaft good part;
She should faire Claribell with all her art,
Though she thy Lady be, approch thee neare:
For proofe thereof, this euening, as thou art,
Aray thy felfe in her most gorgeous geare,
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

The Mayde proud through praise, & mad through loue
Him hearkned to, and foone her felfe arayd,
The whiles to me the treachour did remoue
His craftie engin, and as he had sayd,
Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
The sad spectatour of my Tragedie;
Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,
Disignifed like that groome of base degree,
Whom he had feign'd th'abuser of my loue to bee.
Eftfoones he came vnto th'appointed place,
And with him brought Pryene, rich arayd,
In Claribellas clothes. Her proper face
I not descerned in that darkesome shade,
But weend it was my loue, with whom he playd.
Ah God, what horrour and tormenting grieue
My hart, my handes, mine eyes, and all assayd:
Me liefer were ten thousand deathes priefe, (priefe.
Then wounde of gealous worme, and Shame of such re-

I home retournig , fraught with fowle despight,
And chawing vengeaunce all the way I went,
Soone as my loathed loue appeard in fight,
With wrathfull hand I flew her innocent;
That after soone I dearely did lament:
For when the caufe of that outrageous deede
Demaunded, I made plaine and euident,
Her faultie Handmayd, which that bale did breede,
Confest, how Philemon her wrought to chaunge her
(weede.

Which when I heard, with horrible affright
And hellish fury all enragd, I sought
Vpon my selfe that vengeable despight
To punish: yet it better first I thought,
To wreake my wrath on him, that first it wrought.
To Philemon, false faytour Philemon
I caft to pay, that I so dearely bought;
Of deadly drugs I gaue him drinke anon,
And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.

Thus heaping crime on crime, and grieue on grieue,
To losse of loue adioyning losse of frend,
I meant to purge both with a third mischiefe,
And in my woes beginne it to end:
That
That was Pryene; she did first offend,
She last should smart: with which cruell intent,
When I at her my murdrous blade did bend,
She fled away with ghastly dretiment,
And I pourfewing my fell purpose, after went.

Fear gave her winges, and rage enforced my flight;
Through woods and plaines so long I did her chace,
Till this mad man, whom your victorious might
Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space,
As I her, so he me pourfewd apace,
And shortly ouertooke, I breathing yre,
Sore chaffed at my stay in such a case,
And with my heat kindled his cruell yre;
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage in spyre.

Betwixt them both, they have me doen to dye,
Through wounds, & strokes, & stubborne handeling,
That death were better, then such agony,
As griefe and fury vnto me did bring;
Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
That during life will never be appeased.
When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
Said Guyon, Squyre, fore haue ye beene diseased;
But all your hurts may soone through temperance be easd.

Then gan the Palmer thus, most wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend;
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But soone through suff'rance growe to fearefull end;
Whilest they are weake betimes with them contend:
For when they once to perfect strength do grow,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
Gainst for the Reasone, it to overthrow:
Wrath, gelosy, grieve, louse this Squyre haue laide thus
Wrath, gealousie, griefe, loue do thus expell:
Wrath is a fire, and gealousie a weede,
Griefe is a flood, and loue a monster fell,
The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seede,
The flood of drops, the Monster filth did breede:
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth do thus delay;
The sparks soone quench, the springing seed outweed
The drops dry vp, and filth wipe cleane away:
So shall wrath, gealousy, griefe, loue die and decay.

Vnlucky Squire (saide Guyon) sith thou haft
Falne into mischiefe through intemperaunce,
Henceforth take heede of that thou now haft past,
And gyde thy waies with warie gouernaunce,
Least worse betide thee by some later chaunce.
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.
Phaon I hight (quoth he) and do aduaunce
Mineauncestry from famous Coradin,
Who first to rayse our house to honour did begin.

Thus as he spake, lo far away they spyde
A varlet rounning towards hastily,
Whole flying feet so fast their way applyde;
That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
Which mingled all with sweate, did dim his eye:
He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, whot,
And all so soyld, that none could him descry;
His countenaunce was bold, and bashed not
For Guyons lookees, but scornefull eyglaunce at him shot.

Behind his backe he bore a brasen shield,
On which was drawen faire, in colours fit,
A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,
And round about the wreath this word was writ, 

Burnt
Burnt I doe burne. Right well beseemed it,
To be the shield of some redoubted knight;
And in his hand two darts exceeding fit,
And deadly sharp he held, whose heads were right
In poyson and in blood, of malice and despight.

When he in presence came, to Guyon first
He boldly spake, Sir knight, if knight thou bee,
Abandon this forestalled place at erst,
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,
Or bide the chaunce at thine owne iepardec.
The knight at his great boldnesse wondered,
And though he scorned his ydle vanitee,
Yet mildly him to purpose answered;
For not to grow of nought he it coniecutured.

Varlet, this place mostdew to me I deeme,
Yielded by him, that held it forcibly.
But whence shold come that harme, which thou dost
To threat to him, that mindes his chaunce t'abye?
Perdy (sayd he) here comes, and is hard by
A knight of wondrous powre, and great assay,
That neuer yet encountred enemy,
But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay.

How hight he then (sayd Guyon) and from whence?
Pyrrbochles is his name, renowned farre
For his bold seates and hardy confidence,
Full oft approwd in many a cruel warre,
The brother of Cymochles, both which arre
The sonnes of old Acrates and Despight,
Acrates sonne of Phlegeton and Jarre;
But Phlegeton is sonne of Herebus and Night;
But Herebus sonne of Aeternitie is hight.

Q. 3  So
So from immortal trace he does proceed
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 am I Atin, his in wrong and right.
That matter make for him to worke vpon,
And stirre him vp to strive and cruel fight.
Fly therefore, fly this feartfull stead anon,
Least thy foolhardize worke thy sad confusion.

His be that care, whom most it doth concern.
(Sayd he) but whether with such hasty flight
Art thou now bound? for well mone I discern.
Great cause, that carries thee so swifte and light.
My Lord (as he) me sent, and straiget behight.
To seeke occasion, where so she bee:
For he is all disposed to bloody fight,
And breathes out wrath and hainous cruel tee;
Hard is his hap, that first falls in his jeopardee.

Mad man (said then the Palmer) that does seeke
occasion to wrath, and cause of strife;
Shee comes untought, and shonnaed followes eke.
Happy, who can abstaine, when Rancor rise.
Kistles Reuenge, and threats his rusty knife.
Woe neuer wants, where every cause is caught,
And rash occasion makes vnquiet life.
Then loe, wher bound she sits, who thou hast fought,
Said Guyon, let that message to thy Lord be brought.

That when the varlett heard and saw, straiget way.
He waxed wondrous wrath, and said, Vile knight,
That knights & knighthood doest with shame vp.
And shewst th'enample of thy childish might, (bray, With
With sily weake old woman that did fight.
Great glory and gay spoile sure haft thou gott,
And stoutly prou'd thy puissance here in sight;
That shall Pyrrhocheles well requite; I wott,
And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blott.

With that one of his thrilant darts he threw,
Headed with yre and vengeable despight;
The quivering steele his aymed end wel knew,
And to his brest it selfe intended right:
But he was wary, and ere it empight
In the meant marke, aduaunst his shield atweene,
On which it feizing, no way enter might,
But backe rebonding, left the forehead keene;
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be seen.

Cant. V.

Pyrrhocheles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chayne unties,
Who him fore wounds, whiles As in to
Gymochles for ayd flyes.

Ho euer doth to temperance apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shal find no greater enimy,
Then stubborne perturbation, to the same;
To which right wel the wise doe giue that name,
For it the goodly peace of staicd mindes
Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclame:
His owne woes author, who so bound it findes,
As did Pirrhocheles, and it wilfully vnbindes.
After that varlets flight, it was not long,
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guyon spide
One in bright armes embatteled full strong,
That as the Sunny beames doe glaunce and glide
Upon the trembling waue, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seamed him to enflame on every side:
His steed was bloody red, and fomed yre,
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly strike.

Approaching nigh, he never staid to greet,
Ne chaffar words, proud courage to proouke,
But prickt so fiers, that vnderneath his feete
The smouldring dust did round about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke,
And faeely couching his steeleheaded spear,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:
It booted nought Sir Guyon comming neare
To thinke, such hideous puiuance on foot to beare.

But lightly shunned it, and passing by,
With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
That the sharpe steale arriuing forcibly
On his broad shielde, bitt not, but glauncing fell
On his horse necke before the quiltele fell,
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 right.

Sore bruzed with the fall, he slow vprose,
And all enraged, thus him loudly shent;
Disleall knight, whose coward corage chose
To wreaeke it selfe on beast all innocent,
And thund the marke, at which it shoulde be ment, 
Therby thine armes seem strong, but manhood frayl:
So haft thou oft with guile thine honor blent;
But litle may such guile thee now away,
If wonted force and fortune doe me not much sayl.

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
Of his seuenfolded shield away it tooke,
And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
And open gash therein: were not his targe,
That broke the violence of his intent,
The weary fowle from thence it would discharge.
Nathelere fo foure a buff to him it lent,
That made him reele, and to his brest his beuer bent.

Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow,
And much ashamed, that stroke of liuing arme
Should him dismay, and make him stoop so low,
Though otherwise it did him litle harme:
Tho hurling high his yron braced arme,
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
That all his left side it did quite disarme;
Yet there the steele stayd not, but inly hate
Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red floodgate.

Deadly dismayd, with horror of that dint
Pyrrhochles was, and grieued eke entyre;
Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
But added flame vnto his former fire,
That welnigh molt his hart in raging yre;
Ne thenceforth his approued skill, to ward,
Or strike, or hurtle round in warlike gyre,
Remembred he, he car'd for his saufgard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruel tygre far'd.

He
He hewed, and laft, and foynd, and thondred blowes,
And euer y way did feke into his life,
Ne plate, ne male could ward fo mightie throwes,
But yeilded paffage to his cruell knife.
But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,
Was wary wise, and closely did away;
Auauntage, while it his foe did rage most rife;
Sometimes a thwart, sometimes he strook him strayt,
And falled oft his blowes, tillude him with such bate.

Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
A proud rebellious Unicorne defyes,
T'auoid the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes,
And when him tonning in full courfe he spyes,
He fits aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious home, sought of his enimye
Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releaft,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

With such faire sleight him Guyon often fayld,
Till at the laft all breathlesse, weary, faint
Him spying, with fresh onset he affayld,
And kindling new his corage feeming queint,
Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint
He made him floup perforce vnto his knee,
And doe vnwilling worship to the Saint,
That on his shield depainted he did fee;
Such homage till that instant never learned hee.

Whom Guyon seeing floup, poursewed falt
The present offer of faire victory,
And foone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
Wherewith he smote his haughty creft to hye,
That fright on ground made him full low to lye;
Then on his brest his victor soote he thrust,
With that he cryde, Mercy, doe me not dye,
Ne ceme thy force by fortunes doome vniust,
That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid in dust.

Essoones his cruel hand Sir Guyon sayd,
Tempring the passion with aduizement slow,
And maistring might on enimy dismayd;
For th'equall die of warre he well did know.
Then to him sayd, Liue and alleagaunce owe,
To him, that giues thee life and liberty,
And henceforth by this daies enample trow,
That ha’tly wroth, and heedlesse hazardry
Doe breede repentaunce late, and lasting infaemy.

So vp he let him rife, who with grim looke
And count’naunce sterne vpstanding, gan to grind
His grated teeth for great disdain, and shooke
His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
Knotted in blood and dust, for griefe of mind,
That he in ods of armes was conquered;
Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
That him so noble knight had maystered,
Whose bounty more then might, yet both he wodered.

Which Guyon marking sayd, Be nought agrieu’d,
Sir knight, that thus ye now subdued arre:
Was neuer man, who most conquistes archieu’d
But sometimess had the worse, and lost by warre,
Yet shortly gaynd, that losse exceeded farre:
Losse is no shame, nor to bee lesse then foe,
But to bee lesser, then himselfe, doth marre.
Both losers lott, and victours prayse alsoe.
Vaine others overthrowes, who selfe doth overthrow.

Fly,
Fly, O Pyrrhochles, fly the dreadfull warre,
That in thy selfe thy lesser partes doe move,
Outrageous anger, and woe working iarre,
Direfull impatience, and hartmurdring loute;
Those, those thy foes, those warriours far remoue,
Which thee to endless bale captiued lead,
But sith in might thou didst my mercy proue,
Of courtesie to mee the cause aread,
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
Vnto an aged woman, poore and bare,
And thrall'd her in chaines with strong effort,
Voide of all succour and needfull comfort:
That ill beseemes thee, such as I thee see,
To worke such shame. Therefore I thee exhort,
To chaunge thy will, and set occasion free,
And to her captiue sonne yield his first libertie.

Thereat Sir Guyon smylde, And is that all
(Said he) that thee so fore displeased hath?
Great mercy sure, for to enlargc a thrall,
Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest scath.
Nath'lesse now quench thy whort embayling wrath:
Loe there they bee, to thee I yield them free.
Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
And gan to breake the bands of their captiuitie.

Soone as Occasion felt her selfe vntyde;
Before her sonne could well assoyled bee,
She to her sfe return'd, and streight defyde
Both Guyon and Pyrrhochles: th'one (said hee)

Bycaufe
By cause he wonne; the other because hee
Was wonne: So matter did she make of nought,
To stirre vp strife, and garret them disagree:
But soone as Furor was enlargd, she fought
To kindle his quenchts fyre, & thousand causes wrought.

It was not long ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would algates with Pyrrhocles fight,
And his redeemer challenged for his foe,
Because he had not well mainteind his right,
But yielded had to that same straunger knight:
Now gan Pyrrhocles wax as wood, as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together hers engraped bee,

Whyles Guyon fading by, their vncoth strife does see.

Him all that while Occasion did prouoke
Against Pyrrhocles, 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 quyte. But he was wise,
Ne would with vaine occasions be inflam'd;
Yet others she more vrgent 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 fyer bran'd,
Which she in Stygian lake, ay burning bright
Had kindled: that she gane into his hond,
That armd with fire, more hardly he more him withstood.
Tho gan that villein wax so fiers and strong,
That nothing might sustaine his furious force;
He cast him downe to ground, and all along
Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
And slowly battered his comely corse,
That Guyon much disdeigned so loathly fight.
At last he was compeld to cry perforce,
Help, O Sir Guyon, helpe most noble knight,
To ridd a wretched man from handes of hellish wight.

The knight was greatly moued at his playnte,
And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
Till that the Palmer, by his grave restraynt,
Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse;
And said, Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth represse,
Ne let thy stout hart melt in pitie vayne:
He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
And his foe fettred would release agayne,
Deserveth to taste his follies fruit, repented payne.

Guyon obeyd, So him away he drew
From needlelesse trouble of renewing fight
Already sought, his voyage to pourfew.
But rash Pyrrhochles varlett, Atin hight,
When late he saw his Lord in heauie plight,
Vnder Sir Guyons puissant stroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in fight,
Fledd 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 prayse,
And glorious spoiles, purchas't in perilous fight:
Full many doughtie knyghtes he in his dayes

Had
Had done to death, subdewde in e quall frayes,
Whose carkases, for terour of his name,
Of fowles and beasts he made the piteous prays,
And hong their conquerd armes for more defame
On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,
The vyle Acraia, that with vaine delightes,
And ydle pleasures in her Bowre of Bliss,
Does charme her louers, and the feeble sprightes
Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes:
Whom then she does trafforme to monstrous hewes,
And horribly mishapes with vgly fghtes,
Captu'd eternally in yron mewes,
And darksom dens, where Titan his face neuer shewes.

There Atin founed Cymochles soiourning,
To serve his Lemans loue: for he by kynd,
Was giuen all to lust and loose liuing,
When euer his fiers handes he free mote fynd:
And now he has pourd out his ydle mynd
In daintie delices, and lauifh ioyes,
Hauing his warlike weapons calt behynd,
And flowes in pleasures, and vaine pleasing ioyes,
Mingled emongst loofe Ladies and lafciuious boyes.

And ouer him, arts tryuing to compayre,
With nature, did an Arber greene dispred,
Framed of wanton Yuie, flouring fayre,
Through which the fragrant Eglantine did spred
His prickling armes, entrayld with roses red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw,
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That when myld Zephyrus emongst them blew,
Did breath out bounteous smels, & painted colors shew

And
And fast beside, there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring waue did play
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
To lull him soft a sleepe, that by it lay;
The weary Traveller, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thirsty heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
Whiles creeping slumber made him to forget
His former payne, and wypt away his toilsome sweat.

And on the other syde a pleasant groue
Was short vp high, full of the stately tree,
That dedicated is t'Olympick Ione,
And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee
In Netmus gayned goodly victorie;
Therein the mery birdes of euerie forte
Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonie:
And made emongst them selues a sweete confort,
That quickned the dull spright with musicall comfort.

There he him found all carelesly displaid,
In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,
Amidst a flock of Damzelles fresh and gay,
That round about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies, and light meriment;
Euerie of which did loosely disaray
Her upper partes of meet habiliments,
And shewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

And euery of them stroue, with most delightes,
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew;
Some framed faire lookees, glancing like euening lights
Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew;
Cant. V. the Faery Queene.

Some bathed kisles, and did soft embrew
The fugred licour through his melting lips:
One boaste her beautie, and does yield to vew
Her dainty limbes aboue her tender hips;
Another her out boaste, and all for tryall strips.

He, like an Adder, lurking in the weedes,
His wandring thought in deepe desire does sleepe,
And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes;
Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eies doe peepe,
To steale a snatch of amorous conceit,
Whereby close fire into his heart does creepe:
So, he them deceuies, deceiued in his deceiue,
Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

Attin arriving there, when him he spyde,
Thus in still waues of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approching, to him lowdlwy cryde,
Cymochles; oh no, but Cymochles shade,
In which that manly person late did fade,
What is become of great Acrates sonne?
Or where hath he hong vp his mortall blade,
That hath so many haughty conquests wonne?
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

Then pricking him with his sharp-pointed dart,
He said; vp, vp, thou womanish weake knight,
That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
Unmindfull of thy praise and provest might,
And weetlesse eke of lately wrought despiet,
Whiles sad Pyrrbochles lies on fentencelese ground,
And groneth out his v Brigham grudging spright,
Through many a stroke, & many a streaming wound,
Calling thy help in vaine, that here in ioyes art dround.

Suddenly
Suddenlie out of his delightfull dreame
The man awoke, and would haue questiond more;
But he would not endure that woeful dreame
For to dilate at large, but vrged sore
With percing wordes, and pittifull implore,
Him hafty to arise. As one affright
With hellish feends, or Furies mad vprore;
He then vprofe, inflamed with fell despyght,
And called for his armes; for he would algates fight.

They bene brought; he quickly does him dight,
And lightly mounted, passeth on his way,
Ne Ladies loues, ne sweete entreaties might
Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay,
For he has vowed, to beene avengd that day,
(That day it selfe him seemed all too long:)
On him, that did Pyrrhothes deare dismay:
So proudly prickeeth on his courser strong,
And Attay him pricks with spurs of shame & wrong.

Cant. VI.

Guyon is of immodest Merth,
led into loose desyre,
Fights with Cymocholes, whiles his bro-
ther burnes in furious fyre.

A Harder lesson, to learne Continence
In joyous pleasure, then in grieuous paine:
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker fence
So strongly, that vneathes it can refraine.

From
From that, which feeble nature couets faine;
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies,
And foes of life, she better can abstaine;
Yet vertue vauntes in both her victories,
And Guyon in them all she weshes goodly maysteries.

Whom bold Cymochles trauelling to finde,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath, which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
A long the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
A little Gondelay, bedecke trim
With boughs and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a little foreft seemed outwardly.

And therein fete a Lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweete solace to herselfe alone;
Sometimes she song, as lowd as larke in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, as merry as Pope Ione,
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of meriment:
Matter of merth enough, though there were none
She could deuife, and thousand waies inuent,
To feede her foolish humour, and vaine iolliment.

Which when far of Cymochles heard, and saw,
He lowdly cald to such, as were abord,
The little barke vnto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry ouer that deepse ford:
The merry mariner vnto his word
Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streightway
Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike Lord
She in receiu'd; but Atin by noe way
She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.
Efsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift, then swallow the places the liquid skye,
Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canuous with the wind to fly,
Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by
It cut away vp on the yielding waue,
Ne cared she her course for to apply:
For it was taught the way, which she would haue,
And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely saue.

And all the way, the wanton Damfell found
New merth, her passenger to entertaime:
For she in pleasaint purpose did abound,
And greatly joyed merry tales to faine,
Of which a store-house did with her remaine,
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became;
For all her wordes she drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in vtt'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasaunce to a scotting game.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would deuize,
As her fantastick wit did most delight,
Sometimes her head she fondly would aiguize
With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets light:
About her necke, or rings of rushes plight;
Sometimes to do him laugh, she would afluay
To laugh at shaking off the leaves light,
Or to behold the water worke, and play
About her little frigot, therein making way.

Her light behauiour, and loose dalliaunce
Gaue wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no souenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd reuenge, and cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yield his martiall might.
So easie was to quench his flamed minde
With one sweete drop of sensuall delight.
So easie is, t'appease the stormy winde
Of malice in the calme of pleasaut womankind.

Diverse discourses in their way they spent,
Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned,
Both what she was, and what that vlstage ment,
Which in her cott she daily practized.
Vaine man (saide she) that wouldest be reckoned
A straunguer in thy home, and ignoraunt
Of Phadria ( for so my name is red )
Of Phadria, thine owne fellow seruauant;
For thou to serue Acrasia thy selfe doest vaut.

In this wide Inland sea, that hight by name
The Idle lake, my wandring ship I row,
That knowes her port, and thether sylves by ayme,
Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow:
Both slow and swift a like do serue my tourne,
Ne swelling Neptune, ne lowd thundring Iowe
Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever mourne;
My little boat can safely passe this perilous bourn.

Whilest thus she talked, and whilest thus she toyd,
They were far past the passagge,which he spake,
And come vnto an Island, waste and voyd,
That flooted in the midst of that great lake,
There her small Gondelay her port did make,
And that gay payre flying on the shore
Disburdned her. Their way they forward take
Into the land, that lay them faire before /store.
Whose pleasauence she him shewd, and plentiful great

R 3
It was a chosen plot of fertile land,
    Amongst wide waves set, like a little nest,
As if it had by Nature's cunning hand,
Bene choicely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for example of the best:
No dainty flower or herb, that grows on ground,
No arboret with painted blossoms drest,
And smelling sweet, but there it might be found,
To bud out faire, & throwe her sweete smels al around.

No tree, whose branches did not brauely spring,
    No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not fitt:
No bird, but did her still notes sweetly sing,
No song but did containe a louely ditt:
Trees, branches, birds, and songs were framed fitt,
For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake witt
    Was overcome of thing, that did him please;
So pleased, did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

Thus when shee had his eyes and fences fed
    With false delights, and fild with pleasures vayn,
Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And laid him downe vpon a grasy playn;
And her sweete selfe without dread, or disdain,
She sette beside, laying his head disarmed
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
Where soone he slumbered fearing not be harmd;
The whils with a loue lay she thus him sweetly charmd.

Behold, O man, that toilesome paines doest take
    The flowers, the fields, and all that pleaeraunt growes,
How they them selues doe thine example make,
Whileas nothing enuous nature them forth throwes
Out of her fruitfull lap, how noman knowes,
They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire,
And decke the world with their rich popous howes;
Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

The lilly, Lady of the flowerling field,
The flowre deluce, her louely Paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
And soone leaue off this toylsome weary stoure;
Looke loe how braue she decks her bounteous boure,
With silkin curtens and gold couerletts,
Therein to shrood her sumptuous Belamoure,
Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,
But to her mother Nature all her care she letts.

Why then doest thou, O man, that of them all
Art Lord, and eke of nature Soueraine,
Wilfully make thy selfe a wretched thrall,
And waste thy joyous howres in needelesse paine,
Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?
What bootes it al to haue, and nothing use?
Who shall him rew, that swimming in the maine,
Will die for thrift, and water doth refuse?
Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures chuse.

By this she had him lulled fast a sleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take,
Then she with liquors strong his eyes did sleepe,
That nothing should him hastily awake:
So she him lefte, and did herselfe betake
Unto her boat again, with which she cleste
The slothfull wawe of that great grievous lake;
Soone shee that Island far behind her lefte,
And now is come to that same place, where first she

By
By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
Vnto the other side of that wide strong,
Where she was rowing, and for passage sought:
Him needed not long call, thee soone to hond
Her ferry brought, where him the byding fond,
With his sad guide; him selfe she tooke a boord,
But the Blacke Palmer sufferd still to stond,
Ne would for price, or prayers once affoord,
To ferry that old man over the perilous foord.

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
Yet being entred, might not backe retyre;
For the fitt barke, obaying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly, as she did desire,
Ne gaue him leave to bid that aged sire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,
Whom nether wind out of their feat could force,
Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggifh course.

And by the way, as was her wonted guize,
Her mery fitt thee freshly gan to reare,
And did of joy and jollity deuize,
Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare:
The knight was courteous, and did not forbeare
Her honest merth and pleasance to partake;
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
Her dalliaunce he despifed, and follies did forsake.

Yet she still followed her former style,
And saide, and did all that motte him delight,
Till they arrived in that pleasaut Ile,
Where sleepeing late she lefte her other knight.

But
But whenas Guyon of that land had fight,
He wist him selfe amisse, and angry said;
Ah Dame, perdy ye haue not doen me right,
Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid:
Melitle needed from my right way to haue straid.

Faire Sir (qd. 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 vnstable, and doth neuer stay.
But here a while ye may in safety rest,
Till seaseon serue new passage to assay;
Better safe port, then be in seas distrest.

Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in lefte.

But he halfe discontent, mote nathelss:
Himselfe appease, and Issewd forth on shore:
The ioyes whereof, and happy suitfulnesse,
Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,
And all though pleasaut, yet she made much more:
The fields did laught, the flowres did freshely spring,
The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore,
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

And the more sweete, then any bird on bough,
Would ofteentimes amongst them beare a part,
And strue to passe (as she could well enough)
Their natuie musicke by her skilful art:
So did she all, that might his constant hart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
And drowne in dissolute delights a part,
Where noise of armes, or vew of martiall guize
Might not requieue desire of knightly exercize.
But he was wise, and wary of her will,
And euer held his hand vpon his hart:
Yet would not seeme so rude, and thweddill,
As to despise so curteous seeming part,
That gentle Lady did to him impart,
But fairly tempring fond desire subdued,
And euer her desired to depart.
She list not heare, but her disports poulsewd,
And euer bad him stay, till time the tide renewed.

And now by this, Cymochles howre was spent,
That he awoke out of his ydle dreme,
And shaking off his drowsy drement,
Gan him auize, howe ill did him becom,
In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steame,
And quench the brond of his conceiued yre.
Tho vp he started, stir'd with shame extreme,
Ne staied for his Damsell to inquire,
But marched to the Strond, their passage to require.

And in the way he with Sir Guyon mett,
Accompanyde with Phadria the faire,
Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly frett,
Crying, Let be that Lady debonaire,
Thou recreant knight, and soone thy selue prepare
To batteile, if thou meane her loue to gayn:
Loe, lye already, how the sowles in aire
Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn
Thy carcas for their pray, the guerdon of thy payn.

And therewith all he fierfly at him flew,
And with importune outrage him assayld,
Who soone prepar'd to field, his sword forth drew,
And him with equall valew counterayld:
Their mightie strokes their haberieons dismayld,
And naked made each others manly spalles;
The mortall steel despiteously entayld
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron walles,
That a large purple stream adown their giambeux falles

Cymocles, that had never mett before,
So puissant foe, with envious despight
His proud presumed force increas'd more;
Disdeigning to bee held so long in fight;
Sir Guyon grudging not so much his might,
As those vnkniongly raylinges, which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,
Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres, redoubled euery stroke.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,
And both attonce their huge blowes down did sway;
Cymochles sword on Guyons shield yglauuft,
And there of nigh one quarter heard away;
But Guyons angry blade so fiers did play
On th'others helmett, which as Titan shone,
That quite it cloue his plumed creft in tway,
And bared all his head vnto the bone;
Where with a sounft, still he stood, as fenceleffe stone.

Still as he stood, fayre Phadria, that beheld
That deadly daunger, soone atweene them ran,
And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,
Crying with pitteous voyce, and count'nance wan;
Ah well away, most noble Lords, how can
Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous fight,
To shed your liues on ground? wo worth the man,
That first did teach the cursed steel to bight.
In his owne flesh, and make way to the liuing spright.
If ever love of Lady did empierce
Your yron brestes, or pitie could find place,
Withhold your bloody handes from battaill fierce,
And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yield, to stay your deadly stryfe a space.
They stayd a while: and forth the gan proceed:
Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
That am the authour of this hainous deed, (breed.
And cause of death betwecne two doughtie knights do

But if for me ye fight, or me will serue,
Not this rude kynd of battaill, nor these armes
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to serue,
And doolefull sorrow heape with deadly harms:
Such cruell game my scarmges disarmes:
Another warre, and other weapons I
Doe loue, where loue does giue his sweet Alarmes,
Without bloodihed, and where the enimy
Does yield vnto his foe a pleasaunt victroy.

Debatefull strife, and cruell enmity
The famous name of knighthood lowly shend;
But louely peace, and gentle amity,
And in Amours the passing howres to spend,
The mightie martill handes doe most commend;
Of loue they euer greater glory bore,
Then of their armes: Mars is Cupidos frend,
And is for Venus loues renowned more,
Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore.

Therewith she sweetly smyld. They though full bent,
To proue extremeties of bloody fight,
Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight,

Such
Such powre haue pleasing wordes: such is the might
Of courteous clemency in gentle hart.
Now after all was ceas'd, the Faery knight
Befought that Damzell suffer him depart,
And yield him ready passage to that other part.

She no lesse glad, then he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her joy
And vaine delight she saw she light did pas,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy,
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terror and vnquiet iare,
That she well pleased was thence to amoue him farre.

Tho him she brought abord, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand;
The which on the dull waues did lightly flote
And soone arrived on the shalow land,
Where gladsome Guyon salied forth to land,
And to that Damfell thankes gaue for reward.
Vpon that shore he spy'd Atin strand,
Thereby his maister left, when late he far'd
In Phaedrias flitt barck ouer that perilous shard.

Well could he him remember, sixt of late
He with Pyrrhocbies sharp debatement made;
Streight gan he him reuyle, and bitter rate,
As Shepheards curre, that in darke eueninges shade
Hath traced forth some salvage beastes trade;
Vile Miscreant (said he) whether doft thou flye
The shame and death, which will thee soone inuade?
What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,
That art thus fowly fledd from famous enimy?

With
With that he stilly shooke his steelhead dart:
But sober Guyon, hearing him so rayle,
Though somewhat moued in his mightie hart,
Yet with strong reason maintred passion fraile,
And passed sayrely forth. He turning taile,
Backe to the stond retyrd, and there still stayd,
Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;
The whiles Cymochles with that wanton mayd
The hafty heat of his auowd reuenge delayd.

Why left there the varlet stood, he saw from farre
An armed knight, that towards him fast ran,
He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
His forlorn steed from him the victour wan;
He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan,
And all his armour sprinkled was with blood,
And soyled with durtie gore, that no man can
Discerne the hew thereof. He neuer stood,
But bent his haftie course towards the ydle flood.

The varlett saw, when to the flood he came,
How without stop or stay he fierly kept,
And deepe him selfe beducked in the same,
That in the lake his lostie crest was stept,
Ne of his saftie seemed care he kept,
But with his raging armes he rudely flasht,
The waues about, and all his armour swept,
That all the blood and filth away was washt,
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowcs dasht.

Atin drew nigh, to weet, what it mote bee;
For much he wondred at that vncouth fight;
Whom shoule he, but his owne deare Lord, there see;
His owne deare Lord Pyrrhochles, in sad plignt.

Ready
Ready to drowne him selfe for fell despight.
Harrow now out, and well away, he cryde,
What dismall day hath lent but this his cursed light,
To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde.

Pyrrhochles, O Pyrrhochles: what is thee betyde?

I burne, I burne, I burne, then lowd he cryde,
O how I burne with implacable fyre,
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming fyde,
Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre;
Nothing but death can doe me to repyre.
Ah be it (said he) from Pyrrhochles farre:
After pursewing death once to requyre,
Or think, that ought those puissant hands may marre:
Death is for wretches borne vnnder vnhappy starre.

Perdye, then is it fitt for me (laid he)
That am, I weene, most wretched man aliove,
Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
And dying dayly, dayly yet requie:
O Atin, helpe to me last death to giue.
The varlet at his plaint was grieued so sore,
That his deepe wounded hart in two did riuie,
And his owne health rememb'ring now no more,
Did follow that ensample, which he blam'd afore.

Into the lake he lept, his Lord to ayd,
(So Love the dread of daunger doth despise)
And of him catching hold him strongly stayd
From drowning. But more happy he, then wise:
Of that seas nature did him not auise:
The waues thereof so slow and sluggisht were,
Engrost with mud, which did them sowe agrise,
That every weighty thing they did upbeare,
Ne ought more euer sink downe to the bottom there.

Whyles
While thus they strugled in that ydle waue,
And strue in vaine, the one him selfe to drowne,
The other both from drowning for to saue,
Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
Whose hoary locks great grauitie did crowne,
Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
By fortune came, ledd with the troublous sowne:
Where drench'd deepe he fownd in that dull ford
The carefull seruaunt,stryuing with his raging Lord.

Him Atin spying,knew right well of yore,
And lowdly cald, Help helpe, O Archimage;
To saue my Lord,in wretched plight forlore;
Helpe with thy hand,or with thy counsell sage;
Weake handes, but counsell is most strong in age.
Him when the old man,saw he woundred fore,
To see Pyrrhaochles there so rudely rage:
Yet fithens helpe, he saw, he needed more
Then pitty, he in haunt approched to the shore.

And cald,Pyrrhaochles,what is this, I see?
What hellish fury hath at earst thee hent?
Furious euer I thee knew to bee,
Yet neuer in this straunge astonishment.
These flames,these flames (he cryde)do me torment.
What flames (qd, he) when I thee present see,
In daunger rather to be drent,then brent?
Harrow, the flames, which me consume (sawde hee)
Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowelles bee.

That cursed man, that cruel seend of hell,
Furor,oh Furor hath me thus bedight:
His deadly woundes within my liuers swell,
And his whott fyre burns in mine eneralles bright,
Cant. VII.  the Faery Queene.

Kindled through his infernal brond of spight,
Sith late with him I batteill vaine would boaste,
That now I weene Iones dreaded thunder light
Does scorch not halfe so fore, nor damned ghoste
In flaming Phlegeton does not so felly roste.

Which when as Archimago heard, his griefe
He knew right well, and him atonce disarm'd:
Then searcht his secret woundes, and made a priefe
Of euery place, that was with bruizing harm'd,
Or with the hidden fier inly warm'd.
Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
And euermore with mightie spels them charmd,
That in short space he has them qualifyde,
And him restor'd to helth, that would haue alegates dyde.

Cant. VII.

Guyon finds Mamon in a delfe,
Sunne his thraise boe:
Is by him tempted & led downe,
To see his secrete store.

AS Pilot well expert in perilous waue,
That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mistes, or cloudy tempests have
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
And couer'd heauen with hideous drecriment;
Upon his card and compas firmes his eye,
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 trustie guyde,
Late left beyond that Talle lake, proceedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanyde;
And euermore himselfe with comfort feedes,
Of his owne vertues, and praise-worthy deeds.
Long so he yode, yet no adventure found,
Which name of her shrill trompet worthy reedes:
For still he traueld through wide waltfull ground,
That nought but desert wildernesse shewed all around.

At last he came vnto a gloomy glade,
Couer'd with boughes & shrubs from heauens light,
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An uncouth, saluage, and uncivil wight,
Of grievously hew, and foule ill favour'd sight;
His face with smoke was tande & eies were bleard
His head and beard with snot were ill bedight,
His cole-blacke hands did seeme to haue ben seard
In smythes fire-spitting forge, and layles like claws appeard.

His yron cote all ouergrowne with rust,
Was underneath encompassed with gold,
Whose glistening gloffe darkned with filthy dust,
Well yet appeared, to haue beene of old
A worke of rich entayle, and curious mould,
Woven with antickes and wyld imagery:
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
And couetous desire with his huge threasury.

And round about him lay on euery side
Great heapes of gold, that neuer could be spent:
Of which some were rude owre, not puriside
Of Malcibers dehouring element;

Some
Cant. VII. the Faerie Queene.

Some others were new driven, and dillent
Into great Ingowes, and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment:
But most were stampt, and in their metal bare
The antique shapes of kings and kifes straung & rare.

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
And haste he rofe, for to remove aside
Those pretious hills from straungers envious sight,
And downe them poured through an hole full wide,
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide,
But Guyon lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand, that trembled, as one terrifyde;
And though him selfe were at the sight dismayd,
Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull sayd.

What art thou man, (if man at all thou art)
That here in desert haft thine habitation,
And these rich hills of welth doest hide apart
From the worldes eye, and from her right vsaunce?
Thereat with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
In great disdaine, he anfwerd, Hardy Elfe,
That dareft vew my direfull countenaunce,
I read thee rash, and heedlesse of thy selfe,
To trouble my still sate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,
That of my plenty poure out unto all,
And unto none my graces do enuye:
Riches, renowne, and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
From me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth haue their eternall brood.
Wherefore if me thou deigne to sire and few,
At thy commaund lo all these mountaines bee;
Or is to thy great mind, or greedy yew
All these may not suffise, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be nombred francke and free.

\textit{Mammon} (laid he) thy godheads vaunt is vaine,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them, that couet such eye-glutting gaine,
Proffer thy giftes, and fitter seuaunts entetaine.

Me ill besits, that in derdoing 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 fowly blend,
And low abase the high heroick spight,
That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend;
Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes be my delight:
Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight.

Vaine glorious Elfe (saide he) doest not thou wete,
That money can thy wantes at will supply?
Sheilds,steeds, and armes, and all things for thee meet
It can purvay in twinkling of an eye;
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
Doest not I kings create, and throw the crowne
Sometimes to him, that low in dust doth ly?
And him that raignd, into his romne thrust downe,
And whom I luff, do heape with glory and renowne?

All otherwise (saide he) I riches read,
And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse;
First got with guile, and then preferu'd with dread,
And after spent with pride and lauithnesse,
Leaving,
Leaving behind them grievse and heauinesse.
Infinite mischieves of them doe arize,
Strife, and debate, bloodshed, and bitterness,
Outrageous wrong, and hellish couetize,
That noble heart in great dishonour doth despize.

Ne thine be kingdoms, ne the scepters thine;
But realms and rulers thou dost both confound,
And loyall truth to treason dost incline;
Witness the guileffe blood pourd oft on ground,
The crowned often slaine, the slayer round,
The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
And purple robe gored with many a wound;
Casts surpriz'd, great citiies sackt and brent:
So mak'ft thou kings, & gaynest wrongfull gouernmet.

Long were to tell the troublous stormes, that tosse
The priuate state, and make the life vnswett:
Who swelling fayles in Caspian sea doth croffe,
And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
Doth not, I weene, so many euils meet.
Then Mammon wexing wroth, And why then, sayd,
Are mortall men so fond and vndiscreet,
So euill thing to seeke vnto their ayd,
And hauing not complaine, and hauing it vpbrayd?

Indeeede (quoth he) through fowle intemperaunce,
Frayle men are oft captiu'd to couetise:
But would they thinke, with how small allowance
Vntroubled Nature doth her selfe suffice,
Such superfluities they would despise,
Which with sad cares empeach our native ioyes:
At the well head the purest streams arise:
But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,
And with vncomely weedes the gentle waue accloyes.
The antique world, in his first flourishing youth,
Found no defect in his Creator's grace,
But with glad thankes, and unproved truth,
The gifts of soueraine bounty did embrace:
Like Angels life was then mens happy case;
But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abused her plenty, and fat swolne encrease
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed.
The measure of her meane, and natural first need.

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
Fountains of gold and siluer to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoones he did compound;
Then avarice gan through his veins inspire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire.

Sonne (said he then) I let thee thy bitter scorne,
And leave the rudenesse of that antique age.
To them, that liued therin in state forlorn;
Thou that dost lie in later times, must wage
Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.
If then thee lift my offered grace to use,
Take what thou please of all this surplussage;
If thee lift not, leave haste thou to refuse:
But thing refused, doe not afterward accuse.

Me lift not (said the Elfs knight) receive.
Thing offered, till I know it well be got.
Ne wot I, but thou didst these goods bereave.
From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott.
Or that bloodguiltiefe or guile them blott.
Perdy (qd. he) yet neuer eie did vew,
Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not,
But safe I haue them kept in secret mew,
From heuens light, and powre of al which the poulsew.

What secret place (qd. he) can safely hold
So huge a maffe, and hide from heauens eie?
Or where haft thou thy wonne, that somuch gold
Thou canft preserve from wrong and robbery?
Come thou (qd. he.) and see. So by and by.
Through that thick cornert 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 arownd.

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretche it selfe into an ample playne,
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That freight did lead to Plutos grievly rayne:
By that wayes side, there fate internall Payne,
And falt besid him falt tumultuous Strife:
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
The other brandished a bloody kniue,
And both did gnash their teeth, & both did threten life.

On the other side in one conforthe there fate,
Cruell Reuenge, and rancorous Despight,
Difloyall Treafon, and hart-burning Hate,
But gnawing Gealofy out of their fight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place, wher safe he shroud him might,
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye.
And shame his ugly face did hide from liuing eye.
And ouer them sad horror with grim hew,
Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings;
And after him Owles and Night-rauens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heauy things,
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings;
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint a sonder could haue rifte:
Which hauing ended, after him she flyeth swifte;

All these before the gates of Pluto lay,
By whom they passing, spake nunto them nought.
But th'Elfin knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At last him to a little dore he brought,
That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adjoyning, ne them parted nought.
Betwixt them both was but a little stride,
That did the house of Richesse from hellmouth divide.

Before the dore fat selfe-confuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary, watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should vnaware
Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard:
Ne would he suffer Sleepe, once the other-ward
Approch, albe his drowsy den were next;
For next to death is Sleepe to be compar'd.
Therefore his house is vnto his annext,
Here Sleep, ther Richesse, & Helgate the both betwext.

So soon as Mammon there arriud, the dore
To him did open, and affoorded way,
Him followed eke Sir Guyon euermore,
Ne darkenesse him, ne daunger might dismay.
Soone
Soone as he entred was, the dore strait away did shut, and from behind it forth there lept; and
An ugly feend, more fowle then dismal day,
The which with monstrous stalked behind him lept,
And euer as he went, dew watch vpon him kept.

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,
If euer couetous hand, or lustfull eye,
Or lips he layd on thing, that like him best,
Or euer sleepe his eifftrings did vntye,
Should be his pray. And therefore still on hye
He ouer him did hold his cruel clawes,
Threatning with greedy grip and doe him dye.
And rend in peececes with his rauenous pawes,
If euer he transgreft the fatall Stygian lawes.

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
Lyke an huge caue, hewne out of rocky clifte,
From whose rough vaut the ragged breaches long;
Emboft with maffy gold of glorious guifte,
And with rich metall loaded euery rifte,
That heavy ruine they did feeme to threat,
And ouer them Arachne high did lifte.
Her cunning web, and spred her subtilenett,
Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more black then

Both roofe, and floore, and walls were all of gold,
But ouergrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkenes, that none could behold
The hew thereof: for vew of cherefull day
Did neuer in that house it selfe display,
But a faint shadow of vncertein light,
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away.
Or as the Moone cloathed with clowdy night,
Does shew to him, that walkes in feare and sad affright.
In all that rowme was nothing to be seen,
But huge great yron chestes and coffers strong,
All baird with double bendes, that none could see,
Them to efforce by violence or wrong:
On every side they placed were along.
But all the ground with soules was scattered,
And dead mens bones, which round about were flog.
Whose lies, it seemed, whileome there were fixed,
And their vile carcasses now left unburied.

They forward passe; ne Guyon yet spoke word,
Till that they came into an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And shewed of richesse such exceeding store,
As eie of man did never see before,
Neuer could within one place be fownd,
Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
Could gathered be through all the world around,
And that above were added to that vnder ground.

The charge thereof was into a couetous Spright
Commanded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other couetous feends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.

Then Hammon turning to that warriour, said;
Loe here the worldes blis, loe here the end,
To which all men doe ayme, rich to be made:
Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

Certes (sayd he) I nill thine offered grace,
Ne to be made so happy doe intend;
Another blis before mine eyes I place;
Another happyes, another end.
To them, that lift, these base regards I lend:
But I in armes, and in achievements braue,
Do rather choose my slitting houres to spend,
And to be Lord of those, that riches haue,
Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile slave.

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And grien'd, so long to lacke his greedie pray:
For well he weened, that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his guest, to take thereof a slay:
Had he so done, he had him snatcht away,
More light then Culuer in the Faulcon's fist.
Eternal God, thee save from such decay,
But whenas Mannon saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap vnwares another way he wist.

Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly brought
Unto another towme, whose door forthright,
To him did open, as it had beene taught;
There in an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred founnces all burning bright;
By euery founace many feendes did byde,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
And euery feend, his busie paines applyde,
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

One with great bellowes gathered filling ayre,
And with forst, wind the sewell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repayre
With dying tongs, and sprinkled off the same
With liquid waues, fier's Vulcan: rage to tame,
Who may string them, renewed his former heat;
Some found the drosle, that from the metall came,
Some stird the molten owre, with ladles great.
And every one did swincke, and every one did sweat.

But
But when an earthly wight they present law,
Glistening in armes and barrailous array,
From their what work they did themselves withdraw
To wonder at the fight: for till that day,
They neuer creature saw, that cam that way.
Their staring eyes sparcyling with fervent fyre,
And vgly shapes did make the man dismay,
That were it not for shame, he would retyre,
Till that him thus bepsake their soueraine Lord & fyre.

Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
That liuing eye before did neuer see:
The thing, that thou didst craue to earnestly,
To weet, whence all the wealth late shewd by mee,
Proceeded, lo now is reueald to thee.
Here is the fountaine of the worldes good:
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
Assaie thee well, and change thy willfull mood;
Least thou perhaps hereafter with, and be withstood.

Suffise it then, thou Money God (qd. hee)
That all thine ydle offers I refuse,
All that I need I haue, what needeth mee
To couet more, then I haue cause to yse?
With such vaine shewes thy worldlings vyle abuse:
But giue me leave to follow mine emprife,
Mammon was much displeased, yet no'te he chuse,
But beare the rigour of his bold mesprize,
And thence him forward ledd, him further to entise.

He brought him through a darksom narrow strayt,
To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open, but therein did wayt
A sturdie villein, stryding stiffe and bold,
As if the highest God defy he would;
In his right hand an yron club he held,
And he himselfe was all of yron mould,
Yet had both life and sense, and well could weld
That cursed weapon, when his cruel foes he queld.

Disdayne he called was, and did disdayne
To be so cald, and who so did him call:
Sterne was his looke, and full of stomacke vayne,
His portance terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th'height of men terrestrial;
Like an huge Gvant of the Titans race,
That made him scorn all creatures great and small,
And with his pride all others powre deface: (place.
More fitt emongst black fendes, then men to haue his

Soone as those glitter and armes he did espye,
That with their brightnesse made that darknes light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurlte hye,
And threaten batteill to the Faery knight;
Who likewise gan himsselfe to batteill dight,
Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
And counselfd him abstaine from perilous fight:
For nothing might abash the villein bold,
Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

So hauing him with reason pacifyde,
And the fiers Carle commaunding to forbear,
He brought him in. The rowme was large and wyde;
As it some Gyeld or solemne Temple weare:
Many great golden pilloors did vpbeare
The mafty roffe, and riches huge sustayne,
And euery pillour decked was full deare
With crownes and Diademes, & titles vaine, (rayne.
Which mortall Princes wore, whiles they on earth did
A route of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under sky,
Which with great vprore preaced to draw nere.
To th'upper part, where was aduanced hye
A stately siege of soueraine maieslye,
And thereon latt a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly cladd in robes of royaltye,
That never earthly Prince in such aray
His glory did enhance and pompous pryde display.

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beam great brightnes thaw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:
Yet was not that fame her owne natyne hue,
But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
Thereby more louers vnto her to call;
Nath'lefe most heuenly taire in deed and vew
She by creation was, till she did fall, (all.
Theceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crimewith-

There as in glistring glory she did sitt,
She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
Whose upper end to highest heuen was knit;
And lower part did reach to lowest Hell,
And all that preace did rownd about her swell,
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell:
That was "Ambition", rash desire to fly,
And evey linck thereof a step of dignity.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree,
By riches and unrighteous reward,
Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree;
Others through friends, others for base regard;
And
And all by wrong waies for themselves prepar'd.
Those that were up themselves, kept others low,
Those that were low themselves, held others hard,
Ne suffed them to ryse or greater grow,
But every one did strive his fellow downe to throw.

Which whenas Guyon saw, he gan inquire,
What meant that peace about that Ladies throne,
And what she was that did so high aspire.
Him Mammon answered, That goodly one,
Whom all that folke with such contention,
Doe flock about, my deare my daughter is,
Honour and dignitie from her alone,
Derived are, and all this worldes bliss
For which ye men doe strive: few gett, but many mis.

And fayre Philotime the rightly hight,
The fairest wight that wonneth vnder skye,
But that this darksom meather world her light
Doth dim with horror and deformity,
Worthie of heuen and hye felicitie,
From whence the gods haue her for enuy thrust:
But fith thou haft found faviour in mine eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
That she may thee advance for works and merits iust.

Gramercy Mammon (said the gentle knight)
For so great grace and offred high estate,
But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
Unworthy match for such immortall mate
My selfe well wote, and mine unequall fate,
And were I not, yet is my trouthe uplight,
And love avowed to other Lady late,
That to remove the same I haue no might:
To chaunge love causelesse is reproch to warlike knight

Mammon
Mournfull was with inward wrath;
Yet forcing it to fayne, him forth thence ledd
Through grievously shadowes by a beaten path,
Into a garden goodly garnished
With herbs & fruits, whose kinds mote not be redd.
Not such, as earth out of her fruitfull womb
Throwes forth to men sweet and well favored,
But direfull deadly black both leafe and bloom,
Fitt to adorne the dead and deck the dreary toombe.

There mournfull Cypresse grew in greatest store,
And trees of bitter Gall, and Heben sad,
Dead sleeping Poppy, and black Hellebore,
Cold Colquintida, and Tetra mad,
Mortall Samnitis, and Cicuta bad,
Which with th'vnuest Atheniens made to dy
Wife Socrates, who thereof quaffing glad
Pourd out his life, and left Philosophy
To the fayre Critias his dearest Belamy.

The Gardin of Proserpina this hight;
And in the midst thereof a siluer seat,
With a thick Arber goodly overlight,
In which she often vid from open heat
Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With branches broad dispredd and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.

There fruit were golden apples glistening bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold,
On earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like euer 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 the Eubanian young man wan
Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out ran.

Here also sprung that goodly golden fruit,
With which Acontius got his lover's trew,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitless suit:
Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
The which emongst the Gods false Ate threw:
For which th' Ilean Ladies disagreed,
Till partiall Paris dempt it Venus dew,
And had of her, sayre Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greeks and Troians made to bleed.

The warlike Elfe, much wondred at this tree,
So sayre and great, that shadowed all the ground,
And his broad branches laden with rich fee,
Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
Of this great garden, compact with a mound,
Which ouer-hanging, they themselves did steepe,
In a blacke flood which flow'd about it round,
That is the riuier of Cocythus deepe,
In which full many soules do endless wayle and weep.

Which to behold, he clomb vp to the bancke,
And looking downe, saw many damned wightes,
In those sad waues, which direfull deadly stancke,
Plonged continually of cruell Sprightes,
That with their piteous cries, and yelling shrightes,
They made the further shore resounden wide:
Emongst the rest of those same ruefull fightes,
One cursed creature, he by chaunce espide,
That drenched lay full deepe, vnder the Garden side.
Deepe was he drenched to the vpmost chin, 
Yet gaping still as counting to drinke, 
Of the cold liquour which he waded in; 
And stretching forth his hand, did often thinke A 
To reach the fruit which grew vpon the brincke: 
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth 
Did fly abacke, and made him vainely swimcke: 
The whiles he steru'd with hunger, and with drouth 
He daily dyde, yet neuer throughly dyen couth. 

The knight him seeing labour so in vain, 
Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby: 
Who groning deepe, thus answered him againe; 
Most cursed of all creatures vnder skye, 
Lo Tantalus, I here tormented lye: 
Of whom high Ioue wont whylome feasted bee, 
Lo here I now for want of food doe dye: 
But if that thou be such, as I thee see, 
Of grace I pray thee, giue to eat and drinke to mee. 

Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus (quoth he) 
Abide the fortune of thy present fate, 
And vnto all that live in high degree, 
Ensample be of mind more temperate, 
To teach them how to vse their present state. 
Then gan the cursed wretch alowd to cry, 
Accusing highest Ioue and gods ingrate, 
And eke blaspheming heauen bitterly, 
As authour of vnjustice, there to let him dye. 

He lookt a little further, and espide 
Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drenct: 
Within the riuuer, which the same did hyde: 
But both his handes most filthy feculent,
Aboue the water were on high extent,  
And faynd to wash themselues incessantly,  
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent.  
But rather foulwer seemed to the eye,  
So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

The knight him calling, asked who he was,  
Who lifting vp his head, him anowerd thus:  
Pilate am the falsest Judge; alas,  
And most vniust that by vnrighteous  
And wicked doome to Iewes despiteous,  
Delivered vp the Lord of life to dye,  
And did acquite a murdrer felonous,  
The whiles my handes I washt in purity,  
The whiles my foule was foyld with fowle iniquity.

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 fearefull foole  
Why takeft not of that fame fruite of gold,  
Ne fittest downe on that fame siluer stoole,  
To reft thy weary person, in the shadow coole.

All which he did, to do him deadly fall,  
In frayle intemperaunce through sinfull bayt,  
To which if he inclyned had at all,  
That dreadfull seend, which did behinde him wayt,  
Would him haue rent in thousand peeces strayt:  
But he was wary wise in all his way,  
And well perceiued his deceitfull sleight,  
Ne suffred lust his safety to betray;  
So goodly did beguile the Guyler of his pray.
And now he has so long remained there,
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan,
For want of food, and sleepe, which two vpbeare,
Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man,
That none without the same endure can.
For now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardy enterprize began:
For thy great Mammon sayrely he besought,
Into the world to guys de him backe, as he him brought.

The God, though loth, yet was constrained to obey,
For longer time, than that, no liuing wight
Below the earth, might suffered be to stay:
So backe againe, him brought to liuing light.
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright,
Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest;
And all his senses were with deadly fit oppress.

Cant. VIII.

Sir Guyon layd in sworne is by
Acrates sonnes despoyll,
Whom Artuure soone hath reskewd.
And Paynims brethrens foyl.

And is there care in heaven? and is their lone
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their enyles moue?
There is: else much more wretched were the case.
Of men then beasts. But O th' exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his 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 vs, that succour want,
How oft do they with golden pineons, cleave
The flitting skyes, like flying Pursuivant,
Against fowle seëndes to ayd vs militant:
They for vs fight, they watch and delyly ward,
And their bright Squadrons round about vs plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O why should heauenly God to men have such regard.

During the while, that Guyon did abide
In Mamons house, the Palmer, whom whylear
That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,
By further search had passage found elsewhere,
And being on his way, approched neare,
Where Guyon lay in trance, when suddeinly
He heard a voyce, that called lowd and cleare,
Come hether, come hether, O come hastily;
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

The Palmer lent his eare vnto the voyce,
To weet, who called so importunely:
Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,
That bad him come in haste. He by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shady delue him brought at laft,
Where Mammon earst did sunne his threasury:
There the good Guyon he found slumbring fast
In senseles dreame; which sight at first him sore aghast.

Beside
Beside his head there sat a faire young man,
   Of wondrous beauty, and of freshest yeares,
   Whose tender bud to blossom new began,
   And florith faire above his equall pears;
   His snowy front curled with golden heares,
   Like Phoebus face adorn'd with sunny rayes,
   Diuinely done, and two sharpe winged theares,
   Decked with divers' plumes, like painted layes,
Were fixt at his baecke, to cut his aycry wayes.

Like as Cupido on Id ean hill;
   When hauing laid his cruell bow away,
   And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
   The world with murdrous spoiles and bloody pray,
   With his faire mother he him dights to play,
   And with his goodly sistres, Graces three;
   The Goddresse pleased with his wanton play,
   Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguild to bee,
   The whiles the other Ladies mind theyr mery glee.

Whom when the Palmer saw, abaht he was
   Through fear and wonder, that he nought could say,
   Till him the childe bespake, Long lackt, alas,
   Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assail,
   Whiles deadly fitt thy pupil doth dismay;
   Behold this heavy flight, thou reverend Sire,
   But dread of death and dolor doe away;
   For life ere long shall to her home retire,
   And he that breathlesse seems, shal corage bold respire,

The charge, which God doth vnto me arrett,
   Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
   Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett
   The care thereof my selve vnto the end,
But euermore him succour, and defend  
Against his foe and mine: watch thou I pray;  
For euill is at hand him to offend. 
So having said, eftsoones he gan display  
His painted nimble wings, and vanish't quite away.

The Palmer seeing his lefte empty place,  
And his flow eies beguiled of their sight,  
Woxefore afraid, and standing still a space,  
Gaz'd after him, as fowle esapt by flight;  
At last him turning to his charge behight,  
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gauntry,  
Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,  
He much rejoyst, and courd it tenderly,  
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

At last he spide, where towards him did pace  
Two Paynim knyghts, al armd as bright as skie,  
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,  
And far before a light-foote Page did flie,  
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie;  
Those were the two sonnes of Acrates old,  
Who meeting earst with Archimage flie,  
Foreby that idle strond, of him were told,  
That he, which earst them combatted, was Guyon bold.

Which to auenge on him they dearly vovld,  
Where euery that on ground they mote him find;  
Falste Archimage prouokte their corage provd,  
And styful Atin in their stubborne mind  
Coles of contention and what vengeaunce tind.  
Now bene they come, whereas the Palmer late,  
Keeping that sionbred corse to him affind;  
Well knew they both his person, sith of late  
With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.
To whom the Palmer fearlesse answered,

Certes, Sir knight, ye bene too much to blame,
Thus for to blott the honor of the dead,
And with fowle cowardize his carcas shame,
Whose liuing handes immortalizd his name.
Vile is the vengeaunce on the athes cold,
And enuy base, to barke at sleeping fame:
Was neuro wight, that treason of him told;
Your self his prowessse proud & found him fiers & bold.

Then sayd Cymochles, Palmer, thou doest dote,
Necanft of prowessse, ne of knighthood deeme,
Saue as thou seeft or heart. But well I wote,
That of his puiffaunce tryall made extreme;
Yet gold al is not, that doth golden seeke,
Ne all good knights, that shake well speare & schild:
The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
And then dew praise, or dew reproch them yield;
Bad therefore I him deeme, that thus lies dead on field.

Good or bad, gan his brother fiers reply,
What doe brecke, sith that he didie entire?
Or what doth his bad death now satisfy,
The greedy hunger of reuenging yre;
Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire?
Yet since no way is lefte to wreake my spight,
I will him reaue of armes, the victors hire,
And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?

Fayr Sir, said then the Palmer suppliant,
For knighthoods loue, doe not so fowle a deed,
Ne blame your honor with so shamefull vaunt
Of vile reuenge, To spoile the dead of weed
Is sacrilege, and doth all finnes exceed;
But leaue these relics of his living might,
To decke his herce, and trap his tomblakke steed.
What herce or steed (said he) should he have dight,
But be entombd in the rauen or the kight?

With that, rude hand vpon his shield he laid,
And th'other brother gan his helme vnlace,
Both fiercely bent to haue him disaraied;
Till that they spyde, where towards them did pace
An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
Whose squire bore after him an heben launce,
And couerd shield, Well knd him so far space
Th'enchaunter by his armes and amenauce,
When vnder him he saw his Lybian steed to praunce.

And to those brethren sayd, Rife rise byliue,
And vnto batteil doe your selues addresse;
For yonder comes the prowest knight aliue,
Prince Ar:bur, flowre of grace and nobileffe,
That hath to Paynim knights wrought gret distresse,
And thousand Sar'zins fowly done to dye.
That word so deepe did in their harts impresse,
That both estfoones vpstared furiously,
And gan themselues prepare to batteill greedily.

But
But fiers Pyrrhochles, lacking his owne sword,
   The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
And Archmage besought, him that afford,
Which he had brought for Braggadochio vaine.
So would I (said th'enchauenter) glad and faine
Beteeme to you this sword, you to defend,
Or ought that els your honor might maintain
But that this weapons powre I well haue 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 almightye art,
For that his nourling, when he knighthood swore,
Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart.
The metall first he mixt with Medewart,
That no enchantment from his dint might saue;
Then it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,
And seuen times dipped in the bitter waue
Of hellish Styx, which hidden vertue to it gaue.

The vertue is, that nether fleele, nor stone
The stroke thereof from entrance may defend;
Ne euer may be vsed by his fone,
Neforst his rightful owner to offend,
Ne euer will it breake, ne euer bend.
Wherefore Morddure it rightfully is hight.
In vaine therefore, Pyrrochles, should I lend
The same to thee, against his lord to fight;
For sure yt would deceiue thy labor, and thy might.

Foolish old man, said then the Pagan wroth,
That weenest words or charms may force with fone:
Soone shalt thou see, and then beleue for troth,
That I can carue with this inchaunted brond
By this that stranger knight in presence came,
And goodly valued them; who nought againe
Him answered, as courtesie became,
But with sterner looks, and stomachous disdain;
Gave signes of grudge and discontentment vain:
Then turning to the Palmer, he gan spy
Where at his feet, with sorrowfull demayne
And deadly hew, an armed corse did lie,
In whose dead face he reed great magnanimity.

Said he then to the Palmer, Reverend sire,
What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
Or did his life her fatal date expyre,
Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?
How euer, sure I rew his pitteous plight.
Not one, nor other, sayd the Palmer grave,
Hath him befallen, but cloudes of deadly night
A while his heavy eylids couer'd haue,
And all his sences drowned in deep senselesse waue.

Which those same foes, that stand hereby,
Making aduantage, to revenge their spight,
Would him disarme, and treaten shamefully,
Unworthie vsage of redoubted knight.
But you, faire Sir, whose honourable fight
Doth promise hope of helpe, and timely grace;
More I beseech to succour his sad plight,
And by your powre protect his feeble case:
First praye of knighthood is, foule outrage to deface.

Palmer
Palmer, (said he) no knight so rude, I weene,
As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost:
Ne was there euer noble corage seene,
That in aduauntage would his puissaunce boast:
Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.
May bee, that better reason will alwage,
The rash reuengers heat. Words well dispost
Haue secrrete powre, t'appease inflamed rage:
If not, leaue vnto me thy knights lust patronage.

Tho turning to those brethren, thus bespoke,
Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might
It seemes, iuft wronges to vengeaunce doe prouoke,
To wreake your wrath on this dead seeming knight,
Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
And settle patience in fo furious heat?
Not to debate the chalenge of your right,
But for this carkas pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest seat.

To whom Cymochles said, For what art thou,
That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong
The vengeaunce prest? Or who shall let me now,
On this vile body from to wreake my wrong,
And make his carkas as the outcast dong?
Why should not that dead carrion satisfye
The guilt, which if he liued had thus long,
His life for dew reuenge should deare abyce?
The trespas still doth liue, albee the person dye.

Indeed, then said the Prince, the euill donne
Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leaue,
But from the grandfyre to the Nephewes sonne,
And all his seede the curse doth often cleaue,
Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave:
So streightly God doth judge. But gentle knight,
That doth against the dead his hand vpreare,
His honour staines with rancour and despight,
And great disparagement makes to his former might.

Pyrrhochles gan reply the second tyme;
And to him said, Now felon sure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his cryme:
Therefore by Termagaunt thou shalt be dead.
With that his hand, more sad then lomp of lead,
Vlifting high, he weened with Morddure,
His owne good sword Morddure, to cleaue his head.
The faithfull steale such treason no'uld endure,
But swaruing from the marke, his Lords life did assure.

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
That horse and man it made to reele alyde;
Nath'lese the Prince would not for sake his fell:
For well of yore he learned had to ryde,
But full of anger fiersly to him cryde;
Falle traitour miscreaunt, thou broken haft.
The law of armes, to strike foe vndefide.
But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt taste
Right sowre, & feele the law, the which thou haft defaft.

With that his balefull speare, he fiercely bent
Against the Pagons brest, and therewith thought.
His cursed life out of her lodg haue rent:
But ere the point arrived, where it ought,
That seuen fold shield, which he from Guyon brought:
He cast between toward the bitter stownd: (wrought
Through all those foldes the steelehead passage
And through his shoulder persit; wherwith to ground
He grouchling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

Which
Which when his brother saw, fraught with great griefe
And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
And fowly saide, By Mahone, cursed thefe, 
That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby.
Then hurling vp his harnefull blade on hy,
Smote him so hugely on his haughtie creft,
That from his saddle forced him to fly:
Els mote it needes downe to his manly brest
Haue cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dispossed

Now was the Prince in daungerous distresse,
Wanting his sword, when he on foot should figh:
His sngle speare could doe him small redresse,
Against two foes of fo exceeding might,
The leaft of which was match for any knight.
And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,
Had reard him selfe againe to cruel figh,
Three times more furios, and more puiflant,
Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

So both attonce him charge on either fyde,
With hideous strokes, and importable powre,
That forced him his ground to trauere wyde,
And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre:
For in his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,
Their strokes did raine, yet did he neuer quaile,
Ne backward shrinke, but as a fieldeft towre,
Whom foe with doubly battrey doth affaile, (quaile.
Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them nought a-

So stoutly he withstood their strong aslay,
Till that at laft, when he aduantage spyde,
His poynant speare he thrufte with puiflant swaye
At padow Cymochles, whiles his shield was wyde,
Cdnt. Villi the Faerie Queene.

That through his thigh the mortall steele did Gryde:
He swaruing with the force, within his flesh
Did breake the launce, and let the head abyde:
Out of the wound the redblood flowed fresh,
That vnderneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

Horribly then he gan to rage, and rayle,
Cursing his Gods, and himselfe damming deepe:
Als when his brother saw the redblood rayle
Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
For very selenesse lowd he gan to weepe,
And said, Caiutius, curse on thy cruel hond,
That twise hath spedd, yct shall it not thee keepe
From the third brunt of this my fatall brond: (ftond.
Lo where the dreadfull Death behynd thy backe doth

With that he strooke, and thother strooke withall,
That nothing seemd mote beare so mostrous might:
The one vpon his covered shielde did fall,
And glauncing downe would not his owner byte:
But th'other did vpon his troncheon smyte,
Which hewing quite a sunder, further way
It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
The which diuiding with importune swy, it
It seizd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

Wyme was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
Red as the Rose, thence gushed grievously,
That when the Paynym spye the streaming blood,
Gave him great hart, and hope of victorie.
On thother side, in huge perplexity,
The Prince now stood, haung his weapon broke;
Nought could he hurt, but still at warde did ly:
Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
Cynocheles twise, that twise him forst his foot reuoke.

Whom
Whom when the Palmer saw in such distress,
Sir Guyon's sword he lightly to him raught,
And said, faire Sonne, great god thy right had bleffe,
To vse that sword so well, as he it ought.
Glad was the knight, & with fresh courage fraught,
When as againe he armed felt his hond;
Then like a Lyon, which hath long time fraught
His robb'd whelpes and at the last them fond.
Emongst the shepeheard swayne, then wexeth wood \\
\(\text{yond.}\)

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 Pyrrbochles many strokes he told;
Eft to Cymochles twife so many fold:

Then backe againe turning his busie hond,

Them both atonce compeld with courage bold,

To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling bronc;

And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not both

\(\text{withstond.}\)

As saluage Bull, whom two fierce mastiues bayt,

When rancour doth with rage him once engore,

Forgets with wary warde them to awayt,

But with his dreadfull hornes them driues afore,

Or flings aloft or treades downe in the flore,

Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdain,

That all the forest quakes to heare him rore:

So rag'd Prince Arthur twixt his foemen twaine,

That neither could his mightie puissance sustaine.

But euer at Pyrrbochles when he smitt,

Who Guyons shield cast euer him before.

Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtraught was writ,

His hand relented, and the stroke forbore,

\(\text{And}\)
Cant. VIII.  the Faery Queene.

And his deare hart the picture gan adore,
Which oft the Paynim sau'd from deadly stowre.
But him henceforth the same can sau'e no more;
For now arriued is his fatall howre,
That no'te auoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

For when Cymochles saw the sowe reproch,
Which them appeached, prickt with guiltie shame,
And inward griefe, he fiercely gan approch,
Resolu'd 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 disparted all the linked frame,
And pierced to the skin, but bit not thorc,
Yet made him twise to reele, that neuer mou'd afore.

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharp regret,
He stroke so hugely with his borrowed blade,
That it empfist the Pagans burganet,
And cleaving the hard steale, did deepe invade
Into his head, and cruell passage made
Quite through his brayne. He tombling downe on
Breathd out his ghost, which to th' infernall shade
Fast flying, there eternall torment found,
For all the finnes, wherewith his lewd life did abound.

Which when his german saw, the stony feare,
Ran to his hart, and all his fence dismayd,
Ne thenceforth life ne corage did appeare,
But as a man, whom hellish feendes haue frayd,
Long trembling till he stoode : at last thus sayd,
Traytour what haft thou done ? how euer may
Thy cursed hand so cruelly haue swayd
Against that knight: Horrow and well away,
After so wicked deede why liu'st thou longer day?

V  With
With that all desperate as loathing light,
And with revenge desiring soone to dye,
Assembling all his force and utmost might,
With his owne sword he fierce at him did flye,
And strooke, and foynd, and lasht outrageously,
Without reaason or regard. Well knew
The Prince, with pacience and sufferaunce fly.
So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew:
Tho when this breathlesse woxe, that batteil gan renew-

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,

That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
The clowdes, as things assrayd, before him flyes;
But all so soone as his outrageous powre
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to showre,
And as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
Now all attonce their malice forth do poure;
So did Sir Cynon beare himselfe in fight,
And suffred rash Pyrrhochles waste his ydle might.

At last when as the Sarazin perceiud,
How that straungc sword refusd, to serue his neede,
But when he stroke most strong, the dint deceiud,
He flong it from him, and deuoyd of dread,
Vpon him lightly leaping without heed,
Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
Thinking to ouerthrowe and downe him tread:
But him in strength and skill the Prince surpaft,
And through his nimble fleight did vnder him downe cast

Nought booted it the Paynim then to striue;
For as a Bittur in the Eagles clawe,
That may not hope by flight to scape alieue,
Still waytes for death with dread and trembling aw,
Cant. V III.  the Faerie Queene.

So he now subiect to the victours law,
Did not once moue, nor vpward cast his eye,
For vile disdaine and rancour, which did gnaw
His hart in twaine with sad melancholy,
As one that loathed life, and yet despyed to dye.

But full of princely bounty and great mind,
The Conquerour nought cared him to slay,
But casting wronges and all reuenge behind,
More glory thought to gibe life, then decay,
And sayd, Paynim, this is thy dismall day;
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreance,
And my trew liegeman yield thy selfe for ay,
Life will I graunt thee for thy valiaunce,
And all thy wronges will wipe out of my souenaunce.

Foole (sayd the Pagan) I thy gift defye,
But vs thy fortune, as it doth befall,
And say, that I not overcome doe dye,
But in despit of life, for death doe call.
Wroth was the Prince, and sory yet withall,
That he so wilfully refused grace;
Yet sith his fate so cruely did fall,
His shinning Helmet he gan soone vnlace,
And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

By this Sir Guyon from his traunce awakst,
Life hauing maystered her fencelasse foe;
And looking vp, when as his shield he lakt,
And sword saw not, he waxed wondrous woe:
But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad he grew,
And saide, Deare sir, whom wandring to and fro
I long haue lackt, I joy thy face to vew;
Firme is thy faith, whom daunger neuer fro me drew.

V 2  But
But read, what wicked hand hath robbed mee
Of my good sword and shield? The Palmer glad,
With so fresh hew vpyring him to see,
Him answered; fayre fonne, be no whit sad
For want of weapons, they shall soone be had.
So gan he to discours the whole debate,
Which that straunge knight for him sustained had.
And those tow Sarazins confounded late,
Whose carcasses on ground were horribly prostrate.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,
His hart with great affection was embayd,
And to the Prince with bowing reuerence dew,
As to the Patrone of his life, thus sayd;
My Lord, my liege, by whole most gratious ayd
I liue this day, and see my foes subdued,
What may suffice, to be for meede repayed
Of so great graces, as ye haue me shewed,
But to be euer bound

To whom the Infant thus, Fayre Sir, what need
Good turnes be counted, as a servile bond,
To bind their dooers, to receiue their meed?
Are not all knightes by oath bound, to withftond
Oppreirours powre by armes and puissant hond?
Suffifie, that I haue done my dew in place.
So goodly purpose they together fond,
Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace,
The whiles false Archimage and Atin fled apace.
O'f all Gods workes, which doe this world adorne,
There is no one more faire and excellent,
Then is man's body both for powre and forme,
While it is kept in sober gouernment;
But none then it, more fowle and incident,
Distempred through misrule and passions base:
It grows a Monster, and incontinent
Doth loose his dignity and native grace.
Behold, who lift, both one and other in this place.

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The Briton Prince recou'ring his stolne sword,
And Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth pasted on their way in fayre accord,
Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord;
Sir knight, mote I of you this court'ly read,
To weet why on your shield so goodly scord
Bear ye the picture of that Ladies head?
Full liuely is the semblaunt, though the substance dead.

Fayre Sir(ayd he) if in that picture dead
Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,
What mote ye weene, if the trew liuely-head
Of that most glorious visage ye did vew?
But yf the beauty of her mind ye knew,  
That is her bounty, and imperiall powre,  
Thousand times fairer then her mortal hew,  
O how great wonder would your thoughts deuoure,  
And infinite desire into your spirite ponre.

Shee is the mighty Queene of Faery,  
Whose faire retraitt I in my shielde doe beare;  
Shee is the flowre of grace and chastity,  
Throughout the world renowned far and neare,  
My liefe, my liege, my Soueraine, my deare,  
Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,  
And with her light the earth enlumes cleare,  
Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,  
As well in state of peace, as puissauce in warre.

Thripe happy man, (said then the Brion knight)  
Whom gracious lott, and thy great valiaunce  
Haue made thee soldier of that Princesse bright,  
Which with her bounty and glad countenaunce  
Doth bless her seruaunts, and them high aduaunce,  
How may strange knight hope ever to aspire,  
By faithfull service, and meete amenauce,  
Vnto such bliss? sufficient were that hire  
For losse of thousand liues, to die at her desire.

Said Guyon, Noble Lord, what need fo great,  
Or grace of earthly Prince so soueraine,  
But by your wondrous worth add warlike feat  
Ye well may hope, and casely attaine?  
But were your will, her fold to entertaine,  
And numbred be mongst knights of Maydenheu,  
Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,  
And in her favor high bee reckoned,  
As Athogall, and Sophy now beene honored.
Cant. IX.  the Faery Queene:  309

Certes (then said the Prince) I God auow,
That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,
My whole desire hath beeene, and yet is now,
To serue that Queene with all my powre and might.
Seuen times the Sunne with his lamp-burning light,
Hath walkte about the world, and I no leffe,
Sith of that Goddeffe I haue fought the sight,
Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
Heuen doth to me enuy, and fortune fauourlesse.

Fortune, the foe of famous cheuifaunce
Seldome (said Guyon) yields to vertue aide,
But in her way throwes mischiefe and mischaunce,
Whereby her course is stop't, and passage staid.
But you, faire Sir, be not herewith dismayd,
But constant keepe the way, in which ye stand;
Which were it not, that I am els delaid
With hard adventure, which I haue in hand,
I labour would to guide you through al Fary land.

Gramercy Sir (said he) but more I wote,
What straunge aduenture doe ye now purswe?
Perhaps my succour, or aduizement meete
Mote sted you much your purpose to subdew.
Then gan Sir Guyon all the story shew
Offalie Acrasie, and her wicked wiles,
Which to auenge, the Palmer him forth drew
From Faery court. So talked they, the whiles
They wasted had much way, and measur'd many miles.

And now faire Phoebus gan decline in haste
His weary wagon to the Westerne vale,
Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plaste
Foreby a riuer in a pleasaunt dale,

V 4

Which
Which choosing for that evenings hospitale,
They thereth marcht: but when they came in sight,
And from their sweaty Couriers did auale,
They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
And euerly loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch
Was to them done, their entraunce to forstall,
Till that the Squire gan nigher to approch,
And wind his horne vnder the castle wall,
That with the noise it shooke; as it would fall.
Efsoones forth looked from the higheft spire
The watch, and lowd vnto the knights did call,
To weete, what they so rudely did require.
Who gently answered, They entraunce did desire.

Fly fly, good knights, (laid he) fly fast away
If that your liues ye loue, as meete ye shoule;
Fly fast, and saue your selues from neare decay,
Here may ye not haue entraunce, though we would:
We would and would againe, if that we could;
But thousand enemies about vs rauie,
And with long siege vs in this castle hould:
Seuen yeares this wizc they vs besieged haue, (faue,
And many good knights flaine, that haue vs fought to

Thus as he spoke, loe with outrageous cry
A thousand vilieins roud about them swarmd
Out of the rockes and caues adioyning nye,
Vile caitiue wretches, ragged, rude, deformed,
All throaning death, all in ftraunge manner armd,
Some with vnweldy clubes, some with long speares,
Some rustie knives, some flaes in fier warmd.
Sterne was their looke, like wild amazed flesares,
Staring with hollow cyes, and stiffe vpstanding heares.
Fierfly
Fierfly at first those knights they did affaye,
And drove them to recoile: but when againe
They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to fayle,
Vnhaile their encounter to sustaine;
For with such puissance and impetuous maine
Those Champions broke on them, that forst the fly,
Like scattered Sheepe, whenas the Shepherds swaine
A Lyon and a Tigre doth espie,
With greedy pace forth rushing from the fore? nye.

A while they fled, but soone retournd againe
With greater fury, then before was fownd;
And euermore their cruell Captaine
Sought with his raskall routs t'enclose them round,
And ouerrone to tread them to the ground. (blades
But soone the knights with their bright-burning
Broke their rude troups, and orders did confound,
Hewing and slashing at their idle shades; (faies.
For though they bodies seem, yet substance from them

As when a swarne of Gnats at euentide
Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
Their murmuring small trompetts fownden wide,
Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;
Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast,
For their sharpe wounds, and noyous injuries,
Till the fierce Norterne wind with blustering blast
Doth blow them quite away, and in the Ocean cast.

Thus when they had that troublous rout dispersd,
Vnto the castle gate they come againe,
And entraunce crau'd, which was denied erst.
Now when report of that their perilous paine,
And combrous conflict, which they did sustaine,
   Came to the Ladies eare, which there did dwell,
Shee forth issewed 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 wooed of many a gentle knight,
   And many a Lord of noble parentage,
That fought with her to lincke in marriage:
For shee was faire, as faire mote ever bee,
   And in the flowre now of her freshest age;
Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
   That euen heuen rejoyced her sweete face to see.

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,
   That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught,
The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,
Braunched with gold & perle, most richly wrought,
   And borne of two faire Damfels, which were taught
That service well. Her yellow golden heare
Was trimly wouen, and in tresses wrought,
   Ne other tire she on her head did weare,
But crownd with a garland of sweete Rosiere.

Goodly shee entertaind those noble knights,
   And brought them vp into her castle hall;
Where gentle court and gracious delight
Shee to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
Shewing her selfe both wise and liberal:
Then when they rested had a seaxon dew,
   They her besought of fauour special,
Of that faire Castle to afford them vew;
Shee granted, & them leading forth, the same did shew.
First he him led vp to the Castle wall,
That was so high, as foe might not it clime,
And all so faire, and sensible withall,
Not built of bricke, but yet of stone and lime,
But of thing like to that \textit{Egyptian} slime,
Whereof king \textit{Nine} whilome built \textit{Babell} towre,
But \textit{O} great pity, that no longer a time
So goodly workemanship should not endure:
Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,
And part triangularare, \textit{O} worke diuine;
Those two the first and last proportions are,
The one imperfett, mortall, feminine,
Th'other immortall, perfect, masculine,
And twixt them both a quadrat was the base,
Proportioned equally by seven and nine,
Nine was the circle set in heavens place,
All which compacted made a goodly \textit{Dyapase}.

Therein two gates were placed seemly well:
The one before, by which all in did pas,
Did th'other far in workmanship excell;
For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;
Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
That when it locked, none might thorough pas,
And when it opened, no man might it close,
Still open to their friendes, and closed to their foes.

Of newen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,
Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,
Then lett or Marble far from Ireland brought;
Ouer the which was cast a wandring vine,

\textit{Enchased}
Enchaced with a wanton yuic twine.
And ouer it a fayre Portcullis hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline,
With comely compasse, and compacture strong,
Nether vnseemly short, nor yet excessive long.

Within the Barbican a Porter sat,
Day and night duely keeping watch and ward,
Nor wight, nor word mote passe out of the gate,
But in good order, and with dew regard;
Utterers of secrets he from thence debard,
Bablers of folly, and blasers of cryme.
His larumbell might lowd and wyde be hard,
When cause requyrd, but neuer out of time;
Early and late it roge, at euening and at prime.

And round about the porch on euery syde,
Twixt sixteene warders satt, all armed bright,
In glistening steele, and strongly fortifyde:
Tallyeomen seemed they, and of great might,
And were enraunged ready, still for fight.
By them as Alma passed with her guestes,
They did obey saunce, as beseemed right,
And then againe returned to their restes:
The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gestes.

Thence the them brought into a stately Hall,
Wherein were many tables fayredispred,
And ready dight with drapets festiuall,
Against the viandes shold be ministred.
At th'upper end there sat, yclad in red
Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
That in his hand a white rod menaged,
He Steward was, hight Diet, type of age,
And in demeanure sober, and in counfell sage.
And through the Hall there walked to and fro
A jolly yeoman, Marshall of the same,
Whose name was Appetite; he did bestow
Both guests and meate, when ever 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 guests anone
Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicenesse none.

It was a vaut y built for great dispence,
With many raunges reard along the wall;
And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence,
The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall,
Upon a mightie fornace, burning whott,
More whott, then Aetna, or flaming Mongiball:
For day and night it brenet, ne ceased not,
So long as any thing it in the caudron gott.

But to delay the heat, leaft by mischaunce
It might breake out, and set the whole on fyre,
There added was by goodly ordinaunce,
An huge great payre of bellowes, which did fyre
Continually, and cooling breath in pyre.
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 businessse sweat, and sorely toyld.

The manster Cooke was cald Conceition,
A carefull man, and full of comely guyse;
The kitchin clerke, that hight Digestion,
Did order all th'Achates in seemely wise,

And
And let them forth, as well he could devise.
The rest had severall offices assigned,
Some to remove the scum, as it did rise;
Others to bear the same away did mynd;
And others it to vse according to his kynd.

But all the liquour, which was foul and wase,
Not good nor serviceable elles for ought,
They in another great round vessel plaste,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought:
And all the rest, that noyous was, and nought,
By secret ways, that none might it espie,
Was close conuaid, and to the backgate brought,
That cleped was Port Esquiline, whereby
It was avoide quite, and throwne out priuily.

Which goodly order, and great workman's skill
Whenas those knightes beheld, with rare delight,
And gazynge wonder they their mindes did fill;
For never had they seene so straunge a sight.
Thence backe againe faire Alma led them right,
And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,
That was with royall arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtraied, nor wrought,
Not wrought, nor poytraied, but easie to be thought.

And in the midst thereof upon the floure,
A louely beuy of faire Ladies fate,
Courted of many a jolly Paramour,
The which them did in modest wise amate,
And eachone sought his Lady to aggrate:
And eke emongst them little Cupid playd
His wanton sportes, being retourned late
From his fierce warres, and havynge from him layd
His cruel bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

Diverse
Diverse delights they found them selves to please;
Some song in sweet comfort, some laughed for joy,
Some plaid with straues, some ydly fatt at ease,
But other some could not abide to toy,
All pleasure was to them griefe and annoy:
This froud, that found, the third for shame did blush,
Another seemed envious, or coy,
Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush:
But at these straungers presence every one did hush.

Soone as the gracious Alma came in place,
They all attonce out of their seats arose,
And to her homage made, with humble grace:
Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose
Themselves to court, and each a damzell chose:
The Prince by chance did on a Lady light,
That was right faire and fresli as morning rose,
But somewhat sad, and solemn neke in sight,
As if some pensiue thought coi straing her gentle spright

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold,
Was fretted all about, she was arayd;
And in her hand a Poplar branch did hold:
To whom the prince in courteous manner sayd,
Gentle Madame, why beene ye thus dismayd,
And your faire beautie doe with sadness spill?
Lies any, that you hath thus ill apayd?
Or doen your loue, or doen you lack your will?
What euer bee the cause, it sure be seemes you ill.

Fayre Sir, said she halfe in disdainefull wise,
How is it, that this word in me ye blame,
And in yourselfe doe not the same advise.
Him ill seemes, another's fault to name,
The second Booke of Cant. IX.

That may unwares bee blotted with the fame:
Penfue I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
Through great desire of glory and of fame;
Ne ought I weene are ye therein behynd, (find.
That haue three years fought one, yet no where can her

The Prince was inly moved at her speach,
Well weeting trew, what she had rashly told,
Yet with faire semblauont fought to Hyde the breach,
Which chaunge of colour did perforce vnfold,
Now seeming flaming whott, now flony cold.
Theo turning soft aside, he did inquyre
What wight she was, that Poplar braunch did hold:
It answered was, her name was Praysfayre,
That by well doing sought to honour to alpyre.

The whyles, the Faery knight did enterayne
Another Damself of that gentle crew,
That was right fayre, and modest of demayne,
But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew:
Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
Close rownd about her tuckt with many a plight:
Vpon her fitt the bird, which shonneth vew
And kepes in couerts close from living wight,
Did fitt, as yet afhamd, how rude Pan did her dight.

So long as Guyen with her commoned,
Vnto the ground she cast her modest eye,
And euer and anone with rofy red
The bafhfull blood her snowy cheekees did dye,
That her became, as polifhyuory,
Which cunning Craftesman hand hath overlaid
With fayre vermilion or pure laffery
Great wonder had the knight, to see the mayd.
So strauungely passioned, and to her gently said.

Fayre
Fayre Damzell, seemeth, by your troubled cleare,
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 lea aryle.
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But if ought else that I mote not deyse,
I will, if please you it dicide, assay,
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

She answerd nought, but more abaft for shame,
Held downe her head, the whiles her louely face,
The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion marde her modest grace,
That Guyon meruayld at her uncouth cace;
Till Alma him bespake, why wonder yee
Faire Sir at that, which ye so much embrace?
She is the fountaine of your modestee;
You shamefast are, but shamefast is shee.

Thereat the Elfe did blush in privitee,
And turnd his face away; but she the same
Dissembled faire, and faynd to ouersee.
Thus they awhile with court and goodly 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 them brought,
Ascending by ten steps of Alabaster wrought.

That Turrets frame most admirable was,
Like higheft heauen compassed around,
And lifted high aboue this earthly maffe,
Which it suruewed, as hills doen lower ground;

But
But not on ground mote like to this be found,
Not that, which antique Cadmus whylome built
In Thebes, which Alexander did confound;
Nor that proud towre of Troy, though richly guilt,
From which young Hectors blood by cruell Grecses was

The roofe hereof was arched ouer head,
And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stede,
Therein gaue light, and flam'd continually:
For they of living fire most subtilly,
Were made, and set in siluer sockets bright,
Couer'd with lids deuiz'd of substance fly,
That readily they shut and open might.
O who can tell the prayses of that makers might?

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
This parts great workmanship, & wondrous powre,
That all this other worldes worke doth excell,
And likest is vnto that heauenly towre,
That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
Therein were diuers rowmes, and diuers stagges,
But three the chiefeft, and of greatest powre,
In which there dwelt three honorable stagges,
The wisest men, I weene, that liued in their ages.

Not he, whom Greece, the Nourse of all good arts,
By Phebus doome, the wisest thought alioe,
Might be compar'd to this by many parts:
Nor that sage Pyliam fyre, which did furniue
Three ages, such as mortall men contriue,
By whose aduise old Prians cittie fell,
With these in praise of pollicies mote striue.
These three in these three rowmes did sondry dwell,
And counsell'd faire Alma, how to gouerne well.

The
Cant. I X. the Faerie Queene.

The first of them could things to come foresee;
The next could of thinges present best aduize;
The third things past could keepe in memoree,
So that no time, nor reason could arize,
But that the fame could one of these comprize.

For thy the first did in the forepart sit,
That nought more hinder his quicke preiudize:
He had a sharpe foresight, and working wit,
That neuer idle was, ne once would rest a whit.

His chamber was dispainte all with in,
With sondry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of thinges dispersed thin;
Some such as in the world were neuer yit,
Ne can euized be of mortall wit;
Some daily scene, and knowne by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies doe flit:
Infernall Hags, Centaurs, feendes, Hippodames,
Apes, Lyons, Aegles, Owles, fooles, louers, children,

And all the chamber filled was with flyes,
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound,
That they encombrd all mens eares and eyes,
Like many swarmes of Bees assembled round,
After their hues with honny do abound:
All those were idle thoughtes and fantasies,
Deuices, dreames, opinions vnfound,
Shewes, visions, foot-hyues, and prophefies;
And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

Emongst them all fate he, which wonned there,
That hight Phantastes by his nature trew,
A man of yeares yet fresh, as more appere,
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,

X 2

That
That him full of melancholy did shew;
Bent hollow beetle browses, sharpe staring eyes,
That mad or foolish seemd: one by his view
Mote deeme him borne with ill disposed skyes,
When oblique Saturne fate in the house of agonyes.

Whom Alma hauing shewed to her guestes,
Thence brought the to the second rowme, whose wals
Were painted faire with memorable gestes,
Of famous Wizards, and with picturals
Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of commen wealthes, of states, of pollicy,
Of lawes, of judgementes, and of decreals;
All artes, all science, all Philosophy,
And all that in the world was ay thought wittily.

Of those that rowme was full, and them among
There fate a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long,
That through continuall practise and visage,
He now was growne right wise, and wondrous sage.
Great plesure had those straunger kightes, to see
His goodly reason, and grave personage,
That his discipes both desyrd to bee;
But Alma thence the led to th'hindmost rowme of three.

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was remoued far behind,
Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,
Right firme & strong, though somwhat they declind;
And therein sat an old oldman, halfe blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
Yet liuely vigour rested in his mind,
And recompenst him with a better corse:
Weake body wel is chang'd for minds redoubled forge.

This
This man of infinite remembrance was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded still, as they did pass,
Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,
As all things els, the which this world doth weld,
But laid them vp in his immortall scrine,
Where they for euer incorrupted dweld:
The warres he well remembred of king Nine,
Of old Astaracus, and Inachus divine.

The years of Nestor nothing were so his,
Ne yet Mathusalem though longest liu'd;
For he remembred both their infancis:
Ne wonder then, if that he were depruin'd
Of native strengthe now, that he them suruiu'd.
His chamber all was hangd about with rolls,
And old records from auncient times deriud,
Some made in books, some in log parchement scrolls,
That were all worm-eaten, and full of canker holes.

Amidst them all he in a chaire was set,
Tossing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was vnhaile them to set,
A little boy did on him still attend,
To reach, when euer he for ought did send,
And oft when thinges were lost, or laid amis,
That boy them sought, and vnto him did lend.
Therefore he Anamneses cleped is,
And that old man Eumneses, by their propertis.

The knightes there entring, did him reuerence dew
And wondred at his endless exercise,
Then as they gan his Library to vew,
And antique Regesters for to auise.
The Second Booke of

There chaunced to the Princes hand to rize,
An auncient booke, hight Briton moniments;
That of this lands first conquest did deuize,
And old diviision into Regiments,
Till it reduced was to one mans gouernements.

Sir Guyon chaunst eke on another booke,
That hight, Antiquitee of Faery lond.
In which whenas he greedily did looke,
Th'offspring of Elues and Faryes there he fond,
As it deliuered was from hond to hond:
Whereat they burning both with fervent fire,
Their countreys ancestry to vnderstand,
Crau'd leaue of Alma, and that aged fire,
To read those booke, who gladly graunted their desire.
Cant. X.

A chronicle of Briton kings,
From Brute to Utherayne,
Androlls of Elfin Emperours,
Till time of Gloriana.

Who now shall giue vnto me words and sound,
Equall vnto this haughty enterprize?
Or who shall lend me wings, with which fro ground.
My lowly verse may loftily arise,
And lift it selfe vnto the highest skyes?
More ample spirit, then hetherto was wont,
Here needes me, whiles the famous ancesstryes
Of my most dreaded Soueraigne I recount,
By which all earthly Princes she doth far surmount.

Ne vnder Sunne, that shines so wide and faire,
Whence all that liues, does borrow life and light,
Liues ought, that to her linage may compaire,
Which though from earth it be deriued right,
Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to heuens hight,
And all the world with wonder overspred;
A labor huge, exceeding far my might:
How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,
Conceive such soueraine glory, and great bountyhed?

Argument worthy of Maonian quill,
Or rather worthy of great Phebus rote,
Whereon the ruins of great Ossa hill,
And triumphes of Phlegraean 10we he wrote,

X 4
That all the Gods admired his lofty note.
But if some relish of that heavenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report,
To decke my song withall, I would a slay,
Thy name, O soueraine Queene, to blazon far away.

Thy name O soueraine Queene, thy realme and race,
From this renowned Prince derived arre,
Whom mightily upheld that royall mace,
Which now thou bearest, to thee descended farre
From mighty kings and conquerours in warre,
Thy fathers and thy great Grandfathers of gold,
Whose noble deeds above the Northern starre
Immortal fame for euer hath enrold;
As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

The land, which warlike Britons now possess,
And therein have their mighty empire ray'd,
In antique times was salvaje wildernesses,
Unpeopled, vnmanur'd, vnpround, vnpray'd,
Ne was it Island then, ne was it pay'd
Amid the ocean waues, ne was it sought
Of merchants faire, for profits therein pray'd,
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to have bene stō the Celticke mayn-land brought.

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,
Till that the venturous Mariner that way
Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,
Which all along the Southerne sea-coast lay,
Threatning vnheedy wrecke 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,
Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.
But far in land a saluage nation dwelt,
   Of hideous Gaunts, and halfe beastly men,
That never tasted grace, nor goodness felt,
But like wild beastes lurking in loathsome den,
And flying fast as Roebucks through the fen,
All naked without shame, or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling liueden;
Of stature huge, and eke of corage bold,
That sons of men amazed their sternesse to behold.

But whence they sprong, or how they were begott,
Vneath is to assure, vneath to wene
That monstrous error, which doth some afflott,
That Dioclesians fifty daughters shene
Into this land by chaunce have driven bene,
Where companioning with feends and filthy Sprights
Through vain illusion of their lust vnclene,
They brought forth Gaunts & such dreadful wights,
As far exceeded men in their immeasurd mights.

They held this land, and with their filthinesse
Polluted this same gentle soyle long time:
That their owne mother loathed their beastliness,
And gan abhorre her broods unkindly crime,
All were they borne of her owne nature slime;
Vntil that Brutus anciently deriued
From roiall stocke of old Abaracs line,
Driuen by fatall error, here arrived,
And them of their vnjust possesion depriued.

But ere he had established his throne,
   And spred his empire to the utmost shore,
He fought great batells with his saluage fone;
In which he them defeated evermore,
And many Giaunts left on groning flore,
That well can witnes yet vnto this day
The westerne Hogh, besprincled with the gore
Of mighty Goemot, whome in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

And eke that ample Pitt, yet far renownd,
For the large leape, which Debon did compell
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of ground;
Into the which retournong backe, he fell,
But thoose three monstrous stones doe most excell
Which that huge sonne of hideous Albion,
Whose father Hercules in Fraunce did quell,
Great Codmer threw, in fierce contention,
At bold Canutus; but of him was slaine anon.

In meed of these great conquests by them gott,
Corineus had that Provincie utmost west,
To him assigned for his worthy lott,
Which of his name and memorable gest
He called Corwnaile, yet so called best:
And Debon's shayre was, that is Demonsbyre:
But Canute had his portion from the rest,
The which he called Canutium, for his hyre;
Now Canuim, which Kent we comenly inquryre.

Thus Brute this Reale vnto his rule subdewd,
And raigned long in great felicity,
Lou'd of his freends, and of his foes eschewed,
He left three sones, his famous progeny,
Borne of fayre Inogene of Italy;
Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,
And Locrine left chiefe Lord of Britany.
At last ripe age bad him surrender late
His life, and long good fortune vnto finall fate.

Locrine
Locrine was left the soueraine Lord of all;  
But Albanel had all the Northerne part,  
Which of him selfe Albania he did call;  
And Camber did possesse the Westerne quart,  
Which Severne now from Logris doth depart:  
And each his portion peaceably enjoyd,  
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,  
That once their quiet gouernment annoyd,  
But each his paynes to others profit still employed.

Vntill a nation straung, with visage swart,  
And courage fierce, that all men did affray,  
Which through the world the swarmed in euery part,  
And overflow'd all countries far away,  
Like Noyes great flood, with their importune sway,  
This land invaunded with like violence,  
And did themselves through all the North displays:  
Vntill that Locrine for his Realmes defence,  
Did head against them make, and strong munificence.

He them encountred, a confused rout,  
Foreby the Riuier, that whylome was hight  
The ancient Abus, where with courage stout  
He them defeated in victorious fight,  
And chaste so fiercely after fearefull flight,  
That forst their Chieftain, for his safeties sake,  
(Their Chieftain Humber named was aright;)  
Vnto the mighty streame him to betake,  
Where he an end of batteill, and of life did make.

The king retourned proud of victory,  
And insolent wox through unwonted ease,  
That shortly he forgot the jeopardy,  
Which in his land he lately did appease,  
And
And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:
He lou'd faire Ladie Estrild, leudly lou'd,
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
That quite his hart from Guendolene remou'd.
Fro Guendolene his wife, though alwaies faithful proud.

The noble daughter of Corineus
Would not endure to bee so vile disdain:
But gathering force, and corage valorous,
Encountred him in batell well ordaind,
In which him vanquish't she to fly constrain'd:
But she so fast pursu'd, that him the tooke,
And threw in bands, where he till death remain'd.
Als his faire Leman, flying through a brooke,
She ouerhent, nought moued with her piteous looke.

But both her selfe, and eke her daughter deare,
Begotten by her kingly Paramoure,
The faire Sabrina almost dead with seare,
She there attached, far from all succoure;
The one she flew upon the present floure,
But the sad virgin innocent of all,
Adowne the rolling riuer she did poure,
Which of her name now Seuern men do call:
Such was the end, that to disloyall louve did fall.

Then for her sonne, which she to Locrin bore,
Madan was young, vnmeet the rule to sway,
In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
Till ryper yeares he raught, and stronger sty:'
During which time her powre she did display
Through all this realme, the glory of her sex,
And first taught men a woman to obay:
But when her sonne to mans estate did wex,
She it surrendred, ne her selfe would lenger vex.
Cant. X. the Faery Queen.

Tho *Madan* raigned, unworthy of his race:
For with all shame that sacred throne he sild:
Next *Memprise*, as unworthy of that place,
In which being comforted with *Manild*,
For thirst of single kingdom him he kild.
But *Ebranck* saluted both their infamies
With noble deeds, and warreyd on Brunchild
In *Hensult*, where yet of his victories
Braue moniments remaine, which yet that land enuies.

An happy man in his first days he was,
And happy father of faire progeny:
For all so many weeke, as the yeare has,
Somany children he did multiply;
Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply,
Their mindes to prayse, and cheualrous defyre:
Those germans did subdew all *Germany*,
Of whom it hight, but in the end their Syre
With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to retyre,

Which blott his sonne succeeding in his seat,
The second *Brute*, the second both in name,
And eke in semblaunce of his puissauce great,
Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
With recompence of euerlasting fame.
He with his victour sword first opened,
The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorn Dame,
And taught her first how to be conquered; (ked.
Since which, with fondrie spoiles she hath bene ranfac-

Let *Scaldis* tell, and let tell *Hania*,
And let the marth of *Esthainbruges* tell,
What colour were their waters that same day,
And all the moore twixt *Elversham* and *Dell*,

With
With blood of Henalois, which therein fell.
How oft that day did sad Brumchildis see
The green shield dyed in dolorous vermell;
That not the same man—~ he mote seeme to bee,
But rather a ghoste, his face and handes all bloodye bee.

His sonne king Leill by fathers labour long,
Enjoyd an heritaunce of lasting peace,
And built Cairleill, and built Cairleon strong.
Next Huddibras his realme did not encrease,
But taught the land from wearie wars to cease.
Whole footsteps Bladud following, in artes
Exceld at Athens all the learned preace,
From whiche he brought them to these salvauge parts
And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne harts.

Ensample of his wondrous faculty,
Behold the boyling Bathes at Cairbadon,
Which seeth with secrete fire eternally,
And in their entrailles, full of quick Brimston,
Nourish the flames, which they are warmed vpon,
That to her people wealth they forth do well,
And health to euery forreyne nation:
Yet he at laft contending to excell
The reach of men, through flight into fond mischleff fell,

Next him king Leyr in happie peace long raynd,
But had no issue male him to succeed,
But three faire daughters, which were well vptraind,
In all that seemed fitt for kingly feed:
Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed
To haue divided. Tho when feeble age
Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
He cald his daughters; and with speaches sage
Inquyrd, which of them most did loue her parentage.
The eldest Gonorill gan to protest,
That she much more then her owne life him lou’d:
And Regan greater loue to him profest,
Then all the world, when euer it were proou’d;
But Cordelia said she lou’d him, as behoo’d:
Whose simple answere, wanting colours fayre
To paint it forth, him to displeaunce mou’d,
That in his crown he counted her no hayre, (hayre.
But twixt the other twain his kingdom whole did

So wedded th’one to Maglan king of Scottes,
And thother to the king of Cambria,
And twixt them shayrd his realme by equall lottes:
But without dowre the wife Cordelia,
Was sent to Aggannip of Celtica.
Their aged Syre, thus eased of his crowne,
A priuate life ledd in Albania;
With Gonorill, long had in grea tenounwe, (downe.
That nought him grieu’d to beene from rule deposed

But true it is that when the oyle is spent,
The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away;
So when he had resign’d his regiment,
His daughter gan despise his drouping day,
And wearie wax of his continuall stay.
Tho to his daughter Regan he repayrd,
Who him at first well vied every way;
But when of his departure she despayrd,
Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd.

The wretched man gan then auife to late,
That loue is not, where most it is profest,
Too truely tryde in his extremest state;
At last resolu’d likewise to proue the rest.
He to Cordelia him selfe addrest,
  Who with entyre affection him receau'd,
  As for her Syre and king her seemed best;
  And after all an army strong she leau'd,
To war on those, which him had of his realme bereau'd

So to his crowne the him restor'd againe,
  In which he dyde, made ripe for death by ell,
  And after wild, it should to her remaine:
  Who peaceably the same long time did weld;
  And all mens harts in dew obedience held:
Till that her sisters children, woxen strong,
  Through proud ambition against her rebeld,
  And ouercommen kept in prison long,
  Till weary of that wretched life, her selfe she hong.

Then gan the bloody brethren both to raine:
  But fierce Cundah gan shortly to enuy
His brother Morgan, prickt with proud disdaine,
  To haue a pere in part of souerainty,
  And kindling coles of cruell emnity,
  Raisd warre, and him in batteill ouerthrew:
Whence as he to those woody hilles did fly,
  Which hight of him Glamorgan, there him slew:
  Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew.

His sone Rinald his dead rowme did supply,
  In whose sad time blood did from heauen rayne:
Next great Gurgulius, then faire Cecily,
  In constant peace their kingdomes did contayne,
  After whom Lago, and Kimmarke did rayne,
  And Gorbogud, till far in yeares he grew:
Then his Ambitious soneses into them twayne,
  Arraught the rule, and from their father drew,
Stout Ferrex and sterne Porrex him in prison threw.
But O, the greedy thirft of royall crowne,
That knowes no kinred, nor regardes no right,
Stird Porrex vp to put his brother downe;
Who vnto him assembling forreigne might,
Made warre on him, and fell him selfe in fight:
Whose death t'auenge, his mother mercileffe,
Most mercileffe of women, Wyden hight,
Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
And with most cruell hand him murdred pittileffe.

Here ended Brutus sacred progeny,
Which had seuen hundred yeares this scepter borne,
With high renownme, and great felicity;
The noble braunch from th'antique stocke was torne
Through discord, and the roiall throne forlorne:
Thenceforth this Realme was into factions rent,
Whilst each of Brutus boasted to be borne,
That in the end was left no moniment
Of Brutus, nor of Britons glorie auncient.

Then vp arose a man of matchleffe might,
And wondrous wit to menage high affayres,
Who stird with pitty of the stressed plight
Of this sad realme, cut into fondry shayres
By such, as claymd theselues Brutes rightfull hayres,
Gathered the Princes of the people loose,
To taken counsell of their common cares;
Who with his wisedom won, him streight did choose
Their king, and swore him fealty to win or loose.

Then made he head against his enimies,
And Tymer flew, of Logris miscreate;
Then Ruddoc and proud Stater, both allyes,
This of Albany newly nominate,

And
And that of Cambry king confirmed late,
He ouerthrew through his owne valiaunce;
Whole countries he reduc'd to quiet state,
And shortly brought to civile gouernaunce,
Now one, which earst were many, made through vari-

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say
Were vnto him reveald in vision,
By which he freed the Travailers high way,
The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,
Restraining stealth, and strong extortion;
The gratious Numa of great Britany:
For till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
By strengthe was wielded without pollicy;
Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignity.

Donwallo dyde (for what may liue for ay?)
And left two sonnes, of peareleffe prowesse both;
That sacked Rome too dearly did assay,
The recompence of their periured oth,
And ranlackt Greece well tryde, whè they were wroth;
Besides subiected France, and Germany,
Which yet their praiues speeche, all be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of Brennus and Belinus, kings of Britany.

Next them did Gurgiunt, great Belinus sonne
In rule succeede, and eke in fathers praiue;
He Easterland subdewd, and Denmarke wonne,
And of them both did foy and tribute raiue,
The which was dew in his dead fathers daies:
He also gave to fugitiues of Spayne,
Whom he at sea found wandring from their waies,
A seate in Ireland safely to remayne,
Which they shou'd hold of him, as subiect to Britayne.

After
CANT. X.

After him reigned Guitheline his hayre,
  The justest man and truest in his daies,
  Who had to wife Dame Mertia the hayre,
  A woman worthy of immortal praise,
  Which for this Realme found many goodly lays,
  And wholesome Statutes to her husband brought;
  Her many deed to haue beene of the Fayes,
  As was Aegerie, that Numa tought:
  Those yet of her be Mertia lawes both nam’d & thought.

Her sonne Sifillus after her did rayne,
  And then Kimarus, and then Damius;
  Next whom Morindus did the crowne sustayne,
  Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,
  And cruell rancour dim’d his valorous
  And mightie deedes, should matched haue the best:
  As well in that same field victorious
  Against the forreine Morand he exprest;
  Yet liues his memorie, though carcas sleepe in rest.

Fие sonnes he left begotten of one wise,
  All which succesuicully by turnes did rayne;
  First Gorboman a man of vertuous life;
  Next Archsgald, who for his proud disdayne,
  Deposed was from princedome souerayne,
  And pitteous Elidure put in his sted;
  Who shortly it to him restord agayne,
  Till by his death he it recovered;
  But Peridure and Vigent him disthronized.

In wretched prison long he did remaine,
  Till they outtraigned had their utmost date,
  And then therein reseized was againe,
  And ruled long with honorable state,
Till he surrendred Realme and life to fate.  
Then all the sonnes of these five brethren raynd  
By dew successe, and all their Nephewes late,  
Euen thrice eleuen descents the crowne retaynd,  
Till aged Hely by dew heritage it gaynd.

He had two sonnes, whose eldest called Lud  
Left of his life most famous memory,  
And endless monuments of his great good:  
The ruin’d walls he did reedifye  
Of Troynoyant, gainst force of enimy,  
And built that gate, which of his name is hight,  
By which he lyes entombed solemnly;  
He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,  
Androgeus and Tenantius, pictures of his might.

Whilst they were young, Cassibalane their Eme  
Was by the people chosen in their stead,  
Who on him tooke the roiall Diademe,  
And goodly well long time it gouerned,  
Till the prowde Romanes him disquieted,  
And warlike Cesar, tempted with the name  
Of this sweet Island, never conquered,  
And enuying the Britons blazed fame,  
(O hideous hunger of dominion) hether came.

Yet twise they were repulsled backe againe,  
And twise renforsf, backe to their ships to fly,  
The whiles with blood they all the shore did stain,  
And the gray Ocean into purple dy:  
Ne had they footing found at last perdie,  
Had not Androgeus, false to native soyle,  
And enuious of Vncles soueraintie,  
Betrayd his countrey unto forreine spoyle:  
Nought els, but treason, from the first this land did soyle.
So by him Caesar got the victory,
Through great bloodshed, and many a sad assay,
In which himselfe was charged heauily
Of hardly Nemius, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
T'ambitious Rome, and did their rule obey,
Till Arthur all that reckoning defrayd;
Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly swayd.

Next him Tenantius raignd, then Kimbeline,
What time th'eternall Lord in fleshly slime
Enwombed was, from wretched Adams line
To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime:
O joyous memorie of happy time,
That heavenly grace so plenteously displayd;
(O too high ditty for my simple rime.)
Soone after this the Romans him warrayd;
For that their tribute he refusd to let be payd.

Good Claudius, that next was Emperour,
An army brought, and with him batteile fought,
In which the king was by a Treachetour
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought;
For Aruirage his brothers place supplyde,
Both in his armes, and crowne, and by that draught
Did drive the Romans to the weaker syde,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifyde.

Was neuer king more highly magniside,
Nor dredd of Romans, then was Aruirage,
For which the Emperour to him allide
His daughter Gemini's in marriage:

Yet
Yet shortly he renouned the vassallage
Of Rome againe, who hether hastily sent
Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage
Forwafted all, till Genuissa gent
Persuaded him to ceafe, and her lord to relent.

He dide; and him succeeded Marius,
Who ioyd his dayes in great tranquillity.
Then Coyll, and after him good Lucius,
That first receiued Christianity.
The sacred pledge of Christes Euangely:
Yet true it is, that long before that day
Hither came Joseph of Arimathy,
Who brought with him the holy grayle, (they say)
And preacht the truth; but since it greatly did decay.

This good king shortly without islew dide,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
That did her selfe in sondry parts diuide,
And with her powre her owne selfe ouerthrew,
Whilst Romans daily did the weake subdew:
Which seeing stout Bunduca, vp arose,
And taking armes, the Britons to her drew;
With whom she marched streight against her foes,
And them vnwares besides the Severne did enclose.

There she with them a cruell batell tyre,
Not with so good successe, as shee deseru'd;
By reason that the Captaines on her syde,
Corrupted by Paulinus, from her sweru'd:
Yet such, as were through former flight preseru'd,
Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,
And with fresh corage on the victor seru'd:
But being all defeated, save a few,
Rather then fly, or be captiu'd, her selfe she strow.

O famous.
Cant. X.  the Faery Queene: 341

O famous monument of womens praise,
   Matchable either to Semiramis,
Whom antique history so high doth raise,
Or to Hypsipht, or to Thomiris:
Her Host two hundred thousand numbered is;
Who, whiles good fortune fauoured her might,
Triumphed ovt against her enemis;
And yet though overcome in haplesse fight,
Shee triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

Her reliques Fulgent having gathered,
   Fought with Severus, and him overthrew;
Yet in the chase was slaine of them, that fled:
So made them victors, whom he did subdue.
Then gan Carausius tirannize anew,
   And against the Romans bent their proper powre,
But him Allectus treacherously slew,
And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure:
Nath'lesse the same enjoyed but shorl happy howre:

For Asclepiodatc him overcame,
   And left inglorious on the vanquishd playne,
Without or robe, or rag, to hide his shame.
Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne;
But shortly was by Coyl'in battle slaine:
Who after long debate, since Lucies tyme,
Was of the Britons first crownd Soueraine:
Then gan this Realme renew her passed prime:
He of his name Coylechester built of stone and lime.

Which when the Romans heard, they hether sent
   Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whom he king Coyll made an agreement,
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright.
Fayre Helena, the fairest living wight;
Who in all godly thewes, and goodly praise,
Did far excell, but was most famous hight
For skil in Musicke of all in her daies,
Also in curious instruments as cunning laies.

Of whom he did great Constantine begett,
Who afterward was Emperour of Rome;
To which whiles absent he his mind did sett,
Oclaius here leapt into his roome,
And it usurped by vnrighteous doome:
But he his title justiside by might,
Slaying Traberne, and having overcome
The Romane legion in dreadfull fight:
So settled he his kingdome, and confirm’d his right.

But wanting yssw male, his daughter deare,
He gaue in wedlocke to Maximian,
And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,
Till murdred by the frends of Gratian;
Then gan the Hunnes and Piets invade this land,
During the raigne of Maximinian;
Who dying left none heire them to withstand.
But that they ouerran all parts with eazy hand.

The weary Britons, whose war-hable youth
Was by Maximian lately ledd away,
With wretched miseries, and woeful ruth,
Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
And daily spectacle of sad decay:
(1) (yeares,
Whome Romane warres, which now four hundred
And more had wafted, could no whit dismay;
Til by consent of Commons and of Peares,
They crownd the second Constantine with joyous teares,
Who
Who hauing oft in bateill vanquished
Those spoylefull Picts, and swarming Easterlings,
Long time in peace his realme established,
Yet oft annoyd with fondry bordragings.
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein Scatterlings,
With which the world did in those dayes abound:
Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound,
Which from Alcloyd to Panwelt did that border bownd.

Three soones he dying left, all vnder age;
By meanes whereof, their vnkle Vortigere
Vsurpt the crowne, during their pupillage;
Which th'Infants tutors gathering to feare,
Them closely into Armorick did beare:
For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,
He sent to Germany, straunge aid to reare,
From whence eftfoones arrriued here three hoyes
Of Saxons, whom he for his safety imployes.

Two brethren were their Capitayns, which hight
Hengist and Horsus, well approu'd in warre,
And both of them men of renowned might;
Who making vantage of their ciuile iarre,
And of those forreyners, which came from farre,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the Realme ere long theystronger arre,
Then they which fought at first their helping hand.
And Vortiger haue forst the kingdome to aband.

But by the helpe of Vortimere his sonne,
He is againe vnto his rule restord,
And Hengist seeming sad, for that was donne,
Receiued is to grace and new accord,
Through his faire daughters face, & flattering word,
Soone after which, three hundred Lords he flew
Of British blood, all sitting at his bord;
Whose dolesfull moniments who lift to rew,
Th' eternall marks of treason may at Stonheng vew.

By this the sones of Constantine, which fled,
Ambrose and Vther did ripe yeares attayne,
And here arriving, strongly challenged
The crowne, which Vortiger did long detayne:
Who flying from his guilt, by them was slayne,
And Hengist eke soone brought to sham esfull death.
Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did rayne,
Till that through poyson stopped was his breath;
So now entombed lies at Stoneheng by the heath.

After him Vther, which Pendragon hight,
Succeeding There abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other Cefure right,
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
Or th' Author selfe could not at least attend
To finish it: that so vntimely breach
The Prince him selfe halfe seemed to offend,
Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,
And wonder of antiquity long stopht his speach.

At last quite rauisht with delight, to heare
The royall Offspring of his native land,
Cryde out, Deare countrey, O how dearly deare
Ought thy remembrance, and perpetual band
Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand
Did commun breath and nouriture receaue?
How brutish is it not to vnderstand,
How much to her we owe, that all vs gaue,
That gaue vnto vs all, what euer good we haue.
But Guyen all this while his booke did read,
Ne yet has ended: for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leasure, so long leaues here to repeat:
It told, how first *Prometheus* did create
A man, of many parts from beasts dery'd,
And then stole fire from heuen, to animate
His worke, for which he was by *Ione* depreyu'd
Of life him self, and hart-strings of an Aegle ry'd.

That man so made, he called *Elfe*, to weet
Quick, the first author of all Elfin kynd:
Who wandring through the world with wearie feet,
Did in the gardins of *Adonis* kynd
A goodly creature, whom he deemd in mynd
To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,
Or Angell, th'authour of all woman kynd;
Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
Of whom all *Faries* spring, & fetch their lignage right.

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,
And puissant kinges, which all the world warrayd,
And to them selues all Nations did subdued:
The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
Was *Elfin*, him all *India* obayd,
And all that now *America* men call:
Next him was noble *Elfinian*, who laid
*Cleopoli* foundation first of all:
But *Elfinian* enclosed it with a golden wall.

His sonne was *Elfennell*, who ouercame
The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloody field:
But *Elfant* was of most renowned fame,
Who all of Christall did *Panthes* build:

Then
The second Booke of Cant.

Then Elfar, who two brethren gyauntes kild,
The one of which had two heades, th'other three:
Then Elfinor, who was in magick skild;
He built by art vpon the glafly See (bee.
A briidge of bras, whose sound heues thunder seem'd to

He left three sonnes, the which in order raynd,
And all their Offspring, in their dew descents,
Euen seuen hundred Princes, which maintaynd
With mightie deedes their sondry gouernments;
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiall:
Yet should they be most famous moniments,
And braue ensample, both of martiall,
And ciuil rule to kinges and states imperiall.

After all these Elficleos did rayne,
The wife Elficleos in great Maiestie,
Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,
And with rich spoyles and famous victorie,
Did high aduaunce the crowne of Faery:
He left two sonnes, of which faire Elferon
The eldeft brother did vnrimely dy;
Whose emptie place the mightie Oberon
Doubly supplide, in spousall, and dominion.

Great was his power and glorie ouer all,
Which him before, that sacred seate did fill,
That yet remains his wide memoriall:
He dying left the fairest Tanaquill,
Him to succede therein, by his last will:
Fairer and nobler liueth none this howre;
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
Therefore they Glorian call that glorious howre,
Long mayst thou Glorian liue, in glory & great powre.

Beguyld
Beguyl'd thus with delight of nouelties,
And naturall desire of countryes state,
So long they redd in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled, they quite forgate,
Till gentle Alma seeing it so late,
Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
To thinke, how supper did them long awaite.
So halfe vnwilling from their bookes them brought,
And fayrely feasted, as so noble knightes she ought.

Cant XI

The enimies of Temperance
besiege her dwelling place:
Prince Arthur them repelles, and fowle
Maleger doth deface.

What warre so cruel, or what siege so sore,
As that, which strong affections doe apply
Against the forte of reason euermore,
To bring the sowe into captiuyt:
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 vellenage.

But in a body which doth freely yeeld
His partes to reasones rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly governement
Is setted there in sure establishment,
There Alma like a virgin Queene most bright,
Doth flouris in all beautie excellent:
And to her guestes doth bounteous banchet dight,
Attempred goodly well for health and for delight.

Early before the Morne with cremosin ray,
The windowes of bright heauen opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might looke, that maketh euery creature glad,
Vprose Sir Guyon, in bright armour clad,
And to his purposd journey him prepar'd:
With him the Palmer eke in habitsad,
Him selfe addressd to that adventure hard:
So to the riuers syde they both together far'd.

Where them awaited ready at the ford
The Ferriman, as Alma had behight,
With his well rigg'd bote: They goe abord,
And he eftfoones gan launch his barke forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
And faft the land behynd them fled away.
But let them pas,whiles winde and wether right
Does serve their turnes:here I a while must stay,
To see a cruell fight done by the prince this day.

For all so soon, as Guyon thence was gon
Vpon his voyage with his trustie guyde,
That wicked band of villeins freth begun
That castle to assaile on euery side,
And lay strong siege about it far and wyde.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they vnder them did hyde;
So fowle and vgly, that exceeding feare
Their visages imprest, when they approched neare.

Them
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 obiect most deface,
As every one seem'd meekest in that case.
Seuen of the same against the Castle gate,
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
Which with incessant force and endlesse hate,
They battred day and night, and entraunce did aware.

The other fine, five sondry wayes he sett,
Against the five great Bulwarke of that pyle,
And into each a Bulwarke did arrest,
T'assayle with open force or hidden guyle,
In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
They all that charge did ferently apply,
With greedie malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they dayly made most dreadfull battery.

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement
Of fowle misshapen wightes, of which some were
Headed like Owles, with bekes vncomely bent,
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,
And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare,
And euery one of them had Lynces eyes,
And euery one did bow and arrowes beare:
All those were lawleffe lustes, corrupt enuyes,
And couetous aspects, all cruel enimyes.

Those same against the bulwarke of the Sighth
Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,
Ne once did yield it respitt day nor night,
But soone as Titan gan his head exault,
And soone againe as he his light withhault,  
Their wicked engins they against it bent:  
That is each thing, by which the eyes may fault,  
But two then all more huge and violent,  
Beautie, and money they against that Bulwarke lent.

The second Bulwarke was the Hearing fence,  
Gainst which the second troupe assignment makes,  
Deformed creatures, in straunge difference,  
Some hauing heads like Harts, some like to Snakes,  
Some like wilde Bores late rouzd out of the brakes,  
Slanderous reproches, and fowle infamies,  
Leasinges, backbytinges, and vaineglorious crakes,  
Bad counsels, prayses, and false flatteries,  
All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

Likewise that same third Fort, that is the Smell  
Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd:  
Whose hideous shapes were like to seendes of hell,  
Some like to houndes, some like to Apes, dismayd,  
Some like to Puttockes, all in plumes arayd:  
All shap't according their conditions,  
For by those vgly formes weren pourtrayd,  
Foolish delights and fond abusions,  
Which doe that fence besiege with light illusions.

And that fourth band which cruell battre bent,  
Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the Taste,  
Was as the rest a grysierablement,  
Some mouth’d like greedy Oystriges, some fafte  
Like loathly Toades, some fashioned in the waste  
Like swine; for so deformd is luxury,  
Sursfeat, misdiet, and vnthriftie waste,  
Vaine feastes, and ydle superfluity:  
All those this fences Fort assayle incessantly.

But
But the first troupe most horrible of show,
And fierce of force, is dreadful to report:
For some like Snails, some did like Spiders shew,
And some like v'ry Vrchiins thick and short:
Cruelly they assayed that first Fort,
Armed with darts of sensual delight,
With stings of carnall lust, and strong effort
Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night
Against that same first bulwarke they continued fight.

Thus these twelve troups with dreadful puissauce
Against that Castle restless siege did lay,
And euermore their hideous Ordinance
Vpon the Bulwarke cruelly did play,
That now it gan to threaten neare decay.
And euermore their wicked Capitayn
Prouoked them the breaches to assay,
Somtimes with threats, somtimes with hope of gayn,
Which by the ransack of that peece they shou'd attayn.

On th'other syde, th'assieg'd Castles ward
Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
And many bold repulse, and many hard
Achieuement wrought with peril and with payne,
That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine:
And those two brethren Gyauntes did defend
The walles so stoutly with their sturdie mayne,
That neuer entraunce any durst pretend,
But they to direfull death their groining ghofts did send.

The noble Virgin, Ladie of the Place,
Was much dismayed with that dreadful sight:
For neuer was she in so euill 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'authour of that strife:  
She him remercied as the Patrone of her life.

Eftfoones himselfe in glitterand armes he dight,  
And his well proued weapons to him hent;  
So taking courteous conge he behight,  
Those gates to be vnbar'd, and forth he went.  
Fayre mote he thee, the prowest and most gent,  
That ever brandished bright Steele on bye:  
Whom soone as that unruly rablement,  
With his gay Squire issewing did espye,  
They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelving cry.

And therewithall attonce at him let fly  
Their fluttering arrowes, thicke as flakes of snow,  
And round about him flocke impetuously,  
Like a great water flood, that tumbling low  
From the high mountaines, threates to ouerflow  
With suddein fury all the fertile playne,  
And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw,  
A downe the streame and all his vowes make vayne,  
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustayne.

Vpon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,  
And with his sword dispersd the raskall flockes,  
Which fled a sander, and him fell before,  
As withered leaues drop from their driedd stockes,  
Whé the wroth Western wind does reaue their locks  
And vnder neath him his courageous stede,  
The fierce Spumador trode them downe like docks,  
The fierce Spumador borne of heauenly seed:  
Such as Laomedon of Phabns race did breed  
Which
Which sudden horror and confused cry,
When as their Captain heard, in haste he yode,
The cause to meet, and fault to remedy,
Upon a Tygre swift and fierce he rode,
That as the wind ran underneath his lode,
While his long legs nigh raught unto the ground,
Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
But of such subtile substance and vnsound,
That like a ghost he seem'd, whose graue-clothes were vnbound.

And in his hand a bended bow was seene,
And many arrowes under his right side,
All deadly daungerous, all cruell keene,
Headed with flint, and feathers bloody dide,
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide,
Those could he well direct and steight as line,
And bid them strike the marke, which he had eyde,
Ne was their salvation was their medicine,
That more recure their wounds: so inly they did tine.

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,
His body leane and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered like a dried rooke,
There to as cold and drery as a Snake,
That seem'd to tremble euermore, and quake:
All in a canuaas 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 seem'd a ghastly light.

Maleger was his name, and after him,
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,
With hoary lockes all loose, and visage grim;
Their feet wash'd, their bodies wrapt in rags.

And
And both as swift on foot, as chased Stags,
And yet the one her other legge had lame,
Which with a staffe, all full of little snags
She did support, and Impotence her name:
But th'other was Impatience, arm'd with raging flame.

Soone as the Carle from far the Prince espyde,
Glistening in armes and warlike ornament,
His Bealt he felly prickt on either syde,
And his mischieuous bow full readie bent,
With which at him a cruell shaft he sent:
But he was warie, and it warded well
Upon his shield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:
Then he another and another did expell.

Which to preuent, the Prince his mortall speare
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
To be avenged of that shot whylearne:
But he was not so hardy to abide
That bitter stownd, 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 weene approch him neare.

For as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
That vew of eye could scarce him overtake,
Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tred;
Through hils and dales he speedy way did make,
Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,
And in his flight the villein turn'd his face,
(As wonts the Tartar by the Cassian lake,
When as the Russian him in fight does chace)
Vnto his Tygres taine, and shot at him apace.
Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew,
And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
That him his foe more fiercely should pournew:
But when his uncouth manner he did view,
He gan auize to follow him no more,
But keele his standing, and his shaftes eschew,
Vntill he quite had spent his perilous store,
And then aasayle him fres, ere he could shift for more.

But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew
His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,
And to him brought fres batteill to renew:
Which he espying, cast her to restraine
From yieldig succour to that cursed Swaine,
And her attaching, thought her hands to tye;
But soone as him dismounted on the plaine,
That other Hag did far away espye
Binding her sifter, she to him ran haftily.

And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
Him backeward overthrew, and downe him stayd
With their rude handes and griesly graplement,
Till that the villein comming to their ayd,
Vpon him fell, and lode vpon him layd;
Full little wanted, but he had him slaine,
And of the battell balefull end had made,
Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,
And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter bane.

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
So seeble is mans state, and life vnfound,
That in assurance it may never stand,

Till
Till it dissolved be from earthly band.
Proof be thou Prince, the prouest man aluye,
And noblest borne of all in Briton land,
Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearly drive,
That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldst not requie.

The Squyre arriving, fiercely, in his armes
Snatcht first the one, and then the other Iade,
His chiefest letts and authors of his harmes,
And them perforce withheld with threatened blade,
Leas that his Lord they should behinde invade;
The whiles the Prince prickt with reprochful shame,
As one awakte out of long slumbering shade,
Renuying thought of glory and of fame,
United all his powres to purge him selfe from blame.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow caue
Hath long bene vnderkept, and down suppress,
With murmurous disdayne doth inly raue,
And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,
At last breaks forth with furious infest,
And striues to mount unto his native seat,
All that did earth it hinder and molest,
Yt now deuoures with flames and scorching heat,
And carrieth into smoake with rage and horror great.

So mightely the Briton Prince him rouzd
Out of his holde, and broke his caytiue bands,
And as a Beare whom angry curres hauetouzd,
Hauing off-shakt them, and escapt their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
Treads down and overthrowes. Now had the Carle
Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
Discharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,
To seize upon his foe flatly lying on the marle.

Which
Cant. XL  
the Faery Queene:

Which now him turnd to disavantage deare,
For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
But truft vnfo to his strength and manhood meare,
Sith now he is far from his monstrous swarme,
And of his weapons did him selfe disarme.
The knight yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
Fiercely aduaunft his valorous right arme,
And him so sore smott with his yron mace,
That groueling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

Wel weened hee, that field was then his owne,
And all his labor brought to happy end,
When suddein vp the vileine ouerthrowne,
Out of his owne arose, fresh to contend,
And gan him selfe to second battaill bend,
As hurt he had not beene. Thereby there lay
An huge great stone, which stood vpon one end,
And had not bene remoued many a day;
Some land-marke seemd to bee, or signe of sundry way.

The fame he snarcht, and with exceeding sway
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
To thonne the engin of his meant decay;
It booted not to thinke that throw to beare;
But ground he gaue, and lightly lept areare:
Este fierce retourniing, as a faulk on fayre
That once hath failed of her soufe full neare,
Remounts againe into the open ayre,
And into better fortune doth her selfe prepayre.

So braue retourniing, with his brandiift blade,
He to the Carle him selfe agayn addreft,
And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
An open paffage through his riuem breft,

That
That halfe the steele behind his backe did rest;
Which drawing backe, he looked euermore
When the hart blood should guth out of his cheft,
Or his dead corfe should fall vpon the flore;
But his dead corfe vpon the slore fell nathemore.

Ne drop of blood appeared shed to bee,
All were the wound so wide and wonderous,
That through his carcas one might playnly see:
Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage, to be deluded thus,
Again through both the sides he strooke him quight,
That made his spright to groone full piteous:
Yet nathemore forth fled his gronyn spright,
But fresely as at first, prepar’d himselfe to fight.

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his hart apall,
Ne wist he, what to thinke of that same sight,
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all;
He doubted, least it were some magicall
Illusion, that did beguile his sense,
Or wandring ghost, that wanted funerall,
Or aery spirite vnder false pretence,
Or hellich feend rayd vp through diuelish science.

His wonder far exceeded reasons reach,
That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
And ofte of error did him selfe appeach:
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 feend a mortall wight,
That was most strong in most infirmitie;
Like did he neuer heare, like did he neuer see.

A while
A while he stood in this astonishment,  
Yet would he not for all his great dismay  
Give over to effect his first intent,  
And th'virtuous means of victory assay,  
Or th'virtuous ystew of his owne decay.  
His owne good sword _Mordure_, that neuer sayld  
At need, till now, he lightly threw away,  
And his bright shield, that nought him now auayld,  
And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

Twixt his two mighty armes him vp he snatcht,  
And crush't his carcas so against his brest,  
That the disdainfull foule he thence dispatcht,  
And th'ydle breath all utterly exprest:  
Tho when he felthim dead, adowne he kest  
The lumpish corfe into the senselesse ground,  
Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,  
That backe againe it did alofte rebound,  
And gaue against his mother earth a gronefull sound.

As when _Iones_ harness-bearing Bird from hye  
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdayne,  
The stone-dead quarrey falls so forciblye,  
That yt rebounds against the lowly playne,  
A second fall redoubling backe agayne.  
Then thought the Prince all peril sure was past,  
And that he victor onely did remayne;  
No sooneer 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 trouell vayne,  
Against his lifelesse shadow so to fight:  
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty mayne,
That whiles he marueild still, did still him payne:
For thy he gan some other wayes aduize,
How to take life from that dead-luing swayne,
Whom still he marked freshely to arize
From th'earth, & from her womb new spirits to reprize.

He then remembred well, that had bene bayd,
How th'Earth his mother was, and first him bore,
Shee eke so often, as his life decayd,
 Didlife with vsury to him restore,
And reysd him vp much stronger then before,
So soone as he vnto her wombe did fall;
Therefore to ground he would him cast no more,
Ne him committ to graue terrestriall,
But beare him farre from hope of succour vsuall.

Tho vp he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
And hauing scruzd out of his carrion corse
The lothfull life, now loosd from stafull bands,
Vpon his shoulders carried him perfore
Aboue three furlongs, taking his full course,
Vntill he came vnto a standing lake;
Him thereinto he threw without remorfe,
Ne stird, till hope of life did him forake; (make.
So end of that Carles dayes, and his owne paynes did

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 yellaing crye,
Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
And hauing quencht her burning fier brands,
Hedlong her felte did cast into that lake;
But Impotence with her owne wilfull hands,
One of Malegers cursed darts did take,
So ryu'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.

Thus
Cant. XI.  the Faery Queen.

Thus now alone he conquerour remaines;  
Tho' coming to his Squyre, that kept his steed,  
Thought to have mounted, but his feeble vaines  
Him faileth thereto, and served not his need,  
Through losse of blood, which from his wounds did  
That he began to faint, and life decay:  
But his good Squyre him helping vp with speed,  
With stedfast hand vpon his horfe did stay,  
And led him to the Castle by the beaten way.

Where many Grooms and Squyres ready were,  
To take him from his steed full tenderly,  
And eke the fairest Alma met him there  
With balme and wine and costly spicery,  
To comfort him in his infirmity;  
Esterones shee causd him vp to be conveyd,  
And of his armes despoyled easily,  
In sumptuous bed shee made him to be layd,  
And al the while his wouds were dressing, by him stayd
Guyon through Palmers gouernaunce,
throughe pasing perilles great,
Doth ouerthrow the Bowre of blis,
and Acrasy defeat.

Now gynnes this goodly frame of Temperaunce
Fayrely to rise, and her adorned hed
To pricke of highest prayse forth to aduaunce,
Formerly grounded, and fast fetteleed
On firme foundation of true bountyhed;
And this braue knight, that for this vertue fightes,
Now comes to point of that same perilous fted,
Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
Mongst thousand dagers, & ten thoufand Magick mights.

Two dayes now in that fea he sayled has,
Ne euer land beheld,ne liuing wight,
Ne ought saue perill,still as he did pas:
Tho when appeared the third Morrow bright,
Vpon the waues to spred her trembling light,
An hideous roring far away they heard,
That all their fences filled with affright,
And freight they saw the raging surges reard
Vp to the skyes, that them of drowning made affeard.

Said then the Boteman, Palmer steere aright,
And keepe an euen course; for yonder way
We needes must pas(God doe vs well acquight,) That
That is the Gulfe of Greedinesse, they say,
That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray:
Which hauing swallowd vp excessuely,
He soone in vomit vp againe doth lay,
And belcheth forth his supernuity,
That all the seas for feare did seeme away to fly.

On another syde an hideous Rock is pight,
Of mightie Magnes stone, whose cragie cliff
Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
Ouer the waues his rugged armes doth lift,
And threateneth downe to throw his ragged rift,
On whofo cometh nigh, yet nigh it drawes
All passengers, that none from it can shift:
For whiles they fly that Gulfs deouoring iawes,
They on this Rock are rent, and funck in helples waues.

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
Vntill they nigh vnto that Gulfe arrayue,
Where streme more violent and greedy growes:
Then he with all his puifaunce doth striyue
To strike his oares, and mightily doth dryue
The hollow vesseall through the threatfull waue,
Which gaping wide, to swallow them alyue,
In th'huge abysse of his engulfsing grave,
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terrour raue.

They passing by, that grisely mouth did see,
Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
That seemd more horrible then hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare stepe,
Through which the damned ghosts doen often creep
Backe to the world, bad liuers to torment:
But nought that fallles into this direfull deepe,
Ne that approcheth nigh the wyde descent,
May backe returne, but is condemned to be drent.
On the other side, they saw that perilous Rocke,
    Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
    On whose sharpe cliiftes the ribs of vessels broke,
    And shiuered ships, which had bene wrecket late,
    Yet stuck, with carcases exanimate
Of such, as hauing all their substance spent
In wanton ioyes, and lustes intemperate,
    Did afterwardes make shipwrack violent,
Both of their life, and fame for euer fowly blent.

For thy this hight The Rock of vile Reproch,
    A daungerous and detestable place,
    To which nor fish nor fowle did once approch,
    But yelling Meawes, with Seagulles hoars and bace,
    And Cormoyraunts, with birds of rauenous race,
Which still at weiting on that waftfull cliift,
    For spoile of wretches, whose vnhappy cace,
After lost credit and consumed thrift,
    At last them driuen hath to this despairefull drift,

The Palmer seeing them in safetie past,
    Thus saide, behold then examples in our fightes,
    Of lustfull luxurie and thristlesse waft:
    What now is left of miserable wightes,
Which spent their looser daies in leud delightes,
    But shame and sad reproch, here to be red,
By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plightes?
Let all that liue, hereby be counselled,
    To shunne Rock of Reproch and it as death to dread.

So forth they rowed, and that Ferrymen
    With his stiffe oares did brush the seas so strong,
    That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
    And the light bubes daunced all along,
While the salt brine out of the billowes sprung.
At last far off they many Islands spy,
On every side floting the floodes emong:
Then said the knight, Lo I the land desery,
Therefore old Syre thy course doe thereunto apply.

That may not bee, said then the Ferryman
Least wee vnweeting hap to be fordone:
For those same Islands, seeming now and than,
Are not firme land, nor any certain wonne,
But stragling plots, which to and fro doe ronne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The wandring Islands. Therefore doe them thonne;
For they haue ofte drawne many a wandring wight
Into most deadly danger and distrested plight.

Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth uew,
Both faire and fruitfulfull, and the ground dispred,
With grassy greene of delectable hew,
And the tall trees with leaues appareled,
Are deckt with blossoms dyde in white and red,
That mote the passengers thereto allure;
But whosoever once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may never it recure,
But wandreth euer more vn certain and vn sure.

As th'Isle of Delos whylome men report
Amid th' Aegean sea long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certaine port,
Till that Latona trauelling that way,
Flying from Iunoes wrath and hard assay,
Of her fayre twins was there delivered,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
Thenceforth it firmely was established,
And for Apollos temple highly her ried.
They to him hearken, as besemeth meete,
   And passe on forward: so their way does liy,
That one of those same Islands, which doe fleet
In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
Which seemed so sweet and pleasaint to the eye;
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
Vpon the banck they sitting did espy
A daintie damsell, dressing of her heare,
By whom a little skippet floting did appeare.

She them espying, loud to them can call,
   Bidding them nigher draw vnto the shore;
   For she had cause to busie them withall;
   And therewith loudly laught: But nathemore
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:
Which when she saw, she left her lockes unight,
   And running to her boat wihtouten ore,
   From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did driue with all her power and might.

Whom ouertaking, she in merry sort
   Them gan to bord, and purpose diversely,
Now faining dalliance and wanton sport,
Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodestly;
   Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke, for being loose and light:
Which not abiding, but more scornfully
   Scoffing at him, that did her justly wise,
She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

That was the wanton Phædria, which late
   Did ferry him ouer the Idle lake:
Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
And all her vaine allurements did forfake,
   When
When them the wary Boteman thus bespake:
Here now behoueth vs well to auye,
And of our safety good heede to take;
For here before a perilous passage lyes,
Where many Mermayds haunt, making false melodies.

But by the way, there is a great Quicksand,
And a whirlepoole of hidden jeopardy,
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an euen hand;
For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly.
Scarfe had he saide, when hard at hand they spy
That quicksand nigh with water couered;
But by the checked waue they did descry
It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:
It called was the quicksand of Unthristyhed.

They passing by, a goodly Ship did see,
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And brauely furnished, as ship might bee,
Which through great disaunture, or melprize,
Her selfe had ronne into that hazardize;
Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle,
Labour'd in vaine, to haue recut'd their prize,
And the rich wares to faue from pitteous spoyle,
But neither toyle nor trauell might her backe recoyle.

On th'other side they see that perilous Poole,
That called was the Whirlepoole of decay,
In which full many had with haplesse doole
Beene suncke, of whom no memorie did stay:
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
Like to a restlesse wheele, still running round,
Did couet, as they passed by that way,
To draw their bote within the utmost bound
Of his wide Labyrinth, and then to haue them dround.

A a But
But th'earnest Boteman strongly forth did stretch
His brawnie armes, and all his bodie straine,
That th'vmoft sandy breach they shortly fetch,
Whilesthe dreed daunger does behind remaine.
Suddeney they see from midst of all the Maine,
The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
And the great sea puff vp with proud disdaine,
To swell aboue the measure of his guise,
As threatning to devoure all, that his powre despise.

The waues come rolling, and the billowes roar
Outragiously, as they enraged were,
Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive before
His whirling charret, for exceeding feare:
For not one puffe of winde there did appeare,
That all the three thereat woxe much afrayd,
Unweeting, what such honour straunge did reare.
Eftsoones they saw an hideous host arrayd,
Of huge Sea monsters, such as liuing fence dismayd.

Most vgy shapes, and horrible aspects,
Such as Dame Nature selse more feare to see,
Or shame, that euer shoulde so fowle defects
From her most cunning hand escaped bee;
All dreadfull portraits of deformtie:
Spring-headed Hydres, and sea-shouldring Whales,
Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee,
Bright Scolopendraes, arm'd with siluer scales,
Mighty Monoceros, with immeasured tayles.

The dreadfull Fish, that hath deseru'd the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew,
The grievly Waflerman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnes to pursew,
The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme;
Huge Ziffius, whom Mariners eschew
No lefse, then rockes, (as trauellers informe,)
And greedy Rosmarines with visages deforme.

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noife, and hollow rombling rore,
Came rushing in the fomy waves enrold,
Which seem'd to fly for feare, them to behold:
Ne wonder, if these did the knight appall;
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall.

Feare nought, then saide the Palmer well auiz'd;
For these same Monsters are not these in deed,
But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
By that same wicked witch, to worke vs dred,
And draw from on this journey to proceed.
Tho lifting vp his vertuous staffe on hye,
He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
And all that dreadfull Armie faft gan flye
Into great Tethys bosome, where they hidden lye.

Quit from that danger, forth their course they kept,
And as they went, they heard a ruefull cry
Of one, that way I d and pittifull wept,
That through the sea the resounding plaints did fly:
At last they in an Island did espy
A seemely Maiden, sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow and sad agony,
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
And loud to them for succour called euermore.

Which
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 auzing better, to him sayd;
Faire Sir, be not displeased if disobayd:
For ill it were to hearken to her cry;
For she is inly nothing ill apayd,
But onely womanish fine forgery,
Your stubborne hart t'afffect with fraile insirmity.

To which when the your courage hath inclind
Through foolish pity, then her guilefull bayt
She will embosom deeper in your mind,
And for your ruine at the last awayt.
The Knight was ruled, and the Boteman strayt
Held on his course with stayd steadfastnesse,
Neuer shroncke, neuer sought to bayt
His tyred armes for toylesome weariness,
But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernesse.

And now they nigh approched to the sted,
Where as those Mermayds dwelt: it was a still
And calmy bay, on th' one side sheltered
With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill,
On th' other side an high rocke toured still,
That twixt them both a pleaasunt port they made,
And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill:
There those five sisters had continual trade,
And vfd to bath themselues in that deceitfull shade.

They were faire Ladies, till they fondly striu'd
With th' Heliconian maides for maystery;
Of whom they ouer-comen, were depruin'd
Of their proud beautie, and th' one moyity

Transform'd
Transformd to fioh, for their bold furquedry,
But th'upper halfe their hew retaynd still,
And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
Which euer after they abusd to ill,
Tallure weake trueillers, whom gotten they did kill.

So now to Guyon, as he passd by,
Their pleafaunt tunes they sweetly thus applyde;
O thou fayre fonne of gentle Faery,
That art in mightie armes moft magnifyde
Aboue all knights, that euer batteill tryde,
O turne thy rudder hetherward a while:
Here may thy storme-bett vefell safely ryde;
This is the Port of ref from troublous toyle,
The worldes sweet In, fro paine & weartome turmoyle.

With that the rolling sea refounding foft,
In his big base them fitly answered,
And on the rocke the waues breaking aloft,
A folemne Meane vnto them meafured,
The whites sweet Zephyrus lowd whifteled
His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony;
Which Guyons fenses softly tickeled,
That he the boatem man bad row eaflly,
And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

But him the Palmer from that vanity,
With temperate aduice discounfelled,
That they it past, and shortly gan defcry
The land, to which their course they leueld;
When suddeinly a groffe fog ouer spred
With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And heavens chearefull face enuelded,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great Vniuerfe feemd one confused mas.

Aa 3 Thereat
Thereat they greatly were dismay'd, ne wist
How to direct their way in darkenes wide,
But feared to wander in that wastefull mist,
For trembling into mischiefe vnspide.
Worse is the daunger hidden, then descride.
Suddenlie an innumerabl flight
Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering, criete,
And with their wicked wings them ofte did smight,
And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.

Euen all the nation of vnfortunate
And fatall birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,
The ill-faste Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere,
The hoars Night-rauen, trump of dolefull drece,
The lether-winged Batt, dayes enimy,
The ruefull Strich, still waiting on the bere,
The whiffler shrill, that who so heares, doth dy,
The hellifh Harpyes, prophets of sad destiny.

All those, and all that els does horror breed,
About them fled, and fild their fayles with feare.
Yet stayed they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th'eone did row, and th'other stily steare.
Till that at laft the weather gan to cleare,
And the faiere land it felfe did playnly shew.
Said then the Palmer Lo where does appeare
The sacred foile, 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 Stroke,
Then forth the noble Guyon fallied,
And his sage Palmer, that him governed;
But th'other by his bote behind did stay.
They marched sayrly forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmly armd for every hard aseyd,
With constancy and care, against danger and dismay.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
As if that hungers poynct, or Venus sting
Had them enraged with fell furqueady;
Yet nought they feared, but past on hardly,
Vntill they came in view of those wilde beasts:
Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their vpstaring crefts,
Ran towards, to devour those vnexpected guestis.

But soon as they approchte with deadly threat,
The Palmer ouer them his staffe vpheild,
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:
Eftefoones their stubborne corages were queld,
And high aduanced crefts downe meekely feld,
Instead of fraying, they them selues did feare,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
All monsters: to subdew to him, that did it beare.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
Of which Caduceus whilome was made,
Caduceus the rod of Mercury,
With which he wonts the Stygian realmes inuade,
Through ghastly horror, and eternall shade;
The internall feends with it he can aswage,
And Orcus came, whomc nothing can perswade,
And rule the Furies, when they most doe rage:
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.
Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arrayue,
Whereas the Bowre of Bliffe was situate;
A place pickt out by choyce of best arrayue,
That natures worke by art can imitate:
In which what euer in this worldly state
Is sweete, and pleasing unto liuing sense,
Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
And made there to abound with lusiftifh affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,
As well their entred guestes to keep within,
As those vnruuly beastes to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin;
Nought feared their force, that fortilage to win,
But wisdomes powre, and temperaunces might,
By which the migtest things enforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
Rather for pleasure, then for battery or fight.

Yet framed was of precious yuory,
That seemd a worke of admirable witt;
And therein all the famous history
Of Iason and Medea was ywritt;
Her mighty charmes, her furious louing fitt,
His goodly couquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed sayth, and loue too lightly flitt,
The wondred Argo, which in venturous piece
First through the Euxine seas bore all the flowr of Greece.

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry
Vnder the ship, as thorough them she went,
That seemd the waues were into yuory,
Or yuory into the waues were sent;
And otherwher \textit{the snowy substance} sprant
With vermell, like the boyes blood therein shed,
\textit{A piteous spectacle} did represent,
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled;
Yt seemd thenchaunted \textit{flame}, which did \textit{Crued} wed.

All this, and more might in that goodly gate
Be red; that euery open stood to all,
Which theather came: but in the Porch their fate
\textit{A comely personage of stature tall},
And \textit{semblance pleasing, more then natural},
That traueller to him seemd to entize;
\textit{His looser garment to the ground did fall},
\textit{And flew about his heeles in wanton wise},
\textit{Not fitt for speedy pace, or manly exercise}.

\textit{They in that place} him \textit{Genius} did call:
\textit{Not that celestiall power, to whom the care}
Of life, and generation of all
\textit{That liues, perteines in charge particulaire},
\textit{Who wondrous things concerning our welfare},
\textit{And straunge phantomes doth lett vs ofte forsee},
\textit{And ofte of secret ill bids vs beware:}
\textit{That is our Selfe, whom though we doe not see,}
\textit{Yet each doth in him selfe it well perceiue to bee}.

\textit{Therefore a God him sage Antiquity}
\textit{Did wisely make, and good \textit{Agdiltes} call:}
\textit{But this same was to that quite contrary,}
\textit{The foe of life, that good enuyes to all},
\textit{That secretly doth vs procure to fall},
\textit{Through guilefull semblants, which he makes vs see:}
\textit{He oft his Gardin had the gouernall,}
\textit{And Pleasures porter was deuizd to bee,}
\textit{Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitie}
With diuerse flowres he daintily was deckt,
   And strowed round about, and by his side
A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was set,
   As if it had to him bene sacrificide;
Wherewith all new-come guests he gratyside:
So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by:
But he his ydle curtesie defide,
And ouerthrew his bowle disdainfully;
And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants

Thus being entred, they behold around
A large and spacious plaine, on every side
Strowed with pleasauns, whose fayre grasyly ground
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did decke her, and too lauishly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th'early

Therewith the Heauens alwayes Iouiall,
Lookte on them louely, still in stedfaft state,
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaues to violate,
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate
T'affli& the creatures, which therein did dwell,
But the milde ayre with season moderate
Gently attempred, and disposed so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit & holevsom smell.

More sweet and holevsome, then the pleasaunt hill
Of Rhodope, on which the Nimphe, that bore
A gyant babe, her selfe for griefe did kill:
Or the Theffalian Tempe, where of yore
Fayre Daphne Phæbus hart with love did gore;
Or lds, where the Gods lou'd to repayre,
When euer they their heauenly bowres forlore;
Or sweet Parmafe, the haunt of Muses fayre;
Or Eden felfe, if ought with Eden mote compayre.

Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aspect
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sinke into his fentre, nor mind affect,
But pass'd forth, and lookef still forward right,
Brydling his will, and maystering his might:
Till that he came vnto another gate,
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate
Their clafping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

So fashioned a Porch with rare deuice,
Arch't ouer head with an embracing vine,
Whose buncbes hanging downe, feemd to entice
All paffers by, to taste their lufhious wine,
And did them selues into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered:
Some deepe empurpled as the Hyacine,
Some as the Rubine, laughing sweetely red,
Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well ripened.

And them amongst, some were of burnifht gold,
So made by art, to beautify the rest,
Which did themselues amongst the leaues enfold,
As lurking from the fiew of couetous guest,
That the weake boughes, with fo rich load opprest,
Did bow adowne, as ouerburdened.
Vnder that Porch a comely dame did reft,
Clad in fayre weedes, but fowle disordered,
And garments loose, that feemd vnmeet for womanhed.
In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulness swelled,
Into her cup the spruzd, with daintie breach
Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,
That so faire winepress made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she vnd to giue to drinke to each,
Whom passing by the happened to meet:
It was her guise, all Straungers goodly to to greet.

So she to Guyon offred it to tast,
Who taking it out of her tender hand,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond:
Whereat Exceffe exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withftond,
But suffered him to pasle, all were she loth;
Who nought regarding her displeasure, forward goth.

There the most daintie Paradise on ground,
It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does others happinness enuy:
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye,
The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
The trembling groues, the chrifall running by;
And that, which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought, (so cunningly, the rude
And scorned partes were mingled with the fine,)
That nature had for wantoneffe enlude
Art, and that Art at nature did repine;

So
Cant. XII. the Faery Queene.

So striving each the other to undermine,
Each did the others work more beautify;
So differing both in wills, agreed in line:
So all agreed through sweete diversity,
This Gardin to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all, a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance, that on earth might bee,
So pure and shiny, that the siluer flood
Through every channell running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious ymagerie
Was ouerwrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemd with liuely iollitee,
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whylet others did them selues embay in liquid toyes,

And ouer all, of purest gold was spred,
A trayle of yuie in his natuie hew:
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well auifdit it vew.
Would surely deeme it to bee yuie trew:
Low his lafciuious armes adown did creepe,
That themselfes dipping in the siluer dew,
Their fleecy blowres they fearfully did stepe,
Which drops of Christall seemd for wantones to weep.

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample lauer fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seemd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waues one might the bottom see,
All pau'd beneath with Iaspar shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle vpright.

And
And all the margent round about was sett,
With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames, which on the billowes bett,
And those which therein bathed, more offend:
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked Damzelles he therein espysde,
Which therein bathing, seemed to contend,
And wrestle wantonly, he car'd to hyde,
Their dainty partes from vew of any, which them eyd.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as over maystered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remaine,
And each the other from to rife restraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the christall waves appeared plain:
Then suddeinly both would themselves vnhele,
And th'amorous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes reule.

As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare:
Or as the Cyprian goddesse, newly borne
Of th'Oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
Such seemed they, and to their yellow heare
Christalline humor dropped downe apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,
And somwhat gan relent his earnest pace;
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

The wanton Maidens him espying, stood
Gazing a while at his unwonted guise;
Then th'one her selfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht, that her a straunger did avise:  

But
But neither rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all, that might his melting hart entyse
To her delights, she vnto him bewrayd:
The rest hidd vnderneath, him more desirous made.

With that, the other likewise vp arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
Vp in one knott, she low adowne did lose:
Which flowing long and thick, her cloth'd arond,
And th'yuorie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire spectacle from him was rest,
Yet that, which rest it, no lesse faire was found:
So hidd in lockes and waues from lookers theft,
Nought but her louely face she for his looking left.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gaue more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall:
Now when they spyde the knight to flacke his pace,
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secretes signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encrease,
And to him beckned, to approch more neare, (reare.
And shewed him many fights, that corage cold could

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
He much rebuked those wandring eyes of his,
And counselfed well, him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bevre of blis
Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis:
When thus the Palmer, Now Sir, well advise;
For here the end of all our trauell is:
Here wonnes Alrafa, whom we must surprize,
Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

Eelsoones
Eftfoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that more delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on liuing ground,
Saue in this Paradise, be heard elswhere:
Right hard it was, for wight, which did it heare,
To read, what manner musicke that more bee:
For all that pleasing is to liuing eare,
Was there comforted in one harmonie,
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

The joyous birdes shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes vnto the voice attempted sweet;
Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th'instruments diuine responedence meet:
The siluer sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall:
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, vnto the wind did call:
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

There, whence that Musick seemed heard to bee,
Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing,
With a new Louer, whom through forcerree
And witchcraft, she from farre did thether bring:
There she had him now laid a flombering,
In secret shade, after long wanton ioyes:
Whilst round about them plesauntly did sing
Many faire Ladies, and lasciuious boyes,
That euer mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

And all that while, right ouer him she hong,
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine, whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight:
And oft inclining downe with kisse light,  
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,  
And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,  
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;  
Wherewith she sigh'd soft, as if his case she rewd.

The whiles some one did chaunt this louely lay;  
Ah see, who so fayre thing doest faine to see,  
In springing flowre the image of thy day;  
Ah see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee  
Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestie,  
That fairer seemes, the leffe ye see her may;  
Lo see soone after, how more bold and free  
Her bared bosome the doth broad display;  
Lo see soone after, how she fades, and falls away.

So passeth, in the passing of a day,  
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre,  
Ne more doth flouris after first decay,  
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre,  
Of many a Lady, and many a Paramowre:  
Gather therefore the Rose, whilest yet is prime,  
For soone comes age, that will her pride deflowre:  
Gather the Rose of loue, whilest yet is time,  
Whilest louing thou mayst loued be with equall crime.

He ceaft, and then gan all the quire of birdes  
Their diuerse notes t'attune vnto his lay,  
As in approuauce of his pleasing wordes.  
The constant payre heard all, that he did say,  
Yet swarued not, but kept their forward way,  
Through many couert groues, and thickets close,  
In which they creeping did at laft dispay  
That wanton Lady, with her lover lose,  
Whose sleepe head she in her lap did soft dispose.
Upon a bed of Roses she was layd,
As faint through heat, or right to pleasant sin,
And was arrayd, or rather disarrayd,
All in a uele of silke and siluer thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather she wold more white, if more might see:
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we wouden see
Of scorched deaw, do not in th'ayre more lightly flee.

Her snowy brest was bare to ready spoyle
Of hungry cies, which n'ote therewith be sild,
And yet through languour of her late sweet toyle,
Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth distild,
That like pure Orient perles adowne it trild,
And her faire eyes sweet smyling in delight,
Moystered their fierie beames, with which the thrild
Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like stary light
Which sparckling on the silent waues, does seeme more (bright.

The young man sleeping by her, seemd to be
Some goodly swayne of honorable place,
That certes it great pitty was to see
Him his nobility so fowle deface;
A sweet regard, and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sterness did appeare
Yet sleeping, in his well proportiond face,
And on his tender lips the downy heare
Did now but freshely spring, and silken blossoms beare.

His warlike Armes, the ydle instruments
Of sleeping praise, were hong vpon a tree,
And his braue shield, full of old moniments,
Was fowly raft, that none the signes might see,
Ne for them, ne for honour cared hee,
Ne ought, that did to his aduancement tend,
But in lewd louses, and wastfull luxuree,
His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend:
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend.

The noble Elfe, and carefull Palmer drew
So nigh them, minding nought, but lustfull game,
That suddain forth they on them rufht, and threw
A subtile net, which only for that same
The skilfull Palmer formally did frame.
So held them vnder faft, the whiles the rest
Fled all away for seare of fowler shame.
The faire Enchauntresse, so vnwares opprest,
Tryde all her arts, & all her sleights, thence out to wrest.

And eke her lover streue: but all in vaine;
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile, nor force might it distraine.
They tooke them both, & both them strongly bound
In captiue bandes, which there they readie found:
But her in chaiues of adamant he tyde;
For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound;
But Verdant (so he hight) he soone vntyde,
And counsel sage in stead thereof to him applyde,

But all those pleasaunt bowres and Pallace braue,
Guyon broke downe, with rigour pittileffe;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might saue
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnessse,
But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnessse:
Their groues he feld, their gardins did deface,
Their arbers spoyle, their Cabinets suppreffe,
Their baker houses burne, their buildings race,
And of the fayreft late, now made the fowlesst place.

Then
Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:
The way they came, the same retourn'd they right,
Till they arriv'd, where they lately had
Charm'd those wild-beasts, that rag'd with furie mad.
Which now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;
But them the Palmer soone did pacify. (did ly)

Then Guyon askt, what meant those beastes, which there

Say'd he, these seeming beastes are men indeed,
Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed thus,
Whylome her louers, which her lustes did feed,
Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their minds like monstrous.
Sad end (quoth he) of life intemperate,
And mournefull meed of ioyes delicious:
But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returned be vnto their former state.

Stright way he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
And stright of beastes they comely men became;
Yet being men they did vnmanly looke,
And stared ghastly, some for inward shame,
And some for wrath, to see their captiue Dame:
But one aboue the rest in speciall,
That had an hog beene late, hight Grylle by name,
Repyned greatly, and did him miscall,
That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

Saide Guyon, See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soone forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseh, with vile difference.
To be a beast, and lacke intelligence.
To whom the Palmer thus, The donghill kinde
Delightes in filth and fowle incontinence:
Let Gryll be Gryll, and haue his hoggish minde;
But let vs hence depart, whilst wether serues & winde.
The thirde Booke of the Faerie Queene.

Contayning

The Legend of Britomartis.

Or

Of Chastity.

It falls me here to write of Chastity,
The fairest vertue, far aboue the rest;
For which what needes me fetch from Faery

Forreine examples, it to haue express'd?
Sith it is shrined in my Soueraines brest,
And form'd so liuely in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies, which haue it profest,
Neede but behold the pourtraiet of her hart,
If pourtrayed it might bee by any living art.

But living art may not least part express'd,
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paynt,
All were it Zeuxis or Praxiteles:
His dædale hand would faile, and greatly paynt,
And her perfections with his error taynt:
Ne Poets witt, that passeth Painter farre
In picturing the parts of beauty daynt,
So hard a workemanship aduenture darre,
For fear through wat of words her excellencie to marre.

How then shall I, Apprentice of the skill,
That whilome in diuinest wits did rayne,
Presume so high to stretche mine humble quill?
Yet now my luckelesse lott doth me constrayne
Hereto perforce. But O dredd Souerayne
Thus far forth pardon, Sith that choicest witt
Cannot your glorious pourtrait & figure playne,
That I in colourd showes may shadow itt,
And antique praises vnto present persons fitt.

But if in liuing colours, and right hew,
Thy selfe thou couet to see pictured,
Who can it doe more liuely, or more trew,
Then that sweete verse, with Nectar sprinckeled,
In which a gracious seruanct pictured
His Cynthia, his heauens fayrest light?
That with his melting sweetnes rauished,
And with the wonder of her beames bright,
My fences lulled are in slomber of delight.

But let that same delitious Poet lend
A little leave vnto a rustike Muse
To sing his mistresse prayse, and let him mend,
If ought am is her liking may abuse:
Ne let his fayrest Cynthia refuse,
In mirrours more then one her selfe to see,
But either Gloriana let her chuse,
Or in Belphoebe fashioned to bee:
In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chastitee.

Cant.
Guyon encountreth Britomart,
Fayre Florimell is chased:
Druessyes trains and Materastaes
champions are defaced.

The famous Briton Prince and Faery knight,
After long wayes and perilous paines endur'd,
Hauing their weary limbes to perfect plight
Restor'd, and fory wounds right well recur'd,
Of the faire Alma greatly were procur'd,
To make there longer sojournne and abode;
But when thereto they might not be allur'd,
From seeking praise, and deeds of armes abrode,
They courteous conge tooke, and forth together yode.

But the captiud Acrasia he sent,
Because of trauell long, a nigher way,
With a strong gard, all reskew to preuent,
And her to Faery court safe to conuay,
That her for witnes of his hard assay,
Vnto his Faery Queene he might present:
But he him selfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment,
And seeke adventuures, as he with Prince Arthure went.

Long so they trauelled through wastefull wayes,
Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,
To hunt for glory and renowned prays;
Full many Countreyes they did ouerronne,
From the uprisling to the setting Sunne,
And many hard adventures did achieve;
Of all the which they honour euer wonne,
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieue,
And to recover right for such, as wrong did grieue.

At last as through an open plaine they yode,
They spide a knight, that towards pricked fayre,
And him beside an aged Squire there rode,
That seemed to couch vnder his shield three-square,
As if that age badd him that burden spare,
And yield it those, that stouter could it wield:
He them espying, gan him selfe prepare,
And on his arme addressse his goodly shield
That bore a Lion paffant in a golden field.

Which seeing good Sir Guyon, deare besought
The Prince of grace, to let him ronne that turne.
He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught
His poynant speare, and sharply gan to spurne
His fomy steed, whose fiery feete did burne
The verdant gras, as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other backe his foote returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadful speare against the others head.

They beene ymett, and both their points arriu'd,
But Guyon droue so furious and fell,
That seemed both shield and plate it would have riu'd;
Nathelesse it bore his foe not from his fell,
But made him stagger, as he were not well:
But Guyon selfe, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell,
Yet in his fall so well him selfe he bare,
That mischieuous mishap he his life & limbs did spare.
Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke;
For neuer yet, sith warlike armes he bore,
And shiuering speare in bloody field first shooke,
He found him selfe dishonored so sore.
Ah gentlest knight, that euer armor bore,
Let not the grieue dismounted to haue beene,
And brought to ground, that neuer was before;
For not thy fault, but secret powre vnseeene, (greeue.
That speare enchanted was, which layd thee on the

But weenedst thou, what wight thee overthrew,
Much greater griefe and shamefuller regrett
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
That of a single damzell thou wert mett
On equall plaine, and there so hard besett;
Euen the famous Britomart it was,
Whom straunge aduenture did from Britayne fett,
To seeke her louer! (loue far sought alas,)
Whose image she had seene in Venus looking glas.

Full of disdainefull wrath, he fierce vprose,
For to revenge that foule reprochefull shame,
And snatchinge his brightsword began to close
With her on foote, and stoutly forward came;
Dye rather would he, then endure that fame.
Which when his Palmer saw, hegan to feare
His toward perill and vntoward blame,
Which by that new rencounter he should reare:
For death fate on the point of that enchainted speare.

And hastinge towards him gan fayre perswade,
Not to prouoke misfortune, nor to weene
His speares default to mend with cruell blade;
For by his mightie Science he had seene
The secrete vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puissance mote not withstand:
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene.
Great hazard were it, and aduenture fond,
To loose long gotten honour with one euill hond.

By such good meanes he him discounselled,
From prosecuting his reuenging rage;
And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathfull will with reason to afwage,
And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his starting steed, that swaru'd alyde,
And to the ill purueyaunce of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmly tyde:
So is his angry corage fayrly pacifyde.

Thus reconcilement was betweene them knitt,
Through goodly temperaunce, and affection chafte,
And either vowed with all their power and witt,
To let not others honour be defafte,
Of friend or foe, who euer it embaffe,
Ne armes to beare against the others lyde:
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 vsage of those antique tymes,
In which the sword was seruaunt vnto right;
When not for malice and contentious crymes,
But all for prayse, and proose of manly might,
The martiall brood accustomed to fight:
Then honour was the meed of victroy,
And yet the vanquished had no despight:
Let later age that noble vse enuy,
Vyle rancor to avoid, and cruel surquedry.
Long they thus traveiled in friendly wise,
Through countreyes waste, and eke well edisyde,
Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
Their puissance, whylome full dernly tryde:
At length they came into a forest wyde,
Whose hideous horror and sad trembling sound
Full grievfully seemed: Therein they long did ryde
Yet track of liuing creature none they fownd,
Saue Beares, Lyons, & Bulls, which romed them arownd.

All suddenly out of the thickest bush,
Upon a milkywhite Palfrey all alone,
A goodly Lady did foreby them rath,
Whose face did seeme as cleare as Chriftall ftonc,
And eke through fcare as white as whales bone:
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her steed with tiffell trappings shone,
Which fledd fo fast, that nothing mote him hold,
And scarce them leasure gaue, her passing to behold.

Still as she fledd, her eye she backward threw,
As fearing euill, that pourfewed her falt;
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
Loosely dispert with puff of every blast:
All as a blazing starre doth farre outcaft
His hearie beames, and flaming lockes dispredd,
At figh whereof the people fand aghaft:
But the sage wisard telles, as he has red,
That it importunes death and dolefull drery hedd.

So as they gazed after her a whyle,
Loe where a grievely fofter forth did ruff
Breathing out beaftly lust her to defyle:
His tyreling Iade he fierfly forth did push;

Through
Through thicke and thin, both ouer banck and bush
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
That from his gory sydes the blood did gush:
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
And in his clownish hand a sharp bore speare he shooke.

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,
Full of great enuy and fell gealosy,
They stayd not to auise, who first should bee,
But all spurd after fast, as they mote fly,
To reskew her from shamefull villany.
The Prince and Guyon equally byline
Her selfe pursewd, in hope to win thereby
Most goodly meede, the fairest Dame alioe:
But after the foule folter Timias did striue.

The whiles faire Britomart, whose constant mind,
Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reckt of Ladies Loue, 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 iourny, through that perlous Pace,
With stedsfast corage and stout hardiment,
Ne euill thing she feard, ne euill thing she ment.

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 edisyde,
And plaste for pleasure nigh that forrest syde:
But faire before the gate a spatiouus playne,
Mantled with greene, it selfe did spredden wyde,
On which she saw six knyghts, that did darrayne
Fiers battaill against one, with cruel might and mayne.
Mainly they all attonce upon him laid,
And sore beset on every side arownd,
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismaid,
Ne euer to them yielded foot of ground
All had he loft much blood through many a wound,
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and euery way
To which he turned in his wrathfull frownd,
Made them recoile, and fly from dredd decay,
That none of all the six before, him durft assay.

Like daftard Curres, that hauing at a bay
The saluage beast emboit in wearie chace,
Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,
Ne byte before, butrome from place to place,
To get a snatch, when turned is his face.
In such distresse and doubtfull jeopardy,
When Britomart him saw, the ran apace
Vnto his reskew, and with earnest cry,
Badd those fame fixe forbearn that single enimy.

But to her cry they lift not lenden eare,
Ne ought the more their mightie strokes surceffe,
But gathering him rownd about more neare,
Their direfull rancour rather did encreasse;
Till that she rushing through the thickeft preasse,
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soone compeld to hearken vnto peace:
Tho gan she myldly of them to inquyre
The cause of their disfention and outrageous yre.

Where to that single knight did answere frame;
These six would me enforce by oddes of might,
To chaunge my lye se, and loue another Dame,
That death me lye se were, then such despight,
So vno wrong to yield my wrested right:
For I loue one, the truest one on ground,
Ne lift me change; the th'Errant damsel right,
For whose deare sake full many a bitter shoune,
I haue endur'd and tast'd many a bloody woune.

Certes (said he) then been ye sixe to blame,
To weene your wrong by force to justify:
For knight to leaue his Lady were great shame,
That faithfull is, and better were to die.
All losse is lesse, and lese the infamy,
Then losse of loue to him, that loues but one;
Ne may loue be compeld by maisteri;
For soone as maisteri comes, sweet loue anone
Taketh his nimble winges, and soone away is gone.

Then spake one of those six, There dwelleth here:
Within this castle wall a Lady faire,
Whose soueraine beautie hath no living pere,
Thereto so bounteous and so debonayre,
That neuer any mote with her compayre.
She hath ordain'd this law, which we approue,
That every knight, which doth this way repayre,
In case he haue no Lady, nor no loue,
Shall doe vnto her service neuer to remove.

But if he haue a Lady or a Loue,
Then must he her forgoe with fowle defame,
Or els with vs by dint of sword approue,
That she is fairest, then our fairest Dame,
As did this knight, before ye hether came.
Perdy (laid Britomart) the choise is hard:
But what reward had he, that overcame?
He should aduanced bee to high regard,
(Said they) and haue our Ladies loue for his reward.

There-
Therefore a read Sir, if thou haue a loue.

Loue haue I sure, (quoth she) but Lady none;
Yet will I not fro mine owne loue remoue,
Ne to your Lady will I service done,
But wreake your wronges wrought to this knight a-
And prove his cause. With that her mortall speare
She mightily auentred towards one,
And downe him smot, ere well aware he weare,
Then to the next she rode, & downe the next did beare.

Ne did she stay, till three on ground she layd,
That none of them himselfe could reare againe;
The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
All were he weare of his former paine,
That now there do but two of six remaine;
Which two did yield, before she did them smight.
Ah (sai’d she then) now may ye all see plaine,
That trurh is strong, and trew loue most of might,
That for his truty scuauants doth so strongly fight,

Too well we see, (saide they) and proue too well
Our faulty weakeenes, and your matchlesse might:
For thy, faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,
Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,
And we your liagenent faith vnto you plight.
So vnderneath her feet their (words they hard,
And after her besought, well as they might,
To enter in, and reape the dew reward:
She graunted, and then in they all together far’d.

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
And stately port of Castle toyceous,
(For so that Castle hight by commun name)
Where they were enterbaynd with courteous

And
And comely glee of many gracious
Faire Ladies, and of many a gentle knight,
Who through a Chamber long and spacious,
Esttoones them brought vnto their Ladies sight,
That of them cleeped was the Lady of delight.

But for to tell the sumptuous aray
Of that great chamber, should be labour lost:
For liuing wit, I wene, cannot display
The roiall riches and exceeding cost,
Of euery pillour and of euery post;
Which all of purest bullion framed were,
And with great perles and preitious ftones embosst,
That the bright glister of their beames cleare
Did sparckle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.

These stranger knights through passing, forth were led
Into an inner rowme, whole royaltie
And rich purueyance might yneath be red;
Mote Princes place be seeme so deckt to bee.
Which stately manner when as they did see,
The image of superfluous riotize,
Exceeding much the state of meane degree,
They greatly wondred, whence so sumpteous guize
Might be maintaynd, and each gan diversely deuize.

The wals were round about appareiled
With costly clothes of Arras and of Toure,
In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed
The loue of Venus and her Paramoure,
The fayre Adonis, turned to a flowre,
A worke of rare deuice, and wondrous wit.
First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,
Which her a[sayd with many a fercuent fit,
When first her tender hart was with his beauties smit.
Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she  
Entyft the Boy, as well that art she knew,  
And wooed him her Paramoure to bee;  
Now making girlandes of each floure that grew,  
To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew;  
Now leading him into a secret shade  
From his Beauperes, and from bright heauens view,  
Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,  
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some couert glade.

And whilst he slept, the ouer him would sprede  
Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes,  
And her soft arme lay vnderneath 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 throw into the well sweet Rosemaryes,  
And fragrant violets, and Paunces trim,  
And euer with sweet Nectar she did sprinkle him.

So did she steale his heedlesse hart away,  
And ioyd his loue in secret vne spyde.  
But for she saw him bent to cruell play,  
To hunt the faluage beast in forest wyde,  
Dreadfull of daunger,that mote him betyde,  
She oft and oft aduiz'd him to refraine  
From chafe of greater beastes,whose brutish pryde  
Mote breede him scath vnwares: but all in vaine;  
For who can shun the chance,that des't ny doth ordaine?

Lo, where beyond he lyeth languishing,  
Deadly engored of a great wilde Bore,  
And by his side the Goddesse groueling  
Makes for him endless mone, and euermore

With
With her soft garment wipes away the gore,
Which staynes his snowy skin with hatefull hew:
But when she saw no helpe might him restore,
Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,
Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it liuely grew.

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
And round about it many beds were dight,
As whylome was the antique worldes guize,
Some for vntimely eafe, some for delight,
As pleased them to vse, that vse it might:
And all was full of Damzels, and of Squyres,
Dauncing and reueling both day and night,
And swimming deepe in sensualles defyres,
And Cupid still emongest them kindled lustfull syres.

And all the while sweet Musick did diuide
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony;
And all the while sweet birdes thereto applide
Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of loue and iollity,
That wonder was to heare their trim confort. (eye,
Which when those knights beheld, with scornefull
They deseigned such lasciuious disport,
And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

Thence they were brought to that great Ladies vew,
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,
That glisterd all with gold and glorious shew,
As the proud Persian Queenes accustomed:
She seemd a woman of great bounti hed,
And of rare beautie, fauing that askaunce
Her wanton eyes, ill signes of womanhed,
Did roll too highly, and too often glaunce,
Without regard of grace, or comely amenauce.
Cant. I.  the Faery Queene.

Long worke it were, and needless to deuize
Their goodly entertainment and great glee:
She caused them be led in courteous wize
Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,
And cheared well with wine and spiceree:
The Redcrosse Knight was soone disarmed there,
But the braue Mayd would not disarmed bee,
But onely vented vp her umbricre,
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

As when fayre Cynthia, in darksome night,
Is in a noyous cloud enuoloped,
Where she may finde the substance thin and light,
Breakes forth her silver beames, and her bright hed
Discouers to the world discomfited;
Of the poore traueler, that went astray,
With thousand blessings she is heried;
Such was the beautie and the shining ray,
With which fayre Britomart gaue light vnto the day.

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmed, and did them selues present
Vnto her vew, and company vnsought;
For they all seemed courteous and gent,
And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,
Which had them traynd in all ciuilitee,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;
Now were they liegmen to this Ladie free,
And her knights service ought, to hold of her in see.

The first of them by name Gardante hight,
A iolly person, and of comely vew;
The second was Parlante, a bold knight,
And next to him Iscante did eusw;

Basciante
Baciant did him selve most courteous shew;
But fierce Bacchante seemed too fell and keen;
And yet in armes Noélante greater grew:
All were faire knights, and goodly well becase,
But to faire Britomart they all but shadowes beene.

For shee was full of amiable grace,
    And manly terror mixed therewithall,
That as the one stird vp affections base,
So th'other did mens rash desires apall,
    And hold them backe, that would in error fall;
As hee, that hath espide a vermeill Rose,
To which sharpe thornes and breres the way forstall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But wishing it far off, his ydle with doth lose.

Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight,
    All ignorant of her contrary sex,
(For shee her weend a fresh and lusty knight)
Shee greatly gan enamoured to wex,
    And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:
Her fickle hart conceiued hasty fyre,
Like sparkes of fire, that fall in sclender flex,
That shortly brent into extreme defyre,
And ransackt all her veines with passion entyre.

Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience
    And into termes of open outrage brust,
That plaine discouered her incontinence,
Ne reckt shee, who her meaning did mistrust;
For she was giuen all to fleshly lust,
And pourt forth in sensual delight,
That all regard of shame she had discust,
And meet respect of honor putt to flight:
So shameleffe beauty soone becomes a loathly fight.

Faire
Cant. 1.  the Faery Queene.

Faire Ladies, that to love captiued are,
   And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,
Let not her fault your sweete affections marre,
Ne blott the bounty of all womankind;
'Mongst thousands good one wanton Dame to find:
Emongst 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.

Nought so of love this looser Dame did skill,
   But as a cole to kindle fleshly flame,
Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
   And treading under foote her honest name:
Such love is hate, and such desire is shame.
Still did she roue at her with crafty glaunce
Of her false eies, that at her hart did ayme,
And told her meaning in her countenaunce;
But Britomart dissembled it with ignorance.

Supper was shortly dight and downe they satt,
   Where they were served with all sumptuous fare,
Whilec fruitfull Ceres, and Lyaeus satt
Pourd out their plenty, without spight or spare:
Nought wanted there, that dainty was and rare;
And aye the cups their bancks did ouerflow,
And aye betweene the cups, she did prepare
Way to her love, and secret darts did throw;
But Britomart would not such guilfull message know.

So when they flaked had the fervent heat
   Of appetite with meates of every fort,
The Lady did faire Britomart entreat,
Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport
To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort,
But when shee mote not thereunto be wonne,
(For shee her sexe vnder that straunge purport
Did use to hide, and plaine apparaunce shonne:)
In playner wise to tell her grieuance she begonne.

And all attonce discovered her desire
With sighes, and sobs, andplaints, & piteous griefe.
The outward sparkes of her inburning fire;
Which spent in vaine, at last she told her briefe,
That but if she did lend her short reliefe,
And doe her comfort, she mote algates dye.
But the chaste damzell, that had never grieue
Of such malengine and fine forgerye,
Did easely beleeeue her strong extremitye.

Fulleasy was for her to have believe,
Who by self-feeling of her feeble sexe,
And by long triall of the inward grieue,
Wherewith imperious loue her hart did vexe,
Could judge what paines doe louing harts perplexe.
Who means no guile, be-guiled soonest shall,
And to faire semblaunce doth light faith annexee;
The bird, that knowes not the false fowlers call,
Into his hidden nett full easely doth fall.

For thy she would not in discourtesie wise,
Scorne the faire offer of good will protest;
For great rebuke it is, loue to despise,
Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request;
But with faire countenaunce,as be seemed best,
Her entertainyd; nath'lese shee inly deemd
Her loue too light, to wooe a wandring guest:
Which she misconstruing,thereby esteemd(stylemd.
That from like inward fire that outward smoke had

Therewith
Cant. I. the Faery Queene.

Therewith a while she her flite fancy fedd,
Till she more winnes fit time for her desire,
But yet her wound still inward freshely bledd,
And through her bones the false instilled fire
Did spred it selfe, and venime close inspire.
Tho were the tables taken all away,
And euery knight, and euery gentleman Squire
Gan choose his dame with Bascimano gay,
With whom he went to make his sport & courtly play.

Some fell to daunce, some fel to hazardry,
Some to make loue, some to make meryment,
As diuere witts to diuere things apply;
And all the while faire Malecasa bent
Her crafty engins to her close intent.
By this th'eternall lampes, wherewith high lone
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas droue
Into the Ocean deep to drue their weary droue.

High time it seemed then for euerie wight
To take vn to their kindly rest;
Estesoones long waxen torches weren light,
Vnto their bowres to guyden euery guest:
Tho when the Britonelle saw all the rest
Auidoed quite, she gan her selfe despoile,
And safe committ to her soft fetethered nest,
Wheer through long watch, & late daies weary toile,
She soundly slept, & carefull thoughts did quite afoile.

Now whenas all the world in silence deepe
Ythrowded was, and euery mortall wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,
Faire Malecasa, whose engriued spright
Could
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 scarllott mantle couered,
That was with gold and Ermines faire enuoloped.

Then panting softe, and trembling every ioynt,
Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she mou'd.
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike maide vnwisely lou'd,
And to her bed approching, first she proou'd,
Whether she slept or wak't; with her softe hand
She softely felt, if any member mou'd,
And lent her weary eare to vnderstand,
If any puffe of breath, or signe of offence shee fond.

Which whenas none she fond, with easy shifte,
For feare least her vnwares she should abrayd,
Th'embroderd quilt she lightly vp did lifte,
And by her side her selfe she softly layd,
Of euery finest fingers touch affrayd;
Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake.
But inly sigh'd. At last the royall Mayd
Out of her quiet slomber did awake,
And chaungd her weary side, the better ease to take.

Where feeling one close couched by her side,
She lightly lept out of her filed bedd,
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride
The loathed leachour. But the Dame halfe deed
Through suddein feare and ghastly dreriedd,
Did shriek'e alowd, that through the hous it rong,
And the whole family therewith adreedd,
Rashly out of their rouzed couches sproung,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

And
And those sixe knights that ladies Champions,
And eke the Redcroffe knight ran to the flowend,
Halfe armd and halfe vnarmd, with them artons:
Where when confusedly they came, they found
Their lady lying on the foncelesse ground;
On theother side, they saw the warlike Mayd
Al in her snow-white smocke, with locks vnbound,
Threatning the point of her auenging blaed,
That with so troublous terror they were all dismayed.

About their Ladye first they flockt around,
Whom hauing laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frozen swound;
And afterwardes they gan with fowle reproch
To stirre vp strife, and troublous contecke broch:
But by enample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durft to her approach,
Ne in so glorious spoile themselves embosse,
Her succourde eke the Champion of the bloody Croffe.

But one of those sixe knights, Gardante hight,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,
Which forth he lent with felonous despight,
And fell intent against the virgin sheene:
The mortall steele stayd not, till it was seene
To gore her side, yet was the wound not deepe,
But lightly rased her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple blood thereout did wepe,
Which did her lilly smock with staines of vermeil steep.

Wherewith enraged, she fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her layd,
That none of them foule mischiefe could eschew,
But with her dreadful strokes were all dismayed:

Here,
Here, there, and every where about her swayd
Her wrathfull steele, that none mote it abyde;
And eke the Redcrosse knight gaue her good ayd,
Ay joynynge foot to foot, and lyde to ryde,
That in short space their foes they haue quite terrifyde.

Tho wheras all were put to shamefull flight,
The noble Britomartis her arayd,
And her bright armes about her body right:
For nothing would she lenger there be stayd,
Where so loose life, and so vngentle trade
Was vst of knighes and Ladies seeming gent:
So carely ere the grosse Earthes gryesy shade,
Was all disperst out of the firmament,
They tooke their steeds, & forth vpó their journey went.

Cant. II.

The Redcrosse knight to Britomart desribeth Artegall:
The wondrous myrrhour, by which she in love with him did fall.

H ere haue I cause, in men jnst blame to find,
That in their proper praise too partiall bee,
And not indifferent to woman kind,
To whom no share in armes and cheualree,
They doe impart, ne maken memoree
Of their braue gestes and prowesse martial;
Sarle doe they spare to one or two or three,
Rowme in their writtes;yet the same writing small
Does all their deedes deface, and dims their glories all,
But
But by record of antique times I finde,
   That wemen wont in warres to beare most sway,
   And to all great exploits them selues inclind:
Of which they still the gitlond bore away,
Till envious Men fearing their rules decay,
Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty,
Yet sith they warlike armes haue laide away,
They haue exceld in artes and pollicy,
That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke t’enuy.

Of warlike puiffaunce in ages spent,
   Be thou faire Britomart, whose prayse I wryte,
   But of all wisedom bee thou precedent,
Of soueraine Queene, whose prayse I would endyte,
Endite I would as dewtie doth excyte;
But ah my rymes to rude and rugged arre,
When in so high an obiect they doe lyte,
And striuing, fit to make, I feare doe marre:
Thy selfe thy prayses tell, and make them knownen farre.

She travelling with Guyon by the way,
   Of sondry thinges faire purpose gan to find,
   T’abridg their journey long, and lingring 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 dreft,
But fairest knight alius, when armed was her brest.

Thereat she sighing softly, had no powre
   To speake a while, ne ready answere make,
   But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,
As if she had a feuer fitt, did quake,
And
And every daintie limbe with horroure shake,
And euer and anone the rosy red,
Flashd through her face, as it had beene a flake
Oflightning, through bright heauen fulmined;
At last the passion past she thus him answered.

Faire Sir, I let you weete, that from the howre
I taken was from nourses tender pap,
I haue beene trained vp in warlike stoure,
To tossen speare and shield, and to affrap
The warlike ryder to his most mishap;
Sithence I loathed haue my life to lead,
As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread,
Me leuer were with point of foemans speare be dead.

All my delight on deedes of armes is sett,
To hunt out perilles and adventures hard,
By sea, by land, where so they may be mett,
Onely for honour and for high regard,
Without respect of richesse or reward.
For such intent into these partes I came,
Withouten compasse, or withouten card,
Far fro my natuie foyle, that is by name
The greater Brytayne, here to seeke for praisse and fame.

Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery lond
Doe many famous knightes and Ladies wonne,
And many straunge adventures to bee fond,
Of which great worth and worship may be wonne;
Which to proue, I this voyage haue begonne.
But mote I weet of you, right courteous knight,
Tydings of one, that hath vnto me donne
Late soule dishonour and reprochfull spight,
The which I seeke to wreake, and Arthegall he hight.
The word gone out, the backe againe would call,
As her repenting so to haue mislaid,
But that he it vptaking ere the fall,
Her shortly answered; Faire martiall Mayd
Certes ye misquised beene, t'vpbrayd,
A gentle knight with so vnknightly blame:
For weet ye well of all, that euer playd
At tilt or tournay, or like warlike game,
The noble Arthegall hath euer borne the name.

For thy great wonder were it, if such shame
Should euer enter in his bounteous thought,
Or euer doe, that mote deseruen blame:
The noble corage neuer weeneth ought,
That may vnworthy of it selfe be thought.
Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,
Least that too farre ye haue your sorrow sought:
You and your countrey both I wish welfare,
And honour both; for each of other worthy are.

The royall Maid woxe inly wondrous glad,
To heare her Loue so highly magnyfde,
And ioyd that euer she affixed had,
Her hart on knight so goodly glorifyde,
How euer finely she it faind to hyde:
The iouing mother, that nine monethes did beare,
In the deare closett of her painefull syde,
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
Doth not so much reioyce, as she reioyced theare.

But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humor with his pleasing stile,
Her lift in stryfull termes with him to balke,
And thus replyde, How euer, Sir, ye stile
Your courteous tongue, his prayers to compyle,
It ill becometh a knight of gentle fort,
Such as ye haue him boasted, to beguyle
A simple maide, and worke so hainous tort,
In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

Let bee therefore my vengeauce to dissuade,
And read, where I that say our false may find.
Ah, but if reason faire might you perswade,
To take your wrath, and mollify your mind,
(Saide he) perhaps ye should it better find:
For hardie thing it is, to weene by might,
That man to hard conditions to bind,
Or euer hope to match in equall fight,
Whose prowessse paragone saw never living wight.

Ne soothly is it easie for to read,
Where now on earth, or how he may be found;
For he ne wonneth in one certeines stead,
But restlesse walketh all the world around,
Ay doing thinges, that to his fame redound,
Defending Ladies cause, and Orphans right,
Where so he heares, that any doth confound
Them comfortlesse, through tyranny or might;
So is his soueraigne honour raised to heuens hight.

His feeling wordes her feeblesence much pleased,
And softly sunk into her molten hart;
Hart that is inly hurt, is greatly eased
With hope of thing, that may allege his smart,
For pleasing wordes are like to Magick art,
That doth the charmed Snake in slomber lay:
Such secrete case felt gentle Britomart,
Yet lift the same efforce with faind gaineelay;
So dischord ofte in Musick makes the sweeter lay.
And sayd, Sir knight, these yele termes forbear,  
And sith it is vnearn to finde his haunt,  
Tell me some markes, by which he may appeare,  
If chaunce I him encounter parauant;  
For perdy one shal other slay, or daunt: (what stedd,  
What shape, what shield, what armes, what steed,  
And what so else his person most may vaunt?  
All which the Redcrosse knight to point aredd,  
And him in euerie part before her fashioned.

Yet him in euerie part before she knew,  
How euuer lift her now her knowledge fayne,  
Sith him whylome in Brytayne she did vew,  
To her revealed in a mirrhour playne,  
Whereof did grow her first engraffed payne,  
Whose root and stake so bitter yet did take,  
That but the fruit more sweetnes did contayne,  
Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote waste,  
And yield the pray of loue to lothesome death at last.

By strange occasion she did him behold,  
And much more strangely gan to loue his fight,  
As it in bookes hath written beene of old.  
In Deheubarth that now South-wales is hight,  
What time king Ryence raign'd, and dealed right,  
The great Magitien Merlin had devise'd,  
By his depe science, and hell-dreaded might,  
A looking glasse, right wondroufly aguiz'd,  
Whose vertues through the wyde worlde soone were  
(solemniz'd.  

It vertue had, to shew in perfect fight,  
What euer thing was in the world contaynd,  
Betwixt the lowest earth and heuens hight,  
So that it to the looker appertaynd;  

D d  

What
What euer foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
Theroin discoverd was, ne ought mote pas,
Ne ought in secret from the fame remaynd;
For thy it round and hollow shapd was,
Like to the world it selfe, and seemd a world of glas.

Who wonders not, that reades fo wonderous 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 Ptolomae it for hislemans fake
Ybuided all of glasse, by Magicke powre,
And also it impregnable did make;
Yet when his loue was fale, he with a peaze it brake.

Such was the glasly globe that Merlin made,
And gaue vnto king Rylene for his gard,
That neuer foes his kingdome might inuade,
But he it knew at home before he hard
Tydings thereof, and so them still debar'd.
It was a famous Present for a Prince,
And worthy worke of infinite reward,
That treasons could bewray, and foes convince;
Happy this Realme, had it remayned euuer since.

One day it fortuned, fayre Britomart
Into her fathers closet to repayre;
For nothing he from her referu'd apart,
Being his onely daughter and his hayre:
Where when she had espyde that mirrhour fayre,
Her felse awhile therein she vewd in vaine;
Tho her auizing of the vertues rare,
Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
Her to bethinke of, that mote to her felse pertaine.
But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts
  Imperious Loue hath highest set his throne,
  And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
Of them, that to him buxome are and prone:
So thought this Mayd (as maydens see to done)
Whom fortune for her husband would allot,
Not that she lufted after any one;
For she was pure from blame of sinfull blot,
Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same knot.

Eftfooncs there was presented to her eye
  A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,
Through whose bright ventayle lifted vp on hye
His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
And fronds to termes of gentle truce ecitize,
Lookre forth, as Phæbus face out of the east,
Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth arize;
Portly his person was, and much increast
Through his Heroicke grace, and honorable geft.

His crest was coucred with a couchant Hownd,
  And all his armour seemd of antique mould,
But wondrous massly and assured townd,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was with cyphres old,
  Achilles armes, which Arthogall did win.
And on his shield encloped feuenfold
He bore a crowned little Ermilin,
That deckt the azure field with her fayre pouldred skin.

The Damzell well did vew his Personage,
  And liked well, ne further fastned not,
But went her way; ne her vnguilty age
Did weene, vnwares, that her vnlucky lot

Dd 2  Lay
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot;
Of hurt vnwift most daunger doth redound:
But the faile Archer, which that arrow shot
So flyly, that she did not feele the wound,
Did myle full smoothly at her weeteffe wofull flound.

Thenceforth the sether in her lofty creft,
Ruffled of loue, gan lowly to auaila,
And her pride portuance, and her princely geft,
With which she earst triumphed, now did quaile:
Sad, solemne, cowre, and full of fancies fraile
She woxe; yet wift she nether how, nor why,
She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did aile,
Yet wist, she was not wel at eale perdy,
Yet thought it was not loue, but some melancholy.

So soone as Night had with her pallid hew
Defaste the beautie of the shyning skye,
And rest from men the worldes desired vew,
She with her Nourse adowne to sleepe did lyce;
But sleepe full far away from her did fly:
In stead thereof sad sighes, and sorrowes deepe
Kept watch and ward about her warily,
That nought she did but wayle; and often sleepe
Her dainty couch with teares, which closely she did
(weepe.

And if that any drop of sloombring rest
Did chance to still into her weary spright,
When seeble nature felt her selfe opprest,
Straight way with dreames, and with fantastick sight
Of dreadfull things the same was put to flight,
That oft out of her bed she did astart,
As one with vew of ghastly seends affright:
Tho gan she to renew her former smart,
And thinke of that sayre vilage, written in her hart.

One
One night, when she was tost with such vnrest,
Her aged Nourfe, whose name was Glaunce hight,
Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,
Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
And downe againe her in her warme bed-dight,
Ah my deare daughter, ah my dearest dread,
What vncoyth ft (sayd she) what euill plight
Hath thee opprest, and with sad dreary head
Chaunged thy lively cheare, & liuing made thee dead.

For not of nought these suddein ghastly feares
All night affict thy naturall repose,
And all the day, when as thine equall peares
Their fit disports with faire delight doe chosse,
Thou in dull corners doest thy selfe inclose,
Ne tastest Princes pleasures, ne doest (pred
Abroad thy fresh youths faurest flower, but lofe
Both leafe and fruite, both too vntimely shed,
As one in wilfull bale for ever buried.

The time, that mortall men their weary cares
Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,
And euery riuere eke his course forbeares,
Then doth this wicked euill thee infeft,
And riuere with thousand throbs thy thrilled breste,
Like an huge Aetn of deepe engulfsed gryefe,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
Whence soorth it breakes in sighes and anguish ryfe,
As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused styfle.

Ayme, how much I feare, least loue it bee,
But if that loue it be, as sure I read
By knowen signes and passions, which I see,
Be it worthy of thy race and royall head,

Then
Then I auow by this most sacred head
Of my deare foster childe, to ease thy griefe,
And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread;
For death nor daunger from thy dew reliefe
Shall me debarre. tell me therefore my lieuest liefe.

So hauing sayd, her twixt her armes twaine
Shee strightly straynd, and called tenderly,
And euery trembling joynt, and euery vaine
Shee softly felt, and rubbed busily,
To doe the frozen cold away to fly;
And her faire deawy eies with kisses deare
Shee ofte did bathe, and ofte againe did dry;
And euery her importund, not to feare
To let the secret of her hart to her appeare.

The Damzell pauzd, and then thus fearfully;
Ah Nurse, what needeth thee to eke my paine?
Is not enough, that I alone doe dye,
But it must doubled bee with death of twaine?
For nought for me, but death there doth remaine.
O daughter deare (laid she) despeire no whit,
For neuer fore, but might a salue obtayne:
That blinded God, which hath ye blindly smit,
Another arrow hath your louers hart to hit.

But mine is not (quoth she) like other wound;
For which no reaason can finde remedy.
Was neuer such, but mote the like be fownd,
(Said she) and though no reaason may apply
Salue to your fore, yet loue can higher flye,
Then reasons reach, and ofthath wonders donne.
But neither God of loue, nor God of skye
Can doe (laid she) that, which cannot be done.
Things ofte impossible (quoth she) seeme ere begonne.

These
These i'le wordes (safd she) doe nought alwas
My stubborne hart, but more annoiante breed.
For no no visuall fire, no visuall rage
Yt is, O Nourse, which on my life doth feed,
And sucks the blood, which frō my hart doth bleed.
But since thy faithfull zeale lets me not hyde
My crime, (if crime it be) I will it reed.
Nor Prince, nor pere it is, whose loue hath gryde
My feeble brest of late, and launched this wound wyde.

Nor man it is, nor other living wight;
For then some hope I might vnto me draw,
But th'only shade and semblant of a knight,
Whose shape or person yet I never saw,
Hath me subie&d to loues cruel law:
The same one day, as me misfortune led,
I in my fathers wondrous mirthour saw,
And pleased with that seeming goodly-hed,
Vnware the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed.

Sithens it hath infixed faster hold
Within my bleeding bowells, and fo sore
Now ranckleth in this same fraile fleshly mould,
That all mine entrailes flow with poifnosus gore,
And th'vleer growtheth daily more and more;
Ne can my ronning fore finde remedee,
Other then my hard fortune to deplore,
And languish as the leafe falfn from the tree,
Till death make one end of my daies and miseree.

Daughter (safd she) what need ye be dismayd,
Or why make ye such Monster of your minde?
Of much more vncoouth thing I was affrayd;
Of filthy lust, contrary vnto kinde:

D d 4
But this affection nothing strange I finde,
For who with reason can you aye reprove,
To love the semblant pleasing most your minde,
And yield your heart, whence ye cannot remove?
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of love.

Not so the Arabian Myrrhe did set her mynd,
Not so did Biblis spend her pining hart,
But lou'd their native flesh against all kynd,
And to their purpose vsed wicked art:
Yet playd Pasipha'ë a more monstrous part,
That lou'd a Bul, and learn'd a beast to bee;
Such shamefull lufts who loaths not, which depart
From course of nature and of modestie:
Swete loue such lewdnes bands from his faire copanee.

But thine my Deare (welfare thy heart my deare)
Though strange beginning had, yet fixed is
On one, that worthy may perhaps appeare;
And certes seemes bestowed not amis:
Joy thereof haue thou and eternall blis,
With that pleasing on her elbow weak,
Her alabaster brest she soft did kis,
Which all that while shee felt to pant and quake,
As it an Earth-quake were, at last she thus bespake.

Beldame, your words doe worke me little ease;
For though my loue be not so lewdly bent,
As those ye blame, yet may it nought appease.
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpelesse griefe augment.
For they, how euer shamefull and vnkinde,
Yet did possesse their horrible intent:
Shortend off orowes they therby did finde; (minde.
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their
But wicked fortune mine, though minde be good,
Can haue 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 Cepheus foolish chyld,
Who hauing vewed in a fountaine there.
His face, was with the love thereof beguyl'd;
I fonder love a shade, the body far exyl'd.

Nought like (quoth hee) for that same wretched boy
Was of him selfe the ydle Paramoure;
Both love and lover, without hope of joy,
For which he faded to a watry flowre.
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
Which lou'st the shadow of a warlike knight;
No shadow, but a body hath in powre:
That body, wherefoeuer that it light,
May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke might.

But if thou may with reason yet represse
The growing euill, ere it strength haue gott,
And thee abandond wholly doe possessse,
Against it strongly strive, and yield thee nott,
Til thou in open feld e adowne be smott.
But if the passion mayst thy fraile might,
So that needs love or death must bee thy lott,
Then I auow to thee, by wrong or right
To compas thy desire, and find that loued knight.

Her chearefull words much cheard the feeble spright
Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd
In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might.
And the old-woman carefully displayd
The clothes about her round with busy ayd,
So that at last a little creeping sleepe
Surpris'd her fence: Shee therewith well apayd,
The dronken lamp down in the oyl did sleepe,
And seth her by to watch, and seth her by to weep.

Earely the morrow next, before that day
His joyous face did to the world recule,
They both vpprose, and tooke their ready way
Vnto the Church, their prayers to appele,
With great deuotion, and with little zel e:
For the faire Damzel: from the holy herse
Her loue-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale;
And that old Dame said many an idle verse,
Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to reuerse.

Retourned home, the royall Infant fell
Into her former fitt; for why no powre,
Nor guidaunce of herselfe in her did dwell.
But th'aged Nourse her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered Rew, and Sauine, and the flowre
Of Camphora, and Calamint, and Dill,
All which she in a earthen Pot did poure,
And to the brim with Colt wood did it fill,
And many drops of milk and blood through it did spill.

Then taking thrife three heares from of her head,
Then trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
And round about the Pots mouth, boud the thread,
And after hauing whispered a space
Certein sad words, with hollow voice and bace,
Shee to the virgin sayd, thrife sayd she itt;
Come daughter come, come; spit vpon my face,
Spitt thrife vpon me, thrife vpon me spit;
Th'vnuen number for this busines is most fitt.
That dayd, her round about she from her turnd,
She turned her contrary to the Sunne,
There she her turnd contrary, and returnd,
All contrary, for she the right did shunne,
And ever what she did, was streight vndone.
So thought she to vnnde her daughters loue:
But loue, that is in gentle brest begunne,
No ydle charmes so lightly may remove,
That well can wisnesse, who by tryall it does proue.

Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd auayle,
Ne slake the fury of her cruel flame,
But that shee still did waste, and still did wayle,
That through long languour, & hart-burning brame
She shortly like a pyned ghost became,
Which long hath waited by the Stygian strand.
That when old Glauce saw, for feare lest blame
Of her miscarriage should in her be fonde,
She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to withstond.

Cant. III.

Merlin beurayes to Britomart,
The state of Arthegall,
And shews the famous Progeny
Which from them springen shall.

Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily
In living brests, ykindled first aboue,
Emongst th'eternal spheres and lamping sky,
And thence pourd into men, which men call Loue;
Not that fame, which doth base affections move
In brutish mindes, and filthy luft inflame,
But that sweete fit, that doth true beautie loue,
And choseth vertue for his dearest Dame.

Whence spring all noble deedes and neuer dying fame:

Well did Antiquity a God thee deeme,
That ouer mortall mindes haft so greev'd:
To order them, as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatall purpose of divine foresight,
Thou dost effect in destined descents,
Through deepe impreffion of thy secret might,
And stirred vp th'Heroes high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous monimets.

But thy dredd darte's in none doe triumph more,
Ne brauer proofe in any, of thy powre
Shew'dst thou, then in this royall Maid of yore,
Making her seeke an vnknowne Paramoure,
From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowe:
From whose two loynes thou afterwards did rayse
Most famous fruite's of matrimoniall bowre, (prayse
Which through the earth hau'd spread their living
That fame in tromp of gold eternally displays.

Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame,
Daughter of Phæbus and of Memorye,
That doest enoble with immortall name
The warlike Worthies, from antiquitye,
In thy great Volume of Eternitye:
Begin, O Clio, and recount fro hence
My glorious Soueraines goodly auncestrye,
Till that by dew degrees and long protense,
Thou hauie it lastely brought vnto her Excellence.
Full many wayes within her troubled mind,
Old glance cast, to cure this Ladies griefe:
Full many waies she sought, but none could find,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsel that is chiefe,
And choisest med’cine for sick harts reliefe:
For thy great care she tooke, and greater feare,
Least that it shoulde her turne to fowle repriese,
And sore reproch, when fo her father deare
Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune heare.

At laft she her auidse, that he, which made
That mirrhour, wherein the sicke Damosell
So straungely vued her straunge louers shade,
To weet, the learned Merlin, well could tell,
Vnder what coast of heauen the man did dwell,
And by what means his loue might best be wrought:
For though beyond the Africk Ismael,
Or th’Indian Peru he were, she thought
Him forth through infinite endeour to haue sought.

Forthwith them selues disguising both in straunge
And base atyre, that none might them bewray,
To Maridumum, that is now by chaunge
Of name Cayr-Merdin cald, they tooke their way:
There the wise Merlin whylome wont (they say)
To make his wonne, low vnderneath the ground,
In a deepe delue, farre from the vew of day,
That of no liuing wight he mote be found,
When so he coulde with his sprights encopalt round.

And if thou euer happen that fame way
To trauell, go to see that dreadful place:
It is an hideous hollow caye (they lay)
Vnder a Rock that liues a little space
The third Booke of Cant. III.

From the swift Barry, tumbling downe apace,
Emongst the woody hilles of Dynewowe:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any case,
To enter into that same balefull Bowre.

For seare the cruell Feendes should thee vnwares de-

But standing high aloft, low lay thine eare,
And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines,
And brafen Caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,
Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines
Doe toffe, that it will ston thy seeble braines.
And oftentimes great grones, & grievous stoundes,
When too huge toile and labour them conPraines:
And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing stoundes
From vnder that deepe Rock most horribly reboundes.

The cause some say is this: A little whyle
Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend,
A brafen wall in compas to compyle
About Cairmardin, and did it commend
Vnto these Sprights, to bring to perfect end.
During which worke the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he lou'd, for him in haft did fend,
Who thereby forst his workemen to forfake,
Them bownd till his retourne, their labour not to flake.

In the meane time through that fals Ladies traine,
He was surpris'd, and buried vnder beare,
Ne euer to his worke returnd againe:
Nath'lesse those feends may not their work forbeare,
So greatly his commandement they feare,
But there doe toyle and trauëile day and night,
Vntill that brafen wall they vp doe reare:
For Merlin had in Magick more insight,
Then euer him before or after living wight.
For he by wordes could call out of the sky
Both Sunne and Moone, 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 frame,
When so him lift his enimies to fray:
That to this day for terror of his fame,
The seends do quake, whè any him to them does name.

And sooth, men say that he was not the sonne
Of mortall Sy: e, or other liuing wight,
But wondroufly begotten, and begonne
By false illusion of a guilefull Spright,
On a faire Lady Nonne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,
Who was the Lord of Mathraaul by right,
And coosen vnto king Ambrosius:
Whence he indued was with skill so merueilous.

They here ariving, staid a while without,
Ne durs faultadventure rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent gan make new dout
For dread of daunger, which it might portend:
Vntill the hardy Mayd (with loue to frend)
First entering, the dreadfull Mage there found
Deepe busied bout worke of wondrous end,
And writing straunde characters in the ground,
With which the stubborne seends he to his seruice

He nought was moued at their entraunce bold:
For of their coming well he wift afore,
Yet lift them bid their business to unfold,
As if ought in this world in secreete store

Were
Were from him hidden, or unknowne of yore.
Then Glauce thus, let not it thee offend,
That we thus rashly through thy darksome dore,
Unwares have prest: for either fatal end,
Or other mightie cause vs two did hether send.

He bad tell on; And then she thus began.

Now haue three Moones with borrowed brothers
Thrile shined faire, and thrile seemd dim and wan,
Sith a faire euill, which this virgin bright
Tormenteth, and doth plonge in dolefull plight,
First rooting tooke; but what thing it mone bee,
Or whence it sprong, I can not read aright:
But this I read, that but if remedee,
Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.

Therewith th'Enchaunter softly gan to smyle
At her smooth speeches, sweeting inly well,
That she to him dissembled womanish guyle,
And to her said, Beldame, by that ye tell,
More neede of leach-crafte hath your Damozell,
Then of my skill: who helpe may haue elsewhere,
In vaine sekeces wonders out of Magick spell.
Th'old woman wox half blanck, those words to heare;
And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare.

And to him said, Yf any leaches skill,
Or other learned meanes could haue redrest
This my deare daughters deepe engrafted ill,
Certes I should be loth thee to molest:
But this sad euill, which doth her infest,
Doth course of natural cause farre exceed,
And housed is within her hollow brest,
That either seemes some cursed witches deed,
Or euill spright, that in her doth such torment breed.
Cant. III.  the Faery Queene.  431

The wizard 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 it selfe bewrayd?
Ne ye sayre Britomartis, thus arayd,
More hidden are, then Sunne in cloudy vele;
Whom thy good fortune, hauing fate obayd,
Hath hether brought, for succour to appeale:
The which the powres to thee are pleased to reuele.

The doubtfull Mayd, seeing her selfe descried,
Was all abash, and her pure yuory
Into a clere Carnation suddeine dyde;
As sayre Aurora ryfing hastily,
Doth by her bluthing tell, that she did lye
All night in old Tithonus frozen bed,
Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly.
But her olde Nourse was nought dishartened,
But vauntage made of that, which Merlin had ared.

And sayd, Sith then thou knowest all our griefe,
(For what doest not thou knowe?) of grace I pray,
Pitty our playnt, and yield vs meet reliefse.
With that the Prophet still awhile did stay,
And then his spirite thus gan foorth display;
Most noble Virgin, that by fatall lore
Hast learn'd to loue, let no whit thee dismay
The hard beginne, that meetes thee in the dore,
And with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppresseth sore.

For so must all things excellent begin,
And eke enrooted deepe must be that Tree,
Whose big embodied braunches shall not lin,
Till they to heuens hight forth stretched bee.

For
The third Booke of Cant. III.

For from thy wombe a famous Progende
Shall spring, out of the auncient Trojan blood,
Which shall reuive the sleepeing memoree
Of those same antique Peres, the heuens brood,
Which Greeke & Asian rivers stayned with their blood.

Renowned kings, and sacred Emperorus,
Thy fruitfull Offspring, shall from thee descend;
Braue Captaines, and most mighty warriours,
That shall their conquests through all lands extend,
And their decayed kingdomes shall amend:
The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
They shall vpreare, and mightily defend
Against their forren foe, that commes from farre,
Till vniuersall peace compound all ciuill iarre.

It was not, Britomart, thy wandring eye,
Glauncing vnwares in charmed looking glas,
But the freight course of heuenerly destiny,
Led with eternall prouidence, that has
Guyded thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas:
Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To loue the prowrest knight, that euer was.
Therefore submit thy wayes into his will,
And doe by all dew meanes thy destiny fulfill.

But read (saide Glaunce) thou Magitian
What meanes shall she out seeke, or what waies take?
How shall she know, how shall she finde the man?
Or what needes her to toyle, sith fates can make
Way for themselves, their purpose to pertake?
Then Merlin thus, Indeede the fates are firme,
And may not shrinck, though all the world do shake:
Yet ought mens good endeavours them confirm,
And guyde the heauenly causes to their constant terme.
The man whom heauens haue ordaynd to bee
The spouse of Britomart, is Artheall:
He wonneth in the land of Fayreer,
Yet is no Fary borne, ne sib at all
To Elses, 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 sonne of Gorlois,
And brother vnto Cador Cornish king,
And for his warlike seates renowned is,
From where the day out of the sea doth spring,
Vntill the closure of the Euening,
From thence,him firmly bound with faithfull band,
To this his native soyle thou backe shalt bring,
Strongly to ayde his countrey, to withstand
The poure of forftine Paynims, which invade thy land.

Great ayd there to his mighty puissance,
And dreaded name shall give in that sad day:
Where also profe of thy prow valiaunce
Thou then shalt make, t' increase thy louers pray.
Long time ye both in armes shall beare great sway,
Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
And his last fate him from thee take away,
Too rathe cut off by practise criminal,
Of secrete foes, that him shall make in mischief fall.

With thee yet shall he leave for memory
Of his late puissance, his ymage dead,
That liuing him in all actiuity
To thee shall represent. He from the head
Of his cozen Constantius without dread
Shall take the crowne, that was his fathers right,
And therewith crowne himselfe in th'others head:
Then shall he isew forth with dreadfull might,
Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

Like as a Lyon, that in drowsie caue
Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake,
And comming forth, shall spread his banner braue
Over the troubled South, that it shall make
The warlike Mertian: for feare to quake:
Thrice shall he fight with them, and twise shall win,
But the third time shall fayre accordaunce make:
And if he then with victorie can lin,
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly In.

His sonne, hight Vortipore, shall him succeede
In kingdom, but not in felicity;
Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,
And with great honour many bateills try:
But at the last to th'importunity
Of froward fortune shall be forft to yield.
But his sonne Malgo shall full mightily
Auenge his fathers losse, with speare and shiel.
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

Behold the man, and tell me Britomart,
If ay more goodly creature thou didst see;
How like a Gyaunt in each manly part
Beares he himselfe with portly maiestee,
That one of th'old Heroes seemes to bee:
He the fix Islands, comprouinciall
In auncient times vnto great Britaine,
Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
Their fondry kings to doe their homage feuerall.
Cant. III.  the Faery Queene.  435

All which his sonne Careticus awhile
Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppress,e,
Untill a stranger king from unknowne soyle
Arriving, him with multitude oppresse;
Great Gormond, having with huge mightinesse
Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
Like a swift Otter, fell through emptinesse,
Shall overswim the sea with many one
Of his Norueyeses, to assist the Britons same.

He in his furie all shall ouerronne,
And holy Church with faithlesse handes deface,
That thy sad people utterly fordone,
Shall to the utmost mountaines fly apace:
Was never so great waste in any place,
Nor so fowle outrage done by living men:
For all thy Citties they shall sacke and race,
And the greene grasfe, that growth, they shall bren,
That euen the wilde beast shall dy in starued den.

Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,
Proud Etheldred shall from the North arise,
Serving th'ambitious will of Augustine,
And passing Dee with hardy enterprise,
Shall backe repulse the valiant Brockwell twife,
And Bangor with massacred Martyrs fill;
But the third time shall rew his foolhardise:
For Cadman pitying his peoples ill,
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons kill.

But after him, Cadwallin mightily
On his sonne Edwin all those wrongs shall wreake;
Ne shall availe the wicked sorcery
Of false Pellite, his purposes to breake,

Ee 3
But him shall slay, and on a gallowes bleak
Shall giue th'enchauerter his vnhappy hire:
Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,
From their long vassallage gin to respire,
And on their Paynim foes auenge their rancled ire.

Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
Till both the sones of Edwin he haue slayne,
Offricke and Ofricke, twinnes vnfortunate,
Both slaine in battale vpon Layburne playne,
Together with the king of Louthiane,
Hight Adin, and the king of Orkeny,
Both ioynt partakers of their fatall payne:
But Penda, fearefull of like desteny,
Shall yield him selfe his liegeman, and sweare fealty.

Him shall he make his fatall Instrument,
T' afflict the other Saxons vnstubdewd;
He marching forth with fury insolent
Against the good king Oswald, who indewd
With heauenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,
Al holding croffes in their hands on hye,
Shall him defeate withouten blood imbrewd:
Of which, that field for endlesse memory,
Shall Hevenfield be cald to all posterity.

Whereat Cadwalin wroth, shall forth islew,
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 filuer shall his kingdome buy,
And Penda seeking him adowne to tread,
Shall tread adowne, and doe him fowly dye,
But shall with guists his Lord Cadwalin pacify.
Then shall Cadwalla'n die, and then the raine
Of Britons eke with him at once shall dye;
Ne shall the good Cadwallader with paine,
Or powre, be hable it to remedy,
When the full time prefixed by desiny,
Shalbe expird of Britons regiment.
For heuen it selfe shall their successe enuy,
And them with plague and murrins pestilent
Consume, till all their warlike puissence be spent.

Yet after all these sorrowe, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight yeares space,
Cadwallader not yielding to his ills,
From Armorike, where long in wretched case
He liu'd, retourning to his native place,
Shalbe by viuion staide from his intent:
For th'heauens haue decreed, to displace
The Britons, for their sinnes dew punishment,
And to the Saxons ouer-give their government.

Then woe, and woe, and euerlafting woe,
Be to the Briton babe, that shalbe borne,
To liue in thraldome of his fathers foe;
Late king, now captive, late lord, now forlorn;
The worlds reproch, the cruell victors scorne,
Bannieth from princely bowre to wasteful wood:
O who shal helpe me to lament, and mourne
The royall seed, the antique Trojan blood,
Whose empire lenger here, then euer any stood.

The Damzell was full deepe empassioned,
Both for his griepe, and for her peoples sake,
Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned,
And fighting sore, at length him thus bespake;
Ah but will heuens fury neuer flake,
Nor vengeaunce huge relent it selfe at laft?
Will not long misery late mercy make;
But shall their name for euer be defaite,
And quite from th'earth their memory be raft?

Nay but the terme (sayd he) is limited,
That in this thraldome Britons shall abide,
And the iuft reuolution measured,
That they as Straungers shalbe notisfide.
For twife foure hundreth yeares shalbe supplide,
Ere they vnto their former rule restor'd shalbe.
And their importune fates all fafisfide:
Yet during this their moft obscuritee,
Their beames shall ofte breake forth, that men the faire

For Rhodoricke, whose surname shalbe Great,
Shall of him selfe a braue enample shew,
That Saxon kings his frendhip shal be intreat;
And Howell Dha shal goodly well inw\r
The salvauge minds with skill of iust and trew;
Then Griffyth Conan also shal vp reare
His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew
Of native corage, that his foes shal feare,

Least back againe the kingdom he from them should

Ne shal the Saxons selues all peaceably
Enjoy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne
Firstill, and after ruled wickedly:
For ere two hundreth yeares be full outronne,
There shal a Rauen far from rising Sunne,
With his wide wings vpon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithlesse chickens overonne.
The fruitfull plaines, and with fell crueltie,
In their avenge, tread downe the victors surquedry.

Yet
Yet shall a third both these, and thine subdued;
There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood
Of Neustria come roaring, with a crew
Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
Whose clawes were newly dipt in cruddy blood,
That from the Daniske Tyrants head shall rend
Th'vsurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
And the spoile of the countrey conquered
Emongst his young ones shall divide with bountyhed.

Tho when the terme is full accomplisht,
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-while
Bene in his ashes raked vp, and hid,
Bee freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile
Of Mona, where it lurked in exile;
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the house, that beares the stile
Of roiall maiesty and soueraine name;
So shall the Briton blood their crowne agayn reclame.

Thenceforth eternall union shall be made
Betweene the nations different afore,
And sacred Peace shall louingly persuade
The warlike minds, to learne her goodly lore,
And ciuile armes to exercife no more:
Then shall a royall Virgin raine, which shall
Stretch her white rod ouer the Belgiske shore,
And the great Castle smite so sore with all,
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learn to fall.

But yet the end is not. There Merlin stayd,
As overcomen of the spirits powre,
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he saw, yet note discoure:

Which
Which sudden fit, and halfe extatick stoure
When the two fearefull wemen saw, they grew
Greatly confused in behauceoure;
At last the fury past, to former hew
Shee turnd againe, and chearfull looks did she w.

Then, when them selues they well instructed had
Of all, that needed them to be inquir'd,
They both conceiuing hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts vnto their home retird;
Where they in secret counsell close conspird,
How to effect so hard an enterprize,
And to possesse the purpose they desird:
Now this, now that twixt them they did deuize,
And diverse plots did frame, to maske in strage disguise.

At last the Nourse in her foolh hardy wit
Conceiud a bold deuise, and thus bespake;
Daughter, I deeme that counsel aye most fitt,
That of the time doth dew aduauntrue take;
Ye see that good king Viber now doth make
Strong warre vpon the Paynim brethren, hight
Oeta and Ozeta, whom hee lately brake
Beside Cayr Vercolane, in victorious figh,
That now all Britany doth burne in armes bright.

That therefore nought our passaige may empeach,
Let vs in feigned armes our selues disguize, (teach)
And our weake hands (need makes good schollers)
The dreadful speare and shield to exercize:
Ne certes daughter that fame warlike wize
I weene, would you miscleame; for ye beene tall,
And large of limbe, t'achingue an hard emprize,
Ne ought ye want, but skil, which prachize small
Wilst bring, and shortly make you a mayd Martial.
Cant. III. the Faery Queene.

And sooth, it ought your corage much inflame,
To heare so often, in that royall hous,
From whence to none inferior ye came:
Bards tell of many wemen valorous,
Which have full many feats aduenturous,
Performed, in paragone of proudest men:
The bold B Bunduca, whose victorious
Exploits made Rome to quake, stout Guendolen,
Renowned Martia, and redoubted Emmilen.

And that, which more then all the rest may swaye
Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld,
In the last field before Meneuia
Which Vther with those forrein Pagans held,
I saw a Saxen Virgin, the which feld
Great Vfin thrife upon the bloodly playne,
And had not Carados her hand withhelde
From rash reuenge, she had him surely sayne,
Yet Carados himselfe from her escept with payne.

Ah read, (quoth Britomart) how is she hight?
Fayre Angela (quoth she) men do her call,
No whit lesse fayre, then terrible in fight
She hath the leading of a Martiaall
And mightie people, dreaded more then all
The other Saxons, which doe for her sake
And loue, themselves of her name Angles call.
Therefore faire Infant her ensample make
Vnto thy selfe, and equall corage to thee take.

Her harty wordes so deepe into the mynd
Of the yong Damzell sunke, that great desire
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
And generous stout courage did inspyre,

That
That she resolvd, vnweeting to her Syre,
Aduentrous knighthood on her selfe to don,
And counseld with her Nourse, her Maides attyre
To turne into a massy habergeon,
And bad her all things put in readinesse anon.

Th'old woman nought, that needed, did omit;
But all thinges did conveniently puruay:
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, emongst the which was seene
A goodly Armour, and full rich aray,
Which long'd to Angela, the Saxon Queene,
All fretted round with gold, and goodly wel beseen.

The same, with all the other ornaments,
King Ryence causd to be hanged by
In his chiefe Church, for endlessse moniments
Of his successe and gladfull victory:
Of which her selfe auising readily,
In th'evening late old Glance thether led
Faire Britomart, and that same Armory
Downe taking, her therein appareled,
Well as the might, & with braue bauldrick garnished.

Beside those armes there stood a mightie speare,
Which Bladud made by Magick art of yore,
And vs'd the same in batteill aye to beare;
Sith which it had beene here preferu'd in store,
For his great vertues proued long afore:
For neuer wight so fast in fell could fit,
But him perforce vnto the ground it bore:
Both speare the tooke, and shiell, which hong by it:
Both speare & shiell of great powre, for her purpose fit

Thus
Thus when she had the virgin all arrayd,
Another harnesse, which did hang thereby,
About her selfe she dight, that the yong Mayd
She might in equall armes accompany,
And as her Squyre attend her carefully:
Tho to their ready Steedes they clombe full light,
And through back waies, that none might the espie,
Covered with secret cloud of silent night,
Themselves they forth conuaid, & passed forward right.

Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond
They came, as Merlin them directed late:
Where meeting with this Redcrosse knight, she fond
Of diuerse thinges discourses to dilate,
But most of Arthegall, and his estate.
At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part:
Then each to other well affectionate,
Friendship professed with vnfained hart,
The Redcrosse knight diuerst, but forth rode Britomart.
Where is the Antique glory now become,
That whylome wont in women to appeare?
Where be the braue atchievements doen by some?
Where be the batteilles, where the shield & speare,
And all the conquests, which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous Poets verse,
And boatfull men so oft abasht to heare?
Beene they all dead, and laide in dolefull herse?
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe recewe?

If they be dead, then woe is me thereforre:
But if they sleepe, O let them soone awake:
For all too long I burne with envy fore,
To heare the warlike seates, which Homer spake
Of bold Penthesile, which made a lake
Of Greekes blood so ofte in Troian plaine;
But when I reade, how stout Debora strake
Proud Sifera, and how Camil1 hath slaine
The huge Orsilochnus, I swelle with great disdain.

Yet these, and all that els had puissance,
Cannot with noble Britomart compare,
Aswell for glorie of great valiaunce,
As for pure chastitie and vertue rare,
That all her goodly deeds do well declare.  
Well worthy stock, from which the branches sprung,
That in late years so faire a blossom bare,
As thee, O Queene, the matter of my song.
Whose lineage from this Lady I derive along.

Who when through speaches with the Redcroffe knight,  
She learned had the estate of Arthegall,
And in each point herself informed aright,
A friendly league of love perpetuall
She with him bound, and Congé tooke withall,
Then he forth on his journey did proceede,
To seeke adventures, which more him betall,
And win him worship through his warlike deed,
Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefest meed.

But Britomart kept on her former course,
Neuer doste her armes, but all the way
Grew pensiue through that amorous discourse,
By which the Redcroffe knight did earst display
Her louers shape, and cheualrous array;
A thousand thoughts the fashions in her mind,
And in her seigning fancie did pourtray
Him such, as fittest he for love could find.
Wife, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind.

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she feed,
And thought so to beguile her grieuous smart;
But so her smart was much more grieuous bredd,
And the deepe wound more deep engord her hart,
That nought but death her doleour more depart.
So forth she rode without repose or rest,
Searching all lands and each remotest part,
Following the guydance of her blinded guest,
Till that to the seacoast at length she her addrest.

There
There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
And sitting downe upon the rocky shore,
Badd her old Squyre vnlace her lofty creat;
Tho having yewda while the surges hore,
That gaine the craggy clifts did loudly rore,
And in their raging furquedry disdaynd,
That the fast earth affronted them so fore,
And their devouring couetize restraynd,
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus complaynd.

Huge sea of sorrow, and tempestuous griefe,
Wherinc my feele barke is tossed long,
Far from the hoped hauen of reliefe,
Why doe thy cruel billowes beat so strong,
And thy moist mountaines each on others throng,
Threatning to swallow vp my fearefull lyfe?
O doe thy cruel wrath and spightfull wrong
At length allay, and stint thy stormy stryfe,
Which in thy troubled bowels raignes, & rageth ryfe.

For els my feeble vessell crazd, and crackt
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,
Cannot endure, but needes it must be wrackt
On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,
The whiles that loue it fteres, and fortune rowes;
Loue my lewd Pilott hath a restlesse minde
And fortune Botelwaine no assuraunce knowes,
But faile withouten starres, gainst ryde 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 vp some gentle gale of eafe,
The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
Vnto the gladsome port of her intent:
Then when I shall my selfe in safety see,
A table for eternall moniment
Of thy great grace, and my great ieparadee,
Great Neptune, I avow to hallow vnto thee.

Then singing softly sore, and inly deepe,
She shut vp all her plaint in priuy grieufe;
For her great courage would not let her weeppe,
Till that old Glauce gan with sharpe repriefe,
Her to restraine, and give her good reliefe,
Through hope of those, which Merlin had her told
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fetch their being from the sacred mould
Of her immortall womb, to be in heauen enrold.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde,
Where far away one all in armour bright,
With hasty gallop towards her did ryde;
Her dolour soone she ceasst, and on her dight
Her Helmet, to her Courfer mounting light:
Her former sorrow into sudden wrath,
Both coosen passions of disstroubled spright,
Converting, forth she beates the dusty path;
Loue and despight attounce her courage kindled hath.

As when a foggy mist hath overcast
The face of heuen, and the cleare ayre engrostte,
The world in darkenes dwels, till that at last
The watry Southwinde from the seaborde cofte
Vpblowing, doth disperse the vapour lo'fte,
And poures it selfe forth in a stormy showre;
So the sayre Britomart hauing disclo'fte
Her cloudy care into a wrathfull showre,
The mist of grieue dissolu'd, did into vengeance powre.

Ff
Eftloones
Estfoones her goodly shield addressing fayre,
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
And unto battaill did her selfe prepayre.
The knight approching, sternely her bespake.
Sir knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make
By this forbidden way in my despight,
Ne doest by others death ensample take,
I read theee soone retyre, whiles thou haft might,
Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

Ythrild with deepe disdaine of his proud threat,
She shortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly;
Wordes fearen babes. I meane not theee entreat
To passe; but maugre thee will passe or dy.
Ne lenger stayd for th'other to reply,
But with sharpe speares the rest made dearly knowne.
Strongly the straunge knight ran, and sturdily
Strooke her full on the best, that made her downe
Decline her head, & 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 fcu chin percing quite,
And through his mayked hauberque, by mischaunce.
The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce,
Him so transfixed she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce,
Till sadly soucing on the sandy shore,
He tumbled on an heape, and wallowd in his gore.

Like as the sacred Oxe, that carelesse stands,
With gilden hornes, and flowry girland crowned,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bandes,
Whilees th'altars flame with frankincense around.
Cant. III.  the Faerie Queene.

All suddenly with mortall stroke astownd,
Doth groueling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distainges the pillours, and the holy ground,
And the faire flowres, that decked him afore;
So fell proud *Marinell* upon the pretious shore.

The martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the strond, which as the ouer-went,
She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
And all the grauell mixt with golden owre;
Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
For gold, or perles, or pretious stones an hower;
But them despised all, for all, was in her powre.

Whilesthus he lay in deadly stonishment,
Tydings hereof came to his mothers eare;
His mother was the blacke-browd Gynoent,
The daughter of great *Nereus*, which did beare
This warlike sonne vnto an earthly peare,
The famous *Dumarin*, who on a day
Finding the Nymph a sleepe in secret wheare,
As he by chance did wander that same way,
Was taken with her loue, and by her closely lay.

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne
She of his father *Marinell* did name;
And in a rocky caue as wight forlorn,
Long time she fostred vp, till he became
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
Did get through great aduentures by him done;
For neuer man he suffered by that same
Rich strond to trauell, whereas he did wonne,
But that he must do battail with the Sea-nymphes sonne
An hundred knights of honorable name
He had subdued, and them his vassals made,
That through all Fairie land his noble name
Now blazed was, and fear did all invade,
That none durst passen through that perilous glade.
And to advance his name and glory more,
Her Sea-god's fire she dearly did persuade,
T'endow her sonne with treasure and rich store,
Boye 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 his heaped waues he did command,
Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw
All the huge treasure, which the sea below
Had in his greedy gulf deuoured deepe,
And him enriched through the ouerthrow
And wreckes of many wretches, which did wepe,
And often wayle their wealth, which he from them did
(keepe.

Shortly vpon 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'Eaft, and pompe of Persian kings;
Gold, amber, yuorie, perles, owches, rings,
And all that els was pretious and deare,
The sea vnto him voluntary brings,
That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,
As was in all the lond of Faery, or else wheare.

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,
Tryde often to the scoath of many Deare,
That none in equal armes him matchen might,
The which his mother seeing, gan to feare

Least
Least his too haughtie hardines might reare
Some hard mishap, in hazard of his life:
For thy she oft him counseld to forbear
The bloody bataill, and to stirre vp strife,
But after all his warre, to rest his wearie knife.

And for his more assuraunce, she inquir'd
One day of Proteus by his mighty spell,
(For Proteus was with prophecy inspir'd)
Her deare sonnes destiny to her to tell,
And the sad end of her sweet Marinell.
Who through foresight of his eternall skill,
Bad her from womankind to keepe him well:
For of a woman he should haue much ill,
A virgin straunge and stout him should dismay, or kill.

For thy she gaue him warning every day,
The loue of women not to entertaine;
A lesson too too hard for lying clay,
From loue in course of nature to refraine:
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
And euer from sayre Ladies loue did fly:
Yet many Ladies sayre did oft complaine,
That they for loue of him would algates dy:
Dy, who so list for him, he was loues enimy.

But ah, who can deceiue his destiny,
Or weene by warning to ayoyd his fate?
That when he sleepe in most securitie,
And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
And findeth dew effect or soone or late.
So feeble is the powre of fleshy arme.
His mother bad him womens loue to hate,
For she of womans force did feare no harme;
So weening to haue arm'd him, she did quite disarme.
This was that woman, this that deadly wounded,
That Proteus prophesied should him dismay,
The which his mother vainly did expound,
To be heart-wounding love, which should assay
To bring her sonne into his last decay.
So tyle be the times of mortall state,
And full of subtile sophismes, which doe play
With double fences, and with false debate,
T'approve the unknownen purpose of eternall fate.

Too trow the famous Marinell it found,
Who through late triall, on that wealthy Strond
Inglorious now lies in senseless wound,
Through heauy stroke of Britomartis hand.
Which when his mother deare did understand,
And heauy tidings heard, whereas she playd.
Amongst her watry sisters by a pond,
Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to haue made
Gay girlonds, from the Sun their forheads fayr to shade.

Eftesoones both flowres and girlonds far away
Shee flong, and her faire deawy locks yrent,
To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
And gameson merth to grieuous drement:
Shee threw her selfe downe on the Continent,
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a wound,
Whiles al her sisters did for her lament,
With yelling outeries, and with shrieking fowne.
And euery one did teare her girlond from her crown.

Soone as shee vp out of her deadly sitt
Arose, shee bad her charrett to be brought,
And all her sisters, that with her did sitt,
Bade eke attonce their charretts to be sought.
The full of bitter griefe and pensifh thought, 
She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the rest, 
And forth together went, with forow fraught. 
The waues obedient to theyr beheast, 
Them yielded ready passage, and their rage surfeast.

Great Neptune stooode amazed at their sight, 
Whiles on his broad round backe they softly slid 
And eke him selfe mournd at their mournfull plight, 
Yet wift not what their wailing ment, yet did 
For great compassion of their forow, bid 
His mighty waters to them buxome bee: 
Estefones the roaring billowes still abid, 
And all the griesly Monftrses of the See 
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

A teme of Dolphins raunعد in aray, 
Drew the smooth charrett of sad Cymoent; 
They were all taught by Triton, to obay 
To the long raynes, at her commaundement: 
As swifte as swallowes, on the waues they went, 
That their brode flaggy finnes no fome did reare, 
Nebuling roundell they behinde them fent; 
The rest of other fishes drawn weare, 
Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did sheare.

Soone as they bene arriu’d vpon the brim 
Of the Rich flond, their charets they forlore, 
And let their temed fishes softly swim 
Along the margent of the fomy shore, 
Least they their finnes should bruze, and turbate fore. 
Their tender feete vpon the fony ground: 
And comming to the place, where all in gore 
And cruuddy blood enwallowed they fownd 
The lucklesse Marinell, lying in deadly swound;
His mother swowned thrise, and the third time
Could scarce recouered bee out of her paine;
Had she not beene deuoide of mortall slime,
She shoule not then haue bene relyu'd againe;
But soone as life recouered had the raine,
Shee made so piteous mone and deare wayment,
That the hard rocks could scarce from tears refrain,
And all her sister Nymphes with one consent
Supplide her sobbing breaches with fad complement.

Deare image of my selfe, (she sayd) that is,
The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
Is this thine high aдуauancement,O is this
Th'immortall name, with which thee yet vnborne
Thy Granfire Nereus promis'd to adorne?
Now lyest thou of life and honor reste;
Now lyest thou a lump of earth forborne,
Ne of thy late life memory is lefte,
Ne can thy irreuocable defteny bee weste?

Fond Proteus, father of false prophecis,
And they more fond, that credit to thee giue,
Not this the worke of womans hand ywis, (driue.
That so deepe wound through these deare members
I feared loue: but they that loue doe liue,
But they that dye, doe nether loue nor hate.
Nath less to thee thy folly I forgive,
And to my selfe, and to accurs'd fate
The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wisedom bought too late.

O what auailes it of immortall seed
To beeneybredd and neuer borne to dye?
Farre better I it deeme to die with speed,
Then waste in woe and wayfull misery.

Who
Cant. I III. the Faery Queene. 

Who dyes the vertmost dolor doth aby,
But who that liues, is lefte to waile his losse:
So life is losse, and death felicity.
Sad life worse then glad death: and greater crosse
To see frends grauе, the dead the graue selfe to engrosse.

But if the heavens did his dayes enuie,
And my short blis maligne, yet mote they well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die
That the dim eies of my deare Marinell
I mote haue closed, and him bed farewell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
They would not graunt.
Yet maugre them farewell, my sweetest sweet,
Farewell my sweetest sonne, till we againes may meet.

Thus when they all had sorrowed their fill,
They softly gan to search his grievously wound:
And that they might him handle more at will,
They him disarmed, and spredding on the ground
Their watchet mantles frindgd with siluer round,
They softly wipt away the gelly blood
From th'orifice; which hauing well vpbownd,
They pourd in soueraine balme, and Nectar good,
Good both for erthly med'cine, and for heucnly food.

Tho when the lilly handed Liagore,
(This Liagore whilome had learned skill
In leaches craft, by great Appollos lore,
Sith her whilome vpon high Pindus hill,
He loued, and at last her wombe did fill
With heucnly seed, whereof wise Peon sprong)
Did feel his pulse, sheknew their staied still
Some little life his feeble sprites among;
Which to his mother told, despeyre she from her long.

Tho
Tho vp him taking in their tender hands,
They easely vnlo her charrett beare:
Her teune at her commandeuent quiet stands,
While they the corse into her wagon reare,
And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare:
Then all the rest into their coches clime,
And through the brackish waues their passage bear;
Vpon great Neptunes necke they softly swim,
And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

Deepe in the bottome of the sea, her bowre
Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,
Like to thicke clouds, that threat a stormy showre,
And vauted all within, like to the Skye,
In which the Gods doe dwell eternally:
There they him laide in easie couch well dight;
And sent in halfe for Tryphon, to apply
Salues to his wounds, and medicines of might.

For Tryphon of sea gods the soueraine 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 sonne, her dearest harts delight.
But none of all those curses ouertooke
The warlike Maide, th'enample of that might,
But fairely well she thryud, and well did brooke
Her noble deeds, ne her right course for ought forsooke.

Yet did false Archimaje her still pursue,
To bring to passe his mischiefous intent,
Now that he had her sngled from the crew
Of courteous knights, the Prince, and Fary gent,
Whome
Whom late in chase of beauty excellent
She left, pursuing that same foster strong;
Of whose foul outrage they impatient,
And full of fire zeal, him followed long,
To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her wrong.

Through thick and thin, through mountains & through
Those two great champions did atonce pursuwe (playne,)
The feearfull damzelle, with incessant payns:
Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from yew
Of hunter swift, and sent of howndes trew.
At last they came into 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 Squyre,
That Ladies loue unto his Lord forlent,
And with proud enuy, and indignant yre,
After that wicked foster fiercely went.
So beene they three three, sondry wayes ybent.
But sayrest fortune to the Prince befell,
Whose chance it was, that soone he did repent;
To take that way, in which that Damozell
Was fled afore, affraid of him, as feend of hell.

At last of her far of he gained yew:
Then gan he freshly pricke his somy steed,
And euer as he nigher to her drew,
So euermore he did increase his speed,
And of each turning stil kept wary heed:
Alowd to her he ofentimes did call,
To doe away vaine doubt, and needless dread:
Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall
Many meke wordes, to stay and comfort her with all.
But nothing might relent her hasty flight;
So deepe the deadly seare of that foule swaine
Was earst impressed in her gentle spright:
Like as a fearfull Doue, which through the raine,
Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
Hauing farre off espyde a Tassell gent,
Which after her his nimble winges doth straine,
Doubleth her hast for seare to bee for-hent,
And with her pineons cleaues the liquid firmament.

With no lesse hast, and eke with no lesse dreed,
That fearfull Ladie fled from him,that ment
To her no enill thought,nor enill deed;
Yet former seare of being lowly shent,
Carried her forward with her first intent:
And though oft looking backward, well she vewde,
Her selfe freed from that foster insolent,
And that it was a knight,which now her sawde,
Yet she no lesse the knight feared,then that villein rude.

His uncouth shield and straunge armes her dismayd,
Whose like in Faery lond were seldom seen,
That fast she from him fledd, no lesse afraid,
Then of wilde beastes if she had chased beene:
Yet he her followd still with corage keen,
So long that now the golden Hesperus
Was mounted high in top of heauen sheene,
And warned his other brethren joyeous,
To light their blessed lamps in lives eternall hous.

All suddainly dim wox the dampish ayre,
And grievly shadowes couered heauen bright,
That now with thousand starrs was decked ayre;
Which when the Prince beheld, a lothfull sight,
And
And that perforce, for want of senter light,
He mote surcease his fuit, and lose the hope
Of his long labour, he gan fowly wyte
His wicked fortune, that had turnd aslope,
And cursed night, that rest from him so goodly scope.

Tho when her wayes he could no more descry,
But to and fro at disauntence strayd;
Like as a ship, whose Lodestar suddeinly
Covered with cloudes, her Pilott hath dismayd,
His wear: some pursuit perforce he stayd,
And from his loftie steed dismounting low,
Did let him forage. Downe himselfe he layd
Vpon the grassy ground, to sleepe a throw;
The cold earth was his couch, the hard streele his pillow.

But gentle Sleepe enuyde him any rest;
In stead thereof sad sorow, and disdaine
Of his hard hap did vexe his noble brest,
And thousand fancies bett his ydle brayne
With their light wings, the sights of semblants vaine:
Oft did he wish, that Lady faire mote bee
His faery Queene, for whom he did complaine:
Or that his Faery Queene were such, as shee:
And euer hafty Night he blamed bitterlie.

Night thou foule Mother of annoyance sad,
Sister of heauie death, and nourse of woe,
Which waft begot in heauen, but for thy bad
And brutifh shape thrust downe to hell below,
Whereby the grim floud of Cocytus flow
Thy dwelling is, in Herebus black hous,
(Black Herebus thy husband is the foe
Of all the Gods) where thou vngratious,
Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horror hideous.

What
What had th' eternall Maker need of thee,
   That doest all thinges deface, ne lettest see,
   The beautie of his worke? Indeed in sleepe
   The slowthfull body, that doth love to sleep
   His luftlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,
   Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deepe
   Calles thee, his goddesse in his errour blind,

And great Dame Natures handmaide chearing euery

But well I wote, that to an heany hart
   Thou art the roote and nourse of bitter cares,
   Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts:
   In stead of reft, thou sendest rayling teares,
   Instead of sleepe, thou sendest troublous teares,
   And dreadfull visions, in the which alie
   The dreary image of sad death appeares:
   So from the wearie spirit thou dost drive

Desired rest, and men of happiness deprive.

Under thy mantle black there hidden lye,
   Light-fhonning theste, and traiterous intent,
   Abhorred bloodyshed, and vile felony,
   Shamefull deceipt, and daunger imminent,
   Fowle horror, and eke hellish drectiment:
   All these I wote in thy protection bee,
   And light doe shonne, for feare of being shent:
   For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
   And all that lewdnesse loue, doe hate the light to see:

For day discouers all dishonest wayes,
   And sheweth each thing, as it is in deed:
   The prayses of high God he faire displayes,
   And his large bountie rightly doth areed.
The children of day be the blessed seed, 
Which darkness 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 darkness doth begin.

O when will day then turne to me againe, 
And bring with him his long expected light, 
O Titan, hast to rear thy joyous waine: 
Speed thee to spread abroad thy beams bright? 
And chace 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 rowme to day, that can it gouerne well.

Thus did the Prince that wearie night outweare, 
In restless anguish and unquiet paine: 
And earely, ere the morrow did prepare 
His deawy head out of the Ocean maine; 
He vp arose, as halfe in great disdain, 
And clombe unto his steed. So forth he went, 
With heauy looke and lumpish pace, that plaine 
In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent: 
His steed eke seemed t'apply his steps to his intent.

Cant.
O NDER it is to see, in diverse minde,
How diversly loue doth his pageants play,
And shewes his powre in variable kindes:
The baser wit, whose ydle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleaue vnto the lowly clay,
It stirreth vp to sensuall desire,
And in lewd slouth to waff his carelesse day:
But in braue sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desart and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth it vncomely idlenesse,
In his free thought to build her sluggishe nest:
Ne suffereth it thought of vgentlenesse,
Euer to creepe into his noble brest,
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it vp, 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 pursuitt him forward stille doth call.

Who long time wandred through the foreft wyde,
To finde some issue thence, till that at last
He met a Dwarfe, that seemed terrifyde
With some late perill, which he hardly past,
Or other accident, which him aghast;
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
And whether now he traveiled so fast:
For sore he swat, and running through that same
Thicke forest, was beschracht, & 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 haue many a day
Served a gentle Lady of great sway,
And high accompt through out all Elfinland,
Who lately left the same, and tooke this way:
Her now I seeke, and if ye understand
Which way she fared hath, good Sir tell out of hand.

What mister wight, (saide he) and how arayd?
Royally clad (quoth he) in cloth of gold,
As meetest may beseeme a noble mayd;
Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,
A fayrer wight did neuer Sunne behold,
And on a Palfrey rydes more white then snow,
Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold:
The surest signe, whereby ye may her know,
Is, that she is the fairest wight aliove, I trow.

Now certes swaine (saide he) such one I weene,
Fast flying through this forest from her so,
A foule ill favourd foster, I haue seene;
Her selfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,
But could not stay; so fast she did foregoe,
Carried away with wings of speedy feare.
Ah dearest God (quoth he) that is great woe,
And wondrous ruth to all, that shall it heare.
But can ye read Sir, how I may her finde, or where.
Perdy me leuer were to weeten that,
(Saide he) then ran some of the richest knight,
Or all the good that euer yet I gat:
But froward fortune, and too forward Night
Such happiness did, maulgre, to me spight,
And fro me rest both life and light attone.
But Dwarfe aread, what is that Lady bright,
That through this forest wandreth thus alone;
For of her errour straunge I haue great ruth and mone.

That Ladie is (quoth he) where so she bee,
The bountieft virgin, and most debonaire,
That euer liuing eye I weene did see;
Liues none this day, that may with her compare
In steaufast chastitie and vertue rare,
The goodly ornaments of beautie bright;
And is ycleped Florimell the gayre,
Faire Florimell belou’d of many a knight,
Yet she loues none but one, that Marinell is hight.

A Sea-nymphes sonne, that Marinell is hight,
Of my deare Dame is loued dearely well;
In other none, but him, she sets delight,
All her delight is set on Marinell;
But he sets not at all by Florimell:
For Ladies loue his mother long ygoe
Did him, they say, forwarne through sacred spell.
But fame now flies, that of a foreigne foe
He is yslaine, which is the ground of all our woe.

Fiue daies there be, since he (they say) was slaine,
And fowre, since Florimell the Court forwent,
And vowed neuer to returne againe,
Till him alioe or dead she did inuent.
Therefore, faire Sir, for loue of knighthood gent,
And honour of trew Ladies, if ye may
By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,
Or succour her, or me direct the way,
Do one, or other good, I you moft humbly pray.

So may ye gaine to you full great renowne,
Of all good Ladies through the world so wide,
And haply in her hart finde highest renowne,
Of whom ye seeke to be moft magnifide:
At least eternall meede shall you abide.
To whom the Prince; Dwarf, comfort to thee take,
For till thou tidings learne, what her betide,
I here auow thee neuer to forfake.
Ill weares he armes, that nill them vse for Ladies sake.

So with the Dwarf he backe return'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 pensiue grew in minde,
For doubt of daungter, which mote him betide;
For him he loued aboue all mankinde,
Hauing him trew and faithfull ever tride,
And bold, as ever Squyre that waited by knights side.

Who all this while full hardly was assayd
Of deadly daungter, which to him betidd;
For whiles his Lord purswed that noble Mayd,
After that foster fowle he fiercely ridd,
To bene auenged of the shame, he did
To that faire Damzell: Him he chaced long (hid
Through the thickewoods, wherein he would have
His shamefull head from his auengement strong,
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

Gg 2
Nathleffe
The third Booke of

Nathlesse the villaine sped himselfe so well,
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedie beast;
Or knowledge of those woods, where he did dwell,
That shortly he from daunger was releas'd,
And out of fight escaped at the last;
Yet not escaped from the dew reward
Of his bad deedses, which daily he increas'd,
Ne ceas'd not, till him opprest hard
The heauie plague, that for such leachours is prepar'd.

For soone as he was vanisht out of sight,
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
And caft t'auenge him of that fowle despight,
Which he had borne of his bold enemie.
Tho to his brethren came: for they were three:
Vngrantious children of one gracelesse fyre,
And vnto them complayned, how that he
Had vfed beene of that foolehardie Squyre;
So them with bitter words he stir'd to bloodie yre.

Forthwith themselves with their sad instruments:
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme byliue,
And with him foorth into the forrest went,
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst reuiue.
In their sterne brests, on him which late did driue:
Their brother to reproch and shamefull sight:
For they had vow'd, that never he alive
Out of that forrest should escape their might;
Vile rancour their rude harts had fill'd with such despight.

Within that wood there was a couert glade;
Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,
Through which it was vneath for wight to made,
And now by fortune it was overflowne:
By that same way they knew that Squyre vnknowne
Mote algates passe; for thy themselues they set
There in await, with thicke woods ouer growne,
And all the while their malice they did whet
With cruell threats, his passage through the ford to let.

It fortuned, as they deuized had,
The gentle Squyrc came ryding that same way,
Unweeting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passen did assay;
But that fierce foster, which late fled away,
Stoutly foorth stepping on the further shore,
Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,
Till he had made amends, and full restore
For all the damage, which he had him doen afore.

With that at him a quiu-ring dart he threw,
With so fell force and vileinous despite,
That through his haberieon the forkehead flew,
And through the linked mayles empierced quite,
But had now powre in his soft flesh to bite:
That stroke the hardy Squire did sore displease,
But more that him he could not come to smite;
For by no meanes the high banke he could sease,
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine disease.

And still the foster with his long bore-speare
Him kept from landing at his wished will,
Anone one sent out of the thicke neare
A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,
And fethered with an vnucky quill;
The wicked steele stayd not, till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
Exceeding griefe that wound in him empight,
But more that with his foes he could not come to fight.

Cant. v.  
the Faery Queene.  
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At last through wrath and vengeance making way,
He on the banke arrayd with mickle payne,
Where the third brother him did fore assay,
And drove at him with all his might and mayne
A forest bill, which both his hands did strayne,
But warily he did avoide the blow,
And with his speare requited him agayne,
That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,
And a large streame of flood out of the wound did flow.

He tumbling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite
The bitter earth, and bad to lett him in
Into the balefull house of endlessle night,
Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin.
Tho gan the battaile freshely to begin;
For nathemore for that spectacle bad,
Did th'other two their cruell vengeance blin,
But both attonce on both sides him bestad,
And load vpon him layd, his life for to haue had.

Tho when that villayn he auiz'd, which late
Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,
Full of siers fury, and indignant hate,
To him he turned, and with rigor fell
Smote him so rudely on t' Pannikell,
That to the chin he cleste his head in twaime:
Downe on the ground his carkas groueling fell;
His sinfull fowle with desperate disdain,
Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place of paine.

That seeing now the only last of three,
Who with that wicked shaltc him wounded had,
Trembling with horror, as that did foresee
The searefull end of his auengement sad.
Through which he followed should his brethren bad,
His bootelesse bow in feeble hand vpcought,
And therewith shot an arrow at the lad;
Which rayntly fluttering, scarce his helmet raught,
And glauncing fell to ground, but him annoyed naught.

With that he would have fled into the wood;
But Timias him lightly overhent,
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 carcass with the streame was carried downe,
But th'head fell backward on the Continent.
So mischief fell upon the meaners crowne; (renowne.)
They three be dead with shame, the Squire liues with

He liues, but takes small joy of his renowne;
For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,
That from his stead he fell in deadly swoone;
Yet still the blood forth gushed in so great store,
That he lay wallowd all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest Squire alius,
Els shall thy louing Lord thee see no more,
But both of comfort him thou shalt depreue,
And eke thy selfe of honor, which thou didst attchieue.

Prouidence heuenly passeth living thought,
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;
For doe 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 huntress did wonne,
Shee, that base Braggadochio did affray,
And made him fast out of the forest ronne;
Belphoebe was her name, as faire as Phabus sunne.

Shee
She on a day, as she pursued the chase
Of some wilde beast, which with her arrowes keene
She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tracts of blood, which she had freshly seene,
To have besprinkled all the grasse greene,
By the great persue, which she there perceau'd,
Well hoped she the beast engor'd had beene,
And made more haste, the life to have bereav'd:
But ah, her expectation greatly was deceau'd.

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 leaues fallen to ground,
Knotted with blood, in bunches rudely ran,
And his sweete lips, on which before that swoond
The bud of youth to blossome faire began,
Spoild of their rosy red, were woxen pale and wan.

Saw never living eie more heavy sigh,
That could have made a recke of stone to rew,
Or riue in twaine: which when that Lady bright
Besides all hope with melting eies did see,
And suddeinly abashed shee chaunged hew,
All with sterne horror backward gan to start:
But when shee bittet him beheld, shee grew
Full of softe passion and unwonted smart:
The point of pitty perced through her tender hart.

Meekely shee bowed downe, to seee if life
Yet in his frozen members did remaine,
And feeling by his pulses beating rife,
That the weake fowle her seat did yet retaine,
She cast to comfort him with busy paine:
His double folded necke she reared vpright,
And rubd his temples, and each trembling vaine;
His mayled habeneon she did vndight,
And from his head his heauy burganet did light.

Into the woods thenceforth in haste shee went,
To seeke for hearbes, that more him remedy;
For shee of herbes had great intendiment,
Taught of the Nymphe, which from her infancy
Her nourse had in trew Nobility:
There, whether yt divinie Tobacco were,
Or Panachae, or Polygony,
Shee found, and brought it to her patient deare
Who al this while lay bleeding out his hart-blood neare.

The soueraine weede betwixt two marbles plaine
Shee pownded small, and did in piecees bruze,
And then atweene her lily handes twaine,
Into his wound the iuice thereof did scrue,
And round about, as shee could well it yze,
The flesh therewith shee suppled and did steepe,
T'abate all spasme, and soke the swelling bruze,
And after hauing searcht the intufe deepe,
Shee with her scarf did bind the woule fro cold to keepe.

By this he had sweet life recur'd agayne,
And groning inly deepe, at last his eies,
His watry eies, drizling like deawy rayne,
Be vp gan lifte toward the azure skies,
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:
Therewith he sigh'd, and turning him aside,
The goodly Maide ful of diuinities,
And gifts of heauenly grace he by him spide,
Her bow and gilden quiuer lying him beside.
Mercy deare Lord (sai'd he) what grace is this,
That thou haft shewed to me sinnfull wight,
To send thine Angell from her bowre of blis,
To comfort me in my distressed plight?
Angell, or Goddesse doe I call thee right?
What service may I doe unto thee meete,
That haft from darkenes me returnd to light,
And with thy heuenly values and med'cines sweete.
Haft drest my sinnfull wounds? I kiffe thy blessed feete.

Thereat she blushing saide, Ah gentle Squire,
Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell, but the May d,
And daughter of a woody Nymphe desire
No service, but thy safety and ayd,
Which if thou gaine, I shall be well apayd.
Wee mortall wights, whose liues and fortunes bee
To commun accidents stil open layd,
Are bound with commun bond of frailtee,
To succor wretched wights, whom we captiued see.

By this her Damzells, which the former chace
Had vndertaken after her, arryu'd,
As did Belphæbe, in the bloody place,
And thereby deemed the beaft haft bene depriu'd
Of life, whom late their ladies arrow ryu'd:
For thy the bloody tract they followed fast,
And every one to ronne the swiftest ryu'd;
But two of them the rest far ouerpast,
And where their Lady was, arriued at the last.

Where when they saw that goodly boy, with blood
Desowled, and their Lady dresse his wound,
They wondred much, and shortly vnderstood,
How him in deadly case theyr Lady found,
And
And reskewed out of the heavy stound,
Eftfoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
Farre in the woods es, whiles that he lay in stound,
She made those Damzels search, which being strayd,
They did him set theron, and forth with them convayd.

Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,
With mountaines round about enuironed,
And mightie woods es, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately Theatre it made,
Spreading it selfe into a spacious plaine.
And in the midst a little river plaid
Emongst the pumpy stones, which seemd to plaine
With gentle murmure, that their cours they did restraine.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurels greene,
In which the birds song many a lovely lay
Of gods high prais e, and of their sweet loves teene,
As it an earthly Paradise had beene:
In whose enclosed shadow there was pright
A faire Pavilion, scarcely to be seenne,
The which was all within most richly dight,
That greatest Princes liking it mote well delight.

Thether they brought that wounded Squyre, and Layd
In easie couch his feeble limb es to rest,
He rested him a while, and then the Mayd
His readie wound with better values new dreft,
Daily she dressed him, and did the best
His grieuous hurt to guarish, that he might,
That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,
And his soule sore reduced to faire plight:
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.
O foolish physic, and unfruitful paine,
That heales vp one and makes another wound:
She his hurt thigh to him recurc againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,
Through an vnwary dart, which did rebound
From her faire eyes and gratious countenaunce.
What bootes it him from death to be vnbound,
To be captiued in endlesse duraunce
Of sorrow and despeyre without aleggeaunce?

Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,
So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd:
Madness to saue a part, and lose the whole.
Still whenas he beheld the heauenly Mayd,
While dayly playsters to his wound she layd,
So still his Malady the more increast,
The whiles her matchlesse beautie him diemayd.
Ah God, what other could he doe at least,
But loue so sayre a Lady, that his life releaft?

Long while he stroue in his corageous breft,
With reason dew the passion to subdued,
And loue for to dilodge out of his nest:
Still when her excellencies he did vew,
Her soueraine bountie, and celestiall hew,
The same to loue he strongly was constraynd:
But when his meane estate he did reuew,
He from such hardy boldnesse was restraynd,
And of his lucklesse lott and cruell loue thus playnd.

Vnthankfull wretch (said he) is this the meed,
With which her souerain mercy thou dost quight?
Thy life she saued by her gratious deed,
But thou dost weene with villenous 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 euer loue disloyally.

But if to loue disloyalty it bee,
Shall I then hate her, that from deathes dore
Me brought? ah farre be such reproch from mee.
What can I lefte doe, then her loue therefore,
Sith I her dew reward cannot restore:
Dye rather, dye, and dying doe her serue,
Dying her serue, and louing her adore;
Thy life she gaue, thy life she doth defcruer:
Dye rather, dye, then euer from her seruice swerve.

But foolish boy, what bootes thy seruice bace
To her, to whom the heuens doe serue and fiew?
Thou a meane Squyre, of meeke and lowly place,
She heuenly borne, and of celeftiall hew.
How then? of all loue taketh equall vew:
And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
The loue and seruice of the baseft crew?
If she, will not, dye meekly for her fake;
Dye rather, dye, then euer so faire loue forfake.

Thus warreid he long time against his will,
Till that through weaknesse he was forft at last,
To yield himselfe vnto the mightie ill:
Which as a victour proud, gan ranfack fast
His inward partes, and all his entrayles waft,
That neither blood in face, nor life in harte
It left, but both did quite drye vp, and blast;
As percing leuin, which the inner part
Of every thing consumes, and calcinesh by art.

Which
Which seeing faire Belphoebe, gan to feare,
Least that his wound were inly well not heal'd,
Or that the wicked steele empoyzned were:
Little she weend, that loue he close conceald;
Yet still he wafted, as the snow congeald,
When the bright sunne his beams theron doth beat;
Yet neuer he his hart to her reuele,
But rather chose to dye for sorrow great,
Then with dishonorable termes her to entreat.

She gracious Lady, yet no paines did spare,
To doe him ease, or doe him remedy:
Many Restoratvnes of vertues rare,
And costly Cordialles she did apply,
To mitigate his stubborn malady:
But that sweet Cordiall, which can restore
A loue-sick hart, she did to him enuy;
To him, and to all th'vnworthy world forlore
She did enuy that soueraine salue, in secret store.

That daintie Rose, the daughter of her Morne,
More deare then life she tendered, whose flowre
The girland of her honour did adorne:
Ne suffred she the Middayes scorching powre,
Ne the sharp Northerne wind th'ereon to shoure;
But lapped vp her silken leaves most chayre,
When so the froward skye began to lowre;
But soone as calmed was the chriftall ayre,
She did it faire dispred, and let to florish faire.

Eternall God in his almightie powre,
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
In Paradize whyleome did plant this flowre;
Whence he it fetcht out of her native place;
And did in stoke of earthly flesh enrace,
That mortall men her glory should admire
In gentle Ladies breaste, and bounteous race
Of woman kind it fayrest flower doth spyre,
And beareth fruit of honour and all chaff defyre.

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright shining beames
Adorne the world with like to heauenly light,
And to your wills both royalties and Reynes
Subdew, through coquest of your wondrous might,
With this fayre flower your goodly gironds dight,
Of chaffity and vertue virginal,
That shall embellish more your beautie bright,
And crowne your heads with heauenly coronall,
Such as the Angels were before Gods tribunall.

To your faire selues a faire ensample frame,
Of this faire virgin, this Belphebe fayre,
To whom in perfect loue, and spotlesse fame
Of chastitie, none living may compare:
 Neposnous Enuy justly can empayre
The prayse of her fresh flowing Maydenhead;
For thy she standeth on the highest fayre
Of th' honorable stage of womanhead,
That Ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

In so great prayse of stedfast chastity,
Nathlesse she was so courteous and kynde,
Tempered with grace, and goodly modesty,
That seemed those two vertues stroue to fynd
The higher place in her Heroick mynd:
So struing each did other more augment,
And both encreaf the prayse of woman kynde,
And both encreaf her beautie excellent;
So all did make in her a perfect complement;
The birth of faire Belphebe and,
Of Amorest is told.
The Gardins of Adonis 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 saluage forests she did dwell,
So farre from court and royall Citadell,
The great schoolmaistresse of all courtely:
Seemeth that such wilde woodes should far expell
All ciuile vslage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deform with rude rusticity.

But to this faire Belphæbe in her berth
The heuens so favorable were and free,
Looking with myld aspect vpon the earth,
In th'Horoscope of her nativitye,
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne;
Iowc laught on Venus from his souerayne see,
And Phæbus with faire beames did her adorne,
And all the Graces roke her cradle being borne.

Her berth was of the wombe of Morning dew,
And her conception of the joyous Prime,
And all her whole creation did her shew
Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime,
Cant. \( V \) \( I \).  the Faery Queene.

That is ingenerate in fleshly slime,
So was this virgin borne, so was she bred,
So was she trayned vp from time to time,
In all chaste vertue, and true bounti-hed
Till to her dew perfection she were ripened.

Her mother was the faire Chrysogonee,
The daughter of Amphisa, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree,
She bore Belph:be, she bore in like case
Fayre Amoretta in the second place:
These two were twinnes, & twixt them two did share
The heritage of all celestiall grace.
That all the rest it seemed they robbed bare
Of bounty, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.

It were a goodly storie, to declare,
By what strange accident faire Chrysogone
Concei'd these infants, and how them she bore,
In this wilde forrest wandring all alone,
After she had nine moneths fulfild and gone:
For not as other womens commune brood,
They were enwombed in the sacred throne
Of her chaste bodie, nor with commune food,
As other womens babes, they sucked vitall blood.

But wondroufly they were begot, and bred
Through influence of th'heuens fruitfull ray,
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
It was vpon a Sommers shinie day,
When Titan faire his beames did display,
In a fresh fountaine, far from all mens vew,
She bath'd her breft, the boyling heat t'allay,
She bath'd with roses red, and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowres, that in the forrest grew.

H h  Till
Till faint through yrkesome wearines, adowne
Upon the gristy ground her selfe she layd
To sleepe, the whiles a gentle fombring twowne
Upon her fell all naked bare displayd;
The sunbeames bright upon her body playd,
Being through former bathing molliside,
And pierst into her wombe, where they embayd
With so sweet fence and secret power vnispide,
That in her pregnant fleith they shortly fructiside.

Miraculous may seeme to him, that reades
So straunge esample of conception,
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades
Of all things liuing, through impression
Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion,
Doe life conceiue and quickned are by kynd:
So after Nilus invndation,
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd,
Informed in the mud, on which the Sunne hath shynd.

Great father he of generation
Is rightly cald, th'authour of life and light;
And his faire fitter for creation
Ministreth matter fit, which tempered right.
With heate and humour, breedes the liuing wight.
So sprong these twinnes in womb of Chrysegone,
Yet wif the nought thereof, but fore affright.
Wondred to see her belly fo vpblone,
Which still increast, till she her terme had full outgone.

Whereof conceiuing shame and soule disgrace,
Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,
She fled into the wildernesse a space,
Till that vnweedly burden she had reard.

And
And shud dishonor, which as death she feard:
Where weary of long trauell, downe to rest
Her selfe she set, and comfortably cheard;
There a sad cloud of sleepe her ouerkeft,
And seized euery fence with sorrow sore opprest.

It fortuned, faire Venus having lost
Her little sonne, the winged god of loue,
Who for some light displeasure, which him crost,
Was from her fled, as flit as ayery Doye,
And left her blissfull bowre of joy above,
(So from her often he had fled away,
When she for ought him sharpeuely did reprove,
And wandred in the world in straunge array,
Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him be-

Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous,
The house of goodly formes and faire aspects,
Whence all the world deriues the glorious
Features of beautie, and all shapes seleet,
With which high God his workmanship hath deckt;
And seareched euerie way, through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract she more detect:
She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
Upto the man, that of him tydings to her brings.

First she him sought in Court, where most he visd
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
But many there she found, which sore accused
His falshood, and with fowle infamous blot
His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did spot:
Ladies and Lordes she euery where mote heare
Complayning, how with his empoyyned shot
Their wofull harts he wounded had whylere,
And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare.

She
The third Booke of Qant.

She then the Cities fought from gate to gate,
And euerie one did ask, did he him see;
And euerie one her answerd, that too late
He had him seene, and felt the cruellce
Of his sharpe darts and whot artilleree;
And every one threw forth reproches rise
Of his mischievous deeds; and sayd, That he:
Was the disturber of all civill life,
The enimy of peace, and authour of all strife.

Then in the countrey she abroad him sought,
And in the rural cottages inquir'd,
Where also many plaintes to her were brought,
How he their heedlesse harts with loue had fir'd,
And his false venim through their veins inspir'd;
And eke the gentle Shepheard swaynes, which sat
Keeping their fleecy flockes; as they were hyr'd,
She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what
Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile thereat.

But when in none of all these she him got,
She gan auize, where els he more him hyde:
At last she her bethought, that she had not
Yet fought the salvagge woods and forests wyde,
In which full many louely Nymphes abyde,
Mongst whom might be, that he did closely lye;
Or that the loue of some of them him tyde:
For thy the thether cast her course t'apply,
To search the secret haunts of Dianes company.

Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came;
Whereas she found the Goddesse with her crew,
After late chace of their embrewed game;
Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew;
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From of their dainty limbs the dusty sweat,
And soyle which did deforme their lively hew,
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

She hauing hong vpon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quyuer, had vnlaste
Her siluer buskines from her nimble thigh,
And her lanck loynes vngiart, and brefts vnbraste,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright
Embreaded were for hindring of her hafe,
Now loose about her shoulders hong vnright,
And were with sweet Ambrosia all besprinkled light.

Soone as she Venus saw behinde her backe,
She was a sham’d to be so loose surpriz’d
And woxe halfe wroth against her damzels slacke,
That had not her there of before auiz’d,
But suffred her so carelesly disguiz’d
Be ouertaken. Soone her garments loose
Vpgath’ring , in her bosome she compriz’d,
Well as she might, and to the Goddesse rose,
Whiles all her Nymphes did like a girlond her enclose.

Goodly she gan faire Cytherea greet,
And shortly asked her, what cause her brought
Into that wildernes for her vnmeet, (fraught:
From her sweete bowres, and beds with pleasures
That suddein chaung she straung aduenture thought.
To whom halfe weeping, she thus answered,
That she her dearest sonne Cupido sought,
Who in his frowardnes from her was fled;
That she repented sore, to haue him angered.

Hh 3
Thereat
The third Booke of Cant. VI

Thereat Diana gan to smile, in scorne
Of her vaine playnt, and to her scoffing sayd;
Great pity sure, that ye be so forlorn
Of your gay sonne, that giues ye so good ayd
To your disports: ill mote ye bene apayd,
But she was more engriued, and replide;
Faire sister, ill beseemes it to vpbrayd
A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride;
The like that mine, may be your paine another tide.

As you in woods and wanton wildernesse
Your glory sett, to chace the saлуagе beast, 
So my delight is all in joyfulnesse,
In beds, in bowres, in bankets, and in feasts:
And ill becomes you with your lofty creasts,
To scorn the joy, that Love is glad to seeke;
We both are bound to follow heaven's beheasts,
And tend our charges with obeisance meeke:
Spare gentle sister, with reproch my paine to seeke.

And tell me, if that ye my sonne haue heard,
To lurke amongst your Nimphes in secret wise;
Or keepe their cabins: much I am affeard,
Least he like one of them him selfe disguize,
And turne his arrowes to their exercize:
So may he long him selfe full easie hide:
For he is faire and fresh in face and guise,
As any Nimphè (let not it be enuide.)
So saying euery Nimph full narrowly shee eide.

But Phæbe therewith sore was angered,
And sharply saide, Goe Dame, goe seeke your boy,
Where you him lately lefte, in Mars his bed;
He comes not here, we scorn his foolish joy,
Ne
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:
Ile clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall flye.

Whom whenas Venus saw so sore displeased,
Shee inly sore was, and gan relent,
What shee had saide: so her she soone appeas'd,
With sugred words and gentle blandishment,
From which a fountaine from her sweete lips went,
And welled goodly forth, that in short space
She was well pleas'd, and forth her damzells sent
Through all the woods, to search fro one place to place.
If any tract of him or tidings they mote trace.

To search the God of love her Nimphes she sent,
Throughout the wandring forest euerie where
And after them her selfe eke with her went
To seeke the fugitive.
So long they sought, till they arrriued were
In that same shady couert, whereas lay
Faire Crysoene in squombry traunce whilere:
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
Unwares had borne two babes, as faire as springing day.

Unwares she them conceiued, unwares she bore:
She bore withouten paine, that she conceiued
Withouten pleasure: ne her need implore
Lucinaes aide: which when they both perceiued,
They were through wonder nigh of fonce bereiued,
And gazing each on other, nought bespoke:
At last they both agreed, her seeming grieued
Out of her heauie twowne not to awake,
But from her loving side the tender babes to take.
Up they them tooke, each one a babe vp tooke,
And with them carried, to be fostered;
Dame Phæbe to a Nymph her babe betooke,
To be vp brought in perfect Maydenhed,
And of her selte her name Belphæbe red:
But Venus hers thence far away conuayd,
To be vp brought in goodly womanhed,
And in her little loues stead, which was strayd,
Her Amoretta cald, to comfort her dismayd.

Shee brought her to her joyous Paradise,
Where most she wonnes, where she on earth does dwell.
So faire a place, as Nature can devise:
Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
Or it in Gnidas bee, I wote not well;
But well I wote by triall, that this fame
All other pleasant places doth excell,
And called is by her lost louers name,
The Garden of Adam, far renownd by fame.

In that same Garden all the goodly flowres,
Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautify,
And decks the girlandes of her Paramoures,
Are fetcht: there is the first seminary
Of all things, that are borne to liue and dye,
According to their kynds. Long worke it were,
Here to account the endless progeny
Of all the weeds, that bud and blossome there;
But so much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

It sited was in fruitful soyle of old,
And girt in with two walls on either side;
The one of yron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough breake, nor ouer stride;
And
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 letteth in, he letteth out to wend,
All that to come into the world desire;
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which doe require,
That he with fleshly weeds would them attire:
Such as him lift, such as eternall fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,
Till they agayn returne backe by the hinder gate.

After that they againe retourned beene,
They in that Gardin planted bee agayne;
And grow afresh, as they had never seene
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall payne.
Some thousand yeares so doen they there remayne,
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or sent into the chaungefull world agayne,
Till the other they retoure, where first they grew:
So like a wheelc around they ronne from old to new.

Ne needs there Gardiner to sett, or sow,
To plant or prune: for of their owne accord
All things, as they created were, doe grow,
And yet remember well the mighty word,
Which first was spoken by th'Almighty lord,
That bad them to increase and multiply:
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
Or of the clouds to moysten their roots dry;
For in themselves eternall moisture they imply.

Infinite
The third Booke of Cant. VI.

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
   And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew,
   And every sort is in a fondry bed
Sett by it selfe, and ranckt in comely rew:
Some fitt for reasonable soule t'indew,
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare,
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
In endless rancks along enraunged were,
That seemd the Ocean could not containe them there.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to replenish more,
Yet is the stocke not lessened, nor spent,
But still remaines in everlastinge store,
As it at first created was of yore.

For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
In hatefull darknes and in deepe horrore,
An huge eternal Chaos, which supplyes
The substaunces of nature's fruitfull progenyes.

All things from thence doe their first being fetch,
And borrow matter, whereof they are made,
Which whenas forme and feature it does ketch,
Becomes a body, and doth then invade
The state of life, out of the grievely made.
That substaunce is eterne, and bideth so,
Ne when the life decayes, and forme does fade,
Doth it consume, and into nothing goe,
But chaunged is, and often altrted to and froe.

The substaunce is not chaungd, or altered,
But th'only forme and outward fashion;
For euery substaunce is conditioned
To chaunge her hew, and fondry 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 flowre of beautie fades away,
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

Great enimi to it, and to all the rest,
That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Tyme, who with his scyth addreft,
Does mow the flowring 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 flaggy winges
Beates downe both leaues and buds without regard,
Ne euer pitty may relent his malice hard.

Yet pitty often did the gods relent,
To see so faire thingses mard, and spoilt quight:
And their great mother Venus did lament
The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight:
Her hart was pierft with pitty at the sight,
When walking through the Gardin, them she spyde,
Yet nofte she find redresse for such despight:
For all that liues, is subject to that law:
All things decay in time, and to their end doe draw.

But were it not, that Tyme their troublers is,
All that in this delightfull Gardingrowes,
Should happy bee, and haue immortall blis:
For here all plenty, and all pleasure flowes,
And sweete loue groweth fitts amongst them throwes,
Without fell rances, or fond gealofy;
Franckly each Pyamor his leman knowes,
Each bird his mate, ne any does enuy
Their goodly meriment, and gay felicity.
There is continuall Spring, and harvest there
Continuall, both meeting at one time:
For both the boughes do laugh and blossoms beare,
And with fresh colours decke the wanton Pyrme,
And eke attonce the heavenly trees they clyme,
Which seeme to labour under their fruits lode:
The whiles the joyous birds make their pallyme
Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their twre loues without suspicion tell abroad.

Right in the middest of that Paradise,
There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top
A gloomy group of mirtle trees did rise,
Whose shady boughes sharp steele did never lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,
But like a girland compassed the hight,
And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum did drop,
That all the ground with precious dew bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours, & most sweet delight.

And in the thickest couert of that shade,
There was a pleasant Arber, not by art,
But of the trees owne inclination made,
Which knitting their rancke braunches part to part,
With wanton yuie twyne entrayld athwart,
And Eglantine, and Caprifole emong,
Fashion above within their immost part,
That nether Phoebus beams could through the throg,
Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
To which sad louers were transformde of yore;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phoebus paramoure,
Foolish Marisste, that likes the watry shore,
Sad Amaranthus, made a flower but late,
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Me seems I see Amintas wretched fate,
To whom sweet Poets verse hath given endless date.

There wont sayre Venus often to enjoy
Her deare Adonis joyous company,
And reap sweet pleasure of the wanton boy:
There yet, some say, in secret he doth fly,
Lapped in flowres and precious spycery,
By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of Stygian Gods, which doe her love enuys;
But the selfe, when euer that she will,
Possesseth him, and of his sweetnessse takes her fill.

And sooth it seems they say, for he may not
For euer dye, and euer buried bee.
In baleful night, where all things are forgot;
All be he subject to mortality,
Yet is eternall in mutabilitie,
And by succession made perpetuall,
Transformed oft, and changed diverslie:
For him the Father of all formes they call;
Therefore needs more he liues, that living giues to all.

There now he liueth in eternall blis,
Joying his goddess, and of her enioyed:
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd:
For that wilde Bore, the which him once annoyed,
She firmly hath emprisoned for ay,
That her sweet love his malice more auoyd,
In a strong rocky Caue, which is they say, (may)
He wen underneath that Mount, that none him stolen
There now he liues in euerlafting ioy,
   With many of the Gods in company,
   Which thether haunt, and with the winged boy
   Sporting him selfe in safe felicity:
   Who when he hath with spoiles and crueltie
   Ransackt the world, and in the wofull harts
   Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,
   Thether resortes, and laying his sad dartes
   Alyde, with faire Adonis playes his wanton partes.

And his trew loue faire Psyche with him playes,
   Fayre Psyche to him lately reconcyld,
   After long troubles and vnmeet vpbrayes,
   With which his mother Venus her reuyld,
   And eke himselfe her cruely exyld:
   But now in stedfaft loue and happy state
   She with him liues, and hath him borne a chyld,
   Pleafure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
   Pleafure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late.

Hether great Venus brought this infant sayre,
   The yonger daughter of Chrysocone,
   And vnto Psyche with great trust and care
   Committed her, ysoftered to bee,
   And trained vp in trew feminitee:
   Who no lesse carefully her tendered,
   Then her owne daughter Pleafure, to whom shee
   Made her companion, and her lessoned
   In all the lore of loue, and goodly womanhead.

In which when she to perfect ripenes grew,
   Of grace and beautie noble Paragone,
   She brought her forth into the worldes vew,
   To be th'enample of true loue alone,
And Lodestarre of all chaste affection,
To all fayre Ladies, that doe liue on ground.
To Faery court she came, where many one
Admyrd her goodly haueour, and fownd
His feeble hart wide launch with loues cruel wound.

But she to none of them her loue did cast,
Saue to the noble knight Sir Scudamore,
To whom her louing hart she linked fast
In faithfull loue, t'abide for euermore,
And for his dearest sake endured sore,
Sore trouble of an hainous enimy,
Who her would forced haue to haue forlore
Her former loue, and stedfast loialty,
As ye may elswhere reade that ruefull history.

But well I weeze, ye first desire to learne,
What end vnto that fearefull Damozell,
Which fledd so fast from that fame foster steare,
Whom with his brethren Timias slew, befell:
That was to weet, the goodly Florimell,
Who wandring for to seeke her louer deare,
Her louer deare, her dearest Marinell,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
And from Prince Arthure fled with wings of idle feare.
Cant. VII.

The wittes sonne loves Florimell:
She flies, he faines to dy.
Satyrane saves the Squyre of Dames
From Gynunt, tyranny.

Like as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a rauenous beast,
Yet flies away of her owne feete afeard,
And euer leafe, that shaketh with the leaft
Murmure of winde, her terror hath encreaft;
So fledd fayre Florimell from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releaft:
Each shade she saw, and each noyfe he did heare,
Did seeme to be the fame, which she esapt whileare.

All that fame euening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continewd:
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
Nor wearinesse to slack her haft, but fled
Euer alike, as if her former dred
Were hard behind, her ready to arrest:
And her white Palfrey hauing conquered
The maistring raines out of her weary wreft,
Perforce her carried, where euer he thought best.

So long as breath, and hable puiffaunce
Did native corage vnto him supply,
His pace he frehly forward did aduaunce,
And carried her beyond all ieopardy.
But nought that wanteth rest, can long aby.
He hauing through incessant trauell spent
His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,
Ne foot could further moue: The Lady gent
Thereat was suddein strook with great astonishment.

And forst t' alight, on foot mote algates fare,
A traueler vnwonted to such way:
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That fortune all in equall launce doth sray,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long she traueld, till at length she came
To an hilles side, which did to her bewray
A little valley, subject to the same,
All couerd with thick woodes, that quite it ouercame.

Through the tops of the high trees she did descry
A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light,
Reeking aloft, vprolled to the sky:
Which, chearefull signe did send unto her sight,
That in the same did wonne some living wight.
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,
And came at laft in weary wretched plight
Vnto the place, to which her hope did guyde,
To finde some refuge there, and rest her weary sdye.

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes
In homely wise, and wald with sods around,
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes,
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes,
So choosing solitarie to abide,
Far from all neighbours, that her diuellish deedes
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off vnknowne, whom euer she envide.
The Damzell there arriving entred in;
Where sitting on the flore the Hag she found,
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin:
Who soone as she beheld that suddein stound,
Lightly vpstart from the dustie ground,
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
Ne had one word to speake, for great amaze, (daze.
But shewd by outward signes, that dread her fence did

At last turning her feare to foolish wrath,
She askt, what deuill had her thether brought,
And who she was, and what vnwonted path
Had guided her, vnwelcomed, vnsoyght.
To which the Damzell full of doubtfull thought,
Her mildly anfwerd; Beldame be not wroth
With silly Virgin by aduentre brought
Vnto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That craue but rowme to rest, while tempest ouerblo'th.

With that adowne out of her chrifall cyne
Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
That like two orient perles, did purely thynie
Vpon her snowy cheeke; and therewithall
She sighed soft, that none so bestiall,
Nor fatuage hart, but ruth of her sad plight
Would make to melt, or pitteously appall;
And that vile Hag , all were her whole delight
In mischieffe, was much moued at so pitteous light.

And gan recomfort her in her rude wyse,
With womanifh compassion of her plaint,
Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
And bidding her sit downe, to rest her faint
And weariest limbs a while. She nothing quaint
Nor deignfull of so homely fashion,
Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,
Sat downe uppon the dusty ground anon,
As glad of that small rest, as Bird of tempest gon.

Thogan she gather vp her garments rent,
And her loose lockes to light in order dew,
With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament;
Whom such whenas the wicked Hag did vew,
She was astonisht at her heavenly hew,
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
But or some Goddesse, or of Dianes crew,
And thought her to adore with humble spright;
T'adore thing so divine as beauty, were but right.

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
A laefy lord, for nothing good to donne,
But stretched forth in ydlenesse alwayes,
Ne ever cast his mind to count prayse,
Or ply him selfe to any honest trade,
But all the day before the sunny rayes
He vsf'd to slug, or sleepe in slothful shade:
Such lascinesse both lewd and poore attonce him made.

He comming home at vndertime, there found
The sayreft creature, that he euer saw,
Sitting beside his mother on the ground;
The light whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his base thought with terrour and with aw
So inly smot, that as one, which hath gaz'd
On the bright Sunne vnwares, doth soone withdraw
His feeble eyne, with too much brightnes daz'd,
So stared he on her, and stood long while amaz'd.
Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
What matter wight that was, and whence deriu'd,
That in so strange disguise there did maske,
And by what accident she there arrui'd:
But she, as one night of her wits depriv'd,
With nought but ghastly lookes him answered,
Like to a ghost, that lately is resuui'd
From Stygian shores, where late it wander'd;
So both at her, and each at other wonder'd.

But the fayre Virgin was so meeke and myld,
That she to them vouchsafed to embrace
Her goodly port, and to their senses vild,
Her gentle speach apply'd; that in short space
She grew familiare in that desert place.
During which time, the Chorle through her so kind
And courteife vfe conceiui'd affection bace,
And cast to loue her in his brutish mind,
No loue, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
And shortly grew into outrageous fire;
Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
As unto her to vutter his desire;
His caytie thought durft not so high aspire,
But with soft sighes, and louely semblances,
He ween'd that his affection entire
She should aread; many resemblance
To her he made, and many kinde remembrances:

Oft from the forest wildings he did bring,
Whose sides empurpled were with smyling red,
And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing,
His maistresse praises, sweetly caroled,
Cant. VII.  the Faery Queene.  499

Girlonds of flowres sometimes for her faire hed
He fine would dight; sometimes the squirrell wild
He brought to her in bands, as comrered
To be her thrall, his fellow servant wild;  (mild.
All which, she of him tooke with countenance meeke &

But past awhile, when she fit season saw
To leave that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wiz her selle thence to withdraw,
For feare of mischiefe, which she did forecast
Might by the witch or by her sone compast:
Her wearie Palfrey closely, as she might,
Now well recovered after long repast,
In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
His late miswanderd wayes now to remeasure right.

And carely ere the dawning day appeard,
She forth isslewed, and on her journey went;
She went in perill, of each noyle affeard,
And of each shade, that did it selle present;
For still she feared to be ouerhent,
Of that vile hag, or her vnckiule sone:
Who when too late awaking, well they kent,
That their payre guest was gone, they both begonne
To make exceeding mone, as they had beene vn-done.

But that lewd lover did the most lament
For her depart, that euer man did heare;
He knockt his brest with desperate intent,
And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare
His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare:
That his sad mother seeing his sore plight,
Was greatly woe begun, and gan to feare,
Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,
And loue to frenzy turnd, sith loue is franticke hight.

I i 3  All
All ways shee sought, him to restore to plight,
With herbs, with charms, with counsel, & with teares,
But teares, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsel might
Aiswage the fury, which his entrails teares:
So strong is passion, that no reason heares.
Tho when all other helps the saw to faile,
She turn'd her selfe backe to her wicked leaues
And by her diuellish arts thought to preuaile,
To bring her backe againe, or worke her small bale.

Eftsoones out of her hidden caue she cal'd
An hideous beast, of horrible aspect,
That could the stoutest corage haue appald;
Monstrous, mishap, and all his backe was spect
With thousand spots of colours queint elec,
Thereto so swifte, that it all beasts did pas:
Like neuer yet did living eie detect;
But liket it to an Hyena was,
That feeds on women's flesh, as others feed on gras.

It forth she cal'd, and gaued it streight in charge,
Through thicke and thin her to poursew apace,
Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
Till her she had attain'd, and brought in place,
Or quie deuourd her beauties scorneful grace.
The Monster swifte as word, that from her went,
Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace
So sure and swiftely, through his perfect sent,
And passing speede, that shortly he her ouerhent.

Whom when the searefull Damzell nigh espide,
No need to bid her fast away to flie;
That vgly shape so sore her terrifide,
That if she shund no leffe, then dread to die,
And her flitt Palfrey did so well apply
His nimble feet to her conceived feare,
That whilest his breath did strength to him supply,
From perill free he her away did beare:
But when his force gan faile, his pace gan waxen scare.

Which whenas she perceiu'd, she was dismayd
At that same last extremity ful sore,
And of her safety greatly grew asfaryd;
And now she gan approch to the sea shore,
As it befell, that she could flie no more,
But yield her selfe to spoile of greediness.
Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,
From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,
And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sickness.

Not halfe so fast the wicked Myrrha fled
From dreed of her reuenging fathers hond:
Nor halfe so fast to saue her maydenhed,
Fled fearfull Daphne on th' Aegean strond,
As Florimell fled from that Monster yond,
To reach the sea, ere she of him were raught:
For in the sea to drowne her selfe she fonde,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:
Thereto fear gave her wings, & need her courage taught.

It fortuned (high God did so ordaine)
As shee arriued on the roring shore,
In minde to leap into the mighty maine,
A little bote lay hoving her before,
In which there slept a fisher old and pore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand:
Into the same shee leapt, and with the ore
Did thrust the shallop from the floating strand:
So safety found at sea, which she found not at land.
The Monster ready on the pray to seafe,
Was of his forward hope deceived quight,
Ne durft assay to wade the perilous seas,
But greedily long gaping at the sight,
At last in vaine was forst to turne his flight,
And tell the idle tidings to his Dame:
Yet to avenge his diuelish despight,
He sette vp his Palfrey tided lame,
And flew him cruely, ere any reskew came.

And after hauing him embowelled,
To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a knight
To passe that way, as forth he trauelled;
Yt was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,
As euer man that bloody field did fight;
But in vain theows, that wont yong knights bewitch,
And courtly seruices tooke no delight,
But rather joyd to bee, then seemen sich:
For both to be and seeme to him was labor lich.

It was to weete the good Sir Satyrane,
That raungd abrode to seeke aduentures wilde,
As was his wont in forest, and in plaine;
He was all arm'd in rugged steele vnside,
As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
And in his Scutchin bore a Satyres hedd:
He comming present, where the Monster wilde
Vpon that milke-white Palfreyes carcass fedd,
Vnto his reskew ran, and greedily him spedd.

There well perceiud he, that it was the horfse,
Whereon faire Florimell was wont to ride,
That of that seend was rent without remorse:
Much feared he, least ought did ill betide
To that faire Maide, the flowre of wemens pride;
For her he dearely loued, 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 apall.

Full of sad feare, and doubtfull agony,
Fiercely he flew vpon that wicked feend,
And with huge strokes, and cruell battery
Him forst to leaue his pray, for to attend
Him selfe from deadly daunger to defend:
Full many wounds in his corrupted fleshe
He did engrawe, and muchell blood did spend,
Yet might not doe him die, but aie more fresh
And fierce he still appeard, the more he did him threfh.

He wist not, how him to despoile of life,
Ne how to win the wished victory,
Sith him he saw still stronger grow through strife,
And him selfe weaker through infirmity;
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
Hurling his sword away, he lightly lept
Vpon the beast, that with great crueltie
Rored, and raged to be vnderkept:
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes vpon him hept.

As he that struues to stop a suddein flood,
And in strong bancks his violence enclose,
Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,
And largely ouerflow the fruitful plaine,
That all the countrey seemes to be a Maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne:
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaint,
To see his whole yeares labor lost so soone,
For which to God he made so many an idle boone.
The third Booke of Cant. VII.

So him he held, and did through might amate:
So long he held him, and him bett so long.
That at the last his fiercenes gan abate,
And meekely stoup unto the victor strong:
Who to auenge the implacable wrong,
Which he supposed donne to Florimell,
Sought by all meanes his dolor to prolong,
Sith dint of steele his carcas could not quell:
His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her scelender waste, he tooke in hand,
And with it bound the beast, that lowd did rore
For great despight of that unwonted band,
Yet dared not his victor to withstand,
But trembled like a lambe, fled from the pray,
And all the way him followd on the strand,
As he had long bene learned to obey;
Yet neuer learned he such service, till that day.

Thus as he led the Beast along the way,
He spide far of a mighty Giaunteffe,
Fast flying on a Courser dable gray,
From a bold knight, that with great hardinesse
Her hard purswed, and sought for to suppresse;
She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,
Lying athwart her horfe in great distresse,
Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of wire,
Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haste
He lefte his captiue Beast at liberty,
And crost the nearest way, by which he cast
Her to encounter, ere she passed by:

But
But she the way shund nathemore for thy,
But forward gallopt fast, which when he spyde,
His mighty speare he couched waryly,
And at her ran: the hauing him descryde,
Her selfe to fight addresst, and threw her lode aside.

Like as a Goshauke, that in foote doth beare
A trembling Culuer, hauing spide on hight
An Eagle, that with plummy wings doth sheare
The subtile ayre, stouping with all his might,
The quarrtry throwes to ground with fell despight,
And to the batteill doth her selfe prepare:
So ran the Gcauntefle vnto the fight;
Her fyrie eyes with furious sparkes did flare,
And with blasphemous bannes high God in peeces tare.

She caught in hand an huge great yrou mace,
Wherewith she many had of life depriu'd;
But ere the stroke could seize his aymed place;
His speare amids her sun-brode shield arriu'd;
Yet nathemore the steele a fonderriu'd,
All were the beame in bignes like a mast,
Ne her out of the stedsfast sadle driu'd,
But glauncing on the tempred mettal, brast
In thousand shiuers, and so forth beside her past.

Her Steed did stagger with that puissant stroke;
But she no more was moued with that might;
Then it had lighted on an aged Oke;
Or on the marble Pillour, that is pight
Vpon the top of Mount Olympus hight,
For the braue youthly Champions to assay,
With burning charet wheeleis it nigh to smite:
But who that smites it, mars his ioyous play,
And is the spectable of ruinous decay.

Yet
Yet therewith sore enrag'd, with stern regard
Her dreadful weapon she to him address'd,
Which on his helmet martellyd so hard,
That made him low incline his lofty crest,
And bould'd his batted visour to his breast:
Wherewith she was so stunned, that she not reyde
But reeled to and fro from east to west:
Which when his cruel enemy esp'yde,
She lightly unto him adioyned syde to syde;

And on his collar laying puissant hand,
Out of his wavering seat him pluckt perforse,
Perforse him pluckt; vnable to withstand,
Or help'd him selfe, and laying thwart her horse,
In loathly wise like to a carrion corse,
She bore him fast away. Which when the knight,
That her pursuéd, saw with great remorse,
He were was touched in his noble spright,
And gan encrease his speed, as she encreas'd her flight.

Whom when as nigh approaching she esp'yde,
She threw away her burden angrily;
For she list not the barreill to abide,
But made her selfe more light, away to fly:
Yet the hardy knight pursuéd so nye
That almost in the backe he oft her strake:
But still when him at hand she did esp'y,
She turnd, and semblance of faire fight did make;
But when he stayd; to flight againe 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 curse that cruel chaunce,

Which
Which rest from him so faire a cheuisance:
At length he spyde, whereas that wofull Squyre,
Whom he had reskewed from captiuaunce
Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the myre,
Unable to arise, or foot or hand to styre.

To whom approching, well he mote perceiue
In that fowle plight a comely perfonage,
And louely face, made fit for to deceiue
Fraile Ladies hart with loues consuming rage;
Now in the blossome of his fretheage:
He reard him vp, and loofd his yron bands,
And after gan inquire his parentage,
And how he fell into the Gyaunts hands,
And who that was, which chaced her along the lands.

Then trembling yet through feare, the Squire bespake,
That G eauntelle Argante is behight,
A daughter of the Titans which did make
Warre against heuen, and heaped hils on hight,
To scale the skyes, and put love from his right:
Her fyre Typhoeus was, who mad through merth,
And dronke with blood of men, slaine by his might,
Through inceft, 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 mightie Ollyphant, that wroght
Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
Till him Chylde Thopas to confusion brought.
These twinne, men say, (a thing far passing thought)
Whilez in their mothers wombe enclofd they were,
Ere they into the light from world were brought,
In fleshly luft were mingled both yfere;
And in that monstrous wise did to the world appere.
The third Booke of QanuVlI.

So liu'd they euer after in like sin,
Gainst natures law, and good behaueoure:
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
Who not content so frowly to deoue:
Her native flesh, and staine her brothers bowre,
Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,
And suffred beasts her body to deflowre:
So what she burned in that lustfull fyre,
Yet all that might not flake her sensuall defyre.

But over all the countrie she did rauenge,
To secke young men, to quench her flaming thrust,
And feed her fancy with delightfull change:
Whom to she fittest findes to serve her lust,
Through her maine streth, in which she most doth:
She with her bringes into a secret Ile,
Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
And in all shamefull sort him selfe with her defile.

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 lothfom pleasure there to satisfiye;
That thousand deathes me leuer were to dye,
Then breake the vow, that to faire Columbell
I plighted haue, and yet keepe stedfastly:
As for my name, it mistreth not to tell;
Call me the Squire of Dames that me beseeameth well.

But that bold knight, whom ye pursuuing saw
That Gcaunetse, is not such, as she seemed,
But a faire virgin, that in martiall law,
And deedes of armes aboue all Dames it deemed,
And above many knihtes is eke esteímd,
For her great worth; she Palladine is right:
She you from death, you me from dread redeemd.
Ne any may that Monster match in fight,
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight.

Her well beseemes that Quest (quoth Satyrane)
But read, thou Squyre of Dames, what vow is this,
Which thou vpon thy selfe haft lately ta'ne,
That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,
So bely pleasd to pardon all amis,
That gentle Lady, whom I loue and serue,
After long suit and wearie seruicis,
Did ask me, how I could her loue deserue,
And how she might be sure, that I would neuer swerue.

I glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
Badd her commaund my life to saue, or spill.
Eftsoones she badd me, with incessaunt paine
To wander through the world abroad at will,
And euery where, where with my power or skill
I might doe seruice vnto gentle Dames,
That I the same should faithfully fulfill, (names
And at the tweluemonethes end should bring their
And pledges; as the spoiles of my victorious games.

So well I to faire Ladies seruice did,
And found such sauour in their louing hartes,
That ere the yeare his course had compassid,
Thref hundred pledges for my good desartes,
And thrise three hundred thanks for my good partes
I with me brought, and did to her preuent:
Which when she saw, more bent to eke my smartes,
Then to reward my trusty true intent.
She gan for me devise a grievous punishment.

To
To see, that I my trueeill should resume,
    And with like labour walke the world around,
Ne ever to her presence should presume,
    Till I so many other Dames had found,
The which, for all the suit I could propound,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
But did abide for ever chaste and found.
Ah gentle Squyre (quoth he) tell at one word,
How many foundst thou such to put in thy record?

In deed Sir knight (said he) one word may tell
    All, that I ever found so wisely sayd;
For onely three they were disposed so well,
And yet three yeares I now abroad haue strayd,
To fynd them out. Mote I (then laughing sayd
The knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,
The which thy proffred curtesie denayd?
Or ill they seemed sure auizd to bee,
Or brutishly brought vp, that neuer did fashions see.

The first which then refused me (said hee)
Certes was but a common Courtisane,
Yet flat refused to haue adoe with mee,
Because I could not giue her many a laine.
(Thereat full hartely laughed Satyrane)
The second was an holy Nunne to chose,
Which would not let me be her Chappellane,
Because she knew, she sayd, I would disclose
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

The third a Damzell was of low degree,
    Whom I in countrey cottage found by chaunce;
Full little weened I, that chaste
Had lodging in someane a maintenaunce,
Yet
Cant. VII. the Faery Queene.

Yet was she faire, and in her countenaunce
Dwelt simple truth in seemly fashion.
Long thus I woo'd her with due observance,
In hope vnto my pleasure to have won;
But was as far at last, as when I first begon.

Safe her, I neuer any woman found,
That chastity did for it selfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and sound,
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.
Thus am I hopelesse euer to attaine
My Ladies love, in such a desperate case,
But all my dayes am like to waste in vaine,
Seeking to match the chaste with th'vnchaste Ladies

Perdy, (layd Satyrane) thou Squyre of Dames,
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
To get small thankes, and therewith many blame,
That may amongst Alcides labours stand.
Thence bace returning to the former land,
Where late he left the Beast, he ouercame,
He found him not; for he had broke his band,
And was returnd againe vnto his Dame,
To tell what tydings of faire Florimell became.

K k

Cant.
The Witch creates a snowe Lady, like to Florimell, Who wrongd by Carle by Protens sau'd, is sought by Paridell.

SO oft as I this history record,
My hart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke, how causeleffe of her owne accord
This gentle Damzell, whom I write vpon,
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 aggrauate her grieue;
For misery craues rather mercy, then repriefe.

But that accursd Hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enranckled her malitious hart;
That she desyr'd th'abridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.
Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art
Late foorth she sent, she backe retournynge spyde,
Tyde with her golden girdle, it a part
Of her rich spoyles, whom he had earst destroyd,
She weende, & wondrous gladnes to her hart applyde.

And with it running hast'ly to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to haue reliu'd;
Who thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,
His former grieue with furie fresh reliu'd,

Much
Cant. VII.

Much more then eart, and would haue algates riu'd
The hart out of his breft: for Sith her dedd
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriu'd
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fedd
His foolish malady, and long time had mislidd.

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 Sprigges to enterteine
The maisters of her art: there was she faine
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them conjure upon eternall paine,
To counsell her so carefully dismayd,
How she might heale her fonne, whose sences were de-

By their deuice, and her owne wicked wit,
She there deuiz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
Whose like on earth was never framed yet,
That euen Nature felfe enuide the fame,
And grudg'd to see the counterfeit should shame
The thing it felfe: In hand she boldly tooke
To make another like the former Dame,
Another Florimell, in shape and looke
So lively and so like, that many it mistooke.

The substance, whereof she the body made,
Was pureft snow in massy mould congeald,
Which she had gathered in a shady glade
Of the Riphaean hills, to her reueald
By errant Sprigges, but from all men conceald:
The fame she tempred with fine Mercury,
And virgin wex, that never yet was seald,
And mingled them with perfect vermil,
That like a lively sanguine it seemd to the eye.
In stead of eyes two burning lampes she set
In siluer sockets, thyning like the skyes,
And a quicke mouing Spirit did arret
To stirre and roll them, like to womens eyes;
In stead of yellow lockes she did deuyle,
With golden wyre to weaue 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 carcass dead.

A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning guyle,
And fayre re sembleance above all the rest,
Which with the Prince of Darkenes fell somewhyse,
From heauens blis and everlasting rest,
Him needed not instruct, which way were best,
Him selfe to fashion likest Florimell,
Ne how to speake, ne how to vse his gest;
For he in counterfesaunce did excell,
And all the wyles of wemens wits knew passing well.

Him shaped thus, she deckt in garments gay,
Which Florimell had left behind her late,
That who so then her saw, would surely say,
It was her selfe, whom it did imitate,
Or fayrer then her selfe, if ought algate
Might fayrer be. And then she forth her brought
Vnto her sonne, that lay in feeble state;
Who seeing her gan streight vptart, and thought
She was the Lady selfe, who he so long had sought.

Tho fast her clipping twixt his armes twayne,
Extremely ioyed in so happy sight,
And soone forgot his former sickely payne;
But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,
Cant. V III. the Faery Queene.

Coyly rebutted his embracement light;
Yet still with gentle countenaunce retain'd,
Enough to hold a fool in vain 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 walk the woods with that his Idole faire,
Her to disport, and idle time to pas,
In th'open freshness of the gentle aire,
A knight that way there chance to repaire;
Yet knight he was not, but a boastful swaine,
That deedes of armes had ever in despair,
Proud Braggadochio, that in vaunting vain
His glory did repose, and credit did maintain.

He seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight,
Decked with many a costly ornament;
Much merueiled thereat, as well he might,
And thought that match a fowle disparagement:
His bloody speare estesoones he boldly bent
Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare,
Fell straight to ground in great astonishment;
Villein (sayd he) this Lady is my deare,
Dy, if thou it gainestay: I will away her beare.

The fearfull Chorle durst not gaineslay, nor dooe,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;
Who finding little leasure her to wooe,
On Tromparis steed her mounted without stay,
And without reskew led her quite away.
Proud man himselfe then Braggadochio deem'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 men esteem'd.

But
But when he saw himselfe free from pursuite,
He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame,
With termes of loue and lewdnesse dissolute;
For he could well his glozing speaches frame.
To such vaine vses, that him best became.
But she thereto would lend but light regard,
As seeming sory, that she euer came
Into his powre, that vsed her so hard,
To recon her honor, which she more then life prefard.

Thus as they two of kindnes treated long;
There them by chaunce encountered on the way
An armed knight, upon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feete vpon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That Capons corage: yet he looked grim,
And saynd to cheare his lady in dismay,
Who seemd for feare to quake in every lim,
And her to saue from outrage, meekely prayed him.

Fiercely that straunger forward came, and nigh
Approaching, with bold wordes and bitter threat,
Bad that came boaster, as he mote, on high
To leaue to him that lady for excheat,
Or bide him batteill without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
And fild his fenses with abashment great;
Yet seeing nigh him iepardy extreme,
He it dissembled well, and light seemd to esteeme.

Saying, Thou foolish knight, that weenst with words
To steale away, that I with blowes haue wonne,
And brought through points of many perilous swords:
But if thee list to see thy Courser done,
Or proue thy selfe, this sad encounter shonne,
And seeke els without hazard of thy hedd.
At those proud words that other knight begonne
To wex exceeding wroth, and him aredd
To turne his steede about, or sure he should be dedd.

Sith then (said Braggadochio) needes thou wilt
Thy daies abridge, through proffe of puifiaunce,
Turne we our steeds, that both in equall tilt
May meete againe, and each take happy chaunce.
This said they both a furlongs mountenaunce
Retird their steeds, to ronne in cuen race:
But Braggadochio with his bloody launce
Once haung turnd, no more returnd his face,
But lefte his loute to lose, and fled him selfe apace.

The knight him seeing flye, had no regard
Him to pourfew, but to the lady rode,
And hauing her from Trompart lightly reard,
Upon his Courser sett the louely lode,
And with her fled away without abode.
Well weened he, that fairest Florimell
It was, with whom in company he yode,
And so her selde did awaies to him tell;
So made him thinke him selfe in heuen, that was in hell.

But Florimell her selde was far away,
Driven to great distresse by fortune straunge,
And taught the carefull Mariner to play,
Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to chaunge
The land for sea, at randoon there to raunge:
Yett there that cruel Queene auengeresse,
Not satisfye de so far her to estraunge
From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,
Did heape on her new waues of weary wretchednesse.
For being fled into the fithers bote,
For refuge from the Monsters cruelty,
Long so she on the mighty maine did flote,
And with the tide droue forward carelessly,
For th'ayre was milde, and cleare was the skie,
And all his windes Dan Aeolus did keepe,
From stirring vp their stormy enmity,
As pittyng to see her weale and weepe;
But all the while the fither did securely sleepe.

At laft when droncke with drowsinesse he woke,
And saw his drouer drive along the streame,
He was dismayd, and thrise his brest he stroke,
For marueill of that accident extreame;
But when he saw, that blazing beauties beame,
Which with rare light his bote did beautifie,
He marueiied more, and thought he yet did dreame
Not well awaked, or that some extasye
Affolled had his fence, or dazed was his eye.

But when her well auizing, hee perceiued
To be no vision, nor fantasticke sight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceiued,
And felt in his old corage new delight
To gin awake, and stir his frozen spright:
Tho rudely askte her, how she thether came.
Ah (sayd she) father I note read aright,
What hard misfortune brought me to this same;
Yet am I glad that here I now in safety ame.

But thou good man, fith far in sea we bee,
And the great waters gin apace to swell,
That now no more we can the mayn-land see,
Hauve care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,
Least worse on sea then vs on land befell,
Thereat th'old man did nought but fondly grin,
And faide, his boat the way could wisely tell:
But his deceptfull eyes did neuer lin,
To looke on her faire face, and marke her snowy skin.

The fight whereof in his congealed flesh,
Infxt such secrete sting of greedy lust,
That the drie withered stocke it gan refresh,
And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth brust:
The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.
Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hand
Where ill became him, rashly would haue thrust,
But she with angry scorne him did withstond,
And shamefully reproud for 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 trew.
The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,
Broke into open fire and rage extreme,
And now he strength gan adde vnto his will,
Forcyng to doe, that did him fowle missteeme:
Beastly he threwe her downe, he car'd to spill
Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

The silly virgin stroue him to withstand,
All that she might, and him in vaine reuell:
Shee strugled strongly both with foote and hand,
To saue her honor from that villaine vile,
And cried to heuen, from humane helpe exild.
O ye braue knights, that boast this Ladies loue,
Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild
Off filthy wretch? well may she you reprove
Of falsehood or of sloouth, when most it may behoue.

But
But if that thou, Sir Satyran, didst weete,
Or thou, Sir Peridore, her sory state,
How soone would yee assemble many a fleete,
To fetch from sea, that ye at land lost late;
Towres, citties, kingdemes ye would ruinate,
In your avengeement and disputeous rage,
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate;
But if Sir Calidore could it presage,
No liuing creature could his cruelty aßwage.

But thith that none of all her knights is nye,
See how the heauens of voluntary grace,
And soueraine favor towards chastity,
Does succor send to her distrested cace:
So much high God doth innocence embrace.
It fortuned, whilst thus she stily stroue,
And the wide sea importuned long space
With thrilling shriekes, Protes abrode did roue,
Along the somy waues driuing his finny droue.

Protes is shepheard of the seas of yore,
And hath the charge of Neptunes mighty heard,
An aged fire with head all frowy hore,
And sprinckled frost vpwn his deawy beard:
Who when those pittifull outcries he heard,
Through all the seas souerefully resolves,
His charett swifte in haft he thether heared,
Which with a teeme of scaly Phocas bownd
Was drawne vpwn the waues, that somed him around.

And comming to that Fishers wandring bote,
That went at will, withouten card or fayle,
He therein saw that yrkesome fight, which smote
Deepe indignation and compassion frayle

Into
Into his hart attonce: freight did he hayle
The greedy villein from his hoped pray,
Of which he now did very little fayle,
And with his staffe, that drives his heard astry,
Him bett so fore, that life and fence did much dimay.

The whiles the pitteous Lady vp did ryse,
Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy foyle,
And blubbred face with teares of her taire eyes;
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,
To saue her selfe from that outrageous spoyle,
But, when she looked vp, to weet, what wight
Had her from to infamous fact affoyld,
For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
Downe in her lap she hid her face, and lowdly shght.

Her selfe not saued yet from daunger dredd
She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare;
Like as a searefull partridge, that is fledd
From the sharpe hauke, which her attached neare,
And fals to ground, to seeke for succor theare,
Whereas the hungry Spaniells she does spye,
With greedy iawes her ready for to teare;
In such distresse and sad perplexity
Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see her by.

But he endeuored with speches milde
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her feare no more her foeman vile
Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was her told.
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all preuayld;
For her faint hart was with the frozen cold
Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh fayld,
And all her fences with abashment quite were quayld.

Her
Her vp betwixt his rugged hands he reard,  
And with his sordy lips ful softly kist,  
While the cold ysickles from his rough beard,  
Dropped adowne vpon her yuory brest:  
Yet he him selfe so busily address,  
That her out of astonishment he wrought,  
And out of that same fishes filthy nest  
Remouing her, into his charret brought,  
And there with many gentle termes her faire besought.

But that old leachour, which with bold assault  
That beautie durft presume to violate,  
He cast to punish for his hainous fault;  
Then tooke he him yet trembling fith of late,  
And tyde behind his charret, to aggrate  
The virgin, whom he had abuse so sore:  
So drag'd him through the waues in scornfull state;  
And after cast him vp, vpon the shore;  
But Florimell with him vnto his bowre he bore.

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,  
Vnder a mightie rocke, gainst which doe rauue  
The roring billowes in their proud disdaine,  
That with the angry working of the waue,  
Therein is eaten out an hollow caue,  
That seemes rough Masons hand with engines keene  
Had long while laboured it to engrauue:  
There was his wome, ne living wight was seene,  
Saue one old Nymph, high Panope to kepe it cleane.

Thether he brought the sory Florimell,  
And entertained her the best he might  
And Panope her entertaind eke well,  
As an immortall mote a mortall wight,
To winne her liking vnto his delight:
With flattering wordes he sweetly wooed her,
And offered faire guiftes, t'allure her sight,
But she both offers and the offerer
Defpylde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

Dayly he tempted her with this or that,
And neuer suffred her to be at rest:
But euermore she him refused flat,
And all his fained kindnes did detest.
So firmly she had sealed vp her brest.
Sometimes he boasted, that a God he higte:
But she a mortall creature lound best:
Then he would make him selfe a mortall wight;
But then she said she lou'd none, but a Faery knight.

Then like a Faerie knight him selfe he dreft;
For every shape on him he could endew:
Then like a king he was to her exprest,
And offred kingdoms vnto her in vew,
To be his Leman and his Lady trew:
But when all this he nothing saw preuaile,
With harder meanes he caft her to subdew,
And with sharpe threats he often did aslayle,
So thinking for to make her stubborne corage quayle:
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 waues: thereby he weend
Her will to win vnto his wished end.
But when with feare, nor fauour, nor with all
He els could doe, he saw him selfe esteend,
Downe in a Dongsone deepe he let her fall,
And threatened there to make her his eternall thrall.

Eternall
Eternal thrall was to her more liefe,
Then losse of chastitie, or chaunge of love:
Dye had she rather in tormenting grieefe,
Then any shoule of falleneffe her reprooue,
Or loosenes, that she lightly did remoue.
Most vertuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
And crowne of heauenly prayse with Saintes above,
Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous deed Are still amongst them song, that far my rymes exceed.

Fit song of Angels caroled to bee,
But yet what so my seeble Muse can frame,
Shalbe t’aduance thy goodly chastitie,
And to enroll thy memorabe name,
In th’heart of every honourable Dame,
That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,
And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.
Yt tyrkes me, leave thee in this wofull state,
To tell of Satyrane, where I him left of late.

Who hauing ended with that Squyre of Dames
A long discourse of his aduentures vayne,
The which himselfe, then Ladies more defames,
And finding not th’Hyena to be slayne,
With that same Squyre, retourned back agayne
To his first way. And as they forward went,
They spyde a knight fayre pricking on the playne,
As if he were on some aduenture bent,
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

Sir Satyrane him towrdes did addresse,
To weet, what wight he was, and what his quest:
And comming nigh, effsoones he gan to gesse
Both by the burning hart, which on his brest
He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
That Paridell it was. Tho to him yode,
And him saluting, as beseemed best,
Gan first inquire of tydinges farre abrode;
And afterwards, on what adventure now he rode.

Who thereto answering said, The tydinges bad,
Which now in Faery court all men doe tell,
Which turned hath great mirth, to mourning sad,
Is the late ruine of proud Marinell,
And suddein parture of faire Florimell,
To find him forth: and after her are gone
All the brave knightes, that doen in armes excell,
To saueguard her, ywandered all alone;
Emongst the rest my lott (vnworthy') is to be one.

Ah gentle knight (said then Sir Satyrane)
Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
That haft a thanklesse service on thee ta'ne,
And offerst sacrifice vnto the dead:
For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread
Henceforth for euer Florimell to bee,
That all the noble knights of Maydenhead,
Which her ador'd, may fore repent with mee,
And all faire Ladies may for euer for bee.

Which wordes when Paridell had heard, his heu
Gan greatly chaung and seemed dismaid to bee,
Then said, Fayre Sir, how may I weene it trew,
That ye doe tell in such vncerteintee?
Or speake ye of report, or did ye see
Just cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so fore?
For perdie elles how mote it euer bee,
That euer hand should dare for to engore
Het noble blood? the heuens such crueltie abhore.
These eyes did see, that they will euer rew
To haue seen, (quoth he) when as a monstrous beast
The Palfrey, whereon she did trauell, flew,
And of his bowels made his bloody feast:
Which speaking token sheweth at the least:
Her certeine losse, if not her sure decay:
Besides, that more suspicion encreast,
I found her golden girdle cast a stray,
Distant with durt and blood, as relique of the pray.

Ay me, (said Panidell) the signes be sad,
And but God turneth the same to good sooth say,
That Ladies safetie is sore to be drad:
Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
Till triall doe more certeine truth bewray.
Faire Sir (qd. he) well may it you succeed,
Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stay,
But to the rest, which in this Quest proceed
My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed.

Ye noble knights (said then the Squyre of Dames)
Well may yee speede in so praiseworthy payne:
But sith the Sunne now gynnes to slake his beames,
In deawy vapours of the westerne mayne,
And lose the teme out of his weary mayne,
Mote not mislike you also to abate
Your zealous haft, till morrow next againe
Both light of heuen, and strength of men relate:
Which if ye please, to yonder castle turne your gate.

That counsell pleased well, so all yfere
Forth marched to a Castle them before,
Where soone arryuing, they restraine were
Of ready entraunce, which ought evermore
Cant. IX.  the Faery Queene.

To errant knights be commune: wondrous fore
Thereat displeas'd they were, till that young Squyre
Gan them informe the cause, why that fame dore
Was shut to all, which lodging did defyre:
The which to let you weet, will further time requyre.

Cant. IX.

Malbecco will no strange knights host,
For peevish jealousy:
Paridegius with Britomart:
both show their ancesstry.

Redoubted knights, and honorable Dames,
To whom I leuell all my labours end,
Right fore I feare, leaft with vnworthie blames
This odious 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 shyning glory of your soueraine light,
And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse knight.

But neuer let th'enample of the bad
Offend the good: for good by paragone
Of euill, may more notably be rad,
As white seemes sayrer, macht with blacke attonce;
Ne all are shamed by the fault of one:
For lo in heuen, whereas all goodnes is,
Emongst the Angels, a whole legione
Of wicked Sprightes did fall from happy blis;
What wonder then, if one of women all did mis?

Then
Then listen Lordings, if ye list to weet
The cause, why Satyrane and Paridell
Mote not be entered, as seemed meet,
Into that Castle (as that Squyre does tell.)
Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,
That has no skill of Court nor courtesie,
Ne cares, what men say of him ill or well;
For all his dayes he drownes in priuitie,
Yet has full large to liue, and spend at libertie.

But all his mind is set on mucky pelfe,
To hoord vp heapes of cuill gotten masse,
For which he others wrongs and wreckes himselfe;
Yet is he lincked to a louely lass,
Whose beauty doth her bounty far surpass,
The which to him both far unequall yeares,
And also far unlike conditions has;
For she does joy to play amongs her peares,
And to be free from hard refraynt and gealous feares.

But he is old, and withered like hay,
Unfit faire Ladies service to supply,
The priuie guilt whereof makes him alway
Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy
Upon her with his other blincked eye;
Ne suffreth he ressort of liuing wight
Approch to her, ne keepe her company,
But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight,
Deprin'd of kindly joy and naturall delight.

Malbecco he, and Hellenore she hight,
Unfitly yoyt togetter in one teeme,
That is the caufe, why never any knight
Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme
Such,
Such as no doubt of him he neede misdeeme.
Thereat Sir Satyrane gan smyle, and say,
Extremely mad the man I surely deeme,
That weenes with watch and hard restraynt to stay
A womans will, which is disposed to go a stray.

In vaine he feares that, which he cannot honne:
For who wotes not, that womans subtiltyes
Can guylen Argus, when she lift disdonne?
It is not yron banes, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,
That can withhold her willfull wandring feet,
But fast goodwill with gentle courtseyes,
And timely service to her pleasures meet
May her perhaps containe, that else would algates fleet.

Then is he not more mad (sayd Paridell)
That hath himselfe vnto such service fold,
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?
For sure a foole I doe him firmly hold,
That loues his fetters, though they were of gold.
But why doe we devise of others ill,
Whyles thus we suffer this same dotard old,
To keepe vs out, in scorne of his owne will,
And rather do not ransack all, and him selfe kill?

Nay let vs first (sayd Satyrane)entreat
The man by gentle meanes, to let vs in,
And afterwardes affray with cruell threat,
Ere that we to efforce it doe begin:
Then if all fayle, we will by force it win,
And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,
As may beworthy of his hayno us fin.
That counsell pleas'd: then Paridell did rise,
And to the Castle gate approacht in quiet wise.

Whereat
Whereat soft knocking, entrance he defyrd.
The good man selfe, which then the Porter playd,
Him answered, that all were now retyr'd
Unto their rest, and all the keys convey'd
Unto their master, who in bed was layd,
That none him durst awake out of his dreme;
And therefore them of patience gently pray'd.
Then paridell began to change his theme,
And threatn'd him with force & punishment extreme.

But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent,
And now so long before the wicket fast
They wayred, that the night was forward spent,
And the faire welkin bowly overcast,
Gan blowen vp a bitter stormy blast,
With shoure and hayle, so horrible and dreed,
That this faire many were compell'd at last,
To fly for succour to a little shed,
The which beside the gate for sivyne was ordered.

It fortuned, soone after they were gone,
Another knight, whom tempest thether brought,
Came to that Castle, and with earnest mone,
Like as the rest, late entrance desire besought;
But like so as the rest he prayd for nought,
For flatly he of entrance was refuse,
Sorely thereat he was displeas'd, and thought
How to avenge himselfe so sore abuse,
And euermore the Carle of courtesie accus'd.

But to avoide th'intollerable shoure,
He was compell'd to seeke some refuge neare,
And to that shed, to throwd him from the shoure,
He came, which full of guests he found whileare,
So as he was not let to enter there:
Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
And swore, that he would lodge with them yfere,
Or them displodg, all were they liefe or loth;
And so defyde them each, and so defyde them both.

Both were full loth to leaue that needfull tent,
And both full loth in darkenesse to debate;
Yet both full liefe him lodging to have lent,
And both full liefe his boasting to abate;
But chiefly Paridell his hart did grate,
To heare him threaten so despightfully,
As if he did a dogge in kenell rate,
That durst not barke; and rather had he dy,
Then when he was defyde, in coward corner ly.

Tho hastily remounting to his steed,
He forth issew'd; like as a boystrous winde,
Which in the earthes hollow caues hath long ben hid,
And shut vp fast within her prilons blind,
Makes the huge element against her kinde
To moue, and tremble as it were aghast,
Vntill that it an issew forth may finde;
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
Confounds both land & seas, and skyes doth owercast.

Their steel-hed speares they strongly coucht, and met
Together with impetuous rage and forse,
That with the terror of their fierce affret,
They rudely droue to ground both man and horse,
That each a while lay like a senseleffe corfe.
But Paridell sore bruised with the blow,
Could not arise, the counterchaunge to scorse,
Till that young Squyre him reared from below;
Then drew he his bright sword, & gan about him throw
But Saxfran forth stepping, did them stay
And with faire treaty pacifice their yre;
Then when they were accorded from the fray,
Against that Caftles Lord they gan conspire,
To heape on him dew vengeance for his hire.
They beeene agreed, and to the gates they goe
To burne the same with vnquenchable fire,
And that vncurteous Carle their commune foe
To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in griecous woe.

Malbecco seeing them resolud in deed,
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call:
For fire in earnest, ran with fearfull speed,
And to them calling from the castle wall,
Befought them humbly, him to beare with all,
As ignorant of servants bad abuse,
And flacke attendaunce vn to ftraungers call,
The knights were willing all things to excufe,
Though nought beleu'd, & entrance late did not refuse.

They beeene ybrought into a comely bowre,
And servd of all things that mote needfull bee;
Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,
And welcomde more for feare, then charitie;
But they dissembled, what they did not see,
And welcomed themselues. Each gan vndight
Their garments wet, and weary armour free,
To dry them selues by Vulcans flaming light,
And eke their lately bruzed parts to bring in plight.

And eke that ftraunger knight amongst the rest,
Was for like need enforsted to disaray:
Tho whenas vailed was her lofty creft,
Her golden locks, that were in tramells gay
Vpbounden,
Vpbounden, did them felues a downe display,
And raught vnto her heelles; like sunny beames,
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded, shewe their golden gleames,
And through the perchant aire shooe forth their azure streams.

Shee also ofte her heavy haborieon,
Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde,
And her well plighted frock, which she did won
To tucke about her short, when she did ryde,
Shee low let fall, that flowd from her lanck syde
Downe to her foot, with careless modeftee.
Then of them all the plainly was espyde,
To be a woman wight, vnwise to bee,
The fairest woman wight, that euer eie did see.

Like as Bellona, being late returnd
From slaughter of the Giaunts conquered;
Where proud Encelade, whose wide nosethris burnd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace redd,
Transfixed with her speare, downe tombled dedd
From top of Hemus, by him heaped hye;
Hath loofd her helmet from her lofty hedd,
And her Gorgonian shield gins to vntye
From her lefte arm, to rest in glorious victorie.

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were
With great amazement of so wondrous sight,
And each on other, and they all on her
Stood gazing, as if suddein great affright
Had them surprizd. At last auizing right,
Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
Which they so much mistoke, they toteke delight
In their first error, and yet still anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hongry vew.

Yet
Yet note their hongry view be satisfied,
But seeing still the more desir'd to see,
And ever firmly fixed did abide
In contemplation of divinity:
But most they meruaild at her cheualree,
And noble prowess, which they had approu'd,
That much they faynd to know, who she mote bee;
Yet none of all them her thereof amou'd,
Yet every one her likte, and every one her lou'd.

And Paridell though partly discontent
With his late fall, and fowle indignity,
Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her faire eye,
And knightly worth, which he too late did try,
Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight;
Then they Malbecco prayd of courtefy,
That of his lady they might haue 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 crafed helth, her late recourse to rest,
And humid evening ill for fickle folkes cace,
But none of those excufes could take place;
Ne would they eate, till she in presence came.
Shee came in presence with right comely grace,
And fairely them saluted, as became,
And shewed her selfe in all a gentle courteous Dame.

They fete to meat, and Satyran his chaunce,
Was her before, and Paridell beside;
But he him selfe fete looking still as chaunce,
Gainſt Britomart, and euer closely eide.
Sir Satyrane, with glances might not glide:
But his blinde eie, that sied Paradell,
All his demeanoure from his sight did hide:
On her faire face so did he feede his fill,
And sent close messages of loue to her at will.

And euer and anone, when none was ware,
With speaking lookes, that close embassage bore,
He rou'd at her, and told his secret care:
For all that art he learned had of yore.
Ne was she ignorant of that leud lore,
But in his eye his meaning wisely reed,
And with the like him aunswerd euermore:
Shee sent at him one fyrie dart, whose hedd
Empoifshed was with priuy lust, and gealous dredd.

He from that deadly throw made no defence,
But to the wound his weake heart opened wyde;
The wicked engine through false influence,
Past through his eies, and secretly did glyde
Into his heart, which it did sorely gryde.
But nothing new to him was that same paine,
Ne paine at all; for he so oft had tryde
The powre thereof, and lou'd so oft in vaine,
That thing of course he counted, loue to entertaine.

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate
His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne,
Now Bacchus fruit out of the silver plate
He on the table daht, as ouerthrowne,
Or of the fruitfull liquor ouerflowne,
And by the dauncing bubbles did diuine,
Or therein write to lett his loue be showne;
Which well she redd out of the learned line,
A sacrament prophane in mistery of wine.
And when so 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 flake:
By such close signes they secret way did make
  Vnto their wils, and one eies watch escape;
Two eies him needeth, for to watch and wake,
Who louers will deceiue. Thus was the ape,
By their faire handling, put into Malbecco's cape.

Now when of meats and drinks they had their fill,
Purpose was moued by that gentle Dame,
  Vnto those knights aduenturous, to tell
Of deeds of armes, which vnto them became,
And euer one his kindred, and his name.
Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pride
Of gratious speach, and skill his words to frame
Abounded, being yglad of so fittetide
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of al well eide.

Troy, that art now nought, but an idle name,
  And in thine ashes buried low doft lie,
Though whilome far much greater then thy fame,
Before that angry Gods, and cruell skie
Vpon thee heapt a direfull destinie,
What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
And fetch from heuen thy great genealogie,
Sith all thy worthie prayses being blent,
Their ofspring hath embasfe, and later glory shent.

Most famous Worthy of the world, by whome
  That warre was kindled, which did Troy inflame,
And stately towres of Ilium whilome
Brought vnto balefull ruine, was by name Sir
Sir Paris far renownd through noble fame,
Who through great prowess and bold hardinesse,
From Lacedemon fetcht the fairest Dame,
That euer Greece did boast, or knight possess,
Whom Venus to him gaue for meed of worthinesse.

Fayre Helene, flower of beautie excellent,
And girld of the mighty Conquerours,
That madest many Ladies deare lament
The heauie losse of their braue Paramours,
Which they far off beheld from Trojan tours,
And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander sowne
With carcasses of noble warriours,
Whose fruitlesse lives were under sorrow sowne,
And Xanthus sandy bankes with blood all oversowne.

From him my linage I derive aright,
Who long before the ten yeares siege of Troy,
Whilest yet on Ida he a shepeheard hight,
On faire Oenone got a louely boy,
Whom for remembrance of her past joy,
She of his Father Paris did name;
Who, after Greeks did Priams realme destroy,
Gathred the Trojan reliques sau’d from flame,
And with them sayling thence to the Isle of Paros came.

That was by him call’d Paros, which before
Hight Nausa, there he many yeares did raine,
And built Nausile by the Pontick shore,
The which he dying lefte next in remaine
To Paridas his sonne: a noble kinges solewayne:
From whom I Paridell by kin descendent;
But for faire ladies loue, and glories gaine,
My native foile haue lefte, my dayes to spend
In seeling deeds of armes, my lies and labors end.

Whenas
Whenas the noble Britomart heard tell
Of Trojan warres, and Priams citie sackt,
The ruefull story of Sir Paridell,
She was empassiond at that piteous act,
With zelous enuy of Greekes cruell fact,
Against that nation, from whose race of old
She heard, that he was lineally extract:
For noble Britons sprong from Troians bold,
And Troytowne was built of old Troyes ashes cold.

Then fighting soft awhile, at last she thus:
O lamentable fall of famous towne,
Which raignd so many yeares victorious,
And of all Asie bore theouveraine crowne,
In one sad night confund, and thrown downe:
What sony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,
Is not empiert with deepe compassionne,
And makes enexample of mans wretched state,
That floures so fresh at morne, & fades at euening late?

Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint
Hath found another partner of your payne:
For nothing may impress so deare constraint,
As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne.
But if it should not grieue you, backe agayne
To turne your course, I would to heare desyre,
What to Aeneas fell; such that men sayne
He was not in the citie woeful fyre
Consum'd, but did him selte to safety retyre.

Anchises sonne begott of Venus sayre,
Said he, out of the flames for safegard fled,
And with a remnant did to sea repayre;
Where he through fatale errour long was led
Chant. IX.  the Faery Queene.

Full many yeares, and weetlefe wandered
From shore to shore, amongst the Lybick landes,
Ere rest he found. Much there he suffered,
And many perilles past in forreine landes,
To saue his people sad from victours vengefull handes.

At last in Latium he did arryue,
Where he with cruell warre was entertaind
Of th'inland folke, which sought him backe to drive,
Till he with old Latinus was constraint,
To contract wedlock: (so the fates ordaind.)
Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplished, that many deare complaund:
The riuall slaine, the victour through the flood
Escaped hardly, hardly praifd his wedlock good.

Yet after all, he victour did suruiue,
And with Latinus did the kingdom part.
But after, when both nations gan to strive,
Into their names the title to conuert,
His sonne Tullus did from thence depart,
With all the warlike youth of Troians bloud,
And in long Alba plaft his throne apart,
Where faire it flourished, and long time stoud,
Till Romulus renewing it, to Rome remoud.

There there (said Britomart) a fresh appeard
The glory of the later world to spring,
And Troy againe out of her dust was reard,
To sitt in second seaire of soueraine king,
Of all the world vnder her gouerning.
But a third kingdom yet is to arise,
Out of the Troians scattered of spring,
That in all glory and great enterprize,
Both first and second Troy shall dare to equalise.
It Trojmonant is hight, that with the wawes
Of wealthy Thamis washed is along,
Upon whose stubborne necks whereas he raues
With roring rage, and sore him selfe does throng,
That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong,
She fastned hath her foot, which standes so hy,
That it a wonder of the world is song
In forreine landes, and all which paffen by,
Beholding it from farre, doe thinke it threates the skye.

The Trojan Brute did first that citie found,
And Hygate made the meare thereof by west,
And ouer gate by North: that is the bound
Toward the land; two riuers bound the rest.
So huge a scope at first him seemed best,
To be the compass of his kingdomes feat:
So huge a mind could not in leerrer rest,
Ne in small meares containe his glory great,
That Albion had conquered first by warlike feat.

Ah fairest Lady knight, (said Paridell)
Pardon I pray my heedlesse oversight,
Who had forgot, that whylome I hard tell
From aged Mnemon; for my wits beene light.
Indeed he said (if I remember right,)
That of the antique Trojan stocke, there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,
And far abroad his mightie branches threw,
Into the utmost Angle of the world he knew.

For that same Brute, whom much he did aduance
In all his speach, was Sylus his sonne,
Whom hauing slaine, through luckles arrowes glance
He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,
Or else for shame, so fowle reproch to shonne,
And with him ledd to sea an youthly trayne,
Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,
And many fortunes'frow'd in th'Ocean mayne,
And great aduertures found, that now were long to layne.

At last by fatall course they driven were
Into an Island spacious and brode,
The furthest North, that did to them appeare:
Which after rest they seeking farre abrode,
Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,
Fruitfull of all things fitt for living foode,
But wholly waste, and void of peoples trode,
Saue an huge nation of the Geaunts brode,
That fed on living fleshe, & dronck mens vitall blood.

Whom he through wearie wars and labours long,
Subdewd with losse of many Britons bold:
In which the great Geemagot of strong
Corineus, and Coulin of Debon old
Were ouerthrowne, and laide on th'earth full cold,
Which quaked vnder their so hideous masse,
A famous history to bee enrold
In everlasting moniments of brasse,
That all the antique Worthies merits far did passe.

His worke great Troymont. his worke is eke
Faire Lincoln, both renowned far away,
That who from East to West will endlong seeke,
Cannot two fairer Cities find this day,
Except Cleopolis: so heard I say
Old Mnemon. Therefore Sir, I greet you well
Your countrey kin, and you entyrely pray
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
Betwixt vs both unknowne. So ended Parideill.

But
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 fancies euermore
In her fraile witt, that now her quite forlore:
The whiles vnwares away her wondring eye,
And greedy eares her weake hart from her bore:
Which he perceiuing, euer priuily
In speaking, many falsie belgardes at her let fly.

So long these knightes discoursed diversly,
Of strauenge affaires, and noble hardiment,
Which they had past with mickle iepardy,
That now the humid night was farforth spent,
And heuenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:
Which th'old man seeing wel, who too lôg thought
Euerie discourse and euery argument,
Which by the houres he meaured, besought
'Them go to rest, So all vnto their bowres were brought.

Cant. X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore:
Malbecco her pourfewes:
Fynds amongst Satyres, whence with him
To turne she doth refuse.

The morow next, so soone as Phæbus Lamp
Bewrayed had the world with early light,
And fresh Aurora had the shady damp
Out of the goodly heuen amoued quight,

Faire
Can. X. The Faery Queene.

Faire Britomart and that same Faery knight
Vprofe, 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.

So soorth they far'd, but he behind them stayd,
Maulgre his hoft, who grudged grievously,
To house a guest, that would be needes obayd,
And of his owne him left not liberty:
Might wanting measure moue thy surquedry.
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fiers youngmans vnruely maystery;
His money, which he lou'd as liuing breath;
And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept vneath.

But patience perforce he must abie,
What fortune and his fate on him will lay,
Fond is the feare, that findes no remedie;
Yet warily he watcheth euery way,
By which he feareth euill happen may:
So th'euill thinkes by watching to preuent;
Ne doth he suffer her, nor night, nor day,
Out of his fight her felsfe once to absent.
So doth he punish her and eke himselfe torment.

But Paridell kept better watch, then hee,
A fit occasion for his turne to finde:
Falsé loue, why do men say, thou canst not see,
And in their foolish fancy seigne thee blinde,
That with thy charmes the sharpest fight does not binde,
And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,
And seest euery secret of the minde;
Thou seest all, yet none at all seest thee;
All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

M m So
So perfect in that art was Paridell,
That he Malbecco's halfen eye did wyle,
His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
And Hellenors both eyes did eke beguyle,
Both eyes and hart attonce, during the whyle
That he there soijourned his wounds to heale,
That Cupid selfe it seeing, close did smyle,
To weet how he her loue away did steale,
And bad, that none their joyous treason should reveale.

The learned louer lost no time nor tyde,
That least avangstge more to him afford,
Yet bore so faire a sayle, that none espyde
His secret drift, till he her layd abord.
When so in open place, and commune bord,
He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speach
He courted her, yet bayted every word,
That his vngentle hoste n'ote him appeach
Of vile vngentlenesse, or hospitages breach.

But when apart (if euer her apart)
He found, then his false engins fast he plyde,
And all the sleights vnbofsomd in his hart;
He sigh'd, he sobd, he swound, he perdy dyde,
And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde:
Tho when againe he him bethought to liue,
He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,
Saying, but if she Mercie would him giue
That he more algates dye, yet did his death forgive.

And otherwhyles with amorous delights,
And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine,
Now singing sweetly, to surprize her sprights,
Now making layes of loue and louers paine,
Branles, Ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine;
Oft purposes, oft riddles he deuyfd,
And thousands like, which flowed in his braine,
With which he fed her fancy, and entysd
To take with his new loue, and leave her old despyfd.

And euer where he might, and euerie while
He did her service dewtiful, and sewd
At hand with humble pride, and pleasing guile,
So close ly yet, that none but she it sewd,
Who well perceiued all, and all indewd.
Thus finelie did he his fal e nets dispre,
With which he many weake harts had subdewd,
Of yore, and many had ylike misled:
What wonder then, if she were like wise carried?

No fort so sensible, no wals so strong,
But that continuall battery will rive,
Or daily siege through dispuruayance long,
And lacke of reskewes will to parley driue,
And Peece, that vnto parley eare will giue,
Will shortly yield it selfe, and will be made
The vassall of the victors will byliue:
That stratagene had ofternimes aslayd
This crafty Paramoure, and now it plaine displayd.

For through his traines he her intrapped hath,
That she her loue and hart hath wholy fold
To him, without regard of gaine, or scath,
Or care of credite, or of husband old,
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fayre Cucquold.
Nought wants but time & place, which shortly shee
Deuized hath, and to her lover told,
It pleased well. So well they both agree;
So readie rype to ill, ill wemens counsels bee.

M m 2
Darke
Darke was the Evening, fit for louers stealth,
When chaunst Malbecco busie be elsewhere,
She to his closet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid: thereof the countesse summes did reare,
The which she meant away with her to beare;
The rest she sryd for sport, or for despight;
As Helene, when she saw aloft appeare
The Troiane flames, and reach to heuens hight.
Did clap her hands, and joyed at that dolefull fight.

This second Helene, fayre Dame Hellenore,
The whiles her husband ran with sory haste,
To quench the flames, which she had tyn'd before.
Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste,
And ran into her louers armes right fast;
Where streight embraced, she to him did cry,
And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past,
For lo that Guest did beare her forcibly,
And meant to rauifh 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 backeward caft his eye,
And saw the wicked fire so furiously
Consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,
He was therewith distressed diversely,
Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place,
Was neuer wretched man in such a wofull case.

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,
And left the fire; loue money ouercame:
But when he marked, how his money burnd,
He left his wife; money did loue disclame.
Both was he loth to loose his loued Dame,  
And loth to leaue his lieuest plesse behinde,  
Yet sith he n'ote saue both, he sau'd that same,  
Which was the dearest to his dounghill minde,  
The God of his desire, the joy of misers blinde.

Thus whilest all things in troublous vprore were,  
And all men busie to suppreffe the flame,  
The louing couple neede no reskew feare,  
But leasure had, and liberty to frame  
Their purpofe flight, free from all mens reclame;  
And Night, the patronesse of loue-stealth fayre,  
Gaue them safe conduct, till to end they came:  
So beene they gone yfere, a wanton payre  
Of louers loosely knit, where lift them to repayre.

Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,  
Malcoco seeing, how his losse did lye,  
Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere  
Into huge waues of griefe and gealofye  
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye,  
Twixt inward doole and felonous despight,  
He rau'd, he wept, he stampt, he lowd did cry,  
And all the passions, that in man may light,  
Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytiue spright.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,  
And did confume his gall with anguifh sore,  
Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,  
So tll the smart thereof increased more,  
And seemd more grievous, then it was before:  
At laft when sorrow he saw booted nought,  
Ne griefe might not his loue to him restore,  
He gan deuife, how her he reskew mought,  
Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused thought.
At last resolving, like a Pilgrim sore,
To search her forth, where so she might be fond,
And bearing with him 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, he sought her far and nere,
And every where that he more understand,
Of knights and ladies any meetings were,
And of each one he mett, he tidings did inquiere.

But all in vain, his woman was too wise,
Euer to come into his clouch againe,
And hee too simple euer to surprize
The iolly Paridell, for all his paine.
One day, as hee forpassed by the plaine,
With weary pace, hee far away espide
A couple, seemynge well to be his twaine,
Which houed close vnder a forest side,
As if they lay in wait, or els them selues did hide.

Well weened hee, that those the same mote bee,
And as he better did their shape auize,
Him seemed more their maner did agree;
For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom, to be Paridell he did deuize;
And th'other al yclad in garments light,
Discolourd like to womanish disguise,
He did resemble to his lady bright,
And euer his faint hart much earned at the fight.

And euer faine he towards them would goe,
But yet durft not for dread approchen nie,
But stood aloofe, vnweeting what to doe,
Till that prickt forth with louses extremity,
That is the father of fowle jealousy,
He closely nearer crept, the truth to meet:
But, as he nigher drew, he easilly
Might see ne, that it was not his sweetest sweet,
Yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet.

But it was scornfull Braggadocchio,
That with his servant Trompart houerd there,
Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe:
Whom such whenas Malbescopied clere,
He turned backe, and would have fled arere;
Till Trompart running hastily, him did stay,
And bad before his soueraigne Lord appere:
That was him loth, yet durst he not gainsay,
And coming him before, low louted on the lay.

The Boaster at him sternely bent his browe,
As if he could have kild him with his looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,
And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
That every member of his body quooke.
Said he, thou man of nought, what doest thou here,
Vnsightly furnish with thy bag and booke,
Where I expected one with shield and spere,
To prove some deeds of armes vpon an equall pere.

The wretched man at his imperious speach,
Was all abaht, and low prostrating, said:
Good Sir, let not my rudenes be no breach
Vnto your patience, ne be illypaid;
For I vnwares this way by fortune straid,
A silly Pilgrim driven to distresse,
That seekc a Lady There he suddein straid,
And did the rest with grievous fighes suppressc,
While teares stood in his eies, few drops of bitterness.
The third Booke of Cant. X.

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 cheerful word his weak heart much did cheare,
And with vain hope his spirits faint supply,
That bold he said, O most redoubted Pere,
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches case to heare.

Then fighting sore, It is not long (saide hee)
Sith I enjoyed the gentleft Dame alue;
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee.
But shame of all, that doe for honor striue,
By treacherous deceit did me depreue;
Through open outrage he her bore away,
And with fowle force unto his will did striue,
Which all good knights, that armes do bear this day,
Are bound for to renewe, 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 speare
In better quarell, then defence of right,
And for a Lady gainst a faithlesse knight,
So shall your glory bee aduaunced much,
And all faire Ladies magnify your might,
And eke my selfe, albe 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 disdaining to be so midempt,

Or
Qant. X.  the Faery Queene.

Or a war-monger to be basey nempt;
And sayd, thy offers base I greatly loth,
And eke thy words uncourteous 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 maires humor knew,
In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,
Was inly tickled with that golden vew,
And in his eare him rowned close behinde:
Yet shouht he not, but lay still in the winde,
Waiting aduauntage on the pray to seafe;
Till Trompart lowly to the ground inclinde,
Besought him his great corage to appease,
And pardon simple man, that rash did him displease.

Big looking like a doughty Doucepere,
At last he thus, Thou clod of vilest clay,
I pardon yield, and that with rudenes beare;
But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,
And all that els the vaine world vaunten may,
I loath as doung, ne deeme my dew reward:
Fame is my meed, and glory vertuous pray.
But minds of mortal men are muchell mard,
And mou'd amifle with massy mucks vnmeet regard.

And more, I graunt to thy great misery
Gratious respect, thy wife shall backe be sent,
And that vile knight, who euer that he bee,
Which hath thy lady rest, and knighthood shent,
By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly dent
The blood hath of so many thousands shedd,
I sweare, ere long shall dearly it repent;
Ne he twixt heuen and earth shall hide his hedd,
But soone he shall be found, and shortly doen be dedd.

The
The third Booke of Cant. X.

Thus long they three together traveiled,
Through many a wood, and many an uncouth way,
To seeke his wife, that was far wandered:
But those two fought nought, but the present pray,
To weete the treasure, which he did bewray,
On which their eyes and harts were wholly sett,
With purpose, how they might it best betray,
For sith the howre, that first he did them lett (wheet.
The same behold, therwith their keene desires were

It fortuned as they together far'd,
They spide, where Paridell came pricking fast
Upon the plaine, the which him selfe prepar'd
To giu't with that braue straunger knight a cast,
As on adventure by the way he past:
Alone he rode without his Paragone;
For hauing filcht her bells, her vp he cast
To the wide world, and let her fly alone,
He nould be clogd. So had he servued many one.

The gentle Lady, loose at randon lefte,
The greene wood long did walke, and wander wide
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne weste,
Till on a day the Satjres her espide

Straying
Cant. X.  

The Faery Queen.

Straying alone withouten groome or guide;
Her vp they tooke, and with them home her ledd,
With them as housewife euer to abide,
To milk their goes, and make them cheese & bredd,
And euery one as commune good her handeled.

That shortly she Malbecco has forgott,
And eke Sir Paridell, all were he deare,
Who from her went to secke another lott,
And now by fortune was arrived here,
Where those two guilers with Malbecco were:
Soone as the oldman saw Sir Paridell,
He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,
Ne word he had to speake, his grieue to tell,
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well.

And after asked him for Hellenore,
I take no keepe of her (sayd Paridell)
She wonneth in the forrest there before.
So forth he rode, as his adventure fell;
The whiles the Boaster from his loftie fell
Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;
But the frefh Swayne would not his leasure dwell,
But went his way; whom when he passed kend,
He vp remounted light, and after faind to wend.

Pery day (sayd Malbecco) shal ye not:
But let him passe as lightly, as he came:
For litle good of him is to be got,
And mickle perill to bee put to shame.
But let vs goe to seeke my dearest Dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder forrest wyld:
For of her safety in great doubt I ame,
Least saluage beasts her person haue despoyled:
Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine haue toyld.

They
They all agree, and forward them address:
   Ah but (said crafty Trompart) weete ye well,
   That yonder in that faithfull wildernesse
   Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
   Dragons, and Minotaures, and feendes of hell,
   And many wilde woodmen, which robbe & rend
   All trauelers; therefore advise ye well,
   Before ye enterprize that way to wend:
One may his journey bring too soone to euill end.

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,
And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
Their counsell crau'd, in daunger imminent.
Said Trompart, you that are the most opprest
With burdein of great treasure, I thinke best
Here for to stay in safetie behynd;
My Lord and I will search the wide forest.
That counsell pleased not Malbecco's mynd;
For he was much afraid, him selfe alone to fynd.

Then is it best (said he) that ye doe leaue
Your treasure here in some security,
Either fast closed in some hollow greaue,
Or buried in the ground from ieopardy,
Till we returne againe in safety:
As for vs two, least doubt of vs ye haue,
Hence farre away we will blyndfolded ly,
Ne priuy bee vnto your treasures greaue.
It pleased:so he did. Then they march forward braue.

Now when amid the thickest woodes they were,
They heard a noyse of many bagpipes thrill,
And shrieking Hububs them approching nere,
Which all the forest did with horrour fill:
That
That dreadfull sound the bofters hart did thrill,
With such amazment, that in haft he fledd,
Neuer looked back for good or ill,
And after him eke fearefull Trompart spedd;
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground halfed.
Yet afterwardcs close creeping, as he might,
He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd,
The iolly Satyres full of fresh delight,
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly ledd
Faire Helenore, with gironds all bespredd,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
She proude of that new honour, which they redd,
And of their louely fellowship full glade,
Daunft liuely, and her face did with a Lawrell shade.

The silly man that in the thickett lay
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieued sore,
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th'vnkindnes of his Helenore,
All day they daunced with great lufly hedd,
And with their horned feet the greene gras wore,
The whiles their Gotes vpom the brouzes fedd.
Till drouping Phaebus gan to hyde his golden hedd.

Tho vp they gan their mery pypes to trufe,
And all their goodly heardes did gather round,
But every Satyre first did giue a buffe
To Helenore: so buffles did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground.
With perly deaw, and th'Earthes gloomy shade
Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin round,
That euery bird and beast awarned made,
To throwd themselues, whiles sleepe their fenses did in-
Which
Which when Malbecco saw, out of his bush
Upon his hands and feete he crept full light,
And like a Gote amongst the Gotes did rush,
That through the helpe of his faire hornes on hight,
And misty dampe of misconceyuing night,
And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard,
He did the better counterfeit aright:
So home he marcht, amongst the horned heard,
That none of all the Satyres him espyde or heard.

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd,
Whereas his louely wife amongst them lay,
Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,
Who all the night did minde his ioyous play:
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his hart with gealofy did swel;
But yet that nights ensample did bewray,
That not for nought his wife them loued so well,
When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

So closely as he could, he to them crept,
When weare of their sport to sleepe they fell,
And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,
He whispered in her eare, and did her tell,
That it was he, which by her side did dwell,
And therefore prayd her wake, to heare him plaine.
As one out of a dreame not waked well,
She turned her, and returned backe againe:
Yet her for to awake he did the more constraine.

At last with irkesom trouble she abrayd;
And then perceiving, that it was indeed
Her old Malbecco, which did her vpbrayd,
With loosenesse of her loue, and loathly deed,
She
She was astonisht with exceeding dread,
And would have wak'd the Satyre by her syde;
But he her pray'd, for mercy, or for meed,
To save his life, ne let him be descriyde,
But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde.

Tho gan he her perswade, to leave that lewd
And loathsome life, of God and man abhord,
And home returne, where all should be renew'd
With perfect peace, and bandes of fresh accord,
And the receiued againe to bed and bord,
As if no trespass ever had beene done:
But she it all refused at one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
But chose amongst the iolly Satyres still to wonne.

He woood her, till day spring he espysd;
But all in vain: and then turn'd to the heard,
Who butted him with hornes on every syde,
And trode downe in the dart, where his hore beard
Was fowly light, and he of death afeard,
Early before the heauens fairest light
Out of the ruddy East was fully reard,
The heardes out of their foldes were loosed quight,
And he amongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.

So soone as he the Prison dore did pas,
He ran as fast, as both his feet could beare,
And neuer looked, who behind him was,
Ne scarceley who before: like as a Beare
That creeping close, amongst the huiues to reare
An hony combe, the wakefull dogs espys,
And him aslayling, sore his carcas teare.
That hardly he with life away does fly,
Ne stayes, till safe himselfe he see from jeopardy.
Ne stayd he, till he came vnto the place,
Where late his treasure he entombed had,
Where when he found it not (for Trompart bace
Had it purloyned for his maister bad:)
With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away, ran with him selfe away:
That whos straungely had him seene bestadd,
With vpstart haire, and staring eyes dismay,
From Limbo lake him late escaped sure would say.

High ouer hilles and ouer dales he fledd,
As if the wind him on his winges had borne,
Ne banck nor bush could stay him, when he spedd
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne:
Griefe, and despight, and gealosy, and scorne
Did all the way him follow hard behynd,
And he himselfe himselfe loath'd so forlorne,
So shamefully forlorne of womankynd;
That as a Snake, still lurked in his wounded mynd.

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,
Ne stayd his flight, nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came vnto a rocky hill,
Ouer the sea, suspended dreadfully,
That liuing creature it would terrify,
To looke adowne, or vward to the hight:
From thence he threw him selfe dispiteously,
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
That seemd no help for him was left in liuing fight.

But through long anguish, and selfe-murdring thought
He was so wasted and forpined quight,
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
And nothing left, but like an aery Spright, That
Cant. X. the Faery Queens.

That on the rockes he fell so flat and light,
That he thereby receiu'd no hurt at all,
But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light;
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,
That at the last he found a caue with entrance small.

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there
Resolved to build his balefull mansion,
In dreary darkenes, and continuall feare
Of that rocks fall, which euer and anon
Threates with huge ruine him to fall vpon,
That he dare neuer sleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keepes for that occasion;
Neuer rests he in tranquillity,
The roring billowes beat his bowre so boystrously.

Neuer is he wont on ought to feed,
But todes and frogs, his pasture poysnous,
Which in his cold complexion doe breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vittious,
Croscuts the liuer with internall smart,
And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eternall dart.

Yet can he neuer dye, but dying liues,
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
That death and life attonce into him giues.
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.
There dwels he euer, miserable swaine,
Hatefull both to himselfe, and euery wight;
Where he through priuy grieue, and horror vaine,
Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and Gelosy is hight.

N n Cant.
O Hateful hellish Snake, what furie sust
Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,
Where in her bosome she thee long had nourst,
And fostered vp with bitter milke of tine,
Fowle Gealosye, that turnest loue divine
To joylesse dread, and makst the louing hart
With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart?
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

O let him far be banished away,
And in his stead let Loue for euer dwell,
Sweete Loue, that doth his golding wings embay
In blessed Nectar, and pure Pleasures well,
Untroubled of vile feare, or bitter fell.
And ye faire Ladies, that your kingdoms make
In th’harts of men, them gouerne wisely well,
And of faire Britomart ensample take,
That was as trew in loue, as Turtle to her make.

Who with Sir Satyrane, as earst ye red,
Forth ryding from Malbeccoes hostlesse hous,
Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled
From an huge Geaunt, that with hideous
And hatefull outrage long him chaced thus;
It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare
Of that Argante vile and vitories,
From whom the Squyre of Dames was rest whylere;
This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

For as the sister did in feminine
And filthy lust exceede all woman kinde,
So he surpased his sex masculine,
In bestfly vse all, that I euer finde:
Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde
The fearefull boy so greedily pourfew,
She was emmoued in her noble minde,
T'employ her puissance to his reskew,
And pricked fiercely forward, where she did him vew.

Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behinde,
But with like fiercenesse did ensfew the chace:
Whom when the Gyaunt saw, he soone resinde
His former suit, and from them fled apace;
They after both, and boldy bad him bace,
And each did striue the other to outgoe;
But he them both outran a wondrous space,
For he was long, and swift as any Roe,
And now made better speed, t'escape his feared foe.

It was not Satyrane, whom he did feare,
But Britomart the flowre of chastity;
For he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,
But alwayes did their dread encounter fly:
And now so fast his feet he did apply,
That he has gotten to a forrest neare,
Where he is shrowded in security.
The wood they enter, and search euerie where,
They searched diversely, so both diuided were.
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 of his shield was rudely throwne,
On which the winged boy in colours cleare
Depeinted was, full easie to be knowne,
And he thereby, where euer it in field was showne.

His face vpon the ground did groueling ly,
As if he had beene sloombring in the shade,
That the braue Mayd would not for courtesey,
Out of his quiet sloomber him abrade,
Nor seeme too suddeinly him to inuade:
Still as she stood, she heard with grievous throb
Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
That pitty did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

At laste forth breaking into bitter plaintes
He sayd, O souerayne Lord that sit't on hye,
And raigned in blis amongst thy blessed Saintes,
How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty,
So long unwreaked of thine enimy?
Or hast, thou Lord, of good mens cause no heed?
Or doth thy iustice sleepe, and silently?
What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteouines no meed?

If good find grace, and righteouines reward,
Why then is Amoret in caytune band,
Sith that more bounteous creature never far'd
On foot, vpon the face of liuing land:
Or if that heuenly iustice may withstand
The wrongfull outrage of vnrighteous men;
Why then is Busirane with wicked hand
Suffred,these seuen moneths day in secret den
My Lady and my loue so cruelly to pen?

My Lady and my loue is cruelly pend
In dolefull darkenes from the vew of day,
Whilst deadly torments doe her chaft brest rend,
And the sharpe steale doth riue her harte in tway,
All for the Scudamore will not deny.
Yet thou vile man, vile Scudamore art found,
Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;
Unworthy wretch to tread upon the ground,
For whom so faire a Lady seest so sore a wound.

There an huge heape of singulges did oppresse
His strugling soule, and swelling throbs empcaeb
His soltring toung with pangs of drerinesse,
Choking the remnant of his plaintif speach,
As if his dayes were come to their last reach.
Which when she heard, and saw the ghaftly fit,
Threatning into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth and terrour she was sinit,
Fearing leaft from her cage the wearie soule would flit.

Tho stouping downe she him amoued light;
Who therewith somewhat staring vp gan looke,
And seeing him behind a stranger knight,
Whereas no liuing creature he mistooke,
With great indignaunce he that sight forsooke,
And downe againe himsfelfe disdainefully
Abiescng,th'earth with his faire forhead strooke:
Which the bold Virgin seeing, gan apply
Fit medicine to his griefe,and spake thus courtefly.

Ah
Ah gentle knight, whose deep conceived griefe
Well seemes to exceede the power of patience,
Yet if that heauenly grace some good reliefe
You send, submit you to high prouidence,
And ever in your noble hart prepare,
That all the sorrow in the world is lesse,
Then vertues might, and values confidence.
For who will bide the burden of distress,
Must not hence thinke to live: for life is wretchednesse.

Therefore, faire Sir, doe comfort to you take,
And freely read, what wicked felon so
Hath outrag'd you, and thrall'd your gentle make.
Perhaps this hand may help to ease your woe,
And wreak your sorrow on your cruel foe,
At least it faire endeaueour will apply.
Those feeling words so neare the quicke did goe,
That vp his head he reared easly,
And leaning on his elbowe, these few words let fly.

What boots it plaine, that cannot be redrest,
And sow vain sorrow in a fruitlesse eare,
Sith power of hand, nor skill of learned breast,
No worldly price cannot redeeme my deare,
Out of her thrall'dome and continuall feare?
For he the tyrant, which her hath in ward
By strong'ner chauntiments and blacke Magikke feare,
Hath in a dungeon deepd her close embard,
And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to her gard.

There he tormenteth her most terribly,
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
Cant. XI. the Faery Queene. 565

But yet by torture he would her constraine
Loue to conceive in her disdainfull brest;
Till so she doe, she must in doole remaine,
Ne may by hauing meanes be thence releas'd.
What boots it then to plaine, that cannot be redrest?

With this sad herfall of his heauy stresse,
The warlike Damzell was empassiond sore,
And sayd, Sir knight, your cause is nothing leste,
Then is your sorrow, certes if not more;
For nothing so much pitty doth implore,
As gentle Ladies helpless misery.
But yet, if pleas'd ye listen to my lore,
I will with proof of last extremity,
Deliver her from thence, or with her for you dy.

Ah gentlest knight alius, (sayd Scudamore)
What huge heroicke magnanimity
Dwells in thy bounteous brest? what couldst thou
If she 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, (laid she) for which is bought
Endlesse renown, that more then death is to be sought.

Thus shee at length persuaded him to rise,
And with her wend, to see what new successe
More him befall upon new enterprize;
His armes, which he had vowed to disprove,
She gathered vp, and did about him dresse,
And his forward speeded vnto him gott:
So forth they both ydere make, their progresse,
And march not past the mountenaunce of a short,
Till they arriu'd, whereas their purpose they did plott.

N n 4 There
There they dismounting, drew their weapons bold
And stoutly came vnto the Castle gate;
Whereas no gate they found, them to withhold,
Nor ward to wait at morne and euening late,
But in the Porch, that did them fore amate,
A flaming fire, ymxt with smouldry smoke,
And stinking Sulphure, that with grievly hate
And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to reuoke.

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,
Ne in that stound wift, how her selse to beare;
For daunger vaine it were, to haue assayd
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can suffer to approchen neare:
And turning backe to Scudamour, thus sayd;
What monstrous enmyty prouoke we heare,
Foolhardy, as the Earthes children, which made
Batteill against the Gods? so we a God inuade.

Daunger without discretion to attempt,
Inglorious and beastlike is: therefore Sir knight,
Aread what course of you is safest dempt.
And how we with our foe may come to fight.
This is (quoth he) the dolorous despight,
Which earst to you I playnd: for neither may
This fire be quencht by any witt or might,
Ne yet by any meanes remou'd away;
So mightly be th'enchauntments, which the same do stay.

What is there ells, but ceafe these fruiteleffe paines,
And leaue me to my former languishing?
Faire Amoret must dwell in wicked chaines,
And Scudamore here die with sorrowing.
Perdy
Perdy not so; (saide shee) for shameful thing
Yet were to abandon noble cheuisaunce,
For shewe of perill, without venturing:
Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
Then enterprised praise for dread to disuaunce.

Therewith resolu'd to prowe her utmost might,
Her ample shield she threw before her face,
And her swords point directing forward right,
Assay'd the flame, the which estesoones gaue place,
And did it selfe diuide with equall space,
That through she pass'd, as a thonder bolt
Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
The foring clouds into rad showres ymolt;
So to her yold the flames, and did their force reuolt.

Whome whenas Scudamour saw past the fire,
Safe and u ntoucht, he likewise gan assay,
With greedy will, and enuious desire,
And bad the stubborn flames to yield him way:
But cruell Mulciber would not obay
His threatfull pride, but did the more augment
His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
Him forst (maulgre) his fercenes to relent,
And backe retire, all scorcht and pitifully 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 woodnes he effierced was,
And wilfully him throwing on the gras,
Did beat and bounse his head and brestful sore;
The whiles the Championesse now decked has
The utmost rowme, and past the fornest dore,
The utmost rowme, abounding with all precious store.

For
For round about, the walls yclothed were
With goodly arras of great majesty,
Woven with gold and silke so close and nere,
That the rich metall lurked priuily,
As faining to be hidd from envious eye;
Yet here, and there, and every where vnwares
It shewed it selfe, and shone vnwillingly;
Like to a discolourd Snake, whose hidden snares
Through the greene gras his long bright burnish't back

And in those Tapets weren fashioned
Many faire pourtraict, and many a faire seate,
And all of loue, and al of lusty-hed,
As seemed by their semblaunt did entreat;
And eke all Cupids warres they did repeate,
And cruell batailes, which he whilome fought
Gainst all the Gods, to make his empire great;
Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought
On mighty kings and keshars, into thraldome brought.

Therein was writ, how often thondring Tove
Had felt the point of his hart percing dart,
And leaving heauens kingdome, here did rouse
In straunge disguize, to flake his scalding smart,
Now like a Ram, faire Helle to peruart,
Now like a Bull, Europa to withdraw:
Ah, how the sairefull Ladies tender hart
Did liuely seeme to tremble, when she saw
The huge seas under her c'obay her servaunts law.

Soone after that into a golden shoure
Him selfe he chaung'd, faire Danae to vew,
And through the rooie of her strong brazen towre
Did raine into her lap an hony dew,
The whiles her foolish garde, that litle knew
Of such deceit, kept th'yeon dore fast bard,
And watcht, that none should enter nor islew;
Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
Whenas the God to golden hew him selfe transfard.

Then was he turnd into a snowy Swan,
To win faire Leda to his louely trade:
O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,
That her in daffadiillies sleeping made,
From scorching heat her daintie limbes to shade:
While the proud Bird ruffing his fethers wyde,
And brushing his faire brest, did her invade;
Shee slept, yet twixt her cielids closly spyde,
How towards her he ruift, and smiled at his pryde.

Then shewed it, how the Thebaine Semelee
Deceiud of gealous Iuno, did require
To see him in his souerayne maiefte,
Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,
Whens dearely she with death bought her desire.
But faire Alcmena better match did make,
Ioying his love in likenes more entire,
Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
He then did put, her pleasures lenger to partake.

Twyse was he seene in soaring Eagles shape,
And with wide winges to beat the buxome ayre,
Once, when he with Asterie did scape,
Againe, when as the Troiane boy to Fayre
He snatcht from Ida hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was, there to behould,
How the rude Shepheards after him did stare,
Trembling through fear, least down he fallen shold
And often to him calling, to take surer hould.
In Satyres shape Antiope he snatcht:
And like a fire, when he Aegin' assayd;
A shepeheard, when Mnemosyne he catcht:
And like a Serpent to the Thracian mayd.
(played,
Whyles thus on earth great Iove these pageaunts
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
And scoffing, thus vnto his mother sayd,
Lo now the heuens obey to me alone,
And take me for their Iove, whiles Iove to earth is gone.

And thou, faire Phæbus, in thy colours bright
Wast there enwouen, and the sad ditrffe,
In which that boy thee plonged, for despight,
That thou bewray'dst his mothers wantonnesse,
When she with Mars was meynit in joyfulnesse:
For thy he thrild thee with a leaden dart,
To loue faire Daphne, which the loued leffe:
Leffe she thee lou'd, then was thy just desart,
Yet was thy loue her death, & her death was thy smarte.

So louedst thou the lusty Hyacinet,
So louedst thou the faire Coronis deare:
Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,
Yet both in floweres doe liue, and loue thee breare,
The one a Paunce, the other a sweet breare:
For grieffe whereof, ye mote haue liuely seene
The God himselfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his garlond euer greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,
The sonne of Climen he did repent,
Who bold to guide the charret of the Sunne,
Himselfe in thousand pieces fondly rent,

And
And all the world with flashing fire Brent:
So like, that all the walls did seeme to flame.
Yet cruel Cupid, not herewith content,
Forst him atsoones to follow other game,
And love a Shephards daughter for his dearest Dame.

He loued the dearest Dame,
And for her sake her cattell fed a while,
And for her sake a cowheard vile became,
The seruant of Admetus cowheard vile,
While that from heauen he suffered exile.
Long were to tell his other lovely sute,
Now like a Lyon, hunting after spoile,
Now like a Hag, now like a falcon sitt:
All which in that faire arras was most liuely writ.

Next vnto him was Neptune pictured,
In his diviue ressemblance wondrous lyke:
His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
Dropped with brackish deaw, his threeforkt Pyke
He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did sryke
The raging billowes, that on euery syde
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke;
That his swift charret might haue passadge wyde,
Which foure great Hippodames did draw in temewife

His seahorles did seeme to short amayne,
And from their nosethrilles blow the brynie streame,
That made the sparckling waues to smoke agayne,
And flame with gold, but the white fomy creame,
Did shine with siluer, and shoot forth his beame.
The God himselfe did pensiue seeme and sad,
And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame:
For priuy loun his brest empierced had,
No ought but deare Bisalys ay could make him glad.

He:
Heloued eke *Phimmeda* deare,
    And *Aeolus* faire daughter *Arne* bright,
For whom he turnd him selfe into a *Stcare*,
    And fed on fodder, to beguile her sight,
Alfo to win *Deucalion* daughter bright,
He turnd him selfe into a *Dolphin* fayre,
And like a winged horse he tooke his flight,
To *snaky-locke Medusa* to repayre,
On whom he got faire *Pegasus*, that flitteth in the ayre,

Next *Saturne* was, (but who would euer weene,
That fullein *Saturne* euer weend to loue?
Yet loue is fullein, and *Saturnlike* seene,
As he did for *Erigone* it proue,
That to a *Centaure* did him selfe transmoue.
So proou'd it eke that gratious God of wine,
When for to compasse *Phylliras* hard loue,
He turnd himselfe into a *fruitfull* vine,
And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

Long were to tell the amorous affayes,
    And gentle pangues, with which he maked meeke
The mightie *Mars*, to learne his wanton playes:
How oft for *Venus* and how often eek
For many otherymphes hefore did shreek,
With womanish teares, and with vnwarlike smarts,
Privily moystening his horrid cheeke.
There was he painted full of burning dartes, (partes.
And many wide woundes launched through his inner

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)
    His owne deare mother, (ah why should he so?)
Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himselfe,
That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,
    Which
Which he had wrought to many others moe.
But to declare the mournfull Tragedyes,
And spoiles, wherewith he all the ground did strow,
More eath to number, with how many eyes
High heuen beholdes sad louers nightly the eueryes.

Kings Queenes, Lords Ladies, knights & Damsels gent
Were heap'd together with the vulgar fort,
And mingled with the raskall rablement,
Without respect of person or of port,
To shew Dan Cupids powre and great eftort:
And round about a border was entrayld,
Of broken bowes and arrowes shinered short,
And a long bloody river through them rayld,
So liuely and so like, that liuing fence it rayld.

And at the vpper end of that faire rowme,
There was an Altar built of pretious stone,
Of passing valew, and of great renownme,
On which there stood an Image all alone,
Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone;
And winges it had with fondry colours dight,
More fondry colours, then the proud Pauone
Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
When her discouerd bow she speedst through heuen

Blyndfold he was, and in his cruell fist
A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he shot at randon, when him lift,
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;
(Ah man beware, how thou those dartes behold)
A wounded Dragon vnder him did ly,
Whose hideous tayle his lefte foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye.
And underneath his feet was written thus,

\[\text{Vnto the Victor of the Gods this bee:} \]

And all the people in that ample houe
Did to that image bowe their humble knee,
And oft committed foule Idolatry.

That wondrous sight faire Britomart amazd,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,
But euermore and more vpon it gazd,

The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile fennes dazd.

Tho as the backward cast her busie eye,
To search each secrete of that goodly sted
Ouer the dore thus written she did spyce

\[\text{Be bold: she oft and oft it ouer-red} \]

Yet could not find what fence it figured:
But what so 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 fayrer, then the former, was that roome,
And richlier by many partes arayd:
For not with arras made in painefull loome,
But with pure gold it all was ouerlayd,

\[\text{Wrought with wilde Antickes, which their follies} \]

In the rich metall, as they liuing were:
A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
Such as false loue doth oft vpon him weare,

\[\text{For loue in thousand monstrous formes doth oft appeare.} \]

And all about, the glistring walles were hong
With warlike spoiles, and with victorious prayes,
Of mightie Conquerours and Captaines strong,
Which were whilome captiued in their dayes,

To
To cruel love, and wrought their own decayes:
Their swords & spares were broke, & hauberques rent
And their proud girlandes 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, ne could satisfy
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space,
But more the meruaild that no footings trace,
Nor wight appear'd, but wasteful emptinesse,
And solemne silence over all that place:
Strange thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse
So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with carefulnesse.

And as she lookt about, she did behold,
How ouer that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bolde, be bolde, and every where Be bold,
That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
By any ridling skill, or commune wit.
At last she spyde at that rowmes upper end,
Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend
Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might intend.

Thus she there wayted untill euentyde,
Yet living creature none she saw appeare:
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde
From mortall view, and wrap in darkenes dreare;
Yet nould she d'off her weary armes, for feare
Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
Her heawy eyes with natures burdein deare,
But drew her selfe aside in sickernesse,
And her welpointed wepons did about her dreffe.

Oo Cant.
Cant. XII.

The maske of Cupid, and th' enchanted
Chamber are displayed,
Whence Britomart redeemes faire
Amorets, through charmes decayd.

Tho when as chearelesse Nighte couered had
Fayre heauen with an vnuiuerfall clowd,
That every wight dismayd with darkenes sad,
In silence and in sleepe themselves did throwd,
She heard a thrilling Trompet sound alowd,
Signe of nigh bataill, or got victory;
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
But rather stird to cruell enmity,
Expecting euer, when some foe she might descry.

With that, an hideous storme of winde arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earthquake, as if it streight would lose
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt;
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Enfewd, whose noyaunce fled the fearfull sted,
From the fourth howre of night vntill the fixt;
Yet the bold Britone$e$e was nought ydred,
Though much emmond, but stedfast still persevered.

All suddainly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped euery dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty leuers had bene tore.

And
Cant. XII. the Faerie Queen.

And forth yeewd, as on the readie floor
Of some Theatre, a graue personage,
That in his hand a branch of laurell bore,
With comely haucour and count’rance sage,
Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke Stage.

Proceeding to the midst, he stil did stand,
As if in minde he somewhat had to say,
And to the vulgate beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By luely actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned;
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
And passing by, his name discouered,
Eafe, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

The noble Mayd, still standing all this yewd,
And merueild at his straung intendiment;
With that a joyous fellowship ysewed
Of Minstrales, making goodly meriment,
With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent,
All which together song full chearefully
A lay of loues delight, with sweetconcent:
After whom marcht a jolly company,
In manner of a maske, enrange orderly.

The whiles a most delitious harmony,
In full straung notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
The seeble fences wholy did confound,
And the frayle soule in deepe delight nigh drownd:
And when it ceast, thrill trompets lowd did bray,
That their report did far away rebound,
And when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim aray.
The third Booke of

The first was Fanfyl, like a louely Boy, Of rare aspect, and beautie without pear, Matchable either to that ympe of Troy, Whom love did loue, and chose his cup to beare; Or that same daintie lad, which was so deare To great Alcides, that when as he dyde, He wailed womanlike with many a teare, And euery word, and euery valley wyde He fill'd with Hylas name; the Nymphes eke Hylas cryde.

His garment nether was of silke nor say, But paynted plumes, in goodly order dight, Like as the sunburnt Indians do aray Their tawney bodies, in their proudest plight: As those same plumes, so seemed he vaine and light, That by his gate might easily appeare; For still he far'd as dauncing in delight, And in his hand a windy fan did beeare, That in the ydle ayre he mou'd still here and theare.

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre, Who seemed o'ryper yeares, then th'other Swayne, Yet was that others swayne this elders lyre, And gaue him being, commune to them twayne: His garment was disguyfed very vayne, And his embroidered Bonet fat awry; Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did strayne, Which still he blew, and kindled busily, That soone they life conceiu'd, and forth in flames did

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad In a discolour'd cote, of straunge disguyse, That at his backe a brode Capuccio had, And sleeues dependaunt Albanese-wyle: He
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nycely trode, as thornes lay in his way
Or that the flore to shrinke he did auyse
And on a broken reed he still did stay,
His feeble steps, which shrunk, when hard thereon he

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed,
Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made,
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
Strange horror, to deforme his grieuity shade,
A net in th'one hand, and a rusty blade
In th'other was, this Mischiefe, that mishap;
With th'one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th'other he his friends sent to enwrap:
For whom he could not kill, he practizd to entrap.

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feared each shadow moving too or froe,
And his owne armes when glittering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hew, and winged heeld;
And euermore on daunger fxt his eye,
Gains't whom he alwayes bent a brazen shield;
Which his right hand vnarmed fearfully did wield.

With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome Mayd,
Of chearful looke and louely to behold;
In filken-famite she was light arayd,
And her fayre lockes were wounen vp in gold;
She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy water Sprinkle, dipt in deowe,
With which she sprinkleth fauours manifold,
On whom the lift, and did great liking sheowe,
Great liking vnto many, but true loue to seowe.
The third Booke of

And after them, Dissemblance, and Suspect,
Marcht in one rancke, yet an vnequall paire:
For she was gentle, and of milde aspect,
Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire:
Yet was that all but paynted, and pourloynd, (haire:
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke, the twynd.

But he was fowle, ill sauvoured, and grim,
Vnder his ciebrowes looking still as kaunce:
And ever as Dissemblance laught on him,
He lowrd on her with daungerous eyegaunce;
Shewing his nature in his countenaunc,
His rolling eies did neuer rest in place,
But walkte each where, for feare of hid mischaunce,
Holding a lattis still before his face,
Through which he stil did peep, as forward he did pace.

Next him went Griefe, and Fury matchyt yfere;
Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head, with heavy chere,
Yet inly being more, then seeming sad:
A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they ladd,
In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

But Fury was full ill appareiled,
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastly looks and dreadfull dreihed;
For from her backe her garments she did teare, And
And from her head oft rent her marled heare:
In her right hand a firebrand shee did toffe.
About her head still roming here and there;
As a dismayed Deare in chace emhost,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

After them went Displeasure and Pleasance,
He looking lumpish and full sullein sad,
And hanging downe his heavy countenaunce;
She chearfull fresh and full of joyaunce glad,
As if no sorrow shee felt ne dread;
That euill matched paire they seemed to bee:
An angry Waspe th'one in a viall had.
Th'oother in hers an hony-lady Bee,
Thus marched these six couples forth in faire degree.

After all these there marcht a most faire Dame,
Led of two grisyfie villeins, th'oone Deslight.
The other cleped Cruelty by name:
She dolesfull Lady, like a dreary Spright,
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
Had Deathes owne ymage figurd in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearfull to liuing fight,
Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,
And with her seeble feete did moue a comely pace.

Her brest all naked, as nett ytory,
Without adorne of gold or siller bright,
Wherewith the Craftsman wonts it beautify,
Of her dew honour was despoyled quight,
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull fight.)
Entrenched deep with kayfe accursed keene,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be scene,
That dyde in sanguinered her skin all snowie cleene.
At that wide orifice her trembling hart
Was drawn forth, and in siluer basin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart;
And in her blood yet steaming fresh embayd:
And those two villains, which her steps vp layd,
When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
And fading vitall powres gan to fade,
Her forward skill with torture did constraine,
And euermore encreased her consuming paine:

Next after her, the winged God him selfe
Came riding on a Lion rauenous,
Taught to obay the menage of that Elfe,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdueeth to his kingdome tyrannous:
His blindfold eies he bad a while vnbinde,
That his proud spoile of that fame dolorous,
Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kinde,
Which scene, he much rejoiced in his cruell minde:

Of which ful proud, him selfe vp rearing hye,
He looked round about with sterne dilseyne;
And did survey his goodly company:
And marshalling the euill ordered trayne,
With that the darts which his right did straine,
Full dreadfully he shooke that all did quake,
And clapt on hye his coulourd winges twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho blinding him againe, his way he forth did take:

Behind him was Reproch, Repentance, Shame;
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent behinde:
Reproch desightful, careless, and vnkinde:
Shame
Shame most ill-favour'd, bestial, and blinde:
Shame lowrd, Repentance sigh'd, Reproch did scoul'd;
Reproch sharpe stings, Repentance whips entwined,
Shame burning brond-yrns 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 stout,
Vnquiet Care, and fond Vnthriftyhead,
Lewd Loffe of Time, and Sorrow seeming dead,
Inconstant Change, and false Disloyalty,
Consuming Time, and guilty Dread
Of heauenly vengeaunce, faint Insirmity,
Vile Povertry, 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 wauering wemens witt, that none can tell,
Or paines in loue, or punishments in hell;
All which disguized marcht in masking wife,
About the chamber by the Damozell,
And then returned, having marched thrise,
Into the inner rowme, from whence they first did rise.

So soone as they were in, the dore streight way
Fast locked, driven with that stormy-blast,
Which first it opened, nothing did remayne.
Then the braue Maid, which al this while was plaft,
In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
Issewed forth, and went vnto the dore,
To enter in, but found it locked fast:
It vaine she thought with rigorous vprore
For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.
Where force might not avail, their slights, and art
She cast to use, both fit for hard emprise,
For thy from that same rowme not to depart
Till morrow next, shee did her selfe auize,
When that same Maske againe should forth arize.
The morrowe next appeard with joyous cheare,
Calling men to their daily exercise,
Then she as morrow fresh, her selfe 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 couered with her sable vestiment,
Wherewith the worlds faire beautie she hath blent:
Then when the second watch was almost past,
That brazen dore flew open, and in went
Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,
Nether of ydeles showes, nor of falle charmes aghast.

So soone as she was entred, round about
Shee cast her eyes, to see what was become
Of all those persons, which she saw without:
But lo, they straight were vanisht all and some,
Ne liuing wight she saw in all that roome,
Sauc that same woefull Lady, both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small waste girt round with iron bands,
Vnto a brazen pillour, by the which she stands.

And her before the vile Enchaunter fate,
Figuring strange characters of his art,
With liuing blood he those characters wrote,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
Seeming transfixed with a cruel dart,
And all perforce to make her him to lone.
Ah who can lone the worker of her smart?
A thousand charmes he formerly did proue,
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast hart re-

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
His wicked bookes in halfe he ouerthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface,
And fiercely running to that Lady trew,
A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought, for vileinous despight,
In her tormented bodie to embrew:
But the stout Damzell to him leaping light,
His cursed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
And turning to the next his fell intent,
Vnwares it stooke into her snowie cheeft,
That little drops empurpled her faire brest.
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deepe impreff,
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
To giue him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground,
He fell halfe dead, next stroke him shold have slaine,
Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,
Dernly unto him called to abstaine,
From doing him to dy. For else her paine
Should be remedileffe, Sith none but hee,
Which wrought it, could the same secure againe.
Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee;
For life she him enuyde, and long'd reuenge to see.
And to him said, Thou wicked man, whose meed
For so huge mischief, and vile villany
Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed,
Befure, that nought may saue thee from to dy,
But if that thou this Dame doe presently
Restore vnto her health, and former state;
This doe and liue, els dye undoubtedly.
He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield him selfe right willing to prolong his date.

And rising vp, gan streight to ouerlooke.
Those cursed leaues, his charmes backe to reverse;
Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
That horror gan the virgin's hart to perfe,
And her faire locks vp stiffe on end,
Hearing him those same bloody lynes rehearse;
And all the while he red, she did extend
Her sword high ouer him, if ought he did offend.

Anon she gan perceiue the house to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about;
Yet all that did not her dismaied make,
Nor slack her threatfull hand for daungers dout,
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout,
Abode to weet, what end would come of all,
At last that mightie chaine, which round about
Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great brazen pillour broke in pceces small.

The cruell steele, which thrild her dying hart,
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding brest, and riuene bowels gor'd,
Was closed vp, as it had not beene for’d,
And every part to safety full sound,
As she were never hurt, was soone restor’d:
Tho when she felt her selfe to be unbound,
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell into the ground,

Before faire Britomart, she fell prostrate,
Saying, Ah noble knight, what worthy meede
Can wretched Lady, quitt from woefull state,
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed;
Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
Euen immortall prayse, and glory wyde
Which I your vassall, by your prowess freed,
Shall through the world make to be notifysde,
And goodly well aduaunce that goodly well was tryde.

But Britomart vprearing her from ground,
Said, Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene
For many labours more, then I haue found,
This, that in safetie now I haue you seen,
And meane of your deliuersance haue beene:
Henceforth faire Lad comfort to you take,
And put away remembraunce of late teeue;
In sted thereof know, that your louing Make,
Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle sake.

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
Whom of all living wightes she loued best.
Then laid the noble Championesse strange hond
Vpon th’enchauenter, which had her distrest
So sore, and with foule outrages opprest:
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygoe
He bound that pitteous Lady prisoner, now releas’d,
Himselfe he bound, more worthy to be so,
And captiue with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

Retur-
Returning back, those goodly rowmes, which erst
He saw so rich and royally arrayd,
Now vanish'd utterly, and clean subuerst
He found, and all their glory quite decayd,
That sight of such a change hime much dismayd.
Thenceforth descending to that perilous Porch,
Those dreadful flames she also found delayd,
And quench'd quite, like a consumed torch,
That erst all enterers went so cruelly to scorch.

At last she came vnto the place, where late
She left Sir Scudamour in great distresse,
Twixt dolour and despight halfe desperate,
Of his loues succour, of his owne redresse,
And of the hardie Britomarts success:\nThere on the cold earth him now thrown she found,
In wilfull anguish, and dead heauinesse,
And to him call'd whose voices knownen sound
Soone as he heard, himself he reared light from ground.

There did he see, that most on earth him ioyd,
His dearest loue, the comfort of his daies,
Whose too long absence him had fore annoyd,
And wearied his life with dull delays:
Straight he upstarted from the loath ed layes,
And to her ran with hasty egerinesse,
Like as a Deare, that greedily embrayes
In the coole soile, after long thirstinesse,
Which he in chace endured hath, now nigh breathlesse.

Lightly he clipt her twixt his armes twaine,
And freightly did embrace her body bright,
Her body, late the prison of sad paine,
Now the sweet lodge of loue and deare delight.
But the faire Lady overcommen quight
Of huge affection, did in pleasure melt,
And in sweete rauifhment pourd out her spright:
No word they spake, nor earthly thing they felt,
But like two feneceles stocks in long embracemet dwelt.

Had ye them seen, ye would haue surely thought,
That they had beene that faire Hermaphrodite,
Which that rich Romane of white marble wrought,
And in his costly Bath caufd to bee site:
So seemd those two, as growne together quite,
That Britomart halfe enuying their bleffe,
Was much empassiond in her gentle sprite,
And to her selfe oft wifht like happinelle,
In vaine the wifht, that fate n'ould let her yet possesse.

Thus doe those louers with sweet counteruayle,
Each other of loues bitter fruit despoile.
But now my teme begins to faint and sayle,
All woxen weary of their journall toyle:
Therefore I will their sweatie yokes afloyle
At this fame furrowes end, till a new day:
And ye faire Swayns, after your long turmoyle,
Now ceafe your worke, and at your pleasure play;
Now ceafe your worke; to morrow is an holy day.

FINIS.