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Frontispiece Vol: 1. *Lud. Du Guernier inv: et sculp: 1*

Elizabeth Longworth

THE

FAIRY QUEEN.

WRITTEN BY

EDMUND SPENSER.

WITH A

GLOSSARY,

Explaining the old and obſcure Words.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

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MDCCLVIII.

TO

THE MOST HIGH MIGHTIE AND MAGNIFICENT

EMPRESSE

RENOWMED FOR PIETIE VERTUE AND ALL GRATIOUS GOVERNMENT

ELIZABETH

BY THE GRACE OF GOD QUEENE OF ENGLAND

FRAVNCE AND IRELAND AND OF VIRGINIA,

DEFENDOVR OF THE FAITH, &c.

HER MOST HUMBLE SERVAVNT

EDMVND SPENSER

DOTH IN ALL HVMILITY

DEDICATE PRESENT AND CONSECRATE

THESE HIS LABOVRS

TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITIE OF HER FAME.

The LIFE of

EDMUND SPENSER.

AS the reign of Queen *Elizabeth* is one of the moſt ſhining parts of our hiſtory, and an age of which *Engliſhmen* are accuſtomed to ſpeak with a particular pride and delight; it is remarkable for having been fruitful in eminent genius's of very different kinds. Among the *Romans* the age of *Auguſtus* is obſerved to have produced the fineſt Wits, but the preceding one the greateſt men. But this was a period of time diſtinguiſhed for both; and by a wonderful conjunction, we find learning and arms, wiſdom and polite arts ariſing to the greateſt heights together.

In this happy reign flourished *Edmund Spenser*, the most eminent of our poets till that time, unless we except *Chaucer*, who was in some respects his master and original. The accounts of his birth and family are but obscure and imperfect; and it has happened to him, as to many other men of wit and learning, to be much better known by his works than by the history of his life. He was born in *London*, and had his education at *Pembroke-Hall* in *Cambridge*. Though in the dedications of one or two of his poems, we find him claiming affinity with some persons of distinction, yet his fortune and interest seem at his first setting out to have been very inconsiderable: For after he had continued in the college for some time, and laid that foundation of learning, which joined to his natural genius, qualified him for rising to so great an excellency afterwards, he stood for a fellowship in competition with Mr. *Andrews*, afterwards bishop of *Winchester*, but without success. This disappointment, together with the narrowness of his circumstances, forced him from the university. And we find him next taking up his residence with some friends in the North, where he fell in love with his *Rosalind*, whom he so finely celebrates in his pastoral poems, and of whose cruelty he has written such pathetical complaints.

As poetry is frequently the offspring of Love and retirement, it is probable his genius began first to distinguish it self about this time; for the *Shepherd's Calender*, which is so full of his unprosperous passion for *Rosalind*, was the first of his works of any note. This he addressed, by a short dedication in verse, to Sir *Philip Sidney*; concealing himself under the humble title of *Immerito*. Sir *Philip* was then in the highest reputation for his wit, gallantry, and polite accomplishments; and indeed seems to have been the most universally admired and beloved of any one gentleman of the age in which he lived. As he was himself a very good writer, and especially excelled in the fabulous or inventive part of poetry, it is no wonder he soon became sensible of our

author's

author's merit. He was one of the firſt who diſcovered it, and recommended it to the notice of the beſt judges of that time; And ſo long as this great man lived, *Spenſer* never wanted a judicious friend and a generous patron.

After he had ſtaid for ſome time in the North, he was prevailed upon, by the advice of ſome friends, to quit his obſcurity, and come to *London*, that he might be in the way of promotion. The firſt ſtep he afterwards made towards preferment, was, as I have ſaid, his acquaintance with Sir *Phillip Sidney:* but whether that acquaintance began immediately upon his addreſſing to him the *Shepherd's Calendar*, as to me ſeems moſt probable, or ſome time after, I will not determine. That which makes it ſomewhat uncertain, is a ſtory of him which I ſhall only ſet down as I find it related, not knowing how far it may appear worthy of credit. It is ſaid he was a ſtranger to Mr. *Sidney* (afterwards Sir *Philip*) when he had begun to write his *Fairy Queen*, and that he took occaſion to go to *Leiceſter*-Houſe, and to introduce himſelf by ſending in to Mr. *Sidney* a copy of the ninth canto of the firſt book of that poem. Mr. *Sidney* was much ſurpriz'd with the deſcription of *Deſpair* in that canto, and is ſaid to have ſhewn an unuſual kind of tranſport on the diſcovery of ſo new and uncommon a genius. After he had read ſome ſtanza's, he turned to his ſteward, and bid him give the perſon that brought thoſe verſes fifty pounds; but upon reading the next ſtanza, he ordered the ſum to be doubled. The ſteward was no leſs ſurprized than his maſter, and thought it his duty to make ſome delay in executing ſo ſudden and laviſh a bounty; but upon reading one ſtanza more, Mr. *Sidney* raiſed his gratuity to two hundred pounds, and commanded the ſteward to give it immediately, leſt as he read further, he might be tempted to give away his whole eſtate. From this time he admitted the author to his acquaintance and converſation, and prepared the way for his being known and received at Court.

Tho' nothing could have been more happy for him than to be thus introduced, yet he did not immediately reap any great benefit by it. He was indeed created Poet-laureat to Queen *Elizabeth*, but for ſome time he wore a barren laurel, and poſſeſſed only the place without the penſion. The lord treaſurer *Burleigh* had not, it ſeems, the ſame taſte of *Spenſer*'s merit with Sir *Philip Sidney*; and, whether out of neglect, or any particular reſentment, or from whatever cauſe, he is ſaid to have intercepted the Queen's favour to this unfortunate and ingenious man. As the moſt elegant minds have the quickeſt ſenſe of repulſes from the great and powerful, who ſhould countenance and protect them, it is no wonder this misfortune ſunk deep into our author's ſpirit, and ſeems to have dwelt upon him for a great ſpace of his life. Accordingly we find him in many parts of his works pouring forth his heart in complaints of ſo hard and undeſerved a treatment; which probaby would have been leſs unfortunate to him, if his noble patron Sir *Philip Sidney* had not been ſo much abſent from Court, as he was obliged to be, by his employments abroad, and by the ſhare he had in the *Low-Country* wars.

I think I ought not here to omit a little ſtory, which ſeems founded on the grievance I have mentioned, and is related by ſome, as a matter of fact commonly reported at that time. It is ſaid the Queen, upon his preſenting ſome poems to her, ordered him a gratuity of an hundred pounds; but that the lord treaſurer *Burleigh* objecting to it, ſaid, with ſome ſcorn of the Poet, *What! all this for a ſong?* The Queen replied, —— *Then give him what is reaſon. Spenſer* waited for ſome time, but had the mortification to find himſelf diſappointed of the Queen's intended bounty. Upon this he took a proper opportunity to preſent a paper to Queen *Elizabeth* in the manner of a petition, in which he reminded her of the orders ſhe had given, in the following lines.

I was promis'd on a time
To have reaſon for my rhime;
From that time unto this ſeaſon,
I receiv'd nor rhime nor reaſon.

This

This paper produced the defired effect; and the Queen, not without ſome reproof of the treaſurer, immediately directed the payment of the hundred pounds ſhe had firſt ordered.

But tho' our author had no better intereſt with the Lord Treaſurer, yet we find him, ſome time after his appearance at court, in conſiderable eſteem with the moſt eminent men of that time. In the year 1579, he was ſent abroad by the Earl of *Leiceſter*: But in what ſervice he was employed, is uncertain. The moſt conſiderable ſtep he afterwards made into buſineſs, was upon the Lord *Grey* of *Wilton*'s being choſen deputy of *Ireland*, to whom Mr. *Spenſer* was recommended as ſecretary. This drew him over into another kingdom, and ſettled him for ſome time in a ſcene of life very different from what he had known before. His life now ſeemed to be freed from the difficulties which had hitherto perplexed it, and his ſervices to the crown were rewarded by a grant from Queen *Elizabeth* of 3000 acres of land in the county of *Cork*. His houſe was in *Kilcolman*; and the river *Mulla*, which he has more than once ſo beautifully introduced in his poems, ran through his grounds.

It was about this time that he contracted an intimate friendſhip with the great and learned Sir *Walter Raleigh*, who was then a captain under the Lord *Grey*, and did him ſome ſervices afterwards at Court; and by his means Queen *Elizabeth* became more particularly acquainted than before with our author's writings.

In this pleaſant ſituation he finiſhed his celebrated poem of the *Fairy Queen*, which was begun and continued at different intervals of time; and of which he at firſt in 1590 publiſhed only the three firſt books. To theſe were added three more in a following edition; but the ſix laſt books (excepting the two canto's of *Mutability)* were unfortunately loſt by his ſervant, whom he had in haſte ſent before him into *England*. For tho' he paſſed his life for ſome time very ſerenely here, yet a train of misfortunes ſtill purſued him; and in the rebellion of the Earl of *Deſmond*, he was plundered and deprived of his

his eſtate. This forced him to return to *England*, where his afflictions were doubled by the want of his beſt friend, the brave Sir *Philip Sidney*, who died ſome years before of the wounds he had received in an action near *Zutphen* in the *Netherlands*.

Spenſer ſurvived his beloved patron about twelve years, but ſeems to have ſpent the latter part of that time with much grief of heart, under the diſappointment of a broken fortune. It is remarkable that he died the ſame year with his powerful enemy the Lord *Burleigh*, which was in 1598. He was buried in *Weſtminſter* Abby, near the famous *Geoffry Chaucer*, as he had deſired. His obſequies were attended by the Poets of that time, and others who pay'd the laſt honours to his memory. Several copies of verſes were thrown after him into his grave and his monument was erected at the charge of the famous *Robert Devereux*, the unfortunate Earl of *Eſſex*; the ſtone of which it is made, is much broken and defaced: the inſcription on it is as follows,

" HEARE lyes (expecting the ſecond Comminge of
" our Saviour Chriſt Jeſus) the Body of *Edmond Spencer*,
" the Prince of Poets in his tyme; whoſe Divine Spir-
" rit needs noe othir Witneſs, then the Works which he
" left behind him. He was born in *London* in the
" Yeare 1510, and died in the Yeare 1596."

It is obſervable that this differs from *Camden*'s account of his death, who ſays it was in 1598. in the forty firſt year of the Queen's reign. But this epitaph is, I doubt, yet leſs to be depended upon for the time of our author's birth, in which there muſt have been a very groſs miſtake. It is by no means probable that he was born ſo early as 1510, if we judge only by ſo remarkable a circumſtance as that of his ſtanding for a fellowſhip in competition with Mr. *Andrews*, who was not born till 1555. Beſides, if this account of his birth were true, he muſt have been above ſixty Years old when he firſt publiſhed his *Shepherds Calender*, an age not the moſt proper for love poetry; and in his ſeventieth year, when

he

he entered into business under the Lord *Grey*, who was created deputy of *Ireland* in 1580. For these reasons, I think, we may certainly conclude, either that this Inscription is false, by the error of the carver, which may seem the more probable, because the spelling likewise is very bad even for that time; or that it was put in sometime afterwards, when the monument perhaps was repaired, and is wholly different from the original one; which indeed is mentioned by Dr. *Fuller*, and others*, to have been in *Latin*. In a little *Latin* treatise, describing the monuments of *Westminster* in the year 1600. published, as is supposed, by Mr. *Cambden*, I find the following account of it.

Edmundus Spenser, Londinensis, Anglicorum Poetarum nostri seculi facilè Princeps, quod ejus poemata, faventibus Musis & victuro Genio conscripta, comprobant. Obiit immatura morte, Anno salutis 1598. *& prope Galfredum Chaucerum conditur, qui fœlicissime Poesin Anglicis Literis primus illustravit. In quem hæc scripta sunt Epitaphia.*

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

" *Hic prope Chaucerum Spensere Poeta Poetam*
" *Conderis, & versu quam tumulo propior;*
" *Anglica, te vivo, vixit plausitq; Poesis;*
" *Nunc moritura timet, te moriente, mori.*"

The absurdity of supposing our author born in 1510. appears yet further by the expression *immatura morte*, which is here used, and could not have been very proper, if applied to a man who had died at eighty-eight years of age. *Winstanley* and some others have transcribed this whole passage as his epitaph, not considering that the prose is only an eulogy on him, and not a monumental inscription. The reader will likewise observe that the verses are two distinct epitaphs; of which, the first and second couplets are but the same thought differently expressed. In the last couplet it is not improbable the

* Vid. *Kepe's Monumenta Westmonast.*

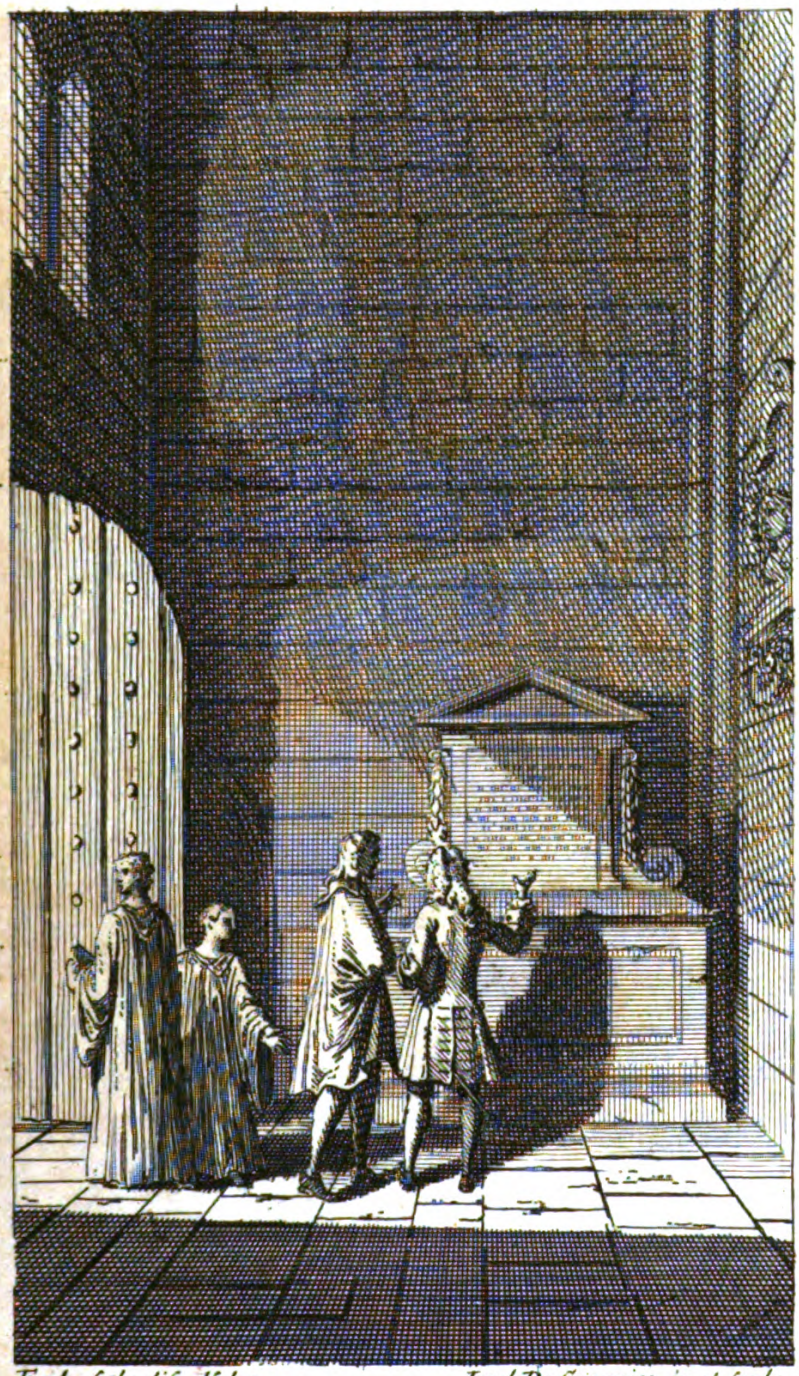
author

author might have in his eye those celebrated lines written by cardinal *Bembo* on *Raphael d'Urbin.*

" *Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci*
" *Rerum magna Parens, & moriente mori.*"

I find no account of the family which *Spenser* left behind him, only that, in the few particulars of his life prefixed to the last folio edition of his works, it is said that his great grandson *Hugolin Spenser*, after the return of King *Charles* the second, was restored by the *Court of Claims* to so much of the lands as could be found to have been his ancestors: whether this were true or not, I cannot determine; but I think I ought not to omit mentioning another very remarkable passage, of which I can give the reader much better assurance; That a person came over from *Ireland*, in King *William*'s reign, so sollicit the same affair, and brought with him letters of recommendation as a descendent of *Spenser*. His name procured him a favourable reception; and he applied himself particularly to Mr. *Congreve*, by whom he was generously recommended to the favour of the late Earl of *Hallifax*, who was then at the head of the treasury; and by that means he obtained his suit. This man was somewhat advanced in years, and might be the same mentioned before, who had possibly recovered only some part of the estate at first, or had been disturbed in the possession of it. He could give no account of the works of his ancestor, which are wanting, and which are therefore in all probability irrecoverably lost.

REMARKS



End of the life. Vol. 1. *Lud. Du Guernier in et Sculp. 2*

REMARKS
ON THE
FAIRY QUEEN.

By Mr. HUGHES.

THE chief merit of this poem consists in that surprizing vein of fabulous invention, which runs through it, and enriches it every where with imagery and descriptions more than we meet with in any other modern poem. The author seems to be possessed of a kind of poetical magick; and the figures he calls up to our view rise so thick upon us, that we are at once pleased and distracted by the exhaustless variety of them; so that his faults may in a manner be imputed to his excellencies: His abundance betrays him into excess, and his judgment is overborne by the torrent of his imagination.

That which seems the most liable to exception in this work, is the model of it, and the choice the author has made of so romantick a story. The several books appear rather like so many several poems, than one entire fable: Each of them has its peculiar Knight, and is independent of the rest; and tho' some of the persons make their appearance in different books, yet this has very little effect in connecting them. Prince *Arthur* is indeed the principal person, and has therefore a share given him in every legend; but his part is not considerable enough in any one of them: He appears and vanishes again like a spirit; and we lose sight of him too soon, to consider him as the hero of the poem.

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Theſe are the moſt obvious defects in the fable of the *Fairy Queen*, The want of unity in the ſtory makes it difficult for the reader to carry it in his mind, and diſtracts too much his attention to the ſeveral parts of it; and indeed the whole frame of it would appear monſtrous, if it were to be examined by the rules of epick poetry, as they have been drawn from the practice of *Homer* and *Virgil*. But as it is plain the author never deſigned it by thoſe rules, I think it ought rather to be conſidered as a poem of a particular kind, deſcribing in a ſeries of allegorical adventures or epiſodes the moſt noted virtues and vices: to compare it therefore with the models of antiquity, would be like drawing a parallel between the *Roman* and the *Gothick* architecture. In the firſt there is doubtleſs a more natural grandeur and ſimplicity: in the latter, we find great mixtures of beauty and barbariſm, yet aſſiſted by the invention of a variety of inferior ornaments; and tho' the former is more majeſtick in the whole, the latter may be very ſurprizing and agreeable in its parts.

It may ſeem ſtrange indeed, ſince *Spenſer* appears to have been well acquainted with the beſt writers of antiquity, that he has not imitated them in the ſtructure of his ſtory. Two reaſons may be given for this: The firſt is, that at the time when he wrote, the *Italian* poets, whom he has chiefly imitated, and who were the firſt revivers of this art among the moderns, were in the higheſt vogue, and were univerſally read and admired. But the chief reaſon was probably, that he choſe to frame his fable after a model which might give the greateſt ſcope to that range of fancy which was ſo remarkably his talent. There is a bent in nature, which is apt to determine men that particular way in which they are moſt capable of excelling; and tho' it is certain he might have formed a better plan, it is to be queſtioned whether he could have executed any other ſo well.

It is probably for the ſame reaſon, that among the *Italian* poets, he rather followed *Arioſto*, whom he found more agreeable to his genius, than *Taſſo*, who had formed

a better.

a better plan, and from whom he has only borrowed ſome particular ornaments; yet it is but juſtice to ſay, that his plan is much more regular than that of *Arioſto*. In the *Orlando Furioſo*, we every where meet with an exuberant invention, joined with great livelineſs and facility of deſcription, yet debaſed by frequent mixtures of the comick genius, as well as many ſhocking indecorums. Beſides, in the huddle and diſtraction of the adventures, we are for the moſt part only amuſed with extravagant ſtories, without being inſtructed in any moral. On the other hand, *Spenſer*'s fable, tho' often wild, is, as I have obſerved, always emblematical: And this may very much excuſe likewiſe that air of romance in which he has followed the *Italian* author. The perpetual ſtories of Knights, Giants, Caſtles, and Enchantments, and all that train of legendary adventures, would indeed appear very trifling, if *Spenſer* had not found a way to turn them all into allegory, or if a leſs maſterly hand had filled up his draught. But it is ſurprizing to obſerve how much the ſtrength of the painting is ſuperior to the deſign. It ought to be conſidered too, that at the time when our author wrote, the remains of the old *Gothick* chivalry were not quite aboliſhed: It was not many years before, that the famous Earl of *Surry*, remarkable for his wit and poetry in the reign of King *Henry* the Eighth, took a romantick journey to *Florence*, the place of his miſtreſs's birth, and publiſhed there a challenge againſt all nations in defence of her beauty. Juſts and turnaments were held in *England* in the time of Queen *Elizabeth*. Sir *Philip Sidney* tilted at one of theſe entertainments, which was made for the *French* ambaſſador, when the treaty of marriage was on foot with the Duke of *Anjou*: And ſome of our hiſtorians have given us a very particular and formal account of preparations, by marking out lifts, and appointing judges, for a trial by combat, in the ſame reign, which was to have decided the title to a conſiderable eſtate; and in which the whole ceremony was perfectly agreeable to the fabulous deſcriptions in books of knight-erran-

try.

try. This might render his ſtory more familiar to his firſt readers; tho' Knights in armour, and Ladies errant are as antiquated figures to us, as the court of that time would appear, if we could ſee them now in their ruffs and fardingales.

There are two other objections to the plan of the *Fairy Queen*, which, I confeſs, I am more at a loſs to anſwer. I need not, I think, be ſcrupulous in mentioning freely the defects of a poem, which, tho' it was never ſuppoſed to be perfect, has always been allowed to be admirable.

The firſt is, that the ſcene is laid in *Fairy-Land*, and the chief actors are *Fairies*. The reader may ſee their imaginary race and hiſtory in the ſecond book, at the end of the tenth canto: but if he is not prepared beforehand, he may expect to find them acting agreeably to the common ſtories and traditions about ſuch fancied Beings. Thus *Shakeſpear*, who has introduc'd them in his *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, has made them ſpeak and act in a manner perfectly adapted to their ſuppoſed characters; but the *Fairies* in this poem are not diſtinguiſhed from other perſons. There is this misfortune, likewiſe attends the choice of ſuch actors, that having been accuſtomed to conceive of them in a diminutive way, we find it difficult to raiſe our ideas, and to imagine a *Fairy* encountring with a monſter or a giant. *Homer* has purſued a contrary method, and repreſented his heroes above the ſize and ſtrength of ordinary men; and it is certain that the actions of the Iliad would have appear'd but ill-proportioned to the characters, if we were to have imagined them all performed by pigmies.

But as the actors our author has choſen, are only fancied beings, he might poſſibly think himſelf at liberty to give them what ſtature, cuſtoms and manners he pleaſed. I will not ſay he was in the right in this: but it is plain that by the literal ſenſe of *Fairy-Land*, he only deſigned an *Utopia*, an imaginary place; and by his *Fairies*, perſons of whom he might invent any action proper to human kind, without being reſtrained, as he muſt have been,

been, if he had chosen a real scene and historical characters. As for the mystical sense, it appears both by the work itself, and by the author's * explanation of it, that his *Fairy-Land* is *England*, and his *Fairy-Queen*, Queen *Elizabeth*; at whose command the adventure of every legend is supposed to be undertaken.

The other objection is, that having chosen an historical person, Prince *Arthur*, for his principal hero; who is no *Fairy* yet is mingled with them: he has not however represented any part of his history. He appears here indeed only in his minority, and performs his exercises in *Fairy-Land*, as a private gentleman; but we might at least have expected, that the fabulous accounts of him, and of his victories over the *Saxons*, should have been worked into some beautiful vision or prophecy: and I cannot think *Spenser* would wholly omit this, but am apt to believe he had done it in some of the following books which were lost.

In the moral introductions to every book, many of which have a great propriety and elegance, the author has followed the example of *Ariosto*. I will only beg leave to point out some of the principal beauties in each book, which may yet more particularly discover the genius of the author.

If we consider the first book as an entire work of itself, we shall find it to be no irregular contrivance: There is one principal action, which is compleated in the twelfth canto; and the several incidents or episodes are proper, as they tend either to obstruct or promote it. The same may be said of some other of the following books, tho' I think they are not so regular as this. The author has shewn judgment in making his Knight of the *Red Cross*, or St. *George*, no perfect character; without which, many of the incidents could not have been represented. The character of *Una*, or *Truth*, is very properly opposed by those of *Duessa*, or *Falshood*, and *Archimago*, or *Fraud*. *Spenser*'s particular manner,

* Vide *Letter to Sir* W. Raleigh.

 which

which (if it may be allowed) I would call his painter-like genius, immediately ſhews it ſelf in the figure of *Error*, who is drawn as a monſter, and that of *Hypocryſy*, as a hermit. The deſcription of the former of theſe, in the mixed ſhape of a woman and a ſerpent, ſurrounded with her offspring, and eſpecially that circumſtance of their creeping into her mouth on the ſudden light which glanced upon them from the Knight's armour, incline one to think that our great *Milton* had it in his eye when he wrote his famous epiſode of ſin and death. The artifices of *Archimago* and *Dueſſa*, to ſeparate the Knight from *Una*, are well invented, and intermingled with beautiful ſtrokes of poetry; particularly in that epiſode where the magician ſends one of his ſpirits to fetch a falſe dream from the houſe of *Morpheus:*

Amid the bowels of the earth full ſteep
And low, where dawning day does never peep,
His dwelling is———

Mr. *Rymer*, as I remember, has, by way of compariſon, collected from moſt of the antient and modern poets, the fineſt deſcriptions of the night; among all which, he gives the preference to the *Engliſh* poets: This of *Morpheus*, or ſleep, being a poetical ſubject of the ſame kind, might be ſubjected to a like trial; and the reader may particularly compare it with that in the eleventh book of *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes*; to which, I believe, he will not think it inferior.

The miraculous incident of a tree ſhedding drops of blood, and a voice ſpeaking from the trunk of it, is borrowed from that of *Polidorus* in the third book of *Virgil*'s *Æneis*. *Arioſto* and *Taſſo* have both copied the ſame ſtory, tho' in a different manner. It was impoſſible that the modern poets, who have run ſo much into the taſte of romance, ſhould let a fiction of this kind eſcape their imitation.

The adventures which befal *Una*, after ſhe is forſaken by the Knight; her coming to the houſe of *Abeſſa*, or *Superſtition*; the conſternation occaſioned by that viſit; her

A LETTER OF THE AUTHOR,

Explaining his Design in the

POEM of the FAIRY-QUEEN.

To the Right noble and valorous, Sir Walter Raleigh, *Knt. Lord Warden of the Stanneries, and her Majesty's Lieutenant of the County of* Cornwal.

SIR,

KNOWING how doubtfully all allegories may be construed, and this book of mine, which I have entituled *The Fairy Queen*, being a continued allegory, or dark conceit; I have thought good, as well for avoiding of jealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded) to discover unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes or by-accidents therein occasioned. The general end therefore of all the book, is to

fashion a gentleman, or noble person, in vertuous and gentle discipline. Which for that I conceived should be most plausable and pleasing, being coloured with an historical fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read; rather for variety of matter, than for profit of the ensample: I chose the history of King *Arthur* as most fit for the excellency of his person; being made famous by many mens former works, and also furthest from the danger of envy and suspicion of present time: In which I have followed all the antique Poets historical. First, *Homer*, who in the persons of *Agamemnon* and *Ulysses*, hath ensampled a good governor and a vertuous man; the one in his *Ilias*, the other in his *Odysseis*; Then *Virgil*, whose like intention was to do in the person of *Æneas:* After him, *Ariosto* comprised them both in his *Orlando:* And lately, *Tasso* dissevered them again, and formed both parts in two persons; namely, that part which they, in philosophy, call *Ethice*, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his *Rinaldo*; the other named *Politice*, in his *Godfredo.* By ensample of which excellent Poets, I labour to pourtraict in *Arthur*, before he was King, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private moral virtues, as *Aristotle* hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve books: which, if I find to be well accepted, I may be, perhaps, encouraged to frame the other part of politick vertues in his person, after that he came to be King.

To some, I know this method will seem displeasant; which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, than thus cloudly enwraped in allegorical devices. But such, me seem, should be satisfyed with the use of these days, seeing all things accounted by their shows, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightful and pleasing to common sense, for this cause is *Xenophon* prefered before *Plato*; for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgment, formed a commonwealth, such as it should

her reception among the ſavages; and her civilizing them, are all very fine emblems. The education of *Satyrane*, a young ſatyr, is deſcribed on this occaſion with an agreeable wildneſs of fancy.

But there is one epiſode in this book, which I cannot but particularly admire; I mean that in the fifth canto, ſtanza 22, where *Dueſſa* the witch ſeeks the aſſiſtance of *Night*, to convey the body of the wounded *Pagan* to be cured by *Æſculapius* in the regions below. The author here riſes above himſelf, and is got into a track of imitating the antients, different from the greateſt part of his poem. The ſpeech in which *Dueſſa* addreſſes *Night*, is wonderfully great, and ſtained with that impious flattery, which is the character of *Falſhood*, who is the ſpeaker:

O thou moſt antient grandmother of all,
More old than *Jove*, whom thou at firſt didſt breed,
Or that great houſe of Gods celeſtial,
Which was't begot in *Dæmogorgons* hall,
And ſaw'ſt the ſecrets of the world unmade!

As *Dueſſa* came away haſtily on this expedition, and forgot to put off the ſhape of truth, which ſhe had aſſumed a little before, *Night* does not know her: This circumſtance, and the diſcovery afterwards, when ſhe owns her for her daughter, are finely emblematical. The images of *Horror* are raiſed in a very maſterly manner; *Night* takes the witch into her chariot; and being arrived where the body lay, they alight.

And all the while ſhe ſtood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never ceaſe to bay,
As giving warning of th'unuſual ſound
With which her iron wheels did them affray,
And her dark grieſly look them much diſmay.
The meſſenger of death, the ghaſtly Owl,
With dreary ſhrieks did alſo her bewray,
And hungry Wolves continually did howl
At her abhorred face, ſo filthy and ſo foul.

They ſteal away the body, and carry it down thro' the cave *Avernus*, to the realms of *Pluto*. What ſtrength of painting is there in the following lines!

——On every ſide them ſtood
The trembling ghoſts, with ſad amazed mood
Chattring their iron teeth, and ſtaring wide
With ſtony eyes; and all the helliſh brood
Of Fiends infernal flock'd on every ſide
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the *Night* durſt ride.

Longinus commending a deſcription in *Euripides* of *Phaeton*'s journey thro' the heavens, in which the turnings and windings are marked out in a very lively manner, ſays, That the ſoul of the Poet ſeems to mount the chariot with him, and to ſhare all his dangers. The reader will find himſelf in a like manner tranſported throughout this whole epiſode; which ſhews that it has in it the force and ſpirit of the moſt ſublime poetry.

The firſt appearance of prince *Arthur* in this book is repreſented to great advantage, and gives occaſion to a very finiſhed deſcription of a martial figure. How ſprightly is that image and ſimile in the following lines!

Upon the top of all his lofty creſt
A bunch of hairs, diſcolour'd diverſly
With ſprinkled pearl, and gold full richly dreſt,
Did ſhake, and ſeem'd to dance for jollity;
Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
On top of green *Selinis* all alone,
With bloſſoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whoſe tender locks do tremble every one
At every little blaſt that under heav'n is blown.

I muſt not omit mentioning the houſe of *Pride*, and that of *Holineſs*, which are beautiful allegories in different parts of this book. In the former of theſe there is a minute circumſtance which is very artificial; for the reader

reader may obſerve, that the ſix counſellors which attend *Pride* in her progreſs, and ride on the beaſts which draw her chariot, are placed in that order in which the vices they repreſent, naturally produce and follow each other. In the dungeon among the captives of *Pride*, the poet has repreſented *Nebuchadnezzar*, *Cræſus*, *Antiochus*, *Alexander*, and ſeveral other eminent perſons, in circumſtances of the utmoſt ignominy. The moral is truly noble; for upon the ſight of ſo many illuſtrious ſlaves, the Knight haſtens from the place, and makes his eſcape.

The deſcription of *Deſpair* in the ninth canto, is that which is ſaid to have been taken notice of by Sir *Philip Sidney*. But I think the ſpeech of *Deſpair*, in which the diſtempered reaſonings, that are apt to agitate the heart of a man abandoned to this paſſion, are ſo pathetically repreſented, is much ſuperior to the deſcription.

Among the allegories in the tenth canto, it is impoſſible not to diſtinguiſh that venerable figure of Contemplation, in his hermitage on the top of a hill, repreſented as an old man almoſt waſted away in ſtudy:

With ſnowy locks adown his ſhoulders ſpread,
As hoary froſt with ſpangles doth attire
The moſſy branches of an oak half dead.

The Knight and his companion enquire of him:

Is not from hence the way that leadeth right
To that moſt glorious houſe that gliſtereth bright
With burning ſtars, and ever-living fire?

This is extremely noble, as well as the old man's ſhewing him from the top of the hill, the heavenly *Jeruſalem*; which was proper to animate the hero againſt the combat, in which he is preſently after engaged: His ſucceſs in that combat, and his marrying *Una*, are a very juſt concluſion of this book, and of its chief allegory.

It would be eaſy to point out many inſtances, beſides thoſe I have mentioned, of the beauties of this book; yet theſe few will give the reader a taſte of that poetical ſpirit and genius for allegory, which every where ſhine in this author. It would be endleſs to take notice of the more minute beauties of his epithets, his figures, and his ſimiles, which occur in almoſt every page. I ſhall only mention one or two as a ſpecimen. That image of *Strength*, in ſtriking a club into the ground, which is illuſtrated by the following ſimile, is very great.

As when almighty *Jove*, in wrathful mood
To wreak the guilt of mortal ſins is bent,
Hurls forth his thundring dart with deadly feud,
Enroll'd in flames and ſmouldring dreariment,
Thro' riven clouds and molten firmament
The fierce three-forked engine making way,
Both lofty tow'rs and higheſt trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry paſſage ſtay,
And ſhooting in the earth, caſts up a mount of clay.
His boiſtrous club ſo bury'd in the ground,
He could not rearen up again, *&c.*

As alſo that of a giant's fall,

That down he tumbled as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift;
Whoſe heart-ſtrings with keen ſteel nigh hewen be:
The mighty trunk, half rent with ragged rift,
Doth roll adown the rocks, and fall with fearful drift.

Theſe are ſuch paſſages as we may imagine our excellent *Milton* to have ſtudied in this author. And here by the way it is remarkable, that as *Spenſer* abounds with ſuch thoughts as are truly ſublime, ſo he is almoſt every where free from the mixture of little conceits, and that low affectation of wit which ſo much infected both our verſe and proſe afterwards; and from which ſcarce any writer of his own time, beſides himſelf, was free.

ſhould be; but the other, in the perſon of *Cyrus* and the *Perſians* faſhioned a government, ſuch as might beſt be: So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by enſample, than by rule. So have I laboured to do, in the perſon of *Arthur*; whom, I conceive, after his long education by *Timon* (to whom he was, by *Merlin*, delivered to be brought up, ſo ſoon as he was born of the Lady *Igrayne*) to have ſeen, in a dream or viſion, the *Fairy Queen* with whoſe excellent beauty raviſhed, he awaking, reſolved to ſeek her out: And ſo being by *Merlin* armed and by *Timon* thoroughly inſtructed, he went to ſeek her forth in *Fairy-land*. In that *Fairy Queen*, I mean glory in my general intention; but in my particular, I conceive, the moſt excellent and glorious perſon of our ſovereign, the Queen, and her Kingdom in *Fairy-land*. And yet in ſome places elſe, I do otherwiſe ſhadow her. For conſidering ſhe beareth two perſons, the one of a moſt royal Queen or Empreſs the other of a moſt virtuous and beautiful Lady; this latter part, in ſome places, I do expreſs in *Belphœbe*; faſhioning her name according to your own excellent conceit of *Cynthia*; *Phœbe* and *Cynthia* being both names of *Diana*. So in the perſon of Prince *Arthur*, I ſet forth *Magnificence* in particular: which vertue, for that (according to *Ariſtotle*, and the reſt) it is the perfection of all the reſt, and containeth in it them all; therefore in the whole courſe, I mention the deeds of *Arthur* applicable to that vertue, which I write of in that book. But of the twelve other vertues, I make twelve other Knights the patrons, for the more variety of the hiſtory: Of which theſe three books contain three. The firſt, of the Knight of the *Red-croſs*; in whom I expreſs *Holineſs*; The ſecond, of Sir *Guyon*; in whom I ſet forth *Temperance:* The third of *Britomartis*, a Lady Knight; in whom I picture *Chaſtity*. But becauſe the beginning of the whole work ſeemeth abrupt, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occaſion of theſe three Knights ſeveral adventures. For the method of a Poet hiſtorical, is not ſuch of an hiſtorio-

grapher. For an Hiſtoriograper diſcourſeth of affairs orderly as they were done, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thruſteth into the middeſt, even where it moſt concerneth him; and there recourſing to the things forepaſt, and devining of things to come, maketh a pleaſing analyſis of all. The beginning therefore of my hiſtory, if it were to be told by an Hiſtoriographer, ſhould be the twelfth book, which is the laſt; where I deviſe, that the *Fairy-Queen* kept her annual feaſt twelve days: Upon which twelve ſeveral days the occaſions of the twelve ſeveral adventures happened; which being undertaken by twelve ſeveral Knights are in theſe twelve books ſeverally handled and diſcourſed.

The firſt was this; in the beginning of the feaſt, there preſented himſelf a tall clowniſh young Man; who falling before the *Queen of Fairys*, deſired a boon (as the manner then was) which, during the feaſt, ſhe might not refuſe: which was, that he might have the atchievement of any adventure, which, during that feaſt ſhould happen. That being granted, he reſted himſelf on the floor, unfit, through his ruſticity, for a better place. Soon after entred a fair Lady in mourning weeds, riding on a white aſs, with a dwarf behind her, leading a warlike ſteed, that bore the armour of a Knight, and his ſpear in the dwarf's hand, ſhe falling before the *Queen of Fairys*, complained, that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queen, had been by an huge dragon, many years, ſhut up in a brazen caſtle; who thence ſuffred them not to iſſue: and therefore beſought the *Fairy Queen* to aſſign her ſome one of her Knights to take on him that exploit. Preſently that clowniſh perſon upſtarting, deſired that adventure: whereat the Queen much wondering, and the Lady much gain-ſaying, yet he earneſtly importuned his deſire. In the end, the Lady told him, unleſs that armour which ſhe brought, would ſerve him (that is the armour of a chriſtian man, ſpecified by St. *Paul*, *Epheſ.* v.) that he could not ſucceed

I ſhall ſhorten my remarks on the following books; yet the beauties in them riſe ſo thick, that I muſt not paſs them by without mentioning ſome. The ſecond legend is framed on the vertue of *Temperance*, which gives the author opportunity to lay out in deſcription all the moſt luxurious images of pleaſure, riches and riot which are oppoſed to it, and conſequently makes it one of the moſt poetical books of this whole work. Sir *Guyon* is the hero, and the poet has given him ſobriety in the habit of a Palmer, for his guide and counſellor; as *Homer* has ſuppoſed *Minerva* or *Wiſdom* in the ſhape of *Mentor* to attend *Telemachus* in his travels, when he is ſeeking out his father *Ulyſſes*. That ſhining deſcription of *Belphœbe*, as a huntreſs, like *Venus* in *Virgil* appearing to her ſon *Æneas*, is deſigned as a compliment on Queen *Elizabeth*, and is therefore wrought up with the moſt finiſhed beauty. Her ſpeech in praiſe of that true glory, which is only attained by labour and ſtudy, is not only extremely proper to the ſubject of this book, but admirable, if we conſider it as the ſenſe of that Princeſs, and as a ſhort character of ſo active and glorious a reign;

Abroad in arms, at home in ſtudious kind,
Who ſeeks with painful toil, ſhall honour ſooneſt find.

In woods, in waves, in wars ſhe wont to dwell,
And will be found with peril and with pain,
Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell
Unto her happy manſion attain:
Before her gate high God did ſweat ordain,
And wakeful watches ever to abide:
But eaſy is the way, and paſſage plain
To pleaſure's palace, it may ſoon be ſpide,
And day and night her doors to all ſtand open wide.

Such paſſages as theſe kindle in the mind a generous emulation, and are an honour to the art of poetry, which ought always to recommend worthy ſentiments. The

reader may ſee in the ſixth canto a character quite oppoſite to this, in that of *Idleneſs*; who draws Sir *Guyon* for a while from his guide, and lays him aſleep in her iſland. Her ſong with which ſhe charms him into a ſlumber,

Behold, O man! that toilſome pains doſt take,
The flowres, the fields, and all that pleaſant grows;

is very artfully adapted to the occaſion; and is a contraſt to that ſpeech of *Belphœbe*, I have juſt quoted.

The epiſode of *Mammon*, who in the Palmer's abſence leads Sir *Guyon* into his cave, and tempts him with a ſurvey of his riches, very properly diverſifies the entertainment in this book; and gives occaſion to a noble ſpeech againſt riches, and the miſchievous effects of them. I have, in the diſcourſe on allegory, taken notice of the fiends and ſpectres, which are placed in crouds at the entrance to this place. The author ſuppoſes the houſe of riches to lie almoſt contiguous to hell; and the guard he ſets upon it, expreſſes a very juſt moral.

Before the door ſate ſelf-conſuming *Care*.
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward.

The light which is let into this place,

Such as a lamp, whoſe life doth fade away;
Or as the moon, cloathed with cloudy night:

The ſmoakineſs of it, and the ſlaves of *Mammon* working at an hundred furnaces, are all deſcribed in the moſt lively manner: As their ſudden looking at Sir *Guyon* is a circumſtance very naturally repreſented. The walks thro' which *Mammon* afterwards leads the Knight, are agreeably varied. The deſcription of *Ambition*, and of the garden

garden of *Proſerpine*, are good allegories; and Sir *Guyon*'s falling into a ſwoon on his coming into the open air, gives occaſion to a fine machine of the appearance of an heavenly ſpirit in the next canto; by whoſe aſſiſtance he is reſtored to the Palmer.

I cannot think the Poet ſo ſucceſsful in his deſcription of the houſe of *Temperance*; in which the allegory ſeems to be debaſed by a mixture of too many low images, as *Diet*, *Concoction*, *Digeſtion*, and the like; which are repreſented as perſons. But the allegorical deſcription of *Memory*, which follows ſoon after, is very good.

The *ninth* canto, in which the author has made an abridgment of the old *Britiſh* hiſtory, is a very amuſing digreſſion; but might have been more artfully introduced. *Homer* or *Virgil* would not have ſuffered the action of the poem to ſtand ſtill whilſt the hero had been reading over a book; but would have put the hiſtory in the mouth of ſome proper perſon to relate it. But I have already ſaid, that this work is not to be examined by the ſtrict rules of epic poetry.

The laſt canto of this ſecond book being deſigned to ſhew the utmoſt tryal of the vertue of *Temperance*, abounds with the moſt pleaſurable ideas and repreſentations which the fancy of the poet could aſſemble together; but from the fifty-eighth ſtanza to the end, it is for the moſt part copied, and many whole ſtanza's tranſlated, from the famous epiſode of *Armida* in *Taſſo*. The reader may obſerve, that the *Italian* genius for luxury appears very much in the deſcriptions of the garden, the fountain, and the nymphs; which however are finely amplified and improved by our *Engliſh* poet. I ſhall give but one inſtance in the following celebrated ſtanza; which, to gratify the curioſity of thoſe who may be willing to compare the copy with the original, I ſhall ſet down in *Italian*.

Vezzoſi

Vezzosi augelli, infra le verdi fronde,
Temprano a prova lascivette note;
Mormora l'aura, e fa le foglie e l'onde
Garrir, che variamente ella percote.
Quando taccion gli augelli, alto risponde;
Quando cantan gli augei, piu lieve scote.
Sia caso o d'arte, hor accompagna, ed hora
Alterna i versi lor la musica ora.

Spenser has two stanza's on this thought; the last of which only is an imitation of *Tasso*, but with finer turns of the verse: which are so artificial, that he seems to make the musick he describes.

Eftsoons they heard a most delicious sound
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear;
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner musick that mote be,
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in chearful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
Th' angelical, soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall;
The water's fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

Sir *Guyon* and the Palmer, rescuing the youth who was held captive by *Acrasia* in this delightful mansion, resembles that of the two warriors recovering *Rinaldo* from the charms of *Armido* in the *Italian* poem.

In

ceed in that enterprise: which being forthwith put upon him, with due furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in all that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftsoons taking on him Knighthood, and mounting on that strange courser, he went forth with her on that adventure; where beginneth the first book, *viz.*

A gentle Knight was pricking on the Plain, &c.

The second day there came in a Palmer, bearing an infant, with bloody hands; whose parents he complained, to have been slain by an enchantress, called *Acrasia*; and therefore craved of the *Fairy Queen*, to appoint him some Knight to perform that adventure: which being assigned to Sir *Guyon*, he presently went forth with that same Palmer. Which is the beginning of the second book, and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a groom, who complained before the *Fairy Queen*, that a vile enchanter, called *Busirane*, had in hand a most fair Lady, called *Amoretta*; whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir *Scudamour*, the Lover of that Lady, presently took on him that adventure. But being unable to perform it, by reason of the hard enchantments, after long sorrow, in the end met with *Britomartis*, who succoured him, and rescued his Love.

But by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermedled, but rather as accidents, than intendments: As, the love of *Britomart*, the overthrow of *Marinell*, the misery of *Florimell*, the virtuousness of *Belphœbe*, the lasciviousness of *Hellenora*, and many the like.

Thus much, Sir I have briefly over-run, to direct your understanding to the Well-head of the history; that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit

ceit, ye may, as in a handful, gripe all the discourse; which otherwise may haply seem tedious and confused. So humbly craving the continuance of your honourable favour towards me, and the eternal establishment of your happiness, I humbly take leave.

23 *January*,
1589.

Your most humbly affectionate,

Edmund Spenser.

In the third book, the character of *Britomartis*, a lady errant, who is the heroine, and performs the chief adventure, resembles *Ariosto*'s *Bradamante*, and *Tasso's Clorinda*; as they are all copies of the *Camilla* in *Virgil*.

Among the chief beauties in this book, we may reckon that episode in which *Britomartis* goes to the cave of *Merlin*, and is entertained with a prophetical account of her future marriage and offspring. This thought is remotely taken from *Virgil*, but more immediately from *Ariosto*; who has represented *Bradamante* on the like occasion making a visit to the tomb of *Merlin*; which he is forced for that purpose to suppose to be in *Gaul*: where she sees in like manner, in a vision, the heroes and captains who were to be her descendents.

The story of *Marinel*, and that of the birth of *Belphœbe* and *Amoret*, in which the manner of *Ovid* is well imitated, are very amusing. That complaint against *Night*, at the end of the fourth canto,

Night, thou foul mother of annoyance sad,
Sister of heavy death, and nurse of woe, *&c.*

tho' it were only considered as detached from the rest, might be esteemed a very fine piece of poetry. But there is nothing more entertaining in this whole book, than the prospect of the gardens of *Adonis*, which is varyed from the *Bower of Bliss* in the former book, by an agreeable mixture of philosophical fable. The figure of time walking in this garden, spoiling the beauty of it, and cutting down the flowers, is a very fine and significant allegory.

I cannot so much commend the story of *the Squire of Dames*, and the intrigue between *Paridel* and *Hellenore*: These passages savour too much of the coarse and comick mixtures in *Ariosto*. But that Image of *Jealousy*, at the end of the tenth canto, grown to a savage, throwing himself into a cave, and lying there without ever shutting one eye, under a craggy clift just threatning to fall

fall, is ſtrongly conceived, and very poetical. There is likewiſe a great variety of fancy in drawing up and diſtinguiſhing, by their proper emblems, the viſionary perſons in the maſque of *Cupid*, which is one of the chief embelliſhments of this book.

In the ſtory of *Cambel* and *Canace*, in the fourth book, the author has taken the riſe of his invention from the *Squire*'s *Tale* in *Chaucer*, the greateſt part of which was loſt. The battle of *Cambel* with the three brethren, and the ſudden parting of it by that beautiful machine of the appearance of *Concord*; who by a touch of her wand charms down the fury of the warriors, and converts them into friends; is one of the moſt ſhining paſſages in this legend. We may add to this the fiction concerning the girdle of *Florimel*, which is a good allegory; as alſo the deſcription of *Atè* or *Diſcord:* That of *Care*, working like a ſmith, and living amidſt the perpetual noiſe of hammers; and eſpecially the temple of *Venus*, which is adorned with a great variety of fancy. The prayer of a lover in this temple, which begins,

Great *Venus*, Queen of beauty and of grace,

is taken from *Lucretius*'s invocation of the ſame Goddeſs in the beginning of his poem, and may be reckoned one of the moſt elegant tranſlations in our language, The continuation of the fable of *Marinel*, tho' not ſo ſtrictly to the ſubject of this legend, gives occaſion to the poet to introduce that admirable epiſode of *the Marriage of the* Thames *and the* Medway; with the train of the ſea-gods, Nymphs, and Rivers, and eſpecially thoſe of *England* and *Ireland*, that were preſent at the ceremony: all which are deſcribed with a ſuprizing variety, and with very agreeable mixtures of Geography; among which *Spenſer* has not forgot to mention his *Mulla*, the river which ran thro' his own grounds.

Beſides the general morals and allegories in the *Fairy Queen*, there are ſome parallel paſſages and characters, which, as I have ſaid, were deſigned to allude to particular actions

actions and perſons; yet no part is ſo full of them as the fifth book, which being framed on the vertue of *Juſtice* is a kind of figurative repreſentation of Queen *Elizabeth*'s reign. Here we meet with her again, under the name of *Mercilla*; we ſee her ſending relief to *Belge*, or the *Netherlands*, and reducing the tyrannical power of *Geryoneo*, or *Spain*. Her court and attendants are drawn with a Majeſty ſuitable to her character; the reader will eaſily perceive that the trial of the Queen of *Scots* is ſhadowed in the ninth canto: but the poet has avoided the cataſtrophe of her death, and has artfully touched on the Queen's reluctance and tenderneſs in that affair; by which he has turned the compliment on her juſtice, into another on her mercy.

Talus with his iron flail, who attends *Arthegal*, is a bold allegorical figure, to ſignify the execution of juſtice.

The next book, which is the ſixth, is on the ſubject of *Courteſy*. I ſhall not prolong this diſcourſe to trace out particular paſſages in it, but only mention that remarkable one in the tenth canto; where the author has introduced himſelf under the perſon of *Colin Clout*. That vein of paſtoral which runs thro' this part of the work, is indeed different from the reſt of the poem. But *Taſſo*, in a more regular plan, has mingled the paſtoral taſte with the heroick, in his repreſentation of *Erminia* among the ſhepherds. The picture which *Spenſer* has here given us of his miſtreſs, dancing among the Graces, is a very agreeable one, and diſcovers all the ſkill of the painter, aſſiſted by the paſſion of the lover.

Tho' the remaining ſix books, which were to have compleated this beautiful and moral poem, are loſt; we have a noble fragment of them preſerved in the two canto's of *Mutability:* This is in my opinion, the moſt ſublime and beſt invented allegory in the whole work. The fable of *Arlo-hill*, and of the river *Molanna*, which is a digreſſion on this occaſion, has all the beauty we admire in the *Metamorphoſes* of *Ovid*. But the Pedegree of *Mutability*, who is repreſented as a giantess; her

progreſs

progreſs from the earth to the circle of the moon; the commotion ſhe raiſes there, by endeavouring to remove that planet from the sky; and the ſhadow which is caſt, during the attempt, on the inhabitants of the earth, are greatly imagined. We find ſeveral ſtrains of invention in this fable, which might appear not unworthy even of *Homer* himſelf. *Jupiter* is alarmed, and ſends *Mercury* to know the reaſon of this ſtrife, and to bring the offender before him. How *Homer*-like are thoſe lines, after he has concluded his ſpeech among the Gods?

So having ſaid he ceaſt, and with his brow,
His black eye-brow, whoſe doomful dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And ev'n the higheſt powers of heaven to check,
Made ſign to them in their degrees to ſpeak.

And afterwards:

——————With that he ſhook
His nectar-dewed locks, with which the ſkies,
And all the world beneath for terror quook,
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he took.

The ſimile likewiſe, in which the Gods are repreſented looking on *Mutability* with ſurprize,

——————Like a ſort of ſteers,
'Mongſt whom ſome beaſt, of ſtrange and foreign race,
Unwares is chanc'd, far ſtraying from his peers;

is very much in the ſimplicity of that old father of heroick poetry. *Mutability* appeals from *Jupiter* to *Nature*, before whom ſhe obtains a hearing. The poet on this occaſion has with a moſt abundant fancy, drawn out to a review the four ſeaſons, the months, day and night, the hours, life and death; *Change* aſſerts her dominion over them all, and over the heavens themſelves. All creatures are repreſented looking up in the face of nature, in expectation of the ſentence. The concluſion

is

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is hoped the reader will find this edition more correct than any of the former, as care has been taken not only to correct it from the moſt authentick copies, but to follow likewiſe, for the moſt part, the old ſpelling. It muſt be owned however, that *Spenſer* himſelf is irregular in this, and often writes the ſame word differently, eſpecially at the end of a line; where, according to the practice of that age, he frequently alters the ſpelling for the ſake of the rhime, and even ſometimes only to make the rhime appear more exact to the eye of the reader. In this, the old editions are not every where followed; but when the ſenſe is rendered obſcure by ſuch alterations, the words are reſtored to their proper orthography.

The *Gloſſary*, at the end of the ſecond volume, contains the greateſt part of the old or obſcure words; ſome of which, for the ſatisfaction of the curious, are illuſtrated by their etymologies. Yet it muſt be obſerved, that in this way of explaining the language of an author, there is need of great caution; for words are often varied by time from their original ſenſe, as tides from the ſea wear away their firſt tincture by the length of their courſe, and by mingling with the freſh waters that fall in with them. *Spenſer*'s old words are of a mixed derivation, from the *Latin*, *Saxon*, *Runick*, *French* and *German* languages; many of theſe he received from *Chaucer*; and many others are of his own making. He likewiſe uſes the ſame word in different ſenſes; ſo that it would not be ſufficient to explain him by the help of dictionaries only, without permitting him to be his own inter-

interpreter. The liberty he has taken is indeed very great, and the *poetical licences*, ſuch as lengthning or contracting words, by the adding or dropping a ſyllable (a practice he ſeems to have learned from the *Italians*) would be unpardonable in a writer of leſs merit. Yet, with all its imperfections, it muſt be ſaid, that his diction is, for the moſt part, ſtrong, ſignificant and harmonious; and much more ſublime and beautiful than that of any *Engliſh* poet, who had written before him.

THE

is great, and contains a noble moral; That tho all things are varyed and ſhift their forms, they do not periſh, but return to their firſt beings; and that *Mutability* only ſhall be at laſt entirely deſtroyed, and the time ſhall come in which *Change ſhall be no more.*

I have not yet ſaid any thing concerning *Spenſer*'s verſification; in which, tho' he is not always equal to himſelf, it may be affirmed, that he is ſuperior to all his cotemporaries, and even to thoſe that followed him for ſome time, except *Fairfax*, the applauded tranſlator of *Taſſo*. In this he commendably ſtudyed the *Italians*, and muſt be allowed to have been a great improver of our *Engliſh* numbers: before his time, muſick ſeems to have been ſo much a ſtranger to our poetry, that, excepting the Earl of *Surry*'s lyricks, we have very few examples of verſes that had any tolerable cadence. In *Chaucer* there is ſo little of this, that many of his lines are not even reſtrained to a certain number of ſyllables. Inſtances of this looſe verſe are likewiſe to be found in our author, but it is only in ſuch places where he has purpoſely imitated *Chaucer*, as in the ſecond eclogue, and ſome others. This great defect of harmony put the wits in Queen *Elizabeth*'s reign upon a deſign of totally changing our numbers, not only by baniſhing rhime, but by new moulding our language into the feet and meaſures of the *Latin* poetry. Sir *Philip Sidney* was at the head of this project, and has accordingly given us ſome hexameter and pentameter verſes in his *Arcadia*. But the experiment ſoon failed; and tho our author, by ſome paſſages in his letters to Mr. *Harvey*, ſeems not to have diſapproved it, yet it does not appear by thoſe poems of his, which are preſerved, that he gave it any authority by his example.

As to the Stanza in which the *Fairy Queen* is written, tho' the author cannot be commended for his choice of it, yet it is much more harmonious in its kind than the heroick verſe of that age. It is almoſt the ſame with what the *Italians* call their *Ottave Rime*, which is uſed

both

both by *Ariosto* and *Tasso*, but improved by *Spenser*, with the addition of a line more in the close, of the length of our alexandrines. The defect of it, in long or narrative poems is apparent. The same measure, closed always by a full stop, in the same place, by which every stanza is made as it were a distinct paragraph, grows tiresom by continual repetition, and frequently breaks the sense, when it ought to be carryed on without interruption. With this exception, the reader will however find it harmonious, full of well-sounding epithets, and of such elegant turns on the thought and words, that *Dryden* * himself owns he learned these graces of verse chiefly from our author; and does not scruple to say, that in this particular *only* Virgil *surpassed him among the* Romans, *and only* Waller *among the* English.

* *Dedication to* Juvenal,

Vol. 1 Book 1. Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp. 3

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE FAIRY QUEEN:

CONTAINING

The legend of the Knight of the RED CROSS, or of HOLINESS.

I.

LO I the man, whose muse whylome did mask,
As time her taught, in lowly Shepherds weeds,
Am now enforct a far unfitter task,
For trumpets stern to change mine oaten reeds,
And sing of Knights, and Ladies gentle deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too mean, the sacred muse areeds
To blazon 'broad, amongst her learned throng:
Fierce wars, and faithful loves, shall moralize my song.

II.

Help then, O holy Virgin, chief of nine,
Thy weaker novice to perform thy will:
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scrine
The antique rolls which there lie hidden still,
Of Fairy Knights, and fairest *Tanaquil*,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffred so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:
O! help thou my weak wit, and sharpen my dull tong.

III.

And thou moſt dreaded imp of higheſt *Jove*,
Fair *Venus* ſon, 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 bowe apart,
And with thy mother mild come to mine ayd:
Come both, and with you bring triumphant *Mart*,
In loves and gentle jollities arrayd,
After his murdrous ſpoils and bloody rage allayd.

IV.

And with them eke, O Goddeſs heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and majeſty divine,
Great Lady of the greateſt iſle, whoſe light
Like *Phœbus* lamp throughout the world doth ſhine,
Shed thy fair beams into my feeble eyne,
And raiſe my thoughts, too humble, and too vile,
To think of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted ſtile:
The which to hear, vouchſafe, O dereſt dread a-while.

CANTO I.

The Patron of true Holineſs,
Foul Error doth defeat:
Hypocriſie, him to entrap,
Doth to his home intreat.

I.

A gentle Knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and ſilver ſhield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry ſteed did chide his foaming bit;
As, much diſdaining to the curb to yield:
Full jolly Knight he ſeem'd, and fair did ſit,
As one for knightly giuſts and fierce encounters fit.

II.

And on his breaſt a bloody croſs he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whoſe ſweet ſake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead (as living) ever him ador'd:
Upon his ſhield the like was alſo ſcor'd,
For ſoveraine hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithful true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheer did ſeem too ſolemn ſad:
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greateſt *Gloriana* to him gave,
That greateſt glorious Queen of *Fairy* lond,
To win him worſhip, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he moſt did crave;
And ever as he rode, his heart did earn
To prove his puiſſance in battle brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and ſtearn.

IV.

A lovely Lady rode him fair beſide,
Upon a lowly Aſſe more white than ſnow;
Yet ſhe much whiter, but the ſame did hide
Under a veil, that wimpled was full low,
And over all a black ſtole ſhe did throw,
As one that inly mourn'd: ſo was ſhe ſad,
And heavy ſat upon her palfrey ſlow;
Seemed in heart ſome hidden care ſhe had,
And by her in a line a milk white Lamb ſhe lad.

V.

So pure and innocent, as that ſame Lamb.
She was in life and ev'ry vertuous lore,
And from deſcent from royal lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queens, that had of yore
Their ſcepters ſtretcht from eaſt to weſtern ſhore,
And all the world in their ſubjection held;
Till that infernal fiend with foul up-rore
Forwaſted all their land, and them expel'd: [pel'd.
Whom to avenge, ſhe had this Knight from far com-

VI.

Behind her far away a Dwarf did lag,
That lazy ſeem'd in being ever laſt,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they paſt,
The day with clouds was ſuddain overcaſt,
And angry *Jove* an hideous ſtorm of rain,
Did pour into his Lemans lap ſo faſt,
That every wight to ſhroud it did conſtrain,
And this fair couple eke to ſhroud themſelves were fain.

VII.

Enforct to ſeek ſome covert nigh at hand,
A ſhady grove not far away they ſpide,
That promiſt aid the tempeſt to withſtand:
Whoſe lofty trees, yclad with ſummers pride,
Did ſpread ſo broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not pierceable with powre of any ſtar:
And all within were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward far:
Fair harbour, that them ſeems; ſo in they entred are.

VIII.

And forth they paſs, with pleaſure forward led,
Joying to hear the birds ſweet harmony.
Which therein ſhrouded from the tempeſts dred,
Seem'd in their ſong to ſcorn the cruel ſky.
Much 'gan they praiſe the trees ſo ſtraight and high,
The ſailing Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elm, the Poplar never dry,
The builder Oak, ſole King of forreſts all,
The Aſpine, good for ſtaves, the Cypreſs funeral.

IX.

The Laurel, meed of mighty conquerours
And poets ſage, the Fir that weepeth ſtill,
The Willow, worne of forlorne paramours,
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will,
The Birch for ſhafts, the Sallow for the mill,
The Myrrhe, ſweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Aſh for nothing ill,
The fruitful Olive, and the Platane round,
The carver Holme, the Maple ſeldom inward ſound.

X.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Until the bluſtring ſtorm is over-blown,
When, weening to return whence they did ſtray,
They cannot find that path which firſt was ſhown,
But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
Furtheſt from end then, when they neareſt ween,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their own:
So many paths, ſo many turnings ſeen,
That which of them to take, in diverſe doubt they been.

XI.

At laſt, reſolving forward ſtill to fare,
Till that ſome end they find, or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten ſeem'd moſt bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow cave
Amid the thickeſt woods. The champion ſtout
Eftſoons diſmounted from his courſer brave,
And to the Dwarf a while his needleſs ſpear he gave.

XII.

Be well aware, quoth then that Lady mild,
Leaſt ſuddain miſchief ye too raſh provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknown and wild,
Breeds dreadful doubts: oft fire is without ſmoke,
And peril without ſhow: therefore your ſtroke,
Sir Knight with-hold, till further trial made.
Ah Lady (ſaid he) ſhame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden ſhade:
Vertue gives herſelf light, through darkneſs for to wade.

XIII.

Yea, but (quoth ſhe) the peril of this place
I better wot than you: though now too late
To wiſh you back return with foul diſgrace;
Yet wiſdom warns, whilſt foot is in the gate,
To ſtay the ſtep, ere forced to retrate.
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 fearful Dwarf:) this is no place for living men.

XIV.

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthful Knight could not for ought be ſtaid;
But forth unto the darkſome hole he went,
And looked in: his gliſtring armour made
A little glooming light, much like a ſhade,
By which he ſaw the ugly monſter plain,
Half like a ſerpent horribly diſplaid:
But th' other half did womans ſhape retain,
Moſt lothſome, filthy, foul, and full of vile diſdain.

XV.

And, as ſhe lay upon the dirty ground,
Her huge long tail her den all overſpred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortal ſting. Of her there bred
A thouſand young ones, which ſhe daily fed,
Sucking upon her pois'nous dugs, each one
Of ſundry ſhapes, yet all ill-favoured:
Soon as that uncouth light upon them ſhone,
Into her mouth they crept, and ſuddain all were gone.

XVI.

Their dam upſtart, out of her den effraid,
And ruſhed forth, hurling her hideous tail
About her curſed head, whoſe folds diſplaid
Were ſtretcht now forth at length without entrail.
She lookt about, and ſeeing one in mail
Armed to point, ſought back to turn again;
For light ſhe hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in deſert darkneſs to remain,
Where plain none might her ſee, nor ſhe ſee any plain.

XVII.

Which when the valiant Elf perceiv'd, he lept
As Lyon fierce upon the flying prey,
And with his trenchant blade her boldly kept
From turning back, and forced her to ſtay:
There-with enrag'd ſhe loudly 'gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her ſpeckled tail advaunſt,
Threatning her angry ſting, him to diſmay:
Who, nought aghaſt, his mighty hand enhaunſt:
The ſtroke down from her head unto her ſhoulder glaunſt.

XVIII.

Much daunted with that dint, her ſenſe was daz'd:
Yet kindling rage, herſelf ſhe gather'd round,
And all attonce her beaſtly body rais'd
With doubled forces high above the ground;
Tho wrapping up her wreathed ſtern around,
Lept fierce upon his ſhield, and her huge train
All ſuddainly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to ſtir he ſtrove in vain:
God help the man ſo wrapt in *Errours* endleſs train.

XIX.

His Lady, ſad to ſee his ſore conſtraint,
Cry'd out, now, now, Sir Knight, ſhew what ye be,
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, elſe ſhe ſure will ſtrangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for grief and high diſdain,
And knitting all his force got one hand free,
Where-with he gript her gorge with ſo great pain,
That ſoon to looſe her wicked bands did her conſtrain.

XX.

There-with ſhe ſpew'd out of her filthy maw
A flood of poiſon horrible and black,
Full of great lumps of fleſh and gobbets raw,
Which ſtunk ſo vildly, that it forct him ſlack
His graſping hold, and from her turn him back;
Her vomit full of books and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toads, which eyes did lack,
And creeping, ſought way in the weedy graſs:
Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has.

XXI.

As when old father *Nilus* 'gins to ſwell
With timely pride above th' *Egyptian* vale,
His fatty-waves do fertile ſlime outwell,
And over-flow each plain and lowly dale:
But when his later Spring 'gins to avale,
Huge heaps of mud he leaves, wherein there breed
Ten thouſand kinds of creatures, partly male,
And partly female of his fruitful ſeed;
Such ugly monſtrous ſhapes elſewhere may no man reed.

XXII.

The ſame ſo ſore annoyed has the Knight,
That well-nigh choked with the deadly ſtink,
His forces fail, ne can no longer fight,
Whoſe courage when the fiend perceiv'd to ſhrink,
She poured forth out of her helliſh ſink
Her fruitful curſed ſpawn of ſerpents ſmall,
Deformed monſters, foul, and black as ink;
Which ſwarming all about his legs did crawl,
And him encumbred ſore, but could not hurt at all.

XXIII.

As gentle Shepherd in ſweet even-tide,
When ruddy *Phœbus* 'gins to welk in weſt,
High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their haſty ſupper beſt;
A cloud of cumbrous Gnats do him moleſt,
All ſtriving to infix their feeble ſtings,
That from their noyance he no where can reſt,
But with his clowniſh hands their tender wings
He bruſheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

XXIV.

Thus ill-beſtedd and fearful more of ſhame,
Than of the certain peril he ſtood in,
Half furious unto his foe he came,
Reſolv'd in mind all ſuddainly to win,
Or ſoon to loſe, before he once would lin;
And ſtrook at her with more than manly force,
That from her body full of filthy ſin
He raft her hateful head without remorſe;
A ſtream of coal-black blood forth guſhed from her corſe.

XXV.

Her ſcattred brood, ſoon as their parent dear
They ſaw ſo rudely falling to the ground,
Groaning full deadly, all with troublous fear,
Gathred themſelves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth: but, being there with-ſtood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And ſucked up their dying mothers blood;
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

XXVI.

That deteſtable ſight him much amaz'd,
To ſee th' unkindly imps of heaven accurſt,
Devour their dam; on whom while ſo he gaz'd,
Having all ſatisfy'd their bloody thirſt,
Their bellies ſwolne he ſaw with fulneſs burſt,
And bowels guſhing forth: well worthy end
Of ſuch as drunk her life, the which them nurſt;
Now needeth him no longer labour ſpend: [tend.
His foes have ſlain themſelves, with whom he ſhould con-

XXVII.

His Lady, ſeeing all that chanct from far,
Approcht in haſte to greet his victory;
And ſaid, fair Knight, born under happy ſtar,
Who ſee your vanquiſht foes before you lye:
Well worthy be you of that armory,
Wherein ye have great glory won this day,
And prov'd your ſtrength on a ſtrong enemy,
Your firſt adventure: many ſuch I pray,
And henceforth ever wiſh, that like ſucceed it may.

XXVIII.

Then mounted he upon his ſteed again,
And with the Lady backward ſought to wend;
That path he kept, which beaten was moſt plain,
Ne ever would to any by-way bend,
But ſtill did follow one unto the end,
The which at laſt out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to friend)
He paſſed forth, and new adventure ſought;
Long way he travelled before he heard of ought.

XXIX.

At length they chanct to meet upon the way
An aged Sire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoary gray,
And by his belt his book he hanging had;
Sober he ſeem'd, and very ſagely ſad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in ſhew, and void of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his breaſt, as one that did repent.

XXX.

He fair the Knight ſaluted, louting low;
Who fair him quited, as that courteous was:
And after asked him, if he did know
Of ſtrange adventures, which abroad did paſs.
Ah! my dear ſon (quoth he) how ſhould, alas!
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beads all day for his treſpaſs,
Tidings of war and wordly trouble tell?
With holy father fits not with ſuch things to mell.

XXXI.

But if of danger which hereby doth dwell,
And home-bred evil ye deſire to hear,
Of a ſtrange man I can you tidings tell,
That waſteth all this country far and near.
Of ſuch (ſaid he) I chiefly do inquear,
And ſhall thee well reward to ſhew the place,
In which that wicked wight his days doth wear:
For to all knighthood it is foul diſgrace,
That ſuch a curſed creature lives ſo long a ſpace.

XXXII.

Far hence (quoth he) in waſtful wilderneſs
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever paſs, but thorough great diſtreſs.
Now (ſaid the Lady) draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be: for what ſo ſtrong,
But wanting reſt, will alſo want of might?
The ſun that meaſures heaven all day long,
At night doth bait his ſteeds the *Ocean* waves among.

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a foreſts ſide,
Far from reſort of people, that did paſs
In travel to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy chappel edifide,
Wherein the Hermit duly wont to ſay
His holy things each morn and even-tide:
Thereby a chryſtal ſtream did gently play,
Which from a ſacred fountain welled forth alway.

XXXV.

Arrived there, the little houſe they fill,
Ne look for entertainment, where none was:
Reſt is their feaſt, and all things at their will;
The nobleſt mind the beſt contentment has.
With fair diſcourſe the evening ſo they paſs:
For that old man of pleaſing words had ſtore,
And well could file his tongue as ſmooth as glaſs;
He told of Saints and Popes and evermore
He ſtrow'd an *Ave-mary* after and before.

XXXVI.

The drooping night thus creepeth on them faſt,
And the ſad humour loading their eye-lids,
As meſſenger of *Morpheus* on them caſt
Sweet ſlumbring dew, the which to ſleep them bids.
Unto their lodgings then his gueſts he rids:
Where when all drown'd in deadly ſleep he finds,
He to his ſtudy goes, and there amids
His magick books and arts of ſundry kinds,
He ſeeks out mighty charms, to trouble ſleepy minds.

XXXVII.

Then chuſing out few words moſt horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verſes frame,
With which, and other ſpells like terrible,
He bade awake black *Pluto*'s grieſly dame,
And curſed heaven, and ſpake reproachful 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 darkneſs and dead night,
At which *Cocytus* quakes, and *Styx* is put to flight.

XXXVIII.

And forth he call'd out of deep darkneſs dread
Legions of ſprites the which like little flies
Fluttring about his ever damned head,
Await whereto their ſervice he applies,
To aid his friends, or fray his enemies:
Of thoſe he choſe out two, the falſeſt two,
And fitteſt for to forge true-ſeeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a meſſage to,
The other by himſelf ſtaid other work to do.

XXXIX.

He making ſpeedy way through ſperſed air,
And through the world of waters wide and deep,
To *Morpheus* houſe doth haſtily repair:
Amid the bowels of the earth full ſteep
And low, where dawning day doth never peep;
His dwelling is; there *Tethys* his wet bed
Doth ever waſh, and *Cynthia* ſtill doth ſteep
In ſilver dew his ever-drooping head,
While ſad Night over him her mantle black doth ſpread.

XL.

Whoſe double gates he findeth locked faſt,
The one fair fram'd of burniſht ivory;
The other, all with ſilver overcaſt;
And wakeful dogs before them far do lie,
Watching to baniſh care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle ſleep.
By them the ſprite doth paſs in quietly,
And unto *Morpheus* comes, whom drowned deep
In drowſie fit he finds: of nothing he takes keep.

XLI.

And more to lull him in his ſlumber ſoft,
A trickling ſtream from high rock tumbling down,
And ever-drizling rain upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the ſown'
Of ſwarming bees, did caſt him in a ſwoun:
No other noiſe, nor peoples troublous cries.
As ſtill are wont t' annoy the walled town,
Might there be heard: but careleſs quiet lies,
Wrapt in eternal ſilence, far from enemies.

XLII.

The meſſenger approaching, to him ſpake;
But his waſte words return'd to him in vain:
So ſound he ſlept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thruſt, and puſht with pain,
Whereat he 'gan to ſtretch: but he again
Shook him ſo hard, that forced him to ſpeak.
As one then in a dream, whoſe drier brain
Is toſt with troubled ſights, and fancies weak,
He mumbled ſoft, but would not all his ſilence break.

XLIII.

The ſprite then 'gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of *Hecate*: whereat he 'gan to quake,
And lifting up his lumpiſh head, with blame
Half angry, aſked him for what he came.
Hither (quoth he) me *Archimago* ſent,
He that the ſtubborn ſprites can wiſely tame,
He bids thee to him ſend for his intent
A fit falſe dream, that can delude the ſleepers ſcent.

XLIV.

The God obeyd, and calling forth ſtraight way
A diverſe dream out of his priſon dark,
Deliver'd it to him, and down did lay
His heavy head, devoid of careful cark,
Whoſe ſenſes all were ſtraight benumb'd and ſtark.
He back returning by the ivory door,
Remounted up as light as chearful Lark,
And on his little wings the dream he bore
In haſte unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

XLV.

Who all this while, with charms and hidden arts,
Had made a Lady of that other ſpright,
And fram'd of liquid air her tender parts
So lively, and ſo like in all mens ſight,
That weaker ſenſe it could have raviſht quight:
The maker ſelf, for all his wondrous wit,
Was nigh beguiled with ſo goodly ſight:
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Caſt a black ſtole, moſt like to ſeem for *Una* fit.

XLVI.

Now, when that idle dream was to him brought,
Unto that Elfin Knight he bade him fly,
(Where he ſlept ſoundly, void of evil thought,)
And with falſe ſhews abuſe his fantaſy,
In ſort as he him ſchooled privily:
And that new creature born without her due,
Full of the makers guile, with viſage ſly
He taught to imitate that Lady true,
Whoſe ſemblance ſhe did carry under feigned hue.

XLVII.

Thus well inſtructed, to their work they haſte:
And coming where the Knight in ſlumber lay,
The one upon his hardy head him plact,
And made him dream of loves and luſtful play,
That nigh his manly heart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton bliſs and wicked joy:
Then ſeemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him plain'd, how that falſe winged boy,
Her chaſte heart had ſubdew'd, to learn Dame Pleaſures [toy.

XLVIII.

And ſhe herſelf (of beauty ſoveraine Queen)
Fair *Venus*, ſeem'd unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he waking evermore did ween
To be the chaſteſt flowre, that aye did ſpring
On earthly branch, the daughter of a King;
Now a looſe Leman to vile ſervice bound:
And eke the *Graces* ſeemed all to ſing,
Hymen io Hymen, dancing all around,
Whilſt freſheſt *Flora* her with ivy girlond crown'd.

XLIX.

In his great paſſion of unwonted luſt,
Or wonted fear of doing ought amiſs,
He ſtarteth up, as ſeeming to miſtruſt
Some ſecret ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo there before his face his Lady is,
Under black ſtole hiding her baited hook;
And as half bluſhing, offred him to kiſs,
With gentle blandiſhment and lovely look,
Moſt like that virgin true, which for her Knight him took.

L.

All clean dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
And half enraged at her shameless guise,
He thought have slain her in his fierce despight:
But hasty heat temp'ring with suff'rance wise,
He staid his hand, and 'gan himself advise
To prove his sense, and tempt her feigned truth.
Wringing her hands in womens pitious wise,
Tho 'gan she weep, to stir up gentle ruth,
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

LI.

And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my love,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruel fate,
And mighty causes wrought in heaven above,
Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped love to win me certain hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
Die is my due: yet rue my wretched state,
You, whom my hard avenging destinie
Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently.

LII.

Your own dear sake forct me at first to leave
My Fathers kingdom; There she stopt with tears:
Her swollen heart her speech seem'd to bereave;
And then again begun, My weaker years
Captiv'd to fortune and frail worldly fears,
Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayd:
Let me not dye in languor and long tears.
Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismayd?
What frays ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?

LIII.

Love of yourself, she said, and dear constraint
Lets me not sleep, but waste the weary night
In secret anguish and unpitied plaint,
Whilst you in careless sleep are drowned quight.
Her doubtful words made that redoubted Knight
Suspect her truth: yet since n'untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foul disdainful spight
He would not shend, but said, Dear dame, I rew,
That for my sake unknown such grief unto you grew.

LIV.

Aſſure yourſelf it fell not all to ground;
For all ſo dear as life is to my heart,
I deem your love, and hold me to you bound;
Ne let vain fears procure your needleſs ſmart,
Where cauſe is none, but to your reſt depart.
Not all content, yet ſeem'd ſhe to appeaſe
Her mournful plaints, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words that could not chuſe but pleaſe;
So ſliding ſoftly forth, ſhe turn'd as to her eaſe.

LV.

Long after lay he muſing at her mood,
Much griev'd to think that gentle Dame ſo light,
For whoſe defence he was to ſhed his blood.
At laſt dull wearineſs of former fight
Having yrockt aſleep his irkſome ſpright,
That troublous dream 'gan freſhly toſs his brain,
With bowers, and beds, and Ladies dear delight:
But when he ſaw his labour all was vain,
With that misformed ſprite he back return'd again.

CANTO II.

The guileful great Enchanter parts
The Red-croſs Knight from Truth:
Into whoſe ſtead fair Falſhood ſteps,
And works him woeful ruth.

I.

BY this, the northern wagoner had ſet
His ſeven-fold teme behind the ſtedfaſt ſtar,
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firm is fixt, and ſendeth light from far
To all, that in the wide deep wandring are:
And cheerful Chaunticlere with his note ſhrill
Had warned once, that *Phœbus'* fiery car
In haſte was climbing up the eaſtern hill,
Full envious that night ſo long his room did fill.

II.

When thoſe accurſed meſſengers of hell,
That feigning dream, and that fair-forged Spright
Came to their wicked maſter, and 'gan tell
Their bootleſs pains, and ill ſucceeding night:
Who, all in rage to ſee his ſkilful might
Deluded ſo 'gan threaten helliſh pain
And ſad *Proſerpines* wrath, them to affright:
But when he ſaw his threatning was but vain,
He caſt about, and ſearcht his baleful books again.

III.

Eftſoons he took that miſcreated fair,
And that falſe other ſprite, on whom he ſpred
A ſeeming body of the ſubtile air,
Like a young Squire, in loves and luſty-hed
His wanton days that ever looſeſly led,
Without regard of arms and dreaded fight:
Thoſe two he took; and in a ſecret bed,
Cover'd with darkneſs and miſdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to joy in vain delight.

IV.

Forth-with he runs with feigned faithful haſte
Unto his gueſt, who after troublous ſights
And dreams, 'gan now to take more ſound repaſt,
Whom ſuddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one aghaſt with fiends or damned ſprights,
And to him calls, riſe, riſe unhappy ſwain,
That here wex old in ſleep, whiles wicked wights
Have knit themſelves in *Venus* ſhameful chain;
Come, ſee where your falſe Lady doth her honour ſtain.

V.

All in amaze he ſuddenly up-ſtart
With ſword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who ſoon him brought into a ſecret part,
Where that falſe couple were full cloſely ment
In wanton luſt and lewd embracement:
Which when he ſaw, he burnt with jealous fire,
The eye of reaſon was with rage yblent,
And would have ſlain them in his furious ire;
But hardly was reſtrained of that aged Sire.

VI.

Returning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguiſh of his guilty ſight,
He could not reſt, but did his ſtout heart eat,
And waſte his inward gall with deep deſpight,
Yrkſome of life and too long lingring night.
At laſt fair *Heſperus* in higheſt ſky
Had ſpent his lamp, and brought forth dawning light,
Then up he roſe, and clad him haſtily;
The Dwarf him brought his ſteed: ſo both away do fly.

VII.

Now when the roſy-fingerd morning fair,
Weary of aged *Tithons* ſaffron bed,
Had ſpread her purple robe through dewy air,
And the high hills *Titan* diſcovered,
The royal Virgin ſhook off drowſy-hed,
And riſing forth out of her baſer bowre,
Lookt for her Knight, who far away was fled,
And for her Dwarf, that wont to wait each howre,
Then 'gan ſhe wail and weep, to ſee that woeful ſtowre.

VIII.

And after him ſhe rode with ſo much ſpeed
As her ſlow beaſt could make; but all in vain:
For him ſo far had borne his light-foot ſteed,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce diſdain,
That him to follow was but fruitleſs pain;
Yet ſhe her weary limbs would never reſt,
But every hill and dale, each wood and plain
Did ſearch, ſore grieved in her gentle breſt,
He ſo ungently left her, whom ſhe loved beſt.

IX.

But ſubtile *Archimago*, when his gueſts
He ſaw divided into double parts,
And *Una* wandring in woods and forreſts,
Th'end of his drift, he prais'd his diveliſh arts,
That had ſuch might over true meaning hearts;
Yet reſts not ſo, but other means doth make,
How he may work unto her further ſmarts:
For her he hated as the hiſſing ſnake,
And in her many troubles did moſt pleaſure take.

X

He then devis'd himſelf how to diſguiſe;
For by his mighty ſcience he could take
As many forms and ſhapes in ſeeming wiſe,
As ever *Proteus* to himſelf could make:
Sometime a fowl, ſometime a fiſh in lake,
Now like a fox, now like a dragon fell,
That of himſelf he oft for fear would quake,
And oft would fly away. O! who can tell
The hidden powre of Herbs, and might of magick ſpell?

XI.

But now ſeem'd beſt, the perſon to put on
Of that good Knight, his late beguiled gueſt:
In mighty arms he was yclad anon,
And ſilver ſhield: upon his coward breſt
A bloody croſs; and on his craven creſt
A bunch of hairs diſcolour'd diverſly;
Full jolly Knight he ſeem'd, and well addreſt,
And when he ſate upon his courſer free,
Saint *George*, himſelf ye would have deemed him to be.

XII.

But he, the Knight, whoſe ſemblunt he did bear,
The true Saint *George*, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and jealous fear;
Will was his guide, and grief led him aſtray.
At laſt him chanct to meet upon the way
A faithleſs *Sarazin*, all arm'd to point,
In whoſe great ſhield was writ with letters gay
Sans-Foy: full large of limb and every joint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

XIII.

He had a fair companion of his way,
A goodly Lady, clad in ſcarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearl of rich aſſay,
And like a *Perſian* mitre on her head
She wore, with crowns and owches garniſhed,
The which her laviſh lovers to her gave;
Her wanton palfrey all was overſpred
With tinſell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whoſe bridle rung with golden bells, and boſſes brave.

XIV.

With fair diſport and courting dalliance
She entertain'd her lover all the way;
But when ſhe ſaw the Knight his ſpear advance,
She ſoon left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bade her Knight addreſs him to the fray:
His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickt with pride
And hope to win his Ladies heart that day,
Forth ſpurred faſt: adown his courſers ſide
The red blood, trickling, ſtain'd the way as he did ride.

XV.

The Knight of the *Red-Croſs* when him he ſpide
Spurring ſo hot with rage diſpiteous,
'Gan fairly couch his ſpear, and towards ride:
Soon meet they both, both fell and furious;
That daunted with their forces hideous,
Their ſteeds do ſtagger, and amazed ſtand,
And eke themſelves too rudely rigorous,
Aſtonied with the ſtroke of their own hand,
Do back rebut, and each to other yieldeth land.

XVI.

As when two rams, ſtir'd with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced-flock,
Their horned fronts ſo fierce on either ſide
Do meet, that with the terror of the ſhock
Aſtonied, both ſtand ſenſeleſs as a block,
Forgetful of the hanging victory:
So ſtood theſe twaine, unmoved as a rock,
Both ſtaring fierce, and holding idlely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

XVII.

The *Sarazin* ſore daunted with the buff,
Snatcheth his ſword, and fiercely to him flies
Who well it wards, and quiteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equal puiſſance envies,
And through their iron ſides with cruel ſpies
Do ſeek to pierce: repining courage yields
No foot to foe. The flaſhing fier flies
As from a forge out of their burning ſhields,
And ſtreams of purple blood new die the verdant fields.

XVIII.

Curſe on that croſs (quoth then the *Sarazin*)
That keeps thy body from the bitter fit;
Dead long ygo I wote thou haddeſt bin,
Had not that charm from thee forwarned it:
But yet I warn thee now aſſured ſit,
And hide thy head. Therewith upon his creſt
With rigour ſo outragious he ſmit,
That a large ſhare it hew'd out of the reſt, [bleſt.
And glauncing down his ſhield, from blame him fairly

XIX.

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the ſleeping ſpark
Of native vertue 'gan eftſoons revive,
And at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely ſtrook, that it the ſteel did rive,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling down alive,
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kiſs,
Greeting his grave: his grudging ghoſt did ſtrive
With the frail fleſh; at laſt it flitted is,
Whither the ſouls do fly of men, that live amiſs.

XX.

The Lady when ſhe ſaw her champion fall,
Like the old ruins of a broken towre,
Staid not to wail his woeful funeral,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as haſtily 'gan ſcowre,
Bidding the Dwarf with him to bring away
The *Sarazins* ſhield, ſign of the conquerour.
Her ſoon he overtook, and bade to ſtay;
For preſent cauſe was none of dread, her to diſmay.

XXI.

She turning back with rueful countenance,
Cri'd mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchſafe to ſhow
On ſilly Dame, ſubject to hard miſchance,
And to your mighty will. Her humbleſs low,
In ſo rich weeds and ſeeming glorious ſhow,
Did much emmove his ſtout heroick heart,
And ſaid; dear Dame, your ſuddain overthrow
Much rueth me: but now put fear apart,
And tell, both who ye be, and who that took your part.

XXII.

Melting in tears, then 'gan ſhe thus lament;
The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heavens liſt to lowre,
And fortune falſe betraid me to thy powre,
Was (O, what now availeth that I was!)
Born the ſole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide weſt under his rule has,
And high hath ſet his throne, where *Tiberis* doth paſs.

XXIII.

He in the firſt flowre of my freſheſt age,
Betrothed me unto the only heir
Of a moſt mighty King, moſt rich and ſage;
Was never Prince ſo faithful and ſo fair;
Was never Prince ſo meek and debonair:
But e're my hoped day of ſpouſal ſhone,
My deareſt Lord fell from high honours ſtair,
Into the hands of his accurſed fone,
And cruelly was ſlain: that I ſhall ever mone.

XXIV.

His bleſſed body, ſpoil'd of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how convey'd
And from me hid: of whoſe moſt innocent death
When tidings came to me unhappy maid,
O, how great ſorrow my ſad ſoul aſſaid;
Then forth I went, his woeful corſe to find;
And many years throughout the world I ſtraid,
A virgin widow: whoſe deep wounded mind
With love, long time did languiſh as the ſtriken hind.

XXV.

At laſt, it chanced this proud *Sarazin*
To meet me wandring: who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win
The fort that Ladies hold in ſoveraine dread.
There lies he now with foul diſhonour dead,
Who whilſt he liv'd, was called proud *Sans-foy*,
The eldeſt of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad ſire, whoſe youngeſt is *Sans-joy*:
And 'twixt them both was born the bloody bold *Sans-loy*.

XXVI.

In this ſad plight, friendleſs, unfortunate,
Now miſerable I *Fideſſa* dwell,
Craving of you in pity of my ſtate,
To do none ill, if pleaſe ye not do well.
He in great paſſion all this while did dwell,
More buſying his quick eyes, her face to view,
Than his dull ears, to hear what ſhe did tell;
And ſaid; Fair Lady, heart of flint would rew
The undeſerved woes and ſorrows which ye ſhew.

XXVII.

Henceforth in ſafe aſſurance may ye reſt,
Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And loſt an old foe, that did you moleſt:
Better new friend than an old foe, is ſaid.
With change of chear, the ſeeming ſimple maid
Let fall her eyen, as ſhamefact to the earth;
And yielding ſoft, in that ſhe nought gain-ſaid.
So forth they rode, he feigning ſeemly mirth,
And ſhe coy looks: ſo, dainty they ſay maketh dearth.

XXVIII.

Long time they thus together travelled;
Till weary of their way, they came at laſt,
Where grew two goodly trees, that fair did ſpred
Their arms abroad, with gray moſs over-caſt;
And their green leaves trembling with every blaſt,
Made a calm ſhadow far in compaſs round:
The fearful Shepherd often there aghaſt
Under them never ſate, ne wont there ſound
His merry oaten pipe, but ſhun'd th'unlucky ground.

XXIX.

But this good Knight, ſoon as he them 'gan ſpy,
For the cool ſhadow thither haſt'ly got:
For, golden *Phœbus* now ymounted high,
From fiery wheels of his fair chariot,
Hurled his beam ſo ſcorching cruel hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themſelves to hide
From the fierce heat, and reſt their weary limbs a tide.

XXX.

Fair ſeemly pleaſance each to other makes;
With goodly purpoſes there as they ſit:
And in his falſed fancy he her takes
To be the faireſt wight that lived yit;
Which to expreſs, he bends his gentle wit:
And thinking of thoſe branches green to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough: out of whoſe rift there came
Small drops of gory blood, that trickled down the ſame.

XXXI.

Therewith a pitious yelling voice was heard,
Crying, O ſpare with guilty hands to tear
My tender ſides in this rough rind embar'd:
But fly, ah fly far hence away, for fear
Leſt to you hap, that hapned to me here,
And to this wretched Lady, my dear love;
O too dear love! love bought with death too dear.
Aſtond he ſtood, and up his hair did hove,
And with that ſuddain horror could no member move.

XXXII.

At laſt, whenas the dreadful paſſion
Was over-paſt, and manhood well awake:
Yet muſing at the ſtrange occaſion,
And doubting much his ſenſe, he thus beſpake;
What voice of damned ghoſt from *Limbo* lake,
Or guileful ſprite wandring in empty ayre
(Both which frail men do oftentimes miſtake)
Sends to my doubtful ears theſe ſpeeches rare,
And rueful plaints, me bidding guiltleſs blood to ſpare?

XXXIII.

Then groaning deep, nor damned ghoſt, quoth he,
Nor guileful ſprite to thee theſe words doth ſpeak;
But once a man, *Fradubio*, now a tree:
Wretched man, wretched tree; whoſe nature weak,
A cruel Witch (her curſed will to wreak)
Hath thus transform'd, and plact in open plains,
Where *Boreas* doth blow full bitter bleak,
And ſcorching ſun does dry my ſecret veins:
For though a tree I ſeem, yet cold and heat me pains.

XXXIV.

Say on *Fradubio* then, or man, or tree,
Quoth then the Knight, by whoſe miſchievous arts
Art thou miſhaped thus, as now I ſee?
He oft finds medcine who his grief imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing hearts,
As raging flames who ſtriveth to ſuppreſs.
The author then, ſaid he, of all my ſmarts,
Is one *Dueſſa* a falſe ſorcereſs,
That many errant Knights hath brought to wretchedneſs.

XXXV.

In prime of youthly years, when courage hot
The fire of love and joy of chevalree
Firſt kindled in my breaſt; it was my lot
To love this gentle Lady whom ye ſee,
Now not a Lady, but a ſeeming tree;
With whom as once I rode accompanide,
Me chanced of a Knight encountred be,
That had a like fair Lady by his ſide;
Like a fair Lady, but did foul *Dueſſa* hide.

XXXVI.

Whoſe forged beauty he did take in hand,
All other Dames to have exceeded far:
I in defence of mine did likewiſe ſtand;
Mine, that did then ſhine as the morning ſtar;
So both to battle fierce arranged are:
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my ſpear: ſuch is the dye of war:
His Lady, left as a prize martial,
Did yield her comely perſon, to be at my call.

XXXVII.

So doubly lov'd of Ladies unlike fair,
Th' one ſeeming ſuch, the other ſuch indeed,
One day in doubt I caſt for to compare,
Whether in beauties glory did exceed;
A roſie girlond was the victors meed:
Both ſeem'd to win, and both ſeem'd won to be,
So hard the diſcord was to be agreed.
Frælijſa was as fair, as fair mote be:
And ever falſe *Dueſſa* ſeem'd as fair as ſhe.

XXXVIII.

The wicked Witch, now ſeeing all this while
The doubtful ballance equally to ſway,
What not by right, ſhe caſt to win by guile,
And by her helliſh ſcience rais'd ſtraitway
A foggy miſt that over-caſt the day,
And a dull blaſt, that breathing on her face,
Dimmed her former beauties ſhining ray,
And with foul ugly form did her diſgrace:
Then was ſhe fair alone, when none was fair in place.

XXXIX.

Then cryd ſhe out, fie, fie, deformed wight,
Whoſe borrow'd beauty now appeareth plain
To have before bewitched all mens ſight;
O leave her ſoon, or let her ſoon be ſlain.
Her loathly viſage viewing with diſdain,
Eftſoons I thought her ſuch, as ſhe me told,
And would have kill'd her; but, with feigned pain;
The falſe Witch did my wrathful hand with-hold:
So left her, where ſhe now is turnd to tre-en mould.

XL.

Thenceforth I took *Dueſſa* for my Dame,
And in the Witch unweeting joyd long time:
Ne ever wiſt, but that ſhe was the ſame;
Till on a day (that day is every prime,
When Witches wont do penance for their crime)
I chanct to ſee her in her proper hew,
Bathing her ſelf in origane and thyme:
A filthy foul old woman I did view,
That ever to have toucht her, I did deadly rew.

XLI.

Her neather parts misſhapen, monſtruous,
Were hid in water, that I could not ſee:
But they did ſeem more foul and hideous,
Than womans ſhape man would believe to be.
Then forth from her moſt beaſtly company
I 'gan refrain, in mind to ſlip away,
Soon as appeard ſafe opportunity:
For danger great, if not aſſur'd decay,
ſaw before mine eyes, if I were known to ſtray.

XLII.

The develiſh hag by changes of my chear
Perceiv'd my thought; and drownd in ſleepy night;
With wicked herbs and oyntments did beſmear
My body all, through charms and magick might;
That all my ſenſes were bereaved quight:
Then brought ſhe me into this deſert vaſt,
And by my wretched Lovers ſide me pight;
Where now inclos'd in wooden walls full faſt,
Baniſht from living wights, our weary days we waſt.

XLIII.

But how long time, ſaid then the Elfin Knight,
Are you in this misformed houſe to dwell?
We may not change, quoth he, this evil plight,
Till we be bathed in a living Well;
That is the term preſcribed by the ſpell.
O! how, ſaid he, mote I that Well out-find,
That may reſtore you to your wonted well?
Time and ſuffiſed Fates to former kind
Shall us reſtore: none elſe from hence may us unbind.

XLIV.

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

XLV.

Her ſeeming dead he found with feigned fear,
As all unweeting of that well ſhe knew,
And pain'd himſelf with buſie care to rear
Her out of careleſs ſwoune. Her eye-lids blue
And dimmed ſight, with pale and deadly hue,
At laſt ſhe 'gan up-lift: with trembling chear
Her up he took, too ſimple and too true,
And oft her kiſt. At length, all paſſed fear,
He ſet her on her ſteed, and forward forth did bear.

CANTO III.

Forſaken Truth long ſeeks her love,
And makes the Lyon mild,
Marres blind Devotions mart, and falls
In hand of Leachour vild.

I.

NOught is there under heav'ns wide hollowneſs
That moves more dear compaſſion of mind,
Than beauty brought t'unworthy wretchedneſs
Through envy's ſnares, or fortunes freaks unkind:
I, whether lately through her brightneſs blind,
Or through allegiance and faſt fealty,
Which I do owe unto all woman-kind,
Feel my heart pierct with ſo great agony,
When ſuch I ſee, that all for pity I could dye.

II.

And now it is impaſſioned ſo deep,
For faireſt *Unas* ſake, of whom I ſing,
That my frail eyes theſe lines with tears do ſteep,
To think how ſhe through guileful handleing,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a King,
Though fair as ever-living wight was fair,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her Knight divorced in deſpair,
And her due Love's deriv'd to that vile Witches ſhare.

III.

Yet ſhe moſt faithful Lady all this while
Forſaken, woeful ſolitary maid
Far from all peoples preaſe, as in exile,
In wilderneſs and waſtful deſerts ſtrayd
To ſeek her Knight; who, ſubtilly betrayd
Through that late viſion, which th'enchanter wrought
Had her abandon'd. She of nought afraid,
Through woods and waſtneſs wide him daily ſought;
Yet wiſhed tydings none of him unto her brought.

IV.

One day, nigh weary of the irkſome way,
From her unhaſty beaſt ſhe did alight,
And on the graſs her dainty limbs did lay
In ſecret ſhadow, far from all mens ſight:
From her fair head her fillet ſhe undight,
And laid her ſtole aſide. Her Angels face
As the great eye of heaven ſhined bright,
And made a ſun-ſhine in the ſhady place:
Did never mortal eye behold ſuch heavenly grace.

V.

It fortuned out of the thickeſt wood
A ramping Lyon ruſhed ſuddainly,
Hunting full greedy after ſalvage blood;
Soon as the royal virgin he did ſpy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devour'd her tender corſe:
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage aſſwaged with remorſe.
And with the ſight amaz'd, forgat his furious force.

VI.

Inſtead thereof he kiſt her weary feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O! how can beauty maſter the moſt ſtrong,
And ſimple truth ſubdue avenging wrong!
Whoſe yielded pride, and proud ſubmiſſion,
Still dreading death, when ſhe had marked long,
Her heart 'gan melt in great compaſſion,
And drizling tears did ſhed for pure affection.

VII.

The Lyon, Lord of every beaſt in field,
Quoth ſhe, his princely puiſſance doth abate,
And mighty proud, to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pity of my ſad eſtate:
But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her that him lov'd, and ever moſt ador'd,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

VIII.

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which ſoftly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And ſad to ſee her ſorrowful conſtraint,
The kingly beaſt upon her gazing ſtood;
With pity calm'd, down fell his angry mood:
At laſt, in cloſe heart ſhutting up her pain,
Aroſe the virgin born of heavenly brood,
And to her ſnowy palfrey got again,
To ſeek her ſtrayed champion if ſhe might attain.

IX.

The Lyon would not leave her deſolate,
But with her went along, as a ſtrong guard
Of her chaſte perſon and a faithful mate,
Of her ſad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when ſhe ſlept, he kept both watch and ward:
And when ſhe wakt, he waited diligent,
With humble ſervice to her will prepar'd:
From her fair eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

X.

Long ſhe thus travelled through deſerts wide,
By which ſhe thought her wandring Knight ſhould paſs,
Yet never ſhew of living wight eſpide;
Till that at length ſhe found the trodden graſs,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the ſteep foot of a mountain hoare;
The ſame ſhe follows, till at laſt ſhe has
A Damzel ſpide, ſlow footing her before,
That on her ſhoulders ſad a pot of water bore.

XI.

To whom approching, ſhe to her 'gan call,
To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her anſwered nought at all,
She could not hear, nor ſpeak, nor underſtand;
Till ſeeing by her ſide the Lyon ſtand,
With ſuddain fear her pitcher down ſhe threw,
And fled away: for never in that land
Face of fair Lady ſhe before did view,
And that dread Lyons look her caſt in deadly hew.

XII.

Full faſt ſhe fled, ne ever lookt behind,
As if her life upon the wager lay;
And home ſhe came, whereas her mother blind
Sate in eternal night: nought could ſhe ſay;
But ſuddain catching hold, did her diſmay
With quaking hands, and other ſigns of fear:
Who full of ghaſtly fright and cold affray,
'Gan ſhut the door. By this, arrived there
Dame *Una*, weary Dame, and entrance did requere.

XIII.

Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude claws the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where, of his cruel rage
Nigh dead with fear, and faint aſtoniſhment,
She found them both in darkſome corner pent;
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads devoutly penitent;
Nine hundred *Pater-noſters* ev'ry day,
And thrice nine hundred *Aves* ſhe was wont to ſay.

XIV.

And to augment her painful penance more,
Thrice every week in aſhes ſhe did ſit,
And next her wrinkled ſkin rough ſackcloth wore,
And thrice three times did faſt from any bit:
But now for fear her beads ſhe did forget.
Whoſe needleſs dread for to remove away,
Fair *Una* framed words and count'nance fit:
Which hardly doen, at length ſhe 'gan them pray,
That in their cotage ſmall, that night ſhe reſt her may.

XV.

The day is ſpent, and cometh drouſie night,
When every creature ſhrouded is in ſleep;
Sad *Una* down her lays in weary plight,
And at her feet the Lyon watch doth keep:
Inſtead of reſt, ſhe does lament and weep
For the late loſs of her dear loved Knight,
And ſighs, and groans, and evermore does ſteep
Her tender breaſt in bitter tears all night:
All night ſhe thinks too long, and often looks for light,

XVI.

Now when *Aldeboran* was mounted hie
Above the ſhiny *Caſſiopeias* chaire,
And all in deadly ſleep did drowned lye,
One knocked at the door, and in would fare;
He knocked faſt, and often curſt, and ſware,
That ready entrance was not at his call:
For on his back a heavy load he bare
Of nightly ſtelths, and pilage ſeveral,
Which he had got abroad by purchaſe criminal.

XVII.

He was to weet a ſtout and ſturdy thief,
Wont to rob churches of their ornaments,
And poor mens boxes of their due relief,
Which given was to them for good intents;
The holy Saints of their rich veſtiments
He did diſrobe, when all men careleſs ſlept,
And ſpoil'd the Prieſts of their habiliments
Whiles none the holy things in ſafety kept,
Then he by cunning ſleights in at the window crept.

XVIII.

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

XIX.

Thus long the door with rage and threats he bet,
Yet of thoſe fearful women none durſt riſe:
(The Lyon frayed them,) him in to let.
He would no longer ſtay him to adviſe,
But open breaks the door in furious wiſe,
And entring is; when that diſdainful beaſt
Encountring fierce, him ſuddain doth ſurprize;
And ſeizing cruel claws on trembling breaſt,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath ſuppreſt.

XX.

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding heart is in the vengers hand,
Who streight him rent in thousand pieces small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty land
Drank up his life; his corse left on the strand.
His fearful friends wear out the woeful night,
Ne dare to weep, nor seem to understand
The heavy hap which on them is alight,
Affraid, least to themselves the like mishappen might.

XXI.

Now when broad day the world discovered has,
Up *Una* rose, up rose the Lyon eke,
And on their former journey forward pass,
In ways unknown, her wandring Knight to seek,
With pains far passing that long wandring *Greek*,
That for his love refused deitie;
Such were the labours of this Lady meek,
Still seeking him, that from her still did fly,
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nigh.

XXII.

Soon as she parted thence, the fearful twain,
That blind old woman and her daughter dear,
Came forth, and finding *Kirkrapine* there slain,
For anguish great they 'gan to rend their hair,
And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to tear.
And when they both had wept and waild their fill,
Then forth they ran like two amazed Deer,
Half mad through malice, and revenging will,
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

But when ſhe ſaw her prayers nought prevail,
She back returned with ſome labour loſt;
And in the way, as ſhe did weep and wail,
A Knight her met in mighty arms emboſt,
Yet Knight was not for all his bragging boſt,
But ſubtil *Archimag*, that *Una* ſought
By trains into new troubles to have toſt:
Of that old woman tydings he beſought,
If that of ſuch a Lady ſhe could tellen ought.

XXV.

There-with ſhe 'gan her paſſion to renew,
And cry, and curſe, and rail, and rend her hair,
Saying, that harlot ſhe too lately knew,
That caus'd her ſhed ſo many a bitter tear,
And ſo forth told the ſtory of her fear.
Much ſeemed he to mone her haplefs chance,
And after, for that Lady did enquere;
Which being taught, he forward 'gan advance
His fair enchanted ſteed, and eke his charmed lance.

XXVI.

Ere long he came where *Una* travell'd ſlow,
And that wild champion waiting her beſide:
Whom ſeeing ſuch, for dread he durſt not ſhow
Himſelf too nigh at hand, but turned wide
Unto an hill; from whence when ſhe him ſpide
By his like ſeeming ſhield, her Knight by name
She weend it was, and towards him 'gan ride:
Approaching nigh, ſhe wiſt it was the ſame,
And with fair fearful humbleſs towards him ſhe came.

XXVII.

And weeping ſaid, ah my long lacked Lord,
Where have yee been thus long out of my ſight?
Much feared I to have been quite abhord,
Or ought have done that ye diſpleaſen might,
That ſhould as death unto my dear heart light:
For ſince mine eye your joyous ſight did miſs,
My chearful day is turn'd to chearleſs night,
And eke my night of death the ſhadow is;
But welcome now my light, and ſhining lamp of bliſs.

XXVIII.

He thereto meeting, ſaid, my dereſt Dame,
Far be it from your thought, and from my will,
To think that Knighthood I ſo much ſhould ſhame,
As you to leave, that have me loved ſtill,
And choſe in Fairy court of meere good will,
Where nobleſt Knights were to be found on earth:
The earth ſhall ſooner leave her kindly ſkill
To bring forth fruit, and make eternal dearth,
Than I leave you, my lieſe, yborn of heavenly birth.

XXIX.

And ſooth to ſay, why I left you ſo long
Was for to ſeek adventure in ſtrange place,
Where *Archimago* ſaid a felon ſtrong
To many Knights did daily work diſgrace;
But Knight he now ſhall never more deface:
Good cauſe of mine excuſe; that mote ye pleaſe
Well to accept and evermore embrace
My faithful ſervice, that by land and ſeas
Have vow'd you to defend, now then your plaint appeaſe.

XXX.

His lovely words her ſeem'd due recompence
Of all her paſſed pains: one loving howre
For many years of ſorrow can diſpence:
A dram of ſweet is worth a pound of ſowre:
She has forgot, how many a woeful ſtowre
For him ſhe late endured; ſhe ſpeaks no more
Of paſt: true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken back; his eyes be fixt before.
Before her ſtands her Knight, for whom ſhe toyld ſo ſore.

XXXI.

Much like, as when the beaten mariner,
That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,
Oft ſouſt in ſwelling *Tethys* ſaltiſh tear,
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With bluſtring breath of heaven, that none can bide,
And ſcorching flames of fierce *Orions* hound,
Soon as the port from far he has eſpide,
His chearful whiſtle merrily doth ſound, [round.
And *Nereus* crowns with cups; his mates him pledge a-

XXXII.

Such joy made *Una*, when her Knight ſhe found;
And eke th' enchanter joyous ſeemd no leſs
Than the glad merchant that does view from ground
His ſhip far come from watry wilderneſs:
He hurls out vows, and *Neptune* oft doth bleſs:
So forth they paſt, and all the way they ſpent
Diſcourſing of her dreadful late diſtreſs;
In which he askt her what the Lyon ment:
Who told, her all that fell in journey as ſhe went.

XXXIII.

They had not ridden far, when they might ſee
One pricking towards them with haſty heat,
Full ſtrongly arm'd, and on a courſer free
That through his fierceneſs foamed all with ſweat,
And the ſharp iron did for anger eat,
When his hot rider ſpur'd his chauffed ſide;
His look was ſtern, and ſeemed ſtill to threat
Cruel revenge, which he in heart did hide,
And on his ſhield *Sans-loy* in bloody lines was dide.

XXXIV.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle pair,
And ſaw the red-croſs which the Knight did bear,
He burnt in fire, and 'gan eft-ſoons prepare
Himſelf to battle with his couched ſpear.
Loth was that other, and did faint through fear
To taſte th' untryed dint of deadly ſteel;
But yet his Lady did ſo well him chear,
That hope of new good hap he 'gan to feel;
So bent his ſpear, and ſpurd his horſe with iron heel.

XXXV.

But that proud Paynim forward came ſo fierce,
And full of wrath, that with his ſharp-head ſpear
Through vainly croſſed ſhield he quite did pierce;
And had his ſtagg'ring ſteed not ſhrunk for fear,
Through ſhield and body eke he ſhould him bear:
Yet ſo great was the puiſſance of his puſh,
That from his ſaddle quite he did him bear:
He tumbling rudely down to ground did ruſh,
And from his gored wound a Well of blood did guſh.

XXXVI.

Dismounting lightly from his lofty steed,
He to him lept, in mind to reave his life,
And proudly said, lo, there the worthy meed
Of him that slew *Sans-foy* with bloody knife;
Hence forth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen over *Lethe* lake,
When mourning altars, purg'd with enemies life,
The black infernal *Furies* doen aslake:
Life from *Sans-foy* thou tookst, *Sans-loy* shall from thee take.

XXXVII.

Therewith in haste his helmet 'gan unlace,
Till *Una* cryd, O hold that heavy hand,
Dear Sir, whatever 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 alive,
Though conquer'd now he lye on lowly land,
And whilst him fortune favour'd, fair did thrive
In bloody field: therefore of life him not deprive.

XXXVIII.

Her pitious words might not abate his rage;
But rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slain him straight: but when he sees his age,
And hoary head of *Archimago* old,
His hasty hand he doth amazed hold,
And half ashamed, wondred at the sight:
For that old man well knew he, though untold,
In charms and magick to have wondrous might,
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists to fight.

XXXIX.

And said, Why *Archimago*, lucklefs sire,
What do I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hither brought to taste mine ire?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
Instead of foe, to wound my friend amiss?
He answer'd nought but in a trance still lay,
And on those guileful dazed eyes of his
The cloud of death did sit. Which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay.

XL.

But to the virgin comes, who all this while
Amazed ſtands, her ſelf ſo mockt to ſee
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For ſo misfeigning her true Knight to be:
Yet is ſhe now in more perplexity,
Left in the hand of that ſame Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flye;
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her viſage to behold.

XLI.

But her fierce ſervant, full of kingly awe
And high diſdain, whenas his ſoveraine Dame
So rudely handled by that foe he ſaw,
With gaping jawes full greedy at him came;
And ramping on his ſhield, did ween the ſame
Have reft away with his ſharp rending claws:
But he was ſtout, and luſt did now inflame
His courage more, that from his griping paws
He hath his ſhield redeem'd, and forth his ſword he draws.

XLII.

O then too weak and feeble was the force
Of ſalvage beaſt, his puiſſance to withſtand;
For he was ſtrong, and of ſo mighty corſe,
As ever wielded ſpear in warlike hand,
And feats of arms did wiſely underſtand.
Eftſoons he pierced through his chauffed cheſt
With thrilling point of deadly iron brand,
And launct his lordly heart: with death oppreſt,
He roar'd aloud, whiles life forſook his ſtubborn breſt.

XLIII.

Who now is left to keep the forlorn maid
From raging ſpoil of lawleſs victors will?
Her faithful guard remov'd, her hope diſmaid,
Her ſelf a yielded prey to ſave or ſpill.
He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foul reproches, and diſdainful ſpight
Her vildly entertains, and (will or nill)
Bears her away upon his courſer light:
Her prayers nought prevail; his rage is more of might.

XLIV.

And all the way, with great lamenting pain.
And pitious plaints ſhe filleth his dull ears,
That ſtony heart could riven have in twain;
And all the way ſhe wets with flowing tears:
But he enrag'd with rancor, nothing hears.
Her ſervile beaſt yet would not leave her ſo,
But follows her far off, ne ought he fears
To be partaker of her wandring woe;
More mild in beaſtly kind, than that her beaſtly foe.

CANTO IV.

To ſinful houſe of pride, Dueſſa
Guides the faithful Knight:
Where, brothers death to wreak, Sans-joy
Doth chalenge him to fight.

I.

YOung Knight, whatever that doſt arms profeſs,
And through long labours hunteſt after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of fickleneſs
In choice, and change of thy dear loved Dame,
Leſt thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And raſh miſweening do thy heart remove:
For unto Knight there is no greater ſhame,
Than lightneſs and inconſtancy in love;
That doth this *Redcroſs* Knights enſample plainly prove.

II.

Who after that he had fair *Una* lorne,
Through light miſdeeming of her loyalty,
And falſe *Dueſſa* in her ſtead had borne,
Called *Fideſſ*, and ſo ſuppos'd to be;
Long with her travell'd, till at laſt they ſee
A goodly building, bravely garniſhed,
The houſe of mighty Prince it ſeem'd to be:
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither travelled.

III.

Great troops of people travelld thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place;
But few returned, having 'ſcaped hard,
With baleful beggery, or foul diſgrace,
Which ever after in moſt wretched caſe,
Like loathſome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thither *Dueſſa* bade him bend his pace:
For ſhe is weary of the toilſome way,
And alſo nigh conſumed is the lingring day.

IV.

A ſtately palace built of ſquared brick,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whoſe walls were high, but nothing ſtrong, nor thick.
And golden foil all over them diſplaid,
That pureſt ſkie with brightneſs they diſmaid:
High lifted up were many lofty towres,
And goodly galleries far over-laid,
Full of fair windows and delightful bowres;
And on the top a dyal told the timely howres.

V.

It was a goodly heap for to behold,
And ſpake the praiſes of the workmans wit;
But full great pity, that ſo fair a mold
Did on ſo weak foundation ever ſit:
For on a ſandy hill, that ſtill did flit,
And fall away, it mounted was full high,
That every breath of heaven ſhaked it:
And all the hinder parts, that few could ſpy,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

VI.

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
Call'd *Malvenu*, who entrance none denide.
Thence to the hall, which was on ev'ry ſide
With rich array and coſtly arras dight:
Infinite ſorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wiſhed ſight
Of her, that was the Lady of that palace bright.

VII.

By them they paſs, all gazing on them round,
And to the preſence mount; whoſe glorious view
Their frail amazed ſenſes did confound:
In living Princes court none ever knew
Such endleſs riches, and ſo ſumptuous ſhew;
Ne *Perſia* ſelf, the nurſe of pompous pride,
Like ever ſaw. And there a noble crew
Of Lords and Ladies ſtood on ev'ry ſide,
Which with their preſence fair, the place much beautifide.

VIII.

High above all, a cloth of ſtate was ſpred,
And a rich throne, as bright as ſunny day;
On which there ſate moſt brave embelliſhed
With royal robes and gorgeous array,
A maiden Queen, that ſhone as *Titans* ray,
In gliſtring gold, and peerleſs pretious ſtone:
Yet her bright blazing beauty did aſſay
To dim the brightneſs of her glorious throne,
As envying herſelf, that too exceeding ſhone;

IX.

Exceeding ſhone, like *Phœbus* faireſt child,
That did preſume his fathers firy wain,
And flaming mouths of ſteeds unwonted wild,
Through higheſt heav'n with weaker hand to rein:
Proud of ſuch glory and advancement vain,
While flaſhing beams do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way moſt beaten plain,
And rapt with whirling wheels, enflames the skyen,
With fire not made to burn, but fairly for to ſhine.

X.

So proud ſhe ſhined in her princely ſtate,
Looking to heaven; for earth ſhe did diſdain,
And ſitting high; for lowly ſhe did hate:
Lo underneath her ſcornful feet, was lain
A dreadful Dragon with an hideous train:
And in her hand ſhe held a mirrour bright,
Wherein her face ſhe often viewed fain,
And in her ſelf-lov'd ſemblance took delight;
For ſhe was wondrous fair, as any living wight.

XI.

Of griesly *Pluto* she the daughter was,
And sad *Proserpina* the Queen of hell;
Yet did she think her peerless worth to pass
That parentage, with pride so did she swell:
And thundring *Jove*, that high in heaven doth dwell
And wield the world, she claimed for her Sire,
Or if that any else did *Jove* excell:
For to the highest she did still aspire,
Or if ought higher were than that, did it desire.

XII.

And proud *Lucifera* men did her call,
That made herself a Queen, and crown'd to be:
Yet rightful kingdom she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soverainty,
But did usurp with wrong and tyranny
Upon the scepter which she now did hold:
Ne rul'd her realme with laws but policy,
And strong advizement of six wizards old,
That with their counsels bad, her kingdom did uphold.

XIII.

Soon as the Elfin Knight in presence came,
And false *Duessa*, seeming Lady fair,
A gentle Husher, *Vanity* by name,
Made room, and passage for them did prepare:
So goodly brought them to the lowest stair
Of her high throne; where they on humble knee
Making obeysance, did the cause declare,
Why they were come her royal state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great majesty.

XIV.

With lofty eyes, half loth to look so low,
She thanked them in her disdainful wise,
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to show
Of Princess worthy; scarce them bade arise.
Her Lords and Ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to strangers sight:
Some frounce their curled hair in courtly guise,
Some pranck their ruffs, and others trimly dight
Their gay attire: each others greater pride does spight.

XV.

Goodly they all that Knight do entertain,
Right glad with him to have increaſt their crew:
But to *Dueſs'* each one himſelf did pain
All kindneſs and fair courteſie to ſhew;
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the ſtout Fairy 'mongſt the middeſt croud,
Thought all their glory vain in knightly view,
And that great Princeſs too exceeding proud,
That to ſtrange Knight no better countenance allow'd.

XVI.

Suddain up-riſeth from her ſtately place
The Royal Dame, and for her coach doth call:
All hurtlen forth, and ſhe with princely pace,
As fair *Aurora* in her purple pall,
Out of the eaſt the dawning day doth call:
So forth ſhe comes: her brightneſs broad doth blaze:
The heaps of people thronging in the hall,
Do ride each other upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eyes amaze.

XVII.

So forth ſhe comes, and to her coach does climb,
Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
That ſeem'd as freſh as *Flora* in her prime,
And ſtrove to match, in royal rich array,
Great *Junos* golden chair, the which they ſay
The Gods ſtand gazing on, when ſhe does ride,
To *Jove*'s high houſe through heavens braſs-paved way
Drawn of fair Peacocks, that excell in pride,
And full of *Argus* eyes their tails diſſpredden wide.

XVIII.

But this was drawn of ſix unequal beaſts.
On which her ſix ſage Counſellors did ride,
Taught to obey their beaſtial beheaſts,
With like conditions to their kinds applide:
Of which the firſt that all the reſt did guide,
Was ſluggiſh *Idleneſs*; the nurſe of ſin;
Upon a ſlothful Aſſe he choſe to ride,
Arraid in habit black, and amis thin,
Like to an holy Monk, the ſervice to begin.

XIX.

And in his hand his porteſs ſtill he bare,
That much was worn, but therein little read:
For, of devotion he had little care,
Still drown'd in ſleep, and moſt of his days dead;
Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May ſeem the waine was very evil led,
When ſuch an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went, or elſe aſtray.

XX.

From worldly cares himſelf he did eſloin,
And greatly ſhunned manly exerciſe!
For every work he chalenged eſſoine,
For contemplation ſake: yet otherwiſe,
His life he led in lawleſs riotiſe;
By which he grew to grievous malady;
For in his luſtleſs limbs through evil guiſe
A ſhaking fever reign'd continually:
Such one was *Idleneſs*, firſt of this company.

XXI.

And by his ſide rode loathſome *Gluttony*,
Deformed creature, on a filthy ſwine,
His belly was up-blown with luxury,
And eke with fatneſs ſwollen were his eyne:
And like a Crane his neck was long and fine,
With which he ſwallow'd up exceſſive feaſt,
For want whereof poor people oft did pine;
And all the way moſt like a brutiſh beaſt,
He ſpewed up his gorge, that all did him deteaſt.

XXII.

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

XXIII.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unable once to ſtir or go,
Not meet to be of counſel to a King,
Whoſe mind in meat and drink was drowned ſo,
That from his friend he ſeldom knew his foe:
Full of diſeaſes was his carcaſs blue,
And a dry dropſie through his fleſh did flow;
Which by miſdiet daily greater grew;
Such one was *Gluttony*, the ſecond of that crew.

XXIV.

And next to him rode luſtful *Lechery*,
Upon a bearded Goat, whoſe rugged hair
And whally eyes (the ſign of jealouſie)
Was like the perſon ſelf, whom he did bear:
Who rough, and black, and filthy did appear,
Unſeemly man to pleaſe fair Ladies eye;
Yet he, of Ladies oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid ſtanden by:
O! who does know the bent of womens fantaſy.

XXV.

In a green gown he clothed was full fair,
Which underneath did hide his filthineſs;
And in his hand a burning heart he bare,
Full of vain follies, and new-fangleneſs:
For, he was falſe, and fraught with fickleneſs,
And learned had to love with ſecret looks,
And well could dance and ſing with ruefulneſs,
And fortunes tell, and read in loving books,
And thouſand others ways, to bait his fleſhly hooks.

XXVI.

Inconſtant man, that loved all he ſaw,
And luſted after all that he did love,
Ne would his looſer life be ty'd to law,
But joy'd weak womens hearts to tempt and prove
If from their loyal loves he might them move;
Which lewdneſs, fill'd him with reproachful pain
Of that foul evil which all men reprove;
That rots the marrow, and conſumes the brain:
Such one was *Lechery* the third of all this train.

XXVII.

And greedy *Avarice* by him did ride,
Upon a Camel loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hung on either ſide,
With precious metal, full as they might hold,
And in his lap an heap of coin he told;
For of his wicked pelf his God he made,
And unto hell himſelf for money ſold;
Accurſed uſury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equal ballance weigh'd.

XXVIII.

His life was nigh unto death's door yplact,
And thred-bare coat, and cobled ſhoes he ware,
Ne ſcarce good morſel all his life did taſt,
But both from back and belly ſtill did ſpare,
To fill his bags, and riches to compare;
Yet child ne kinſman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly fear to loſe his own,
He led a wretched life unto himſelf unknown.

XXIX.

Moſt wretched wight, whom nothing might ſuffice,
Whoſe greedy luſt did lack in greateſt ſtore,
Whoſe need had end, but no end covetiſe,
Whoſe wealth was want, whoſe plenty made him poor,
Who had enough, yet wiſhed ever more;
A vile diſeaſe, and eke in foot and hand
A griveous gout tormented him full ſore,
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor ſtand.
Such one was *Avarice*, the fourth of this fair band.

XXX.

And next to him malicious *Envy* rode,
Upon a ravenous Wolf, and ſtill did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poiſon ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his own maw
At neighbours wealth, 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 harm, he wexed wondrous glad.

XXXI.

All in a kirtle of discolour'd Say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosom secretly there lay
An hateful Snake, the which his tail up-ties
In many folds, and mortal sting implies.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
Those heaps of gold with griple covetise,
And grudged at the great felicity
Of proud *Lucifera*, and his own company.

XXXII.

He hated all good works and vertuous deeds,
And him no less, that any like did use:
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His alms for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse;
And eke the verse of famous Poets wit
He does backbite, and spiteful poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writ:
Such one vile *Envy* was, that fifth in row did sit.

XXXIII.

And him beside rides fierce revenging *Wrath*,
Upon a Lyon, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his head;
His eyes did hurl forth sparkles firy red,
And stared stern on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming dead;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.

XXXIV.

His ruffin raiment all was stain'd with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through unadvised rashness woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
But when the furious fit was over-past,
His cruel facts he often would repent;
Yet wilfull man he never would forecast,
How many mischiefs should ensue his heedless hast.

XXXV.

Full many mischiefs follow cruel *Wrath*;
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife:
And fretting grief the enemy of life:
All these, and many evils more haunt ire,
The swelling spleen, and phrenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsey, and Saint *Francis* fire:
Such one was *Wrath*, the last of this ungodly tire.

XXXVI.

And after all upon the wagon beam
Rode *Satan*, with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the lazie team,
So oft as *Sloth* still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Shouting for joy, and still before their way
A foggy mist had cover'd all the land;
And underneath their feet, all scattred lay
Dead sculls and bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

XXXVII.

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
To take the solace of the open air,
And in fresh flowing fields themselves to sport;
Emongst the rest rode that false Lady fair,
The foul *Duessa*, next unto the chair
Of proud *Lucifra*, as one of the train:
But that good Knight would not so nigh repair,
Himself estranging from their joyance vain,
Whose fellowship seem'd far unfit for warlike swain.

XXXVIII.

So having solaced themselves a space,
With pleasance of the breathing fields yfed,
They back returned to the princely place;
Whereas an errant Knight in arms ycled,
And heath'nish shield, wherein with letters red
Was writ *Sans-joy*, they new arrived find:
Enflam'd with fury and fierce hardy-head,
He seem'd in heart to harbour thoughts unkind,
And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

XXXIX.

Who when the ſhamed ſhield of ſlain *Sans-foy*
He ſpide with that ſame fairy champion's page,
Bewraying him that did of late deſtroy
His eldeſt brother, burning all with rage
He to him leapt, and that ſame envious gage
Of Victor's glory from him ſnatcht away:
But th' Elfin Knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Diſdain'd to loſe the meed he won in fray,
And him rencountring fierce, reskew'd the noble prey.

XL.

Therewith they 'gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battle ready to darrain,
And claſh their ſhields, and ſhake their ſwords on high,
That with their ſtur they troubled all the train;
Till that great Queen upon eternal pain
Of high diſpleaſure, that enſewen might,
Commanded them their fury to refrain,
And if that either to that ſhield had right,
In equal lifts they ſhould the morrow next it fight.

XLI.

Ah dereſt Dame (quoth then the Paynim bold)
Pardon the error of enraged wight,
Whom great grief made forget the reins to hold
Of reaſon's rule, to ſee this recreant Knight;
No Knight but treachour full of falſe deſpight
And ſhameful treaſon, who through guile hath ſlain
The proweſt Knight that ever field did fight,
Even ſtout *Sans-foy* (O! who can then refrain?)
Whoſe ſhield he bears renverſt, the more to heap diſdain.

XLII.

And to augment the glory of his guile,
His dereſt love the fair *Fideſſa* loe
Is there poſſeſſed of the traitour vile,
Who reaps the harveſt ſowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloody field, and bought with woe:
That brother's hand ſhall dearly well requight,
So be, O Queen, you equal favour ſhow.
Him little anſwered th' angry Elfin Knight;
He never meant with words, but ſwords, to plead his right.

XLIII.

But threw his gauntlet, as a ſacred pledge
His cauſe in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with hearts on edge,
To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
That night they paſs in joy and jollity,
Feaſting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For ſteward was exceſſive *Gluttony*,
That of his plenty poured forth to all;
Which doen, the chamberlain *Sloth* did unto reſt them call.

XLIV.

Now whenas darkſome night had all diſplaid
Her coal-black curtain over brighteſt ſky,
The warlike youths on dainty couches laid,
Did chace away ſweet ſleep from ſluggiſh eye,
To muſe on means of hoped victory.
But whenas *Morpheus* had with leaden mace
Arreſted all that courtly company,
Up-roſe *Dueſſa* from her reſting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with ſilent pace.

XLV.

Whom broad awake ſhe finds in troublous fit,
Forecaſting how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoves with ſpeeches ſeeming fit:
Ah dear *Sans-joy*, next deareſt to *Sans-foy*,
Cauſe of my new grief, cauſe of my new joy;
Joyous, to ſee his image in mine eye,
And griev'd, to think how foe did him deſtroy,
That was the flowre of grace and chevalry;
Lo, his *Fideſſa*, to thy ſecret faith I fly.

XLVI.

With gentle words he 'gan her fairly greet,
And bade ſay on the ſecret of her heart.
Then ſighing ſoft, I learn that little ſweet
Oft tempred is (quoth ſhe) with muchell ſmart:
For ſince my breaſt was launct with lovely dart
Of dear *Sans-foy*, I never joyed howre,
But in eternal woes my weaker heart
Have waſted, loving him with all my powre,
And for his ſake have felt full many an heavy ſtowre.

XLVII.

At laſt, when perils all I weened paſt,
And hop'd to reap the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was caſt,
By this falſe faytor, who unworthy were
His worthy ſhield, whom he with guileful ſnare
Entrapped ſlew, and brought to ſhameful grave.
Me ſilly maid away with him he bare,
And ever ſince hath kept in darkſome cave,
For that I would not yield, that to *Sans-foy* I gave.

XLVIII.

But ſince fair ſun hath ſperſt that louring cloud,
And to my loathed life now ſhews ſome light,
Under your beams I will me ſafely ſhroud,
From dreaded ſtorm of his diſdainful ſpight:
To you th' inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers praiſe, to you eke longs his love.
Let not his love, let not his reſtleſs ſpright
Be unreveng'd, that calls to you above
From wandring *Stygian* ſhores, where it doth endleſs move.

XLIX.

Thereto ſaid he, fair Dame be nought diſmaid
For ſorrows paſt; their grief is with them gone:
Ne yet of preſent peril be affraid;
For, needleſs fear did never vantage none:
And helpleſs hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is *Sans-foy*, his vital pains are paſt,
Though grieved ghoſt for vengeance deep doth grone:
He lives that ſhall him pay his duties laſt,
And guilty Elfin blood ſhall ſacrifice in haſte.

L.

O! but I fear the fickle freaks (quoth ſhe)
Of fortune falſe, and odds of arms in field.
Why Dame (quoth he) what odds can ever be,
Where both do fight alike, to win, or yield?
Yea, but (quoth ſhe) he bears a charmed ſhield,
And eke enchaunted arms, that none can pierce,
Ne none can wound the man that does them wield.
Charm'd or enchaunted (anſwerd he then fierce)
I no whit reck, ne you the like need to rehearſe.

LI.

But fair *Fideſſa*, ſithence fortune's guile,
Or enemies powre hath now captived you,
Return from whence ye came, and reſt awhile
Till morrow next, that I the Elf ſubdew,
And with *Sans-foyes* dead dowry you endew.
Ay me, that is a double death (ſhe ſaid)
With proud foes ſight my ſorrow to renew:
Where ever yet I be, my ſecret ayd
Shall follow you. So paſſing forth, ſhe him obey'd.

CANTO V.

The faithful Knight in equal field
Subdues his faithleſs foe:
Whom falſe Dueſſa *ſaves, and for*
His cure to hell does go.

I.

THE noble heart, that harbours virtuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never reſt, until it forth have brought
Th' eternal brood of glory excellent:
Such reſtleſs paſſion did all night torment
The flaming courage of that Fairy Knight,
Deviſing, how that doughty turnament
With greateſt honour he atchieven might;
Still did he wake, and ſtill did watch for dawning light.

II.

At laſt, the golden oriental gate
Of greateſt heaven 'gan to open fair,
And *Phœbus* freſh, as bridegroom to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, ſhaking his dewy hair:
And hurld his gliſtring beams through gloomy air.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, ſtraightway
He ſtarted up, and did himſelf prepare.
In ſun-bright arms, and battailous array:
For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

III.

And forth he comes into the common hall,
Where early wait him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to ſtranger Knights may fall.
There many minſtrels maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
And many bards, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly,
And many chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and wars for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

IV.

Soon after comes the cruel Sarazin,
In woven mail all armed warily,
And ſternly looks at him, who not a pin
Does care for look of living creatures eye.
They bring them wines of *Greece* and *Araby*,
And dainty ſpices fetcht from furtheſt *Ind*,
To kindle heat of courage privily:
And in the wine a ſolemn oath they bind
T'obſerve the ſacred laws of arms that are aſſign'd.

V.

At laſt, forth comes that far renowned Queen,
With royal pomp and princely majeſty;
She is ybrought unto a paled green,
And placed under ſtately canopy,
The warlike feats of both thoſe Knights to ſee.
On th' other ſide, in all mens open view
Dueſſa placed is, and on a tree
Sans-foy his ſhield is hang'd with bloody hue:
Both thoſe the lawrel girlonds to the victor due.

VI.

A ſhrilling trumpet ſounded from on high,
And unto battle bade themſelves addreſs:
Their ſhining ſhields about their wriſts they tye,
And burning blades about their heads do bleſs,
The inſtruments of wrath and heavineſs:
With greedy force each other doth aſſail,
And ſtrike ſo fiercely, that they do impreſs
Deep dinted furrows in the battred mail;
The iron walls to ward their blows are weak and frail.

VII.

The Sarazin was ſtout, and wondrous ſtrong,
And heaped blows like iron hammers great:
For after blood and vengeance he did long.
The Knight was fierce and full of youthly heat;
And doubled ſtrokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For all for praiſe and honour he did fight.
Both ſtriken ſtrike, and beaten both do beat,
That from their ſhields forth flyeth fiery light,
And helmets hewen deep, ſhew marks of eithers might.

VIII.

So th' one for wrong, the other ſtrives for right:
As when a *Griffon*, ſeized of his prey,
A Dragon fierce encountreth in his flight,
Through wideſt ayr making his idle way,
That would his rightful ravine rend away:
With hideous horror both together ſmite,
And ſouce ſo ſore, that they the heav'ns affray:
The wiſe ſooth-ſayer, ſeeing ſo ſad ſight,
Th' amazed vulgar tells of wars and mortal fight.

IX.

So th' one for wrong, the other ſtrives for right,
And each to deadly ſhame would drive his foe:
The cruel ſteel ſo greedily doth bite
In tender fleſh, that ſtreams of blood down flow,
With which the arms, that earſt ſo bright did ſhow,
Into a pure vermilion now are dy'd:
Great ruth in all the gazers hearts did grow,
Seeing the gored wounds to gape ſo wide,
That victory they dare not wiſh to either ſide.

X

At laſt, the Paynim chanct to caſt his eye,
His ſuddain eye, flaming with wrathful fire,
Upon his brothers ſhield, which hung thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging ire,
And ſaid, ah wretched ſon of woeful ſire,
Doſt thou ſit wayling by black *Stygian* lake,
Whilſt here thy ſhield is hang'd for victors hire,
And ſluggiſh German doſt thy forces ſlake,
To after-ſend his foe, that him may overtake?

XI.

Go caitive Elf, him quickly overtake,
And ſoon redeem from his long wandring woe.
Go guilty ghoſt, to him my meſſage make,
That I his ſhield have quit from dying foe.
Therewith upon his creſt he ſtrook him ſo,
That twice he reeled, ready twice to fall.
End of the doubtful battle deemed tho
The lookers on, and loud to him 'gan call
The falſe *Dueſſa*, thine the ſhield, and I, and all.

XII.

Soon as the Fairy heard his Lady ſpeak,
Out of his ſwouning dream he 'gan awake,
And quickning faith, that earſt was woxen weak,
The creeping deadly cold away did ſhake:
Tho mov'd with wrath, and ſhame, and Ladies ſake,
Of all attonce he caſt aveng'd to be,
And with ſo' exceeding fury at him ſtrake,
That forced him to ſtoop upon his knee.
Had he not ſtooped ſo, he ſhould have cloven be.

XIII.

And to him ſaid, go now proud miſcreant,
Thy ſelf thy meſſage do to German dear;
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:
Go, ſay his foe thy ſhield with his doth bear.
Therewith his heavy hand he high 'gan rear,
Him to have ſlain; when lo, a darkſome cloud
Upon him fell: he no where doth appear,
But vaniſht is. The Elf him calls aloud,
But anſwer none receives: the darkneſs him does ſhroud.

XIV.

In haſte *Dueſſa* from her place aroſe,
And to him running ſaid, O proweſt Knight,
That ever Lady to her love did choſe,
Let now abate the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious deſpight,
And bloody vengeance; Lo, th' infernal powres
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to *Plutos* baleful bowres.
The conqueſt yours, I yours, the ſhield, and glory yours.

XV.

Not all ſo ſatisfide, with greedy eye
He ſought, all round about, his thirſty blade
To bathe in blood of faithleſs enemy;
Who all that while lay hid in ſecret ſhade:
He ſtands amazed, how he thence ſhould fade.
At laſt the trumpets, triumph ſound on high,
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victory,
And to him brought the ſhield, the cauſe of enmity.

XVI.

Wherewith he goeth to that ſoveraine Queen;
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes preſent of his ſervice ſeen:
Which ſhe accepts, with thanks, and goodly gree,
Greatly advancing his gay chevalree;
So marcheth home, and by her takes the Knight,
Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on height,
That all the air it fills, and flyes to heaven bright.

XVII.

Home is he brought, and laid in ſumptuous bed:
Where many ſkilful leaches him abide,
To ſalve his hurts, that yet ſtill freſhly bled.
In wine and oyl they waſh his woundes wide,
And ſoftly 'gan embalm on every ſide.
And all the while moſt heavenly melody
About the bed ſweet muſick did divide,
Him to beguile of grief and agony:
And all the while *Dueſſa* wept full bitterly.

XVIII.

As when a weary traveller that ſtrays
By muddy ſhore of broad ſeven-mouthed *Nile*,
Unweeting of the perillous wandring ways,
Doth meet a cruel crafty crocodile,
Which in falſe grief hiding his harmful guile,
Doth weep full ſore, and ſheddeth tender tears:
The fooliſh man, that pities all this while
His mournful plight, is ſwallow'd up unwares,
Forgetful of his own, that minds anothers cares.

XIX.

So wept *Duessa* until even-tide,
That shining lamps in *Joves* high house were light
Then forth she rose, ne longer would abide,
But comes unto the place, where th' heathen Knight
In slumbring swoun nigh void of vital spright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wail his woeful case she would not stay,
But to the eastern coast of heaven makes speedy way.

XX.

Where griesly *Night*, with visage deadly sad,
That *Phœbus* chearful face durst never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
She finds forth coming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the door her iron charet stood,
Already harnessed for journey new;
And coalblack steeds yborn of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.

XXI.

Who when she saw *Duessa* sunny bright,
Adorn'd 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 appear)
And would have back retired to her cave,
Until the Witches speech she 'gan to hear,
Saying, Yet oh thou dreaded Dame, I crave
Abide, till I have told the message which I have.

XXII.

She staid, and forth *Duessa* 'gan proceed,
O thou most ancient Grandmother of all,
More old than *Jove*, whom thou at first didst breed,
Or that great house of Gods celestial,
Which wast begot in *Dæmogorgans* hall,
And saw'st the secrets of the world unmade,
Why suffredst thou thy Nephews dear to fall
With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrayd?
Lo where the stout *Sans-joy* doth sleep in deadly shade.

XXIII.

And him before, I ſaw with bitter eyes
The bold *Sans-foy* ſhrink underneath his ſpear;
And now the prey of fowls in field he lyes,
Nor waild of friends, nor laid on groaning bier,
That whylome was to me too dearly dear.
O! what of Gods then boots it to be born,
If old *Aveugles* ſons ſo evil hear?
Or who ſhall not great *Nightes* children ſcorn,
When two of three her Nephews are ſo foul forlorn?

XXIV.

Up then, up dreary Dame of darkneſs Queen,
Go gather up the reliques of thy race,
Or elſe go them avenge, and let be ſeen
That dreaded *Night* in brigtheſt day hath place,
And can the children of fair *Light* deface.
Her feeling ſpeeches ſome compaſſion mov'd
In heart, and change in that great mothers face:
Yet pity in her heart was never prov'd
Till then: for evermore ſhe hated, never lov'd.

XXV.

And ſaid, dear Daughter rightly may I rue
The fall of famous children born of me,
And good ſucceſſes, which their foes enſue:
But who can turn the ſtream of deſtiny,
Or break the chain of ſtrong neceſſity,
Which faſt is tide to *Joves* eternal ſeat?
The ſons of *Day* he favoureth, I ſee,
And by my ruins thinks to make them great:
To make one great by others loſs, is bad excheat.

XXVI.

Yet ſhall they not eſcape ſo freely all;
For ſome ſhall pay the price of others guilt:
And he the man that made *Sans-foy* to fall,
Shall with his own blood price that he hath ſpilt.
But what art thou, that tellſt of Nephews kilt?
I that do ſeem not I, *Dueſſa* am
(Quoth ſhe) how ever now in garments gilt,
And gorgeous gold arrayd I to thee came;
Dueſſa I, the Daughter of deceit and ſhame.

XXVII.

Then bowing down her aged back, ſhe kiſt
The wicked Witch; ſaying, in that fair face,
The falſe reſemblance of deceit, I wiſt,
Did cloſely lurk; yet ſo true-ſeeming grace
It carried, that I ſcarce in darkſome place
Could it diſcern, though I the mother be
Of falſhood, and root of *Dueſſas* race.
O welcome child, whom I have long'd to ſee,
And now have ſeen unwares. Lo, now I go with thee.

XXVIII.

Then to her iron wagon ſhe betakes,
And with her bears the foul ill-favour'd Witch:
Through mirkſome air her ready way ſhe makes.
Her twyfold teme (of which, two black as pitch,
And two were brown, yet each to each unlich)
Did ſoftly ſwim away, ne ever ſtamp,
Unleſs ſhe chaunct their ſtubborn mouths to twitch;
Then foaming tarre, their bridles they would champ
And trampling the fine element, would fiercely ramp.

XXIX.

So well they ſped, that they be come at length
Unto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
Devoyd of outward ſenſe, and native ſtrength,
Covered with charmed cloud from view of day,
And ſight of men, ſince his late luckleſs fray.
His cruel wounds with cruddy blood congeal'd.
They binden up ſo wiſely as they may,
And handle ſoftly, till they can be heal'd:
So lay him in her charet, cloſe in night conceal'd.

XXX.

And all the while ſhe ſtood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never ceaſe to bay;
As giving warning of th' unwonted ſound,
With which her iron wheels did them affray,
And her dark grieſly look them much diſmay;
The meſſenger of death, the ghaſtly Owl,
With dreary ſhrieks did alſo her bewray:
And hungry Wolves continually did howl,
At her abhorred face, ſo filthy and ſo foul.

XXXI.

Thence turning back in ſilence ſoft they ſtole,
And brought the heavy corſe with eaſie pace
To yawning gulf of deep *Avernus* hole.
By that ſame hole, an entrance, dark and bace
With ſmoak and ſulphure hiding all the place,
Deſcends to hell: there creature never paſt,
That back returned without heavenly grace;
But dreadful *Furies*, which their chains have braſt,
And damned ſprites ſent forth to make ill men aghaſt.

XXXII.

By that ſame way the direful Dames do drive
Their mournful charet, fill'd with ruſty blood,
And down to *Plutos* houſe are come bilive:
Which paſſing through, on every ſide them ſtood
The trembling ghoſts with ſad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and ſtaring wide
With ſtony eyes; and all the helliſh brood
Of fiends infernal flockt on every ſide,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durſt ride.

XXXIII.

They paſs the bitter waves of *Acheron*,
Where many ſouls ſit wayling woefully;
And come to fiery flood of *Phlegeton*,
Whereas the damned ghoſts in torments fry,
And with ſharp ſhrilling ſhrieks do bootleſs cry,
Curſing high *Jove*, the which them thither ſent.
The houſe of endleſs pain is built thereby,
In which ten thouſand ſorts of puniſhment
The curſed creatures do eternally torment.

XXXIV.

Before the threſhold, dreadful *Cerberus*
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thouſand Adders venemous,
And lolled forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he 'gan to rear his briſtles ſtrong,
And felly gnarre, until days enemy
Did him appeaſe; then down his tail he hong,
And ſuffered them to paſſen quietly:
For ſhe in hell and heaven had power equally.

XXXV.

There was *Ixion* turned on a wheel,
For daring tempt the Queen of heaven to ſin;
And *Siſyphus* an huge round ſtone did reel
Againſt an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirſty *Tantalus* hung by the chin;
And *Tityus* fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhœus joints were ſtretched on a gin,
Theſeus condemn'd to endleſs ſloth by law,
And fifty Siſters water in leak veſſels draw.

XXXVI.

They all beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their work, unmindful of their ſmart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them do pace,
Till they be come unto the furtheſt part:
Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,
Deep, dark, uneaſie, doleful, comfortleſs;
In which ſad *Æſculapius* far apart
Empriſond was in chains remedileſs,
For that *Hippolytus* rent corſe he did redreſs.

XXXVII.

Hippolytus a jolly huntſman was,
That wont in charet chace the foming bore;
He all his peers in beauty did ſurpaſs,
But Ladies love, as loſs of time, forbore:
His wanton ſtepdame loved him the more.
But when ſhe ſaw her offred ſweets refuſd,
Her love ſhe turn'd to hate, and him before
His father fierce, of treaſon falſe accuſed,
And with her jealous terms, his open ears abuſd.

XXXVIII.

Who, all in rage, his Sea-god ſyre beſought
Some curſed vengeance on his ſon to caſt:
From ſurging gulf two monſters ſtraight were brought,
With dread whereof his chaceing ſteeds aghaſt,
Both charet ſwift and huntſman overcaſt.
His goodly corps on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite diſmembred, and his members chaſt
Scattred on every mountain, as he went,
That of *Hippolytus* was left no moniment.

XXXIX.

His cruel ſtepdame ſeeing what was done,
Her wicked days with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing th' innocence of her ſon.
Which hearing, his raſh Sire began to rend
His hair, and haſty tongue, that did offend:
Tho gathering up the relicks of his ſmart
By *Dians* means, who was *Hippolyts* friend,
Them brought to *Æſculape*, that by his art
Did heal them all again, and joyned every part.

XL.

Such wondrous ſcience in mans wit to reign
When *Jove* aviz'd, that could the dead revive,
And fates expired could renew again,
Of endleſs life he might him not deprive,
But unto hell did thruſt him down alive,
With flaſhing thunderbolt ywounded ſore:
Where long remaining, he did always ſtrive
Himſelf with ſalves to health for to reſtore,
And ſlake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

XLI.

There ancient *Night* arriving, did alight
From her nigh weary wain, and in her arms
To *Æſculapius* brought the wounded Knight:
Whom having ſoftly diſarraid of arms,
Tho 'gan to him diſcover all his harms,
Beſeeching him with prayer, and with praiſe,
If either ſalves, or oyls, or herbs, or charms
A fordone wight from door of death mote raiſe,
He would at her requeſt prolong her Nephews days.

XLII.

Ah Dame (quoth he) thou tempteſt me in vain,
To dare the thing which daily yet I rue,
And the old cauſe of my continued pain
With like attempt to like end to renue.
Is not enough, that thruſt from heaven due
Here endleſs penance for one fault I pay,
But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
Thou biddeſt me to eke? can *Night* defray
The wrath of thundring *Jove*, that rules both night and day.

XLIII.

Not ſo, quoth ſhe: but ſith that heavens King
From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
Why feareſt thou, that canſt not hope for thing,
And feareſt not, that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of everlaſting *Night?*
Go to then, O thou far renowned ſon
Of great *Apollo*, ſhew thy famous might
In medicine, that elſe hath to thee won
Great pains, and greater praiſe, both never to be done.

XLIV.

Her words prevaild: and then the learned leach
His cunning hand 'gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things elſe, the which his art did teach:
Which having ſeen, from thence aroſe away
The mother of dread darkneſs, and let ſtay
Aveugles ſon there in the leaches cure,
And back returning took her wonted way,
To run her timely race, whilſt *Phœbus* pure
In weſtern waves his weary wagon did recure.

XLV.

The falſe *Dueſſa*, leaving noyous *Night*,
Return'd to ſtately palace of Dame pride;
Where when ſhe came, ſhe found the Fairy Knight
Departed thence, albe his woundes wide,
Not throughly heal'd, unready were to ride.
Good cauſe he had to haſten thence away;
For on a day his wary Dwarf had ſpide,
Where in a dungeon deep huge numbers lay
Of caitive wretched thrals, that wailed night and day.

XLVI.

A rueful ſight, as could be ſeen with eye;
Of whom he learned had in ſecret wiſe
The hidden cauſe of their captivity,
How mortgaging their lives to *Covetiſe*,
Through waſteful pride, and wanton riotiſe,
They were by law of that proud tyranneſs
Provokt with *Wrath*, and *Envies* falſe ſurmiſe,
Condemned to that dungeon mercileſs,
Where they ſhould live in woe, and dye in wretchedneſs.

XLVII.

There was that great proud King of *Babylon*,
That would compel all nations to adore,
And him as only God to call upon,
Till through celeſtial doom thrown out of door,
Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore.
There alſo was King *Craſus*, that enhaunſt
His heart too high through his great riches ſtore;
And proud *Antiochus*, the which advaunct
His curſed hand 'gainſt God, and on his altars daunct.

XLVIII.

And them long time before, great *Nimrod* was,
That firſt the world with ſword and fire warrayd;
And after him, old *Ninus* far did paſs
In princely pomp, of all the world obayd:
There alſo was that mighty Monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native ſire did foul up-braid,
And would as *Ammons* ſon be magnifyde
Till ſcorn'd of God and man a ſhameful death he dyde.

XLIX.

All theſe together in one heap were thrown,
Like carkaſes of beaſts in butchers ſtall.
And in another corner wide were ſtrown
The antique ruins of the *Romans* fall;
Great *Romulus* the Grandſire of them all,
Proud *Tarquin*, and too lordly *Lentulus*,
Stout *Scipio*, and ſtubborn *Hannibal*,
Ambitious *Sylla*, and ſtern *Marius*,
High *Cæſar*, great *Pompey*, and fierce *Antonius*.

L.

Amongſt theſe mighty men, were women mixt,
Proud women, vain, forgetful of their yoke:
The bold *Semiramis*, whoſe ſides transfixt
With ſons own blade, her foul reproches ſpoke;
Fair *Sthenobœa*, that herſelf did choke
With wilful cord, for wanting of her will;
High minded *Cleopatra*, that with ſtroke
Of Aſpes ſting herſelf did ſtoutly kill;
And thouſands more the like, that did that dungeon fill;

LI.

Besides the endless routs of wretched thralls,
Which thither were assembled day by day,
From all the world after their woeful falls,
Through wicked pride, and wasted wealths decay.
But most of all, which in that dungeon lay,
Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres,
Where they in idle pomp, or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods, and thriftless howres,
And lastly, thrown themselves into these heavy stowres.

LII.

Whose case whenas the careful Dwarf had told,
And made ensample of their mournful sight
Unto his master, he no longer would
There dwell in peril of like painful plight,
But early rose and ere that dawning light
Discover'd had the world to heaven wide,
He by a privy postern took his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spide:
For doubtless death ensued, if any him descride

LIII.

Scarce could he footing find in that foul way,
For many corses, like a great lay-stall
Of murdred men which therein strowed lay,
Without remorse, or decent funeral:
Which all through that great Princess pride did fall
And came to shameful end. And them beside
Forth riding underneath the castle wall,
A dunghill of dead carcases he spide,
The dreadful spectacle of that sad house of *Pride*.

CANTO VI.

From lawleſs luſt by wondrous grace
Fair Una *is releaſt:*
Whom ſalvage nation does adore,
And learns her wiſe behaſt.

I.

AS when a ſhip, that flyes fair under ſail,
An hidden rock eſcaped hath unwares,
That lay in wait her wrack for to bewail,
The mariner yet half amazed ſtares
At peril paſt, and yet in doubt ne dares
To joy at his fool hardy overſight:
So doubly is diſtreſt twixt joy and cares
The dreadleſs courage of this Elfin Knight,
Having eſcapt ſo ſad enſamples in his ſight.

II.

Yet ſad he was that his too haſty ſpeed,
The fair *Dueſs'* had forct him leave behind;
And yet more ſad, that *Una* his dear dreed
Her truth had ſtain'd with treaſon ſo unkind;
Yet crime in her could never creature find,
But for his love, and for her own ſelf ſake,
She wandred had from one to other *Ind*,
Him for to ſeek, ne ever would forſake,
Till her unwares the fierce *Sans-loy* did overtake.

III.

Who, after *Archimagoes* foul defeat,
Led her away into a foreſt wild,
And turning wrathful fire to luſtful heat,
With beaſtly ſin thought her to have defil'd,
And made the vaſſal of his pleaſures vild,
Yet firſt he caſt by treaty, and by trains,
Her to perſwade, that ſtubborn fort to yield:
For, greater conqueſt of hard love he gains,
That works it to his will, than he that it conſtrains.

IV.

With fawning words he courted her awhile,
And looking lovely, and oft ſighing ſore,
Her conſtant heart did tempt with diverſe guile:
But words, and looks, and ſighs ſhe did abhore
As rock of diamond, ſtedfaſt evermore.
Yet for to feed his fiery luſtful eye,
He ſnatcht the veil, that hung her face before;
Then 'gan her beauty ſhine, as brighteſt ſky,
And burnt his beaſtly heart t'efforce her chaſtity.

V.

So when he ſaw his flatt'ring arts to fail,
And ſubtile engines beat from battery,
With greedy force he 'gan the fort aſſail,
Whereof he ween'd poſſeſſed ſoon to be,
And with rich ſpoil of ranſackt chaſtity.
Ah heavens! that do this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged ſee,
How can ye vengeance juſt ſo long with-hold,
And hurl not flaſhing flames upon that Paynim bold?

VI.

The pitious maiden, careful, comfortleſs,
Does throw out thrilling ſhrieks, and ſhrieking cryes,
The laſt vain help of womens great diſtreſs,
And with loud plaints importuneth the ſkyes,
That molten ſtars do drop like weeping eyes;
And *Phœbus* flying ſo moſt ſhameful ſight,
His bluſhing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hides for ſhame. What wit of mortal wight
Can now deviſe to quit a thrall from ſuch a plight?

VII.

Eternal providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appears can make herſelf a way:
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons claws to pluck the griped prey.
Her ſhrill out-cryes and ſhrieks ſo loud did bray,
That all the woods and foreſts did reſound;
A troop of *Faunes* and *Satyrs* far away
Within the wood were dancing in a round,
Whiles old *Sylvanus* ſlept in ſhady arbour ſound.

VIII.

Who, when they heard that pitious ſtrained voice,
In haſte forſook their rural meriment,
And ran towards the far rebounded noiſe,
To weet what wight ſo loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin eſpide,
A rude miſhapen, monſtrous rablement,
Whoſe like he never ſaw, he durſt not bide,
But got his ready ſteed, and faſt away 'gan ride.

IX.

The wild Wood-gods, arrived in the place,
There find the virgin doleful deſolate,
With ruffled rayments, and fair blubbred face,
As her outragious foe had left her late,
And trembling yet through fear of former hate.
All ſtand amazed at ſo uncouth ſight,
And 'gin to pity her unhappy ſtate:
All ſtand aſtonied at her beauty bright,
In their rude eyes unworthy of ſo woeful plight.

X.

She more amaz'd in double dread doth dwell;
And every tender part for fear does ſhake:
As when a greedy Wolf through hunger fell
A ſilly Lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he means his bloody feaſt to make,
A Lyon ſpyes faſt running towards him,
The innocent prey in haſte he does forſake,
Which quit from death, yet quakes in every lim.
With change of fear, to ſee the Lyon look ſo grim.

XI.

Such fearful fit aſſaid her trembling heart,
Ne word to ſpeak, ne joynt to move ſhe had:
The ſalvage nation feel her ſecret ſmart,
And read her ſorrow in her count'nance ſad;
Their frowning foreheads with rough horns yclad,
And ruſtick horror all aſide do lay,
And gently grinning, ſhew a ſemblance glad
To comfort her, and fear to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach, her humbly to obey.

XII.

The doubtful damzel dare not yet commit
Her ſingle perſon to their barbarous truth;
But ſtill twixt fear and hope amaz'd does ſit,
Late learn'd what harm to haſty truſt enſuth:
They, in compaſſion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beauty ſoveraine,
Are won with pity and unwonted ruth,
And all proſtrate upon the lowly plain,
Do kiſs her feet, and fawn on her with count'nance fain.

XIII.

Their hearts ſhe gueſſeth by their humble guiſe,
And yields her to extremity of time;
So from the ground ſhe fearleſs doth ariſe,
And walketh forth without ſuſpect of crime:
They all, as glad as birds of joyous prime,
Thence lead her forth, about her dancing round,
Shouting, and ſinging all a Shepherds rime,
And with green branches ſtrowing all the ground.
Do worſhip her as Queen, with olive girlond cround.

XIV.

And all the way their merry pipes they ſound,
That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring
And with their horned feet do wear the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleaſant ſpring.
So towards old *Sylvanus* they her bring:
Who with the noiſe awaked, cometh out,
To weet the cauſe, his weak ſteps governing,
And aged limbs on cypreſs ſtadle ſtout,
And with an ivy twine his waſte is girt about.

XV.

Far off he wonders, what them makes ſo glad;
Or *Bacchus* merry fruit they did invent,
Or *Cybels* frantick rites have made them mad.
They drawing nigh, unto their God preſent
That flowre of faith and beauty excellent.
The God himſelf, viewing that mirror rare,
Stood long amaz'd, and burnt in his intent;
His own fair *Driope* now he thinks not fair,
And *Pholoe* foul, when her to this he doth compare.

XVI.

The wood-born people fall before her flat,
And worſhip her as Goddeſs of the wood;
And old *Sylvanus* ſelf bethinks not, what
To think of wight ſo fair, but gazing ſtood,
In doubt to deem her born of earthly brood;
Sometimes Dame *Venus* ſelf he ſeems to ſee:
But *Venus* never had ſo ſober mood;
Sometimes *Diana* he her takes to be,
But miſſeth bow, and ſhafts, and buskins to her knee.

XVII.

By view of her he 'ginneth to revive
His ancient love, and deareſt *Cypariſſe*,
And calls to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How fair he was, and yet not fair to this,
And how he ſlew with glancing dart amiſs
A gentle hind, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly bliſs;
For grief whereof the lad n'ould after joy,
But pyn'd away in anguiſh and ſelf-will'd annoy.

XVIII.

The woody Nymphs, fair *Hamadryades*,
Her to behold do thither run apace,
And all the troupe of light-foot *Naiades*
Flock all about to ſee her lovely face:
But when they viewed have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malicious mind,
And fly away for fear of foul diſgrace:
But all the *Satyres* ſcorn their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing fair, but her on earth they find.

XIX.

Glad of ſuch luck, the luckleſs lucky maid,
Did her content to pleaſe their feeble eyes,
And long time with that ſalvage people ſtaid,
To gather breath in many miſeries.
During which time, her gentle wit ſhe plyes
To teach them truth, which worſhipt her in vain,
And made her th' Image of Idolatries;
But when their bootleſs zeal ſhe did reſtrain
From her own worſhip, they her Aſſe would worſhip fain.

XX.

It fortuned a noble warlike Knight
By juſt occaſion to that foreſt came,
To ſeek his kindred, and the linage right,
From whence he took his well deſerved name:
He had in arms abroad won muchell fame:
And fill'd far lands with glory of his might,
Plain faithful, true, and enemy of ſhame,
And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right,
But in vain glorious frays he little did delight.

XXI.

A Satyres ſon, yborn in foreſt wild,
By ſtrange adventure as it did betide,
And there begotten of a Lady mild,
Fair *Thyamis*, the daughter of *Labryde*,
That was in ſacred bands of wedlock tide
To *Therion*, a looſe unruly ſwain;
Who had more joy to range the foreſt wide,
And chaſe the ſalvage beaſt with buſie pain,
Than ſerve his Ladies love, and waſte in pleaſures vain.

XXII.

The forlorne maid did with loves longing burn,
And could not lack her lovers company;
But to the wood ſhe goes, to ſerve her turn,
And ſeek her ſpouſe, that from her ſtill does fly,
And follows other game and venery:
A Satyr chanct her wandring for to find;
And kindling coals of luſt in brutiſh eye,
The loyal links of wedlock did unbind,
And made her perſon thrall unto his beaſtly kind.

XXIII.

So long in ſecret cabin there he held
Her captive to his ſenſual deſire,
Till that with timely fruit her belly ſwell'd,
And bore a boy unto that ſalvage ſire:
Then home he ſuffred her for to retire,
For ranſom leaving him the late born child;
Whom till to riper years he 'gan aſpire,
He nourſled up in life and manners wild,
Emongſt wild beaſts and woods, from laws of men exil'd.

XXIV.

For all he taught the tender Imp, was but
To baniſh cowardize and daſtard fear;
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Upon the Lyon, and the rugged Bear.
And from the ſhe Bears teats her whelps to tear;
And eke wild roaring Bulls he would him make
To tame, and ride their backs not made to bear;
And the Roebucks in flight to overtake,
That every beaſt for fear of him did fly and quake.

XXV.

Thereby ſo fearleſs and ſo fell he grew,
That his own ſire and maſter of his guiſe,
Did often tremble at his horrid view,
And oft for dread of hurt would him adviſe,
The angry beaſts not raſhy to deſpiſe,
Nor too much to provoke; for he would learn
The Lyon ſtoop to him in lowly wiſe
(A leſſon hard) and made the Libbard ſtearn
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did yearn.

XXVI.

And for to make his powre approved more,
Wild beaſts in iron yokes he would compell;
The ſpotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
The Pardale ſwift, and the Tygre cruel,
The Antelope and Wolfe, both fierce and fell;
And them conſtrain in equal team to draw.
Such joy he had, their ſtubborn hearts to quell,
And ſturdy courage tame with dreadful aw,
That his beheaſt they feared, as a tyrants law.

XXVII.

His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the woods, to ſee her little ſon;
And chanct unwares to meet him in the way,
After his ſports and cruel paſtime done,
When after him a Lyoneſs did run,
That roaring all with rage, did loud requere
Her children dear, whom he away had won:
The Lyon whelps ſhe ſaw how he did bear,
And lull in rugged arms, withouten childiſh fear,

XXVIII.

The fearful Dame all quaked at the ſight,
And turning back, 'gan faſt to fly away,
Until with love revokt from vain affright,
She hardly yet perſuaded was to ſtay,
And then to him theſe womaniſh words 'gan ſay;
Ah *Satyrane*, my dearling and my joy,
For love of me leave off this dreadful play;
To dally thus with death, is no fit toy,
Go find ſome other play-fellows, mine own ſweet boy.

XXIX.

In theſe, and like delights of bloody game
He trained was, till riper years he raught;
And there abode, whilſt any beaſt of name
Walkt in that foreſt, whom he had not taught
To fear his force and then his courage haught
Deſired of foreign foemen to be known,
And far abroad for ſtrange adventures ſought:
In which his might was never overthrown,
But through all Fairy land his famous worth was blown.

XXX.

Yet evermore it was his manner fair,
After long labours and adventures ſpent,
Unto thoſe native woods for to repair,
To ſee his Sire and off-ſpring ancient.
And now he thither came for like intent;
Where he unwares the faireſt *Una* found,
Strange Lady in ſo ſtrange habiliment,
Teaching the *Satyres*, which her ſate around,
True ſacred lore, which from her ſweet lips did redound.

XXXI.

He wondred at her wiſdom heavenly rare,
Whoſe like in womens wit he never knew;
And when her courteous deeds he did compare,
'Gan her admire, and her ſad ſorrows rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which ſuch troubles threw,
And joy'd to make proof of her cruelty
On gentle Dame, ſo hurtleſs, and ſo true:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learn'd her diſcipline of faith and verity.

XXXII.

But ſhe, all vow'd unto the *Red-croſs* Knight,
His wandring peril cloſely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintance could delight,
But her dear heart with anguiſh did torment,
And all her wit in ſecret counſels ſpent,
How to eſcape. At laſt, in privy wiſe
To *Satyrane* ſhe ſhewed her intent;
Who glad to gain ſuch favour, 'gan deviſe,
How with that penſive maid he beſt might thence ariſe.

XXXIII.

So on a day, when *Satyres* all were gone
To do their ſervice to *Sylvanus* old,
The gentle virgin (left behind alone)
He led away with courage ſtout and bold.
Too late it was to *Satyres* to be told,
Or ever hope recover her again:
In vain he ſeeks, that having cannot hold.
So faſt he carried her with careful pain,
That they the woods are paſt, and come now to the plain.

XXXIV.

The better part now of the lingring day
They travel'd had, whenas they far eſpide
A weary wight forwandring by the way;
And towards him they 'gan in haſte to ride,
To weet of news that did abroad betide,
Or tydings of her Knight of the *Red-croſs*.
But he them ſpying, 'gan to turn aſide,
For fear, as ſeem'd, or for ſome feigned loſs;
More greedy they of news, faſt towards him do croſs.

XXXV.

A ſilly man, in ſimple weeds forworn,
And ſoild with duſt of the long dryed way;
His ſandals were with toylſome travel torn,
And face all tand with ſcorching ſunny ray,
As he had traveld many a ſummers day,
Through boyling ſands of *Araby* and *Ind*;
And in his hand a *Jacobs* ſtaff, to ſtay
His weary limbs upon: and eke behind,
His ſcrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

XXXVI.

The Knight approching nigh, of him enquer'd
Tydings of war, and of adventures new;
But wars, not new adventures none he heard.
Then *Una* 'gan to ask, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion true,
That in his armour bare a croſlet red.
Aye me, dear Dame (quoth he) well may I rue
To tell the ſad ſight which mine eyes have read:
Theſe eyes did ſee that Knight both living and eke dead.

XXXVII.

That cruel word her tender heart ſo thrilld,
That ſuddain cold did run through every vein,
And ſtony horrour all her ſenſes filld
With dying fit, that down ſhe fell for pain.
The Knight her lightly reared up again,
And comforted with courteous kind relief:
Then won from death, ſhe bade him tellen plain
The further proceſs of her hidden grief;
The leſſer pangs can bear, who hath endureth the chief.

XXXVIII.

Then 'gan the Pilgrim thus; I chanct this day,
This fatal day, that I ſhall ever rue,
To ſee two Knights in travel on my way
(A ſorry ſight) arrang'd in battle new,
Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathful hew:
My fearful fleſh did tremble at their ſtrife,
To ſee their blades ſo greedily imbrew,
That dronk with blood, yet thirſted after life:
What more? the *Redcroſs* Knight was ſlain with Paynim knife.

XXXIX.

Ah dereſt Lord (quoth ſhe) how might that be,
And he the ſtouteſt Knight that ever won?
Ah dereſt Dame (quoth he) how might I ſee
The thing that might not be, and yet was done?
Where is (ſaid *Satyrane*) that Paynims ſon,
That him of life, and us of joy hath reft;
Not far away (quoth he) he hence doth wone
Foreby a fountain, where I late him left [cleft.
Waſhing his bloody wounds, that through the ſteel were

XL.

Therewith the Knight thence marched forth in haſte,
Whiles *Una* with huge heavineſs oppreſt,
Could not for ſorrow follow him ſo faſt;
And ſoon he came, as he the place had gueſt,
Whereas that Pagan proud himſelf did reſt,
In ſecret ſhadow by a fountain ſide:
Even he it was, that earſt would have ſuppreſt
Fair *Una*: whom when *Satyrane* eſpide,
With foul reprochful words he boldly him defide;

XLI.

And ſaid, ariſe thou curſed miſcreant,
That haſt with Knightleſs guile and treacherous train,
Fair Knighthood fouly ſhamed, and doſt vaunt
That good Knight of the *Redcroſs* to have ſlain:
Ariſe, and with like treaſon now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or elſe thee guilty yield.
The Sarazin this hearing, roſe amain,
And catching up in haſte his three ſquare ſhield,
And ſhining helmet, ſoon him buckled to the field.

XLII.

And drawing nigh him ſaid, ah misborn Elf,
In evil hour thy foes thee hither ſent,
Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy ſelf:
Yet ill thou blameſt me for having blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent;
That *Redcroſs* Knight, perdie, I never ſlew:
But had he been, where earſt his arms were lent,
Th' enchanter vain his error ſhould not rue:
But thou his error ſhalt, I hope, now proven true.

XLIII.

Therewith they 'gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blows, and fiercely to aſſail;
Each other bent his enemy to quell,
That with their force they pierct both plate and mail,
And made wide furrows in their fleſhes frail,
That it would pity any living eye.
Large floods of blood adown their ſides did rail;
But floods of blood could not them ſatisfie:
But hungred after death: both choſe to win, or die.

XLIV.

So long they fight, and fell revenge purſue,
That fainting each, themſelves to breathen let;
And oft refreſhed, battle oft renew:
As when two Boars with rankling malice met,
Their gory ſides freſh bleeding fiercely fret,
Till breathleſs both themſelves aſide retire,
Where foming wrath, their cruel tuſks they whet,
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may reſpire;
Then back to fight again, new breathed and entire.

XLV.

So fiercely when theſe Knights had breathed once,
They 'gan to fight return, increaſing more
Their puiſſant force, and cruel rage attonce,
With heaped ſtrokes, more hugely than before,
That with their drery wounds and bloody gore
They both deformed, ſcarcely could be known.
By this, ſad *Una* fraught with anguiſh ſore,
Led with their noiſe, which through the air was thrown
Arrived, where they in earth their fruitleſs blood had ſown.

XLVI.

Whom all ſo ſoon as that proud Sarazin
Eſpide, he 'gan revive the memory
Of his lewd luſts, and late attempted ſin,
And left the doubtful battle haſtily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eye:
But *Satyrane* with ſtrokes him turning, ſtaid,
And ſternly bade him other buſineſs ply,
Than hunt the ſteps of pure unſpotted maid
Wherewith he all enrag'd, theſe bitter ſpeeches ſaid;

XLVII.

O fooliſh Fairies ſon, what fury mad
Hath thee incenſt, to haſte thy doleful fate?
Were it not better I that Lady had,
Than that thou hadſt repented it too late?
Moſt ſenſeleſs man he, that himſelf doth hate,
To love another. Lo then for thine aid,
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate.
So they to fight; the whiles the royal maid
Fled far away, of that proud Paynim ſore affraid.

XLVIII.

But that falſe Pilgrim, which that leaſing told,
Being indeed old *Archimage*, did ſtay
In ſecret ſhadow, all this to behold,
And much rejoyced in their bloody fray:
But when he ſaw the Damſel paſs away,
He left his ſtond, and her purſu'd apace,
In hope to bring her to her laſt decay.
But, for to tell her lamentable caſe,
And eke this battles end, will need another place.

CANTO VII.

The Redcroſs Knight is captive made
By Giant proud oppreſt:
Prince Arthur *meets with* Una, *greatly with thoſe news diſtreſt.*

I.

WHat man ſo wiſe, what earthly wit ſo ware,
As to deſcry the crafty cunning train,
By which Deceit doth mask in vizour fair,
And caſt her colours dyed deep in grain,
To ſeem like truth, whoſe ſhape ſhe well can feign,
And fitting geſtures to her purpoſe frame,
The guiltleſs man with guile to entertain?
Great miſtreſs of her art was that falſe Dame,
The falſe *Dueſſa*, cloked with *Fideſſa*'s name.

II.

Who, when returning from the drery *Night*,
She found not in that perilous houſe of Pride,
Where ſhe had left the noble *Redcroſs* Knight,
Her hoped prey; ſhe would no longer bide,
But forth ſhe went to ſeek him far and wide.
Ere long ſhe found whereas he weary ſate,
To reſt himſelf, foreby a fountain ſide,
Diſarmed all of Iron-coated plate,
And by his ſide his ſteed the graſſie forage ate.

III.

He feeds upon the cooling ſhade, and bays
His ſweating forehead in the breathing wind,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently plays,
Wherein the chearful birds of ſundry kind
Do chaunt ſweet muſick, to delight his mind:
The Witch approching 'gan him fairly greet,
And with reproach of careleſneſs unkind
Upbraid, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With foul words tempring fair, ſoure gall with honey ſweet.

IV.

Unkindneſs paſt, they 'gan of ſolace treat,
And bathe in pleaſance of the joyous ſhade,
Which ſhielded them againſt the boiling heat,
And with green boughs decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountain like a girlond made;
Whoſe bubling wave did ever freſhly well,
Ne ever would through fervent ſummer fade:
The ſacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of *Dians* favour as it then befell.

V.

The cauſe was this: one day when *Phœbe* fair
With all her band was following the chace,
This Nymph quite tyr'd with heat of ſcorching air,
Sat down to reſt in middeſt of the race:
The Goddeſs, wrath, 'gan foully her diſgrace,
And bade the waters, which from her did flow,
Be ſuch as ſhe her ſelf was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters wexed dull and ſlow,
And all that drink thereof, do faint and feeble grow.

VI.

Hereof this gentle Knight unweeting was;
And lying down upon the ſandy grail,
Dronk of the ſtream, as clear as chryſtal glaſs,
Eftſoons his manly forces 'gan to fail,
And mighty ſtrong was turn'd to feeble frail.
His changed powres at firſt themſelves not felt,
Till crudled cold his courage 'gan aſſail,
And chearful blood in faintneſs chill did melt,
Which like a fever-fit through all his body ſwelt.

VII.

Yet goodly court he made ſtill to his Dame,
Pour'd out in looſeneſs on the graſſie ground;
Both careleſs of his health and of his fame:
Till at the laſt he heard a dreadful ſound,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebound,
That all the earth for terror ſeem'd to ſhake,
And trees did tremble. Th' Elf therewith aſtound,
Upſtarted lightly from his looſer make,
And his unready weapons 'gan in hand to take.

VIII.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or get his ſhield, his monſtrous enemy
With ſturdy ſteps came ſtalking in his ſight,
An hideous Giant horrible and high,
That with his tallneſs ſeem'd to threat the skye,
The ground eke groaned under him for dreed;
His living like ſaw never living eye,
Ne durſt behold: his ſtature did exceed
The height of three the talleſt ſons of mortal ſeed.

IX.

The greateſt earth his uncouth mother was,
And bluſtring *Æolus* his boaſted Sire,
Who with his breath, that through the world doth paſs,
Her hollow womb did ſecretly inſpire,
And fil'd her hidden caves with ſtormy ire,
That ſhe conceiv'd; and trebling the due time,
In which the wombs of women do expire,
Brought forth this monſtrous maſſe of earthly ſlime,
Puſt up with empty wind, and fill'd with ſinful crime.

X.

So growing great through arrogant delight
Of th' high deſcent, whereof he was yborn,
And through preſumption of his matchleſs might,
All other powres and Knighthood he did ſcorn.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorn,
And left to loſs; his ſtalking ſteps are ſtaid
Upon a ſnaggy Oak which he had torn
Out of his mothers bowels, and it made
His mortal mace, wherewith his foemen he diſmaid.

XI.

That, when the Knight he ſpide, he 'gan advaunce
With huge force and inſupportable main,
And towards him with dreadful fury praunce;
Who hapleſs, and eke hopeleſs, all in vain
Did to him pace, ſad battle to darrain,
Diſarm'd, diſgract, and inwardly diſmaid,
And eke ſo faint in every joynt and vein,
Through that frail fountain, which him feeble made,
That ſcarcely could he wield his bootleſs ſingle blade.

XII.

The Giant ſtrook ſo mainly mercileſs,
That could have overthrown a ſtony towre;
And were not heavenly grace, that him did bleſs,
He had been pouldred all, as thin as flowre:
But he was wary of that deadly ſtowre,
And lightly leapt from underneath the blow:
Yet ſo exceeding was the villains powre,
That with the wind it did him overthrow,
And all his ſenſes ſtound, that ſtill he lay full low.

XIII.

As when that develiſh iron engine wrought
In deepeſt hell, and fram'd by *Furies* ſkill,
With windy nitre and quick ſulphur fraught,
And ram'd with bullet round, ordain'd to kill,
Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill
With thundring noiſe, and all the air doth choke,
That none can breathe, nor ſee nor hear at will,
Through ſmouldry cloud of duſkiſh ſtinking ſmoke,
That th' only breath him daunts, who hath eſcapt the [ſtroke.

XIV.

So daunted when the Giant ſaw the Knight,
His heavy hand he heaved up on high,
And him to duſt thought to have battred quite,
Until *Dueſſa* loud to him 'gan cry:
O great *Orgoglio*, greateſt under ſky,
O hold thy mortal hand for Ladies ſake,
Hold for my ſake, and do him not to dye:
But vanquiſht, thine eternal bondſlave make,
And me thy worthy meed unto thy Leman take.

XV.

He hearkned, and did ſtay from further harms,
To gain ſo goodly guerdon, as ſhe ſpake:
So willingly ſhe came into his arms,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was poſſeſſed of his new found make.
Then up he took the ſlumbred ſenſeleſs corſe,
And ere he could out of his ſwoune awake,
Him to his caſtle brought with haſty force,
And in a dungeon deep him threw without remorſe.

XVI.

From that day forth *Dueſſa* was his dear,
And highly honour'd in his haughty eye:
He gave her gold, and purple pall to wear,
And triple crown ſet on her head full high,
And her endow'd with royal majeſty:
Then for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples hearts with awful terror tye,
A monſtrous beaſt ybred in filthy fen
He choſe, which he had kept long time in darkſome den.

XVII.

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 ever new,
Did breed him endleſs labour to ſubdew:
But this ſame monſter much more ugly was;
For ſeven great heads out of his body grew,
An iron breaſt, and back of ſcaly braſs,
And all embrew'd in blood, his eyes did ſhine as glaſs.

XVIII.

His tail was ſtretched out in wondrous length,
That to the houſe of heavenly gods it raught,
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd ſtrength,
The ever-burning lamps from thence it brought,
And proudly threw to ground, as things of nought;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The ſacred things, and holy heaſts fortaught.
Upon this dreadful beaſt with ſevenfold head
He ſet the falſe *Dueſſa*, for more awe and dread.

XIX.

The woeful Dwarf, which ſaw his maſters fall,
Whiles he had keeping of his graſing ſteed,
And valiant Knight become a caitive thrall,
When all was paſt, took up his forlorn weed,
His mighty armour, miſſing moſt at need;
His ſilver ſhield, now idle maſterleſs;
His poynant ſpear, that many made to bleed,
The rueful moniments of heavineſs,
And with them all departs, to tell his great diſtreſs.

XX.

He had not travell'd long, when on the way
He woeful Lady (woeful *Una*) met,
Faſt flying from the Paynims greedy prey,
Whil'ſt *Satyrane* him from purſuit did let:
Who when her eyes ſhe on the Dwarf had ſet,
And ſaw the ſigns that deadly tidings ſpake,
She fell to ground for ſorrowful regret,
And lively breath her ſad breaſt did forſake,
Yet might her pitious heart be ſeen to pant and quake.

XXI.

The meſſenger of ſo unhappy news,
Would fain have dy'd: dead was his heart within,
Yet outwardly ſome little comfort ſhews:
At laſt recovering heart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
And every tender part does toſs and turn:
So hardly he the flitted life does win,
Unto her native priſon to retourn:
Then 'gins her grieved ghoſt thus to lament and mourn.

XXII.

Ye dreary inſtruments of doleful ſight,
That do this deadly ſpectacle behold,
Why do ye longer feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mold,
Sith cruel fates the careful threads unfold,
The which my life and love together tide?
Now let the ſtony dart of ſenſeleſs cold
Pierce to my heart, and paſs through every ſide,
And let eternal night ſo ſad ſight from me hide.

XXIII.

O lightſome Day, the lamp of higheſt *Jove*,
First made by him, mens wandring ways to guide,
When darkneſs he in deepeſt dungeon drove,
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hide,
And ſhut up heavens windows ſhining wide:
For earthly ſight can nought but ſorrow breed,
And late repentance, which ſhall long abide.
Mine eyes no more on vanity ſhall feed,
But ſealed up with death, ſhall have their deadly meed.

XXIV.

Then down again ſhe fell unto the ground;
But he her quickly reared up again:
Thrice did ſhe ſink adown in deadly ſwound,
And thrice he her reviv'd with buſie pain:
At laſt, when life recover'd had the rein,
And over wreſtled his ſtrong enemy,
With foltring tongue, and trembling every vein,
Tell on (quoth ſhe) the woeful tragedy,
The which theſe reliques ſad preſent unto mine eye.

XXV.

Tempeſtuous fortune hath ſpent all her ſpight,
And thrilling ſorrow thrown his utmoſt dart;
Thy ſad tongue cannot tell more heavy plight,
Than that I feel and harbour in mine heart:
Who hath endur'd the whole, can bear each part.
If death it be, it is not the firſt wound
That launced hath my breaſt with bleeding ſmart.
Begin, and end the bitter baleful ſtound;
If leſs than that I fear, more favour I have found.

XXVI.

Then 'gan the Dwarf the whole diſcourſe declare,
The ſubtile trains of *Archimago* old;
The wanton loves of falſe *Fideſſa* fair,
Bought with the blood of vanquiſht Paynim bold;
The wretched pair transform'd to trëen mold;
The houſe of pride, and perils round about;
The combat, which he with *Sans-joy* did hold;
The luckleſs conflict with the Giant ſtout,
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he ſtood in doubt.

XXVII.

She heard with patience all unto the end,
And ſtrove to maſter ſorrowful aſſay:
Which greater grew, the more ſhe did contend,
And almoſt rent her tender heart in tway;
And love freſh coals unto her fire did lay:
For greater love, the greater is the loſs.
Was never Lady loved dearer day,
Than ſhe did love the Knight of the *Redcroſs*;
For whoſe dear ſake ſo many troubles her did toſs.

XXVIII.

At laſt when fervent ſorrow ſlaked was,
She up aroſe, reſolving him to find
Alive or dead: and forward forth doth paſs,
All as the Dwarf the way to her aſſign'd:
And evermore in conſtant careful mind
She fed her wound with freſh renewed bale;
Long toſt with ſtorms, and beat with bitter wind,
High over hills, and low adown the dale,
She wandred many a wood, and meaſur'd many a vale.

XXIX.

At laſt ſhe chanced by good hap to meet
A goodly Knight, fair marching by the way
Together with his ſquire, arrayed meet:
His glitterand armour ſhined far away,
Like glauncing light of *Phœbus* brighteſt ray,
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of ſteel endanger may:
Athwart his breaſt a bauldrick brave he ware,
That ſhin'd like twinkling ſtars, with ſtones moſt precious [rare.

XXX.

And in the midſt thereof, one precious ſtone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding ſhone,
Like *Heſperus* emongſt the leſſer lights,
And ſtrove for to amaze the weaker ſights;
Thereby his mortal blade full comely hong
In ivory ſheath, ycarv'd with curious ſlights;
Whoſe hilts were burniſht gold, and handle ſtrong
Of mother-pearl, and buckled with a golden tong.

XXXI.

His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightneſs, and great terror bred;
For all the creſt a Dragon did enfold
With greedy paws, and over all did ſpread
His golden wings: his dreadful hideous head
Cloſe couched on the bever, ſeem'd to throw
From flaming mouth bright ſparkles fiery red,
That ſuddain horror to faint hearts did ſhow;
And ſcaly tail was ſtretcht adown his back full low.

XXXII.

Upon the top of all his lofty creſt,
A bunch of hairs diſcolour'd diverſly,
With ſprinkled pearl, and gold full richly dreſt,
Did ſhake, and ſeem'd to dance for jollity
Like to an Almond tree ymounted high
On top of green *Selinis* all alone,
With bloſſoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whoſe tender locks do tremble every one
At every little breath, that under heaven is blown.

XXXIII.

His warlike ſhield all cloſely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortal eye be ever ſeen;
Nor made of ſteel, nor of enduring braſs,
Such earthly metals ſoon conſumed been:
But all of diamond perfect pure and clean
It framed was, one maſſie entire mould,
Hew'n out of adamant rock with engines keen,
That point of ſpear it never piercen could,
Ne dint of direful ſword divide the ſubſtance would.

XXXIV.

The ſame to wight he never wont diſcloſe,
But whenas monſters huge he would diſmay,
Or daunt unequal armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray;
For ſo exceeding ſhone his gliſtring ray,
That *Phœbus* golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beams doth over-lay;
And ſilver *Cynthia* wexed pale and faint,
As when her face is ſtain'd with magick arts conſtraint.

XXXV.

No magick arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody words of bold Enchanters call;
But all that was not ſuch as ſeem'd in ſight,
Before that ſhield did fade, and ſuddain fall:
And when him liſt the raſcal routs appall,
Men into ſtones therewith he could tranſmew,
And ſtones to duſt, and duſt to nought at all;
And, when him liſt the prouder looks ſubdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turn to other hew.

XXXVI.

Ne let it ſeem, that credence this exceeds:
For he that made the ſame, was known right well
To have done much more admirable deeds.
It *Merlin* was, which whylome did excel
All living wights in might of magick ſpell:
Both ſhield, and ſword, and armour all he wrought
For this young Prince, when firſt to arms he fell;
But when he dy'd, the fairy Queen it brought
To fairy land, where yet it may be ſeen, if ſought.

XXXVII.

A gentle youth, his dearly loved Squire,
His ſpear of heben wood behind him bare,
Whoſe harmful head, thrice heated in the fire,
Had riven many a breaſt with pikehead ſquare;
A goodly perſon, and could menage fair
His ſtubborn ſteed with curbed canon bit,
Who under him did trample as the air,
And chauſt, that any on his back ſhould ſit;
The iron rowels into frothy foame he bit.

XXXVIII.

Whenas this Knight nigh to the Lady drew,
With lovely court he 'gan her entertain;
But when he heard her anſwers loth, he knew
Some ſecret ſorrow did her heart diſtrain:
Which to allay, and calm her ſtorming pain,
Fair feeling words he wiſely 'gan diſplay,
And for her humour fitting purpoſe fain,
To tempt the cauſe it ſelf for to bewray:
Wherewith enmov'd, theſe bleeding words ſhe 'gan to ſay.

XXXIX.

What worlds delight, or joy of living ſpeech
Can heart, ſo plung'd in ſea of ſorrows deep,
And heaped with ſo huge misfortunes, reach?
The careful cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his iron arrow ſteep,
Soon as I think upon my bitter bale:
Such helpleſs harms it's better hidden keep,
Than rip up grief, where it may not avail,
My laſt left comfort is, my woes to weep and wail.

XL.

Ah Lady dear, quoth then the gentle Knight,
Well may I ween, your grief is wondrous great;
For wondrous great grief groneth in my ſpright,
Whiles thus I hear you of your ſorrows treat.
But woeful Lady, let me you intreat,
For to unfold the anguiſh of your heart:
Miſhaps are maſtred by advice diſcreet,
And counſel mitigates the greateſt ſmart;
Found never help, who never would his hurts impart.

XLI.

O! but (quoth ſhe) great grief will not be told,
And can more eaſily be thought, than ſaid.
Right ſo (quoth he) but he, that never would,
Could never: will to might gives greateſt aid.
But grief (quoth ſhe) does greater grow diſplaid
If then it find not help, and breeds deſpair.
Deſpair breeds not (quoth he) where faith is ſtaid.
No faith ſo faſt (quoth ſhe) but fleſh does pair.
Fleſh may impair (quoth he) but reaſon can repair.

XLII.

His goodly reaſon, and well guided ſpeech,
So deep did ſettle in her gracious thought,
That her perſuaded to diſcloſe the breach,
Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought,
And ſaid; fair Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquire the ſecrets of my grief,
Or that your wiſdom will direct my thought,
Or that your prowefs can me yield relief:
Then hear the ſtory ſad, which I ſhall tell you brief.

XLIII.

The forlorn maiden, whom your eyes have ſeen
The laughing ſtock of fortunes mockeries,
Am th' only daughter of a King and Queen,
Whoſe parents dear, whilſt equal deſtinies
Did run about, and their felicities
The favourable heavens did not envy,
Did ſpred their rule through all the territories
Which *Phiſon* and *Euphrates* floweth by,
And *Gebons* golden waves do waſh continually;

XLIV.

Till that their cruel curſed enemy,
An huge great dragon horrible in ſight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of *Tartary*,
With murdrous ravine, and devouring might
Their Kingdom ſpoil'd, and countrey waſted quight:
Themſelves, for fear into his jaws to fall,
He forct to caſtle ſtrong to take their flight,
Where faſt embar'd in mighty brazen wall,
He has them now four years beſieg'd to make them thrall.

XLIV.

Full many Knights adventurous and ſtout,
Have enterpriz'd that monſter to ſubdew;
From every coaſt that heaven walks about,
Have thither come the noble martial crew,
That famous hard atchievements ſtill purſew,
Yet never any could that girlond win,
But all ſtill ſhrunk, and ſtill he greater grew:
All they for want of faith, or guilt of ſin,
The pitious prey of his fierce cruelty have bin.

XLVI.

And laſt, yled with far reported praiſe,
Which flying fame throughout the world had ſpread,
Of doughty Knights, whom Fairy land did raiſe,
That noble order hight of maidenhead,
Forthwith to court of *Gloriane* I ſped;
Of *Gloriane*, great Queen of glory bright,
Whoſe Kingdoms ſeat *Cleopolis* is read,
There to obtain ſome ſuch redoubted Knight,
That parents dear from tyrants powre deliver might.

XLVII.

It was my chance (my chance was fair and good)
There for to find a freſh unproved Knight,
Whoſe manly hands imbrew'd in guilty blood
Had never been, ne ever by his might
Had thrown to ground the unregarded right:
Yet of his proweſs, proof he ſince hath made
(I witneſs am) in many a cruel fight;
The groning ghoſts of many one diſmaid
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

XLVIII.

And ye the forlorn reliques of his powre,
His biting ſword and his devouring ſpear,
Which have endured many a dreadful ſtowre,
Can ſpeak his proweſs, that did earſt you bear,
And well could rule: now he hath left you here,
To be the record of his rueful loſs,
And of my doleful diſadventurous dreare;
O! heavy record of the good *Redcroſs*,
Where have you left your Lord, that could ſo well you toſs?

XLIX.

Well hoped I, and fair beginnings had,
That he my captive langour ſhould redeem,
Till all unweeting, an Enchanter bad
His ſenſe abus'd, and made him to miſdeem
My loyalty, not ſuch as it did ſeem;
That rather death deſire, than ſuch deſpight.
Be judge ye heavens, that all things right eſteem,
How I him lov'd, and love with all my might,
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

L.

Thenceforth me deſolate he quite forſook,
To wander where wild fortune would me lead,
And other by-ways he himſelf betook,
Where never foot of living wight did tread,
That brought not back the baleful body dead;
In which him chanced falſe *Dueſſa* meet,
Mine only foe, mine only deadly dread,
Who with her witchcraft and miſſeeming ſweet,
Inveigled him to follow her deſires unmeet.

LI.

At laſt, by ſubtil ſleights ſhe him betraid
Unto his foe, a Giant 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 darkeſom dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remedileſs, for aye he doth him hold;
This is my cauſe of grief, more great than may be told.

LII.

Ere ſhe had ended all, ſhe 'gan to faint:
But he her comforted and fair beſpake,
Certes, Madam, ye have great cauſe of plaint,
That ſtouteſt heart, I ween, could cauſe to quake.
But be of chear, and comfort to you take·
For, till I have acquit your captive Knight,
Aſſure your ſelf, I will you not forſake.
His chearful words reviv'd her chearleſs ſpright:
So forth they went, the Dwarf them guiding ever right.

CANTO VIII.

Fair Virgin, to redeem her dear,
Brings Arthur *to the fight:*
Who ſlayes the Giant, wounds the beaſt,
And ſtrips Dueſſa *quight.*

I.

AY me! how many perils do enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall?
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And ſtedfaſt truth acquit him out of all.
Her love is firm, her care continual,
So oft as he, through his own fooliſh pride,
Or weakneſs, is to ſinful bands made thrall:
Elſe ſhould this *Redcroſs* Knight in bands have dide
For whoſe deliverance ſhe this Prince doth thither guide.

II.

They ſadly travel'd thus, until they came,
Nigh to a caſtle builded ſtrong and high:
Then cry'd the Dwarf, lo, yonder is the ſame,
In which my Lord my liege doth luckleſs lie,
Thrall to that Giants hateful tyranny:
Therefore, dear Sir, your mighty powres aſſay,
The noble Knight alighted by and by
From lofty ſteed, and bade the Lady ſtay,
To ſee what end of fight ſhould him befall that day.

III.

So with the Squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that caſtle wall;
Whoſe gates he found faſt ſhut, ne living wight
To warde the ſame, nor anſwer commers call.
Then took that Squire an horn of bugle ſmall,
Which hung adown his ſide in twiſted gold,
And taſſels gay. Wide wonders over all
Of that ſame horns great vertues weren told,
Which had approved been in uſes manifold.

IV.

Was never wight that heard that ſhrilling ſound,
But trembling fear did feel in every vein;
Three miles it might be eaſie heard around,
And Ecchoes three anſwerd it ſelf again:
No falſe enchantment, nor deceitful train
Might once abide the terror of that blaſt,
But preſently was void and wholly vain;
No gate ſo ſtrong, no lock ſo firm and faſt,
But with that piercing noiſe flew open quite, or braſt.

V.

The ſame before the Giants gate he blew,
That all the caſtle quaked from the ground,
And every door of free-will open flew.
The Giant ſelf diſmayed with that ſound
(Where he with his *Dueſſa* dalliance found)
In haſte came ruſhing forth from inner bowre,
With ſtaring count'nance ſtern, as one aſtound,
And ſtaggering ſteps, to weet what ſuddain ſtowre
Had wrought that horror ſtrange, and dar'd his dreaded
[powre.

VI.

And after him the proud *Dueſſa* came,
High mounted on her many-headed beaſt,
And every Head with fiery tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his creaſt,
And bloody mouthed with late cruel feaſt.
That when the Knight beheld his mighty ſhield
Upon his manly arm he ſoon addreſt,
And at him fiercely flew, with courage filld,
And eager greedineſs through every member thrilld.

VII.

Therewith the Giant buckled him to fight,
Inflam'd with ſcornful wrath and high diſdain:
And lifting up his dreadful club on height,
All arm'd with ragged ſnubs and knotty grain,
Him thought at firſt encountred to have ſlain.
But wiſe and wary was that noble peer,
And lightly leaping from ſo monſtrous main,
Did fair avoid the violence him nere;
It booted nought, to think ſuch thunderbolts to bear:

VIII.

Ne ſhame he thought to ſhun ſo hideous might.
The idle ſtroke, enforcing furious way,
Miſſing the mark of his miſaymed ſight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy ſway,
So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
That three yards deep a furrow up did throw:
The ſad earth wounded with ſo ſore aſſay,
Did groan full grievous underneath the blow,
And tremblingwithſtrangefear,didlikeanearthquakeſhow:

IX.

As when almighty *Jove*, in wrathful mood,
To wreak the guilt of mortal ſins is bent,
Hurls forth his thundring dart with deadly feud,
Enrold in flames, and ſmouldring dreriment;
Through riven clouds and molten firmament,
The fierce threeforked engine making way,
Both lofty towres and higheſt trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry paſſage ſtay,
And ſhooting in the earth, caſts up a mount of clay:

X.

His boyſtrous club, ſo buried in the ground,
He could not rearen up again ſo light,
But that the Knight him at advantage found:
And whiles he ſtrove his cumbred club to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He ſmote off his left arm, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might;
Large ſtreams of blood out of the trunked ſtock
Fourth guſhed, like freſh water ſtream from riven rock.

XI.

Diſmayed with ſo deſperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted pain,
He loudly bray'd with beaſtly yelling ſound,
That all the fields rebellowed again;
As great a noyſe, as when in Cymbrian plain
An herd of bulls, whom kindly rage doth ſting,
Do for the milky mothers want complain,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
The neighbour woods around with hollow murmur ring.

XII.

That when his dear *Dueſſa* heard, and ſaw
The evil ſtound that dangerd her eſtate,
Unto his aid ſhe haſtily did draw
Her dreadful beaſt; who ſwoln with blood of late,
Came ramping forth with proud preſumptuous gaite,
And threatened all his heads like flaming brands.
But him the Squire made quickly to retreat,
Encountring fierce with ſingle ſword in hand,
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwark ſtand.

XIII.

The proud *Dueſſa* full of wrathful ſpight,
And fierce diſdain to be affronted ſo,
Enforct her purple beaſt with all her might
That ſtop out of the way to overthrow,
Scorning the let of ſo unequal foe:
But nathemore would that courageous ſwain
To her yield paſſage, gainſt his Lord to go,
But with outrageous ſtrokes did him reſtrain,
And with his body bar'd the way atwixt them twain.

XIV.

Then took the angry Witch her golden cup,
Which ſtill ſhe bore, replete with magick arts;
Death and deſpair did many thereof ſup,
And ſecret poyſon through their inward parts,
Th' eternal bale of heavy wounded hearts;
Which, after charms and ſome enchantments ſaid,
She lightly ſprinkled on his weaker parts;
Therewith his ſturdy courage ſoon was quaid,
And all his ſenſes were with ſuddain dread diſmay'd.

XV.

So down he fell before the cruel beaſt,
Who on his neck his bloody claws did ſeize,
That life nigh cruſht out of his panting breaſt:
No powre he had to ſtir, nor will to riſe.
That when the careful Knight 'gan well aviſe,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beaſt 'gan turn his enterpriſe;
For, wondrous anguiſh in his heart it wrought,
To ſee his loved Squire into ſuch thraldom brought.

XVI.

And high advancing his blood-thirſty blade,
Strook one of thoſe deformed heads ſo ſore,
That of his puiſſance proud enſample made;
His monſtrous ſcalp down to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed ſhape misſhaped more:
A ſea of blood guſht from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments ſtain'd with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field around;
That over ſhoes in blood he waded on the ground.

XVII.

Thereat he roared for exceeding pain,
That to have heard, great horror would have bred
And ſcourging th' empty air with his long train,
Through great impatience of his grieved head,
His gorgeous rider from her lofty ſted
Would have caſt down and trod in dirty mire,
Had not the Giant ſoon her ſuccoured;
Who all enrag'd with ſmart and frantick ire,
Came hurtling in full fierce, and forct the Knight retire.

XVIII.

The force, which wont in two to be dispersst,
In one alone left hand he now unites,
Which is through rage more strong than both were erst;
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigour smites,
That strongest Oak might seem to overthrow:
The stroke upon his shield so heavy lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low.
What mortal wight could ever bear so monstrous blow?

XIX.

And in his fall, his shield that cover'd was,
Did loose his veil by chance, and open flew:
The light whereof, that heavens light did pass,
Such blazing brightness through the ayër threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to view.
Which when the Giant spide with staring eye,
He down let fall his arm, and soft with-drew
His weapon huge, that heaved was on high
For to have slain the man, that on the ground did lye.

XX.

And eke the fruitful-headed beast, amaz'd
At flashing beams of that sunshiny shield,
Became stark blind, and all his senses daz'd,
That down he tumbled on the dirty field,
And seem'd himself as conquered to yield.
Whom when his mistress proud perceiv'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintness reel'd,
Unto the Giant loudly she 'gan call,
O help *Orgoglio*, help, or else we perish all.

XXI.

At her so pitious cry was much amov'd
Her champion stout, and for to ayd his friend,
Again his wonted angry weapon prov'd;
But all in vain: for he has read his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
Themselves in vain: for, since that glauncing sight,
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend;
As, where th' Almighty's lightning brond does light,
It dims the dazed eyen, and daunts the senses quight.

XXII.

Whom when the Prince to battle new addreſt,
And threatning high his dreadful ſtroke did ſee,
His ſparkling blade about his head he bleſt,
And ſmote off quite his right leg by the knee,
That down he tumbled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whoſe heart-ſtrings with keen ſteel nigh hewen be,
The mighty trunk half rent, with ragged rift
Doth roll adown the rocks, and fall with fearful drift.

XXIII.

Or as a caſtle reared high and round,
By ſubtile engines and malicious ſlight
Is undermined from the loweſt ground,
And her foundation forct, and feebled quight,
At laſt down falls, and with her heaped height
Her haſty ruine does more heavy make,
And yields itſelf unto the victors might;
Such was this Giants fall, that ſeem'd to ſhake
The ſtedfaſt globe of earth, as it for fear did quake.

XXIV.

The Knight, then lightly leaping to the prey,
With mortal ſteel him ſmote again ſo ſore,
That headleſs his unwieldy body lay,
All wallow'd in his own foul bloody gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous ſtore:
But ſoon as breath out of his breaſt did paſs,
That huge great body which the Giant bore,
Was vaniſht quite, and of that monſtrous maſs
Was nothing left, but like an empty bladder was.

XXV.

Whoſe grievous fall when falſe *Dueſſa* ſpide,
Her golden cup ſhe caſt unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw aſide;
Such piercing grief her ſtubborn heart did wound,
That ſhe could not endure that doleful ſtound,
But leaving all behind her, fled away:
The light-foot Squire her quickly turn'd around,
And by hard means enforcing her to ſtay,
So brought unto his Lord, as his deſerved prey.

XXVI.

The royal virgin, which beheld from far,
In penſive plight, and ſad perplexity,
The whole atchievement of this doubtful war,
Came running faſt to greet his victory,
With ſober gladneſs, and mild modeſty,
And with ſweet joyous chear him thus beſpake;
Fair branch of nobleſs, flowre of chevalry,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How ſhall I quite the pains ye ſuffer for my ſake?

XXVII.

And you freſh bud of vertue ſpringing faſt,
Whom theſe ſad eyes ſaw nigh unto deaths door,
What hath poor virgin, for ſuch peril paſt,
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My ſimple ſelf, and ſervice evermore;
And he that high does ſit, and all things ſee
With equal eyes, their merits to reſtore,
Behold what ye this day have done for me,
And what I cannot quite, requite with uſury.

XXVIII.

But ſith the heavens, and your fair handling,
Have made you maſter of the field this day,
Your fortune maſter eke with governing,
And well begun, end all ſo well, I pray,
Ne let that wicked woman ſcape away:
For ſhe it is that did my Lord bethrall,
My deareſt Lord, and deep in dungeon lay,
Where he his better days hath waſted all.
O hear, how pitious he to you for aid does call.

XXIX.

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squire,
That ſcarlet whore to keepen carefully;
Whiles he himſelf with greedy great deſire
Into the caſtle entred forcibly;
Where living creature none he did eſpy.
Then 'gan he loudly through the houſe to call:
But no man car'd to anſwer to his cry.
There reign'd a ſolemn ſilence over all,
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was ſeen in bowre or hall.

XXX.

At laſt, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as ſnow,
That on a ſtaff his feeble ſteps did frame,
And guide his weary gait both to and fro,
For his eye ſight him failed long ygo:
And on his arm a bounch of keys he bore,
The which unuſed, ruſt did overgrow:
Thoſe were the keys of every inner door,
But he could not them uſe, but kept them ſtill in ſtore.

XXXI.

But very uncouth ſight was to behold
How he did faſhion his untoward pace:
For as he forward mov'd his footing old,
So backward ſtill was turn'd his wrinkled face;
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the ancient keeper of that place,
And foſter-father of the Giant dead;
His name *Ignaro* did his nature right aread.

XXXII.

His reverend hairs and holy gravity
The Knight much honour'd, as beſeemed well,
And gently askt, where all the people be,
Which in that ſtately building wont to dwell,
Who anſwerd him full ſoft, he could not tell.
Again he askt, where that ſame Knight was laid,
Whom great *Orgoglio* with his puiſſance fell
Had made his caitive thrall; again he ſaid,
He could not tell: ne ever other anſwer made.

XXXIII.

Then asked he, which way he in might paſs:
He could not tell, again he anſwered.
Thereat the courteous Knight diſpleaſed was,
And ſaid, Old ſire, it ſeems thou haſt not read
How ill it fits with that ſame ſilver head
In vain to mock, or mockt in vain to be:
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrayed
With natures pen, in ages grave degree,
Aread in graver wiſe, what I demand of thee.

XXXIV.

His anſwer likewiſe was, he could not tell.
Whoſe ſenſeleſs ſpeech, and doted ignorance
Whenas the noble Prince had marked well,
He gheſt his nature by his countenance,
And calm'd his wrath with goodly temperance;
Then to him ſtepping, from his arm did reach
Thoſe keys, and made himſelf free enterance.
Each door he opened without any breach;
There was no bar to ſtop, nor foe him to empeach.

XXXV.

There all within full rich array'd he found,
With royal arras, and reſplendent gold,
And did with ſtore of every thing abound,
That greateſt Princes preſence might behold:
But all the floor (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltleſs babes, and innocents true,
Which there were ſlain, as ſheep out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadful was to view,
And ſacred aſhes over it was ſtrowed new.

XXXVI.

And there beſide of marble ſtone was built
An altar, carv'd with cunning imagery,
On which true chriſtians blood was often ſpilt,
And holy martyrs often doen to dye,
With cruel malice and ſtrong tyranny:
Whoſe bleſſed ſprites from underneath the ſtone
To God for vengeance cry'd continually,
And with great grief were often heard to grone,
That hardeſt heart would bleed, to hear their pitious mone.

XXXVII.

Through every room he ſought, and every bowre,
But no where could he find that woeful thrall:
At laſt he came unto an iron door,
That faſt was lockt, but key found not all
Emongſt that bounch, to open it withall;
But in the ſame a little grate was pight,
Through which he ſent his voice, and loud did call
With all his powre, to weet if living wight
Were houſed there within, whom he enlargen might.

XXXVIII.

Therewith, an hollow, dreary, murmuring voice
These pitious plaints and dolours did resound;
O who is that, which brings me happy choice
Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
Yet live perforce in baleful darkness bound?
For now three moons have changed thrice their hew,
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the heavens chearful face did view:
O welcome thou, that dost of death bring tydings true.

XXXIX.

Which when that champion heard, with piercing point
Of pity dear his heart was thrilled sore,
And trembling horror ran through every joint,
For ruth of gentle Knight so foul forlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that iron door,
With furious force, and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no floor,
But all a deep descent, as dark as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthy baneful smell.

XL.

But neither darkness foul nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell his purpose could with-hold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer bands)
But that with constant zeal, and courage bold,
After long pains and labours manifold,
He found the means that prisoner up to rear;
Whose feeble thighs unable to uphold
His pined corse, him scarce to light could bear.
A rueful spectacle of death and ghastly drear.

XLI.

His sad dull eyes deep sunk in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted sun to view;
His bare thin cheeks for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceived of their due,
Could make a stony heart his hap to rue;
His rawbone arms, whose mighty brawned bowres
Were wont to rive steel plates, and helmets hew,
Were clean consum'd, and all his vital powres
Decay'd, and all his flesh shrunk up like withered flowres.

XLII.

Whom when his Lady ſaw, to him ſhe ran
With haſty joy: to ſee him made her glad,
And ſad to view his viſage pale and wan,
Who earſt in flowres of freſheſt youth was clad.
Tho when her Well of tears ſhe waſted had,
She ſaid, Ah dereſt Lord, what evil ſtar
On you hath frown'd, and pour'd his influence bad,
That of yourſelf ye thus berobbed are,
And this miſſeeming hew your manly looks doth mare.

XLIII.

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
Whoſe preſence I have lackt too long a day;
And fie on fortune mine avowed foe,
Whoſe wrathful wreaks themſelves do now alay,
And for theſe wrongs ſhall treble penance pay
Of treble good: good grows of evils prief.
The cheerleſs man, whom ſorrow did diſmay,
Had no delight to treaten of his grief;
His long endured famine needed more relief.

XLIV.

Fair Lady, then ſaid that victorious Knight,
The things that grievous were to do, or bear,
Them to renew, I wot, breeds no delight;
Beſt muſick breeds diſlike in loathing ear:
But th'only good that grows of paſſed fear,
Is to be wiſe, and ware of like agen.
This days enſample hath this leſſon dear
Deep written in my heart with iron pen,
" That bliſs may not abide in ſtate of mortal men.

XLV.

Henceforth ſir Knight, take to you wonted ſtrength,
And maſter theſe miſhaps with patient might;
Lo where your foe lyes ſtretcht in monſtrous length;
And lo that wicked woman in your ſight,
The root of all your care, and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her live or dye.
To do her dye (quoth *Una*) were deſpight,
And ſhame t'avenge ſo weak an enemy;
But ſpoil her of her ſcarlet robe, and let her fly.

XLVI.

So, as ſhe bade, that Witch they diſarray'd,
And robb'd of royal robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were diſplay'd;
Ne ſpared they to ſtrip her naked all.
Then when they had deſpoyl'd her tire and call,
Such as ſhe was, their eyes might her behold,
That her miſhapen parts did them appall,
A loathly, wrinkled hag, ill favour'd, old,
Whoſe ſecret filth, good manners biddeth not be told.

XLVII.

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And (as in hate of honourable eld)
Was over-grown with ſcurf and filthy ſcald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gums were feld,
And her ſowre breath abominably ſmeld;
Her dried dugs, like bladders lacking wind,
Hung down, and filthy matter from them weld;
Her wrizled skin, as rough as maple rind,
So ſcabby was, that would have loath'd all woman-kind.

XLVIII.

Her neather parts, the ſhame of all her kind,
My chaſter muſe for ſhame doth bluſh to write:
But at her rump ſhe growing had behind
A foxes tail, with dung all fouly dight;
And eke her feet moſt monſtrous were in ſight;
For one of them was like an eagles claw,
With griping talons arm'd to greedy fight,
The other like a bears uneven paw:
More ugly ſhape, yet never living creature ſaw.

XLIX.

Which when the Knights beheld, amaz'd they were,
And wonderd at ſo foul deformed wight.
Such then (ſaid *Una*) as ſhe ſeemeth here,
Such is the face of falſhood, ſuch the ſight
Of foul *Dueſſa*, when her borrowd light
Is laid away, and counterfeſaunce known.
Thus when they had the Witch diſrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open ſhown,
They let her go at will, and wander ways unknown.

L.

She flying faſt from heavens hated face,
And from the world that her diſcover'd wide,
Fled to the waſtful wilderneſs apace,
From living eyes her open ſhame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and caves long uneſpide,
But that fair crew of Knights, and *Una* fair,
Did in that caſtle afterwards abide,
To reſt themſelves, and weary powres repair,
Where ſtore they found of all that dainty was and rare.

CANTO IX.

His loves and linage Arthur *tells,*
The Knights knit friendly bands:
Sir Treviſan *flies from Deſpair,*
Whom Redcroſs Knight withſtands.

I.

O goodly golden chain, wherewith yfere,
The vertues linked are in lovely wiſe;
And noble minds of yore allied were,
In brave purſuit of chevalrous empriſe,
That none did others ſafëty deſpiſe,
Nor aid envy to him in need that ſtands,
But friendly each did others praiſe deviſe
How to advance with favourable hands,
As this good Prince redeem'd the *Redcroſs* Knight from bands.

II.

Who when their powres empair'd through labour long,
With due repaſt they had recured well,
And that weak captive wight now wexed ſtrong,
Them liſt no longer there at leiſure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell:
But ere they parted, *Una* fair beſought
That ſtranger Knight his name and nation tell;
Leſt ſo great good as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankleſs thought.

III.

Fair Virgin (ſaid the Prince) ye me require
A thing without the compaſs of my wit:
For both the linage and the certain Sire
From which I ſprung, from me are hidden yet.
For all ſo ſoon as life did me admit
Into this world, and ſhewed heavens light,
From mothers pap I taken was unfit,
And ſtraight deliver'd to a Fairy Knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thews and martial might.

IV.

Unto old *Timon* he me brought bylive,
Old *Timon*, who in youthful years hath been
In warlike feats th' experteſt man alive,
And is the wiſeſt now on earth I ween;
His dwelling is low in a valley green,
Under the foot of *Rauran* moſſie hore,
From whence the river *Dee* as ſilver clean
His tumbling billows rolls with gentle rore:
There all my days he train'd me up in vertuous lore.

V.

Thither the great magician *Merlin* came,
As was his uſe, oft-times to viſit me:
For he had charge my diſcipline to frame,
And tutors nouriture to overſee.
Him oft and oft I askt in privity,
Of what loyns and what linage I did ſpring:
Whoſe anſwer bade me ſtill aſſured be,
That I was ſon and heir unto a King,
As time in her juſt term the truth to light ſhould bring.

VI.

Well worthy imp, ſaid then the Lady gent,
And pupil fit for ſuch a tutors hand,
But what adventure, or what high intent
Hath brought you hither into Fairy land,
Aread, Prince *Arthur*, crown of martial band?
Full hard it is (quoth he) to read aright
The courſe of heavenly cauſe, or underſtand
The ſecret meaning of th' eternal might,
That rules men's ways, and rules the thoughts of living wight.

VII.

For whether he through fatal deep foreſight
Me hither ſent, for cauſe to me ungheſt,
Or that freſh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rankle in my riven breaſt,
With forced fury following his beheaſt,
Me hither brought by ways yet never found,
You to have helpt I hold myſelf yet bleſt.
Ah courteous Knight (quoth ſhe) what ſecret wound
Could ever find, to grieve the gentleſt heart on ground?

VIII.

Dear Dame (quoth he) you ſleeping ſparks awake,
Which troubled once, into huge flames will grow,
Ne never will their fervent fury ſlake,
Till living moiſture into ſmoak do flow,
And waſted life do lie in aſhes low.
Yet ſithence ſilence leſſeneth not my fire
(But told, it flames; and hidden, it does glow)
I will reveal what ye ſo much deſire:
Ah Love, lay down thy bow, the whiles I may reſpire.

IX.

It was in freſheſt flowre of youthful years,
When courage firſt does creep in manly cheſt,
Then firſt the coal of kindly heat appears
To kindle love in every living breaſt;
But me had warn'd old *Timon*'s wiſe beheaſt,
Thoſe creeping flames by reaſon to ſubdue,
Before their rage grew to ſo great unreſt,
As miſerable lovers uſe to rue,
Which ſtill wex old in woe, while woe ſtill wexeth new.

X.

That idle name of love, and lovers life,
As loſs of time, and vertues enemy
I ever ſcorn'd, and joy'd to ſtir up ſtrife,
In middeſt of their mournful tragedy,
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry;
And blow the fire which them to aſhes brent:
Their God himſelf griev'd at my liberty,
Shot many a dart at me with fierce intent,
But I them warded all with wary government.

XI.

But all in vain: no fort can be ſo ſtrong,
Ne fleſhly breaſt can armed be ſo ſound,
But will at laſt be won with battry long,
Or unawares at diſadvantage found;
Nothing is ſure that grows on earthly ground:
And who moſt truſts in arm of fleſhly might,
And boaſts in beauties chain not to be bound,
Doth ſooneſt fall in diſadventrous fight,
And yield his caitive neck to victors moſt deſpight.

XII.

Enſample make of him your haplefs joy,
And of my ſelf now mated, as ye ſee:
Whoſe prouder vaunt, that proud avenging boy
Did ſoon pluck down, and curb'd my liberty,
For on a day, prickt forth with jollity
Of looſer life, and heat of hardiment,
Ranging the foreſt wide on courſer free,
The fields, the floods, the heavens with one conſent
Did ſeem to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

XIII.

For wearied with my ſports, I did alight
From lofty ſteed, and down to ſleep me laid;
The verdant graſs my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet fair diſplay'd:
While every ſenſe the humour ſweet embay'd,
And ſlumbring ſoft my heart did ſteal away,
Me ſeemed by my ſide a royal maid
Her dainty limbs full ſoftly down did lay:
So fair a creature yet ſaw never ſunny day.

XIV.

Moſt goodly glee and lovely blandiſhment
She to me made, and bade me love her dear;
For dearly ſure her love was to me bent,
As when juſt time expired ſhould appear.
But whether dreams delude, or true it were,
Was never heart ſo raviſht with delight,
Ne living man like words did ever hear,
As ſhe to me deliver'd all that night;
And at her parting ſaid, ſhe Queen of Faries hight.

XV.

When I awoke, and found her place devoid,
And nought but preſſed graſs where ſhe had lyen,
I ſorrow'd all ſo much, as earſt I joy'd,
And waſhed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth, I lov'd that face divine;
From that day forth I caſt in careful mind,
To ſeek her out with labour and long tine,
And never vow to reſt, till her I find,
Nine months I ſeek in vain, yet ni'll that vow unbind.

XVI.

Thus as he ſpake, his viſage wexed pale,
And change of hew great paſſion did bewray;
Yet ſtill he ſtrove to cloak his inward bale,
And hide the ſmoak that did his fire diſplay,
Till gentle *Una* thus to him 'gan ſay;
O happy Queen of Faries, that haſt found
Mongſt many, one that with his proweſs may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound:
True loves are often ſown, but ſeldom grow on ground.

XVII.

Thine, O then ſaid the gentle *Redcroſs* Knight,
Next to that Ladies love ſhall be the place,
O faireſt virgin, full of heavenly light,
Whoſe wondrous faith exceeding earthly race,
Was firmeſt fixt in mine extreameſt caſe.
And you my Lord, the patron of my life,
Of that great Queen may well gain worthy grace:
For, only worthy you, through proweſs prief
If living man mote worthy be, to be her lief.

XVIII.

So diverſly diſcourſing of their loves,
The golden ſun his gliſtring head 'gan ſhew,
And ſad remembrance now the Prince amoves,
With freſh deſire his voyage to purſue:
Als *Una* earn'd her travel to renew.
Then thoſe two Knights, faſt friendſhip for to bind,
And love eſtabliſh each to other true,
Gave goodly gifts, the ſigns of grateful mind,
And eke the pledges firm, right hands together joyn'd.

XIX.

Prince *Arthur* gave a box of diamond ſure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were clos'd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wound could heal incontinent:
Which to requite, the *Redcroſs* Knight him gave
A book wherein his Saviour's teſtament
Was writ with golden letters rich and brave;
A work of wondrous grace, and able ſouls to ſave.

XX.

Thus been they parted, *Arthur* on his way
To ſeek his love, and th'other for to fight
With *Unas* foe, that all her realm did prey.
But ſhe now weighing the decayed plight,
And ſhrunken ſinews of her choſen Knight,
Would not awhile her forward courſe purſue,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadful fight,
Till he recover'd had his former hew:
For him to be yet weak and weary well ſhe knew.

XXI.

So as they travell'd, lo they 'gan eſpie
An armed Knight towards them gallop faſt,
That ſeemed from ſome feared foe to flie,
Or other grieſly thing that him aghaſt.
Still as he fled, his eye was backward caſt,
As if his fear ſtill follow'd him behind;
Als flew his ſteed, as he his bands had braſt,
And with his winged heels did tread the wind,
As he had been a ſole of *Pegaſus* his kind.

XXII.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
To be unarm'd, and curl'd uncombed hairs
Upſtaring ſtiff, diſmay'd with uncouth dread;
Nor drop of blood in all his face appears,
Nor life in limb: and to increaſe his fears,
In foul reproach of Knighthoods fair degree,
About his neck a hempen rope he wears,
That with his gliſtring arms does ill agree;
But he of rope or arms has now no memory.

XXIII.

The *Redcross* Knight toward him crossed fast,
To weet what mister wight was so dismay'd:
There him he finds all senseless and aghast,
That of himself he seem'd to be afraid;
Whom hardly he from flying forward staid,
Till he these words to him deliver might;
Sir Knight, aread who hath ye thus arraid,
And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight:
For never Knight I saw in such misseeming plight.

XXIV.

He answer'd nought at all; but adding new
Fear to his first amazement, staring wide
With stony eyes, and heartless hollow hew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had espy'd,
Infernal furies, with their chains unty'd.
Him yet again, and yet again bespake
The gentle Knight; who nought to him reply'd,
But trembling every joynt did inly quake,
And foltring tongue at last these words seem'd forth to [shake.

XXV.

For God's dear love, Sir Knight, do me not stay;
For lo, he comes, he comes fast after me.
Eft looking back, would fain have run away;
But he him forct to stay, and tellen free
The secret cause of his perplexity:
Yet nathemore by his bold hearty speech,
Could his blood-frozen heart emboldned be:
But through his boldness rather fear did reach:
Yet forct, at last he made through silence suddain breach.

XXVI.

And am I now in safety sure (quoth he)
From him that would have forced me to dye?
And is the point of death now turn'd from me,
That I may tell this haplefs history?
Fear nought (quoth he) no danger now is nigh.
Then shall I you recount a rueful case
(Said he) the which with this unlucky eye
I late beheld, and had not greater grace
Me reft from it, had been partaker of the place.

XXVII.

I lately chaunct (would I had never chaunct)
With a fair Knight to keepen companee,
Sir *Terwin* hight, that well himſelf advaunct
In all affairs, and was both bold and free,
But not ſo happy as mote happy be:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent,
That him again lov'd in the leaſt degree:
For ſhe was proud, and of too high intent,
And joy'd to ſee her Lover languiſh and lament.

XXVIII.

From whom returning ſad and comfortleſs,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villain (God from him me bleſs)
That curſed wight, from whom I ſcapt whylear,
A man of hell, that calls himſelf *Deſpair*:
Who firſt us greets, and after fair areeds
Of tydings ſtrange, and of adventures rare:
So creeping cloſe, as ſnake in hidden weeds,
Inquireth of our ſtates, and of our Knightly deeds.

XXIX.

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble hearts
Emboſt with bale, and bitter byting grief,
Which love had launced with his deadly darts,
With wounding words and terms of foul reprief,
He pluckt from us all hope of due relief,
That earſt us held in love of lingring life;
Then hopeleſs, heartleſs, 'gan the cunning thief
Perſwade us dye, to ſtint all further ſtrife:
To me he lent this rope, to him a ruſty knife.

XXX.

With which ſad inſtrument of haſty death,
That woeful Lover, loathing longer light,
A wide way made to let forth living breath.
But I more fearful, or more lucky wight,
Diſmay'd with that deformed diſmal ſight,
Fled faſt away, half dead with dying fear:
Ne yet aſſur'd of life by you, Sir Knight,
Whoſe like infirmity like chaunce may bear:
But God you never let his charmed ſpeeches hear.

XXXI.

How may a man (ſaid he) with idle ſpeech
Be won to ſpoyl the caſtle of his health?
I wote (quoth he) whom tryal late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth,
His ſubtile tongue, like dropping honey, melt'th
Into the heart, and ſearcheth every vein.
That ere one be aware, by ſecret ſtealth
His powre is reft, and weakneſs doth remain;
O! never ſir deſire to try his guileful train.

XXXII.

Certes (ſaid he) hence ſhall I never reſt,
Till I that treachours art have heard and tride;
And you Sir Knight, whoſe name mote I requeſt,
Of grace do me unto his cabin guide.
I that hight *Treviſan* (quoth he) will ride
(Againſt my liking) back to do you grace;
But not for gold nor glee will I abide
By you, when ye arrive in that ſame place;
For liefer had I dye, than ſee his deadly face.

XXXIII.

Ere long they come, where that ſame wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That ſtill for carrion carcaſes doth crave:
On top whereof ay dwelt the gaſtly Owl,
Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearful fowl;
And all about it wandring ghoſts did wail and howl.

XXXIV.

And all about, old ſtocks and ſtubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit, nor leaf was ever ſeen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged been,
Whoſe carcaſes were ſcattred on the green,
And thrown about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head Knight, for dread and doleful teen,
Would fain have fled, ne durſt approchen near:
But th' other forct him ſtay, and comforted in fear.

XXXV.

That darkſome cave they enter, where they find
That curſed man, low ſitting on the ground,
Muſing full ſadly in his ſullen mind;
His grieſy locks, long growen, and unbound,
Diſordred hung about his ſhoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and ſtared as aſtound;
His rawbone cheeks, through penury and pine,
Were ſhrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

XXXVI.

His garment nought but many ragged clouts,
With thorns together pinn'd and patched was,
The which his naked ſides he wrapt abouts;
And him beſide there lay upon the graſs
A dreary corſe, whoſe life away did paſs,
All wallow'd in his own yet luke-warm blood,
That from his wound yet welled freſh alaſs;
In which a ruſty knife faſt fixed ſtood,
And made an open paſſage for the guſhing flood.

XXXVII.

Which pitious ſpectacle, approving true
The woeful tale that *Treviſan* had told,
Whenas the gentle *Redcroſs* Knight did view,
With firie zeal he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge before his blood were cold,
And to the villain ſaid, thou damned wight,
The author of this fact we here behold,
What juſtice can but judge againſt thee right,
With thine own blood to price his blood, here ſhed in ſight.

XXXVIII.

What frantick fit (quoth he) hath thus diſtraught
Thee fooliſh man, ſo raſh a doom to give?
What juſtice ever other judgment taught,
But he ſhould dye, who merits not to live?
None elſe to death this man deſpairing drive,
But his own guilty mind deſerving death.
Is then unjuſt to each his due to give?
Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him dye at eaſe, that liveth here uneath?

XXXIX.

Who travels by the weary wandring way,
To come unto his wiſhed home in haſte,
And meets a flood that doth his paſſage ſtay,
Is not great grace to help him overpaſt,
Or free his feet, that in the mire ſtick faſt?
Moſt envious man, that grieves at neighbours good,
And fond, that joyeſt in the woe thou haſt,
Why wilt not let him paſs, that long hath ſtood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thyſelf not paſs the flood?

XL.

He there does now enjoy eternal reſt
And happy eaſe, which thou doſt want and crave,
And further from it daily wandereſt:
What if ſome little pain the paſſage have,
That makes frail fleſh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not ſhort pain well borne, that brings long eaſe,
And lays the ſoul to ſleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after ſtormy ſeas,
Eaſe after war, death after life does greatly pleaſe.

XLI.

The Knight much wondred at his ſuddain wit,
And ſaid, the term of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor ſhorten it;
The Souldier may not move from watchful ſted,
Nor leave his ſtand, until his Captain bed.
Who life did limit by almighty doom
(Quoth he) knows beſt the terms eſtabliſhed;
And he that points the Centinel his room,
Doth licenſe him depart at ſound of morning droom.

XLII.

Is not his deed, what ever thing is done,
In heaven and earth? did not he all create
To dye again? all ends that was begun.
Their times in his eternal book of fate
Are written ſure, and have their certain date.
Who then can ſtrive with ſtrong neceſſity,
That holds the world in his ſtill changing ſtate,
Or ſhun the death ordain'd by deſtiny?
When hour of death is come, let none ask whence, nor why.

XLIII.

The longer life, I wote the greater ſin;
The greater ſin, the greater puniſhment:
All thoſe great battles which thou boaſts to win,
Through ſtrife, and bloodſhed, and avengëment,
Now prais'd, hereafter dear thou ſhalt repent:
For life muſt life, and blood muſt blood repay.
Is not enough thy evil life foreſpent?
For he that once hath miſſed the right way,
The further he doth go, the further he doth ſtray.

XLIV.

Then do no further go, no further ſtray,
But here lye down, and to thy reſt betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life enſewen may.
For what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cauſe it to forſake?
Fear, ſickneſs, age, loſs, labour, ſorrow, ſtrife,
Pain, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thouſands more, do make a loathſome life.

XLV.

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 luckleſs diſaventures did amate:
Witneſs the dungeon deep, wherein of late
Thy life ſhut up, for death ſo oft did call;
And though good luck prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like miſhaps foreſtall,
Into the which hereafter thou mayſt happen fall.

XLVI.

Why then doſt thou, O man of ſin, deſire
To draw thy days forth to their laſt degree?
Is not the meaſure of thy ſinful hire
High heaped up with huge iniquity,
Againſt the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
Thou falſed haſt thy faith with perjury,
And ſold thyſelf to ſerve *Dueſſa* vild,
With whom in all abuſe thou haſt thy ſelf defil'd?

XLVII.

Is not he juſt, that all this doth behold
From higheſt heaven, and bears an equal eye?
Shall he thy ſins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impiety?
Is not his law, let every ſinner dye:
Dye ſhall all fleſh? what then muſt needs be done,
Is it not better to die willingly,
Than linger till the glaſs be all out-run?
Death is the end of woes: dye ſoon, O Fairies ſon.

XLVIII.

The Knight was much enmoved with his ſpeech,
That as a ſwords point through his heart did pierce,
And in his conſcience made a ſecret breach,
Well knowing true all that he did reherſe,
And to his freſh remembrance did reverſe
The ugly view of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powres it did diſperſe,
As he were charmed with inchanted rimes,
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

XLIX.

In which amazement, when the miſcreant
Perceived him to waver weak and frail,
Whiles trembling horror did his conſcience dant,
And helliſh anguiſh did his ſoul aſſail;
To drive him to deſpair, and quite to quail,
He ſhew'd him painted in a table plain,
The damned ghoſts that do in torments wail,
And thouſand fiends that do them endleſs pain
With fire and brimſtone, which for ever ſhall remain.

L.

The ſight whereof ſo throughly him diſmay'd,
That nought but death before his eyes he ſaw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous ſentence of th' Almighties law:
Than 'gan the villain him to overcraw,
And brought unto him ſwords, ropes, poiſon, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bade him chuſe what death he would deſire:
For death was due to him, that had provokt Gods ire.

LI.

But whenas none of them he ſaw him take,
He to him raught a dagger ſharp and keen,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leaf of Aſpin green,
And troubled blood through his pale face was ſeen
To come and go with tydings from the heart,
As it a running meſſenger had been.
At laſt, reſolv'd to work his final ſmart,
He lifted up his hand, that back again did ſtart.

LII.

Which whenas *Una* ſaw, through every vein
The crudled cold ran to her Well of life,
As in a ſwoun: but ſoon reliev'd again,
Out of his hand ſhe ſnatcht the curſed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him ſaid, fie, fie faint hearted Knight,
What meaneſt thou by this reproachful ſtrife?
Is this the battle which thou vaunt'ſt to fight
With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

LIII.

Come, come away, frail, ſilly, fleſhly wight,
Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart,
Ne diveliſh thoughts diſmay thy conſtant ſpright.
In heavenly mercies haſt thou not a part?
Why ſhouldſt thou then deſpair, that choſen art?
Where juſtice grows, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of helliſh ſmart,
And that accurſt hand-writing doth deface:
Ariſe, Sir Knight, ariſe, and leave this curſed place.

LIV.

So up he roſe, and thence amounted ſtreight.
Which when the carl beheld, and ſaw his gueſt
Would ſafe depart, for all his ſubtile ſleight,
He choſe an halter from among the reſt,
And with it hung himſelf, unbid, unbleſt.
But death he could not work himſelf thereby;
For thouſand times he ſo himſelf had dreſt,
Yet natheleſs it could not do him dye,
Till he ſhould dye his laſt, that is, eternally.

CANTO X.

Her faithful Knight fair Una *brings*
To houſe of Holineſs;
Where he is taught repentance, and
The way to Heavenly bleſs.

I.

WHat man is he, that boaſts of fleſhly might,
And vain aſſurance of mortality,
Which all ſo ſoon as it doth come to fight
Againſt ſpiritual foes, yields by and by,
Or from the field moſt cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man aſcribe it to his ſkill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any ſtrength we have, it is to ill:
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

II.

By that which lately hapned, *Una* ſaw
That this her Knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his ſinews woxen weak and raw,
Through long impriſonment, and hard conſtraint,
Which he endured in his late reſtraint,
That yet he was unfit for bloody fight:
Therefore to cheriſh him with diets daint,
She caſt to bring him, where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

III.

There was an ancient houſe not far away,
Renown'd throughout the world for ſacred lore,
And pure unſpotted life: ſo well they ſay
It govern'd was, and guided evermore
Through wiſdom of a matron grave and hore;
Whoſe only joy was to relieve the needs
Of wretched ſouls, and help the helpleſs poor;
All night ſhe ſpent in bidding of her beads,
And all the day in doing good and godly deeds.

IV.

Dame *Cælia* men did her call, as thought
From heaven to come, or thither to arise,
The mother of three daughters well up-brought
In goodly thews, and godly exercise:
The eldest two most sober, chaste, and wise,
Fidelia and *Speranza* virgins were,
Though spous'd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
But fair *Charissa* to a lovely fere
Was linked, and by him had many pledges dear.

V.

Arrived there, the door they find fast lockt;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For fear of many foes: but when they knockt,
The porter open'd unto them straightway:
He was an aged Sire all hory gray,
With looks full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
Wont on a staff his feeble steps to stay,
Hight *Humilta*. They pass in stooping low;
For straight and narrow was the way which he did show.

VI.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin:
But entred in a spacious court they see,
Both plain, and pleasant to be walked in,
Where them does meet a Franklin fair and free,
And entertains with comely courteous glee,
His name was *Zeale*, that him right well became;
For in his speeches and behaviour he
Did labour lively to express the same,
And gladly did them guide, till to the hall they came.

VII.

There fairly them receives a gentle Squire,
Of mild demeanure, and rare courtesie,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire;
In word and deed that shew'd great modesty,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight *Reverence*. He them with speeches meet
Does fair intreat; no courting nicety,
But simple true, and eke unfeighned sweet,
As might become a Squire so great persons to greet.

VIII.

And afterwards them to his Dame he leads,
That aged Dame, the Lady of the place:
Who all this while was buſie at her beads:
Which doen, ſhe up aroſe with ſeemly grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace.
Where, when that faireſt *Una* ſhe beheld,
Whom well ſhe knew to ſpring from heavenly race,
Her heart with joy unwonted inly ſweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

IX.

And her embracing ſaid, O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet do ever tread,
Moſt virtuous virgin, born of heavenly birth,
That to redeem thy woeful parents head,
From tyrants rage, and ever-dying dread,
Haſt wandred through the world now long a day;
Yet ceaſeſt not thy weary ſoles to lead,
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?
Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither ſtray?

X.

Strange thing it is an errant Knight to ſee
Here in this place, or any other wight,
That hither turns his ſteps. So few there be
That chuſe the narrow path, or ſeek the right:
All keep the broad high-way, and take delight
With many rather for to go aſtray,
And be partakers of their evil plight,
Than with a few to walk the righteſt way;
O fooliſh men! why haſte ye to your own decay?

XI.

Thyſelf to ſee, and tired limbs to reſt,
O matrone ſage (quoth ſhe) I hither came,
And this good Knight his way with me addreſt,
Led with thy praiſes and broad blazed fame,
That up to heaven is blown. The ancient Dame,
Him goodly greeted in her modeſt guiſe,
And entertaind them both, as beſt became,
With all the court'ſies that ſhe could deviſe,
Ne wanted ought, to ſhew her bounteous or wiſe.

XII.

Thus as they 'gan of ſundry things deviſe,
Lo two moſt goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arm in arm in lovely wiſe,
With countenance demure, and modeſt grace,
They numbred even ſteps, and equal pace:
Of which the eldeſt, that *Fidelia* hight,
Like ſunny beams threw from her chryſtal face,
That could have daz'd the raſh beholders ſight,
And round about her head did ſhine like heavens light.

XIII.

She was arrayed all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the height,
In which a Serpent did himſelf enfold,
That horrour made to all that did behold;
But ſhe no whit did change her conſtant mood:
And in her other hand ſhe faſt did hold
A book, that was both ſignd and ſeald with blood,
Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be underſtood.

XIV.

Her younger ſiſter, that *Speranza* hight,
Was clad in blue, that her beſeemed well;
Not all ſo chearful ſeemed ſhe of ſight,
As was her ſiſter; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguiſh in her heart, is hard to tell.
Upon her arm a ſilver anchor lay,
Whereon ſhe leaned ever, as befell:
And ever up to heaven as ſhe did pray,
Her ſtedfaſt eyes were bent, ne ſwarved other way.

XV.

They ſeeing *Una*, towards her 'gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courteſie:
Many kind ſpeeches they between them ſpend,
And greatly joy each other for to ſee:
Then to the Knight with ſhamefact modeſty
They turn themſelves, at *Una's* meek requeſt,
And him ſalute with well beſeeming glee;
Who fair them quites, as him beſeemed beſt,
And goodly 'gan diſcourſe of many a noble gueſt.

XVI.

Then *Una* thus: but ſhe your ſiſter dear,
The dear *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 womb,
And hath encreaſt the world with one ſon more,
That her to ſee ſhould be but troubleſome.
Indeed (quoth ſhe) that ſhould be trouble ſore:
But thankt be God, and her encreaſe ſo evermore.

XVII.

Then ſaid the aged *Cœlia*, dear Dame,
And you good Sir, I wote that of your toyl,
And labours long, through which ye hither came,
Ye both forwearied be: therefore a while
I read you reſt, and to your bowres recoyl.
Then called ſhe a Groom, that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and 'gan deſpoyl
Of puiſſant arms, and laid in eaſie bed;
His name was meek *Obedience* rightfully ared.

XVIII.

Now when their weary limbs with kindly reſt,
And bodies were refreſht with due repaſt,
Fair *Una* 'gan *Fidelia* fair requeſt
To have her Knight into her ſchool-houſe plact,
That of her heavenly learning he might taſte,
And hear the wiſdom of her words divine.
She granted, and that Knight ſo much agract,
That ſhe him taught celeſtial diſcipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them ſhine.

XIX.

And that her ſacred book, with blood ywrit,
That none could read, except ſhe did them teach,
She unto him diſcloſed every whit,
And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker wit of man could never reach,
Of God, of grace, of juſtice, of free will,
That wonder was to hear her goodly ſpeech:
For ſhe was able with her words to kill,
And raiſe again to life the heart, that ſhe did thrill.

XX.

And when ſhe liſt pour out her larger ſpright,
She would command the haſty ſun to ſtay,
Or backward turn his courſe from heavens height;
Sometimes great hoſts of men ſhe could diſmay:
Dry-ſhod to paſs, ſhe parts the floods in tway;
And eke huge mountains from their native ſeat
She would command, themſelves to bear away,
And throw in raging ſea with roaring threat:
Almighty God her gave ſuch powre, and puiſſance great.

XXI.

The faithful Knight now grew in little ſpace,
By hearing her, and by her ſiſters lore,
To ſuch perfection of all heavenly grace,
That wretched world he 'gan for to abhor,
And mortal life 'gan loath, as thing forlore,
Griev'd with remembrance of his wicked ways,
And prickt with anguiſh of his ſins ſo ſore,
That he deſir'd to end his wretched days:
So much the dart of ſinful guilt the ſoul diſmays.

XXII.

But wiſe *Speranza* gave him comfort ſweet,
And taught him how to take aſſured hold
Upon her ſilver anchor, as was meet;
Elſe had his ſins ſo great and manifold,
Made him forget all that *Fidelia* told.
In this diſtreſſed doubtful agony,
When him his deareſt *Una* did behold,
Diſdaining life, deſiring leave to dye,
She found her ſelf aſſaild with great perplexity;

XXIII.

And came to *Cœlia* to declare her ſmart:
Who well acquainted with that common plight,
Which ſinful horror works in wounded heart,
Her wiſely comforted all that ſhe might,
With goodly counſel and adviſement right:
And ſtraightway ſent with careful 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*.

XXIV.

Who coming to that foul-diſeaſed Knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief:
Which known, and all that noyd his heavy ſpright,
Well ſearcht, eftſoons he 'gan apply relief
Of ſalves and med'cines, which had paſſing prief,
And thereto added words of wondrous might:
By which, to eaſe he him recured brief,
And much aſſwag'd the paſſion of his plight,
That he his pain endur'd, as ſeeming now more light.

XXV.

But yet the cauſe and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption, and infected ſin,
Not purg'd nor heal'd, behind remained ſtill,
And feſtring ſore did rankle yet within,
Cloſe creeping 'twixt the marrow and the skin.
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Down in a darkſome lowly place, far in,
Whereas he meant his corroſives t' apply,
And with ſtrict diet tame his ſtubborn malady.

XXVI.

In aſhes and ſackcloth he did array
His dainty corſe, proud humours to abate,
And dieted with faſting every day,
The ſwelling of his wounds to mitigate,
And made him pray both early and eke late:
And ever as ſuperfluous fleſh did rot,
Amendment ready ſtill at hand did wait,
To pluck it out with pincers fiery hot,
That ſoon in him was left no one corrupted jot.

XXVII.

And bitter *Penance*, with an iron whip,
Was wont him once to diſple every day:
And ſharp *Remorſe* his heart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a Well did play;
And ſad *Repentance* uſed to embay
His ſmarting body in ſalt water ſore,
The filthy blots of ſin to waſh away.
So in ſhort ſpace they did to health reſtore
The man that would not live, but erſt lay at deaths dore.

XXVIII.

In which his torment often was ſo great,
That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
And rend his fleſh and his own ſinews eat,
His own dear *Una* hearing evermore
His rueful ſhrieks and groanings, often tore
Her guiltleſs garments, and her golden hair,
For pity of his pain and anguiſh ſore,
Yet all with patience wiſely ſhe did bear;
For well ſhe wiſt, his crime could elſe be never clear.

XXIX.

Whom thus recover'd by wiſe *Patience*,
And true *Repentance*, they to *Una* brought:
Who joyous of his cured conſcience,
Him dearly kiſt, and fairly eke beſought
Himſelf to cheriſh, and conſuming thought
To put away out of his careful breaſt.
By this, *Chariſſa*, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen ſtrong, and left her fruitful neſt;
To her fair *Una* brought this unacquainted gueſt.

XXX.

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 love: but *Cupids* wanton ſnare
As hell ſhe hated, chaſte in work and will;
Her neck and breaſts were ever open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might ſuck their fill;
The reſt was all in yellow robes arrayed ſtill.

XXXI.

A multitude of babes about her hung,
Playing their ſports that joyd her to behold;
Whom ſtill ſhe fed, whiles they were weak and young,
But thruſt them forth ſtill as they wexed old:
And on her head ſhe wore a tyre of gold,
Adorn'd with gemms and owches wondrous fair,
Whoſe paſſing price uneath was to be told;
And by her ſide there ſate a gentle pair
Of turtle doves, ſhe ſitting in an ivory chair.

XXXII.

The Knight and *Una* entring, fair her greet,
And bid her joy of that her happy brood;
Who them requites with court'ſies ſeeming meet,
And entertains with friendly chearful mood.
Then *Una* her beſought to be ſo good,
As in her vertuous rules to ſchool her Knight,
Now after all his torment well withſtood,
In that ſad houſe of *Penance*, where his ſpright
Had paſt the pains of hell, and long enduring night.

XXXIII.

She was right joyous of her juſt requeſt;
And taking by the hand that Fairies ſon,
Gan him inſtruct in every good beheſt
Of love and righteouſneſs, and well to done,
And wrath and hatred warily to ſhun,
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
And many ſouls in dolours had fordone:
In which, when him ſhe well inſtructed hath,
From thence to heaven ſhe teacheth him the ready path.

XXXIV.

Wherein his weaker wandring ſteps to guide,
An ancient matrone ſhe to her does call,
Whoſe ſober looks her wiſdome well diſcride:
Her name was *Mercy*, well known over all,
To be both gracious, and eke liberal:
To whom the careful charge of him ſhe gave,
To lead aright, that he ſhould never fall
In all his ways through this wide worldës wave,
That mercy in the end his righteous ſoul might ſave.

XXXV.

The godly matrone by the hand him bears
Forth from her preſence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with buſhy thorns, and ragged brears,
Which ſtill before him ſhe remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready paſſage ſtay;
And ever when his feet encombred were,
Or 'gan to ſhrink, or from the right to ſtray,
She held him faſt, and firmly did upbear,
As careful nurſe her child from falling oft does rear.

XXXVI.

Eftſoons unto an holy hoſpital,
That was foreby the way, ſhe did him bring,
In which ſeven bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to ſervice of high heavens King,
Did ſpend their days in doing godly thing:
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the weary way were traveling,
And one ſate waiting ever them before,
To call in commers-by, that needy were and poor.

XXXVII.

The firſt of them that eldeſt was, and beſt,
Of all the houſe had charge and government
As guardian and ſteward of the reſt:
His office was to give entertainment
And lodging, unto all that came, and went:
Not unto ſuch as could him feaſt again,
And double quite for that he on them ſpent,
But ſuch as want of harbour did conſtrain:
Thoſe for Gods ſake his duty was to entertain.

XXXVIII.

The ſecond was an Almner of the place:
His office was, the hungry for to feed,
And thirſty give to drink, a work of grace:
He feard not once himſelf to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoard for thoſe, whom he did breed:
The grace of God he laid up ſtill in ſtore,
Which as a ſtock he left unto his ſeed;
He had enough, what need him care for more?
And had he leſs; yet ſome he would give to the poor,

XXXIX.

The third had of their wardrobe cuſtody,
In which were not rich tires, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and wings of vanity,
But cloathës meet to keep keen cold away,
And naked nature ſeemly to array,
With which, bare wretched wights he daily clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And if that no ſpare cloaths to give he had,
His own coat he would cut, and it diſtribute glad.

XL.

The fourth appointed by his office was,
Poor prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd.
And captives to redeem with price of brass,
From Turks and Sarazins, which them had stayd;
And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
That God to us forgiveth every howre
Much more than that, why they in bands were laid,
And he that harrow'd hell with heavy stowre,
The faulty souls from thence brought to his heavenly [bowre.

XLI.

The fifth 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 do most dismay
The feeble soul departing hence away.
All is but lost, that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man! have mind of that last bitter throw;
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

XLII.

The sixth had charge of them now being dead,
In seemly sort their corses to engrave,
And deck with dainty flowres their bridal bed,
That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
They might appear, when he their souls shall save,
The wondrous workmanship of Gods own mould,
Whose face he made all beasts to fear, and gave
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
Ah dearest God me grant, I dead be not defould.

XLIII.

The seventh, now after death and burial done,
Had charge the tender orphans of the dead
And widows ayd, least they should be undone:
In face of judgment he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
Be won their rightful causes down to tread:
And when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

XLIV.

There when the Elfin Knight arrived was,
The firſt and chiefeſt of the ſeven, whoſe care
Was gueſts to welcome, towards him did paſs:
Where ſeeing *Mercy* that his ſteps up-bare,
And always led; to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in meek lowlineſs,
And ſeemly welcome for her did prepare:
For of their order ſhe was patroneſs,
Albe *Chariſſa* were their chiefeſt founderesſ.

XLV.

There ſhe awhile him ſtays, himſelf to reſt,
That to the reſt more able he might be:
During which time, in every good beheſt,
And godly work of alms and charity,
She him inſtructed with great induſtry;
Shortly therein ſo perfect he became,
That from the firſt unto the laſt degree,
His mortal Life he learned had to frame
In holy righteouſneſs, without rebuke or blame.

XLVI.

Thenceforward, by that painful way they paſs,
Forth to an hill that was both ſteep and high;
On top whereof a ſacred chapel was,
And eke a little hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
That day and night ſaid his devotion,
Ne other worldly buſineſs did apply;
His name was heavenly *Contemplation*:
Of God and goodneſs was his meditation.

XLVII.

Great grace that old man to him given had;
For God he often ſaw from heavens height.
All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,
And through great age had loſt their kindly ſight,
Yet wondrous quick and pierceant was his ſpright,
As Eagles eye, that can behold the ſun.
That hill they ſcale with all their powre and might;
That his frail thighs nigh weary and fordone
Gan fail; but by her help the top at laſt he wone.

XLVIII.

There they do find that godly aged Sire,
With ſnowy locks adown his ſhoulders ſhed,
As hoary froſt with ſpangles doth attire
The moſſy branches of an Oak half dead.
Each bone might through his body well be read,
And every ſinew ſeen through his long faſt:
For nought he car'd his carcaſs long unfed;
His mind was full of ſpiritual repaſt,
And pyn'd his fleſh, to keep his body low and chaſt.

XLIX.

Who when theſe two approaching he eſpide,
At their firſt preſence grew agrieved ſore,
That forct him lay his heavenly thoughts aſide:
And had he not that Dame reſpected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the Knight.
They him ſaluted ſtanding far afore;
Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked to what end they clomb that tedious height.

L.

What end (quoth ſhe) ſhould cauſe us take ſuch pain,
But that ſame end, which every living wight
Should make his mark? high heaven to attain.
Is not from hence the way that leadeth right
To that moſt glorious houſe, that gliſtreth bright
With burning ſtars, and ever-living fire,
Whereof the keys are to thy hand behight
By wiſe *Fidelia?* ſhe doth thee require,
To ſhew it to this Knight, according his deſire.

LI.

Thrice happy man, ſaid then the father grave,
Whoſe ſtaggering ſteps thy ſteady hand doth lead,
And ſhews the way, his ſinful ſoul to ſave:
Who better can the way to heaven aread,
Than thou thyſelf, that was both born and bred
In heavenly throne, where thouſand Angels ſhine?
Thou doſt the prayers of the righteous ſeed
Preſent before the majeſty divine,
And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

LII.

Yet ſince thou bidſt, thy pleaſure ſhall be done.
Then come thou man of earth, and ſee the way
That never yet was ſeen of Fairies ſon,
That never leads the traveller aſtray;
But after labours long, and ſad delay,
Brings them to joyous reſt, and endleſs bliſs.
But firſt, thou muſt a ſeaſon faſt and pray,
Till from her bands the ſpright aſſoyled is,
And have her ſtrength recur'd from frail infirmities.

LIII.

That done, he leads him to the higheſt mount,
Such one, as that ſame mighty man of God,
That blood-red billows like a walled front
On either ſide diſparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty days upon; where writ in ſtone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doom of death and baleful mone
He did receive, whiles flaſhing fire about him ſhone.

LIV.

Or like that ſacred hill, whoſe head full high,
Adorn'd with fruitful Olives all around,
Is, as it were for endleſs memory
Of that dear Lord, who oft thereon was found,
For ever with a flowry girlond crown'd:
Or like that pleaſant mount, that is for ay
Through famous Poets verſe each where renown'd,
On which the thrice three learned Ladies play
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

LV.

From thence, far off he unto him did ſhew
A little path that was both ſteep and long,
Which to a goodly city led his view,
Whoſe walls and towres were builded high and ſtrong
Of pearl and precious ſtone, that earthly tong
Cannot deſcribe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my ſimple ſong:
The city of the great King hight it well,
Wherein eternal peace and happineſs doth dwell.

LVI.

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 wend,
As commonly as friend does with his friend.
Whereat he wondred much, and 'gan enquere,
What ſtately building durſt ſo high extend,
Her loſty towres unto the ſtarry ſphere,
And what unknowen nation there empeopled were.

LVII.

Fair Knight (quoth he) *Jeruſalem* that is,
The new *Jeruſalem* that God has built,
For thoſe to dwell in that are choſen his,
His choſen people, purg'd from ſinful guilt,
With pretious blood, which cruelly was ſpilt
On curſed tree, of that unſpotted Lamb,
That for the ſins of all the world was kilt:
Now are they ſaints all in that city ſam,
More dear unto their God, than younglings to their dam.

LVIII.

Till now, ſaid then the Knight, I weened well,
That great *Cleopolis*, where I have been,
In which that faireſt *Fairy Queen* doth dwell
The faireſt city was, that might be ſeen;
And that bright towre all built of chryſtal clean,
Panthea, ſeem'd the brighteſt thing that was:
But now by proof all otherwiſe I ween;
For, this great city, that does far ſurpaſs,
And this bright Angels towre, quite dims that towre of glaſs.

LIX.

Moſt true, then ſaid the holy aged Man;
Yet is *Cleopolis*, for earthly frame,
The faireſt piece, that eye beholden can:
And well beſeems all Knights of noble name,
That covet in th' immortal book of fame
To be eternized, that ſame to haunt,
And doen their ſervice to that ſoveraine Dame,
That glory does to them for guerdon grant:
For ſhe is heavenly born, and heaven may juſtly vaunt.

LX.

And thou fair imp, ſprung out from *Engliſh* race,
However now accounted Elfins ſon,
Well worthy doſt thy ſervice for her grace,
To aid a virgin deſolate foredone.
But when thou famous victory haſt wone,
And high emongſt all Knights haſt hung thy ſhield,
Thenceforth the ſuit of earthly conqueſt ſhun,
And waſh thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
For blood can nought but ſin, and wars but ſorrows yield.

LXI.

Then ſeek this path that I to thee preſage,
Which after all to heaven ſhall thee ſend;
Then peaceably thy painful pilgrimage
To yonder ſame *Jeruſalem* do bend,
Where is for thee ordain'd a bleſſed end:
For thou emongſt thoſe ſaints, whom thou doſt ſee,
Shalt be a ſaint, and thine own nations friend
And patron: thou Saint *George* ſhalt called be,
Saint *George* of merry *England*, the ſign of victory.

LXII.

Unworthy wretch (quoth he) of ſo great grace,
How dare I think ſuch glory to attain?
Theſe that have it attain'd, were in like caſe
(Quoth he) as wretched, and liv'd in like pain,
But deeds of arms muſt I at laſt be fain,
And Ladies love to leave, ſo dearly bought?
What need of arms, where peace doth aye remain
(Said he) and battles none are to be fought?
As for looſe Loves they're vain, and vaniſh into nought.

LXIII.

O! let me not (quoth he) then turn again
Back to the world, whoſe joys ſo fruitleſs are;
But let me here for aye in peace remain,
Or ſtraightway on that laſt long voyage fare,
That nothing may my preſent hope empare.
That may not be (ſaid he) ne maiſt thou yit
Forgo that royal maids bequeathed care,
Who did her cauſe into thy hand commit,
Till from her curſed foe thou have her freely quit.

LXIV.

Then ſhall I ſoon (quoth he) ſo God me grace,
Abet that virgins cauſe diſconſolate,
And ſhortly back return unto this place,
To walk this way in Pilgrims poor eſtate.
But now aread, old father, why of late
Didſt thou behight me born of *Engliſh* blood,
Whom all a Fairies ſon doen nominate?
That word ſhall I (ſaid he) avouchen good,
Sith to thee is unknown the cradle of thy brood.

LXV.

For well I wot, thou ſpringſt from ancient race
Of *Saxon* Kings that have with mighty hand
And many bloody battles fought in place,
High rear'd their royal throne in *Britane* land,
And vanquiſht them, unable to withſtand:
From thence a Fairy thee unweeting reft,
There as thou ſleptſt in tender ſwadling band,
And her baſe Elfin brood there for thee left.
Such, men do changelings call, ſo chang'd by Fairies theft.

LXVI.

Thence ſhe thee brought into this Fairy lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hide:
Where thee a Ploughman all unweeting fond
As he his toilſome team that way did guide,
And brought thee up in Ploughmans ſtate to bide,
Wereof *Georgos* he thee gave to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pride,
To fairy court thou cam'ſt to ſeek for fame,
And prove thy puiſſant arms, as ſeems thee beſt became.

LXVII.

O holy Sire (quoth he) how ſhall I quight
The many favours I with thee have found,
That haſt my name and nation read aright,
And taught the way that does to heaven bound?
This ſaid, adown he looked to the ground,
To have return'd: but dazed were his eyne
Through paſſing brightneſs, which did quite confound
His feeble ſenſe, and too exceeding ſhine.
So dark are earthly things compar'd to things divine.

LXVIII.

At laſt, whenas himſelf he 'gan to find,
To *Una* back he caſt him to retire:
Who him awaited ſtill with penſive mind,
Great thanks and goodly meed, to that good ſire,
He thence departing gave for his pains hire.
So came to *Una*, who him joy'd to ſee;
And after little reſt, 'gan him deſire,
Of her adventure mindful for to be.
So leave they take of *Cœlia*, and her daughters three.

CANTO XI.

The Knight with that old Dragon fights
Two days inceſſantly:
The third, him overthrows, and gains
Moſt glorious Victory.

I.

HIgh time now 'gan it wex for *Una* fair,
To think of thoſe her captive parents dear,
And their forwaſted kingdom to repair:
Whereto whenas they now approached near,
With harty words her Knight ſhe 'gan to chear,
And in her modeſt manner thus beſpake;
Dear Knight, as dear as ever Knight was dear,
That all theſe ſorrows ſuffer for my ſake,
High heaven behold the tedious toyl ye for me take.

II.

Now are we come unto my native ſoil,
And to the place where all our perils dwell;
Here haunts that fiend, and does his daily ſpoil:
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell.
The ſpark of noble courage now awake,
And ſtrive your excellent ſelf to excel;
That ſhall ye evermore renowned make
Above all Knights on earth, that battle undertake.

III.

And pointing forth, lo, yonder is (ſaid ſhe)
The brazen towre, in which my parents dear
For dread of that huge fiend impriſon'd be,
Whom I from far, ſee on the walls appear,
Whoſe ſight my feeble ſoul doth greatly chear:
And on the top of all, I do eſpy
The watchman waiting, tydings glad to hear,
That (O my parents) might I happily
Unto you bring, to eaſe you of your miſery.

IV.

With that, they heard a roaring hideous ſound,
That all the air with terrour filled wide,
And ſeem'd uneath to ſhake the ſtedfaſt ground,
Eftſoons that dreadful Dragon they eſpide,
Where ſtretcht he lay upon the ſunny ſide
Of a great hill, himſelf like a great hill.
But all ſo ſoon as he from far deſcride
Thoſe gliſtring arms that heaven with light did fill,
He rous'd himſelf full blith, and haſtened them until.

V.

Then bade the Knight his Lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herſelf withdraw aſide,
From whence ſhe might behold that battles proof,
And eke be ſafe from danger far deſcride:
She him obey'd and turn'd a little wide.
Now, O thou ſacred muſe, moſt learned Dame,
Fair imp of *Phœbus*, and his aged bride,
The nurſe of time, and everlaſting fame,
That warlike hands ennobleſt with immortal name.

VI.

O gently come into my feeble breaſt,
Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
Wherewith the martial troops thou doſt inveſt,
And hearts of great Heroës doſt inrage,
That nought their kindled courage may aſſwage;
Soon as thy dreadful trump begins to ſound,
The God of war with his fierce equipage
Thou doſt awake, ſleep never he ſo ſound,
And ſcared nations doſt with horrour ſtern aſtound.

VII.

Fair Goddeſs lay that furious fit aſide,
Till I of wars and bloody *Mars* do ſing,
And Briton fields with Sarazin blood bedide,
Twixt that great Fairy Queen and Paynim King,
That with their horrour heaven and earth did ring,
A work of labour long, and endleſs praiſe:
But, now a while let down that haughty ſtring,
And to my tunes thy ſecond tenor raiſe,
That I this Man of God his godly arms may blaze.

VIII.

By this, the dreadful beaſt drew nigh to hand,
Half flying, and half footing in his haſte
That with his largeneſs meaſured much land,
And made wide ſhadow under his huge waſte;
As mountain doth the valley overcaſt.
Approaching nigh he reared high afore
His body monſtrous, horrible, and vaſt,
Which (to increaſe his wondrous greatneſs more)
Was ſwoln with wrath, and poiſon, and with bloody gore.

IX.

And over all with brazen ſcales was arm'd,
Like plated coat of ſteel, ſo couched near,
That nought mote pierce, ne might his corſe be harm'd
With dint of ſword, nor puſh of pointed ſpear;
Which as an Eagle, ſeeing prey appear,
His airy plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
So ſhaked he, that horrour was to hear:
For as the claſhing of an armour bright,
Such noiſe his rouſed ſcales did ſend unto the Knight,

X.

His flaggy wings when forth he did diſplay,
Where like two ſails, in which the hollow wind
Is gathered full, and worketh ſpeedy way:
And eke the pens that did his pinions bind,
Were like main-yards, with flying canvas lin'd;
With which, whenas him lift the air to beat,
And there by force unwonted paſſage find,
The clouds before him fled for terror great,
And all the heavens ſtood ſtill amazed with his threat.

XI.

His huge long tail, wound up in hundred folds,
Does over-ſpread his long braſs ſcaly back:
Whoſe wreathed boughts when ever he unfolds,
And thick intangled knots adown does ſlack
Beſpotted all with ſhields of red and black,
It ſweepeth all the land behind him far,
And of three furlongs does but little lack;
And at the point two ſtings in-fixed are,
Both deadly ſharp, that ſharpeſt ſteel exceeden far.

XII.

But ſtings and ſharpeſt ſteel did far exceed
The ſharpneſs of his cruel rending claws;
Dead was it ſure, as ſure as death indeed,
Whatever thing does touch his ravenous paws,
Or what within his reach he ever draws.
But his moſt hideous head, my tongue to tell
Does tremble: for his deep devouring jaws
Wide gaped, like the grieſly mouth of hell,
Through which into his dark abyſſe all ravin fell.

XIII.

And that more wondrous was, in either jaw
Three ranks of iron teeth enranged were,
In which yet trickling blood and gobbets raw
Of late devoured bodies did appear,
That ſight thereof bred cold congealed fear:
Which to increaſe, and all attonce to kill,
A cloud of ſmothering ſmoak and ſulphur ſear
Out of his ſtinking gorge forth ſteemed ſtill,
That all the air about with ſmoak and ſtench did fill.

XIV.

His blazing eyes, like two bright ſhining ſhields,
Did burn with wrath, and ſparkled living fire:
As two broad beacons, ſet in open fields,
Send forth their flames far off to every ſhire,
And warning give, that enemies conſpire,
With fire and ſword the region to invade;
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancrous ire:
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Thoſe glaring lamps were ſet, that made a dreadful ſhade.

XV.

So dreadfully he towards him did paſs,
Forelifting up aloft his ſpeckled breaſt,
And often bounding on the bruiſed graſs,
As for great joyance of his new come gueſt.
Eftſoons he 'gan advance his haughty creſt,
As chaffed Bore his briſtles doth uprear,
And ſhook his ſcales to battle ready dreſt
(That made the *Redcroſs* Knight nigh quake for fear)
As bidding bold defiance to his foeman near.

XVI.

The Knight 'gan fairly couch his ſteady ſpear,
And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might:
The pointed ſteel arriving rudely there,
His harder hide would neither pierce nor bite,
But glancing by forth paſſed forward right;
Yet ſore amoved with ſo puiſſant puſh,
The wrathful beaſt about him turned light,
And him ſo rudely paſſing by did bruſh
With his long tail, that horſe and man to ground did ruſh.

XVII.

Both horſe and man up lightly roſe again,
And freſh encounter towards him addreſt:
But th' idle ſtroke yet back recoil'd in vain,
And found no place his deadly point to reſt,
Exceeding rage inflam'd the furious beaſt,
To be avenged of ſo great deſpight;
For, never felt his impierceable breaſt
So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puiſſant Knight.

XVIII.

Then with his waving wings diſplayed wide,
Himſelf up high he lifted from the ground,
And with ſtrong flight did forcibly divide
The yielding air, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unſound,
To bear ſo great a weight: he cutting way
With his broad ſails, about him ſoared round:
At laſt low ſtooping with unwieldy ſway,
Snatcht up both horſe and man to bear them quite away.

XIX.

Long he them bore above the ſubject plain
So far as eughen bow a ſhaft may ſend,
Till ſtrugling ſtrong, did him at laſt conſtrain,
To let them down before his flightës end:
As hagard Hawk, preſuming to contend
With hardy fowl, above his able might,
His weary pounces all in vain doth ſpend,
To truſs the prey too heavy for his flight,
Which coming down to ground does free itſelf by fight.

XX.

He ſo diſſeized of his griping groſs,
The Knight his thrillant ſpear again aſſay'd
In his braſs-plated body to emboſs,
And three mens ſtrength unto the ſtroke he laid:
Wherewith the ſtiff beam quaked, as afraid,
And glancing from his ſcaly neck did glide
Cloſe under his left wing, then broad diſplay'd.
The piercing ſteel there wrought a wound full wide,
That with the uncouth ſmart the monſter loudly cry'd.

XXI.

He cry'd, as raging ſeas are wont to roar,
When wintry ſtorm his wrathful wreck does threat,
The rolling billows beat the ragged ſhore,
As they the earth would ſhoulder from her ſeat,
And greedy gulf does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then 'gin the bluſtring brethren boldly threat,
To move the world from off his ſtedfaſt henge,
And boyſt'rous battle make, each other to avenge.

XXII.

The ſteely head ſtuck faſt ſtill in his fleſh,
Till with his cruel claws he ſnatcht the wood,
And quite aſunder broke. Forth flowed freſh
A guſhing river of black gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he ſtood:
The ſtream thereof would drive a water-mill.
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter ſenſe of his deep-rooted ill.
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large noſethril.

XXIII.

His hideous tail then hurled he about,
And therewithal enwrapt the nimble thighs
Of his froth-foamy ſteed, whoſe courage ſtout
Striving to looſe the knot, that faſt him tyes,
Himſelf in ſtraiter bands to raſh implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce conſtrain'd
To throw his rider: who 'gan quickly riſe
From off the earth with dirty blood diſtain'd;
For that reproachful fall right fouly he diſdain'd.

XXIV.

And fiercely took his trenchant blade in hand,
With which he ſtrook ſo furious and ſo fell,
That nothing ſeem'd the puiſſance could withſtand:
Upon his creſt the hardned iron fell,
But his more hardned creſt was arm'd ſo well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet ſo extremely did the buff him quell,
That from thenceforth he ſhun'd the like to take,
But when he ſaw them come, he did them ſtill forſake.

XXV.

The Knight was wroth to ſee his ſtroke beguild,
And ſmote again with more outrageous might:
But back again the ſparkling ſteel recoil'd,
And left not any mark where it did light.
As if on adamant rock it had been pight.
The beaſt impatient of his ſmarting wound,
And of ſo fierce and forcible deſpight,
Thought with his wings to ſtye above the ground;
But his late wounded wing unſerviceable found.

XXVI.

Then full of grief and anguiſh vehement,
He loudly bray'd, that like was never heard,
And from his wide devouring oven ſent
A flake of fire, that flaſhing in his beard,
Him all amaz'd, and almoſt made affeard:
The ſcorching flame ſore ſwinged all his face,
And through his armour all his body ſear'd,
That he could not endure ſo cruel caſe,
But thought his arms to leave, and helmet to unlace.

XXVII.

Not that great champion of the antique world,
Whom famous Poets verſe ſo much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extoll'd,
So many furies and ſharp fits did haunt,
When him the poyſon'd garment did enchant
With *Centaures* blood, and bloody verſes charm'd,
As did this Knight twelve thouſand dolours daunt.
Whom firy ſteel now burnt, that erſt him arm'd.
That erſt him goodly arm'd, now moſt of all him harm'd.

XXVIII.

Faint, weary, ſore, emboyled, grieved, brent
With heat, toyl, wounds, arms, ſmart, and inward fire.
That never man ſuch miſchiefs did torment:
Death better were, death did he oft deſire:
But death will never come when needs require.
Whom ſo diſmaid when that his foe beheld,
He caſt to ſuffer him no more reſpire,
But 'gan his ſturdy ſtern about to weld,
And him ſo ſtrongly ſtrook, that to the ground him feld.

XXIX.

It fortuned (as fair it then befel)
Behind his back (unweeting) where he ſtood,
Of ancient time there was a ſpringing Well,
From which faſt trickled forth a ſilver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for medcine good.
Whylome, before that curſed Dragon got,
That happy land, and all with innocent blood,
Defil'd thoſe ſacred waves, it rightly hot
The Well of Life; ne yet his vertues had forgot.

XXX.

For unto life the dead it could reſtore,
And guilt of ſinful crimes clean waſh away;
Thoſe that with ſickneſs were infected ſore,
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as one were born that very day.
Both *Silo* this, and *Jordon* did excell,
And th' *Engliſh Bath*, and eke the *German Spau*.
Ne can *Cephiſe*, nor *Hebrus* match this Well.
Into the ſame, the Knight (back overthrowen) fell.

XXXI.

Now 'gan the golden *Phœbus* for to ſteep,
His fiery face in billows of the weſt,
And his faint ſteeds watred in ocean deep,
Whiles from their journal labours they did reſt;
When that infernal Monſter, having keſt
His weary foe into that living Well,
Gan high advance his broad diſcouloured breaſt
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his iron wings, as victor he did dwell.

XXXII.

Which when his penſive Lady ſaw from far,
Great woe and ſorrow did her ſoul aſſay;
As weening that, the ſad end of the war,
And 'gan to higheſt God entirely pray,
That feared chance from her to turn away;
With folded hands and knees full lowly bent
All night ſhe watcht, ne once adown would lay
Her dainty limbs in her ſad dreriment,
But praying ſtill did wake, and waking did lament.

XXXIII.

The morrow next 'gan early to appear,
That *Titan* roſe to run his daily race;
But early ere the morrow next 'gan rear
Out of the Sea fair *Titans* dewy face,
Up roſe the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about if ſhe might ſpy
Her loved Knight to move his manly pace:
For ſhe had great doubt of his ſafety,
Since late ſhe ſaw him fall before his enemy.

XXXIV.

At laſt ſhe ſaw, where he upſtarted brave
Out of the Well, wherein he drenched lay;
As Eagle freſh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And deckt himſelf with feathers youthly gay,
Like Eyas Hawk up mounts unto the ſkies,
His newly budded pineons to aſſay,
And marvels at himſelf, ſtill as he flies:
So new, this new-born Knight to battle new did riſe.

XXXV.

Whom, when the damned fiend ſo freſh did ſpy,
No wonder if he wondred at the ſight,
And doubted, whether his late enemy
It were, or other new ſupplyed Knight.
He now to prove his late renewed might,
High brandiſhing his bright dew burning blade,
Upon his creſted ſcalp ſo ſore did ſmite,
That to the ſcull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled ſenſes all diſmaid.

XXXVI.

I wote not, whether the revenging ſteel
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or ſharper edge did feel,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew;
Or other ſecret vertue did enſew;
Elſe never could the force of fleſhly arm,
Ne molten metal in his blood embrew:
For till that ſtound, could never wight him harm,
By ſubtilty, nor ſlight, nor might, nor mighty charm.

XXXVII.

The cruel wound enraged him ſo ſore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding pain;
As hundred ramping Lyons ſeem'd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto conſtrain:
Then 'gan he toſs aloft his ſtretched train,
And therewith ſcourge the buxome air ſo ſore,
That to his force to yielden it was fain;
Ne ought his ſturdy ſtrokes might ſtand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in pieces tore.

XXXVIII.

The ſame advancing high above his head,
With ſharp intended ſting ſo rude him ſmot,
That to the earth him drove, as ſtriken dead;
Ne living wight would have him life behot:
The mortal ſting his angry needle ſhot
Quite through his ſhield, and in his ſhoulder ſeas'd,
Where faſt it ſtuck, ne would thereout be got:
The grief thereof him wondrous ſore diſeas'd,
Ne might his rankling pain with patience be appeas'd.

XXXIX.

But yet more mindful of his honour dear,
Than of the grievous ſmart which him did wring,
From loathed ſoil he 'gan him lightly rear,
And ſtrove to looſe the far infixed ſting:
Which when in vain he tride with ſtrugeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
And ſtrook ſo ſtrongly, that the knotty ſtring
Of his huge tail he quite aſunder cleft,
Five joynts thereof he hew'd, and but the ſtump him left.

XL.

Heart cannot think, what outrage, and what cryes,
With foul enfouldred ſmoak and flaſhing fire,
The hell-bred beaſt threw forth unto the ſkyes,
That all was covered with darkneſs dire:
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged ire,
He caſt attonce him to avenge for all,
And gathering up himſelf out of the mire,
With his uneven wings did fiercely fall
Upon his ſun-bright ſhield, and gript it faſt withall.

XLI.

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In fear to loſe his weapon in his paw,
Ne wiſt yet how his talons to unfold:
For harder was from *Cerberus* greedy jaw
To pluck a bone, than from his cruel claw
To reave by ſtrength the griped gage away.
Thrice he aſſaid it from his foot to draw,
And thrice in vain to draw it did aſſay,
It booted nought to think, to rob him of his prey.

XLII.

Tho' when he ſaw no power might prevail,
His truſty ſword he cald to his laſt aid,
Wherewith he fiercely did his foe aſſail,
And double blows about him ſtoutly laid,
That glancing fire out of the iron plaid;
As ſparkles from the anvile uſe to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedge are ſwaid;
Therewith at laſt he forct him to untie
One of his graſping feet, him to defend thereby.

XLIII.

The other foot faſt fixed on his ſhield,
Whenas no ſtrength nor ſtrokes mote him conſtrain
To looſe, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He ſmote thereat with all his might and main,
That nought ſo wondrous puiſſance might ſuſtain;
Upon the joint the lucky ſteel did light,
And made ſuch way, that hew'd it quite in twain;
The paw yet miſſed not his miniſht might,
But hung ſtill on the ſhield, as it at firſt was pight.

XLIV.

For grief thereof, and diveliſh deſpight,
From his infernal fornance forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heavens light,
Enrold in duſkiſh ſmoak and brimſtone blue;
As burning *Ætna* from his boyling ſtew
Doth belch out flames, and rocks in pieces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountains molten new,
Enwrapt in coal black clouds and filthy ſmoke,
Thatallthe land with ſtench,andheaven with horror choke.

XLV.

The heat whereof, and harmful peſtilence,
So ſore him noyd, that forct him to retire
A little backward for his beſt defence,
To ſave his body from the ſcorching fire,
Which he from helliſh entrails did expire.
It chanct (eternal God that chance did guide)
As he recoyled backward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied feeble feet did ſlide,
And down he fell, with dread of ſhame ſore terriſide.

XLVI.

There grew a goodly tree him fair beſide,
Loaden with fruit and apples roſie red,
As they in pure vermillion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues over all were read:
For happy life to all which thereon fed,
And life eke everlaſting did befall:
Great God it planted in that bleſſed ſted
With his almighty hand, and did it call
The tree of Life, the crime of our firſt fathers fall.

XLVII.

In all the world like was not to be found,
Save in that ſoil, where all good things did grow,
And freely ſprung out of the fruitful ground,
As incorrupted nature did them ſow,
Till that dread Dragon all did overthrow.
Another like fair tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoſo did eat, eftſoons did know
Both good and evil: O mournful memory!
That tree through one mans fault hath done us all to dye.

XLVIII.

From that firſt tree forth flow'd, as from a Well,
A trickling ſtream of balm moſt ſoverain
And dainty dear, which on the ground ſtill fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plain,
As it had dewed been with timely rain:
Life and long health that gracious oyntment gave,
And deadly wounds could heal, and rear again
The ſenſeleſs corſe appointed for the grave.
Into that ſame he fell: which did from death him ſave.

XLIX.

For nigh thereto the ever damned beaſt
Durſt not approach, for he was deadly made,
And all that life preſerved, did deteſt:
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
By this the drooping day-light 'gan to fade,
And yield his room to ſad ſucceeding night,
Who with her ſable mantle 'gan to ſhade
The face of earth, and ways of living wight,
And high her burning torch ſet up in heaven bright.

L.

When gentle *Una* ſaw the ſecond fall
Of her dear Knight, who weary of long fight,
And faint through loſs of blood, mov'd not at all,
But lay as in a dream of deep delight,
Beſmeard with pretious balm, whoſe vertuous might
Did heal his wounds, and ſcorching heat alay,
Again ſhe ſtriken was with ſore affright,
And for his ſafety 'gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

LI.

The joyous day 'gan early to appear,
And fair *Aurora* from the dewy bed
Of aged *Tithone* 'gan herſelf to rear,
With roſie cheeks, for ſhame as bluſhing red;
Her golden locks for haſte were looſely ſhed
About her ears, when *Una* her did mark
Climb to her charet, all with flowers ſpred;
From heaven high to chaſe the chearleſs dark,
With merry note her loud ſalutes the mountain lark.

LII.

Then freſhly up aroſe the doughty Knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundës wide,
And did himſelf to battle ready dight;
Whoſe early foe awaiting him beſide
To have devour'd, ſo ſoon as day he ſpide,
When now he ſaw himſelf ſo freſhly rear,
As if late fight had nought him damnifide,
He woxe diſmaid, and 'gan his fate to fear;
Nathleſs, with wonted rage he him advanced near.

LIII.

And in his firſt encounters, gaping wide,
He thought attonce him to have ſwallowd quight,
And ruſht upon him with outrageous pride;
Who him rencountring fierce, as Hawk in flight,
Perforce rebutted back. The weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with ſo importune might,
That deep empierct his darkſome hollow maw;
And back retyr'd, his life blood forth withal did draw.

LIV.

So down he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vaniſht into ſmoak and cloudës ſwift:
So down he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did groan, as feeble ſo great load to lift;
So down he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whoſe falſe foundation waves have waſht away,
With dreadful poyſe is from the main land rift,
And rolling down, great *Neptune* doth diſmay;
So down he fell, and like an heaped mountain lay.

LV.

The Knight himself ev'n trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a maſſe it ſeem'd;
And his dear Lady, that beheld it all,
Durſt not approch for dread, which ſhe miſdeem'd:
But yet at laſt, whenas the direful feend
She ſaw not ſtir, off ſhaking vain affright,
She nigher drew, and ſaw that joyous end:
Then God ſhe prais'd, and thankt her faithful Knight,
That had atchiev'd ſo great a conqueſt by his might.

CANTO XII.

Fair Una *to the Redcroſs Knight*
Betrothed is with joy:
Though falſe Dueſſa *it to bar*
Her falſe ſleights doth imploy.

I.

BEhold, I ſee the haven nigh at hand,
To which I mean my weary courſe to bend;
Vere the main ſheet, and bear up with the land,
The which afore is fairly to be kend,
And ſeemeth ſafe from ſtorms that may offend;
There this fair virgin weary of her way
Muſt landed be, now at her journeys end:
There eke my feeble bark awhile may ſtay,
Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

II.

Scarcely had *Phœbus* in the glooming eaſt
Yet harneſſed his firy-footed teem,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creaſt,
When the laſt deadly ſmoak aloft did ſteem,
That ſign of laſt outbreathed life did ſeem,
Unto the watchman on the caſtle wall;
Who thereby dead that baleful beaſt did deem,
And to his Lord and Lady loud 'gan call,
To tell how he had ſeen the Dragons fatal fall.

III.

Uprose with hasty joy, and feeble speed,
That aged Sire, the Lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if true indeed
Those tydings were, as he did understand:
Which whenas true by tryal he out fand,
He bade to open wide his brazen gate,
Which long time had been shut, and out of hand
Proclaimed joy and peace through all his state;
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayd late.

IV.

Then 'gan triumphant trumpets sound on high,
That sent to heaven the ecchoed report
Of their new joy, and happy victory
Gainst him, that had them long oppreſt with tort,
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemn feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,
Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternal bondage now they were releast.

V.

Forth came that ancient Lord and aged Queen,
Arraid in antique robes down to the ground,
And sad habiliments right well beseen;
A noble crew about them waited round
Of sage and sober Peers, all gravely gownd;
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all able arms to sound,
But now they laurel branches bore in hand;
Glad sign of victory and peace in all their land.

VI.

Unto that doughty conqueror they came,
And him before, themselves prostrating low,
Their Lord and patron loud did him proclaim,
And at his feet their laurel boughs did throw.
Soon after them, all dancing on a row
The comely virgins came, with girlonds dight,
As fresh as flowres in medow green do grow,
When morning dew upon their leaves doth light:
And in their hands sweet tymbrels all upheld on height.

VII.

And them before the fry of children young
Their wanton ſports and childiſh mirth did play,
And to the maidens ſounding tymbrels ſung,
In well attuned notes, a joyous lay,
And made delightful muſick all the way,
Until they came where that fair virgin ſtood;
As fair *Diana* in freſh ſummers day
Beholds her nymphs, enrang'd in ſhady wood,
Some wreſtle, ſome do run, ſome bath in chryſtal flood.

VIII.

So ſhe beheld thoſe maidens meriment
With chearful view; who when to her they came,
Themſelves to ground with gracious humbleſs bent,
And her ador'd by honourable name,
Lifting to heaven her everlaſting fame:
Then on her head they ſet a girlond green,
And crowned her 'twixt earneſt and 'twixt game;
Who in her ſelf-reſemblance well beſeen,
Did ſeem ſuch as ſhe was, a goodly maiden Queen.

IX.

And after all the raſcal many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To ſee the face of that victorious man:
Whom all admired, as from heaven ſent,
And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment.
But when they came where that dead Dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monſtrous large extent,
The ſight with idle fear did them diſmay,
Ne durſt approch him nigh to touch, or once aſſay.

X.

Some feard and fled: ſome feard and well it feignd.
One that would wiſer ſeem than all the reſt,
Warnd him not touch; for yet perhaps remaind
Some lingring life within his hollow breaſt,
Or in his womb might lurk ſome hidden neſt
Of many Dragonets, his fruitful ſeed;
Another ſaid, that in his eyes did reſt
Yet ſparkling fire, and bade thereof take heed;
Another ſaid, he ſaw him move his eyes indeed.

XI.

One mother, whenas her fool-hardy child
Did come too near, and with his talons play,
Half dead through fear, her little babe revild,
And to her goſſips 'gan in counſel ſay;
How can I tell, but that his talons may
Yet ſcratch my ſon, or rend his tender hand?
So diverſly themſelves in vain they fray;
Whiles ſome more bold, to meaſure him nigh ſtand,
To prove how many acres he did ſpread of land.

XII.

Thus flocked all the folk him round about,
The whiles that hoary King, with all his train,
Being arrived, where that champion ſtout
After his foes defeaſance did remain,
Him goodly greets, and fair does entertain,
With princely gifts of ivory and gold,
And thouſand thanks him yields for all his pain.
Then when his Daughter dear he does behold,
Her dearly doth imbrace, and kiſſeth manifold.

XIII.

And after to his palace he them brings,
With ſhaumes, and trumpets, and with clarions ſweet;
And all the way the joyous people ſings,
And with their garments ſtrow the paved ſtreet,
Whence mounting up, they find purveyance meet
Of all that Royal Princes court became,
And all the floor was underneath their feet
Beſpred with coſtly ſcarlet of great name,
On which they lowly ſit, and fitting purpoſe fame.

XIV.

What needs me tell their feaſt and goodly guiſe,
In which was nothing riotous nor vain?
What needs of dainty diſhes to deviſe,
Of comely ſervices, or courtly train?
My narrow leaves cannot in them contain
The large diſcourſe of Royal Princes ſtate.
Yet was their manner then but bare and plain:
For th' antique world exceſs and pride did hate;
Such proud luxurious pomp is ſwollen up but late.

XV.

Then when with meats and drinks of every kind
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That ancient Lord 'gan fit occasion find
Of strange adventures, and of perils sad,
Which in his travel him befallen had,
For to demand of his renowned guest:
Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance sad,
From point to point, as is before expreſt,
Discourst his voyage long, according his requeſt.

XVI.

Great pleasures mixt with pitiful regard,
That godly King and Queen did passionate,
Whyles they his pitiful adventures heard,
That oft they did lament his luckless state,
And often blame the too importune fate,
That heapt on him so many wrathful wreaks:
For never gentle Knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruel freaks;
And all the while salt tears bedew'd the hearers cheeks.

XVII.

Then said that Royal Peer in sober wise,
Dear son, great been the evils, which ye bore
From first to last, in your late enterprise,
That I no'te, whether praise, or pity more:
For never living man (I ween) so sore
In sea of deadly dangers was distrest:
But sith now safe ye seised have the shore,
And well arrived are (high God be blest)
Let us devise of ease, and everlasting rest.

XVIII.

Ah dearest Lord, said then that doughty Knight,
Of ease or rest I may not yet devise;
For by the faith which I to arms have plight,
I bounden am, straight after this emprise
(As that your daughter can ye well advise)
Back to return to that great Fairy Queen,
And her to serve six years in warlike wise,
Gainst that proud Paynim King that works her teen.
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have been.

XIX.

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 juſtly preace:
But ſince that band ye cannot now releaſe,
Nor doen undo; (for vows may not be vain)
Soon as the term of thoſe ſix years ſhall ceaſe,
Ye then ſhall hither back return again,
The marriage to accompliſh vow'd betwixt you twain.

XX.

Which for my part, I covet to perform,
In ſort as through the world I did proclaim,
That whoſo kill'd that monſter (moſt deform)
And him in hardy battle overcame,
Should have mine only daughter to his Dame,
And of my Kingdom heir apparent be:
Therefore, ſince now to thee pertains the ſame,
By due deſert of noble chivalry,
Both daughter, and eke kingdom, lo, I yield to thee.

XXI.

Then forth he called that his daughter fair,
The faireſt *Un*' his only Daughter dear,
His only daughter, and his only heir;
Who forth proceeding with ſad ſober chear,
As bright as doth the morning ſtar appear
Out of the eaſt, with flaming locks bedight,
To tell the dawning day is drawing near,
And to the world does bring long wiſhed light;
So fair and freſh that Lady ſhew'd herſelf in ſight.

XXII.

So fair and freſh, as freſheſt flowre in *May*,
For ſhe had laid her mournful ſtole aſide,
And widow-like ſad wimple thrown away,
Wherewith her heavenly beauty ſhe did hide:
Whiles on her weary journey ſhe did ride;
And on her now a garment ſhe did wear,
All lilly white, withouten ſpot or pride,
That ſeem'd like ſilk and ſilver woven near;
But neither ſilk nor ſilver therein did appear.

XXIII.

The blazing brightneſs of her beauties beam,
And glorious light of her ſunſhiny face
To tell were as to ſtrive againſt the ſtream.
My ragged rimes are all to rude and baſe,
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder; for her own dear loved Knight,
All were ſhe daily with himſelf in place,
Did wonder much at her celeſtial ſight:
Oft had he ſeen her fair, but never ſo fair dight.

XXIV.

So fairly dight, when ſhe in preſence came,
She to her ſire made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence:
Who with great wiſdom and grave eloquence,
Thus 'gan to ſay. But ere he thus had ſaid,
With flying ſpeed, and ſeeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man diſmay'd,
A meſſenger with letters, which his meſſage ſaid.

XXV.

All in the open hall amazed ſtood
At ſuddaineſs of that unwary ſight,
And wondred at his breathleſs haſty mood:
But he for nought would ſtay his paſſage right,
Till faſt before the King he did alight,
Where falling flat, great humbleſs he did make,
And kiſt the ground, whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his hands that writ he did betake:
Which he diſcloſing, read thus, as the paper ſpake.

XXVI.

To thee, moſt mighty King of *Eden* fair,
Her greeting ſends in theſe ſad lines addreſt,
The woeful daughter and forſaken heir
Of that great Emperour of all the weſt;
And bids thee be adviſed for the beſt,
Ere thou thy daughter link in holy band
Of wedlock, to that new unknowen gueſt:
For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land.

XXVII.

To me, ſad maid, or rather widow ſad,
He was affianced long time before,
And ſacred pledges he both gave and had,
Falſe errant Knight, infamous, and forſwore:
Witneſs the burning altars, which he ſwore,
And guilty heavens of his bold perjury;
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
Yet I to them for judgment juſt do fly,
And them conjure t'avenge this ſhameful injury,

XXVIII.

Therefore, ſince mine he is, or free or bond,
Or falſe or true, or living or elſe dead,
Withhold O Soveraine Prince, your haſty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne ween my right with ſtrength adown to tread,
Through weakneſs of my Widow-hed, or woe:
For truth is ſtrong, her rightful cauſe to plead,
And ſhall find friends, if need requireth ſo:
So bids thee well to fare, thy neither friend, nor foe,

XXIX. *Fideſſa.*

When he theſe bitter biting words had red,
The tydings ſtrange did him abaſhed make,
That ſtill he ſate long time aſtoniſhed,
As in great muſe, ne word to creature ſpake,
At laſt, his ſolemn ſilence thus he brake,
With doubtful eyes faſt fixed on his gueſt;
Redoubted Knight, that for mine only ſake
Thy life and honour late adventureſt,
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be expreſt.

XXX.

What mean theſe bloody vows, and idle threats,
Thrown out from womaniſh impatient mind?
What heavens? what altars, what enraged heats
Here heaped up with terms of love unkind,
My conſcience clear with guilty bands would bind?
High God be witneſs, that I guiltleſs am.
But, if your ſelf, Sir Knight, ye faulty find,
Or wrapped be in loves of former Dame,
With crime do not it cover, but diſcloſe the ſame.

XXXI.

To whom the *Redcross* Knight this answer sent,
My Lord, my King, be nought hereat dismay'd,
Till well ye wote by grave intendiment,
What woman, and wherefore doth me upbrayd
With breach of love, and loyalty betray'd.
It was in my mishaps as hitherward
I lately travell'd, that unwares I strayd
Out of my way, through perils strange and hard:
That day should fail me, ere I had them all declar'd.

XXXII.

There did I find or rather I was found
Of this false Woman, that *Fidessa* hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on ground,
Most false *Duessa*, royal richly dight,
That easie was t' inveigle weaker sight:
Who by her wicked arts, and wily skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betray'd, when least I feared ill.

XXXIII.

Then stepped forth the goodly royal maid,
And on the ground her self prostrating low,
With sober countenance thus to him said;
O pardon me, my Soveraine Lord, to show
The secret treasons which of late I know
To have been wrought by that false sorceress.
She only, she it is, that erst did throw
This gentle Knight into so great distress,
That death him did await in daily wretchedness.

XXXIV.

And now it seems that she suborned hath
This crafty messenger with letters vain,
To work new woe and unprovided scath,
By breaking off the band betwixt us twain;
Wherein she used hath the practick pain
Of this false footman, cloakt with simpleness,
Whom if ye please for to discover plain,
Ye shall him *Archimago* find, I guess,
The falsest man alive: who tries shall find no less.

XXXV.

The King was greatly moved at her ſpeech;
And all with ſuddain indignation fraight,
Bade on that meſſenger rude hands to reach.
Eftſoons the guard, which on his ſtate did wait,
Attacht that faitor falſe, and bound him ſtrait:
Who ſeeming ſorely chaffed at his band,
As chained Bear, whom cruel dogs do bait,
With idle force did fain them to withſtand,
And often ſemblance made to ſcape out of their hand.

XXXVI.

But they him laid full low in dungeon deep,
And bound him hand and foot with iron chains,
And with continual watch did warely keep;
Who then would think, that by his ſubtle trains
He could eſcape foul death or deadly pains?
Thus when that Prince's wrath was pacify'd,
He 'gan renew the late forbidden banes,
And to the Knight his daughter dear he ty'd,
With ſacred rites and vows for ever to abide.

XXXVII.

His own two hands the holy knots did knit,
That none but death for ever can divide,
His own two hands, for ſuch a turn moſt fit,
The houſling fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon ſprinkled wide:
At which the buſhy tead a groom did light,
And ſacred lamp in ſecret chamber hide,
Where it ſhould not be quenched day nor night,
For fear of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

XXXVIII.

Then 'gan they ſprinkle all the poſts with wine,
And made great feaſt, to ſolemnize that day?
They all perfum'd with frankincenſe divine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away.
That all the houſe did ſweat with great array:
And all the while ſweet muſick 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.

XXXIX.

During the which, there was an heavenly noiſe
Heard ſound through all the palace pleaſantly,
Like as it had been many an Angels voice,
Singing before th' eternal Majeſty,
In their trinal triplicities on high;
Yet wiſt no creature, whence that heavenly ſweet
Proceeded; yet each one felt ſecretly
Himſelf thereby reft of his ſenſes meet,
And raviſhed with rare impreſſion in his ſprite.

XL.

Great joy was made that day of young and old,
And ſolemn feaſt proclaim'd throughout the land,
That their exceeding mirth may not be told:
Suffice it, here by ſigns to underſtand
The uſual joys at knitting of loves band.
Thrice happy man the Knight himſelf did hold,
Poſſeſſed of his Ladies heart and hand;
And ever, when his eye did her behold,
His heart did ſeem to melt in pleaſures manifold.

XLI.

Her joyous preſence and ſweet company
In full content he there did long enjoy,
Ne wicked envy, ne vile jealouſie
His dear delights were able to annoy:
Yet ſwimming in that ſea of bliſsful joy,
He nought forgot, how he whilome had ſworn,
In caſe he could that monſtrous beaſt deſtroy,
Unto his Fairy Queen back to return:
The which he ſhortly did, and *Una* left to mourn.

XLII.

Now ſtrike your ſails ye jolly mariners:
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we muſt land ſome of our paſſengers,
And light this weary veſſel of her lode.
Here ſhe a while may make her ſafe abode,
Till ſhe repaired have her tackles ſpent,
And wants ſupplyde. And then again abroad
On the long voyage whereto ſhe is bent:
Well may ſhe ſpeed, and fairly finiſh her intent.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE FAIRY QUEEN:

CONTAINING

The legend of Sir GUYON, or of temperance.

I.

RIght well I wote, moſt mighty Soveraine,
That all this famous antique hiſtory,
Of ſome, th'aboundance of an idle brain
Will judged be, and painted forgery,
Rather than matter of juſt memory;
Sith none that breatheth living air does know,
Where is that happy land of Faëry,
Which I ſo much do vaunt, yet no where ſhow,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

II.

But let that man with better ſenſe adviſe,
That of the world leaſt part to us is red:
And daily how through hardy enterprize,
Many great regions are diſcovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th' *Indian Peru?*
Or who in venturous veſſel meaſured
The *Amazons* huge river now found true?
Or fruitfulleſt *Virginia* who did ever view.

Vol. 1. Book 2. Lud Du Guernier inv. et Sculp.

III.

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 witleſs man ſo much miſween
That nothing is, but that which he hath ſeen?
What if within the moon's fair ſhining ſphear,
What if in every other ſtar unſeen
Of other worlds he happily ſhould hear?
He wonder would much more, yet ſuch to ſome appear.

IV.

Of Fairy land yet if he more inquire,
By certain ſigns here ſet in ſundry place
He may it find; ne let him then admire,
But yield his ſenſe to be too blunt and bace,
That no'te without an hounds fine footing trace.
And thou, O faireſt Princeſs under ſky,
In this fair mirror may'ſt behold thy face,
And thine own realms in land of Fairy,
And in this antique image thy great anceſtry.

V.

The which, O pardon me thus to enfold
In covert veil, and wrap in ſhadows light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which elſe could not endure thoſe beamës bright,
But would be dazled with exceeding light.
O pardon, and vouchſafe with patient ear
The brave adventures of this Fairy Knight,
The good Sir *Guyon*, graciouſly to hear,
In whom great rule of temp'rance goodly doth appear.

CANTO I.

Guyon *by* Archimage *abus'd,*
The Redcross Knight awaits,
Finds Mordant *and* Amavia *slain*
With pleasures poisoned baits.

I.

THat cunning architect of cankred guile,
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,
For falsed letters and suborned wile,
Soon as the *Redcross* Knight he understands,
To been departed out of *Eden* lands,
To serve again his Soveraine Elfin Queen,
His arts he moves, and out of caytives hands
Himself he frees by secret means unseen;
His shackles empty left, himself escaped clean.

II.

And forth he fares full of malicious mind,
To worken mischief and avenging woe,
Whereever he that godly Knight may find,
His only heart-sore, and his only foe,
Sith *Una* now he algates must forgo,
Whom his victorious hands did earst restore
To native crown and kingdom late ygo:
Where she enjoys sure peace for evermore.
As weather-beaten ship arriv'd on happy shore.

III.

Him therefore now the object of his spight
And deadly feud he makes: him to offend
By forged treason, or by open fight
He seeks, of all his drift the aimed end:
Thereto his subtile engines he does bend,
His practick wit, and his fair filed tongue,
With thousand other sleights: for, well he kend,
His credit now in doubtful ballance hung;
For hardly could be hurt, who was already stung.

IV.

Still as he went, he crafty ſtales did lay,
With cunning trains him to entrap unwares,
And privy ſpials plact in all his way,
To weet what courſe he takes, and how he fares;
To catch him at avantage in his ſnares;
But now ſo wiſe and wary was the Knight,
By tryal of his former harms and cares,
That he deſcry'd, and ſhunned ſtill his ſlight:
The fiſh that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.

V.

Nath'leſs, th'Enchanter would not ſpare his pain,
In hope to win occaſion to his will:
Which when he long awaited had in vain,
He chang'd his mind from one to other ill.
For to all good he enemy was ſtill.
Upon the way him fortuned to meet
(Fair marching underneath a ſhady hill)
A goodly Knight, all arm'd in harneſs meet,
That from his head no place appeared to his feet.

VI.

His carriage was full comely and upright,
His countenance demure, and temperate;
But yet ſo ſtern and terrible in ſight,
That chear'd his friends, and did his foes amate:
He was an Elfin born of noble ſtate,
And mickle worſhip in his native land;
Well could he tourney, and in liſts debate,
And Knighthood took of good Sir *Huons* hand,
When with King *Oberon* he came to Fairy land.

VII.

Him als accompany'd upon the way,
A comely Palmer, clad in black attire,
Of ripeſt years, and hairs all hoary gray,
That with a ſtaff his feeble ſteps did ſtire,
Leaſt his long way his aged limbs ſhould tire:
And if by looks one may the mind aread,
He ſeem'd to be a ſage and ſober ſire,
And ever with ſlow pace the Knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling ſteed with equal ſteps to tread.

VIII.

Such whenas *Archimago* them did view,
He weened well to work ſome uncouth wile;
Eftſoons untwiſting his deceitful clew,
He 'gan to weave a web of wicked guile,
And with fair countenance and flatt'ring ſtile
To them approaching, thus the Knight beſpake:
Fair Son of *Mars*, that ſeek with warlike ſpoil,
And great atchievements, great your ſelf to make,
Vouchſafe to ſtay your ſteed for humble miſers ſake.

IX.

He ſtaid his ſteed for humble miſers ſake,
And bade tell on the tenour of his plaint:
Who feigning then in every limb to quake,
Through inward fear, and ſeeming pale and faint,
With piteous moan his piercing ſpeech 'gan paint;
Dear Lady, how ſhall I declare thy caſe,
Whom late I left in languorous conſtraint!
Would God thyſelf now preſent were in place,
To tell this rueful tale; thy ſight could win thee grace.

X.

Or rather would, O would it ſo had chanct,
That you, moſt noble Sir, had preſent been,
When that lewd ribauld (with vile luſt advanct)
Laid firſt his filthy hands on virgin clean,
To ſpoil her dainty corſe ſo fair and ſheen,
As on the earth (great mother of us all)
With living eye more fair was never ſeen,
Of chaſtity and honour virginall:
Witneſs ye heavens, whom ſhe in vain to help did call.

XI.

How may it be (ſaid then the Knight half wroth)
That Knight ſhould Knighthood ever ſo have ſhent?
None but that ſaw (quoth he) would ween for troth
How ſhamefully that maid he did torment.
Her looſer golden locks he rudely rent,
And drew her on the ground, and his ſharp ſword,
Againſt her ſnowy breaſt he fiercely bent,
And threatned death with many a bloody word;
Tongue hates to tell the reſt, that eye to ſee abhord.

XII.

Therewith, amoved from his ſober mood,
And lives he yet (ſaid he) that wrought this act,
And doen the heavens afford him vital food?
He lives (quoth he) and boaſteth of the fact,
Ne yet hath any Knight his courage crackt.
Where may that treachour then (ſaid he) be found,
Or by what means may I his footing tract?
That ſhall I ſhew (ſaid he) as ſure as hound
The ſtriken dear doth challenge by the bleeding wound.

XIII.

He ſtaid not longer talk, but with fierce ire,
And zealous haſte, away is quickly gone
To ſeek that Knight, where him that crafty Squire
Suppos'd to be. They do arrive anone,
Where ſate a gentle Lady all alone.
With garments rent and hair diſcheveled,
Wringing her hands, and making pitious mone;
Her ſwollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her fair face with tears was fouly blubbered.

XIV.

The Knight approaching nigh, thus to her ſaid,
Fair Lady, through foul ſorrow ill bedight,
Great pity is to ſee you thus diſmay'd,
And marr the bloſſom of your beauty bright:
Forthy, appeaſe your grief and heavy plight,
And tell the cauſe of your conceived pain,
For if he live that hath you doen deſpight;
He ſhall you do due recompence again,
Or elſe his wrong with greater puiſſance maintain.

XV.

Which when ſhe heard, as in deſpightful wiſe,
She wilfully her ſorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did deſpiſe;
Her golden locks moſt cruelly ſhe rent,
And ſcratcht her face with ghaſtly dreriment;
Ne would ſhe ſpeak, ne ſee, ne yet be ſeen,
But hid her viſage, and her head down bent,
Either for grievous ſhame, or for great teen,
As if her heart with ſorrow had transfixed been;

XVI.

Till her that Squire bespake, Madame, my lief,
For Gods dear love be not so wilful bent,
But do vouchsafe now to receive relief,
The which good fortune doth to you present.
For what boots it to weep and to wayment
When ill is chaunct, but doth the ill increase,
And the weak mind with double woe torment?
When she her Squire heard speak, she 'gan appease
Her voluntary pain, and feel some secret ease.

XVII.

Estsoon she said, ah gentle trusty Squire,
What comfort can I woeful wretch conceave,
Or why should ever I henceforth desire
To see fair heavens face, and life not leave,
Sith that false traytor did my honour reave?
False traytor certes (said the Fairy Knight)
I read the man, that ever would deceave
A gentle Lady, or her wrong through might:
Death were too little pain for such a foul despight.

XVIII.

But now, fair Lady, comfort to you make,
And read who hath ye wrought this shameful plight;
That short revenge the man may overtake,
Wheresoever he be, and soon upon him light,
Certes (said she) I wote not how he hight,
But under him a gray steed he did wield,
Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight;
Upright he rode, and in his silver shield
He bore a bloody Cross, that quartred all the field.

XIX.

Now by my head (said *Guyon*) much I muse
How that same Knight should do so foul amiss,
Or ever gentle Damzel so abuse:
For may I boldly say, he surely is
A right good Knight, and true of word ywis:
I present was, and can it witness well,
When arms he swore, and streight did enterpris
Th'adventure of the errant Damozel,
In which he hath great glory won, as I hear tell.

XX.

Nathleſs he ſhortly ſhall again be tride,
And fairly quite him of th' imputed blame:
Elſe be ye ſure, he dearly ſhall abide,
Or make you good amendment for the ſame:
All wrongs have mends, but no amends of ſhame.
Now therefore, Lady, riſe out of your pain,
And ſee the ſalving of your blotting name.
Full loth ſhe ſeem'd thereto, but yet did fain;
For ſhe was inly glad her purpoſe ſo to gain.

XXI.

Her purpoſe was not ſuch as ſhe did fain,
Ne yet her perſon ſuch as it was ſeen;
But under ſimple ſhew and ſemblant plain
Lurkt falſe *Dueſſa*, ſecretly unſeen,
As a chaſte virgin that had wronged been:
So had falſe *Archimago* her diſguis'd,
To cloak her guile with ſorrow and ſad teen;
And eke himſelf had craftily devis'd
To be her Squire, and do her ſervice well aguis'd.

XXII.

Her late forlorn and naked, he had found,
Where ſhe did wander in waſte wilderneſs,
Lurking in rocks and caves far under ground,
And with green moſs cov'ring her nakedneſs,
To hide her ſhame and loathly filthineſs;
Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud ornaments
And borrow'd beauty ſpoyld. Her natheleſs
Th'enchaunter finding fit for his intents,
Did thus reveſt, and deckt with due habiliments.

XXIII.

For all he did was to deceive good Knights,
And draw them from purſuit of praiſe and fame,
To ſlug in ſloth and ſenſual delights,
And end their days with irrenowned ſhame.
And now exceeding grief him overcame
To ſee the *Redcroſs* thus advaunced high;
Therefore this crafty engine he did frame,
Againſt his praiſe to ſtir up enmity
Of ſuch as vertues like mote unto him allie.

XXIV.

So now he *Guyon* guides an uncouth way,
Through woods and mountains, till they came at laſt
Into a pleaſant dale, that lowly lay
Betwixt two hills, whoſe high heads overplact,
The valley did with cool ſhade overcaſt;
Through midſt thereof a little river rold,
By which there ſate a Knight with helm unlact,
Himſelf refreſhing with the liquid cold,
After his travel long, and labours manifold.

XXV.

Lo yonder he (cryd *Archimage* aloud)
That wrought the ſhameful fact, which I did ſhew;
And now he doth himſelf in ſecret ſhroud,
To fly the vengeance for his outrage dew;
But vain: for ye ſhall dearly do him rew,
So God ye ſpeed, and ſend you good ſucceſs;
Which we far off will here abide to view.
So they him left, inflam'd with wrathfulneſs,
That ſtreight againſt that Knight his ſpear he did addreſs.

XXVI.

Who ſeeing him from far ſo fierce to prick,
His warlike arms about him 'gan embrace,
And in the reſt his ready ſpear did ſtick;
Tho' whenas ſtill he ſaw him towards pace,
He 'gan rencounter him in equal race.
They been ymet, both ready to affrap,
When ſuddainly that warriour 'gan abace
His threatned ſpear, as if ſome new miſhap
Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap.

XXVII.

And cryd, mercy Sir Knight, and mercy Lord,
For mine offence and heedleſs hardiment,
That had almoſt committed crime abhord,
And with reprochful ſhame mine honour ſhent,
Whiles curſed ſteel 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 uneathe,
Who (prickt with courage keen) did cruel battle breathe.

XXVIII.

But when he heard him ſpeak, ſtreight way he knew
His error, and (himſelf inclining) ſaid,
Ah! dear Sir *Guyon*, well becometh you;
But me behoveth rather to upbraid,
Whoſe haſty hand ſo far from reaſon ſtraid,
That almoſt it did hainous violence
On that fair image of that heavenly maid,
That decks and arms your ſhield with fair defence:
Your court'ſie takes on you anothers due offence.

XXIX.

So been they both attone, and doen uprear
Their bevers bright, each other for to greet;
Goodly comportance each to other bear,
And entertain themſelves with court'ſies meet.
Then ſaid the *Redcroſs* Knight, now mote I weet,
Sir *Guyon*, why with ſo fierce faliance,
And fell intent ye did at earſt me meet;
For ſith I know your goodly governaunce,
Great cauſe (I ween) you guided, or ſome uncouth chaunce.

XXX.

Certes (ſaid he) well mote I ſhame to tell
The fond encheaſon that me hither led.
A falſe infamous faitour late befell
Me for to meet, that ſeemed ill beſted,
And plaind of grievous outrage, which he red
A Knight had wrought againſt a Lady gent:
Which to avenge he to this place me led,
Where you he made the mark of his intent,
And now is fled; foul ſhame him follow where he went.

XXXI.

So 'gan he turn his earneſt unto game,
Through goodly handling and wiſe temperaunce.
By this his aged guide in preſence came;
Who ſoon as on that Knight his eye did glaunce,
Eftſoons of him had perfect cognizaunce,
Sith him in Fairy Court he late aviz'd;
And ſaid, fair Son, God give you happy chaunce,
And that dear croſs upon your ſhield deviz'd,
Wherewith above all Knights ye goodly ſeem aguiz'd.

XXXII.

Joy may you have, and everlasting fame,
Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you done,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heavenly registers above the sun,
Where you a Saint, with Saints your seat have won:
But wretched we, where ye have left your mark,
Must now anew begin, like race to run,
God guide thee, *Guyon*, well to end thy wark,
And to the wished haven bring thy weary bark.

XXXIII.

Palmer, (him answered the *Redcross* Knight)
His be the praise, that this atchiev'ment wrought,
Who made my hand the organ of his might;
More than good-will to me attribute nought:
For all I did, I did but as I ought.
But you, fair Sir, whose pageant next ensews,
Well mote ye thee, as well can wish your thought,
That home ye may report thrice happy news;
For well ye worthy been for worth and gentle thews.

XXXIV.

So courteous conge both did give and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
Then *Guyon* forward 'gan his voyage make,
With his black Palmer, that him guided still.
Still he him guided over dale and hill,
And with his steady staff did point his way:
His race with reason, and with words his will,
From foul intemperance he oft did stay,
And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.

XXXV.

In this fair wize they traveld long yfere,
Through many hard assayes, which did betide;
Of which he honour still away did bear,
And spred his glory through all countries wide.
At last, as chaunct them by a forest side
To pass (for succour from the scorching ray)
They heard a rueful voice, that dearnly cride
With piercing shrieks, and many a doleful lay;
Which to attend, awhile their forward steps they stay.

XXXVI.

But if that careleſs heavens (quoth ſhe) deſpiſe
The doom of juſt revenge, and take delight
To ſee ſad pageants of mens miſeries,
As bound by them to live in lives deſpight;
Yet can they not warn death from wretched wight.
Come then, come ſoon, come ſweeteſt death to me,
And take away this long lent loathed light:
Sharp be thy wounds, but ſweet the medcines be,
That long captived ſouls from weary thraldome free.

XXXVII.

But thou, ſweet babe, whom frowning froward fate
Hath made ſad witneſs of thy fathers fall,
Sith heaven thee deigns to hold in living ſtate,
Long mayſt thou live, and better thrive withall,
Than to thy luckleſs parents did befall:
Live thou, and to thy mother dead atteſt,
That clear ſhe dy'd from blemiſh criminal;
Thy little hands embrewd in bleading breaſt,
Lo I for pledges leave. So give me leave to reſt.

XXXVIII.

With that, a deadly ſhriek ſhe forth did throw,
That through the wood re-ecchoed again:
And after, gave a grone ſo deep and low,
That ſeem'd her tender heart was rent in twain,
Or thrild with point of thorough piercing pain;
As gentle hind, whoſe ſides with cruel ſteel
Through launced, forth her bleeding life does rain,
Whiles the ſad pang approching ſhe does feel,
Brayes out her lateſt breath, and up her eyes doth ſeel.

XXXIX.

Which when that warriour heard, diſmounting ſtraict
From his tall ſteed, he ruſht into the thick,
And ſoon arrived, where that ſad pourtraict
Of death and dolour lay, half dead, half quick,
In whoſe white alablaſter breaſt did ſtick
A cruel knife that made a grieſly wound,
From which forth guſht a ſtream of gore-blood thick
That all her goodly garments ſtaind around,
And into a deep ſanguine dide the graſſy ground.

XL.

Pitiful ſpectacle of deadly ſmart,
Beſide a bubling fountain low ſhe lay,
Which ſhe increaſed with her bleeding heart,
And the clean waves with purple gore did ray;
Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
His cruel ſport, inſtead of ſorrow dew;
For in her ſtreaming blood he did embay
His little hands, and tender joynts embrew;
Pitiful ſpectacle, as ever eye did view.

XLI.

Beſide them both upon the ſoiled graſs,
The dead corſe of an armed Knight was ſpred,
Whoſe armour all with blood beſprinkled was;
His ruddy lips did ſmile, and roſie red
Did paint his chearful cheeks, yet being dead:
Seem'd to have been a goodly perſonage,
Now in his freſheſt flowre of luſty head,
Fit to enflame fair Lady with loves rage,
But that fierce fate did crop the bloſſom of his age.

XLII.

Whom when the good Sir *Guyon* did behold,
His heart 'gan wex as ſtark as marble ſtone,
And his freſh blood did frieze with fearful cold,
That all his ſenſes ſeem'd bereft attone:
At laſt his mighty Ghoſt 'gan deep to grone,
As Lyon (grudging in his deep diſdain)
Mourns inwardly, and makes to himſelf mone;
Till ruth and frail affection did conſtrain
His courage ſtout to ſtoop, and ſhew his inward pain.

XLIII.

Out of her gored wound the cruel ſteel,
He lightly ſnatcht, and did the flood-gate ſtop
With his fair garment: then 'gan ſoftly feel
Her feeble pulſe, to prove if any drop
Of living blood yet in her veins did hop;
Which when he felt to move, he hoped fair
To call back life to her forſaken ſhop;
So well he did her deadly wounds repair,
That at the laſt ſhe 'gan to breathe out living air.

XLIV.

Which he perceiving, greatly 'gan rejoice,
And goodly counſel (that for wounded heart
Is meeteſt med'cine) tempred with ſweet voice;
Ay me! dear Lady, which the image art
Of rueful pity, and impatient ſmart,
What direful chance, arm'd with avenging fate,
Or curſed hand hath plaid this cruel part,
Thus foul to haſten your untimely date?
Speak, O dear Lady ſpeak: help never comes too late.

XLV.

Therewith her dim eye-lids ſhe up 'gan rear,
On which the drery death did ſit, as ſad
As lump of lead, and made dark clouds appear;
But whenas him (all in bright armour clad)
Before her ſtanding ſhe eſpied had,
As one out of a deadly dream affright,
She weakly ſtarted, yet ſhe nothing drad:
Streight down again her ſelf in great deſpight,
She groveling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

XLVI.

The gentle Knight, her ſoon with careful pain
Uplifted light, and ſoftly did uphold:
Thrice he her reard, and thrice ſhe ſunk again,
Till he his arms about her ſides 'gan fold,
And to her ſaid; yet if the ſtony cold
Have not all ſeized on your frozen heart,
Let one word fall that may your grief unfold,
And tell the ſecret of your mortal ſmart;
He oft finds preſent help, who does his grief impart.

XLVII.

Then caſting up a deadly look, full low
She ſigh't from bottom of her wounded breaſt;
And after many bitter throbs did throw,
With lips full pale, and foltring tongue oppreſt,
Theſe words ſhe breathed forth from riven cheſt;
Leave, ah leave off, what ever wight thou be,
To let a weary wretch from her due reſt,
And trouble dying ſouls tranquillitee.
Take not away now got, which none would give to me.

XLVIII.

Ah! far be it (ſaid he) dear Dame from me,
To hinder ſoul from her deſired reſt,
Or hold ſad life in long captivitee:
For all I ſeek, is but to have redreſt
The bitter pangs, that doth your heart infeſt.
Tell then (O Lady) tell what fatal prief
Hath with ſo huge misfortune you oppreſt?
That I may caſt to compaſs your relief,
Or dye with you in ſorrow, and partake your grief.

XLIX.

With feeble hands then ſtretched forth on high,
As heaven accuſing guilty of her death,
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
In theſe ſad words ſhe ſpent her utmoſt breath:
Hear then (O man) the ſorrows that uneath
My tongue can tell, ſo far all ſenſe they paſs:
Lo this dead corpſe, that lyes here underneath,
The gentleſt Knight, that ever on green graſs
Gay ſteed with ſpurs did prick, the good Sir *Moredant* was.

L.

Was (ay the while, that he is not ſo now!)
My Lord, my love: my dear Lord, my dear love,
So long as heavens juſt with equal brow
Vouchſafed to behold us from above,
One day when him high courage did emmove
(As wont ye Knights to ſeek adventures wild)
He pricked forth his puiſſant force to prove,
Me then he left enwombed of this child,
This luckleſs child, whom thus ye ſee with blood defil'd.

LI.

Him fortuned (hard fortune ye may gueſs)
To come where vile *Acraſia* does wonne,
Acraſia, a falſe Enchantereſs,
That many errant Knights hath foul fordon:
Within a wandring Iſland, that doth run,
And ſtray in perilous gulf, her dwelling is;
Fair Sir, if ever there ye travel, ſhun
The curſed land where many wend amiſs,
And know it by the name; it hight the *Bowre of bliſs*.

LII.

Her bliſs is all in pleaſure and delight,
Wherewith ſhe makes her lovers drunken mad;
And then with words and weeds of wondrous might,
On them ſhe works her will to uſes bad:
My lieſeſt Lord ſhe thus beguiled had;
For he was fleſh: (all fleſh doth frailty breed.)
Whom when I heard to been ſo ill beſtad,
(Weak wretch) I wrapt myſelf in Palmers weed,
And caſt to ſeek him forth through danger and great dreed.

LIII.

Now had fair *Cynthia* by even turns
Full meaſured three quarters of her year,
And thrice three times had fill'd her crooked horns,
Whenas my womb her burden would forbear,
And bade me call *Lucina* to me near.
Lucina came: a man-child forth I brought:
The woods, the nymphs, my bowres, my midwives were;
Hard help at need. So dear thee babe I bought;
Yet nought too dear I deem'd, while ſo my dear I ſought.

LIV.

Him ſo I ſought, and ſo at laſt I found,
Where him that Witch had thralled to her will,
In chains of luſt, and lewd deſires ybound,
And ſo transformed from his former ſkill,
That me he knew not, neither his own ill;
Till through wiſe handling, and fair governance,
I him recured to a better will,
Purged from drugs of foul intemperance:
Then means I 'gan deviſe for his deliverance.

LV.

Which when the vile Enchantereſs perceiv'd,
How that my Lord from her I would reprieve,
With cup thus charm'd, him parting ſhe deceiv'd;
Sad verſe, give death to him that death does give.
And loſs of Love, to her that loves to live,
So ſoon as Bacchus with the Nymph does link:
So parted we, and on our Journey drive,
Till coming to this Well, he ſtoopt to drink,
The charm fulfill'd, dead ſuddainly he down did ſink.

LVI.

Which when I wretch. Not one word more ſhe ſaid:
But breaking off the end for want of breath,
And ſliding ſoft, as down to ſleep her laid;
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That ſeeing, good Sir *Guyon*, could uneath
From tears abſtain; for grief his heart did grate:
And from ſo heavy ſight his head did wreath,
Accuſing Fortune and too cruel Fate,
Which plunged had fair Lady in ſo wretched ſtate.

LVII.

Then turning to the Palmer, ſaid, Old ſire,
Behold the image of mortality,
And feeble nature cloath'd with fleſhly tire,
When raging paſſion with fierce tyranny
Robs reaſon of her due regality,
And makes it ſervant to her baſeſt part:
The ſtrong it weakens with infirmity,
And with bold fury arms the weakeſt heart; [ſmart.
The ſtrong, through pleaſure ſooneſt fals, the weak through

LVIII.

But temperance (ſaid he) with golden ſquire
Betwixt them both can meaſure out a mean,
Neither to melt in pleaſures hot deſire,
Nor fry in heartleſs grief and doleful teen.
Thrice happy man, who fares them both atween:
But ſith this wretched woman overcome
Of anguiſh, rather than of crime hath been,
Reſerve her cauſe to her eternal doom:
And in the mean, vouchſafe her honourable toomb.

LIX.

Palmer, (quoth he) death is an equal doom
To good and bad, the common Inn of reſt;
But after death, the tryal is to come,
When beſt ſhall be to them that lived beſt:
But, both alike, when death hath both ſuppreſt,
Religious reverence doth burial teen,
Which whoſo wants, wants ſo much of his reſt:
For all ſo great ſhame after death I ween,
As ſelf to dyen bad, unburid bad to been.

LX.

So both agree their bodies to engrave;
The great earth's womb they open to the ſky,
And with ſad Cypreſs ſeemly it embrave;
Then covering with a clod their cloſed eye,
They lay therein thoſe corſes tenderly,
And bid them ſleep in everlaſting peace,
But ere they did their utmoſt obſequy,
Sir *Guyon*, more affection to increaſe,
Bynempt a ſacred vow, which none ſhould aye releaſe.

LXI.

The dead Knights ſword out of his ſheath he drew,
With which he cut a lock of all their hair,
Which medling with their blood, and earth, he threw
Into the grave, and 'gan devoutly ſwear:
Such and ſuch evil God on *Guyon* rear,
And worſe and worſe young Orphan be thy pain,
If I, or thou, due vengeance do forbear,
Till guilty blood her guerdon do obtain:
So, ſhedding many tears, they clos'd the earth again.

CANTO II.

Babes bloody hands may not be cleans'd.
The Face of golden Mean:
Her Siſters two Extremities.
Strive her to baniſh clean.

I.

THus when Sir *Guyon* with his faithful guide
Had with due rites and dolorous lament
The end of their ſad tragedy uptide,
The little babe up in his arms he hent;
Who with ſweet pleaſance and bold blandiſhment
'Gan ſmile on them that rather ought to weep,
As careleſs of his woe or innocent
Of that was doen, that ruth emperced deep
In that Knights heart, and words with bitter tears did ſteep.

II.

Ah! luckleſs babe, born under cruel ſtar,
And in dead parents baleful aſhes bred,
Full little weeneſt thou, what ſorrows are
Left thee for portion of thy livelihed,
Poor orphan, in the wide world ſcattered,
As budding branch rent from the native 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 miſery.

III.

Then ſoft himſelf inclining on his knee
Down to that Well, did in the water ween
(So love does loath diſdainful nicety)
His guilty hands from bloody gore to clean.
He waſht them oft and oft, yet nought they been
(For all his waſhing) cleaner. Still he ſtrove,
Yet ſtill the little hands were bloody ſeen:
The which him into great amazement drove,
And into divers doubt his wavering wonder clove.

IV.

He wiſt not whether blot of foul offence
Might not be purg'd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To ſhew how ſore blood-guiltineſs he hat'th;
Or that the charm and venom, which they drunk,
Their blood with ſecret filth infected hath,
Being diffuſed through the ſenſeleſs trunk,
That through the great contagion direful deadly ſtunk.

V.

Whom thus at gaze the Palmer 'gan to bord
With goodly reaſon and thus fair beſpake:
Ye been right hard amated, gracious Lord,
And of your ignorance great marvel make,
Whiles cauſe not well conceived ye miſtake.
But know, that ſecret vertues are infus'd
In every fountain, and in every lake,
Which who hath ſkill them rightly to have chus'd,
To proof of paſſing wonders hath full often us'd.

VI.

Of thoſe, ſome were ſo from their ſourſe indew'd
By great dame nature, from whoſe fruitful pap
Their Well-heads ſpring, and are with moiſture dewd;
Which feeds each living plant with liquid ſap,
And fills with flowres fair *Floras* painted lap:
But other ſome by gift of later grace,
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had vertue pour'd into their waters bace, [place.
And thenceforth were renown'd, and ſought from place to

VII.

Such is this Well, wrought by occaſion ſtrange,
Which to her nymph befel. Upon a day,
As ſhe the woods with bow and ſhafts did range,
The heartleſs Hind, and Roebuck to diſmay,
Dan Faunus chaunct to meet her by the way;
And kindling fire at her fair burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
And chaced her that faſt from him did flye;
As Hind from her, ſo ſhe fled from her enemy.

VIII.

At laſt when failing breath began to faint,
And ſaw no means to ſcape, of ſhame afraid,
She ſate her down to weep for ſore conſtraint,
And to *Diana* calling loud for aid,
Her dear beſought, to let her die a maid.
The Goddeſs heard, and ſuddain where ſhe ſate,
Welling out ſtreams of tears, and quite diſmay'd
With ſtony fear of that rude ruſtick mate,
Transform'd her to a ſtone from ſtedfaſt virgins ſtate.

IX.

Lo now ſhe is that ſtone; from whoſe two heads
(As from two weeping eyes) freſh ſtreams do flow,
Yet cold through fear, and old conceived dreads:
And yet the ſtone her ſemblance ſeems to ſhow,
Shapt like a maid, that ſuch ye may her know;
And yet her vertues in her water bide:
For it is chaſte and pure as pureſt ſnow,
Ne lets her waves with any filth be dy'd,
But ever (like her ſelf) unſtained hath been try'd.

X.

From thence it comes that this babes bloody hand
May not be cleans'd with water of this Well:
Ne certes Sir, ſtrive you it to withſtand,
But let them ſtill be bloody, as befell,
That they his mothers innocence may tell,
As ſhe bequeath'd in her laſt teſtament;
That as a ſacred ſymbol it may dwell
In her ſons fleſh, to mind revengement,
And be for all chaſte Dames an endleſs monument.

XI.

He harkned to his reaſon, and the child
Uptaking, to the Palmer gave to bear:
But his ſad fathers arms with blood defil'd,
An heavy load himſelf did lightly rear,
And turning to that place, in which whylear
He left his lofty ſteed with golden ſell,
And goodly gorgeous barbs, him found not there,
By other accident that earſt befel,
He is convay'd; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

XII.

Which when Sir *Guyon* ſaw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he ſoft himſelf appeaſe,
And fairly fare on foot, how ever loth;
His double burden did him ſore diſeaſe.
So long they travelled with little eaſe,
Till that at laſt they to a caſtle came,
Built on a rock adjoyning to the ſeas;
It was an ancient work of antique fame,
And wondrous ſtrong by nature, and by ſkilful frame.

XIII.

Therein three ſiſters dwelt of ſundry ſort,
The children of one ſire by mothers three;
Who dying whylome did divide this ſort
To them by equal ſhares in equal fee:
But ſtrifeful mind, and diverſe qualitee
Drew them in parts, and each made others foe:
Still did they ſtrive, and daily diſagree;
The eldeſt did againſt the youngeſt goe,
And both againſt the middeſt meant to worken woe.

XIV.

Where, when the Knight arriv'd, he was right well
Receiv'd, as Knight of ſo much worth became,
Of ſecond ſiſter, who did far excell
The other two; *Medina* was her name,
A ſober, ſad, and comely courteous Dame;
Who rich arrayd, and yet in modeſt guize,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Fair marching forth in honourable wize,
Him at the threſhold met, and well did enterprize.

XV.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modeſty;
Ne in her ſpeech, ne in her 'haviour,
Was lightneſs ſeen or looſer vanity,
But gracious womanhood, and gravity,
Above the reaſon of her youthly years:
Her golden locks ſhe roundly did uptie
In breaded tramels, that no looſer hairs
Did out of order ſtray about her dainty ears.

XVI.

Whil'ſt ſhe her ſelf thus buſily did frame,
Seemly to entertain her new-come gueſt,
News hereof to her other ſiſters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton reſt,
Accourting each her friend with laviſh feaſt:
They were two Knights of peerleſs puiſſance,
And famous far abroad for warlike geſt
Which to theſe Ladies love did countenance,
And to his miſtreſs each himſelf ſtrove to advance.

XVII.

He that made love unto the eldeſt Dame,
Was hight Sir *Hudibras*, an hardy man:
Yet not ſo good of deeds, as great of name.
Which he by many raſh adventures wan,
Since errant arms to few he firſt began;
More huge in ſtrength, than wiſe in works he was,
And reaſon with fool-hardize over-ran;
Stern melancholy did his courage paſs,
And was (for terrour more) all arm'd in ſhining braſs.

XVIII.

But he that lov'd the youngeſt was *Sans-loy*
He that fair *Una* late foul outraged,
The moſt unruly, and the boldeſt boy
That ever warlike weapons menaged,
And to all lawleſs luſt encouraged,
Through ſtrong opinion of his matchleſs might:
Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right
He now this Ladies champion choſe for love to fight.

XIX.

Theſe two gay Knights, vow'd to ſo divers loves,
Each other does envy with deadly hate,
And daily war againſt his foeman moves,
In hope to win more favour with his mate,
And th'others pleaſing ſervice to abate,
To magnifie his own. But when they heard,
How in that place ſtrange Knight arrived late,
Both Knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fiercely unto battle ſtern themſelves prepar'd.

XX.

But ere they could proceed unto the place
Where he abode, themſelves at diſcord fell,
And cruel combat jovnd in middle ſpace:
With horrible aſſault, and fury fell,
They heapt huge ſtroakes, the ſcorned life to quell,
That all on uprore from her ſettled ſeat,
The houſe was raiz'd, and all that in did dwell;
Seem'd that loud thunder with amazement great,
Did rend the ratling skyes with flames of fouldring heat.

XXI.

The noyſe thereof call'd forth that ſtranger Knight,
To weet what dreadful thing was there in hond;
Where whenas two brave Knights in bloody fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
His ſunbroad ſhield about his wriſt he bond,
And ſhining blade unſheath'd, with which he ran.
Unto that ſtead, their ſtrife to underſtond:
And at his firſt arrival, them began
With goodly means to pacifie, well as he can.

XXII.

But they him ſpying, both with greedy force
Attonce upon him ran, and him beſet
With ſtroakes of mortal ſteel without remorſe,
And on his ſhield like iron ſledges bet;
As when a Bear and Tyger, being met
In cruel fight on Lybick Ocean wide,
Eſpy a traveller with feet ſurbet,
Whom they in equal prey hope to divide,
They ſtint their ſtrife, and him aſſail on every ſide.

XXIII.

But he, not like a weary traveller,
Their ſharp aſſault right boldly did rebut,
And ſuffred not their blows to bite him nere,
But with redoubled buffs them back did put:
Whoſe grieved minds, which choler did englut,
Againſt themſelves turning their wrathful ſpight,
Gan with new rage their ſhields to hew and cut;
But ſtill when *Guyon* came to part their fight,
With heavy load on him they freſhly 'gan to ſmight.

XXIV.

As a tall ſhip toſſed in troublous ſeas,
Whom raging winds threatning to make the prey
Of the rough rocks, do diverſly diſeaſe,
Meets two contrary billows by the way,
That her on either ſide do ſore aſſay,
And boaſt to ſwallow her in greedy grave;
She ſcorning both their ſpights, does make wide way,
And with her breaſt breaking the foamy wave,
Does ride on both their backs, and fair her ſelf doth ſave.

XXV.

So boldly he him bears, and ruſheth forth
Between them both, by conduct of his blade,
Wondrous great proweſs, and heroick worth
He ſhew'd that day, and rare enſample made,
When two ſo mighty warriours he diſmade:
Attonce he wards and ſtrikes, he takes and pays,
Now forct to yield, now forcing to invade,
Before, behind, and round about him lays:
So double was his pains, ſo double be his praiſe.

XXVI.

Strange ſort of fight, three valiant Knights to ſee
Three combats joyn in one, and to darrain
A triple war with triple enmitee,
All for their Ladies froward love to gain,
Which gotten was but hate. So love does reign
In ſtouteſt minds, and maketh monſtrous war;
He maketh war, he maketh peace again,
And yet his peace is but continual jar:
O miſerable men, that to him ſubject are!

XXVII.

While thus they mingled were in furious arms,
The fair *Medina* with her treſſes torne,
And naked breaſt (in pity of their harms)
Emongſt them ran, and falling them beforne,
Beſought them by the womb which them had borne,
And by the loves which were to them moſt dear,
And by the Knighthood, which they ſure had ſworne,
Their dealy cruel diſcord to forbear,
And to her juſt conditions of fair peace to hear.

XXVIII.

But her two other ſiſters, ſtanding by,
Her loud gainſaid, and both their champion bade
Purſue the end of their ſtrong enemy,
As ever of their loves they would be glad.
Yet ſhe, with pithy words and counſel ſad,
Still ſtrove their ſtubborn rages to revoke;
That at the laſt, ſuppreſſing fury mad,
They 'gan abſtain from dint of direful ſtroke,
And harken to the ſober ſpeeches which ſhe ſpoke.

XXIX.

Ah! puiſſant Lords, what curſed evil ſpright,
Or fell *Erinnys*, in your noble hearts
Her helliſh brond hath kindled with deſpight,
And ſtird you up to work your wilfull ſmarts?
Is this the joy of arms? be theſe the parts
Of glorious Knighthood, after blood to thurſt,
And not regard due right and juſt deſarts?
Vain is the vaunt, and victory unjuſt,
That more to mighty hands, than rightful cauſe doth truſt.

XXX.

And were there rightful cauſe of difference,
Yet were not better, fair it to accord,
Than with blood-guiltineſs to heap offence,
And mortal vengeance joyn to crime abhord?
O! fly from wrath: fly, O my lieſeſt Lord.
Sad be the ſights, and bitter fruits of war,
And thouſand furies wait on wrathful ſwords;
Ne ought the praiſe of proweſs more doth mar,
Than foul revenging rage, and baſe contentious jar.

XXXI.

But lovely concord, and moſt ſacred peace,
Doth nouriſh vertue, and faſt friendſhip breeds;
Weak ſhe makes ſtrong, and ſtrong thing does increaſe,
Till it the pitch of higheſt praiſe exceeds:
Brave be her wars, and honourable deeds,
By which ſhe triumphs over ire and pride,
And wins an Olive girlond for her meeds:
Be therefore, O my dear Lords, pacifide,
And this miſſeeming diſcord meekly lay aſide.

XXXII.

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
And ſunk ſo deep into their boyling breaſts,
That down they let their cruel weapons fall,
And lowly did abaſe their lofty creſts
To her fair preſence, and diſcreet beheſts.
Then ſhe began a treaty to procure,
And ſtabliſh terms betwixt both their requeſts,
That as a law for ever ſhould endure;
Which to obſerve, in word of Knights they did aſſure.

XXXIII.

Which to confirm, and faſt to bind their league,
After their weary ſweat and bloody toil,
She them beſought, during their quiet treague,
Into her lodging to repair a while,
To reſt themſelves, and grace to reconcile.
They ſoon conſent: ſo forth with her they fare,
Where they are well receiv'd, and made to ſpoil
Themſelves of ſoiled arms, and to prepare
Their minds to pleaſure, and their mouths to dainty fare;

XXXIV.

And thoſe two froward ſiſters (their fair loves)
Came with them eke (all were they wondrous loth)
And fained chear, as for the time behoves;
But could not colour yet ſo well the troth,
But that their natures bad appeard in both:
For both did at their ſecond ſiſter grutch,
And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
The inner garment fret, not th'utter touch; [much.
One thought their chear too little, the other thought too

XXXV.

Eliſſa (ſo the eldeſt hight) did deem
Such entertainment baſe, ne ought would eat,
Ne ought would ſpeak, but evermore did ſeem
As diſcontent for want of mirth or meat;
No ſolace could her Paramour intreat
Her once to ſhew, ne court, nor dalliance:
But with bent lowring browes, as ſhe would threat,
She ſcould, and frownd with froward countenance,
Unworthy of fair Ladies comely governaunce.

XXXVI.

But young *Periſſa* was of other mind,
Full of diſport, ſtill laughing, looſely light,
And quite contrary to her ſiſters kind;
No meaſure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleaſure and delight;
In wine and meats ſhe flow'd above the bank,
And in exceſs exceeded her own might;
In ſumptuous tire ſhe joy'd her ſelf to prank:
But of her love too laviſh (little have ſhe thank.)

XXXVII.

Faſt by her ſide did ſit the bold *Sans-loy*,
Fit mate for ſuch a mincing mineon,
Who in her looſeneſs took exceeding joy;
Might not be found a franker franion,
Of her lewd parts to make companion;
But *Hudibras*, more like a Malecontent,
Did ſee and grieve at his bold faſhion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
Yet ſtill he ſat, and inly did himſelf torment.

XXXVIII.

Betwixt them both the fair *Medina* ſate,
With ſober grace and goodly carriage:
With equal meaſure ſhe did moderate
The ſtrong extremities of their outrage;
That froward pair ſhe ever would aſſwage;
When they would ſtrive due reaſon to exceed;
But that ſame froward twain would accourage,
And of her plenty add unto their need:
So kept ſhe them in order, and herſelf in heed.

XXXIX.

Thus fairly ſhe attempered her feaſt,
And pleas'd them all with meet ſatiety.
At laſt, when luſt of meat and drink was ceaſt,
She *Guyon* dear beſought of courteſie,
To tell from whence he came through jeopardy,
And whither now on new adventure bound.
Who with bold grace, and comely gravity,
Drawing to him the eyes of all around,
From lofty ſiege began theſe words aloud to ſound;

XL.

This thy demand, O Lady, doth revive
Freſh memory in me of that great Queen,
Great and moſt glorious virgin Queen alive,
That with her ſoveraine powre, and ſcepter ſheen,
All Fairy lond does peaceable ſuſteen.
In wideſt Ocean ſhe her throne does rear,
That over all the earth it may be ſeen;
As morning ſun her beams diſpredden clear:
And in her face, fair peace and mercy doth appear.

XLI.

In her the riches of all heavenly grace
In chief degrees are heaped up on high:
And all, that elſe this worlds encloſure bace
Hath great or glorious in mortal eye,
Adorns the perſon of her Majeſty;
That men beholding ſo great excellence,
And rare perfection in mortality,
Do her adore with ſacred reverence,
As th' Idol of her makers great magnificence.

XLII.

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 renown'd,
That may this day in all the world be found:
A yearly ſolemn feaſt ſhe wonts to make
The day that firſt doth lead the year around;
To which all Knights of worth and courage bold
Reſort to hear of ſtrange adventures to be told.

XLIII.

There this old Palmer ſhew'd himſelf that day,
And to that mighty Princeſs did complain
Of grievous miſchiefs, which a wicked Fay
Had wrought, and many whelm'd in deadly pain,
Whereof he crav'd redreſs. My Soveraine,
Whoſe glory is in gracious deeds, and joys
Throughout the world her mercy to maintain,
Eftſoons devis'd redreſs for ſuch annoys;
Me (all unfit for ſo great purpoſe) ſhe employs.

XLIV.

Now hath fair *Phœbe* with her ſilver face
Thrice ſeen the ſhadows of the neather world,
Sith laſt I left that honourable place,
In which her royal preſence is inrold;
Ne ever ſhall I reſt in houſe nor hold,
Till I that falſe *Acraſia* have won;
Of whoſe foul deeds (too hideous to be told)
I witneſs am, and this their wretched ſon.
Whoſe woeful parents ſhe hath wickedly fordon.

XLV.

Tell on, fair Sir, ſaid ſhe, that doleful tale,
From which ſad ruth does ſeem you to reſtrain,
That we may pity ſuch unhappy bale,
And learn from pleaſures poyſon to abſtain;
Ill, by enſample, good doth often gain.
Then forward he his purpoſe 'gan purſew,
And told the ſtory of the mortal pain,
Which *Mordant* and *Amavia* did rew;
As with lamenting eyes himſelf did lately view.

XLVI.

Night was far ſpent, and now in Ocean deep
Orion, flying faſt from hiſſing ſnake,
His flaming head did haſten for to ſteep,
When of his pitious tale he end did make;
Whilſt with delight of that he wiſely ſpake,
Thoſe gueſts beguiled, did beguile their eyes
Of kindly ſleep, that did them overtake.
At laſt, when they had markt the changed skyes,
They wiſt their hour was ſpent; then each to reſt him hies.

CANTO III.

Vain Braggadochio, *getting* Guyons
Horſe, is made the ſcorn
Of Knighthood true, and is of fair
Belphœbe *foul forlorn.*

I.

SOon as the morrow fair with purple beams
Diſperſt the ſhadows of the miſty night,
And *Titan* playing on the Eaſtern ſtreams,
Can clear the dewy air with ſpringing light,
Sir *Guyon*, mindful of his vow yplight,
Uproſe from drowſie couch, and him addreſt
Unto the journey which he had behight:
His puiſſant arms about his noble breaſt,
And many-folded ſhield he bound about his wreſt.

II.

Then taking *Congé* of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did earneſtly commit, and her conjure,
In vertuous lore to train his tender youth,
And all that gentle nouriture enſu'th:
And that ſo ſoon as riper years he raught,
He might for memory of that days ruth,
Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,
T'avenge his parents death, on them that had it wrought.

III.

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good ſteed is lately from him gone:
Patience perforce; helpleſs what may it boot
To fret for anger, or for grief to mone?
His Palmer now ſhall foot no more alone:
So fortune wrought, as under green woods ſide
He lately heard that dying Lady grone,
He left his ſteed without, and ſpear beſide,
And ruſhed in on foot, to ayd her ere ſhe dide.

IV.

The whiles, a loſell wandring by the way,
One that to bounty never caſt his mind,
Ne thought of honour ever did aſſay
His baſer breaſt, but in his keſtrell kind
A pleaſing vein of glory he did find,
To which his flowing tongue, and troublous ſpright
Gave him great aid, and made him more inclin'd:
He that brave ſteed there finding ready dight,
Purloynd both ſteed and ſpear, and ran away full light.

V.

Now 'gan his heart all ſwell in jollity,
And of himſelf great hope and help conceiv'd,
That puffed up with ſmoak of vanity,
And with ſelf-loved perſonage deceiv'd,
He 'gan to hope, of men to be receiv'd
For ſuch, as he him thought, or fain would be:
But for in court gay portaunce he perceiv'd,
And gallant ſhew to be in greateſt gree,
Eftſoons to court he caſt t'advaunce his firſt degree.

VI.

And by the way he chaunced to eſpy
One ſitting idle on a ſunny bank,
To whom avaunting in great bravery,
As Peacock, that his painted plumes doth prank,
He ſmote his courſer in the trembling flank,
And to him threatned his heart-thrilling ſpear:
The ſeely man, ſeeing him ride ſo rank,
And aym at him, fell flat to ground for fear,
And crying mercy, loud, his pitious hands 'gan rear.

VII.

Thereat the ſcarcrow wexed wondrous proud,
Through fortune of his firſt adventure fair,
And with big thundring voyce revil'd him loud;
Vile caitive, vaſſal of dread and deſpair,
Unworthy of the common breathed air,
Why liveſt thou, dead dog, a longer day,
And doſt not unto death thy ſelf prepare?
Die, or thy ſelf my captive yield for ay;
Great favour I thee grant, for anſwer thus to ſtay.

VIII.

Hold, O dear Lord, hold your dead-doing hand,
Then loud he cride, I am your humble thrall.
Ah wretch (quoth he) thy deſtinies withſtand
My wrathful will, and do for mercy call.
I give thee life: therefore proſtrated fall,
And kiſs my ſtirrup; that, thy homage be.
The miſer threw himſelf as an offall,
Straight at his foot in baſe humilitee,
And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

IX.

So happy peace they made and fair accord:
Eftſoons this liege-man 'gan to wex more bold,
And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
In his own kind he 'gan himſelf unfold:
For he was wylie witted, and grown old
In cunning ſleights and practick knavery.
From that day forth he caſt for to uphold
His idle humour with fine flattery,
And blow the bellows to his ſwelling vanity.

X.

Trompart, fit man for *Braggadochio*,
To ſerve at court in view of vaunting eye.
Vain-glorious man, when fluttring, wind does blow
In his light wings, is lifted up to sky:
The ſcorn of Knighthood and true chevalry,
To think without deſert of gentle deed,
And noble worth, to be advaunced high;
Such praiſe is ſhame; but honour, vertues meed,
Doth bear the faireſt flowre in honourable ſeed.

XI.

So forth they paſs (a well conſorted pair)
Till at the length with *Archimage* they meet
Who ſeeing one that ſhone in armour fair,
On goodly courſer thundring with his feet,
Eftſoons ſuppoſed him a perſon meet,
Of his revenge to make the inſtrument:
For ſince the *Redcroſs* Knight he erſt did weet,
To been with *Guyon* knit in one conſent,
The ill which earſt to him, he now to *Guyon* meant.

XII.

And coming cloſe to *Trompart*, 'gan inquere
Of him, what mighty warriour that mote be,
That rode in golden ſell with ſingle ſpear,
But wanted ſword to wreak his enmitee.
He is a great adventurer (ſaid he)
That hath his ſword through hard aſſay forgone,
And now hath vowd, till he avenged be
Of that deſpight, never to wearen one;
That ſpear is him enough to doen a thouſand grone.

XIII.

Th'enchaunter greatly joyed in the vaunt,
And weened well ere long his will to win,
And both his foen with equal foyl to daunt,
Tho to him louting lowly, did begin,
To plain of wrongs, which had committed bin
By *Guyon*, and by that falſe *Redcroſs* Knight;
Which two through treaſon and deceitful gin,
Had ſlain Sir *Mordant*, and his Lady bright:
That mote him honour win, to wreak ſo foul deſpight.

XIV.

Therewith all ſuddainly he ſeem'd enrag'd,
And threatned death with dreadful countenance,
As if their lives had in his hand been gag'd;
And with ſtiff force ſhaking his mortal launce
To let him weet his doughty valiaunce,
Thus ſaid; Old man, great ſure ſhall be thy meed,
If where thoſe Knights for fear of due vengeance
Do lurk, thou certainly to me areed,
That I may wreak on them their hainous hateful deed.

XV.

Certes my Lord (ſaid he) that ſhall I ſoon,
And give you eke good help to their decay:
But mote I wiſely you adviſe to doon;
Give no ods to your foes, but do purvay
Your ſelf of ſword before that bloody day:
For they be two the proweſt Knights on ground,
And oft approv'd in many hard aſſay;
And eke of ſureſt ſteel, that may be found,
Do arm your ſelf againſt that day, them to confound.

XVI.

Dotard (ſaid he) let be thy deep adviſe;
Seems that through many years thy wits thee fail,
And that weak eld hath left thee nothing wiſe;
Elſe never ſhould thy judgment be ſo frail,
To meaſure manhood by the ſword or mail.
Is not enough four quarters of a man,
Withouten ſword or ſhield, an hoſt to quail?
Thou little woteſt what this right hand can:
Speak they, which have beheld the battles which it wan.

XVII.

The man was much abaſhed at his boaſt;
Yet well he wiſt, that whoſo would contend
With either of thoſe Knights on even coaſt,
Should need of all his arms him to defend,
Yet feared leaſt his boldneſs ſhould offend;
When *Braggadochio* ſaid, once I did ſwear,
When with one ſword ſeven Knights I brought to end,
Thenceforth in battle never ſword to bear,
But it were that, which nobleſt Knight on earth doth wear.

XVIII.

Perdie, Sir Knight, ſaid then th'enchaunter blive,
That ſhall I ſhortly purchaſe to your hond:
For now the beſt and nobleſt Knight alive
Prince *Arthur* is, that wonns in Fairy lond;
He hath a ſword that flames like burning brond;
The ſame (by my adviſe) I undertake
Shall by to morrow by thy ſide be fond.
At which bold word that boaſter 'gan to quake,
And wondred in his mind, what mote that monſter make.

XIX.

He ſtaid not for more bidding, but away
Was ſuddain vaniſhed out of his ſight:
The northern wind his wings did broad diſplay
At his command, and reared him up light
From off the earth to take his airy flight.
They lookt about, but no where could eſpy
Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright
They both nigh were, and each bade other fly:
Both fled attonce, ne ever back returned eye.

XX.

Till that they come unto a foreſt green,
In which they ſhrowd themſelves from cauſeleſs fear;
Yet fear them follows ſtill, whereſo they been.
Each trembling leaf, and whiſtling wind they hear,
As ghaſtly bug their hair on end does rear:
Yet both do ſtrive their fearfulneſs to fain.
At laſt they heard a horn, that ſhrilled clear
Throughout the wood, that ecchoed again,
And made the foreſt ring, as it would rive in twain.

XXI.

Eft through the thick they heard one rudely ruſh;
With noyſe whereof he from his lofty ſteed
Down fell to ground, and crept into a buſh,
To hide his coward head from dying dreed.
But *Trompart* ſtoutly ſtaid to taken heed
Of what might hap. Eftſoon there ſtepped forth
A goodly Lady, clad in hunters weed,
That ſeem'd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her ſtately portance, born of heavenly birth.

XXII.

Her face ſo fair, as fleſh it ſeemed not,
But heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,
Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheeks the vermeill red did ſhew
Like roſes in a bed of lillies ſhed,
The which ambroſial odours from them threw,
And gazers ſenſe with double pleaſure fed,
Able to heal the ſick, and to revive the dead.

XXIII.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th'heavenly makers light,
And darted firy beams out of the ſame,
So paſſing pierceant, and ſo wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the raſh beholders ſight:
In them the blinded god his luſtful fire
To kindle oft aſſayd, but had no might;
For with dred majeſty, and awful ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched baſe deſire.

XXIV.

Her ivory forehead, full of bounty brave,
Like a broad table did it ſelf diſpread.
For Love his lofty triumphs to engrave,
And write the battles of his great godhead.
All good and honour might therein be read:
For there their dwelling was. And when ſhe ſpake,
Sweet words, like dropping hony ſhe did ſhed,
And twixt the pearls and rubies ſoftly brake
A ſilver ſound, that heavenly muſick ſeem'd to make.

XXV.

Upon her eye-lids many Graces ſate,
Under the ſhadow of her even brows,
Working belgards, and amorous retrate,
And every one her with a grace endows:
And every one with meekneſs to her bow.
So glorious mirrour of celeſtial grace,
And ſoveraine monument of mortal vows,
How ſhall frail pen deſcrive her heavenly face,
For fear through want of skill her beauty to diſgrace?

XXVI.

So fair, and thouſand thouſand times more fair
She ſeem'd, when ſhe preſented was to ſight,
And was yclad (for heat of ſcorching air)
All in a ſilken camus, lilly white,
Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above beſprinkled was throughout,
With golden aygulets, that gliſtred bright,
Like twinkling ſtars, and all the skirt about
Was hemd with golden fringe

XXVII.

Below her ham her weed did ſomewhat train;
And her ſtreight legs moſt bravely were embayld
In gilden buſkins of coſtly cordwain,
All bard with golden bends, which were entaild
With curious anticks, and full fair aumaild:
Before, they faſtned were under her knee
In a rich jewel, and therein entraild
The ends of all their knots, that none might ſee,
How they within their fouldings cloſe enwrapped be.

XXVIII.

Like two fair marble pillors they were ſeen,
Which do the temple of the Gods ſupport,
Whom all the people deck with girlonds green,
And honour in their feſtival reſort;
Thoſe ſame with ſtately grace, and princely port
She taught to tread, when ſhe herſelf would grace:
But with the woody Nymphs when ſhe did play,
Or when the flying Libbard ſhe did chace,
She could them nimbly move, and after fly apace.

XXIX.

And in her hand a ſharp Bore-ſpear ſhe held,
And at her back a bow and quiver gay,
Stuft with ſteel-headed darts, wherewith ſhe queld
The ſalvage beaſts in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldrick, which forelay
Athwart her ſnowy breaſt, and did divide
Her dainty paps; which like young fruit in *May*
Now little 'gan to ſwell, and being tide,
Through her thin weed their places only ſignifide.

XXX.

Her yellow locks criſped, like golden wire,
About her ſhoulders weren looſely ſhed,
And when the wind emongſt them did inſpire,
They waved like a penon wide diſpred,
And low behind her back were ſcattered:
And whether art it were, or heedleſs hap,
As through the flowring foreſt raſh ſhe fled,
In her rude hairs ſweet flowres themſelves did lap,
And flouriſhing freſh leaves and bloſſoms did enwrap.

XXXI.

Such as *Diana* by the ſandy ſhore
Of ſwift *Eurotas*, or on *Cynthus* green,
Where all the Nymphs have her unwares forlore,
Wandreth alone with bow and arrows keen,
To ſeek her game: or as that famous Queen
Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrhus* did deſtroy,
The day that firſt of *Priam* ſhe was ſeen,
Did ſhew herſelf in great triumphant joy,
To ſuccour the weak ſtate of ſad afflicted *Troy*.

XXXII.

Such whenas heartleſs *Trompart* her did view,
He was diſmayed in his coward mind,
And doubted, whether he himſelf ſhould ſhew,
Or fly away, or bide alone behind:
Both fear and hope he in her face did find,
When ſhe at laſt him ſpying, thus beſpake;
Hail Groom; didſt not thou ſee a bleeding Hind,
Whoſe right haunch earſt my ſtedfaſt arrow ſtrake?
If thou didſt, tell me, that I may her overtake.

XXXIII.

Wherewith reviv'd, this anſwer forth he threw,
O Goddeſs (for ſuch I thee take to be)
For neither doth thy face terreſtrial ſhew,
Nor voice ſound mortal; I avow to thee,
Such wounded beaſt, as that, I did not ſee,
Sith earſt into this foreeſt wild I came.
But mote thy goodly-hed forgive it me,
To weet which of the Gods I ſhall thee name,
That unto thee due worſhip I may rightly frame.

XXXIV.

To whom ſhe thus; but ere her words enſew'd,
Unto the buſh her eye did ſuddain glaunce,
In which vain *Braggadochio* was mew'd,
And ſaw it ſtir: ſhe left her piercing launce,
And towards 'gan a deadly ſhaft advaunce,
In mind to mark the beaſt. At which ſad ſtowre,
Trompart forth ſtept, to ſtay the mortal chaunce,
Out-crying, o whatever heavenly powre,
Or earthly wight thou be withhold this deadly howre.

XXXV.

O ſtay thy hand: for yonder is no game
For thy fierce arrows, them to exerciſe;
But lo, my Lord, my liege, whoſe warlike name
Is far renown'd through many bold empriſe;
And now in ſhade he ſhrowded yonder lies.
She ſtaid: with that he crawld out of his neſt,
Forth creeping on his caitive hands and thighs,
And ſtanding ſtoutly up, his lofty creſt
Did fiercely ſhake and rowze, as coming late from reſt.

XXXVI.

As fearful fowl, that long in ſecret cave,
For dread of ſoaring Hawk herſelf hath hid,
Not caring how her ſilly life to ſave,
She her gay painted plumes diſordered,
Seeing at laſt herſelf from danger rid,
Peeps forth, and ſoon renews her native pride;
She 'gins her feathers foul disfigured
Proudly to prune, and ſet on every ſide,
So ſhakes off ſhame, ne thinks how erſt ſhe did her hide.

XXXVII.

So when her goodly viſage he beheld,
He 'gan himſelf to vaunt: but when he view'd
Thoſe deadly tools which in her hand ſhe held,
Soon into other fits he was tranſmew'd,
Till ſhe to him her gracious ſpeech renew'd;
All hail, Sir Knight, and well may thee befall,
As all the like, which honour have purſew'd
Through deeds of arms and proweſs martial;
All vertue merits praiſe: but ſuch the moſt of all.

XXXVIII.

To whom he thus; o faireſt under ſkye,
True be thy words, and worthy of thy praiſe,
That warlike feats doſt higheſt glorifie.
Therein have I ſpent all my youthly days,
And many battles fought, and many frays
Throughout the world, wherefo they might be found,
Endeavouring my dreaded name to raiſe
Above the moon, that fame may it reſound
In her eternal tromp, with laurel girlond cround.

XXXIX.

But what art thou (O Lady, which doſt range
In this wild foreſt, where no pleaſure is,
And doſt not it for joyous court exchange,
Emongſt thine equal peers, where happy bliſs
And all delight does reign, much more than this?
There thou mayſt love, and dearly loved be,
And ſwim in pleaſure, which thou here doſt miſs;
There mayſt thou beſt be ſeen, and beſt mayſt ſee:
The wood is beſt for beaſts; the court is fit for thee.

XL.

Whoſo in pomp of proud eſtate (quoth ſhe)
Does ſwim, and bathes himſelf in courtly bliſs,
Does waſte his days in dark obſcuritee,
And in oblivion ever buried is:
Where eaſe abounds, it's eath to do amiſs;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaves with cares, cannot ſo eaſie miſs.
Abroad in arms, at home in ſtudious kind
Who ſeeks with painful toil, ſhall honour ſooneſt find.

XLI.

In woods, in waves, in wars ſhe wonts to dwell,
And will be found with peril and with pain;
Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell,
Unto her happy manſion attain:
Before her gate high God did ſweat ordain,
And wakeful watches ever to abide:
But eaſie is the way, and paſſage plain
To pleaſures palace; it may ſoon be ſpide,
And day and night her doors to all ſtand open wide.

XLII.

In Princes court: The reſt ſhe would have ſaid,
But that the fooliſh man (filld with delight
Of her ſweet words, that all his ſenſe diſmaid,
And with her wondrous beauty raviſht quight)
'Gan burn in filthy luſt; and leaping light,
Thought in his baſtard arms her to embrace.
With that, ſhe ſwarving back, her javelin bright
Againſt him bent, and fiercely did menace:
So turned her about, and fled away apace.

XLIII.

Which when the Peasant saw, amaz'd he stood,
And grieved at her flight; yet durst he not
Pursue her steps, through wild unknowen wood;
Besides he fear'd her wrath, and threatned shot
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgot:
Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vain;
But turning said to *Trompart*, what foul blot
Is this to Knight, that Lady should again
Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so proud disdain.

XLIV.

Perdie (said *Trompart*) let her pass at will,
Least by her presence danger mote befall.
For who can tell (and sure I fear it ill)
But that she is some powre celestial?
For whiles she spake, her great words did appall
My feeble courage, and my heart oppress,
That yet I quake and tremble over all.
And I said *Braggadochio*) thought no less,
When first I heard her horn sound with such ghastliness.

XLV.

For from my mothers womb this grace I have
Me given by eternal destiny,
That earthly thing may not my courage brave
Dismay with fear, or cause one foot to fly,
But either hellish fiends, or powres on high:
Which was the cause, when earst that horn I heard,
Weening it had been thunder in the sky,
I hid my self from it, as one affeard;
But when I other knew, myself I boldly reard.

XLVI.

But now for fear of worse that may betide,
Let us soon hence depart. They soon agree.
So to his steed he got, and 'gan to ride
As one unfit therefore, that all might see
He had not trained been in chevalree.
Which well that valiant courser did discern;
For he dispis'd to tread in due degree,
But chaust and foam'd, with courage fierce and stern
And to be eas'd of that base burden still did yern.

CANTO IV.

Guyon *does* Furor *bind in chains,*
And ſtops Occaſion:
Delivers Phedon, *and therefore*
By ſtrife is rayl'd upon.

I.

IN brave purſuit of honourable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Between the vulgar and the noble ſeed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seems to be borne by native influence;
As feats of arms, and love to entertain:
But chiefly skill to ride, ſeems a ſcience
Proper to gentle blood; ſome others fain
To menage ſteeds, as did this vaunter; but in vain.

II.

But he (the rightful owner of that ſteed)
Who well could menage and ſubdue his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,
With that black Palmer, his moſt truſty guide;
Who ſuffred not his wandring feet to ſlide.
But when ſtrong paſſion, or weak fleſhlineſs
Would from the right way ſeek to draw him wide,
He would through temperance and ſtedfaſtneſs,
Teach him the weak to ſtrengthen, and the ſtrong ſuppreſs.

III.

It fortuned, forth faring on his way,
He ſaw from far, or ſeemed for to ſee
Some troublous uprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in haſte it to agree.
A mad-man, or that feigned mad to be,
Drew by the hair along upon the ground,
A handſome ſtripling with great cruelty,
Whom ſore he beat, and gor'd with many a wound,
That cheeks with tears, and ſides with blood did all abound.

IV.

And him behind, a wicked Hag did ſtalk,
In ragged robes, and filthy diſarray,
Her other leg was lame, that ſhe no'te walk,
But on a ſtaff her feeble ſteps did ſtay;
Her locks that loathly were, and hoary gray,
Grew all afore, and looſely hung unrold,
But all behind was bald, and worn away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold,
And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinkles old.

V.

And ever as ſhe went, her tongue did walk
In foul reproach, and terms of vile deſpight,
Provoking him by her outrageous talk,
To heap more vengeance on that wretched wight.
Sometimes ſhe raught him ſtones, wherewith to ſmite,
Sometimes her ſtaff, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which ſhe could not go upright;
Ne any evil means ſhe did forbear,
That might him move to wrath, and indignation rear.

VI.

The noble *Guyon* mov'd with great remorſe,
Approaching, firſt the Hag did thruſt away;
And after adding more impetuous force,
His mighty hands did on the mad-man lay,
And pluckt him back; who all on fire ſtraitway,
Againſt him turning all his fell intent,
With beaſtly brutiſh rage 'gan him aſſay,
And ſmote, and bit, and kickt, and ſcratcht, and rent,
And did he wiſt not what in his avengement.

VII.

And ſure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had governance, it well to guide:
But when the frantick fit inflam'd his ſpright,
His force was vain, and ſtrook more often wide,
Than at the aimed mark, which he had eyde:
And oft himſelf he chanct to hurt unwares,
Whilſt reaſon blent through paſſion, nought deſcryde,
But as a blindfold Bull at random ſares, [nought cares.
And where he hits, nought knows, and whom he hurts,

VIII.

His rude aſſault and rugged handeling,
Strange ſeemed to the Knight, that aye with foe
In fair defence and goodly menaging
Of arms was wont to fight: yet nathemoe
Was he abaſhed now not fighting ſo;
But more enfierced through his curriſh play,
Him ſternly gript, and haling to and fro,
To overthrow him ſtrongly did aſſay,
But overthrew himſelf unwares, and lower lay.

IX.

And being down, the villain ſore did beat,
And bruiſe with clowniſh fiſts his manly face:
And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat,
Still call'd upon to kill him in the place.
With whoſe reproach and odious menace
The Knight emboyling in his haughty heart,
Knit all his forces, and 'gan ſoon unbrace
His graſping hold: ſo lightly did upſtart,
And drew his deadly weapon to maintain his part.

X.

Which when the Palmer ſaw, he loudly cry'd,
Not ſo, O *Guyon*, never think that ſo
That monſter can be maſter'd or deſtroy'd:
He is not, ah he is not ſuch a foe,
As ſteel can wound, or ſtrength can overthrow.
That ſame is *Furor* curſed cruel wight,
That unto Knighthood works much ſhame and woe;
And that ſame Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occaſion, the root of all wrath and deſpight.

XI.

With her, whoſo will rageing *Furor* tame,
Muſt firſt begin, and well her amenage:
Firſt her reſtrain from her reproachful blame,
And evil means with which ſhe doth enrage
Her frantick ſon and kindles his courage:
Then when ſhe is withdrawn, or ſtrong withſtood,
It's eath his idle fury to aſſwage,
And calm the tempeſt of his paſſion wood;
The banks are overflown, when ſtopped is the flood.

XII.

Therewith Sir *Guyon* left his firſt empriſe,
And turning to that woman faſt her hent
By the hoar locks that hung before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould ſhe ſtent
Her bitter railing and foul revilement,
But ſtill provokt her ſon to wreak her wrong;
But natheleſs he did her ſtill torment,
And catching hold of her ungracious tong,
Thereon an iron lock did faſten firm and ſtrong.

XIII.

Then whenas uſe of ſpeech was from her reft,
With her two crooked hands ſhe ſigns did make,
And beckned him, the laſt help ſhe had left,
But he that laſt left help away did take,
And both her hands faſt bound unto a ſtake,
That ſhe no'te ſtir. Then 'gan her ſon to fly
Full faſt away, and did her quite forſake;
But *Guyon* after him in haſte did hye,
And ſoon him overtook in ſad perplexity.

XIV.

In his ſtrong arms he ſtifly him embract,
Who him gain-ſtriving, nought at all prevail'd;
For all his powre was utterly defact,
And furious fits at earſt quite weren quail'd:
Oft he renforct, and oft his forces fail'd,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour ſlack.
Then him to ground he caſt, and rudely hail'd,
And both his hands faſt bound behind his back,
And both his feet in fetters to an iron rack.

XV.

With hundred iron chains he did him bind,
And hundred knots that did him ſore conſtrain:
Yet his great iron teeth he ſtill did grind,
And grimly gnaſh, threatning revenge in vain:
His burning eyen, whom bloody ſtrakes did ſtain,
Stared full wide, and threw forth ſparks of fire,
And more for rank deſpight, than for great pain,
Shakt his long locks, colour'd like copper-wire,
And bit his tawny beard to ſhew his raging ire.

XVI.

Thus whenas *Guyon*, *Furor* had captiv'd,
Turning about, he saw that wretched Squire,
Whom that mad-man of life nigh late depriv'd,
Lying on ground, all soyld with blood and mire:
Whom whenas he perceived to respire,
He 'gan to comfort, and his wounds to dress.
Being at last recur'd he 'gan enquire,
What hard mishap him brought to such distress,
And made that caitives thrall, the thrall of wretchedness.

XVII.

With heart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
Fair Sir, quoth he, what man can shun the hap,
That hidden lies unwares him to surprise?
Misfortune waits advantage to entrap
The man most wary, in her whelming lap.
So me weak wretch, of many weakest one,
Unweeting and unware of such mishap,
She brought to mischief through occasion,
Where this same wicked villain did me light upon.

XVIII.

It was a faithless Squire, that was the sourse
Of all my sorrow, and of these sad tears,
With whom from tender dug of common nourse,
Attonce I was upbrought; and eft when years
More ripe as reason lent to chuse our peers.
Ourselves in league of vowed love we knit:
In which we long time without jealous fears,
Or faulty thoughts continu'd, as was fit;
And for my part (I vow) dissembled not a whit.

XIX.

It was my fortune (common to that age)
To love a Lady fair of great degree,
The which was born of noble parentage,
And set in highest seat of dignity,
Yet seem'd no less to love, than lov'd to be:
Long I her serv'd, and found her faithful still,
Ne ever thing could cause us disagree:
Love that two hearts makes one, makes eke one will;
Each strove to please, and others pleasure to fulfil.

XX.

My friend, hight *Philemon*, I did partake
Of all my love, and all my privity:
Who greatly joyous ſeemed for my ſake,
And gracious to that Lady, as to me:
Ne ever wight that mote ſo welcome be,
As he to her, withouten blot or blame,
Ne ever thing, that ſhe could think or ſee,
But unto him ſhe would impart the ſame;
O wretched man! that would abuſe ſo gentle Dame.

XXI.

At laſt, ſuch grace I found, and means I wrought,
That I that Lady to my ſpouſe had won;
Accord of friends, conſent of parents ſought,
Affiance made, my happineſs begun,
There wanted nought but few rites to be done,
Which marriage make; that day too far did ſeem:
Moſt joyous man, on whom the ſhining ſun
Did ſhew his face, myſelf I did eſteem,
And that my falſer friend did no leſs joyous deem.

XXII.

But ere that wiſhed day his beam diſclos'd,
He, either envying my toward good,
Or of himſelf to treaſon ill diſpos'd,
One day unto me came in friendly mood,
And told (for ſecret) how he underſtood,
That Lady whom I had to me aſſign'd,
Had both diſtain'd her honourable blood,
And eke the faith which ſhe to me did bind;
And therefore wiſht me ſtay, till I more truth ſhould find.

XXIII.

The gnawing anguiſh and ſharp jealouſie,
Which his ſad ſpeech infixed in my breaſt,
Rankled ſo ſore, and feſtred inwardly,
That my engrieved mind could find no reſt,
Till that the truth thereof I did outwreſt,
And him beſought by that ſame ſacred band
Betwixt us both, to counſel me the beſt.
He then with ſolemn oath and plighted hand
Aſſur'd, ere long the truth to let me underſtand.

XXIV.

Ere long, with like again he boarded me,
Saying he now had boulted all the flour,
And that it was a groom of base degree,
Which of my love was partner paramour:
Who used in a darksome inner bowre
Her oft to meet: which better to approve,
He promised to bring me at that houre,
When I should see that would me nearer move,
And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love.

XXV.

This gracelefs man, for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmaid of my Lady dear,
Who glad t'embosom his affection vile,
Did all she might more pleasing to appear.
One day to work her to his will more near,
He woo'd her thus: *Pryene* (so she hight)
What great despight doth fortune to thee bear,
Thus lowly to abase thy beauty bright,
That it should not deface all others lesser light?

XXVI.

But if she had her least help to thee lent,
T'adorn thy form according thy desart,
Their blazing pride thou wouldest soon have blent,
And stain'd their praises with thy least good part;
Ne should fair *Claribell* with all her art
(Though she thy Lady be) approach thee near:
For proof thereof, this evening as thou art,
Array thy self in her most gorgeous gear,
That I may more delight in thy embracement dear.

XXVII.

The maiden proud through praise, and mad through love
Him hearkened to, and soon herself arraid,
The whiles to me the treachour did remove
His crafty engin, and as he had said,
Me leading in a secret corner laid,
The sad spectator of my tragedy;
Where left, he went, and his own false part plaid,
Disguised like that groom of base degree,
Whom he had feign'd th'abuser of my love to be.

XXVIII.

Eftſoons he came unto th' appointed place,
And with him brought *Pryene* rich array'd,
In *Claribella's* clothes. Her proper face
I not diſcerned in that darkſome ſhade,
But ween'd it was my love, with whom he playd.
Ah God! what horrour and tormenting grief,
My heart, my hands, mine eyes, and all aſſay'd!
Me liefer were ten thouſand deathës prief,
Than wound of jealous worm, and ſhame of ſuch reprief.

XXIX.

I home returning, fraught with foul deſpight,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
Soon as my loathed Love appear'd in ſight,
With wrathful hand I ſlew her innocent;
That after ſoon I dearly did lament:
For when the cauſe of that outrageous deed
Demanded, I made plain and evident,
Her faulty handmaid, which that bale did breed,
Confeſt how *Philemon* her wrought to change her weed.

XXX.

Which when I heard with horrible affright
And helliſh fury all enrag'd, I ſought
Upon my ſelf that vengeable deſpight
To puniſh: yet it better firſt I thought
To wreak my wrath on him, that firſt it wrought.
To *Philemon*, falſe faytour *Philemon*,
I caſt to pay that I ſo dearly bought:
Of deadly drugs I gave him drink anon,
And waſht away his guilt with guilty potion.

XXXI.

Thus heaping crime on crime, and grief on grief,
To loſs of Love adjoyning loſs of friend,
I meant to purge both, with a third miſchief,
And in my woes beginner it to end:
That was *Pryene*; ſhe did firſt offend,
She laſt ſhould ſmart: with which cruel intent,
When I at her my murd'rous blade did bend,
She fled away with ghaſtly dreriment,
And I purſuing my fell purpoſe, after went.

XXXII.

Fear gave her wings, and rage enforct my flight;
Through woods and plains 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 purſued apace,
And ſhortly overtook: I breathing ire,
Sore chauffed at my ſtay in ſuch a caſe,
And with my heat kindled his cruel fire:
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inſpire.

XXXIII.

Betwixt them both, they have me doen to dye,
Through wounds and ſtrokes and ſtubborn handeling,
That death were better than ſuch agony,
As grief and fury unto me did bring;
Of which in me yet ſticks the mortal ſting,
That during life will never be appeas'd.
When he thus ended had his ſorrowing,
Said *Guyon*, Squire, ſore have ye been diſeas'd;
But all your hurts may ſoon through temperance be eas'd.

XXXIV.

Then 'gan the Palmer thus, moſt wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend:
In their beginning they are weak and wan,
But ſoon through ſuff'rance grow to fearful end;
Whiles they are weak, betimes with them contend;
For when they once to perfect ſtrength do grow,
Strong wars they make, and cruel battry bend
Gainſt fort of reaſon, it to overthrow:
Wrath, jealouſie, grief, love, this Squire have laid thus low.

XXXV.

Wrath, jealouſie, grief, love, do thus expel:
Wrath is a fire, and jealouſie a weed,
Grief is a flood, and love a monſter fell;
The fire of ſparks, the weed of little ſeed,
The flood of drops, the monſter filth did breed:
But ſparks, ſeed, drops, and filth do thus delay;
The ſparks ſoon quench, the ſpringing ſeed outweed,
The drops dry up, and filth wipe clean away:
So ſhall wrath, jealouſie, grief, love, die and decay.

XXXVI.

Unlucky Squire (ſaid *Guyon*) ſith thou haſt
Faln into miſchief through intemperance,
Henceforth take heed of that thou now haſt paſt,
And guide thy ways with wary governance,
Leſt worſt betide thee by ſome later chance.
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.
Phedon I hight (quoth he) and do advance
Mine anceſtry from famous *Coradin*,
Who firſt to raiſe our houſe to honour did begin.

XXXVII.

Thus as he ſpake, lo far away they ſpide
A varlet running towards haſtily,
Whoſe flying feet ſo faſt their way applide,
That round about a cloud of duſt did fly,
Which mingled all with ſweat did dim his eye.
He ſoon approached, panting, breathleſs, hot,
And all ſo ſoyl'd, that none could him deſcry;
His countenance was bold, and baſhed not
For *Guyons* looks, but ſcornful eye-glance at him ſhot.

XXXVIII.

Behind his back he bore a brazen ſhield,
On which was drawen fair, in colours fit;
A flaming fire in midſt of bloody field,
And round about the wreath theſe words were writ,
Burnt I do burn. Right well beſeemed it,
To be the ſhield of ſome redoubted Knight;
And in his hand two darts exceeding flit,
And deadly ſharp he held, whoſe heads were dight
In poyſon and in blood of malice and deſpight.

XXXIX.

When he in preſence came, to *Guyon* firſt
He boldly ſpake, Sir Knight, if Knight thou be,
Abandon this foreſtalled place at erſt,
For fear of further harm I counſel thee;
Or bide the chance at thine own jeopardy.
The Knight at his great boldneſs wondered,
And though he ſcorn'd his idle vanity,
Yet mildly him to purpoſe anſwered;
For not to grow of nought he it conjectured.

XL.

Varlet, this place moſt due to me I deem,
Yielded by him that held it forcibly.
But whence ſhould come that harm, which thou doſt ſeem
To threat to him, that minds his chance t'aby?
Perdy (ſaid he) here comes, and is hard by
A Knight of wondrous powre, and great aſſay,
That never yet encountred enemy
But did him deadly daunt, or foul diſmay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his preſence ſtay.

XLI.

How hight he then (ſaid *Guyon*) and from whence?
Pyrochles is his name, renowned far
For his bold feats and hardy confidence,
Full oft approv'd in many a cruel war,
The brother of *Cymochles*, both which are
The ſons of old *Acrates* and *Deſpight*;
Acrates ſon of *Phlegeton* and *Jar*:
But *Phlegeton* is ſon of *Herebus* and *Night*:
But *Herebus* ſon of *Eternity* is hight.

XLII.

So from immortal race he does proceed,
That mortal hands may not withſtand his might,
Drad for his derring doe, and bloody deed;
For all in blood and ſpoil is his delight.
His am I *Atin*, his in wrong and right.
That matter make for him to work upon,
And ſtir him up to ſtrife and cruel fight.
Fly therefore, fly this fearful ſtead anon,
Leſt thy fool-hardize work thy ſad confuſion.

XLIII.

His be that care, whom moſt it doth concern
(Said he): but whither with ſuch haſty flight
Art thou now bound? for well mote I diſcern
Great cauſe, that carries thee ſo ſwift and light.
My Lord (quoth he) me ſent, and ſtraight behight
To ſeek *Occaſion*, whereſo ſhe be:
For he is all diſpos'd to bloody fight,
And breathes out wrath and hainous cruelty:
Hard is his hap, that firſt falls in his jeopardy.

XLIV.

Mad-man (ſaid then the Palmer) that does ſeek
Occaſion to wrath, and cauſe of ſtrife;
She comes unſought, and ſhunned follows eke.
Happy who can abſtain, when rancour rife
Kindles revenge, and threats his ruſty knife;
Woe never wants, where every cauſe is caught,
And raſh *Occaſion* makes unquiet life.
Then lo, where bound ſhe ſits, whom thou haſt ſought,
(Said *Guyon*) let that meſſage to thy Lord be brought.

XLV.

That when the varlet heard and ſaw, ſtraightway
He wexed wondrous wroth, and ſaid, vile Knight,
That Knights andKnighthood doſt with ſhame upbray,
And ſhew'ſt th'enſample of thy childiſh might,
With ſilly weak old woman thus to fight;
Great glory and gay ſpoil ſure haſt thou got,
And ſtoutly prov'd thy puiſſance here in ſight;
That ſhall *Pyrochles* well requite, I wot,
And with thy blood aboliſh ſo reproachful blot.

XLVI.

With that, one of his thrillant darts he threw,
Headed with ire and vengeable deſpight.
The quivering ſteel his aimed end well knew,
And to his breaſt itſelf intended right:
But he was wary, and ere it empight
In the meant mark, advanct his ſhield atween;
On which it ſeizing, no way enter might,
But back rebounding, left the forkhead keen;
Eftſoons he fled away, and might no where be ſeen.

CANTO V.

Pyrochles *does with* Guyon *fight,*
And Furors *chain unbinds:*
Of whom ſore hurt, for his revenge
Atin Cymochles *finds.*

I.

WHoever doth to temperance apply
His ſtedfaſt life, and all his actions frame,
Truſt me ſhall find no greater enemy,
Than ſtubborn perturbation to the ſame;
To which right well the wiſe do give that name,
For it the goodly peace of ſtayed minds
Does overthrow, and troublous war proclaim:
His own woes authour, whoſo bound it finds,
As did *Pyrochles*, and it wilfully unbinds.

II.

After that varlets flight, it was not long,
Ere on the plain faſt pricking *Guyon* ſpide
One in bright Arms embattailed full ſtrong,
That as the ſunny beams do glance and glide
Upon the trembling wave, ſo ſhined bright,
And round about him threw forth ſparkling fire,
That ſeem'd him to enflame on every ſide:
His ſteed was bloody red and foamed ire,
When with the maſtring ſpur he did him roughly ſtire.

III.

Approaching nigh, he never ſtaid to greet,
Ne chaffer words, proud courage to provoke,
But prickt ſo fierce, that underneath his feet
The ſmouldring duſt did round about him ſmoke,
Both horſe and man nigh able for to choke;
And fairly couching his ſteel-headed-ſpear,
Him firſt ſaluted with a ſturdy ſtroke;
It booted nought Sir *Guyon* coming near
To think ſuch hideous puiſſance on foot to bear.

IV.

But lightly ſhunned it, and paſſing by,
With his bright blade did ſmite at him ſo fell,
That the ſharp ſteel arriving forcibly
On his broad ſhield bit not, but glancing fell
On his horſe neck before the quilted ſell,
And from the head the body ſundred quight:
So him diſmounted low, he did compel
On foot with him to matchen equal fight.
The trunked beaſt faſt bleeding, did him fouly dight.

V.

Sore bruized with the fall, he ſlow uproſe,
And all enraged, thus him loudly ſhent;
Diſleal Knight, whoſe coward courage choſe
To wreak it ſelf on beaſt all innocent,
And ſhun'd the mark, at which it ſhould be meant,
Thereby thine arms ſeem ſtrong, but manhood frail.
So haſt thou oft with guile thine honour blent;
But little may ſuch guile thee now avail,
If wonted force and fortune do not much me fail.

VI.

With that he drew his flaming ſword, and ſtrook
At him ſo fiercely, that the upper marge
Of his ſevenfolded ſhield away it took,
And glancing on his helmet, made a large
And open gaſh therein: were not his targe,
That broke the violence of his intent,
The weary ſoul from thence it would diſcharge;
Natheleſs, ſo ſore a buff to him it lent,
That made him reel, and to his breaſt his bever bent.

VII.

Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blow,
And much aſham'd that ſtroke of living arm
Should him diſmay, and make him ſtoop ſo low,
Though otherwiſe it did him little harm:
Tho hurling high his iron braced arm,
He ſmote ſo manly on his ſhoulder plate,
That all his left ſide it did quite diſarm;
Yet there the ſteel ſtaid not but inly bate
Deep in his fleſh, and open'd wide a red flood-gate;

VIII.

Deadly dismaid with horrour of that dint,
Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entire;
Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
But added flame unto his former fire,
That well nigh molt his heart in raging ire:
Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward,
Or strike, or hurtle round in warlike gyre,
Remembred he, ne car'd for his safeguard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruel Tygre far'd.

IX.

He hew'd, and lasht, and foynd, and thundred blows,
And every way did seek into his life:
Ne plate, ne mail could ward so mighty throws,
But yielded passage to his cruel knife.
But *Guyon*, in the heat of all his strife,
Was wary-wise, and closely did await
Avantage, whilst his foe did rage most rife:
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him strait,
And falsed oft his blows, t'illude him with such bait.

X.

Like as a Lyon, whose imperial powre
A proud rebellious Unicorn defies,
T'avoid the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his fierce foe, him to a tree applies,
And when him running in full course he spies,
He slips aside: the whiles that furious beast
His precious horn sought of his enemies,
Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

XI.

With such fair sleight him *Guyon* often fail'd,
Till at the last, all breathless, weary, faint,
Him spying, with fresh onset he assail'd,
And kindling new his courage (seeming queint)
Strook him so hugely, that through great constraint
He made him stoop perforce unto his knee,
And do unwilling worship to the saint,
That on his shield depainted he did see;
Such homage till that instant never learned he.

XII.

Whom *Guyon* ſeeing ſtoop, purſued faſt
The preſent offer of fair victory,
And ſoon his dreadful blade about he caſt,
Wherewith he ſmote his haughty creſt ſo high,
That ſtrait on ground made him full low to lie;
Then on his breaſt his victor foot he thruſt:
With that he cry'd, mercy, do me not dye,
Ne deem thy force by fortunes doom unjuſt,
That hath (maugre her ſpight) thus low me laid in duſt.

XIII.

Eftſoons his cruel hand Sir *Guyon* ſtaid,
Tempring the paſſion with adviſement ſlow,
And maiſtring might on enemy diſmaid:
For th' equal dye of war he well did know:
Then to him ſaid, live, and allegiance owe
To him that gives thee life and liberty:
And henceforth, by this days enſample trow,
That haſty wrath and heedleſs hazardry,
Do breed repentance late, and laſting infamy.

XIV.

So up he let him riſe: who with grim look
And count'nance ſtern upſtanding, 'gan to grind
His grated teeth for great diſdain, and ſhook
His ſandy locks, long hanging down behind,
Knotted in blood and duſt, for grief of mind,
That he in odds of arms was conquered;
Yet in himſelf ſome comfort he did find,
That him ſo noble Knight had maiſtered,
Whoſe bounty more than might, yet both he wondered.

XV.

Which *Guyon* marking, ſaid, be nought agriev'd,
Sir Knight, that thus you now ſubdued are:
Was never man, who moſt conqueſts atchiev'd
But ſometimes had the worſe and loſt by war,
Yet ſhortly gain'd, that loſs exceeded far:
Loſs is no ſhame, nor to be leſs than foe;
But to be leſſer than himſelf doth mar
Both looſers lot, and victors praiſe alſo.
Vain others overthrows, who ſelf doth overthrow;

XVI.

Fly, O *Pyrochles*, fly the dreadful war,
That in thyſelf, thy leſſer parts do move:
Outrageous anger and woe-working jar,
Direful impatience, and heart-murdring love;
Thoſe, thoſe thy foes, thoſe warriors far remove;
Which thee to endleſs bale captived lead.
But ſith in might thou didſt my mercy prove,
Of courteſie to me the cauſe aread,
That thee againſt me drew with ſo impetuous dread.

XVII.

Dreadleſs, ſaid he, that ſhall I ſoon declare:
It was complain'd, that thou hadſt done great tort
Unto an aged woman, poor and bare;
And thralled her in chains with ſtrong effort,
Void of all ſuccour and needful comfort:
That ill beſeems thee, ſuch as I thee ſee,
To work ſuch ſhame. Therefore I thee exhort
To change thy will, and ſet *Occaſion* free,
And to her captive ſon yield his firſt liberty.

XVIII.

Thereat Sir *Guyon* ſmil'd: and is that all
Said he, that thee ſo ſore diſpleaſed hath?
Great mercy ſure for to enlarge a thrall,
Whoſe freedom ſhall thee turn to greateſt ſcath.
Nath'leſs now quench thy hot emboyling wrath:
Lo there they be; to thee I yield them free.
Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leap, where he them bound did ſee,
And 'gan to break the bands of their captivity.

XIX.

Soon as *Occaſion* felt herſelf unty'd,
Before her Son could well aſſoiled be,
She to her uſe return'd, and ſtrait defy'd
Both *Guyon* and *Pyrochles*: th'one (ſaid ſhe)
Becauſe he won; the other, becauſe he
Was won: ſo matter did ſhe make of nought,
To ſtir up ſtrife, and garre them diſagree.
But ſoon as *Furor* was enlarg'd, ſhe ſought
To kindle his quencht fire, and thouſand cauſes wrought.

XX.

It was not long ere ſhe enflam'd him ſo,
That he would algates with *Pyrochles* fight;
And his redeemer challeng'd for his foe,
Becauſe he had not well maintain'd his right,
But yielded had to that ſame ſtranger Knight:
Now 'gan *Pyrochles* wex as wood as he,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together fierce engraſped be,
While *Guyon* ſtanding by their uncouth ſtrife does ſee.

XXI.

Him all that while *Occaſion* did provoke
Againſt *Pyrochles*, and new matter fram'd
Upon the old, him ſtirring to be wroke
Of his late wrongs, in which ſhe oft him blam'd
For ſuffering ſuch abuſe as Knighthood ſham'd,
And him diſabled quite. But he was wiſe,
Ne would with vain occaſions be inflam'd;
Yet others ſhe more urgent did deviſe:
Yet nothing could him to impatience entiſe.

XXII.

Their fell contention ſtill encreaſed more,
And more thereby encreaſed *Furor's* might;
That he his foe has hurt, and wounded ſore,
And him in blood and dirt deformed quight.
His Mother eke (more to augment his ſpight)
Now brought to him a flaming fier-brond,
Which ſhe in *Stygian* lake (ay burning bright)
Had kindled: that ſhe gave into his hond,
That arm'd with fire more hardly he mote him withſtond.

XXIII.

Tho gan that villain wex ſo fierce and ſtrong,
That nothing might ſuſtain his furious force;
He caſt him down to ground, and all along
Drew him through dirt and mire without remorſe,
And fouly battered his comely corſe;
That *Guyon* much diſdain'd ſo loathly ſight.
At laſt he was compell'd to cry perforce,
Help (O Sir *Guyon*) help moſt noble Knight,
To rid a wretched man from hands of helliſh wight;

XXIV.

The Knight was greatly moved at his plaint,
And 'gan him dight to ſuccour his diſtreſs,
Till that the Palmer, by his grave reſtraint,
Him ſtaid from yielding pitiful redreſs;
And ſaid, dear Son, thy cauſleſs ruth repreſs,
Ne let thy ſtout heart melt in pity vain:
He that his ſorrow ſought through wilfulneſs,
And his foe fettred would releaſe again,
Deſerves to taſte his follies fruit, repented pain.

XXV.

Guyon obey'd; So him away he drew
From needleſs trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to purſue.
But raſh *Pyrochles* varlet, *Atin* hight,
When late he ſaw his Lord in heavy plight,
Under Sir *Guyon*'s puiſſant ſtroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he ſeem'd in ſight,
Fled faſt away, to tell his funeral
Unto his brother, whom *Cymochles* men did call.

XXVI.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike praiſe,
And glorious ſpoils, purchaſt in perilous fight:
Full many doughty Knights he in his days
Had done to death, ſubdu'd in equal frays;
Whoſe carcaſes, for terrour of his name,
Of fowls and beaſts he made the pitious preys,
And hung their conquer'd arms for more defame
On gallow-trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

XXVII.

His dearest Dame is that Enchantereſs,
The vile *Acraſia* that with vain delights,
And idle pleaſures in her *Bowre of bliſs*,
Does charm her Lovers, and the feeble ſprights
Can call out of the bodies of frail wights:
Whom then ſhe does transform to monſtrous hews,
And horrible miſhapes with ugly ſights,
Captiv'd eternally in iron mews;
And darkſome dens, where *Titan* his face never ſhews:

XXVIII.

There *Atin* found *Cymochles* ſojourning,
To ſerve his Lemans love: for he by kind,
Was given all to luſt and looſe living,
Whenever his fierce hands he free mote find:
And now he has pour'd out his idle mind
In dainty delices, and laviſh joys,
Having his warlike weapons caſt behind,
And flows in pleaſures, and vain pleaſing toys.
Mingled emongſt looſe Ladies and laſcivious boys.

XXIX.

And over him, art ſtriving to compare
With nature, did an arbour green diſſpred,
Framed of wanton Ivy, flowring fair,
Through which the fragrant eglantine did ſpred
His pricking arms, entrail'd with Roſes red,
Which dainty odours round about them threw,
And all within with flowres was garniſhed,
That when mild *Zephyrus* emongſt them blew,
Did breathe out bounteous ſmells, and painted colours ſhew.

XXX.

And faſt beſide, there trickled ſoftly down
A gentle ſtream, whoſe murmuring wave did play
Emongſt the pumy ſtones, and made a ſoun',
To lull him ſoft aſleep, that by it lay;
The weary traveller, wandring that way.
Therein did often quench his thirſty heat,
And then by it his weary limbs diſplay,
Whiles creeping ſlumber made him to forget
His former pain, and wipt away his toilſome ſweat.

XXXI.

And on the other ſide a pleaſant grove
Was ſhot up high full of the ſtately tree,
That dedicated is t'*Olympick Jove*,
And to his Son *Alcides*, whenas he
Gain'd in *Nemæa* goodly victory;
Therein the merry birds, of every ſort,
Chaunted aloud their chearful harmony:
And made emongſt themſelves a ſweet conſort
That quickned the dull ſpright with muſical comfort.

XXXII.

There he him found all carelesly display'd,
In secret shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of Lillies softly laid,
Amidst a flock of Damzels fresh and gay,
That round about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies, and light merriment;
Every of which did loosely disarray
Her upper parts of meet habiliments,
And shew'd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

XXXIII.

And every of them strove, with most delights,
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew.
Some fram'd fair looks, glancing like evening lights;
Others sweet words, dropping like honey dew;
Some, bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
The sugred liquor through his melting lips:
One boasts her beauty, and does yield to view
Her dainty limbs above her tender hips:
Another her out-boasts, and all for tryal strips.

XXXIV.

He like an Adder, lurking in the weeds,
His wandring thought in deep desire does steep,
And his frail eye with spoil of beauty feeds;
Sometimes he falsly feigns himself to sleep,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eyes do peep,
To steal a snatch of amorous conceit,
Whereby close fire into his heart does creep:
So them deceives, deceiv'd in his deceipt,
Made drunk with drugs of dear voluptuous receipt.

XXXV.

Atin arriving there, when him he spy'd,
Thus in still waves of deep delight to wade,
Fiercely approaching, to him loudly cry'd,
Cymochles; O no, but *Cymochles* shade,
In which that manly person late did fade,
What is become of great *Acrates* Son?
Or where hath he hung up his mortal blade,
That hath so many haughty conquests won?
Is all his force forlorn, and all his glory done?

XXXVI.

Then pricking him with his ſharp pointed dart,
He ſaid; Up, up, thou womaniſh weak Knight,
That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
Unmindful of thy praiſe and proweſt might,
And weetleſs eke of lately wrought deſpight,
Whiles ſad *Pyrochles* lies on ſenſleſs ground,
And groaneth out his utmoſt grudging ſpright,
Through many a ſtroke, and many a ſtreaming wound,
Calling thy help in vain, that here in joys art drown'd.

XXXVII.

Suddenly out of his delightful dream
The man awoke, and would have queſtion'd m,
But he would not endure that woeful theam
For to dilate at large, but urged ſore
With piercing words, and pitiful implore,
Him haſty to ariſe. As one affright
With helliſh fiends, or *Furies* mad uprore,
He then uproſe, inflam'd with fell deſpight,
And called for his arms; for he would algates fight.

XXXVIII.

They been ybrought; he quickly does him dight,
And lightly mounted, paſſeth on his way:
Ne Ladies loves, ne ſweet entreaties might
Appeaſe his heat, or haſty paſſage ſtay;
For he has vow'd to been aveng'd that day.
(That day itſelf him ſeemed all too long:)
On him, that did *Pyrochles* dear diſmay:
So proudly pricketh on his courſer ſtrong,
And *Atin* aye him pricks with ſpurs of ſhame and wrong.

CANTO VI.

Guyon *is of immodeſt* Mirth
Led into looſe deſire,
Fights with Cymochles, *whiles his Brother burns in furious fire.*

I.

A harder leſſon, to learn continence
In joyous pleaſure, than in grievous pain,
For ſweetneſs doth allure the weaker ſenſe
So ſtrongly, that uneaths it can refrain
From that, which feeble nature covets fain:
But grief and wrath, that be her enemies,
And foes of life, ſhe better can reſtrain;
Yet vertue vaunts in both her victories,
And *Guyon* in them all ſhews goodly mayſteries.

II.

Whom bold *Cymochles* travelling to find,
With cruel purpoſe bent to wreak on him
The wrath, which *Atin* kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whoſe utmoſt brim
Waiting to paſs, he ſaw whereas did ſwim
Along the ſhore, as ſwift as glance of eye,
A little gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughs and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a little foreſt ſeemed outwardly.

III.

And therein ſate a Lady freſh and fair,
Making ſweet ſolace to herſelf alone;
Sometimes ſhe ſung, as loud as Lark in air,
Sometimes ſhe laught, that nigh her breath was gone,
Yet was there not with her elſe any one,
That might to her move cauſe of merriment:
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none
She could deviſe, and thouſand ways invent
To feed her fooliſh humour and vain jolliment.

IV.

Which when far off *Cymochles* heard and ſaw,
He loudly call'd to ſuch as were abord,
The little bark unto the ſhore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deep ford:
The merry mariner unto his word
Soon hearkned, and her painted boat ſtraightway
Turn'd to the ſhore, where that ſame warlike Lord
She in receiv'd; but *Atin* by no way
She would admit, albe the Knight her much did pray.

V.

Eftſoons her ſhallow ſhip away did ſlide,
More ſwift than ſwallow ſheres the liquid sky,
Withouten oar or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly;
Only ſhe turn'd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave,
Ne cared ſhe her courſe for to apply:
For it was taught the way, which ſhe would have,
And both from rocks and flats itſelf could wiſely ſave.

VI.

And all the way, the wanton Damſel found
New mirth, her paſſenger to entertain:
For ſhe in pleaſant purpoſe did abound,
And greatly joyed merry tales to fain,
Of which a ſtore-houſe did with her remain,
Yet ſeemed, nothing well they her became;
For all her words ſhe drown'd with laughing vain,
And wanting grace in utt'ring of the ſame;
That turned all her pleaſance to a ſcoffing game.

VII.

And other whiles vain toys ſhe would deviſe,
As her fantaſtick wit did moſt delight:
Sometimes her head ſhe fondly would aguiſe
With gaudy girlonds, or freſh flowrets dight
About her neck, or rings of ruſhes plight;
Sometimes to do him laugh, ſhe would aſſay
To laugh at ſhaking of the leavës light,
Or to behold the water work, and play
About her little frigot, therein making way.

VIII.

Her light behaviour, and loose dalliaunce
Gave wondrous great contentment to the Knight,
That of his way he had no sovenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd revenge, and cruel fight,
But to weak wench did yield his martial might.
So easie was to quench his flamed mind
With one sweet drop of sensual delight;
So easie is, t'appease the stormy wind
Of malice in the calm of pleasant woman-kind.

IX.

Diverse discourses in their way they spent,
Mongst which *Cymochles* of her questioned,
Both what she was, and what that usage meant,
Which in her cot she daily practiced.
Vain man, said she, that wouldst be reckoned
A stranger in thy home, and ignorant
Of *Phædria* (for so my name is read)
Of *Phædria* thine own fellow servaunt;
For thou to serve *Acrasia* thyself dost vaunt.

X.

In this wide inland sea, that hight by name
The *Idle lake*, my wandring ship I row,
That knows her port, and thither sails by aim,
Ne care, ne fear I, how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow:
Both slow and swift alike to serve my tourn,
Ne swelling *Neptune*, ne loud thundring *Jove*
Can change my chear, or make me ever mourn;
My little boat can safely pass this perlous bourn.

XI.

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toy'd,
They were far past the passage which he spake,
And come unto an Island waste and void,
That floated in the midst of that great lake:
There her small gondelay her port did make,
And that gay pair issuing on the shore
Disburdned her. Their way they forward take
Into the land that lay them fair before,
Whose pleasance she him shew'd, and plentiful great store.

XII.

It was a chosen plot of fertile land,
Emongst wide waves set like a little nest,
As if it had by natures cunning hand,
Been choicely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best:
No dainty flowre or herb that grows on ground,
No arboret with painted blossoms dreft,
And smelling sweet, but there it might be found
To bud out fair, and her sweet smells throw all around.

XIII.

No tree, whose branches did not bravely spring;
No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sit:
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;
No song but did contain a lovely dit:
Trees, branches, birds, and songs were framed fit
For to allure frail men to careless ease.
Careless the man soon wox, and his weak wit
Was overcome of thing, that did him please;
So pleased, did his wrathful purpose fair appease.

XIV.

Thus when she had his eyes and senses fed
With false delights, and fill'd with pleasures vain,
Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And laid him down upon a grassy plain;
And her sweet self, without dread or disdain
She set beside, laying his head disarm'd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustain,
Where soon he slumbred, fearing not be harm'd,
The whiles with a love lay she thus him sweetly charm'd.

XV.

Behold O man, that toylsome pains dost take,
The flowres, the fields, and all that pleasant grows,
How they themselves do thine ensample make,
Whiles nothing envious nature them forth throws
Out of her fruitful lap, how no man knows,
They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh and fair,
And deck the world with their rich pompous shows;
Yet no man for them taketh pains or care,
Yet no man to them can his careful pains compare.

XVI.

The lilly, Lady of the flowring field,
The flowre-delice, her lovely paramour,
Bid thee to them thy fruitleſs labours yield,
And ſoon leave off this toylſome weary ſtoure;
Lo, lo, how brave ſhe decks her bounteous bowre,
With ſilken curtains, and gold coverlets,
Therein to ſhrowd her ſumptuous Belamoure,
Yet neither ſpins, nor cards, ne cares, nor frets,
But to her mother nature all her care ſhe lets.

XVII.

Why then doſt thou, O man, that of them all
Art Lord, and eke of nature ſoveraine,
Wilfully make thy ſelf a wretched thrall,
And waſte thy joyous hours in needleſs pain,
Seeking for danger and adventures vain?
What boots it all to have, and nothing uſe?
Who ſhall him rew, that ſwimming in the main,
Will die for thirſt, and water doth refuſe?
Refuſe ſuch fruitleſs toyl, and preſent pleaſures chuſe.

XVIII.

By this, ſhe had him lulled faſt aſleep,
That of no worldly thing he care did take;
Then ſhe with liquors ſtrong his eyes did ſteep,
That nothing ſhould him haſtily awake:
So ſhe him left, and did herſelf betake
Unto her boat again, with which ſhe cleft
The ſlothful waves of that great grieſly lake;
Soon ſhe that Iſland far behind her left,
And now is come to that ſame place, where firſt ſhe weft.

XIX.

By this time was the worthy *Guyon* brought
Unto the other ſide of that wide ſtrond,
Where ſhe was rowing, and for paſſage ſought:
Him needed not long call, ſhe ſoon to hond
Her ferry brought, where him ſhe byding fond,
With his ſad guide; himſelf ſhe took aboard,
But the *Black Palmer* ſuffred ſtill to ſtond,
Ne would for price, or prayers once afford,
To ferry that old man over that perlous fo'rd.

XX.

Guyon was loth to leave his guide behind,
Yet being entred might not back retire;
For the flit bark, obeying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly, as ſhe did deſire,
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged Sire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted courſe
Through the dull billows thick as troubled mire,
Whom neither wind out of their ſeat could force,
Nor timely tides did drive out of their ſluggiſh ſource.

XXI.

And by the way, as was her wonted guiſe,
Her merry fit ſhe freſhly 'gan to rear,
And did of joy and jollity deviſe,
Her ſelf to cheriſh, and her gueſt to chear:
The Knight was courteous, and did not forbear
Her honeſt mirth and pleaſance to partake;
But when he ſaw her toy, and gibe, and gear,
And paſs the bounds of modeſt merimake,
Her dalliance he deſpis'd, and follies did forſake.

XXII.

Yet ſhe ſtill followed her former ſtile,
And ſaid and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arrived in that pleaſant Ile,
Where ſleeping late ſhe left her other Knight.
But whenas *Guyon* of that land had ſight,
He wiſt himſelf amiſs, and angry ſaid;
Ah Dame, perdy ye have not doen me right,
Thus to miſlead me, whiles I you obeyd:
Me little needed from my right way to have ſtrayd.

XXIII.

Fair Sir, quoth ſhe, be not diſpleas'd at all;
Who fares on ſea, may not commaund his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleaſure call:
The ſea is wide, and eaſie for to ſtray;
The wind unſtable, and doth never ſtay.
But here awhile ye may in ſafety reſt,
Till ſeaſon ſerve new paſſage to aſſay;
Better ſafe port than be in ſeas diſtreſt.
Therewith ſhe laught, and did her earneſt end in jeſt.

XXIV.

But he half diſcontent, mote natheleſs
Himſelf appeaſe, and iſſued forth on ſhore:
The joys whereof and happy fruitfulneſs,
Such as he ſaw ſhe 'gan him lay before,
And all though pleaſant, yet ſhe made much more:
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freſhly ſpring,
The trees did bud, and early bloſſoms bore,
And all the quire of birds did ſweetly ſing.
And told that gardens pleaſures in their caroling.

XXV.

And ſhe more ſweet than any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes emongſt them bare a part,
And ſtrive to paſs (as ſhe could well enough)
Their native muſick by her skilful art:
So did ſhe all, that might his conſtant heart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterpriſe,
And drown in diſſolute delights apart,
Where noyſe of arms, or view of martial guiſe,
Might not revive deſire of Knightly exerciſe.

XXVI.

But he was wiſe, and wary of her will,
And ever held his hand upon his heart:
Yet would not ſeem ſo rude, and thewed ill,
As to deſpiſe ſo courteous ſeeming part,
That gentle Lady did to him impart;
But fairly tempring, fond deſire ſubdewd,
And ever her deſired to depart.
She liſt not hear, but her diſports purſewd,
And ever bade him ſtay, till time the tide renewd.

XXVII.

And now by this, *Cymochles* hour was ſpent,
That he awoke out of his idle dream,
And ſhaking off his drowſie dreriment,
Gan him aviſe, how ill did him beſeem,
In ſlothful ſleep his molten heart to ſteem,
And quench the brond of his conceived ire.
Tho up he ſtarted, ſtird with ſhame extreem,
Ne ſtayed for his Damſel to inquire,
But marched to the ſtrond, there paſſage to require.

XXVIII.

And in the way, he with Sir *Guyon* met,
Accompany'd with *Phædria* the fair:
Eftſoons he 'gan to rage, and inly fret.
Crying, let be that Lady *Debonaire*,
Thou recreant Knight, and ſoon thy ſelf prepare
To battle, if thou mean her love to gain:
Lo, lo already, how the fowls in air
Do flock, awaiting ſhortly to obtain
Thy carcaſs for their prey, the guerdon of thy pain.

XXIX.

And therewithall he fiercely at him flew,
And with importune outrage him aſſayld;
Who ſoon prepar'd to field, his ſword forth drew,
And him with equal valour countervayld:
Their mighty ſtroaks their harberjeons diſmayld,
And naked made each others manly ſpalls;
The mortal ſteel diſpiteouſly entayld
Deep in their fleſh, quite through the iron walls,
That a large purple ſtream adown their giambeux falls.

XXX.

Cymochles, that had never met before
So puiſſant foe, with envious deſpight
His proud preſumed force increaſed more,
Diſdeigning to be held ſo long in fight;
Sir *Guyon* grudging not ſo much his might,
As thoſe unknightly raylings which he ſpoke,
With wrathful fire his courage kindled bright,
Thereof deviſing ſhortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres, redoubled every ſtroke.

XXXI.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunſt,
And both attonce their huge blows down did ſway;
Cymochles ſword on *Guyons* ſhield yglaunct,
And thereof nigh one quarter ſhear'd away;
But *Guyons* angry blade ſo fierce did play
On th'others helmet, which as *Titan* ſhone,
That quite it clove his plumed creſt in tway,
And bared all his head unto the bone;
Wherewith aſtoniſht, ſtill he ſtood as ſenſeleſs ſtone.

XXXII.

Still as he ſtood, fair *Phædria*, that beheld
That deadly danger, ſoon atween them ran;
And at their feet her ſelf moſt humbly feld,
Crying with pitious voice, and count'nance wan;
Ah weal-away! moſt noble Lords, how can
Your cruel eyes endure ſo pitious ſight,
To ſhed your lives on ground? woe worth the man,
That firſt did teach the curſed ſteel to bite
In his own fleſh, and make way to the living ſprite.

XXXIII.

If ever love of Lady did empierce
Your iron breaſts, or pity could find place,
Withhold your bloody hands from battle fierce,
And ſith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yield, to ſtay your deadly ſtrife a ſpace.
They ſtayd a while: and forth ſhe 'gan proceed:
Moſt wretched woman, and of wicked race,
That am the author of this heinous deed,
And cauſe of death between two doughty Knights do breed.

XXXIV.

But if for me ye fight, or me will ſerve,
Not this rude kind of battle, nor theſe arms
Are meet, the which do men in bale to ſterve,
And doleful ſorrow heap with deadly harms:
Such cruel game my ſcarmoges diſarms:
Another war, and other weapons I
Do love, where Love does give his ſweet alarms,
Without bloodſhed, and where the enemy
Does yield unto his foe a pleaſant victory.

XXXV.

Debateful ſtrife, and cruel enmity
The famous name of Knighthood fouly ſhend;
But lovely peace, and gentle amity,
And in amours the paſſing hours to ſpend,
The mighty martial hands do moſt commend;
Of love they ever greater glory bore,
Than of their arms: *Mars* is *Cupidos* friend,
And is for *Venus* loves renowned more
Than all his wars and ſpoils, the which he did of yore.

XXXVI.

Therewith ſhe ſweetly ſmil'd. They though full bent
To prove extremities of bloody fight,
Yet at her ſpeech their rages 'gan relent,
And calm the ſea of their tempeſtuous ſpight;
Such powre have pleaſing words: ſuch is the might
Of courteous clemency in gentle heart.
Now after all was ceaſt, the Fairy Knight
Beſought that Damzel ſuffer him depart,
And yield him ready paſſage to that other part.

XXXVII.

She no leſs glad, than he deſirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her joy
And vain delight ſhe ſaw he light did paſs,
A foe of folly and immodeſt toy,
Still ſolemn ſad, or ſtill diſdainful coy,
Delighting all in arms and cruel war,
That her ſweet peace and pleaſures did annoy;
Troubled with terrour and unquiet jar,
That ſhe well pleaſed was thence to amove him far.

XXXVIII.

Tho him ſhe brought abord, and her ſwift boat
Forthwith directed to that further ſtrand,
The which on the dull waves did lightly float,
And ſoon arrived on the ſhallow ſand,
Where gladſome *Guyon* ſallied forth to land,
And to that Damzel thanks gave for reward.
Upon that ſhore he ſpied *Atin* ſtand,
There by his maſter left, when late he far'd
In *Phædrias* flit bark over that perlous ſhard.

XXXIX.

Well could he him remember, ſith of late
He with *Pyrochles* ſharp debatement made;
Streight 'gan he him revile, and bitter rate,
As ſhepherds cur, that in dark evenings ſhade
Hath tracted forth ſome ſalvage beaſtes treade;
Vile miſcreant (ſaid he) whither doſt thou fly
The ſhame and death, which will thee ſoon invade?
What coward hand ſhall do thee next to dye,
That art thus fouly fled from famous enemy?

XL.

With that, he ſtifly ſhook his ſteel-head dart:
But ſober *Guyon*, hearing him ſo rail,
Though ſomewhat moved in his mighty heart,
Yet with ſtrong reaſon maiſtred paſſion frail,
And paſſed fairly forth. He turning tail,
Back to the ſtrond retyr'd, and there ſtill ſtaid,
Awaiting paſſage, which him late did fail;
The whiles *Cymochles* with that wanton maid
The haſty heat of his avow'd revenge delayd.

XLI.

Whiles there the varlet ſtood, he ſaw from far
An armed Knight, that towards him faſt ran:
He ran on foot, as if in luckleſs war
His forlorn ſteed from him the victour won;
He ſeemed breathleſs, heartleſs, faint, and wan,
And all his armour ſprinkled was with blood,
And ſoyld with dirty gore, that no man can
Diſcern the hew thereof. He never ſtood,
But bent his haſty courſe towards the idle flood.

XLII.

The varlet ſaw, when to the flood he came,
How without ſtop or ſtay he fiercely lept,
And deep himſelf beducked in the ſame.
That in the lake his lofty creſt was ſteept,
Ne of his ſafety ſeemed care he kept;
But with his raging arms he rudely flaſht
The waves about, and all his armour ſwept,
That all the blood and filth away was waſht,
Yet ſtill he beat the water, and the billows daſht.

XLIII.

Atin drew nigh, to weet what it mote be;
For much he wondred at that uncouth ſight;
Whom ſhould he, but his own dear Lord, there ſee?
His own dear Lord *Pyrochles*, in ſad plight,
Ready to drown himſelf for fell deſpight.
Harrow now out, and weal-away, he cryde,
What diſmal day hath lent this curſed light,
To ſee my Lord ſo deadly damnifide?
Pyrochles, O *Pyrochles*, what is thee betyde?

XLIV.

I burn, I burn, I burn, then loud he cryde:
O how I burn with implacable fire!
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming ſide,!
Nor ſea of liquor cold, nor lake of mire,
Nothing but death can do me to reſpire.
Ah be it (ſaid he) from *Pyrochles* far
After purſewing death once to require,
Or think, that ought thoſe puiſſant hands may mar:
Death is for wretches born under unhappy ſtar,

XLV.

Perdie, then is it fit for me (ſaid he)
That am, I ween, moſt wretched man alive:
Burning in flames, yet no flames can I ſee,
And dying daily, daily yet revive:
O *Atin*, help to me laſt death to give.
The varlet at his plaint was griev'd ſo ſore,
That his deep wounded heart in two did rive,
And his own health remembring now no more,
Did follow that enſample which he blam'd afore.

XLVI.

Into the lake he lept, his Lord to ayd,
(So love the dread of danger doth deſpiſe)
And of him catching hold, him ſtrongly ſtayd
From drowning. But more happy he, than wiſe,
Of that ſeas nature did him not aviſe.
The waves thereof ſo ſlow and ſluggiſh were,
Engroſt with mud, which did them foul agriſe,
That every weighty thing they did upbear,
Ne ought mote ever ſink down to the bottom there.

XLVII.

Whiles thus they ſtruggled in that idle wave,
And ſtrove in vain, the one himſelf to drown,
The other both from drowning for to ſave;
Lo to that ſhore one in an ancient gown,
Whoſe hoary locks great gravity did crown,
Holding in hand a goodly arming ſword,
By fortune came, led with the troublous ſown:
Where drenched deep he found in that dull ford
The careful ſervant, ſtriving with his raging Lord.

XLVIII.

Him *Atin* ſpying, knew right well of yore,
And loudly calld, Help help, O *Archimage*,
To ſave my Lord, in wretched plight forlore;
Help with thy hand, or with thy counſel ſage:
Weak hands, but counſel is moſt ſtrong in age.
Him when the old man ſaw, he wondred ſore,
To ſee *Pyrochles* there ſo rudely rage:
Yet ſithens help, he ſaw, he needed more
Than pity, he in haſte approached to the ſhore.

XLIX.

And call'd: *Pyrochles*, what is this, I ſee?
What helliſh fury hath at earſt thee hent?
Furious ever I thee knew to be,
Yet never in this ſtrange aſtoniſhment.
Theſe flames, theſe flames (he cryde) do me torment.
What flames (quoth he) when I thee preſent ſee,
In danger rather to be drent, than brent?
Harrow, the flames, which me conſume (ſaid he)
Ne can be quencht, within my ſecret bowels be.

L.

That curſed man, that cruel fiend of hell,
Furor, O *Furor*, hath me thus bedight:
His deadly wounds within my liver ſwell,
And his hot fire burns in mine entrails bright,
Kindled through his infernal brond of ſpight,
Sith late with him I battle vain would boaſt;
That now I ween *Joves* dreaded thunder-light
Does ſcorch not half ſo ſore, nor damned ghoſt
In flaming *Phlegeton* does not ſo felly roaſt.

LI.

Which whenas *Archimago* heard his grief
He knew right well, and him attonce difarmd:
Then ſearcht his ſecret wounds, and made a prief
Of every place, that was with bruiſing harmd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd.
Which done, he balms and herbs thereto apply'd,
And evermore with mighty ſpells them charmd,
That in ſhort ſpace he has them qualifide,
And him reſtor'd to health, that would have algates dyde.

CANTO VII.

Guyon *finds* Mammon *in a delve,*
Sunning his treasure hore:
Is by him tempted, and led down
To see his secret store.

I.

AS Pilot well expert in per'lous wave,
That to a stedfast star his course hath bent,
When foggy mists, or cloudy tempests have
The faithful light of that fair lamp yblent,
And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,
Upon his card and compass firms his eye,
The masters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steady help apply,
Bidding his winged vessel fairly forward fly:

II.

So *Guyon* having lost his trusty guide,
Late left beyond that *Idle lake*, proceeds
Yet on his way, of none accompanide;
And evermore himself with comfort feeds,
Of his own vertues, and praise-worthy deeds.
So long he yode, yet no adventure found,
Which Fame of her shrill trumpet worthy reads:
For still he traveld through wide wasteful ground,
That nought but desert wilderness shew'd all around.

III.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
Cover'd with boughs, and shrubs from heavens light,
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade,
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivil wight,
Of griesly hew, and foul ill favour'd sight;
His face with smoak was tand, and eyes were bleard,
His head and beard with soot were ill bedight,
His coal-black hands did seem to have been seard
In smiths fire-spitting forge, and nails like claws appeard.

IV.

His Iron coat all overgrown with ruſt,
Was underneath enveloped with gold,
Whoſe gliſtring gloſſe darkned with filthy duſt,
Well it appeared to have been of old
A work of rich entail, and curious mold,
Woven with anticks and wild Imagery:
And in his lap a maſs of coin he told,
And turned upſide down, to feed his eye
And covetous deſire with his huge treaſury.

V.

And round about him lay on every ſide
Great heaps of gold that never could be ſpent:
Of which, ſome were rude ore, not purifide
Of *Mulcibers* devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and diſtent
Into great ingots, and to wedges ſquare;
Some in round plates withouten monument;
But moſt were ſtampt, and in their metal bare
The antique ſhapes of Kings and Keſars ſtrange and rare.

VI.

Soon as he *Guyon* ſaw, in great affright
And haſte he roſe, for to remove aſide
Thoſe pretious hills from ſtrangers envious ſight,
And down 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 terrifide;
And though himſelf were at the ſight diſmaid,
Yet him perforce reſtrain'd, and to him doubtful ſaid.

VII.

What art thou man (if man at all thou art)
That here in deſert haſt thine habitance,
And theſe rich heaps of wealth doſt hide apart
From the worlds eye, and from her right uſance?
Thereat with ſtaring eyes fixed aſcaunce,
In great diſdain he anſwerd; Hardy Elf,
That dareſt view my direful countenance,
I read thee raſh, and heedleſs of thyſelf,
To trouble my ſtill ſeat, and heaps of pretious pelf.

VIII.

God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great *Mammon*, greateſt God below the ſky,
That of my plenty poure out unto all,
And unto none my graces do envy:
Riches, renown, and principality,
Honour, eſtate, and all this worldës good,
For which men ſwink and ſweat inceſſantly,
From me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth have their eternal brood.

IX.

Wherefore if me thou deign to ſerve and ſew,
At thy command lo all theſe mountains be;
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy view,
All theſe may not ſuffice, there ſhall to thee
Ten times ſo much be numbred frank and free.
Mammon, ſaid he, thy Godheads vaunt is vain,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them that covet ſuch eye-glutting gain,
Proffer thy gifts, and fitter ſervants entertain.

X.

Me ill befits, that in der-doing arms,
And honours ſuit my vowed days do ſpend,
Unto thy bounteous baytes, and pleaſing charms,
With which weak men thou witcheſt, to attend:
Regard of worldly muck doth fouly blend
And low abaſe the high heroick ſpright,
That joys for crowns and kingdoms to contend;
Fair ſhields, gay ſteeds, bright arms be my delight:
Thoſe be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight.

XI.

Vain-glorious Elfe, ſaid he, doſt not thou weet,
That money can thy wants at will ſupply?
Shields, ſteeds, and arms, and all things for thee meet
It can purvey in twinkling of an eye;
And crowns and Kingdoms to thee multiply.
Do not I Kings create, and throw the crown
Sometimes to him, that low in duſt doth lye?
And him that reign'd, into his room thruſt down,
And whom I luſt, do heap with glory and renown?

XII.

All otherwiſe, ſaid he, I riches read,
And deem them root of all diſquietneſs;
Firſt got with guile, and then preſerv'd with dread,
And after ſpent with pride and laviſhneſs,
Leaving behind them grief and heaviness.
Infinite miſchiefs of them do ariſe;
Strife, and debate, bloodſhed, and bitterneſs,
Outrageous wrong, and helliſh covetiſe,
That noble heart (as great diſhonour) doth deſpiſe.

XIII.

Ne thine be kingdoms, ne the ſcepters thine;
But realms and rulers thou doſt both confound,
And loyal truth to treaſon doſt incline;
Witneſs the guiltleſs blood pour'd oft on ground;
The crowned often ſlain, the ſlayer crown'd
The ſacred diadem in pieces rent,
And purple robe gored with many a wound;
Caſtles ſurpriz'd, great cities ſackt and brent:
So mak'ſt thou Kings, and gaineſt wrongful government.

XIV.

Long were to tell the troublous ſtorms, that toſs
The private ſtate, and make the life unſweet:
Who ſwelling ſails in *Caſpian* ſea doth croſs
And in frail wood on *Adrian* gulf doth fleet,
Doth not (I ween) ſo many evils meet.
Then *Mammon* wexing wroth, And why then, ſaid,
Are mortal men ſo fond and undiſcreet,
So evil thing to ſeek unto their ayd,
And having not complain, and having it upbrayd?

XV.

Indeed, quoth he, through foul intemperance,
Frail men are oft captiv'd to covetiſe:
But would they think, with how ſmall allowance
Untroubled nature doth herſelf ſuffice,
Such ſuperfluities they would deſpiſe,
Which with ſad cares empeach our native joys:
At the Well-head the pureſt ſtreams ariſe:
But mucky filth his branching arms annoys,
And with uncomely weeds the gentle wave accloys.

XVI.

The antique world, in his firſt flowring youth,
Found no defect in his Creators grace;
But with glad thanks, and unreproved truth,
The gifts of ſoveraine bounty did embrace:
Like Angels life was then mens happy caſe;
But later ages pride, like corn-fed ſteed,
Abus'd her plenty, and fat ſwoln encreaſe
To all licentious luſt and 'gan exceed
The meaſure of her mean, and natural firſt need.

XVII.

Then 'gan a curſed hand the quiet womb
Of his great grandmother with ſteel to wound,
And the hid treaſures in her ſecret tomb,
With ſacrilege to dig. Therein he found
Fountains of gold and ſilver to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge deſire
And pompous pride eftſoons he did compound;
Then avarice 'gan through his veins inſpire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire.

XVIII.

Son, ſaid he then, let be thy bitter ſcorn,
And leave the rudeneſs of that antique age
To them, that liv'd therein in ſtate forlorn;
Thou that doſt live in later times, muſt wage
Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage.
If then thee liſt my offred grace to uſe,
Take what thou pleaſe of all this ſurpluſage;
If thee liſt not, leave have thou to refuſe:
But thing refuſed, do not afterward accuſe.

XIX.

Me liſt not, ſaid the Elfin Knight, receive
Thing offred, till I know it well be got:
Ne wote I, but thou didſt theſe goods bereave
From rightful owner by unrighteous lot,
Or that blood-guiltineſs or guile them blot.
Perdy, quoth he, yet never eye did view
Ne tongue did tell, ne hand theſe handled not,
But ſafe I have them kept in ſecret mew,
From heavens ſight, and powre of all which them purſue.

XX

What ſecret place, quoth he, can ſafely hold
So huge a maſs, and hide from heavens eye?
Or where haſt thou thy wonne, that ſo much gold
Thou canſt preſerve from wrong and robbery?
Come thou, quoth he, and ſee. So by and by
Through that thick covert he him led, and found
A darkſome way, which no man could deſcry,
That deep deſcended through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horrour compaſſed around.

XXI.

At length they came into a larger ſpace,
That ſtretcht itſelf into an ample plain,
Through which a beaten broad highway did trace,
That ſtrait did lead to *Plutos* grieſly reign:
By that ways ſide, there ſate infernal Pain,
And faſt beſide him ſate tumultuous Strife:
The one in hand an iron whip did ſtrain;
The other brandiſhed a bloody knife,
And both did gnaſh their teeth, and both did threaten life.

XXII.

On th' other ſide, in one conſort there ſate
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Deſpight,
Diſloyal Treaſon, and heart-burning Hate:
But gnawing Jealouſy, out of their ſight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite,
And trembling Fear ſtill to and fro did fly,
And found no place, where ſafe he ſhroud him might,
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkneſs lye,
And ſhame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

XXIII.

And over them ſad Horrour, with grim hew,
Did always ſoar, beating his iron wings;
And after him, owls and Night-ravens flew,
The hateful meſſengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolour telling ſad tydings;
Whiles ſad *Celeno*, ſitting on a clift,
A ſong of bale and bitter ſorrow ſings,
That heart of flint aſunder could have rift:
Which having ended, after him ſhe flyeth ſwift.

XXIV.

All these before the gates of *Pluto* lay,
By whom they passing, spake unto them nought.
But th' Elfin Knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fill'd his inner thought.
At last him to a little door he brought,
That to the gate of hell which gaped wide,
Was next adjoyning, ne them parted ought:
Betwixt them both was but a little stride,
That did the house of riches from hell-mouth divide.

XXV.

Before the door sate self-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For fear least Force or Fraud should unaware
Break in, and spoil the treasure there in guard:
Ne would he suffer Sleep once thitherward
Approach, albe his drowsie den were next;
For next to death is sleep to be compar'd:
Therefore his house is unto his annext;
Here Sleep, there Riches, and Hell-gate them both betwixt.

XXVI.

So soon as *Mammon* there arriv'd, the door
To him did open and afforded way;
Him follow'd eke Sir *Guyon* evermore,
Ne darkness him, ne danger might dismay.
Soon as he entred was, the door straightway
Did shut, and from behind it forth there lept
An ugly fiend, more foul than dismal day,
The which with monstrous stalk behind him stept,
And ever as he went, due watch upon him kept.

XXVII.

Well hoped he, ere long that hardy guest,
If ever covetous hand, or lustful eye,
Or lips he laid on thing, that likt him best,
Or ever sleep his eye-strings did untye,
Should be his prey. And therefore still on high
He over him did hold his cruel claws,
Threatning with greedy gripe to do him die,
And rend in pieces with his ravenous paws,
If ever he transgrest the fatal *Stygian* laws.

XXVIII.

That houſes form within was rude and ſtrong,
Like an huge cave, hewn out of rocky clift,
From whoſe rough vault the ragged breaches hong,
Emboſt with maſſy gold of glorious gift,
And with rich metal loaded every rift,
That heavy ruin they did ſeem to threat;
And over them *Arachne* high did lift
Her cunning web, and ſpred her ſubtle net,
Enwrapped in foul ſmoak and clouds more black than Jet.

XXIX.

Both roof, and floor, and walls were all of gold,
But overgrown with duſt and old decay,
And hid in darkneſs, that none could behold
The hue thereof: for view of chearful day
Did never in that houſe it ſelf diſplay,
But a faint ſhadow of uncertain light;
Such as a lamp, whoſe life does fade away:
Or as the Moon clothed with cloudy night,
Does ſhew to him, that walks in fear and ſad affright.

XXX.

In all that room was nothing to be ſeen,
But huge great Iron cheſts and coffers ſtrong,
All barr'd with double bends, that none could ween
Them to efforce by violence or wrong;
On every ſide they placed were along.
But all the ground with ſculls was ſcattered,
And dead men's bones, which round about were flong,
Whoſe lives (it ſeemed) whilome there were ſhed,
And their vile carcaſes now left unburied.

XXXI.

They forward paſs, ne *Guyon* yet ſpoke word,
Till that they came unto an iron dore,
Which to them open'd of its own accord,
And ſhew'd of riches ſuch exceeding ſtore,
As eye of man did never ſee before;
Ne ever could within one place be found,
Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
Could gather'd be through all the world around,
And that above were added to that under ground.

XXXII.

The charge thereof unto a covetous ſpright
Commanded was, who thereby did attend.
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous fiends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ranſack did intend.
Then *Mammon*, turning to that warriour, ſaid;
Lo, here the worldës bliſs: lo, here the end,
To which all men do aim, rich to be made:
Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

XXXIII.

Certes, ſaid he, I n'ill thine offred grace,
Ne to be made ſo happy do intend:
Another bliſs before mine eyes I place,
Another happineſs, another end.
To them that liſt, theſe baſe regards I lend:
But I in arms, and in atchievements brave,
Do rather chooſe my flitting hours to ſpend,
And to be Lord of thoſe that riches have,
Than them to have myſelf, and be their ſervile ſlave.

XXXIV.

Thereat the fiend his gnaſhing teeth did grate,
And griev'd ſo long to lack his greedy prey:
For well he weened, that ſo glorious bait
Would tempt his gueſt, to take thereof aſſay:
Had he ſo doen, he had him ſnatcht away,
More light than Culver in the Faulcons fiſt.
(Eternal God thee ſave from ſuch decay.)
But whenas *Mammon* ſaw his purpoſe miſt,
Him to entrap unwares anothers way he wiſt.

XXXV.

Thence forward he him led, and ſhortly brought
Unto another room, whoſe door forthright
To him did open, as it had been taught:
Therein an hundred ranges weren pight,
And hundred furnaces all burning bright;
By every furnace many fiends did bide,
Deformed creatures, horrible in ſight,
And every fiend his buſie pains apply'd,
To melt the golden metal, ready to be try'd.

XXXVI.

One with great bellows gather'd filling air,
And with forct wind the fuel did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repair
With iron tongs, and ſprinkled oft the ſame
With liquid waves, fierce *Vulcan*'s rage to tame,
Who maiſtring them renew'd his former heat;
Some ſcum'd the droſs that from the metal came;
Some ſtir'd the molten owre with ladles great;
And every one did ſwink, and every one did ſweat.

XXXVII.

But whenas earthly wight they preſent ſaw,
Gliſtring in arms and battailous array,
From their hot work they did themſelves withdraw
To wonder at the ſight: for till that day,
They never creature ſaw that came that way.
Their ſtaring eyes ſparkling with fervent fire,
And ugly ſhapes did nigh the man diſmay,
That were it not for ſhame he would retire,
Till that him thus beſpake their Soveraine Lord and Sire.

XXXVIII.

Behold, thou Fairies Son with mortal eye,
That living eye before did never ſee:
The thing which thou didſt crave ſo earneſtly
(To weet, whence all the wealth late ſhew'd by me
Proceeded) lo, now is reveal'd to thee.
Here is the fountain of the worldës good:
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched be,
Aviſe thee well and change thy wilful mood,
Leſt thou perhaps hereafter wiſh, and be withſtood.

XXXIX.

Suffice it then, thou Money-god, quoth he,
That all thine idle offers I refuſe.
All that I need I have; what needeth me
To covet more than I have cauſe to uſe?
With ſuch vain ſhews thy worldlings vile abuſe:
But give me leave to follow mine empriſe.
Mammon was much diſpleas'd, yet no'te he chuſe
But bear the rigour of his bold meſpriſe,
And thence him forward led, him further to entice.

XL.

He brought him through a darkſome narrow ſtrait,
To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open, but therein did wait
A ſturdy villain, ſtriding ſtiff and bold,
As if the higheſt God defie he would;
In his right hand an iron club he held,
But he himſelf was all of golden mold,
Yet had both life and ſenſe, and well could weld
That curſed weapon, when his cruel foes he quell'd.

XLI.

Diſdain he called was, and did diſdain
To be ſo call'd, and whoſo did him call:
Stern was his look, and full of ſtomach vain,
His portance terrible, and ſtature tall,
Far paſſing th' height of men terreſtrial.
Like an huge Gyant of the *Titans* race;
That made him ſcorn all creatures great and ſmall,
And with his pride all others powre deface:
More fit amongſt black fiends, than men to have his place.

XLII.

Soon as thoſe glitterand arms he did eſpy,
That with their brightneſs made that darkneſs light,
His harmful club he 'gan to hurtle high
And threaten battle to the Fairy Knight:
Who likewiſe 'gan himſelf to battle dight,
Till *Mammon* did his haſty hand with-hold,
And counſell'd him abſtain from per'lous fight:
For nothing might abaſh the villain bold,
Ne mortal ſteel empierce his miſcreated mold.

XLIII.

So having him with reaſon pacify'd,
And the fierce Carle commanding to forbear,
He brought him in. The room was large and wide,
As it ſome guild or ſolemn temple were:
Many great golden pillars did upbear
The maſſy roof, and riches huge ſuſtain:
And every pillar decked was full dear
With crowns and diadems, and titles vain,
Which mortal Princes wore, whiles they on earth did reign.

XLIV.

A rout of people there assembled were,
Of every sort and nation under sky,
Which with great uproar preaced to draw near
To th' upper part, where was advanced high
A stately siege of soveraine majesty;
And thereon sate a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royalty,
That never earthly Prince in such array
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pride display.

XLV.

Her face right wondrous fair did seem to be,
That her broad beauties beam great brightness threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:
Yet was not that same her own native hew,
But wrought by art and counterfeited shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
Nath'less, most heavenly fair in deed and view
She by creation was, till she did fall;
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloak her crime withal.

XLVI.

There as in glistring glory she did sit,
She held a great gold chain ylinked well,
Whose upper end to highest heaven was knit,
And lower part did reach to lowest hell;
And all that preace did round about her swell,
To catchen hold of that long chain, thereby
To climb aloft, and others to excel:
That was *Ambition*, rash desire to sty,
And every link thereof a step of dignity.

XLVII.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree,
By riches and unrighteous reward,
Some by close shouldring, some by flattery;
Others through friends, others for base regard;
And all by wrong ways, for themselves prepar'd.
Those that were up themselves, kept others low,
Those that were low themselves, held others hard,
Ne suffred them to rise or greater grow,
But every one did strive his fellow down to throw.

XLVIII.

Which whenas *Guyon* ſaw, he 'gan inquire,
What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,
And what ſhe was that did ſo high aſpire.
Him *Mammon* anſwered; that goodly one,
Whom all that folk with ſuch contention
Do flock about, my dear, my daughter is;
Honour and dignity from her alone
Derived are, and all this worldës bliſs
For which ye men do ſtrive, few get, but many miſs.

XLIX.

And fair *Philotimè* ſhe rightly hight,
The faireſt wight that wonneth under sky,
But that this darkſome neather world her light
Doth dim with horrour and deformity,
Worthy of heaven and high felicity,
From whence the Gods have her for envy thruſt:
But ſith thou haſt found favour in mine eye,
Thy Spouſe I will her make, if that thou luſt,
That ſhe may thee advance for works and merits juſt.

L.

Gramercy *Mammon*, ſaid the gentle Knight,
For ſo great grace and offred high eſtate;
But I, that am frail fleſh and earthly wight,
Unworthy match for ſuch immortal mate
My ſelf well wote, and mine unequal fate;
And were I not, yet is my troth yplight
And love avow'd to other Lady late,
That to remove the ſame I have no might:
To change love cauſleſs, is reproach to warlike Knight.

LI.

Mammon emmoved was with inward wrath;
Yet forcing it to feign, him forth thence led
Through grieſly ſhadows by a beaten path,
Into a garden goodly garniſhed
With herbs and fruits, whoſe kinds mote not be read:
Not ſuch as earth out of her fruitful womb
Throws forth to men, ſweet and well ſavoured,
But direful deadly black both leaf and bloom,
Fit to adorn the dead, and deck the dreary tomb.

LII.

There mournful *Cypreſs* grew in greateſt ſtore,
And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* ſad,
Dead ſleeping *Poppy*, and black *Hellebore*,
Cold *Coloquintida*, and *Tetra* mad,
Mortal *Sammitis*, and *Cicuta* bad,
Which-with th'unjuſt *Athenians* made to dye
Wiſe *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad
Pour'd out his life, and laſt philoſophy
To the fair *Critias* his dearest Belamy.

LIII.

The garden of *Proſerpina* this hight;
And in the midſt thereof a ſilver ſeat,
With a thick arbour goodly overdight,
In which ſhe often us'd from open heat
Herſelf to ſhroud, and pleaſures to entreat.
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With branches broad diſſpred, and body great,
Clothed with leaves that none the wood mote ſee,
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might be.

LIV.

Their fruit were golden apples gliſtring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold,
On earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like ever ſaw, but they from hence were ſold;
For thoſe which *Hercules* with conqueſt bold
Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,
And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold;
And thoſe with which th'*Eubœan* young man wan
Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out-ran.

LV.

Here alſo ſprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which *Acontius* got his lover true,
Whom he had long time ſought with fruitleſs ſuit:
Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
The which amongſt the gods falſe *Atè* threw;
For which th'*Idæan* Ladies diſagreed,
Till partial *Paris* dempt it *Venus* due,
And had of her fair *Helen* for his meed,
That many noble *Greeks* and *Trojans* made to bleed.

LVI.

The warlike Elf much wondred at this tree,
So fair and great, that ſhadow'd all the ground;
And his broad branches laden with rich fee,
Did ſtretch themſelves without the utmoſt bound
Of this great garden, compaſt with a mound,
Which over-hanging, they themſelves did ſteep,
In a black flood which flow'd about it round;
That is the river of *Cocytus* deep,
In which full many ſouls do endleſs wail and weep.

LVII.

Which to behold, he clomb up to the bank,
And looking down, ſaw many damned wights,
In thoſe ſad waves; which direful deadly ſtank,
Plonged continually of cruel ſprights,
That with their pitious cryes, and yelling ſhrights,
They made the further ſhore reſounden wide:
Emongſt the reſt of thoſe ſame rueful ſights,
One curſed creature he by chance eſpide,
That drenched lay full deep, under the garden ſide.

LVIII.

Deep was he drenched to the upmoſt chin,
Yet gaped ſtill, as coveting to drink
Of the cold liquor, which he waded in;
And ſtretching forth his hand, did often think
To reach the fruit which grew upon the brink:
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth
Did fly aback, and made him vainly ſwink:
The whiles he ſtarv'd with hunger and with drouth:
He daily dy'd, yet never throughly dyen couth.

LIX.

The Knight, him ſeeing labour ſo in vain,
Askt who he was, and what he meant thereby:
Who groaning deep, thus anſwer'd him again;
Moſt curſed of all creatures under sky,
Lo *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye:
Of whom high *Jove* wont whylome feaſted be,
Lo here I now for want of food do dye.
But if that thou be ſuch, as I thee ſee,
Of grace I pray thee, give to eat and drink to me.

LX.

Nay, nay, thou greedy *Tantalus* (quoth he)
Abide the fortune of thy present fate;
And unto all that live in high degree,
Ensample be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to use their present state.
Then 'gan the cursed wretch aloud to cry,
Accusing highest *Jove*, and Gods ingrate,
And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,
As author of unjustice, there to let him dye.

LXI.

He lookt a little further, and espide
Another wretch, whose carkass deep was drent
Within the river, which the same did hide:
But both his hands, most filthy feculent,
Above the water were on high extent,
And feignd to wash themselves incessantly;
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fouler seemed to the eye;
So lost his labour vain and idle industry.

LXII.

The Knight him calling, asked who he was,
Who lifting up his head, him answerd thus:
I *Pilate* am, the falsest Judge, alas,
And most unjust, that by unrighteous
And wicked doom, to Jews despiteous
Deliver'd up the Lord of life to dye,
And did acquit a murdrer felonous;
The whiles my hands I washt in purity,
The whiles my soul was soyld with foul iniquity.

LXIII.

Infinite more tormented in like pain,
He there beheld, too long here to be told:
Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remain,
For terrour of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned souls he did behold,
But roughly him bespake. Thou fearful fool,
Why takest not of that same fruit of gold,
Ne sittest down on that same silver stool,
To rest thy weary person in the shadow cool?

LXIV.

All which he did, to do him deadly fall
In frail intemperance through ſinful bait;
To which if he enclined had at all,
That dreadful fiend, which did behind him wait,
Would him have rent in thouſand pieces ſtrait;
But he was wary-wiſe in all his way,
And well perceived his deceitful ſleight,
Ne ſuffered luſt his ſafety to betray;
So goodly did beguile the guiler of the prey.

LXV.

And now he has ſo long remained there,
That vital powres 'gan wex both weak and wan,
For want of food, and ſleep; which two upbear,
Like mighty pillars, this frail life of man,
That none without the ſame enduren can.
For now three days of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardy enterpriſe began:
Forthy great *Mammon* fairly he beſought,
Into the world to guide him back, as he him brought.

LXVI.

The God, though loth, yet was conſtrain'd t'obey:
For longer time, than that, no living wight,
Below the earth, might ſuffred be to ſtay:
So back again him brought to living light.
But all ſo ſoon as his enfeebled ſpright
Gan ſuck this vital air into his breaſt,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her neſt,
And all his ſenſes were with deadly fit oppreſt.

CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, *laid in ſwown, is by*
Acrates *Sons deſpoild,*
Whom Arthur *ſoon hath reſkewed*
And Paynim *brethren foild,*

I.

And is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly ſpirits to theſe creatures baſe,
That may compaſſion of their evils move?
There is: elſe much more wretched were the caſe
Of men, than 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.

II.

How oft do they their ſilver bowers leave,
To come to ſuccour us, that ſuccour want?
How oft do they, with golden pinions, cleave
The flitting ſkies, like flying purſuivant,
Againſt foul fiends to aid us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright ſquadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O why ſhould heavenly God to men have ſuch regard?

III.

During the while that *Guyon* did abide
In *Mammon*'s houſe, the Palmer, whom whylere
That wanton maid of paſſage had denide,
By further ſearch had paſſage found elſewhere;
And being on his way approached near,
Where *Guyon* lay in traunce, when ſuddainly
He heard a voice, that called loud and clear,
Come hither, hither, O come haſtily;
That all the fields reſounded with the ruefull cry.

IV.

The Palmer lent his ear unto the noiſe,
To weet who called ſo importunely:
Again he heard a more efforced voice,
That bade him come in haſte. He by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that ſhady delve him brought at laſt,
Where *Mammon* earſt did ſun his treaſury:
There the good *Guyon* he found ſlumbring faſt
In ſenſeleſs dream; which ſight at firſt him ſore aghaſt.

V.

Beſide his head there ſate a fair young man,
Of wondrous beauty, and of freſheſt years
Whoſe tender bud to bloſſom new began,
And flouriſh fair above his equal peers;
His ſnowy front curled with golden hairs,
Like *Phœbus* face adorn'd with ſunny rays,
Divinely ſhone, and two ſharp winged ſhears,
Decked with diverſe plumes, like painted Jays,
Were fixed at his back, to cut his airy ways.

VI.

Like as *Cupido* on *Idæan* hill,
When having laid his cruel bow away,
And mortal arrows, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murdrous ſpoyls and bloody prey,
With his fair mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly ſiſters, *Graces* three;
The Goddeſs pleaſed with his wanton play,
Suffers herſelf through ſleep beguil'd to be,
The whiles the other Ladies mind their merry glee.

VII.

Whom when the Palmer ſaw, abaſht he was
Through fear and wonder, that he nought could ſay,
Till him the child beſpoke, long lackt, alas,
Hath been thy faithful aid in hard aſſay,
Whiles deadly fit thy pupil doth diſmay.
Behold this heavy ſight, thou reverend Sire,
But dread of death and dolour do away;
For life ere long ſhall to her home retire,
And he that breathleſs ſeems, ſhall courage bold reſpire.

VIII.

The charge which God doth unto me arret,
Of his dear ſafety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgo, ne yet forget
The care thereof (myſelf) unto the end,
But evermore him ſuccour, and defend
Againſt his foe and mine: watch thou I pray;
For evil is at hand him to offend.
So having ſaid, eftſoons he 'gan diſplay
His painted nimble wings, and vaniſht quite away.

IX.

The Palmer ſeeing his left empty place,
And his ſlow eyes beguiled of their ſight,
Woxe ſore affraid, and ſtanding ſtill a ſpace,
Gaz'd after him, as fowl eſcapt by flight;
At laſt, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulſe 'gan try;
Where finding life not yet diſlodged quight,
He much rejoyct, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded deſtiny.

X.

At laſt he ſpide where towards him did pace
Two Paynim Knights, all arm'd as bright as ſky,
And them beſide an aged Sire did trace,
And far before a light-foot page did fly,
That breathed ſtrife and troublous enmity;
Thoſe were the two ſons of *Acrates* old,
Who meeting earſt with *Archimago* ſly,
Foreby that idle ſtrond, of him were told,
That he, which earſt them combatted, was *Guyon* bold.

XI.

Which to avenge on him they dearly vow'd,
Where-ever that on ground they mote him find;
Falſe *Archimage* provokt their courage proud,
And ſtrife-full *Atin* in their ſtubborn mind
Coals of contention and hot vengeance tind.
Now been they come whereas the Palmer ſate,
Keeping that ſlumbred corſe to him aſſign'd;
Well knew they both his perſon, ſith of late
With him in bloody arms they raſhly did debate.

XII.

Whom when *Pyrochles* ſaw, inflam'd with rage,
That ſire he foul beſpake; Thou dotard vile,
That with thy bruteneſs ſhendſt thy comely age,
Abandon ſoon, I read, the caitive ſpoyl
Of that ſame outcaſt carcaſs, that erewhile
Made itſelf famous through falſe treachery,
And crownd his coward creſt with Knightly ſtile;
Lo where he now inglorious doth lye,
To prove he lived ill, that did thus fouly dye.

XIII.

To whom the Palmer fearleſs anſwered;
Certes, Sir Knight, ye been too much to blame,
Thus for to blot the honour of the dead.
And with foul cowardize his carcaſs ſhame,
Whoſe living hands immortaliz'd his name.
Vile is the vengeance on the aſhes cold,
And envy baſe, to bark at ſleeping fame:
Was never wight, that treaſon of him told;
Yourſelf his proweſs prov'd, and found him fierce and bold.

XIV.

Then ſaid *Cymochles*; Palmer thou doſt dote,
Ne canſt of proweſs, ne of Knighthood deem,
Save as thou ſeeſt or hear'ſt: But well I wote,
That of his puiſſance tryal made extreem;
Yet gold all is not, that doth golden ſeem,
Ne all good Knights, that ſhake well ſpear and ſhield:
The worth of all men by their end eſteem,
And then due praiſe, or due reproch them yield;
Bad therefore I him deem, that thus lies dead on field.

XV.

Good or bad ('gan his brother fierce reply)
What do I reck, ſith that he dy'd entire?
Or what doth his bad death now ſatisfie
The greedy hunger of revenging ire,
Sith wrathful hand wrought not her own deſire?
Yet ſith no way is left to wreak my ſpight,
I will him reave of arms, the victors hire,
And of that ſhield, more worthy of good Knight;
For why ſhould a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?

XVI.

Fair Sir, ſaid then the Palmer ſuppliant,
For Knighthoods love do not ſo foul a deed,
Ne blame your honour with ſo ſhameful vaunt
Of vile revenge. To ſpoil the dead of weed
Is ſacrilege, and doth all ſins exceed;
But leave theſe reliques of his living might,
To deck his herſe, and trap his tomb-black ſteed.
What herſe or ſteed (ſaid he) ſhould he have dight,
But be entombed in the Raven or the Kite?

XVII.

With that, rude hand upon his ſhield he laid,
And th'other brother 'gan his helm unlace;
Both fiercely bent to have him diſarraid;
Till that they ſpide, where towards them did pace
An armed Knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
Whoſe Squire bore after him an heben launce,
And coverd ſhield: well kend him ſo far ſpace
Th'enchaunter by his arms and amenaunce,
When under him he ſaw his Lybian ſteed to praunce.

XVIII.

And to thoſe brethren ſaid, Riſe, riſe bylive,
And unto battle do your ſelves addreſs;
For yonder comes the proweſt Knight alive,
Prince *Arthur*, flowre of grace and nobileſs,
That hath to Paynim Knights wrought great diſtreſs,
And thouſand Sar'zins fouly done to dye.
That word ſo deep did in their hearts impreſs,
That both eftſoons upſtarted furiouſly,
And 'gan themſelves prepare to battle greedily.

XIX.

But fierce *Pyrochles*, lacking his own ſword,
The want thereof now greatly 'gan to plain,
And *Archimage* beſought him that afford,
Which he had brought, for *Braggadochio* vain.
So would I, ſaid th'enchaunter, glad and fain
Beteem to you this ſword, you to defend,
Or ought that elſe your honour might maintain,
But that this weapons powre I well have kend,
To be contrary to the work which ye intend.

XX.

For that ſame Knights own ſword this is of yore,
Which *Merlin* made by his almighty art
For that his nourſling, when he Knighthood ſwore,
Therewith to doen his foes eternal ſmart,
The metal firſt he mixt with *Medæwart*,
That no enchauntment from his dint might ſave;
Then it in flames of *Ætna* wrought apart,
And ſeven times dipped in the bitter wave
Of helliſh *Styx*, which hidden virtue to it gave.

XXI.

The virtue is, that neither ſteel nor ſtone,
The ſtroke thereof from entrance may defend;
Ne ever may be uſed by his fone,
Ne forct his rightful owner to offend,
Ne ever will it break, ne ever bend.
Wherefore *Mordure* it rightfully is hight.
In vain therefore, *Pyrochles*, ſhould I lend
The ſame to thee, againſt his Lord to fight,
For ſure it would deceive thy labour, and thy might.

XXII.

Fooliſh old man, ſaid then the Pagan wroth,
That weeneſt words or charms may force withſtond:
Soon ſhalt thou ſee, and then believe for troth,
That I can carve with this enchaunted brond
His Lords own fleſh. Therewith out of his hond
That vertuous ſteel he rudely ſnacht away,
And *Guyons* ſhield about his wriſt he bond;
So ready dight fierce battle to aſſay,
And match his brother proud in battailons array.

XXIII.

By this, that ſtranger Knight in preſence came,
And goodly ſalved them: who nought again
Him anſwered, as courteſie became;
But with ſtern looks, and ſtomachous diſdain,
Gave ſigns of grudge and diſcontentment vain.
Then turning to the Palmer, he 'gan ſpy,
Where at his feet, with ſorrowful demain
And deadly hue, an armed corſe did lye,
In whoſe dead face he read great magnanimity.

XXIV.

Said he then to the Palmer, Reverend ſyre,
What great misfortune hath betid this Knight?
Or did his life her fatal date expire,
Or did he fall by treaſon, or by fight?
However, ſure I rew his pitious plight.
Nor one, nor other, ſaid the Palmer grave,
Hath him befaln, but clouds of deadly night
Awhile his heavy eyelids cover'd have,
And all his ſenſes drowned in deep ſenſeleſs wave.

XXV.

Which thoſe his cruel foes that ſtand hereby,
Making advantage, to revenge their ſpight,
Would him diſarm, and treaten ſhamefully;
(Unworthy uſage of redoubted Knight.)
But you, fair Sir, whoſe honourable ſight
Doth promiſe hope of help, and timely grace,
Mote I beſeech to ſuccour his ſad plight,
And by your powre protect his feeble caſe.
Firſt praiſe of Knighthood is, foul outrage to deface.

XXVI.

Palmer, ſaid he, no Knight ſo rude (I ween)
As to doen outrage to a ſleeping ghoſt:
Ne was there ever noble courage ſeen,
That in advantage would his puiſſance boaſt:
Honour is leaſt, where odds appeareth moſt.
May be, that better reaſon will aſſuage
The raſh revengers heat. Words well diſpoſt
Have ſecret powre, t'appeaſe inflamed rage:
If not, leave unto me thy Knights laſt patronage.

XXVII.

Tho turning to thoſe brethren, thus beſpoke;
Ye warlike pair, whoſe valorous great might,
It ſeems, juſt wrongs to vengeance do provoke,
To wreak your wrath on this dead-ſeeming Knight,
Mote ought allay the ſtorm of your deſpight,
And ſettle patience in ſo furious heat;
Not to debate the challenge of your right,
But for this carcaſs pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath already laid in loweſt ſeat.

XXVIII.

To whom *Cymochles* ſaid; For what art thou,
That mak'ſt thy ſelf his days-man, to prolong
The vengeance preſt? Or who ſhall let me now
On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,
And make his carcaſſe as the outcaſt dong?
Why ſhould not that dead carrion ſatisfy
The guilt, which if he lived had thus long,
His life for due revenge ſhould dear aby?
The treſpaſs ſtill doth live, albe the perſon dye.

XXIX.

Indeed, then ſaid the Prince, the evil done
Dies not, when breath the body firſt doth leave;
But from the grandſire to the Nephews Son,
And all his ſeed the curſe doth often cleave,
Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave:
So ſtraightly God doth judge. But gentle Knight,
That doth againſt the dead his hand uprear,
His honour ſtains with rancour and deſpight,
And great diſparagement makes to his former might.

XXX.

Pyrochles 'gan reply the ſecond time,
And to him ſaid, Now felon ſure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his crime:
Therefore by *Termagaunt* thou ſhalt be dead.
With that, his hand (more ſad than lump of lead)
Uplifting high, he weened with *Mordure*,
His own good ſword *Mordure* to cleave his head.
The faithful ſteel ſuch treaſon no'uld endure,
But ſwarving from the mark, his Lords life did aſſure.

XXXI.

Yet was the force ſo furious and ſo fell,
That horſe and man it made to reel aſide:
Nath'leſs the Prince would not forſake his ſell
(For well of yore he learned had to ride)
But full of anger fiercely to him cride;
Falſe traitor, miſcreant, thou broken haſt
The law of arms to ſtrike foe undeſide:
But thou thy treaſons fruit (I hope) ſhalt taſte
Right ſowre, and feel the law, the which thou haſt defast.

XXXII.

With that, his baleful ſpear he fiercely bent
Againſt the Pagans breaſt, and therewith thought
His curſed life out of her lodge have rent:
But ere the point arrived where it ought,
That ſeven-fold ſhield, which he from *Guyon* brought,
He caſt between, to ward the bitter ſtound:
Through all thoſe folds the ſteel-head paſſage wrought,
And through his ſhoulder pierct; wherewith to ground
He groveling fell, all gored in his guſhing wound.

XXXIII.

Which when his brother ſaw, fraught with great grief
And wrath, he to him leaped furiouſly,
And fouly ſaid, By *Mahoune*, curſed thief,
That direful ſtroke thou dearly ſhalt aby.
Then hurling up his harmful blade on high
Smote him ſo hugely on his haughty creſt,
That from his ſaddle forced him to fly:
Elſe mote it needs down to his manly breaſt
Have cleft his head in twain, and life thence diſpoſſeſt.

XXXIV.

Now was the Prince in dangerous diſtreſs,
Wanting his ſword, when he on foot ſhould fight:
His ſingle ſpear could do him ſmall redreſs,
Againſt two foes of ſo exceeding might,
The leaſt of which was match for any Knight,
And now the other, whom he earſt did daunt,
Had reard himſelf again to cruel fight,
Three times more furious, and more puiſſaunt,
Unmindful of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

XXXV.

So both attonce him charge on either ſide,
With hideous ſtrokes, and importable powre,
That forced him his ground to traverſe wide,
And wiſely watch to ward that deadly ſtowre,
For on his ſhield as thick as ſtormy ſhowre
Their ſtrokes did rain: yet did he never quail,
Ne backward ſhrink; but as a ſtedfaſt towre,
Whom foe with double battry doth aſſail,
Them on her bulwark bears, and bids them nought avail.

XXXVI.

So ſtoutly he withſtood their ſtrong aſſay,
Till that at laſt, when he advantage ſpide,
His poinant ſpear he thruſt with puiſſant ſway
At proud *Cymochles*, whiles his ſhield was wide.
That through his thigh the mortal ſteel did gride:
He, ſwarving with the force, within his fleſh
Did break the launce, and let the head abide:
Out of the wound the red blood flowed freſh,
That underneath his feet ſoon made a purple pleſh.

XXXVII.

Horribly then he 'gan to rage, and rail,
Curſing his Gods, and himſelf damning deep:
Als when his brother ſaw the red blood trail
Adown ſo faſt, and all his armour ſteep,
For very felneſs loud he 'gan to weep,
And ſaid, Caytive, curſe on thy cruel hond,
That twice hath ſped; yet ſhall it not thee keep
From the third brunt of this my fatal brond:
Lo where the dreadful Death behind thy back doth ſtond.

XXXVIII.

With that he ſtrook, and th'other ſtrook withall,
That nothing ſeem'd mote bear ſo monſtrous might:
The one upon his cover'd ſhield did fall,
And glauncing down, would not his owner bite:
But th'other did upon his troncheon ſmite;
Which hewing quite aſunder, further way
It made, and on his hacqueton did lite,
The which dividing with importune ſway,
It ſeiz'd in his right ſide, and there the dint did ſtay.

XXXIX.

Wide was the wound, and a large luke-warm flood,
Red as the roſe, thence guſhed grievouſly;
That when the Paynim ſpide the ſtreaming blood,
Gave him great heart, and hope of victory.
On th'other ſide, in huge perplexity,
The Prince now ſtood, having his weapon broke;
Nought could he hurt, but ſtill at ward did lie:
Yet with his troncheon he ſo rudely ſtroke
Cymochles twice, that twice him forct his foot revoke.

XL.

Whom when the Palmer ſaw in ſuch diſtreſs,
Sir *Guyons* ſword he lightly to him raught,
And ſaid; Fair Son, great God thy right hand bleſs,
To uſe that ſword ſo wiſely as it ought.
Glad was the Knight, and with freſh courage fraught,
Whenas again he armed felt his hond;
Then like a Lyon, which hath long time ſought
His robbed whelps, and at the laſt them fond
Emongſt the ſhepherd ſwains, then wexed wood and yond:

XLI.

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blows
On either ſide, that neither mail could hold,
Ne ſhield defend the thunder of his throws:
Now to *Pyrochles* many ſtrokes he told;
Eft to *Cymochles* twice ſo many fold:
Then back again turning his buſie hond,
Them both attonce compel'd with courage bold,
To yield wide way to his heart-thrilling brond;
And though they both ſtood ſtiff, yet could not both with-
[ſtond.

XLII.

As ſalvage Bull, whom two fierce maſtives bait,
When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
Forgets with wary ward them to await,
But with his dreadful horns them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads down in the flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing diſdain,
That all the foreſt quakes to hear him rore:
So rag'd Prince *Arthur* twixt his foemen twain,
That neither could his mighty puiſſance ſuſtain.

XLIII.

But ever at *Pyrochles* when he ſmit
(Who *Guyons* ſhield caſt ever him before,
Whereon the Fairy Queens pourtraict was writ)
His hand relented, and the ſtroke forbore,
And his dear heart the picture 'gan adore:
Which oft the Paynim ſav'd from deadly ſtowre.
But him hence-forth the ſame can ſave no more;
For now arrived is his fatal howre,
That no'te avoyded be by earthly ſkill or powre.

XLIV.

For when *Cymochles* ſaw the foul reproch,
Which them appeached; prickt with guilty ſhame,
And inward grief, he fiercely 'gan approch,
Reſolv'd to put away that loathly blame,
Or die with honour and deſert of fame:
And on the hauberk ſtrook the Prince ſo ſore,
That quite diſparted all the linked frame,
And pierced to the ſkin, but bit no more,
Yet made him twice to reel, that never mov'd afore.

XLV.

Whereat renfierct with wrath and ſharp regret,
He ſtrook ſo hugely with his borrow'd blade,
That it empierct the Pagans burganet,
And cleaving the hard ſteel, did deep invade
Into his head, and cruel paſſage made
Quite through his brain. He tumbling down on ground,
Breath'd out his ghoſt; which to th'infernal ſhade
Faſt flying, there eternal torment found,
For all the ſins, where-with his leud life did abound.

XLVI.

Which when his german ſaw, the ſtony fear
Ran to his heart, and all his ſenſe diſmay'd,
Ne thenceforth life ne courage did appear;
But as a man whom helliſh fiends have fray'd,
Long trembling ſtill he ſtood: at laſt thus ſaid;
Traytor what haſt thou doen? how ever may
Thy curſed hand ſo cruelly have ſway'd
Againſt that Knight? harrow and weal-away!
After ſo wicked deed why liv'ſt thou longer day!

XLVII.

With that all deſperate, as loathing light,
And with revenge deſiring ſoon to die,
Aſſembling all his force and utmoſt might,
With his own ſword he fierce at him did fly,
And ſtrook, and foyn'd, and laſht outrageouſly,
Withouten reaſon or regard. Well knew
The Prince, with patience and ſufferance ſly
So haſty heat ſoon cooled to ſubdue:
Tho when this breathleſs wox, that battle 'gan renue.

XLVIII.

As when a windy tempeſt bloweth high,
That nothing may withſtand his ſtormy ſtowre,
The clouds (as things afraid) before him fly;
But all ſo ſoon as his outrageous powre
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to ſhowre,
And as in ſcorn of his ſpent ſtormy ſpight,
Now all attonce their malice forth do poure;
So did Prince *Arthur* bear himſelf in fight,
And ſuffred raſh *Pyrochles* waſte his idle might.

XLIX.

At laſt whenas the Sarazin perceiv'd,
How that ſtrange ſword refus'd to ſerve his need,
But when he ſtrook moſt ſtrong, the dint deceiv'd,
He flung it from him, and devoi'd of dreed,
Upon him lightly leaping without heed,
Twixt his two mighty arms engraſped faſt,
Thinking to overthrow, and down him tred:
But him in ſtrength and ſkill the Prince ſurpaſt,
And through his nimble ſleight did under him down caſt.

L.

Nought booted it the Paynim then to ſtrive;
For, as a Bittur in the Eagles claw,
That may not hope by flight to ſcape alive,
Still waits for death with dread and trembling awe;
So he now ſubject to the victors law,
Did not once move, nor upward caſt his eye,
For vile diſdain and rancour, which did gnaw
His heart in twain with ſad melancholy,
As one that loathed life, and yet deſpis'd to dye.

LI.

But full of Princely bounty and great mind,
The conquerour nought cared him to ſlay,
But caſting wrongs and all revenge behind,
More glory thought to give life than decay,
And ſaid, Paynim, this is thy diſmal day;
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miſcreance,
And my true liegeman yield thy ſelf for aye,
Life will I graunt thee for thy valiance,
And all thy wrongs will wipe out of my ſovenaunce.

LII.

Fool ſaid the Pagan, I thy gift defie:
But uſe thy fortune, as it doth befall,
And ſay, that I not overcome do die,
But in deſpight of life, for death do call.
Wroth was the Prince, and ſorry yet withall
That he ſo wilfully refuſed grace;
Yet ſith his fate ſo cruelly did fall,
His ſhining helmet he 'gan ſoon unlace,
And left his headleſs body bleeding all the place.

LIII.

By this, Sir *Guyon* from his traunce awakt,
Life having maiſtered her ſenſeleſs foe;
And looking up, whenas his ſhield he lackt,
And ſword ſaw not, he wexed wondrous woe:
But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
Had loſt, he by him ſpide, right glad he grew,
And ſaid, Dear Sir, whom wandring to and fro
I long have lackt, I joy thy face to view;
Firm is thy faith, whom danger never from me drew.

LIV.

But read what wicked hand hath robbed me
Of my good ſword and ſhield. The Palmer glad,
With ſo freſh hue upriſing him to ſee,
Him anſwered; Fair Son, be no whit ſad
For want of weapons: they ſhall ſoon be had,
So 'gan he to diſcourſe the whole debate,
Which that ſtrange Knight for him ſuſtained had,
And thoſe two Sarazins confounded late,
Whoſe carcaſſes on ground were horribly proſtrate.

LV.

Which when he heard, and ſaw the tokens true,
His heart with great affection was embay'd,
And to the Prince bowing with reverence due,
As to the patron of his life, thus ſaid;
My Lord, my liege, by whoſe moſt gracious aid
I live this day, and ſee my foes ſubdew'd,
What may ſuffice, to be for meed repay'd
Of ſo great graces, as ye have me ſhew'd,
But to be ever bound———

LVI.

To whom the Infant thus; Fair Sir, what need
Good turns be counted as a ſervile bond,
To bind their doers to receive their meed?
Are not all Knights by oath bound to withſtond
Oppreſſors powre by arms and puiſſant hond?
Suffice, that I have done my due in place.
So goodly purpoſe they together fond,
Of kindneſs and of courteous aggrace;
The whiles falſe *Archimage* and *Atin* fled apace.

CANTO IX.

The houſe of Temperance, in which
Doth ſober Alma *dwell,*
Beſieg'd of many foes, whom ſtrang-
er knights to flight compell.

I.

OF all Gods works, which do this world adorn,
There is no one more fair and excellent,
Than is mans body both for powre and form,
Whiles it is kept in ſober government;
But none than it more foul and indecent,
Diſtempred through miſrule and paſſions baſe:
It grows a monſter, and incontinent
Doth loſe his dignity and native grace.
Behold (who liſt) both one and other in this place.

II.

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The *Briton* Prince recov'ring his ſtoln ſword,
And *Guyon* his loſt ſhield, they both yfere
Forth paſſed on their way in fair accord,
Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord;
Sir Knight, mote I of you this court'ſie read,
To weet why on your ſhield (ſo goodly ſcord)
Bear ye the picture of that Ladies head?
Full lively is the ſemblaunt, though the ſubſtance dead.

III.

Fair Sir, ſaid he, if in that picture dead
Such life ye read, and vertue in vain ſhew,
What mote ye ween, if the true lively-head
Of that moſt glorious viſage ye did view?
But if the beauty of her mind ye knew,
That is her bounty, and imperial powre,
Thouſand times fairer than her mortal hew,
O how great wonder would your thoughts devoure,
And infinite deſire into your ſpirit poure.

IV.

She is the mighty Queen of *Faëry*,
Whoſe fair retrait I in my ſhield do bear;
She is the flowre of grace and chaſtity,
Throughout the world renowned far and near,
My liefe, my liege, my ſoveraine, my dear,
Whoſe glory ſhineth as the morning ſtar,
And with her light the earth enlumines clear;
Far reach her mercies, and her praiſes far,
As well in ſtate of peace, as puiſſaunce in war.

V.

Thrice happy man, ſaid then the *Briton* Knight,
Whom gracious lot, and thy great valiaunce
Have made thee ſouldier of that Princeſs bright,
Which with her bounty and glad countenaunce
Doth bleſs her ſervants, and them high advaunce.
How may ſtrange Knight hope ever to aſpire,
By faithful ſervice, and meet amenaunce
Unto ſuch bliſs? ſufficient were that hire
For loſs of thouſand lives do dye at her deſire.

VI.

Said *Guyon*, noble Lord, what meed ſo great,
Or grace of earthly Prince ſo ſoveraine,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and eaſily attain?
But were your will, her ſold to entertain,
And numbred be mongſt Knights of *Maydenhead*,
Great guerdon (well I wote) ſhould you remain,
And in her favour high be reckoned,
As *Arthegall*, and *Sophy* now been honoured.

VII.

Certes, then ſaid the Prince, I God avow,
That ſince I arms and Knighthood firſt did plight,
My whole deſire hath been, and yet is now,
To ſerve that Queen with all my powre and might.
Now hath the ſun with his lamp-burning light,
Walkt round about the world, and I no leſs,
Since of that Goddeſs I have ſought the ſight,
Yet no where can her find: ſuch happineſs
Heaven doth to me envy, and fortune favourleſs.

VIII.

Fortune (the foe of famous cheviſaunce)
Seldom (ſaid *Guyon*) yields to vertue aid,
But in her way throws miſchief and miſchaunce,
Whereby her courſe is ſtopt, and paſſage ſtaid.
But you, fair Sir, be not herewith diſmay'd,
But conſtant keep the way in which ye ſtand;
Which were it not, that I am elſe delayd
With hard adventure, which I have in hand,
I labour would to guide you through all Fairy land.

IX.

Gramercy Sir, ſaid he; but mote I weete
What ſtrange adventure do ye now purſue?
Perhaps my ſuccour, or advizement meet,
Mote ſtead you much your purpoſe to ſubdue.
Then 'gan Sir *Guyon* all the ſtory ſhew
Of falſe *Acraſia*, and her wicked wiles,
Which to avenge, the Palmer him forth drew
From Fairy Court. So talked they, the whiles
They walted had much way, and meaſur'd many miles.

X.

And now fair *Phœbus* 'gan decline in haſte
His weary wagon to the weſtern vale,
Whenas they ſpide a goodly caſtle, plact
Foreby a river in a pleaſant dale;
Which chooſing for that evenings hoſpitale,
They thither marcht; but when they came in ſight,
And from their ſweaty courſers did avale,
They found the gates faſt barred long ere night,
And every loup faſt lockt, as fearing foes deſpight.

XI.

Which when they ſaw, they weened foul reproch
Was to them doen, their entrance to forſtall,
Till that the Squire 'gan nigher to approch;
And wind his horn under the caſtle wall,
That with the noiſe it ſhook as it would fall:
Eſtſoons forth looked from the higheſt ſpire
The watch, and loud unto the Knights did call,
To weet what they ſo rudely did require;
Who gently anſwered, they entrance did deſire.

XII.

Fly, fly, good Knights, ſaid he, fly faſt away,
If that your lives ye love, as meet you ſhould;
Fly faſt, and ſave yourſelves from near decay,
Here may ye not have entrance, though we would:
We would and would again, if that we could;
But thouſand enemies about us rave,
And with long ſiege us in this caſtle hold:
Seven years this wiſe they us beſieged have,
And many good Knights ſlain, that have us fought to ſave.

XIII.

Thus as he ſpoke, lo, with outrageous cry
A thouſand villains round about them ſwarm'd
Out of the rocks and caves adjoyning nigh,
Vile caitive wretches, ragged, rude, deform'd,
All threatning death, all in ſtrange manner arm'd,
Some with unwieldy clubs, ſome with long ſpears,
Some ruſty knives, ſome ſtaves in fier warm'd.
Stern was their look, like wild amazed ſtears,
Staring with hollow eyes, and ſtiff upſtanding hairs.

XIV.

Fiercely at firſt thoſe Knights they did aſſail,
And drove them to recoil: but when again
They gave freſh charge their forces 'gan to fail,
Unable their encounter to ſuſtain;
For with ſuch puiſſance and impetuous main
Thoſe champions broke on them, that forct them fly,
Like ſcattred ſheep, whenas the ſhepherds ſwain
A Lyon and a Tygre doth eſpy,
With greedy pace forth ruſhing from the foreſt nigh.

XV.

Awhile they fled, but ſoon return'd again
With greater fury than before was found;
And evermore their cruel Capitain
Sought with his raſcal routs t'encloſe them round,
And (over-run) to tread them to the ground.
But ſoon the Knights with their bright burning blades
Broke their rude troops, and orders did confound,
Hewing and flaſhing at their idle ſhades;
For though they bodies ſeem, yet ſubſtance from them fades.

XVI.

As when a ſwarm of gnats at eventide
Out of the fens of Allan do ariſe,
Their murmuring ſmall trumpets ſounden wide,
Whiles in the air their cluſtring army flies,
That as a cloud doth ſeem to dim the skies;
Ne man nor beaſt may reſt, or take repaſt,
For their ſharp wounds, and noyous injuries,
Till the fierce northern wind with bluſtring blaſt
Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean caſt.

XVII.

Thus when they had that troublous rout diſperſt,
Unto the caſtle gate they come again,
And entrance crav'd, which was denied erſt.
Now when report of that their perlous pain,
And combrous conflict which they did ſuſtain,
Came to the Ladies ear which there did dwell,
She forth iſſued with a goodly train
Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
And entertained them right fairly as befell.

XVIII.

Alma ſhe called was, a virgin bright;
That had not yet felt *Cupids* wanton rage,
Yet was ſhe woo'd of many a gentle Knight,
And many a Lord of noble parentage,
That ſought with her to link in marriage:
For ſhe was fair, as fair mote ever be,
And in the flowre now of her freſheſt age;
Yet full of grace and goodly modeſty,
That even heaven rejoyced her ſweet face to ſee.

XIX.

In robe of lilly white ſhe was array'd,
That from her ſhoulder to her heel down raught,
The train whereof looſe far behind her ſtray'd,
Branched with gold and pearl, moſt richly wrought,
And borne of two fair Damzels, which were taught
That ſervice well. Her yellow golden hair
Was trimly woven, and in treſſes wrought,
Ne other tire ſhe on her head did wear,
But crowned with a girlond of ſweet roſiere.

XX.

Goodly ſhe entertain'd thoſe noble Knights,
And brought them up into her caſtle-hall;
Where gentle court and gracious delight
She to them made, with mildneſs virginal,
Shewing herſelf both wiſe and liberal:
There when they reſted had a ſeaſon due,
They her beſought of favour ſpecial,
Of that fair caſtle to afford them view;
She granted, and them leading forth, the ſame did ſhew.

XXI.

Firſt ſhe them led up to the caſtle wall,
That was ſo high as foe might not it climb,
And all ſo fair, and ſenſible withall,
Not built of brick ne yet of ſtone and lime,
But of thing like to that *Egyptian* ſlime,
Whereof King *Nine* whilome built *Babel* towre;
But O great pity, that no longer time
So goodly workmanſhip ſhould not endure:
Soon it muſt turn to earth; no earthly thing is ſure.

XXII.

The frame thereof ſeem'd partly circulare,
And part triangulare: O work divine!
Thoſe two the firſt and laſt proportions are,
The one imperfect, mortal, ſæminine;
Th'other immortal, perfect, maſculine;
And twixt them both a quadrate was the baſe,
Proportion'd equally by ſeven and nine;
Nine was the circle ſet in heavens place,
All which compacted, made a goodly *Diapaſe*.

XXIII.

Therein two gates were placed ſeemly well:
The one before, by which all in did paſs,
Did th'other far in workmanſhip excell;
For not of wood, nor of enduring braſs,
But of more worthy ſubſtance fram'd it was;
Doubly diſparted, it did lock and cloſe,
That when it locked, none might thorough paſs,
And when it open'd, no man might it cloſe,
Still open to their friends, and cloſed to their foes.

XXIV.

Of hewen ſtone the porch was fairly wrought,
Stone more of value, and more ſmooth and fine,
Than jet or marble far from *Ireland* brought;
Over the which was caſt a wandring vine,
Enchaced with a wanton ivy twine.
And over it a fair portcullis hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline,
With comely compaſs, and compacture ſtrong,
Neither unſeemly ſhort, nor yet exceeding long.

XXV.

Within the *Barbican* a porter ſate,
Day and night duly keeping watch and ward:
Nor wight, nor word mote paſs out of the gate
But in good order, and with due regard;
Utt'rers of ſecrets he from thence debar'd,
Bablers of folly, and blazers of crime.
His larum-bell might loud and wide be heard
When cauſe requir'd, but never out of time;
Early and late it rung at evening and at prime.

XXVI.

And round about the porch on every ſide
Twice ſixteen warders ſate, all armed bright
In gliſtring ſteel, and ſtrongly fortifide:
Tall yeomen ſeemed they, and of great might,
And were enranged ready ſtill for fight.
By them as *Alma* paſſed with her gueſts,
They did obeyſance, as beſeemed right,
And then again returned to their reſts:
The Porter eke to her did lout with humble geſts.

XXVII.

Thence ſhe them brought into a ſtately hall,
Wherein were many tables fair diſſpred,
And ready dight with drapets feſtival,
Againſt the viands ſhould be miniſtred.
At th' upper end there ſate, yclad in red
Down to the ground, a comely perſonage,
That in his hand a white rod menaged:
He Steward was hight *Diet*; ripe of age,
And in demeanure ſober, and in counſel ſage.

XXVIII.

And through the hall there walked to and fro
A jolly yeoman, marſhal of the ſame,
Whoſe name was *Appetite*; he did beſtow
Both gueſts and meat, whenever in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the Steward bade. They both attone
Did duty to their Lady, as became;
Who paſſing by, forth led her gueſts anone
Into the kitchin room, ne ſpar'd for niceneſs none.

XXIX.

It was a vault ybuilt for great diſpence,
With many raunges rear'd along the wall;
And one great chimney, whoſe long tonnel thence,
The ſmoke forth threw. And in the midſt of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall,
Upon a mighty furnace, burning hot,
More hot than *Ætn*' or flaming *Mongiball*:
For day and night it brent, ne ceaſed not,
So long as any thing it in the caudron got.

XXX.

But to delay the heat, leſt by miſchance
It might break out, and ſet the whole on fire,
There added was by goodly ordinance,
An huge great pair of bellows, which did ſtire
Continually, and cooling breath inſpire.
About the caudron many cooks accoil'd,
With hooks and ladles, as need did require;
The whiles the viands in the veſſel boil'd
They did about their buſineſs ſweat, and ſorely toil'd.

XXXI.

The maſter Cook was call'd *Concoction*,
A careful man, and full of comely guiſe:
The kitchen clerk, that hight *Digeſtion*,
Did order all th'achates in ſeemly wiſe,
And ſet them forth, as well he could deviſe.
The reſt had ſeveral offices aſſign'd:
Some to remove the ſcum as it did riſe;
Others to bear the ſame away did mind;
And others it to uſe according to his kind.

XXXII.

But all the liquor, which was foul and waſte,
Nor good nor ſerviceable elſe 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 eſpy,
Was cloſe convey'd, and to the back-gate brought,
That cleped was *Port Eſquiline*, whereby
It was avoided quite, and thrown out privily.

XXXIII.

Which goodly order, and great workmans ſkill
Whenas thoſe Knights beheld, with rare delight
And gazing wonder they their minds did fill;
For never had they ſeen ſo ſtrange a ſight,
Thence back again fair *Alma* led them right,
And ſoon into a goodly parlour brought,
That was with royal arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrayed, nor wrought,
Not wrought, nor pourtrayed, but eaſie to be thought.

XXXIV.

And in the midſt thereof upon the flour,
A lovely bevy of fair Ladies ſate,
Courted of many a jolly paramour,
The which them did in modeſt wiſe amate,
And each one ſought his Lady to aggrate:
And eke amongſt them little *Cupid* playd
His wanton ſports, being returned late
From his fierce wars, and having from him lay'd
His cruel bow, wherewith he thouſands hath diſmay'd.

XXXV.

Diverſe delights they found themſelves to pleaſe;
Some ſung in ſweet conſort, ſome laught for joy,
Some plaid with ſtraws, ſome idly ſate at eaſe;
But other ſome could not abide to toy,
All pleaſance was to them grief and annoy:
This frown'd, that fawn'd, the third for ſhame did bluſh,
Another ſeemed envious, or coy,
Another in her teeth did gnaw a ruſh:
But at theſe ſtrangers preſence every one did huſh.

XXXVI.

Soon 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 Damſel choſe:
The Prince (by chance) did on a Lady light,
That was right fair and freſh as morning Roſe,
But ſome-what ſad, and ſolemn eke in ſight,
As if ſome penſive thought conſtrain'd her gentle ſpright.

XXXVII.

In a long purple pall, whoſe ſkirt with gold
Was fretted all about, ſhe was arraid;
And in her hand a Poplar branch did hold;
To whom the Prince in courteous manner ſaid;
Gentle Madame, why been ye thus diſmaid,
And your fair beauty do with ſadneſs ſpill?
Lives any, that you hath thus ill apaid?
Or doen you love, or do you lack your will?
Whatever be the cauſe, it ſure beſeems you ill.

XXXVIII.

Fair Sir, ſaid ſhe (half in diſdainful wiſe)
How is it that this word in me ye blame,
And in your ſelf do not the ſame adviſe?
Him ill beſeems, anothers fault to name,
That may unwares be blotted with the ſame:
Penſive I yield I am, and ſad in mind,
Through great deſire of glory and of fame;
Ne ought (I ween) are ye therein behind,
That have twelve months ſought one, yet nowhere can her [find.

XXXIX.

The prince was inly moved at her ſpeech,
Well weeting true, what ſhe had raſhly told;
Yet with fair ſemblaunt ſought to hide the breach,
Which change of colour did perforce unfold,
Now ſeeming flaming hot, now ſtony cold,
Tho turning ſoft aſide, he did inquire,
What wight ſhe was, that Poplar branch did hold:
It anſwer'd was, her name was *Praiſe-deſire*,
That by well doing ſought to honour to aſpire.

XL.

The whiles the Fairy Knight did entertain
Another Damſel of that gentle crew,
That was right fair, and modeſt of demain,
But that to oft ſhe chang'd her native hue;
Strange was her tire, and all her garment blue,
Cloſe round about her tuckt with many a plight:
Upon her fiſt, the bird which ſhunneth view,
And keeps in coverts cloſe from living wight,
Did ſit, as yet aſham'd, how rude *Pan* did her dight.

XLI.

So long as *Guyon* with her communed,
Unto the ground ſhe caſt her modeſt eye,
And ever and anon with roſie red
The baſhful blood her ſnowy cheeks did dye,
That her became, as poliſht ivory,
Which cunning craftsmans hand hath overlaid
With fair vermilion or pure caſtory
Great wonder had the Knight to ſee the maid
So ſtrangely paſſioned, and to her gently ſaid;

XLII.

Fair Damſel, ſeemeth by your troubled chear,
That either me to bold ye ween, this wiſe
You to moleſt, or other ill to fear
That in the ſecret of your heart cloſe lies,
From whence it doth, as cloud from ſea ariſe.
If it be I, of pardon I you pray
But if ought elſe that I mote not deviſe,
I will (if pleaſe you it diſcoure) aſſay
To eaſe you of that ill, ſo wiſely as I may.

XLIII.

She anſwer'd nought, but more abaſht for ſhame,
Held down her head, the whiles her lovely face
The flaſhing blood with bluſhing did inflame,
And the ſtrong paſſion mar'd her modeſt grace,
That *Guyon* mervail'd at her uncouth caſe:
Till *Alma* him beſpake, why wonder ye
Fair Sir at that, which ye ſo much embrace?
She is the fountain of your modeſty;
You ſhamefac'd are, but *Shamefac'dneſs* it ſelf is ſhe.

XLIV.

Thereat the Elf did bluſh in privatee,
And turn'd his face away: but ſhe the ſame
Diſſembled fair, and feign'd to overſee.
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game,
Themſelves did ſolace each one with his Dame,
Till that great Lady thence away them ſought,
To view her caſtles other wondrous frame.
Up to a ſtately turret ſhe them brought,
Aſcending by ten ſteps of alablaſter wrought.

XLV.

That turrets frame moſt admirable was,
Like higheſt heaven compaſſed around,
And lifted high above this earthly maſs,
Which it ſurview'd, as hills doen lower ground;
But not on ground mote like to this be found,
Not that which antique *Cadmus* whilome built
In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound;
Nor that proud towre of *Troy*, though richly gilt,
From which young *Hectors* blood by cruel *Greeks* was ſpilt.

XLVI.

The roof hereof was arched over head,
And deckt with flowres and herbars daintily;
Two goodly beacons, ſet in watches ſtead,
Therein gave light, and flam'd continually:
For they of living fire moſt ſubtilly
Were made, and ſet in ſilver ſockets bright,
Cover'd with lids deviz'd of ſubſtance ſly,
That readily they ſhut and open might.
O who can tell the praiſes of that makers might.

XLVII.

Ne can I tell, ne can I ſtay to tell
This parts great workmanſhip, and wondrous powre,
That all this other worlds work doth excell,
And likeſt is unto that heavenly towre,
That God hath built for his own bleſſed bowre.
Therein where diverſe rooms, and diverſe ſtages,
But three the chiefeſt, and of greateſt powre,
In which there dwelt three honourable ſages,
The wiſeſt men (I ween) that lived in their ages.

XLVIII.

Not he, whom *Greece* (the nourſe of all good arts)
By *Phœbus* doom, the wiſeſt thought alive,
Might be compar'd to theſe by many parts:
Nor that ſage *Pylian* ſire, which did ſurvive,
Three ages, ſuch as mortal men contrive,
By whoſe adviſe old *Priams* city fell,
With theſe in praiſe of policies mote ſtrive.
Theſe three in theſe three rooms did ſundry dwell,
And counſelled fair *Alma*, how to govern well.

XLIX.

The firſt of them could things to come fore-ſee:
The next, could of things preſent beſt adviſe;
The third, things paſs could keep in memory:
So that no time, nor reaſon could ariſe,
But that the ſame could one of theſe comprize.
Forthy, the firſt did in the fore-part ſit,
That nought mote hinder his quick prejudize:
He had a ſharp fore-ſight, and working wit,
That never idle was, ne once would reſt a whit.

L.

His chamber was diſpainted all within,
With ſundry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite ſhapes of things diſperſed thin;
Some ſuch as in the world were never yet,
Ne can deviſed be of mortal wit;
Some daily ſeen, and knowen by their names,
Such as in idle fantaſies do flit:
Infernal Hags, *Centaurs*, Fiends, *Hippodames*,
Apes, Lyons, Eagles, Owls, fools, lovers, children, Dames.

LI.

And all the chamber filled was with flies,
Which buzzed all about, and made ſuch ſound,
That they encombred all mens ears and eyes,
Like many ſwarms of bees aſſembled round,
After their hives with honey do abound:
All thoſe were idle thoughts and fantaſies,
Devices, dreams, opinions unſound,
Shews, viſions, ſooth-ſayes, and prophesies;
And all that feigned is, as leaſings, tales, and lies.

LII.

Emongſt them all ſate he which wonned there,
That hight *Phantaſtes* by his nature true;
A man of years yet freſh, as mote appear,
Of ſwarth complexion, and of crabbed hue,
That him full of melancholy did ſhew;
Bent hollow beetle brows, ſharp ſtaring eyes
That mad or fooliſh ſeem'd: one by his view
Mote deem him born with ill diſpoſed skies,
When oblique *Saturn* ſate in th' houſe of agonies.

LIII.

Whom *Alma* having ſhewed to her gueſts,
Thence brought them to the ſecond room, whoſe walls
Were painted fair with memorable geſts
Of famous wiſards, and with picturals
Of magiſtrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of commonwealths, of ſtates, of policy,
Of laws, of judgments, and of decretals;
All arts, all ſcience, all philoſophy,
And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

LIV.

Of thoſe that room was full: and them among
There ſate a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long;
That through continual practice and uſage,
He now was grown right wiſe, and wondrous ſage.
Great pleaſure had thoſe ſtranger Knights, to ſee
His goodly reaſon, and grave perſonage,
That his diſciples both deſir'd to be;
But *Alma* thence them led to th' hindmoſt room of three,

LV.

That chamber ſeemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was removed far behind,
Yet were the walls, that did the ſame uphold,
Right firm and ſtrong, though ſomewhat they declin'd;
And therein ſate an old old man, half blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corſe,
Yet lively vigour reſted in his mind,
And recompenst him with a better ſcorce:
Weak body well is chang'd for minds redoubled force.

LVI.

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 elſe, the which this world doth wel'd,
But laid them up in his immortal ſcrine,
Where they for ever incorrupted dwell'd;
The wars he well remembred of King *Nine*,
Of old *Aſſaracus*, and *Inachus* divine.

LVII.

The years of *Neſtor* nothing were to his,
Ne yet *Methuſalem*, though longeſt liv'd;
For he remembred both their infancies:
Ne wonder then, if that he were depriv'd
Of native ſtrength now, that he them ſurviv'd.
His chamber all was hang'd about with roles,
And old records from ancient times deriv'd,
Some made in books, ſome in long parchment ſcroles,
That were all worm-eaten, and full of canker holes.

LVIII.

Amidſt them all he in a chair was ſet,
Toſſing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was unable them to fet,
A little boy did on him ſtill attend
To reach, whenever he for ought did ſend;
And oft when things were loſt, or laid amiſs,
That boy them ſought, and unto him did lend.
Therefore he *Anamneſtes* cleped is,
And that old man *Eumneſtes*, by their properties.

LIX.

The Knights, there entring, did him reverence dew,
And wondred at his endleſs exerciſe.
Then as they 'gan his library to view,
And antique regiſters for to aviſe,
There chanced to the Princes hand to riſe
An ancient book, hight *Briton monuments*,
That of this lands firſt conqueſt did deviſe,
And old diviſion into regiments,
Till it reduced was to one mans governments.

LX.

Sir *Guyon* chanct eke on another book,
That hight *Antiquity* of Fairy lond.
In which whenas he greedily did look;
Th' off-ſpring of Elves and Faires there he fond,
As it delivered was from hond to hond:
Whereat they burning both with fervent fire
Their Countries aunceſtry to underſtond,
Crav'd leave of *Alma*, and that aged ſire,
To read thoſe books; who gladly granted their deſire.

CANTO X.

A Chronicle of Briton *Kings*
From Brute *to* Uthers *reign*:
And rolls of Elfin *Emperours*,
Till time of Gloriane.

I.

WHO now ſhall give unto me words and ſound,
Equal unto this haughty enterpriſe?
Or who ſhall lend me wings, with which from ground
My lowly verſe may loftily ariſe,
And lift it ſelf unto the higheſt ſkies?
More ample ſprite than hitherto was wount,
Here needs me, whiles the famous aunceſtries
Of my moſt dreaded Soveraine I recount,
By which all earthly Princes ſhe doth far ſurmount.

II.

Ne under Sun, that ſhines ſo wide and fair,
Whence all that lives, does borrow life and light,
Lives ought, that to her linage may compair,
Which though from earth it be derived right,
Yet doth it ſelf ſtretch forth to heavens height
And all the world with wonder overſpred;
A labour huge, exceeding far my might:
How ſhall frail pen, with fear diſparaged,
Conceive ſuch ſoveraine glory, and great bountihed?

III.

Argument worthy of *Mæonian* quill,
Or rather worthy of great *Phœbus* rote,
Whereon the ruins of great *Oſſa* hill,
And triumphs of *Phlegræan Jove* he wrote,
That all the Gods admir'd his lofty note.
But if ſome reliſh of that heavenly lay
His learned daughter would to me report,
To deck my ſong withall, I would aſſay,
Thy name, O ſoveraine Queen, to blazon far away.

IV.

Thy name, O ſoveraine Queen, thy realm and race,
From this renowned Prince derived are,
Who mightily upheld that royal mace,
Which now thou bear'ſt, to thee deſcended far
From mighty Kings, and Conquerors in war,
Thy Fathers and great Grand-fathers of old,
Whoſe noble deeds above the northern ſtar
Immortal Fame for ever hath enrol'd;
As in that old mans book they were in order told.

V.

The land, which warlike Britons now poſſeſs,
And therein have their mighty empire rais'd,
In antique times was ſalvage wilderneſs,
Unpeopled, unmanur'd, unprov'd, unprais'd;
Ne was it Iland then, ne was it pais'd
Amid the *Ocean* waves, ne was it ſought
Of merchants far, for profits therein prais'd,
But was all deſolate, and of ſome thought
By Sea to have been from the *Celtick* main-land brought.

VI.

Ne did it then deſerve a name to have,
Till that the vent'rous mariner that way
Learning his ſhip from thoſe white rocks to ſave,
Which all along the ſouthern ſea-coaſt lay,
Threatning unheedy wreck and raſh decay,
For ſafeties ſake that ſame his ſea-mark 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.

VII.

But far in land a ſalvage nation dwelt,
Of hideous Giants, and half beaſtly men,
That never taſted grace, nor goodneſs felt,
But like wild beaſts lurking in loathſome den,
And flying faſt as Roebuck through the fen,
All naked without ſhame, or care of cold,
By hunting and by ſpoiling lived then;
Of ſtature huge, and eke of courage bold,
That Sons of men amaz'd their ſternneſs to behold.

VIII.

But whence they ſprung, or how they were begot,
Uneath is to aſſure; uneath to ween
That monſtrous error which doth ſome aſſot,
That *Dioclesians* fifty daughters ſheen
Into this land by chance have driven been,
Where companing with fiends and filthy ſprights,
Through vain illuſion of their luſt unclean,
They brought forth Giants and ſuch dreadful wights,
As far exceeded men in their immeaſur'd mights.

IX.

They held this land, and with their filthineſs
Polluted this ſame gentle ſoil long time:
That their own mother loath'd their beaſtlineſs,
And 'gan abhor her broods unkindly crime,
All were they born of her own native ſlime;
Untill that *Brutus* anciently deriv'd
From royal ſtock of old *Aſſaracs* line,
Driven by fatal errour, here arriv'd,
And them of their unjuſt poſſeſſion depriv'd.

X.

But ere he had eſtabliſhed his throne,
And ſpred his empire to the utmoſt ſhore,
He fought great battles with his ſalvage fone;
In which he them defeated evermore,
And many Giants left on groning flore;
That well can witneſs yet unto this day
The weſtern Hogh, beſprinkled with the gore
Of mighty *Goëmot*, whom in ſtout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did ſlay.

XI.

And eke that ample pit, yet far renown'd,
For the large leap, which *Debon* did compel
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of ground;
Into the which returning back, he fell:
But thoſe three monſtrous ſtones do moſt excel,
Which that huge Son of hideous *Albion*,
Whoſe Father, *Hercules* in *France* did quell,
Great *Godmer* threw, in fierce contention,
At bold *Canutus*; but of him was ſlain anon.

XII.

In meed of theſe great conqueſts by them got,
Corineus had that province utmoſt weſt,
To him aſſigned for his worthy lot,
Which of his name and memorable geſt
He called *Cornwaile*, yet ſo called beſt:
And *Debons* ſhare was, that is *Devonſhire*:
But *Canute* had his portion from the reſt,
The which he call'd *Canutium*, for his hire;
Now *Cantium*, which Kent we commonly inquire.

XIII.

Thus *Brute* this realm unto his rule ſubdew'd
And reigned long in great felicity,
Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes eſchew'd,
He left three ſons (his famous progeny)
Born of fair *Inogene* of *Italy*;
Mongſt whom he parted his imperial ſtate,
And *Locrine* left chief Lord of *Britany*.
At laſt ripe age bade him ſurrender late
His life, and long good fortune, unto final fate.

XIV.

Locrine was left the ſoveraine Lord of all;
But *Albanact* had all the northern part,
Which of himſelf *Albania* he did call;
And *Camber* did poſſeſs the weſtern quart,
Which *Severn* now from *Logris* doth depart:
And each his portion peaceably enjoy'd,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in heart,
That once their quiet government annoy'd,
But each his pains to others profit ſtill employ'd.

XV.

Until a nation ſtrange, with viſage ſwart,
And courage fierce, that all men did affray,
Which through the world then ſwarm'd in every part,
And overflow'd all countries far away,
Like *Noyes* great flood, with their importune ſway,
This land invaded with like violence,
And did themſelves through all the north diſplay:
Until that *Locrine* for his realms defence,
Did head againſt them make, and ſtrong munificence.

XVI.

He them encountred, (a confuſed rout)
Foreby the River, that whilome was hight
The ancient *Abus*, where with courage ſtout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chaſt ſo fiercely after fearful flight,
That forſt their chieftain, for his ſafeties ſake
(Their chieftain *Humber* named was aright)
Unto the mighty ſtream him to betake,
Where he an end of battle, and of life did make.

XVII.

The King returned proud of victory,
And inſolent wox through unwonted eaſe,
That ſhortly he forgot the jeopardy,
Which in his land he lately did appeaſe,
And fell to vain voluptuous diſeaſe:
He lov'd fair Lady *Eſtrild*, leudly lov'd,
Whoſe wanton pleaſures him too much did pleaſe,
That quite his heart from *Guendolene* remov'd,
From *Guendolene* his wife, though always faithful prov'd.

XVIII.

The noble daughter of *Corineus*,
Would not endure to be ſo vile diſdain'd;
But gath'ring force, and courage valorous,
Encountred him in battle well ordain'd,
In which him vanquiſht ſhe to fly conſtrain'd:
But ſhe ſo faſt purſew'd, that him ſhe took,
And threw in bands, where he till death remain'd;
Als his fair Leman, flying through a brook,
She overhent, nought moved with her pitious look.

XIX.

But both her ſelf, and eke her daughter dear,
Begotten by her Kingly paramour,
The fair *Sabrina* almoſt dead with fear,
She there attached, far from all ſuccour;
The one ſhe ſlew in that impatient ſtour:
But the ſad virgin innocent of all,
Adown the rolling river ſhe did pour,
Which of her name now *Severn* men do call:
Such was the end that to diſloyal love did fall.

XX.

Then for her ſon, which ſhe to *Locrine* bore
(*Madan* was young, unmeet the rule of ſway)
In her own hand the crown ſhe kept in ſtore,
Till riper years he raught, and ſtronger ſtay:
During which time, her powre ſhe did diſplay
Through all this realm (the glory of her ſex)
And firſt taught men a woman to obey:
But when her ſon to mans eſtate did wex,
She it ſurrendered, ne her ſelf would longer vex.

XXI.

Tho *Madan* reign'd, unworthy of his race:
For with all ſhame that ſacred throne he fil'd:
Next *Memprije*, as unworthy of that place,
In which being conſorted with *Manild*,
For thirſt of ſingle Kingdom him he kill'd.
But *Ebrank* ſalved both their infamies
With noble deeds, and warrey'd on *Brunchild*
In *Henault*, where yet of his victories
Brave monuments remain, which yet that land envies.

XXII.

An happy man in his firſt days he was,
And happy father of fair progeny:
For all ſo many weeks as the year has,
So many children he did multiply;
Of which were twenty ſons, which did apply
Their minds to praiſe, and chevalrous deſire:
Thoſe Germans did ſubdue all *Germany*,
Of whom it hight; but in the end their ſire,
With foul repulſe, from *France* was forced to retire.

XXIII.

Which blot, his ſon ſucceeding in his ſeat,
The ſecond *Brute* (the ſecond both in name
And eke in ſemblance of his puiſſance great)
Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
With recompence of everlaſting fame.
He with his victor ſword firſt opened
The bowels of wide *France*, a forlorn dame,
And taught her firſt how to be conquered;
Since which, with ſundry ſpoils ſhe hath been ranſacked.

XXIV.

Let *Scaldis* tell, and let tell *Hania*,
And let the marſh of *Eſthambruges* tell,
What colour were there waters that ſame day,
And all the moor twixt *Elverſham* and *Dell*,
With blood of *Henalois*, which therein fell.
How oft that day did ſad *Brunchildis* ſee
The green ſhield dy'd in dolorous vermill?
That not *Scuith guiridh* it mote ſeem to be;
But rather *yScuith gogh*, ſign of ſad cruelty.

XXV.

His Son King *Leill*, by Fathers labour long,
Enjoy'd an heritage of laſting peace.
And built *Cairleill*, and built *Cairleon* ſtrong.
Next *Hudibraſs* his realm did not encreaſe,
But taught the land from weary wars to ceaſe.
Whoſe footſteps *Bladud* following, in arts
Excel'd at *Athens* all the learned preace,
From whence he brought them to theſe ſalvage parts,
And with ſweet ſcience mollifide their ſtubborn hearts.

XXVI.

Enſample of his wondrous faculty,
Behold the boiling baths at *Cairbadon*,
Which ſeeth with ſecret fire eternally,
And in their entrails, full of quick brimſton,
Nouriſh the flames, which they are warm'd upon,
That to her people wealth they forth do well,
And health to every foreign nation:
Yet he at laſt contending to excel
The reach of men, through flight into fond miſchief fell.

XXVII.

Next him King *Leyr* in happy peace long reign'd,
But had no iſſue male him to ſucceed,
But three fair daughters, which were well uptrain'd.
In all that ſeemed fit for Kingly ſeed:
Mongſt whom his realm he equally decreed
To have divided, tho' when feeble age
Nigh to his utmoſt date he ſaw proceed,
He call'd his daughters; and with ſpeeches ſage
Inquir'd, which of them moſt did love her parentage.

XXVIII.

The eldeſt, *Gonorill*, 'gan to proteſt,
That ſhe much more than her own life him lov'd;
And *Regan* greater love to him profeſt,
Than all the world, whenever it were prov'd;
But *Cordeill* ſaid, ſhe lov'd him, as behov'd:
Whoſe ſimple anſwer, wanting colours fair
To paint it forth, him to diſpleaſance mov'd,
That in his crown he counted her no heir,
But twixt the other twain his Kingdom whole did ſhare.

XXIX.

So wedded th'one to *Maglan* King of Scots,
And th'other to the King of *Cambria*,
And twixt them ſhar'd his realm by equal lots:
But without dowre the wiſe *Cordelia*
Was ſent to *Aganip* of *Celtica*.
Their aged Sire, thus eaſed of his crown,
A private life led in *Albania*,
With *Gonorill*, long had in great renown,
That nought him griev'd to been from rule depoſed down.

XXX.

But true it is, that when the oil is ſpent,
The light goes out, and wike is thrown away;
So when he had reſign'd his regiment,
His daughter 'gan deſpiſe his drooping day,
And weary wax of his continual ſtay.
Tho to his daughter *Regan* he repair'd,
Who him at firſt well uſed every way;
But when of his departure ſhe deſpair'd,
Her bounty ſhe abated, and his chear empair'd.

XXXI.

The wretched man 'gan then aviſe too late,
That love is not, where moſt it is profeſt;
Too truly try'd in his extreameſt ſtate:
At laſt, reſolv'd likewiſe to prove the reſt,
He to *Cordelia* himſelf addreſt,
Who with entire affection him receiv'd,
As for her Sire and King her ſeemed beſt;
And after all an army ſtrong ſhe leav'd,
To war on thoſe, which him had of his realm bereav'd.

XXXII.

So to his crown ſhe him reſtor'd again,
In which he dy'd, made ripe for death by eld,
And after will'd it ſhould to her remain:
Who peaceably the ſame long time did weld:
And all mens hearts in due obedience held:
Till that her ſiſters children woxen ſtrong,
Through proud ambition againſt her rebeld,
And overcomen kept in priſon long,
Till weary of that wretched life, her ſelf ſhe hong.

XXXIII.

Then 'gan the bloody brethren both to reign:
But fierce *Cundah* 'gan ſhortly to envy
Her brother *Morgan*, prickt with proud diſdain
To have a peer in part of ſoverainty;
And kindling coals of cruel enmity,
Rais'd war, and him in battle overthrew:
Whence as he to thoſe woody hills did fly,
Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him ſlew;
Then did he reign alone, when he none equal knew.

XXXIV.

His Son *Rival'* his dead room did ſupply,
In whoſe ſad time blood did from heaven rain:
Next great *Gurguſtus*, then fair *Cæcily*,
In conſtant peace their kingdoms did contain:
After them *Lago*, and *Kinmark* did reign,
And *Gorbogud*, till far in years he grew;
When his ambitious ſons unto them twain,
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew;
Stout *Ferrex* and ſtern *Porrex* him in priſon threw.

XXXV.

But O! the greedy thirſt of royal crown,
That knows no kindred, nor regards no right,
Stir'd *Porrex* up to put his brother down;
Who unto him aſſembling foreign might,
Made war on him, and fell himſelf in fight:
Whoſe death t'avenge, his mother mercileſs
(Moſt mercileſs of women, *Wyden* hight)
Her other ſon faſt ſleeping did oppreſs,
And with moſt cruel hand him murdred pitileſs.

XXXVI.

Here ended *Brutus* ſacred progeny,
Which had ſeven hundred years this ſcepter borne,
With high renown, and great felicity.
The noble branch from th'antique ſtock was torn
Through diſcord, and the royal throne forlorn:
Thenceforth this realm was into factions rent,
Whilſt each of *Brutus* boaſted to be born,
That in the end was left no monument
Of *Brutus*, nor of *Britons* glory ancient.

XXXVII.

Then up aroſe a man of matchleſs might,
And wondrous wit to menage high affairs,
Who ſtir'd with pity of the ſtreſſed plight
Of this ſad realm, cut into ſundry ſhares
By ſuch as claim'd themſelves *Brutes* rightful heirs,
Gather'd the Princes of the people looſe,
To taken counſel of their common cares;
Who with his wiſdom won, him ſtraight did chooſe
Their King, and ſwore him fealty to win or loſe.

XXXVIII.

Then made he head against his enemies,
And *Ymner* slew, or *Logris* miscreate;
Then *Ruddoc* and proud *Stater*, both allies,
This of *Albanie* newly nominate,
And that of *Cambry* King confirmed late,
He overthrew through his own valiance;
Whose countries he reduc'd to quiet state,
And shortly brought to civil governance,
Now one, which earst were many made through variance.

XXXIX.

Then made he sacred laws, which some men say
Were unto him reveal'd in vision,
By which he freed the travellers highway,
The churches part, and ploughmans portion,
Restraining stealth, and strong extortion;
The gracious *Numa* of great *Britanny:*
For till his days, the chief dominion
By strength was wielded without policy;
Therefore he first wore crown of gold for dignity.

XL.

Donwallo dy'd (for what may live for aye?)
And left two sons, of peerless prowess both;
That sacked *Rome* too dearly did assay,
The recompence of their perjured oath,
And ransackt *Greece* well tryde, when they were wroth;
Besides subjected *France*, and *Germany*,
Which yet their praises speak, all —— be they loth
And inly tremble at the memory
Of *Brennus* and *Bellinus*, Kings of *Britanny*.

XLI.

Next them, did *Gurgunt*, great *Bellinus* son,
In rule succeed, and eke in fathers praise;
He *Easterland* subdu'd, and *Denmark* won,
And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
The which was due in his dead fathers days:
He also gave to fugitives of *Spain*
(Whom he at sea found wandring from their ways)
A seat in *Ireland* safely to remain,
Which they should hold of him, as subject to *Britain*.

XLII.

After him reigned *Gutiheline* his heir
(The juſteſt man and trueſt in his days)
Who had to wife Dame *Mertia* the fair,
A woman worthy of immortal praiſe,
Which for this realm found many goodly lays,
And wholeſome ſtatutes to her huſband brought;
Her many deem'd to have been of the *Fays*,
As was *Ægerie*, that *Numa* taught;
Thoſe yet of her be *Mertian* laws both nam'd and thought.

XLIII

Her ſon *Sifillus* after her did reign,
And then *Kimarus*, and then *Danius*;
Next whom *Morindus* did the crown ſuſtain:
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,
And cruel rancour dimm'd his valorous
And mighty deeds, ſhould matched have the beſt:
As well in that ſame field victorious
Againſt the foreign *Morands* he expreſt;
Yet lives his memory, though carcaſs ſleep in reſt.

XLIV.

Five ſons he left begotten of one wife,
All which ſucceſſively by turns did reign:
Firſt *Gorboman*, a man of virtuous life;
Next *Archigald*, who for his proud diſdain,
Depoſed was from Princedom ſoverain,
And pitious *Elidure* put in his ſted;
Who ſhortly it to him reſtor'd again,
Till by his death he it recovered;
But *Peridure* and *Vigent* him diſthronized.

XLV.

In wretched priſon long he did remain,
Till they outreigned had their utmoſt date,
And then therein reſeized was again,
And ruled long with honorable ſtate,
Till he ſurrendred realm and life to fate.
Then all the ſons of theſe five brethren reign'd
By due ſucceſs, and all their nephews late,
Even thrice elev'n deſcents the crown retain'd,
Till aged *Hely* by due heritage it gain'd.

XLVI.

He had two ſons, whoſe eldeſt called *Lud*
Left of his life moſt famous memory,
And endleſs monuments of his great good:
The ruin'd walls he did re-edify
Of *Troynovant*, 'gainſt force of enemy,
And built that gate, which of his name is hight,
By which he lies entombed ſolemnly.
He left two ſons, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and *Tenantius*, pictures of his might.

XLVII.

Whilſt they were young, *Caſſibalane* their Eme
Was by the people choſen in their ſted,
Who on him took the royal diadem,
And goodly well long time it governed,
Till the proud *Romans* him diſquieted,
And warlike *Cæſar*, tempted with the name
Of this ſweet iſland never conquered,
And envying the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hither came.

XLVIII.

Yet twice they were repulſed back again,
And twice renforſt, back to their ſhips to fly,
The whiles with blood they all the ſhore did ſtain.
And the gray ocean into purple dye:
Ne had they footing found at laſt perdie,
Had not *Androgeus*, falſe to native ſoil,
And envious of Uncles ſoverainty,
Betray'd his country unto foreign ſpoil:
Nought elſe, but treaſon, from the firſt this land did foil!

XLIX.

So by him *Cæſar* got the victory,
Through great bloodſhed, and many a ſad aſſay,
In which himſelf was charged heavily
Of hardy *Nennius*, whom he yet did ſlay,
But loſt his ſword, yet to be ſeen this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributary made
T'ambitious *Rome*, and did their rule obey,
Till *Arthur* all that reckoning defrayd;
Yet oft the Briton Kings againſt them ſtrongly ſway'd.

L.

Next him, *Tenantius* reign'd, then *Kimbeline*,
What time th' eternal Lord in fleſhly ſlime
Enwombed was, from wretched *Adams* line,
To purge away the guilt of ſinful crime:
O joyous memory of happy time,
That heavenly grace ſo plentiouſly diſplay'd!
O too high ditty for my ſimple rime!
Soon after this, the *Romans* him warray'd;
For that their tribute he refus'd to let be payd.

LI.

Good *Claudius*, that next was Emperor,
An army brought, and with him battle fought,
In which the King was by a treachetor
Diſguiſed ſlain, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceaſed not the bloody fight for ought;
For *Arvirage* his brothers place ſupplide,
Both in his arms and crown; and by that draught
Did drive the *Romans* to the weaker ſide,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifide.

LII.

Was never King more highly magnifide,
Nor drad of *Romans*, than was *Arvirage*;
For which the Emperor to him allide
His Daughter *Genuiſs'* in marriage:
Yet ſhortly he renounſt the vaſſalage
Of *Rome* again, who hither haſt'ly ſent
Veſpaſian, that with great ſpoil and rage
Forwaſted all, till *Genuiſſa* gent
Perſuaded him to ceaſe, and her Lord to relent.

LIII.

He dy'd; and him ſucceeded *Marius*,
Who joy'd his days in great tranquillity:
Then *Coyl*, and after him good *Lucius*,
That firſt received chriſtianity,
The ſacred pledge of Chriſts evangely:
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;

LIV.

This good King ſhortly without iſſue dy'd,
Whereof great trouble in the Kingdom grew,
That did herſelf in ſundry parts divide,
And with her powre her own ſelf overthrew,
Whilſt *Romans* daily did the weak ſubdue:
Which ſeeing, ſtout *Bunduca* up aroſe,
And taking arms, the *Britons* to her drew;
With whom ſhe marched ſtraight againſt her foes,
And them unwares beſides the *Severn* did encloſe.

LV.

There ſhe with them a cruel battle tride,
Not with ſo good ſucceſs, as ſhe deſerv'd;
By reaſon that the captains on her ſide,
Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her ſwerv'd:
Yet ſuch as were through former flight preſerv'd,
Gathering again, her hoſt ſhe did renew,
And with freſh courage on the victor ſerv'd:
But being all defeated ſave a few,
Rather than fly, or be captiv'd, her ſelf ſhe ſlew.

LVI.

O famous monument of womens praiſe,
Matchable either to *Semiramis*,
Whom antique hiſtory ſo high doth raiſe,
Or to *Hypſiphil'*, or to *Thomiris*:
Her hoſt two hundred thouſand numbred is;
Who whiles good fortune favoured her might,
Triumphed oft againſt her enemies;
And yet though overcome in hapleſs fight,
She triumphed on death, in enemies deſpight.

LVII.

Her reliques *Fulgent* having gathered,
Fought with *Severus*, and him overthrew;
Yet in the chace was ſlain of them that fled;
So made them victors, whom he did ſubdue
Then 'gan *Carauſius* tyrannize anew,
And gainſt the *Romans* bent their proper powre,
And him *Alectus* treacherouſly ſlew,
And took on him the robe of Emperoure:
Nath'leſs the ſame enjoyed but ſhort happy houre:

LVIII.

For *Asclepiodate* him overcame,
And left inglorious on the vanquisht plain,
Without or robe, or rag, to hide his shame.
Then afterwards he in his stead did reign;
But shortly was by *Coyl* in battle slain:
Who after long debate, since *Lucies* time,
Was of the *Britons* first crown'd soverain:
Then 'gan this realm renew her passed prime:
He of his name *Coylchester* built of stone and lime.

LIX.

Which when the *Romans* heard, they hither sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whom King *Coyl* made an agreement,
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
Fair *Helena*, the fairest living wight;
Who in all godly thews, and goodly praise
Did far excell, but was most famous hight
For skill in musick of all in her days,
As well in curious instruments, as cunning lays.

LX.

Of whom he did great *Constantine* beget,
Who afterward was Emperour of *Rome*;
To which whiles absent he his mind did set,
Octavius here lept into his room,
And it usurped by unrighteous doom:
But he his title justifide by might,
Slaying *Trahern*, and having overcome
The *Roman* legion in dreadful fight:
So settled he his Kingdom, and confirm'd his right.

LXI.

But wanting issue male, his daughter dear
He gave in wedlock to *Maximian*,
And him with her made of his Kingdom heir,
Who soon by means thereof the Empire wan,
Till murdred by the friends of *Gratian*:
Then 'gan the *Huns* and *Picts* invade this land,
During the reign of *Maximinian*;
Who dying, left none heir them to withstand,
But that they overran all parts with easie hand.

LXII.

The weary *Britons*, whoſe war-hable youth
Was by *Maximian* lately led away,
With wretched miſeries, and woeful ruth,
Were to thoſe Pagans made an open prey,
And daily ſpectacle of ſad decay:
Whom *Roman* wars, which now four hundred years,
And more had waſted, could no whit diſmay;
Till by conſent of commons and of peers,
They crown'd the ſecond *Conſtantine* with joyous tears.

LXIII.

Who having oft in battle vanquiſhed
Thoſe ſpoilful *Picts*, and ſwarming *Eaſterlings*,
Long time in peace his realm eſtabliſhed,
Yet oft annoy'd with ſundry bordragings
Of neighbour *Scots*, and foreign ſcatterlings,
With which the world did in thoſe days abound:
Which to outbar, with painſul pionings
From ſea to ſea he heapt a mighty mound,
Which from *Alcluid* to *Panwelt* did that border bound.

LXIV.

Three ſons he dying left, all under age:
By means whereof, their uncle *Vortigere*
Uſurp the crown, during their pupillage;
Which th' infants tutors gathering to fear,
Them cloſely into *Armorick* did bear:
For dread of whom, and for thoſe *Picts* annoys.
He ſent to *Germany*, ſtrange aid to rear,
From whence eftſoons arrived here three hoys
Of *Saxons*, whom he for his ſafëty imploys.

LXV.

Two brethren were their capitains, which hight
Hengiſt and *Horſus*, well approv'd in war,
And both of them men of renowned might;
Who making vantage of their civil jar,
And of thoſe foreigners, which came from far,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the realm ere long they ſtronger are,
Than they which ſought at firſt their helping hand,
And *Vortiger* enforſt the Kingdom to aband.

LXVI.

But by the help of *Vortimere* his ſon,
He is again unto his rule reſtor'd,
And *Hengiſt* ſeeming ſad for that was done,
Received is to grace and new accord,
Through his fair daughters face, and flattring word;
Soon after which, three hundred Lords he ſlew
Of Britiſh blood, all ſitting at his bord;
Whoſe doleful monuments who liſt to rew,
Th'eternal marks of treaſon may at *Stonhenge* view.

LXVII.

By this the ſons of *Conſtantine*, which fled,
Ambroſe and *Uther* did ripe years attain,
And here arriving, ſtrongly challenged
The crown, which *Vortiger* did long detain:
Who flying from his guilt, by them was ſlain,
And *Hengiſt* eke ſoon brought to ſhameful death.
Thenceforth *Aurelius* peaceably did reign,
Till that through poiſon ſtopped was his breath;
So now entombed lyes at *Stonhenge* by the heath.

LXVIII.

After him *Uther*, which *Pendragon* hight,
Succeeding, there abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other ceſure right,
As if the reſt ſome wicked hand did rend,
Or the author ſelf could not at leaſt attend
To finiſh it: that ſo untimely breach
The Prince himſelf half ſeemeth to offend,
Yet ſecret pleaſure did offence empeach,
And wonder of antiquity long ſtopt his ſpeech.

LIX.

At laſt, quite raviſht with delight to hear
The royal offspring of his native land,
Cride out, dear country, O how dearly dear
Ought thy remembrance, and perpetual band
Be to thy foſter child, that from thy hand
Did common breath and nouriture receive!
How brutiſh is it, not to underſtand
How much to her we owe, that all us gave,
That gave unto us all, whatever good we have.

LXX.

But *Guyon* all this while his book did read,
Ne yet has ended: for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leiſure, ſo long leaves here to repeat:
It told how firſt *Prometheus* did create
A man, of many parts from beaſts derivd,
And then ſtole fire from heav'n, to animate
His work, for which he was by *Jove* deprivd
Of life himſelf, and heart-ſtrings of an Eagle rivd.

LXXI.

That man ſo made, he called *Elfe*, to weet,
Quick, the firſt author of all Elfin kind:
Who wandring through the world with weary feet,
Did in the gardens of *Adonis* find
A goodly creature, whom he deem'd in mind
To be no earthly wight, but either ſpright,
Or Angel, th'author of all woman-kind;
Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
Of whom all *Fairies* ſpring, and fetch their linage right.

LXXII.

Of theſe a mighty people ſhortly grew,
And puiſſant Kings, which all the world warray'd,
And to themſelves all nations did ſubdew:
The firſt and eldeſt, which that ſcepter ſway'd,
Was *Elfin*; him all *India* obey'd,
And all that now *America* men call:
Next him was noble *Elfinan*, who lay'd
Cleopolis foundation firſt of all:
But *Elfiline* enclos'd it with a golden wall.

LXXIII.

His Son was *Elfinel*, who overcame
The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloody field:
But *Elfant* was of moſt renowned fame,
Who all of chryſtal did *Panthea* build:
Then *Elfar*, who two brethren Giants killed,
The one of which had two heads, th'other three:
Then *Elfinor*, who was in magick ſkilld;
He built by art upon the glaſſy ſea (to be.
A bridge of braſs, whoſe ſound heavens thunder ſeem'd

LXXIV.

He left three ſons, the which in order reign'd,
And all their offspring, in their due deſcents,
Ev'n ſeven hundred Princes, which maintain'd
With mighty deeds their ſundry governments;
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much material:
Yet ſhould they be moſt famous monuments,
And brave enſample both of martial
And civil rule, to Kings and ſtates imperial.

LXXV.

After all theſe *Elficleos* did reign,
The wiſe *Elficleos* in great majeſty,
Who mightily that ſcepter did ſuſtain,
And with rich ſpoils and famous victory,
Did high advance the crown of *Faëry:*
He left two ſons, of which fair *Elferon*,
The eldeſt brother did untimely dye;
Whoſe empty place the mighty *Oberon*
Doubly ſupplide, in ſpouſal and dominion.

LXXVI.

Great was his powre and glory, over all
Which him before that ſacred ſeat did fill,
That yet remains his wide memorial:
He dying, left the faireſt *Tanaquill*,
Him to ſucceed therein, by his laſt will:
Fairer and nobler liveth none this houre,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned ſkill;
Therefore they *Glorian* call that glorious flowre,
Long mayſt thou *Glorian* live, in glory and great powre.

LXXVII.

Beguil'd thus with delight of novelties,
And natural deſire of countries ſtate,
So long they read 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 think, how ſupper did them long await:
So half unwilling from their books them brought,
And fairly feaſted, as ſo noble Knights ſhe ought.

CANTO XI.

The enemies of Temperance
Besiege her dwelling place:
Prince Arthur *them repells, and foul*
Maleger doth deface.

I.

WHAT war so cruel, or what siege so sore,
As that, which strong affections do apply,
Against the fort of reason evermore
To bring the soul into captivity!
Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the frail flesh, relenting to their rage,
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Upon the parts, brought into their bondage;
No wretchedness is like to sinful villenage.

II.

But in a body, which doth freely yield
His parts to reasons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the scepter wield,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is settled there in sure establishment;
There *Alma*, like a virgin Queen most bright,
Doth flourish in all beauty excellent;
And to her guests doth bounteous banquet dight,
Attempred goodly well for health and for delight.

III.

Early before the morn with crimson ray,
The windows of bright heaven open'd had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might look, that maketh every creature glad,
Uprose Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,
And to his purpos'd journey him prepar'd:
With him the Palmer eke, in habit sad,
Himself addrest to that adventure hard:
So to the rivers side they both together far'd.

IV.

Where them awaited ready at the ford
The *Ferryman*, as *Alma* had behight,
With his well rigged boat: They go abord,
And he eftſoons 'gan launch his bark forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of ſight,
And faſt the land behind them fled away.
But let them paſs, whiles wind and weather right
Do ſerve their turns: here I awhile muſt ſtay,
To ſee a cruel fight doen by the Prince this day.

V.

For all ſo ſoon as *Guyon* thence was gone
Upon his voyage with his truſty guide,
That wicked band of villains freſh begun
That caſtle to aſſail on every ſide,
And lay ſtrong ſiege about it far and wide.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they under them did hide;
So foul and ugly, that exceeding fear
Their viſages impreſt, when they approched near.

VI.

Them in twelve troops their captain did diſpart,
And round about in fitteſt ſteads did place,
Where each might beſt offend his proper part,
And his contrary object moſt deface,
As every one ſeem'd meeteſt in that caſe.
Seven of the ſame againſt the caſtle gate,
In ſtrong entrenchments he did cloſely place,
Which with inceſſant force and endleſs hate,
They battred day and night, and entrance did awaite.

VII.

The other five, five ſundry ways he ſet,
Againſt the five great bulwarks of that pile;
And unto each a bulwark did arret,
T'aſſail with open force or hidden guile,
In hope thereof to win victorious ſpoil.
They all that charge did fervently apply,
With greedy malice and importune toil,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they daily made moſt dreadful battery.

VIII.

The firſt troop was a monſtrous rabblement
Of foul miſhapen wights, of which ſome were
Headed like Owls, with beaks uncomely bent,
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,
And ſome had wings, and ſome had claws to tear,
And every one of them had Lynces eyes,
And every one did bow and arrows bear;
All thoſe were lawleſs luſts, corrupt envies,
And covetous aſpects, all cruel enemies.

IX.

Thoſe ſame againſt the bulwark of the ſight
Did lay ſtrong ſiege, and battailous aſſault,
Ne once did yield it reſpit day nor night:
But ſoon as *Titan* 'gan his head exault,
And ſoon again as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engins they againſt it bent:
That is each thing, by which the eyes may fault;
But two than all more huge and violent,
Beauty, and money, they that bulwark ſorely rent.

X.

The ſecond bulwark was the *Hearing* ſenſe,
Gainſt which the ſecond troop deſſignment makes;
Deformed creatures, in ſtrange difference,
Some having heads like Harts, ſome like to Snakes,
Some like wild Boars late rouz'd out of the brakes;
Slanderous reproches, and foul infamies,
Leaſings, backbitings, and vain-glorious crakes,
Bad counſels, praiſes, and falſe flatteries,
All thoſe againſt that Fort did bend their batteries.

XI.

Likewiſe that ſame third fort, that is the *Smell*,
Of that third troop was cruelly aſſay'd:
Whoſe hideous ſhapes were like to fiends of hell,
Some like to Hounds, ſome like to Apes diſmay'd,
Some like to Puttocks, all in plumes array'd:
All ſhapt according their conditions,
For by thoſe ugly forms weren pourtray'd
Fooliſh delights and fond abuſions,
Which do that ſenſe beſiege with light illuſions.

XII.

And that fourth band, which cruel battry bent,
Againſt the fourth bulwark, that is the *Taſte*,
Was as the reſt, a gryſie rabblement,
Some mouth'd like greedy Oſtriges, ſome faſt
Like loathly Toades, ſome faſhion'd in the waiſt
Like ſwine; for, ſo deform'd is luxury:
Surfeit, miſdiet, and unthrifty waſte,
Vain feaſts, and idle ſuperfluity:
All thoſe this ſenſes fort aſſail inceſſantly.

XIII.

But the fifth troop moſt horrible of hue,
And fierce of force, was dreadful to report:
For ſome like ſnails, ſome did like ſpiders ſhew
And ſome like ugly Urchins thick and ſhort:
They cruelly aſſailed that fifth fort,
Armed with darts of ſenſual delight,
With ſtings of carnal luſt, and ſtrong effort
Of feeling pleaſures, with which day and night
Againſt that ſame fifth bulwark they continued fight.

XIV.

Thus theſe twelve troops with dreadful puiſſance
Againſt that caſtle reſtleſs ſiege did lay,
And evermore their hideous ordinance
Upon the bulwarks cruelly did play,
That now it 'gan to threaten near decay:
And evermore their wicked Capitain
Provoked them the breaches to aſſay,
Sometimes with threats, ſometimes with hope of gain,
Which by the ranſack of that place they ſhould attain.

XV.

On t'other ſide, th' aſſieged caſtles ward
Their ſtedfaſt ſtonds did mightily maintain,
And many bold repulſe, and many hard
Atchievement wrought with peril and with pain,
That goodly frame from ruin to ſuſtain:
And thoſe two brethren Giants did defend
The walls ſo ſtoutly with their ſturdy main,
That never entrance any durſt pretend,
But they to direful death their groaning ghoſts did ſend.

XVI.

The noble Virgin, Lady of the place,
Was much dismayed with that dreadful sight
(For never was she in so evil case)
Till that the Prince seeing her woeful plight,
Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
Offring his service, and his dearest life
For her defence, against that Carle to fight,
Which was their chief and th'author of that strife:
She him remercied as the patron of her life.

XVII.

Eftsoons himself in glitterand arms he dight,
And his well proved weapons to him hent;
So taking courteous congé he behight
Those gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went,
Fair mote he thee, the prowest and most gent,
That ever brandished bright steel on high:
Whom soon as that unruly rabblement,
With his gay Squire issuing did espy,
They rear'd a most outrageous dreadful yelling cry.

XVIII.

And therewith all attonce at him let fly
Their fluttring arrows, thick as flakes of snow,
And round about him flock impetuously,
Like a great water flood, that tumbling low
From the high mountains, threats to overflow
With suddain fury all the fertile plain,
And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw
Adown the stream, and all his vows make vain,
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruin may sustain.

XIX.

Upon his shield their heaped hail he bore,
And with his sword dispersst the rascal flocks,
Which fled asunder, and him fell before,
As wither'd leaves drop from their dryed stocks,
When the wroth western wind does reave their locks;
And underneath him his courageous steed,
The fierce *Spumador* trode them down like docks,
The fierce *Spumador*, born of heavenly seed:
Such as *Laomedon* of *Phœbus* race did breed.

XX.

Which ſuddain horrour and confuſed cry,
Whenas their captain heard, in haſte he yode
The cauſe to weet, and fault to remedy;
Upon a Tigre ſwift and fierce he rode,
That as the wind ran underneath his lode,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground;
Full large he was of limb, and ſhoulders brode,
But of ſuch ſubtile ſubſtance and unſound,
That like a ghoſt he ſeem'd, whoſe grave-cloths were un-
[bound.

XXI.

And in his hand a bended bow was ſeen,
And many arrows under his right ſide,
All deadly dangerous, all cruel keen,
Headed with flint, and feathers bloody dy'd,
Such as the *Indians* in their quivers hide;
Thoſe could he well direct and ſtrait as line,
And bid them ſtrike the mark, which he had ey'd;
Ne was there ſalve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds: ſo inly they did tine.

XXII.

As pale and wan as aſhes was his look,
His body lean and meagre as a rake,
And skin all wither'd like a dryed rook,
Thereto as cold and drery as a Snake,
That ſeem'd to tremble evermore and quake:
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twiſted brake,
Upon his head he wore an helmet light
Made of a dead mans ſcull, that ſeem'd a ghaſtly ſight.

XXIII.

Maleger was his name, and after him
There follow'd faſt at hand two wicked Hags,
With hoary locks all looſe, and viſage grim;
Their feet unſhod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
And both as ſwift on foot, as chaſed Stags;
And yet the one her other leg had lame,
Which with a ſtaff, all full of little ſnags
She did diſport, and *Impotence* her name:
But th'other was *Impatience*, arm'd with raging flame.

XXIV.

Soon as the Carle from far the Prince eſpide,
Gliſtring in arms, and warlike ornament,
His beaſt he felly prickt on either ſide,
And his miſchievous bow full ready bent,
With which at him a cruel ſhaft he ſent:
But he was wary, and it warded well
Upon his ſhield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrel fell:
Then he another and another did expell.

XXV.

Which to prevent, the Prince his mortal ſpear
Soon to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
To be avenged of that ſhot whylear:
But he was not ſo hardy to abide
That bitter ſtownd, but turning quick aſide
His light-foot beaſt fled faſt away for fear:
Whom to purſue, the infant after hy'd,
So faſt as his good courſer could him bear,
But labour loſt it was, to ween approch him near.

XXVI.

For as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
That view of eye could ſcarce him overtake,
Ne ſcarce his feet on ground were ſeen to tred;
Through hills and dales he ſpeedy way did make,
Ne hedge ne ditch his ready paſſage brake,
And in his flight the villain turn'd his face
(As wonts the *Tartar* by the *Caſpian* lake,
Whenas the *Ruſſian* him in fight does chace)
Unto his Tygers tail, and ſhot at him apace.

XXVII.

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 purſue:
Who when his uncouth manner he did view
He 'gan avize to follow him no more,
But keep his ſtanding, and his ſhafts eſchew,
Until he quite had ſpent his perlous ſtore,
And then aſſail him freſh, ere he could ſhift for more.

XXVIII.

But that lame Hag, ſtill as abroad he ſtrew
His wicked arrows, gathred them again,
And to him brought, freſh battle to renew:
Which he eſpying, caſt her to reſtrain
From yielding ſuccour to that curſed ſwain,
And her attaching, thought her hands to tye;
But ſoon as him diſmounted on the plain,
That other Hag did far away eſpy
Binding her ſiſter, ſhe to him ran haſtily.

XXIX.

And catching hold of him, as down he lent,
Him backward overthrew, and down him ſtayd
With their rude hands, and grieſly grapplement,
Till that the villain coming to their ayd,
Upon him fell, and load upon him layd,
Full little wanted, but he had him ſlain,
And of the battle baleful end had made,
Had not his gentle Squire beheld his pain,
And comen to his reſcue, ere his bitter bane.

XXX.

So greateſt and moſt glorious thing on ground
May often need the help of weaker hand;
So feeble is man's ſtate, and life unſound,
That in aſſurance it may never ſtand,
Till it diſſolved be from earthly band.
Proof be thou Prince, the proweſt man alive,
And nobleſt born of all in *Briton* land;
Yet thee fierce fortune did ſo nearly drive,
That had not grace thee bleſt, thou ſhouldeſt not ſurvive.

XXXI.

The Squire arriving, fiercely in his arms
Snatcht firſt the one, and then the other jade,
His chiefeſt lets and authors of his harms,
And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
Leſt that his Lord they ſhould behind invade;
The whiles the Prince prickt with reproachful ſhame,
As one awakt out of long ſlumbring ſhade,
Reviving thought of glory and of fame,
United all his powres to purge himſelf from blame.

XXXII.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long been under kept, and down ſuppreſt,
With murmurous diſdain doth inly rave,
And grudge, in ſo ſtreight priſon to be preſt,
At laſt breaks forth with furious unreſt,
And ſtrives to mount unto his native ſeat;
All that did earſt it hinder and moleſt,
It now devours with flames and ſcorching heat,
And carries into ſmoak with rage and horrour great.

XXXIII.

So mightily the *Briton* Prince him rous'd
Out of his hold, and broke his caitive bands,
And as a Bear whom angry curs have touz'd,
Having off-ſhakt them, and eſcapt their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withſtands
Treads down and overthrows. Now had the Carle
Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
Diſcharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,
To ſeize upon his foe flat lying on the marle.

XXXIV.

Which now him turn'd to diſadvantage drear;
For neither can he fly, nor other harm,
But truſt unto his ſtrength and manhood mear,
Sith now he is far from his monſtrous ſwarm,
And of his weapons did himſelf diſarm.
The Knight yet wrathful for his late diſgrace,
Fiercely advanſt his valorous right arm,
And him ſo ſore ſmote with his iron mace,
That groveling to the ground he fell, and fill'd his place.

XXXV.

Well weened he that field was then his own,
And all his labour brought to happy end,
When ſuddain up the villain overthrown,
Out of his ſwoun aroſe, freſh to contend,
And 'gan himſelf to ſecond battle bend,
As hurt he had not been. Thereby there lay
An huge great ſtone, which ſtood upon one end,
And had not been removed many a day,
Some land-mark ſeem'd to be, or ſign of ſundry way.

XXXVI.

The ſame he ſnatcht, and with exceeding ſway
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
To ſhun the engin of his meant decay;
It booted not to think that throw to bear,
But ground he gave, and lightly leapt arear:
Eft fierce returning, as a Faulcon fair
That once hath failed of her ſouſe full near,
Remounts again into the open air,
And unto better fortune doth herſelf prepare:

XXXVII.

So brave returning, with his brandiſht blade
He to the Carle himſelf again addreſt,
And ſtrook at him ſo ſternly, that he made
An open paſſage through his riven breaſt,
That half the ſteel behind his back did reſt:
Which drawing back, he looked evermore
When the heart blood ſhould guſh out of his cheſt,
Or his dead corſe ſhould fall upon the flore;
But his dead corſe upon the flore fell nathemore:

XXXVIII.

Ne drop of blood appeared ſhed to be,
All were the wound ſo wide and wonderous,
That through his carcaſs one might plainly ſee.
Half in amaze with horror hideous,
And half in rage to be deluded thus,
Again through both the ſides he ſtrook him quight,
That made his ſpright to groan full pitious:
Yet nathemore forth fled his groaning ſpright;
But freſhly as at firſt, prepar'd himſelf to fight.

XXXIX.

Thereat he ſmitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his heart appall:
Ne wiſt he what to think of that ſame ſight,
Ne what to ſay, ne what to do at all:
He doubted, leſt it were ſome magicall
Illuſion, that did beguile his ſenſe,
Or wandring ghoſt, that wanted funeral,
Or airy ſpirit under falſe pretence,
Or helliſh fiend rais'd up through deviliſh ſcience.

XL.

His wonder far exceeded reaſons reach,
That he began to doubt his dazled ſight,
And oft of error did himſelf appeach:
Fleſh without blood, a perſon without ſpright,
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
That could do harm, yet could not harmed be,
That could not dye, yet ſeem'd a mortal wight,
That was moſt ſtrong in moſt infirmity,
Like did he never hear, like did he never ſee.

XLI.

Awhile he ſtood in this aſtoniſhment;
Yet would he not for all his great diſmay
Give over to effect his firſt intent,
And th'utmoſt means of victory aſſay,
Or th'utmoſt iſſue of his own decay.
His own good ſword *Mordure*, that never fail'd
At need, till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright ſhield that nought him now avail'd,
And with his naked hands him forcibly aſſail'd.

XLII.

Twixt his two mighty arms him up he ſnatcht,
And cruſht his carcaſs ſo againſt his breaſt,
That the diſdainful ſoul he thence diſpatcht,
And th'idle breath all utterly expreſt:
Tho when he felt him dead, adown he keſt
The lumpiſh corſe unto the ſenſeleſs ground:
Adown he keſt it with ſo puiſſant wreſt,
That back again it did aloft rebound,
And gave againſt his mother earth a groanful ſound;

XLIII.

As when *Jove's* harneſs-bearing bird from high
Stoops at a flying Heron with proud diſdain,
The ſtone dead quarry falls ſo forcibly,
That it rebounds againſt the lowly plain,
A ſecond fall redoubling back again.
Then thought the Prince all peril ſure was paſt,
And that he victor only did remain;
No ſooner thought, than that the Carle as faſt
Gan heap huge ſtrokes on him, as ere he down was caſt.

XLIV.

Nigh his wits end then wox th'amazed Knight,
And thought his labour loſt and travail vain,
Againſt this lifeleſs ſhadow ſo to fight:
Yet life he ſaw, and felt his mighty main,
That whiles he marveil'd ſtill, did ſtill him pain:
Forthy he 'gan ſome other ways adviſe,
How to take life from that dead living ſwain,
Whom ſtill he marked freſhly to ariſe
From th'earth, and from her womb new ſpirits to repriſe.

XLV.

He then remembred well, that had been ſaid,
How th'earth his mother was, and firſt him bore;
She eke, ſo often as his life decay'd,
Did life with uſury to him reſtore,
And rais'd him up much ſtronger than before,
So ſoon as he unto her womb did fall;
Therefore to ground he would him caſt no more,
Ne him commit to grave terreſtrial,
But bear him far from hope of ſuccour uſual.

XLVI.

Tho up he caught him twixt his puiſſant hands,
And having ſcruz'd out of his carrion corſe
The loathful life, now loos'd from ſinful bands,
Upon his ſhoulders carried him perforce
Above three furlongs, taking his full courſe,
Until he came unto a ſtanding lake;
Him thereinto he threw without remorſe,
Ne ſtir'd, till hope of life did him forſake;
So end of that Carles days, and his own pains did make.

XLVII.

Which when thoſe wicked Hags from far did ſpy,
Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands:
And th'one of them with dreadful yelling cry,
Throwing away her broken chains and bands,
And having quencht her burning fier-brands,
Headlong her ſelf did caſt into that lake;
But *Impotence* with her own wilful hands,
One of *Malegers* curſed darts did take,
So riv'd her trembling heart, and wicked end did make.

XLVIII.

Thus now alone he conqueror remains;
Tho coming to his ſquire, that kept his ſteed,
Thought to have mounted: but his feeble veins
Him fail'd thereto, and ſerved not his need,
Through loſs of blood, which from his wounds did bleed,
That he began to faint, and life decay:
But his good Squire him helping up with ſpeed,
With ſtedfaſt hand upon his horſe did ſtay,
And led him to the caſtle by the beaten way.

XLIX.

Where many grooms and Squires ready were,
To take him from his ſteed full tenderly,
And eke the faireſt *Alma* met him there
With balm and wine and coſtly ſpicery,
To comfort him in his infirmity;
Eftſoons ſhe caus'd him up to be convey'd,
And of his arms deſpoiled eaſily,
In ſumptuous bed ſhe made him to be laid,
And all the while his wounds were dreſſing, by him ſtaid.

CANTO XII.

Guyon *by Palmers governance,*
Paſſing through perils great,
Doth overthrow the Bowre of Bliſs,
And Acraſie *defeat.*

I.

NOw 'gins that goodly frame of temperance
Fairly to riſe, and her adorned head
To prick of higheſt praiſe forth to advance,
Formerly grounded, and faſt ſetteled
On firm foundation of true bountihed;
And this brave Knight, that for this vertue fights,
Now comes to point of that ſame per'lous ſted,
Where pleaſure dwells in ſenſual delights,
Mongſt thouſand dangers, and ten thouſand magick mights,

II.

Two days now in that sea he sailed has,
Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,
Ne ought save peril, still as he did pass:
Tho when appeared the third *Morrow* bright
Upon the waves to spread her trembling light,
An hideous roaring far away they heard,
That all their senses filled with affright,
And straight they saw the raging surges reard
Up to the skies, that them of drowning made afeard.

III.

Said then the *Boatman*, Palmer steer aright,
And keep an even course; for yonder way
We needs must pass (God do us well acquight)
That is the *Gulf of Greediness*, they say,
That deep engorgeth all this worldes prey:
Which having swallow'd up excessively,
He soon in vomit up again doth lay,
And belcheth forth his superfluity,
That all the seas for fear do seem away to fly.

IV.

On th'other side an hideous rock is pight,
Of mighty *Magnes* stone, whose craggy cliff
Depending from on high, dreadful to sight,
Over the waves his rugged arms doth lift,
And threatneth down to throw his ragged rift
On whoso cometh nigh; yet nigh it draws
All passengers that none from it can shift:
For whiles they fly that gulfs devouring jaws,
They on this rock are rent, and sunk in helpless waws.

V.

Forward they pass, and strongly he them rows,
Until they nigh unto that gulf arrive,
Where stream more violent and greedy grows:
Then he with all his puissance doth strive
To strike his oars, and mightily doth drive
The hollow vessel through the threatful wave;
Which gaping wide to swallow them alive
In th'huge abyss of his engulfing grave,
Doth roar at them in vain, and with great terrour rave.

VI.

They paſſing by, that grieſly mouth did ſee,
Sucking the ſeas into his entrails deep,
That ſeem'd more horrible than hell to be,
Or that dark dreadful hole of *Tartare* ſteep,
Through which the damned ghoſts doen often creep
Back to the world, bad livers to torment:
But nought that falls into this direful deep,
Ne that approacheth nigh the wide deſcent,
May back return, but is condemned to be drent.

VII.

On th'other ſide, they ſaw that per'lous rocke,
Threatning it ſelf on them to ruinate,
On whoſe ſharp clifts the ribs of veſſels broke,
And ſhiver'd ſhips which had been wrecked late,
Yet ſtuck with carcaſſes exanimate
Of ſuch, as having all their ſubſtance ſpent
In wanton joys, and luſts intemperate,
Did afterwards make ſhipwreck violent
Both of their life and fame for ever fouly blent.

VIII.

Forthy this hight *The Rock of* vile *Reproach*,
A dangerous and deteſtable place,
To which nor fiſh nor fowl did once approach,
But yelling Meaws, with Seagulls hoarſe and baſe,
And Cormoyrants, with birds of ravenous race,
Which ſtill ſate waiting on that waſteful clift,
For ſpoil of wretches, whoſe unhappy caſe,
After loſt credit and conſumed thrift,
At laſt them driving hath to this deſpairful drift.

IX.

The Palmer, ſeeing them in ſafety paſt,
Thus ſaid; Behold th'enſamples in our ſights
Of luſtful luxury and thriftleſs waſte:
What now is left of miſerable wights,
Which ſpent their looſers days in lew'd delights,
But ſhame and ſad reproach, here to be read,
By theſe rent reliques, ſpeaking their ill plights?
Let all that live, hereby be counſelled,
To ſhun *Rock of Reproach*, and it as death to dread.

X.

So forth they rowed: and that *Ferryman*
With his ſtiff oars did bruſh the ſea ſo ſtrong,
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubbles danced all along,
Whiles the ſalt brine out of the billows ſprong,
At laſt far off they many iſlands ſpy,
On every ſide floating the floods emong:
Then ſaid the Knight, Lo, I the land deſcry;
Therefore old Sire, thy courſe do thereunto apply.

XI.

That may not be, ſaid then the *Ferryman*.
Leſt we unweeting hap to be fordone:
For thoſe ſame iſlands, ſeeming now and then,
Are not firm land, nor any certain wonne,
But ſtraggling plots; which to and fro do rone
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The *Wandring Iſlands*. Therefore do them ſhone;
For they have oft drawn many a wandring wight
Into moſt deadly danger and diſtreſſed plight.

XII.

Yet well they ſeem to him, that far doth view,
Both fair and fruitful, and the ground diſſpred
With graſſy green of delectable hue,
And the tall trees with leaves apparelled,
Are deckt with bloſſoms dy'd in white and red,
That mote the paſſengers thereto allure;
But whoſoever once hath faſtened
His foot thereon, may never it recure
But wandreth evermore uncertain and unſure.

XIII.

As th'Iſle of *Delos*, whylome men report
Amid th' *Ægean* ſea long time did ſtray,
Ne made for ſhipping any certain port,
Till that *Latona* travelling that way,
Flying from *Junos* wrath and hard aſſay,
Of her fair twins was there delivered,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
Thenceforth it firmly was eſtabliſhed,
And for *Appollos* honour highly herried.

XIV.

They to him hearken, as beſeemeth meet,
And paſs on forward: ſo their way does ly,
That one of thoſe ſame iſlands which do fleet
In the wide ſea, they needs muſt paſſen by,
Which ſeem'd ſo ſweet and pleaſant to the eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
Upon the bank they ſitting did eſpy
A dainty Damzel dreſſing of her hair,
By whom a little skippet floating did appear.

XV.

She them eſpying, loud to them 'gan call,
Bidding them nigher draw unto the ſhore;
For ſhe had cauſe to buſie them withall;
And therewith loudly laught; But nathemore
Would they once turn, but kept on as afore.
Which when ſhe ſaw, ſhe left her locks undight,
And running to her boat withouten oare,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did drive with all her powre and might.

XVI.

Whom overtaking, ſhe in merry ſort
Them 'gan to board, and purpoſe diverſly,
Now feigning dalliance and wanton ſport,
Now throwing forth lewd words 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 wite,
She turn'd her boat about, and from them rowed quite.

XVII.

That was the wanton *Phædria*, which late
Did ferry him over the *Idle Lake*:
Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
And all her vain allurements did forſake,
When them the wary boatman thus beſpake;
Here now behoveth us well to aviſe,
And of our ſafety good heed to take;
For here before a perilous paſſage lies,
Where many Mermaids haunt, making falſe melodies.

XVIII.

But by the way there is a great quickſand,
And a whirlepool of hidden jeopardy:
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keep an even hand;
For 'twixt them both the narrow way doth lye.
Scarce had he ſaid, when hard at hand they ſpy
That quickſand nigh with water covered;
But by the checked wave they did deſcry
It plain, and by the ſea diſcoloured:
It called was the quickſand of *Unthriftyhed.*

XIX.

They paſſing by, a goodly ſhip did ſee,
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And bravely furniſhed, as ſhip might be,
Which through great diſaventure, or miſprize,
Her ſelf had run into that hazardize;
Whoſe mariners and merchants with much toil,
Labour'd in vain to have recour'd their prize,
And the rich wares to ſave from piteous ſpoil:
But neither toyl nor travel might her back recoil.

XX.

On th'other ſide they ſee that per'lous pool,
That called was the *Whirlpool of Decay,*
In which full many had with hapleſs dool
Been ſunk, of whom no memory did ſtay:
Whoſe circled waters wrapt with whirling ſway,
Like to a reſtleſs wheel, ſtill runing round,
Did covet, as they paſſed by that way,
To draw their boat within the utmoſt bound
Of his wide *Labyrinth,* and then to have them drown'd.

XXI.

But th'heedful boatman ſtrongly forth did ſtretch
His brawny arms and all his body ſtrain,
That th'utmoſt ſandy breach, they ſhortly fetch,
Whiles the dread danger does behind remain,
Suddain they ſee, from midſt of all the main,
The ſurging waters like a mountain riſe,
And the great ſea puft up with proud diſdain,
To ſwell above the meaſure of his guiſe,
As threatning to devour all that his powre deſpiſe;

XXII.

The waves come rolling, and the billows roar
Outrageouſly, as they enraged were;
Or wrathful *Neptune* did them drive before
His whirling charet, for exceeding fear:
For not one puff of wind there did appear,
That all the three thereat wax much afraid,
Unweeting what ſuch horrour ſtrange did rear.
Eftſoons they ſaw an hideous hoſt array'd
Of huge ſea-monſters, ſuch as living ſenſe diſmayd.

XXIII.

Moſt ugly ſhapes, and horrible aſpects,
Such as Dame Nature ſelf mote fear to ſee,
Or ſhame, that ever ſhould ſo foul defects
From her moſt cunning hand eſcaped be;
All dreadful pourtraicts of deformity:
Spring-headed *Hydras*, and Sea-ſhouldring Whales,
Great whirl-pools, which all fiſhes make to flee,
Bright *Scolopendras*, arm'd with ſilver ſcales,
Mighty *Monoceroſſes*, with immeaſur'd tayls.

XXIV.

The dreadful fiſh that hath deſerv'd the name
Of death, and like him looks in dreadful hue,
The grieſly *Waſſerman*, that makes his game
The flying ſhips with ſwiftneſs to purſue,
The horrible Sea-Satyr that doth ſhew
His fearful face in time of greateſt ſtorm,
Huge *Ziffius*, whom mariners eſchew
No leſs than rocks (as travellers inform)
And greedy *Roſmarines* with viſages deform.

XXV.

All theſe, and thouſand thouſands many more,
And more deformed monſters thouſand fold,
With dreadful noiſe, and hollow rumbling rore,
Came ruſhing in the foamy waves enrold,
Which ſeem'd to fly for fear them to behold:
Ne wonder if theſe did the Knight appal;
For all that here on earth we dreadful hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withal,
Compared to the creatures in the ſeas entral.

XXVI.

Fear nought, then ſaid the Palmer well avis'd;
For theſe ſame monſters are not theſe indeed,
But are into theſe fearful ſhapes diſguis'd
By that ſame wicked Witch, to work us dreed,
And draw from on this journey to proceed.
Tho lifting up his vertuous ſtaff on high
He ſmote the ſea, which calmed was with ſpeed,
And all that dreadful army faſt 'gan fly
Into great *Tethys* boſom, where they hidden lie.

XXVII.

Quit from that danger, forth their courſe they kept:
And as they went they heard a rueful cry
Of one that wail'd and pitifully wept,
That through the ſea reſounding plaints did fly:
At laſt they in an iſland did eſpy
A ſeemly 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 evermore.

XXVIII.

Which *Guyon* hearing, ſtraight his Palmer bade
To ſteer the boat toward that doleful Maid,
That he might know, and eaſe her ſorrow ſad:
Who him aviſing better, to him ſaid;
Fair Sir, be not diſpleas'd, if diſobey'd:
For ill it were to hearken to her cry;
For ſhe is inly nothing ill appay'd,
But only womaniſh fine forgery,
Your ſtubborn heart t'affect with frail infirmity.

XXIX.

To which when ſhe your courage hath inclin'd
Through fooliſh pity, then her guileful bait,
She will emboſom deeper in your mind,
And for your ruin at the laſt await.
The Knight was ruled, and the *Boatman* ſtrait
Held on his courſe with ſtayed ſtedfaſtneſs,
Ne never ſhrunk, ne never ſought to bait
His tired arms for toilſome wearineſs,
But with his oars did ſweep the watry wilderneſs.

XXX.

And now they nigh approached to the ſted,
Whereas thoſe mermaids dwelt: it was a ſtill
And calmy bay, on th'one ſide ſheltered
With the broad ſhadow of an hoary hill,
On th'other ſide an high rock towred ſtill,
That 'twixt them both a pleaſant port they made,
And did like an half theatre fulfil:
There thoſe five ſiſters had continual trade,
And us'd to bathe themſelves in that deceitful ſhade.

XXXI.

They were fair Ladies till they fondly ſtriv'd
With th'*Heliconian* maids for maiſtery;
Of whom they overcomen, were depriv'd
Of their proud beauty, and th'one moiety
Transform'd to fiſh, for their bold ſurquedry:
But th'upper half their hue retained ſtill,
And their ſweet ſkill in wonted melody;
Which ever after they abus'd to ill,
T'allure weak travellers, whom gotten they did kill.

XXXII.

So now to *Guyon*, as he paſſed by,
Their pleaſant tunes they ſweetly thus apply'd;
O thou fair Son of gentle Faëry,
That art in mighty arms moſt magnify'd
Above all Knights that ever battle try'd,
O turn thy rudder hitherward awhile:
Here may thy ſtorm-beat veſſel ſafely ride:
This is the port of reſt from troublous toil,
The worlds ſweet inn, from pain and wearisome turmoil.

XXXIII.

With that, the rolling ſea reſounding ſoft,
In his big baſe them fitly anſwered,
And on the rock the waves breaking aloft,
A ſolemn mean unto them meaſured,
The whiles ſweet *Zephyrus* loud whiſteled
His treble, a ſtrange kind of harmony;
Which *Guyons* ſenſes ſoftly tickeled,
And he the boatman bade row eaſily,
And let him hear ſome part of their rare melody.

XXXIV.

But him the Palmer from that vanity,
With temperate advice discounselled,
That they it past, and shortly 'gan descry,
The land, to which their course they levelled;
When suddainly a gross fog overspred
With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And heavens chearfull face enveloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great universe seem'd one confused mass.

XXXV.

Thereat they greatly were dismay'd, ne wist
How to direct their way in darkness wide,
But fear'd to wander in that wasteful mist,
For tumbling into mischief unespy'd.
Worse is the danger hidden, than descry'd.
Suddainly an innumerable flight
Of harmful fowls, about them flutt'ring, cry'd,
And with their wicked wings them oft did smight,
And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.

XXXVI.

Even all the nation of unfortunate
And fatal birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhor and hate,
The ill-fac'd Owl, deaths dreadful messenger,
The hoarse Night-Raven, trump of doleful drere,
The leather-winged Bat, days enemy,
The rueful Strich, still waiting on the bier,
The Whistler shrill, that whoso hears, doth dye.
The hellish Harpies, prophets of sad destiny.

XXXVII.

All those, and all that else does horrour breed,
About them flew, and fill'd their sails with fear:
Yet staid they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th'one did row, and th'other stifly stear;
Till that at last the weather 'gan to clear,
And the fair land it self did plainly show,
Said then the Palmer, Lo where does appear
The sacred soil, where all our perils grow;
Therefore, Sir Knight, your ready arms about you throw;

XXXVIII.

He hearkned, and his arms about him took,
The whiles the nimble boat so well her sped,
That with her crooked keel the land she strook,
Then forth the noble *Guyon* sallied,
And his sage Palmer that him governed;
But th'other by his boat behind did stay.
They marched fairly forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmly arm'd for every hard assay,
With constancy and care, 'gainst danger and dismay.

XXXIX.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roar'd outrageously,
As if that hungers point, or *Venus* sting
Had them enraged with fell surquedry;
Yet nought they fear'd, but past on hardily,
Until they came in view of those wild beasts:
Who all atonce gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their upstaring crests,
Ran towards to devour those unexpected guests.

XL.

But soon as they approacht with deadly threat
The Palmer over them his staff upheld,
His mighty staff, that could all charms defeat:
Eftsoons their stubborn courages were quell'd,
And high advanced crests down meekly fell'd:
Instead of fraying, they themselves did fear,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
Such wondrous powre did in that staff appear,
All monsters to subdue to him that did it bear.

XLI.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly
Of which *Caduceus* whylome was made;
Caduceus the rod of *Mercury*,
With which he wonts the *Stygian* realms invade,
Through ghastly horrour, and eternal shade;
Th'infernal fiends with it he can assuage,
And *Orcus* tame, whom nothing can persuade,
And rule the *Furies*, when they most do rage:
Such vertue in his staff had eke this Palmer sage.

XLII.

Thence paſſing forth, they ſhortly do arrive
Whereas the *Bowre of Bliſs* was ſituate;
A place pickt out by choice of beſt alive,
That natures work by art can imitate:
In which whatever in this worldly ſtate
Is ſweet and pleaſing unto living ſenſe,
Or that may dainteſt fantaſie aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentiful diſpence,
And made there to abound with laviſh affluence.

XLIII.

Goodly it was encloſed round about,
As well their entred gueſts to keep within,
As thoſe unruly beaſts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin:
Nought fear'd they force, that fortilage to win,
But wiſdoms powre, and temperances might,
By which the mightieſt things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of ſubſtance light,
Rather for pleaſure, than for battery or fight.

XLIV.

It framed was of precious Ivory,
That ſeem'd a work of admirable wit;
And therein all the famous hiſtory
Of *Jaſon* and *Medæa* was ywrit;
Her mighty charms, her furious loving fit,
His goodly conqueſt of the golden fleece,
His falſed faith, and love too lightly flit,
The wondred *Argo*, which in vent'rous piece
Firſt through the *Euxine* ſeas bore all the flowre of *Greece*.

XLV.

Ye might have ſeen the frothy billows fry
Under the ſhip as thorough them ſhe went,
That ſeem'd the waves were into Ivory,
Or Ivory into the waves were ſent;
And otherwhere the ſnowy ſubſtance ſprent,
With vermeil like the boys blood therein ſhed,
A piteous ſpectacle did repreſent:
And otherwhiles with gold beſprinkeled,
It ſeem'd th'enchaunted flame, which did *Creuſa* wed.

XLVI.

All this, and more might in that goodly gate
Be read; that ever open ſtood to all,
Which thither came: but in the porch there ſate
A comely perſonage of ſtature tall,
And ſemblance pleaſing, more than natural,
That travellers to him ſeem'd to entiſe;
His looſer garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heels in wanton wiſe,
Not fit for ſpeedy pace, or manly exerciſe.

XLVII.

They in that place him *Genius* did call:
Not that celeſtial powre, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, pertains, in charge particular,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And ſtrange phantoms doth let us oft foreſee,
And oft of ſecret ill bids us beware:
That is our ſelf, whom though we do not ſee,
Yet each doth in himſelf it well perceive to be,

XLVIII.

Therefore a God him ſage antiquity
Did wiſely make, and good *Agdiſtes* call:
But this ſame was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good envies to all,
That ſecretly doth us procure to fall,
Through guileful ſemblants, which he makes us ſee.
He of this garden had the governal,
And pleaſures porter was deviz'd to be,
Holding a ſtaff in hand for more formalitee.

XLIX.

With diverſe flowres he daintily was deckt,
And ſtrowed round about, and by his ſide
A mighty Mazer bowl of wine was ſet,
As if it had to him been ſacrify'd;
Wherewith all new-come gueſts he gratify'd:
So did he eke Sir *Guyon* paſſing by:
But he his idle courteſie defy'd,
And overthrew his bowl diſdainfully;
And broke his ſtaff, with which he charmed ſemblants fly.

L.

Thus being entred, they behold around
A large and ſpacious plain, on every ſide
Strowed with pleaſance, whoſe fair graſſy ground
Mantled with green, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of *Floras* pride,
Wherewith her mother art, as half in ſcorn
Of niggard nature, like a pompous bride
Did deck her, and too laviſhly adorn,
When forth from virgin bowre ſhe comes in th'early morn.

LI.

Therewith the Heavens always jovial,
Lookt on them lovely, ſtill in ſtedfaſt ſtate,
Ne ſuffred ſtorm nor froſt on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
Nor ſcorching heat nor cold intemperate
T'afflict the creatures which therein did dwell,
But the mild air with ſeaſon moderate
Gently attempred, and diſpos'd ſo well,
That ſtill it breathed forth ſweet ſpirit and wholeſome ſmell.

LII.

More ſweet and wholeſome, than the pleaſant hill
Of *Rhodopé*, on which the Nymph that bore
A giant babe, her ſelf for grief did kill;
Or the Theſſalian *Tempe*, where of yore
Fair *Daphne*, *Phœbus* heart with love did gore;
Or *Ida*, where the Gods lov'd to repair,
Whenever they their heavenly bowres forlore;
Or ſweet *Parnaſſe*, the haunt of Muſes fair;
Or *Eden* ſelf, if ought with *Eden* mote compare.

LIII.

Much wondred *Guyon* at the fair aſpect
Of that ſweet place, yet ſuffred no delight
To ſink into his ſenſe, nor mind affect,
But paſſed forth, and lookt ſtill forward right;
Bridling his will, and maiſtering his might:
Till that he came unto another gate,
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With boughs and branches, which did broad dilate
Their claſping arms, in wanton wreathings intricate.

LIV.

So fashioned a porch with rare device,
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bunches hanging down, seem'd to entice
All passers by, to taste their lushious wine,
And did themselves into their hands encline,
As freely offring to be gathered:
Some deep empurpled as the *Hyacine*,
Some as the rubine, laughing sweetly red,
Some like fair emerauds, not yet well ripened.

LV.

And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art to beautify the rest,
Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
That the weak boughs with so rich load oppreſt,
Did bow adown, as over-burdened.
Under that porch a comely Dame did rest,
Clad in fair weeds, but foul disordered,
And garments loose, that seem'd unmeet for womanhed.

LVI.

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 swell'd,
Into her cup she scruz'd, with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foul empeach,
That so fair wine-press, made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she us'd to give to drink to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise, all strangers goodly so to greet.

LVII.

So she to *Guyon* offred it to taste:
Who taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in pieces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond;
Whereat *Excess* exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffred him to pass, all were she loth;
Who nought regarding her displeasure, forward go'th.

LVIII.

There the moſt dainty paradiſe on ground,
It ſelf doth offer to his ſober eye,
In which all pleaſures plenteouſly abound,
And none does others happineſs envy:
The painted flowres, the trees upſhooting high,
The dales for ſhade, the hills for breathing ſpace,
The trembling groves, the chryſtal running by;
And that, which all fair works doth moſt aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought appeared in no place.

LIX.

One would have thought (ſo cunningly the rude
And ſcorned parts were mingled with the fine)
That nature had for wantonneſs enſu'd
Art, and that art at nature did repine;
So ſtriving each th'other to undermine,
Each did the others work more beautify;
So diff'ring both in wills, agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through ſweet diverſity,
This garden to adorn with all variety.

LX.

And in the midſt of all, a fountain ſtood,
Of richeſt ſubſtance that on earth might be,
So pure and ſhiny, that the ſilver flood
Through every channel running one might ſee;
Moſt goodly it with curious imagery
Was over-wrought, and ſhapes of naked boys,
Of which ſome ſeem'd with lively jollity
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
Whilſt others did themſelves embay in liquid joys.

LXI.

And over all, of pureſt gold was ſpred
A trayle of Ivy in his native hew:
For the rich metal was ſo coloured,
That wight, who did not well avis'd it view,
Would ſurely deem it to be Ivy true:
Low his laſcivious arms adown did creep,
That themſelves dipping in the ſilver dew,
Their fleecy flowres they tenderly did ſteep,
Which drops of chryſtal ſeem'd for wantonneſs to weep.

LXII.

Infinite ſtreams continually did well
Out of this fountain, ſweet and fair to ſee,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And ſhortly grew to ſo great quantity,
That like a little lake it ſeem'd to be;
Whoſe depth exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waves one might the bottom ſee,
All pav'd beneath with Jaſper ſhining bright,
That ſeem'd the fountain in that ſea did ſail upright.

LXIII.

And all the margent round about was ſet,
With ſhady Laurel trees, thence to defend
The ſunny beams which on the billows bet,
And thoſe which therein bathed mote offend.
As *Guyon* hapned by the ſame to wend,
Two naked Damzels, he therein eſpy'd,
Which therein bathing, ſeemed to contend,
And wreſtle wantonly, ne car'd to hide
Their dainty parts from view of any which them ey'd.

LXIV.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight,
Above the waters, and then down again
Her plonge, as overmaiſtered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remain,
And each the other from to riſe reſtrain;
The whiles their ſnowy limbs, as through a veil,
So through the chryſtal waves appeared plain:
Then ſuddainly both would themſelves unhele,
And th'amorous ſweet ſpoils to greedy eyes reveal.

LXV.

As that fair ſtar, the meſſenger of morn,
His dewy face out of the ſea doth rear:
Or as the *Cyprian* Goddeſs, newly born
Of th'Oceans fruitful froth, did firſt appear,
Such ſeemed they, and ſo their yellow hair
Chryſtalline humour dropped down apace,
Whom ſuch when *Guyon* ſaw, he drew him near,
And ſomewhat 'gan relent his earneſt pace,
His ſtubborn breaſt 'gan ſecret pleaſance to embrace.

LXVI.

The wanton maidens him eſpying, ſtood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guiſe;
Then th'one her ſelf low ducked in the flood,
Abaſht that her a ſtranger did aviſe:
But th'other rather higher did ariſe,
And her two lilly paps aloft diſplay'd,
And all that might his melting heart entiſe
To her delights, ſhe unto him bewrayd:
The reſt hid underneath, him more deſirous made.

LXVII.

With that the other likewiſe up aroſe,
And her fair locks, which formerly were bound
Up in one knot, ſhe low adown did looſe:
Which flowing long and thick, her cloth'd around,
And th' Ivory in golden mantle gown'd:
So that fair ſpectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it no leſs fair was found:
So hid in locks and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face ſhe for his looking left.

LXVIII.

Withal ſhe laughed, and ſhe bluſht withal,
That bluſhing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her bluſhing, as did fall:
Now when they ſpy'd the Knight to ſlack his pace,
Them to behold, and in his ſparkling face
The ſecret ſigns of kindled luſt appear,
Their wanton merriments they did encreaſe,
And to him beckned, to approach more near,
And ſhew'd him many ſights that courage cold could rear.

LXIX.

On which when gazing him the Palmer ſaw,
He much rebukt thoſe wandring eyes of his,
And (counſell'd well) him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the *Bowre of Bliſs*,
Of her fond favourites ſo nam'd amiſs:
When thus the Palmer: Now Sir, well aviſe;
For here the end of all our travel is:
Here wonns *Acraſia*, whom we muſt ſurpriſe,
Elſe ſhe will ſlip away, and all our drift deſpiſe.

LXX.

Eftſoons they heard a moſt melodious ſound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this paradiſe, be heard elſewhere :
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear :
To read what manner muſick that mote be :
For all that pleaſing is to living ear,
Was there conſorted in one harmony ;
Birds, voices, inſtruments, winds, waters, all agree.

LXXI.

The joyous birds, ſhrouded in chearful ſhade,
Their notes unto the voice attempred ſweet ;
Th'Angelical ſoft trembling voices made
To th'inſtruments divine reſpondence meet :
The ſilver ſounding inſtruments did meet
With the baſe murmur of the waters fall,
The waters fall with difference diſcreet,
Now ſoft, now loud, unto the wind did call :
The gentle warbling wind low anſwered to all.

LXXII.

There, whence that muſick ſeemed heard to be,
Was the fair Witch, her ſelf now ſolacing
With a new Lover, whom through ſorcery
And witchcraft, ſhe from far did thither bring :
There ſhe had him now laid a ſlumbering,
In ſecret ſhade, after long wanton joys :
Whilſt round about them pleaſantly did ſing
Many fair Ladies, and laſcivious boys,
That ever mixt their ſong with light licentious toys.

LXXIII.

And all the while right over him ſhe hung,
With her falſe eyes faſt fixed in his ſight,
As ſeeking medicine, whence ſhe was ſtung,
Or greedily depaſturing delight :
And oft inclining down with kiſſes light,
For fear of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did ſuck his ſpright,
Quite molten into luſt and pleaſure lewd ;
Wherewith ſhe ſighed ſoft, as if his caſe ſhe rewd.

LXXIV.

The whiles, ſome one did chaunt this lovely lay:
Ah ſee, whoſo fair thing doſt feign to ſee,
In ſpringing flowre the image of thy day;
Ah ſee the virgin roſe, how ſweetly ſhe
Doth firſt peep forth with baſhful modeſty,
That fairer ſeems, the leſs ye ſee her may;
Lo ſee ſoon after, how more bold and free
Her bared boſom ſhe doth broad diſplay;
Lo ſee ſoon after, how ſhe fades and falls away.

LXXV.

So paſſeth, in the paſſing of a day,
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flouriſh after firſt decay,
That earſt was ſought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a Lady', and many a paramour:
Gather therefore the roſe, whilſt yet in prime,
For ſoon comes age, that will her pride deflowre:
Gather the roſe of love, whilſt yet is time,
Whilſt loving thou mayſt loved be with equal crime.

LXXVI.

He ceaſt, and then 'gan all the quire of birds
Their diverſe notes t'attune unto his lay,
As in approvance of his pleaſing words.
The conſtant pair heard all that he did ſay,
Yet ſwarved not, but kept their forward way,
Through many covert groves, and thickets cloſe,
In which they creeping did at laſt diſplay
That wanton Lady, with her Lover looſe,
Whoſe ſleepy head ſhe in her lap did ſoft diſpoſe.

LXXVII.

Upon a bed of roſes ſhe was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleaſant ſin,
And was array'd, or rather diſarray'd,
All in a veil of ſilk and ſilver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaſter ſkin,
But rather ſhew'd more white, if more might be:
More ſubtile web *Arachne* cannot ſpin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven ſee
Of ſcorched dew, do not in th' air more lightly flee.

LXXVIII.

Her ſnowy breaſt was bare to ready ſpoil
Of hungry eyes, which n'ote therewith be fill'd;
And yet through languor of her late ſweet toil,
Few drops, more clear than nectar, forth diſtill'd.
That like pure orient pearls adown it trill'd:
And her fair eyes ſweet ſmiling in delight,
Moiſtend their fiery beams, with which ſhe thrill'd
Frail hearts, yet quenched not; like ſtarry light
Which ſparkling on the ſilent waves, does ſeem more bright.

LXXIX.

The young man ſleeping by her, ſeem'd to be
Some goodly ſwain of honourable place,
That certes it great pity was to ſee
Him his nobility ſo foul deface;
A ſweet regard, and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly ſternneſs did appear
Yet ſleeping in his well proportion'd face,
And on his tender lips the downy hair
Did now but freſhly ſpring, and ſilken bloſſoms bear.

LXXX.

His warlike arms (the idle inſtruments
Of ſleeping praiſe) were hung upon a tree,
And his brave ſhield (full of old monuments)
Was foully ras't, that none the ſigns might ſee;
Ne for them, ne for honour cared he,
Ne ought that did to his advancement tend,
But in lewd loves, and waſteful luxuree,
His days, his goods, his body he did ſpend:
O horrible enchantment, that him ſo did blend!

LXXXI.

The noble Elf, and careful Palmer drew
So nigh them (minding nought but luſtful game)
That ſuddain forth they on them ruſht, and threw
A ſubtile net, which only for that ſame
The ſkilful Palmer formally did frame.
So held them under faſt, the whiles the reſt
Fled all away for fear of fouler ſhame.
The fair Enchauntreſs, ſo unwares oppreſt,
Try'd all her arts, and all her ſleights, thence out to wreſt.

LXXXII.

And eke her Lover ſtrove: but all in vain;
For that ſame net ſo cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it diſtrain.
They took them both, and both them ſtrongly bound
In captive bands, which there they ready found;
But her in chains of adamant he tyde;
For nothing elſe might keep her ſafe and ſound;
But *Verdant* (ſo he hight) he ſoon untyde,
And counſel ſage inſtead thereof to him applyde.

LXXXIII.

But all thoſe pleaſant bowres, and palace brave,
Guyon broke down, with rigour pitileſs;
Ne ought their goodly workmanſhip might ſave
Them from the tempeſt of his wrathfulneſs,
But that their bliſs he turn'd to balefulneſs:
Their groves he feld, their gardens did deface,
Their arbors ſpoil'd, their cabinets ſuppreſs,
Their banket-houſes burn, their buildings raze,
And of the faireſt late, now made the fouleſt place.

LXXXIV.

Then led they her away, and eke that Knight
They with them led, both ſorrowful and ſad:
The way they came, the ſame return'd they right,
Till they arrived where they lately had
Charm'd thoſe wild beaſts, that rag'd with fury mad;
Which now awaking, fierce at them 'gan fly,
As in their miſtreſs reskew, whom they lad;
But them the Palmer ſoon did pacifie.
Then *Guyon* askt, what meant thoſe beaſts which there did [lie.

LXXXV.

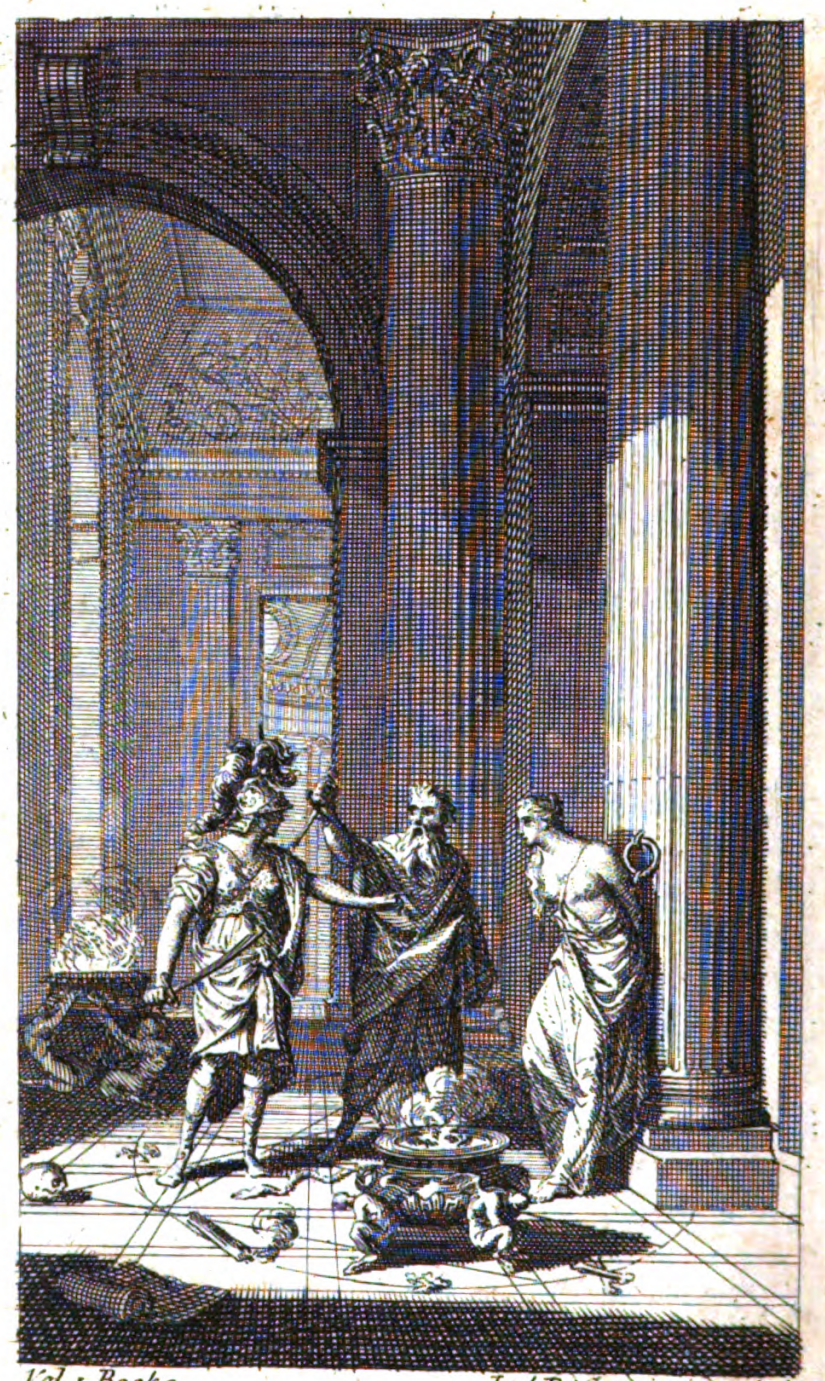
Said he, theſe ſeeming beaſts are men indeed,
Whom this Enchauntreſs hath transformed thus,
Whylome her Lovers, which her luſts did feed,
Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their minds like monſtruous.
Sad end, quoth he, of life intemperate,
And mournful meed of joys delicious:
But Palmer, if it mote thee ſo aggrate,
Let them returned be unto their former ſtate.

LXXXVI.

Straight-way he with his vertuous ſtaff them ſtrook,
And ſtraight of beaſts they comely men became;
Yet being men, they did unmanly look,
And ſtared ghaſtly, ſome for inward ſhame,
And ſome for wrath to ſee their captive Dame:
But one above the reſt in ſpecial,
That had an Hog been late (hight *Grill* by name)
Repined greatly, and did him miſcall,
That had from hoggiſh form him brought to natural.

LXXXVII.

Said *Guyon*, ſee the mind of beaſtly man,
That hath ſo ſoon forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooſeth with vile difference,
To be a beaſt, and lack intelligence.
To whom the Palmer thus, the dunghil kind
Delights in filth and foul incontinence;
Let *Grill* be *Grill*, and have his hoggiſh mind,
But let us hence depart, whilſt weather ſerves and wind.



Vol. 1. Book 3. Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp.

THE THIRD BOOK OF THE FAIRY QUEEN:

CONTAINING

The legend of BRITOMARTIS; or of Chastity.

I.

IT falls me here to write of chastity,
That fairest vertue, far above the rest;
For which what needs me fetch from Faëry
Foreign ensamples, it to have exprest?
Sith it is shrined in my Soveraines breast,
And form'd so lively in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies which have it profest,
Need but behold the pourtraict of her heart,
If pourtray'd it might be by any living art.

II.

But living art may not least part express,
Nor life-resembling pencil it can paint,
All were it *Zeuxis* or *Praxitiles*,
His Dædale hand would fail, and greatly faint,
And her perfections with his error taint:
Ne Poets wit, that passeth Painter far
In picturing the parts of beauty daint,
So hard a workmanship adventure dare,
For fear through want of words her excellence to mar.

III.

How then ſhall I, apprentice of the ſkill,
That whylome in divineſt wits did reign,
Preſume ſo high to ſtretch mine humble quill?
Yet now my luckleſs lot doth me conſtrain
Hereto perforce. But O, dred Soveraine,
Thus far forth pardon, ſith that choiceſt wit
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure plain
That I in colour'd ſhows may ſhadow it,
And antique praiſes unto preſent perſons fit.

IV.

But if in living colours, and right hue,
Your ſelf you covet to ſee pictured,
Who can it do more lively, or more true,
Than that ſweet verſe, with *Nectar* ſprinkeled,
In which a gracious ſervant pictured
His *Cynthia*, his heavens faireſt light?
That with his melting ſweetneſs raviſhed,
And with the wonder of her beamës bright,
My ſenſes lulled are in ſlumber of delight.

V.

But let that ſame delicious Poet lend
A little leave unto a ruſtick muſe,
To ſing his miſtreſs praiſe, and let him mend,
If ought amiſs her liking may abuſe:
Ne let his faireſt *Cynthia* refuſe,
In mirrours more than one her ſelf to ſee;
But either *Gloriana* let her chuſe,
Or in *Belphœbe* faſhioned to be:
In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chaſtity.

CANTO I.

Guyon *encountreth* Britomart,
Fair Florimel *is chac'd:*
Dueſſas *trains and* Malecaſtaes
Champions are defac'd.

I.

THe famous *Briton* Prince and Fairy Knight,
After long ways, and per'lous pains endur'd,
Having their weary limbs to perfect plight
Reſtor'd, and ſory wounds right well recur'd,
Of the fair *Alma* greatly were procur'd
To make their longer ſojourn and abode;
But when thereto they might not be allur'd,
From ſeeking praiſe, and deeds of arms abroad,
They courteous conge took, and forth together yode.

II.

But the captiv'd *Acraſia* he ſent
Becauſe of travel long, a nigher way,
With a ſtrong guard, all reskew to prevent,
And her to Fairy-court ſafe to convey,
That her for witneſs of his hard aſſay,
Unto his Fairy Queen he might preſent:
But he himſelf betook another way,
To make more trial of his hardiment,
And ſeek adventures, as he with Prince *Arthur* went.

III.

Long ſo they travelled through waſteful ways,
Where dangers dwelt, and perils moſt did wonne,
To hunt for glory and renowned praiſe;
Full many countries they did over-run,
From the uprising to the ſetting ſun,
And many hard adventures did atchieve,
Of all the which they honour ever won,
Seeking the weak oppreſſed to relieve,
And to recover right for ſuch as wrong did grieve.

IV.

At laſt, as through an open plain they yode,
They ſpide a Knight, that towards pricked fair,
And him beſide an aged Squire there rode,
That ſeem'd to couch under his ſhield three-ſquare,
As if that age bade him that burden ſpare,
And yield it thoſe, that ſtouter could it wield:
He them eſpying, 'gan himſelf prepare,
And on his arm addreſs his goodly ſhield,
That bore a Lyon paſſant in a golden field,

V.

Which ſeeing good Sir *Guyon*, dear beſought
The Prince of grace, to let him run that turn.
He granted: then the Fairy quickly raught
His poinant ſpear, and ſharply 'gan to ſpurn
His foamy ſteed, whoſe fiery feet did burn
The verdant graſs, as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other back his foot return,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadful ſpear againſt the others head.

VI.

They been ymet, and both their points arriv'd,
But *Guyon* drove ſo furious and fell,
That ſeem'd both ſhield and plate it would have riv'd;
Natheleſs it bore his foe not from his ſell,
But made him ſtagger, as he were not well:
But *Guyon* ſelf, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a ſpears length behind his crouper fell:
Yet in his fall ſo well himſelf he bare,
That miſchievous miſchance his life and limbs did ſpare.

VII.

Great ſhame and ſorrow of that fall he took;
For never yet ſith warlike arms he bore,
And ſhivering ſpear in bloody field firſt ſhook,
He found himſelf diſhonoured ſo ſore.
Ah gentleſt Knight that ever armour bore,
Let not thee grieve diſmounted to have been,
And brought to ground, that never waſt before;
For not thy fault, but ſecret powre unſeen,
That ſpear enchanted was, which laid thee on the green.

VIII.

But weeneſt thou what wight thee overthrew,
Much greater grief and ſhamefuller regret
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldſt renew,
That of a ſingle Damſel thou wert met
On equal plain, and there ſo hard beſet;
Even the famous *Britomart* it was,
Whom ſtrange adventure did from *Britain* fet,
To ſeek her Lover (love far ſought alas)
Whoſe image ſhe had ſeen in *Venus* looking glaſs.

IX.

Full of diſdainful wrath, he fierce uproſe,
For to revenge that foul reprochful ſhame,
And ſnatching his bright ſword, began to cloſe
With her on foot, and ſtoutly forward came;
Dye rather would he than endure that ſame.
Which when his Palmer ſaw, he 'gan to fear
His toward peril and untoward blame,
Which by that new rencounter he ſhould rear:
For death ſate on the point of that enchanted ſpear.

X.

And haſting towards him, 'gan fair perſuade,
Not to provoke misfortune, nor to ween
His ſpears default to mend with cruel blade;
For by his mighty ſcience he had ſeen
The ſecret virtue of that weapon keen,
That mortal puiſſance mote not withſtond;
Nothing on earth mote always happy been.
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
To loſe long gotten honour with one evil hond.

XI.

By ſuch good means he him diſcounſelled,
From proſecuting his revenging rage;
And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathful will with reaſon to aſſuage,
And laid the blame, not to his cariage,
But to his ſtarting ſteed, that ſwerv'd aſide,
And to the ill purveyance of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmly tide:
So is his angry courage fairly pacifide.

XII.

Thus reconcilement was between them knit,
Through goodly temp'rance, and affection chaſte;
And either vow'd with all their powre and wit,
To let not others honour be defaſte
Of friend or foe, who ever it embaſte,
Ne arms to bear againſt the others ſide:
In which accord the Prince was alſo plaſte,
And with that golden chain of concord tide.
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ride.

XIII.

O goodly uſage of thoſe antique times!
In which the ſword was ſervant unto right;
When not for malice and contentious crimes,
But all for praiſe and proof of manly might,
The martial brood accuſtomed to fight:
Then honour was the meed of victory,
And yet the vanquiſhed had no deſpight:
Let later age that noble uſe envy,
Vile rancour to avoid, and cruel ſurquedry.

XIV.

Long they thus travelled in friendly wiſe,
Through countries waſte, and eke well edifide,
Seeking adventures hard, to exerciſe
Their puiſſance, whylome full dernly tride:
At length they came into a foreſt wide,
Whoſe hideous horror and ſad trembling ſound
Full grieſly ſeem'd: therein they long did ride,
Yet tract of living creature none they found,
Save Bears, Lyons, and Bulls, which romed them around.

XV.

All ſuddainly out of the thickeſt bruſh,
Upon a milk-white palfrey all alone,
A goodly Lady did foreby them ruſh,
Whoſe face did ſeem as clear as chryſtal ſtone,
And eke (through fear) as white as Whalës bone:
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her ſteed with tinſel trappings ſhone,
Which fled ſo faſt, that nothing mote him hold,
And ſcarce them leiſure gave, her paſſing to behold.

XVI.

Still as ſhe fled, her eye ſhe backward threw;
As fearing evil, that purſu'd her faſt;
And her fair yellow locks behind her flew,
Looſely diſperſt with puff of every blaſt:
All as a blazing ſtar doth far out-caſt
His hairy beams, and flaming locks diſſpread,
At ſight whereof the people ſtand aghaſt:
But the ſage wiſard tells (as he has read)
That it importunes death, and doleful drerihead.

XVII.

So as they gazed after her awhile,
Lo where a grieſly Foſter forth did ruſh,
Breathing out beaſtly luſt her to defile:
His tireling jade he fiercely forth did puſh,
Through thick and thin, both over bank and buſh,
In hope her to attain by hook or crook,
That from his gory ſides the blood did guſh:
Large were his limbs, and terrible his look,
And in his clowniſh hand a ſharp Boar-ſpear he ſhook.

XVIII.

Which outrage when thoſe gentle Knights did ſee,
Full of great envy, and fell jealouſie,
They ſtaid not to aviſe who firſt ſhould be,
But all ſpur'd after faſt, as they mote fly,
To reskew her from ſhameful villany.
The Prince and *Guyon* equally bylive
Herſelf purſu'd, in hope to win thereby
Moſt goodly meed, the faireſt Dame alive:
But after the foul Foſter *Timias* did ſtrive.

XIX.

The whiles fair *Britomart*, whoſe conſtant mind,
Would not ſo lightly follow beautys chace,
Ne rekt of Ladies love, did ſtay behind,
And them awaited there a certain ſpace,
To weet if they would turn back to that place:
But when ſhe ſaw them gone, ſhe forward went,
As lay her journey, through that per'lous pace,
With ſtedfaſt courage and ſtout hardiment;
Ne evil thing ſhe fear'd, ne evil thing ſhe meant.

XX.

At laſt, as nigh out of the wood ſhe came,
A ſtately caſtle far away ſhe ſpide,
To which her ſteps directly ſhe did frame.
That caſtle was moſt goodly edifide
And plaſte for pleaſure nigh that foreſt ſide:
But fair before the gate a ſpacious plain,
Mantled with green, it ſelf did ſpredden wide,
On which he ſaw ſix Knights, that did darrain
Fierce battle againſt one, with cruel might and main.

XXI.

Mainly they all attonce upon him lay'd,
And ſore beſet on every ſide around,
That nigh he breathleſs grew, yet nought diſmay'd,
Ne ever to them yielded foot of ground,
All had he loſt much blood through many a wound,
But ſtoutly dealt his blows, and every way
To which he turned in his wrathful ſtound,
Made them recoil, and fly from dred decay,
That none of all the ſix before him durſt aſſay.

XXII.

Like daſtard curs, that having at a bay
The ſalvage beaſt emboſt in weary chace,
Dare not adventure on the ſtubborn prey,
Ne bite before, but rome from place to place,
To get a ſnatch, when turned is his face.
In ſuch diſtreſs and doubtful jeopardy,
When *Britomart* him ſaw, ſhe ran apace
Unto his reskew, and with earneſt cry,
Bade thoſe ſame ſix forbear that ſingle enemy.

XXIII.

But to her cry they liſt not lenden ear,
Ne ought the more their mighty ſtrokes ſurceaſe,
But gathering him round about more near,
Their direful rancour rather did increaſe;
Till that ſhe ruſhing through the thickeſt preaſe,
Perforce diſparted their compacted gyre,
And ſoon compel'd to hearken unto peace:
Tho 'gan ſhe mildly of them to inquire
The cauſe of their diſſention and outrageous ire.

XXIV.

Whereto that ſingle Knight did anſwer frame;
Theſe ſix would me enforce by odds of might,
To change my liefe, and love another Dame,
That death me liefer were than ſuch deſpight,
So unto wrong to yield my wreſted right:
For I love one, the trueſt one on ground,
Ne liſt me change; ſhe th'*Errant Damſel* hight,
For whoſe dear ſake full many a bitter ſtound
I have endur'd, and taſted many a bloody wound.

XXV.

Certes, ſaid ſhe, then been ye ſix to blame,
To ween your wrong by force to juſtifie:
For Knight to leave his Lady, were great ſhame,
That faithful is, and better were to dye.
All loſs is leſs, and leſs the infamy
Than loſs of love, to him that loves but one;
Ne may love be compel'd by maiſtery;
For ſoon as maiſt'ry comes, ſweet Love anone
Taketh his nimble wings, and ſoon away is gone.

XXVI.

Then ſpake one of thoſe ſix, There dwelleth here
Within this caſtle wall a Lady fair,
Whoſe ſoveraine beauty hath no living peer;
Thereto ſo bountious and ſo debonair,
That never any mote with her compare.
She hath ordain'd this law, which we approve,
That every Knight, which doth this way repair,
In caſe he have no Lady, nor no Love,
Shall do unto her ſervice, never to remove.

XXVII.

But if he have a Lady or a Love,
Then muſt he her forgoe with foul defame,
Or elſe with us by dint of ſword approve,
That ſhe is fairer than our faireſt Dame,
As did this Knight, before ye hither came.
Perdy, ſaid *Britomart*, the choice is hard:
But what reward had he that overcame?
He ſhould advanced be to high regard,
Said they, and have our Ladies love for his reward.

XXVIII.

Therefore aread Sir, if thou have a Love.
Love have I ſure, quoth ſhe, but Lady none;
Yet will I not from mine own Love remove,
Ne to your Lady will I ſervice done,
But wreak your wrongs wrought to this Knight alone,
And prove his cauſe. With that her mortal ſpear,
She mightily aventred towards one,
And down him ſmote ere well aware he were,
Then to the next ſhe rode, and down the next did bear.

XXIX.

Ne did ſhe ſtay till three on ground ſhe lay'd,
That none of them himſelf could rear again;
The fourth was by that other Knight diſmay'd,
All were he weary of his former pain,
That now there do but two of ſix remain:
Which two did yield before ſhe did them ſmight.
Ah, ſaid ſhe then, Now may ye all ſee plain,
That truth is ſtrong, and true love moſt of might,
That for his truſty ſervants doth ſo ſtrongly fight.

XXX.

Too well we ſee, ſaid they, and prove too well
Our faulty weakneſs, and your matchleſs might:
Forthy fair Sir, yours be the Damozel,
Which by her own law to your lot doth light,
And we your liegemen faith unto you plight.
So underneath her feet their ſwords they mard,
And after, her beſought, well as they might,
To enter in, and reap the due reward;
She granted, and then in they all together far'd.

XXXI.

Long were it to deſcribe the goodly frame,
And ſtately port of *Caſtle Joyeous*,
(For ſo that caſtle hight by common name)
Where they were entertain'd with courteous
And comely glee of many gracious
Fair Ladies, and of many a gentle Knight,
Who through a chamber long and ſpacious,
Eftſoons them brought unto their Ladies ſight,
That of them cleeped was the *Lady of delight*.

XXXII.

But for to tell the ſumptuous array
Of that great chamber, ſhould be labour loſt:
For living wit (I ween) cannot diſplay
The royal riches and exceeding coſt
Of every pillour, and of every poſt;
Which all of pureſt bullion framed were,
And with great pearls and precious ſtones emboſt.
That the bright gliſter of their beamës clear
Did ſparkle forth great light, and glorious did appear.

XXXIII.

Theſe ſtranger Knights through paſſing forth were led
Into an inner room, whoſe royalty
And rich purveyance might uneath be read;
Mote Princes place beſeem ſo deckt to be.
Which ſtately manner whenas they did ſee,
The image of ſuperfluous riotiſe,
Exceeding much the ſtate of mean degree,
They greatly wondred, whence ſo ſumptuous guiſe
Might be maintain'd, and each 'gan diverſly deviſe.

XXXIV.

The walls were round about apparelled
With coſtly clothes of *Arras* and of *Toure*;
In which, with cunning hand was pourtrayed
The love of *Venus* and her paramour
The fair *Adonis*, turned to a flowre,
A work of rare device, and wondrous wit.
Firſt did it ſhew the bitter baleful ſtowre,
Which her aſſay'd with many a fervent fit,
When firſt her tender heart was with his beauty ſmit.

XXXV.

Then with what ſleights and ſweet allurements ſhe
Entiſt the boy (as well that art ſhe knew)
And wooed him her paramour to be;
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crown his golden locks with honour due,
Now leading him into a ſecret ſhade
From his beauperes, and from bright heavens view,
Where him to ſleep ſhe gently would perſuade,
Or bathe him in a fountain by ſome covert glade.

XXXVI.

And whilſt he ſlept, ſhe over him would ſpread
Her mantle, colour'd like the ſtarry ſkies,
And her ſoft arm lay underneath his head,
And with ambroſial kiſſes bathe his eyes;
And whilſt he bath'd, with her two crafty ſpies
She ſecretly would ſearch each dainty limb,
And throw into the Well ſweet Roſemaries,
And fragrant Violets, and Pancies trim,
And ever with ſweet nectar ſhe did ſprinkle him.

XXXVII.

So did ſhe ſteal his heedleſs heart away,
And joy'd his love in ſecret uneſpide.
But for ſhe ſaw him bent to cruel play,
To hunt the ſalvage beaſt in foreſt wide,
Dreadful of danger, that mote him betide,
She oft and oft adviz'd him to refrain
From chace of greater beaſts, whoſe brutiſh pride
Mote breed him ſcath unwares: but all in vain;
For who can ſhun the chance that deſt'ny doth ordain?

XXXVIII.

Lo, where beyond he lyeth languiſhing,
Deadly engored of a great wild Bore,
And by his ſide the Goddeſs groveling
Makes for him endleſs mone, and evermore
With her ſoft garment wipes away the gore,
Which ſtains his ſnowy ſkin with hateful hue:
But when ſhe ſaw no help might him reſtore,
Him to a dainty flowre ſhe did tranſmew,
Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it lively grew.

XXXIX.

So was that chamber clad in goodly wiſe,
And round about it many beds were dight,
As whylome was the antique worldës guiſe,
Some for untimely eaſe, ſome for delight,
As pleaſed them to uſe, that uſe it might:
And all was full of Damzels, and of Squires,
Dancing and revelling both day and night,
And ſwimming deep in ſenſual deſires,
And *Cupid* ſtill emongſt them kindled luſtful fires.

XL.

And all the while, ſweet muſick did divide
Her looſer notes with *Lydian* harmony;
And all the while, ſweet birds thereto applide
Their dainty lays and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of love and jollity,
That wonder was to hear their trim conſort.
Which when thoſe Knights beheld, with ſcornful eye,
They 'ſdeigned ſuch laſcivious diſport,
And loath'd the looſe demeanure of that wanton ſort.

XLI.

Thence they were brought to that great Ladies view,
Whom they found ſitting on a ſumptuous bed,
That gliſtred all with gold and glorious ſhew,
As the proud *Perſian* Queens accuſtomed:
She ſeem'd a woman of great bountihed,
And of rare beauty, ſaving that aſcaunce
Her wanton eyes, ill ſigns of womanhed,
Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,
Without regard of grace, or comely amenance.

XLII.

Long work it were, and needleſs to deviſe
Their goodly entertainment and great glee:
She cauſed them be led in courteous wiſe
Into a bowre, diſarmed for to be,
And cheared well with wine and ſpiceree:
The *Redcroſs* Knight was ſoon diſarmed there;
But the brave maid would not diſarmed be,
But only vented up her umbriere,
And ſo did let her goodly viſage to appear.

XLIII.

As when fair *Cynthia*, in darkſome night,
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
Where ſhe may find the ſubſtance thin and light,
Breaks forth her ſilver beams, and her bright head
Diſcovers to the world diſcomfited;
Of the poor traveller that went aſtray,
With thouſand bleſſings ſhe is heried;
Such was the beauty and the ſhining ray,
With which fair *Britomart* gave light unto the day.

XLIV.

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarm'd, and did themselves present
Unto her view, and company unsought;
For they all seemed courteous and gent,
And all six brethren born of one parent,
Which had them train'd in all civilitee,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;
Now were they liegemen to this Lady free,
And her Knights-service ought, to hold of her in fee.

XLV.

The first of them by name *Gardante* hight,
A jolly person, and of comely view;
The second was *Parlante*, a bold Knight,
And next to him *Jocante* did ensue;
Basciante did himself most courteous shew;
But fierce *Bacchante*, seem'd too fell and keen;
And yet in arms *Noctante* greater grew:
All were fair Knights, and goodly well beseen;
But to fair *Britomart* they all but shadows been.

XLVI.

For she was full of amiable grace,
And manly terrour mixed there-withall,
That as the one stir'd up affections base,
So th'other did mens rash desires appall,
And hold them back, that would in errour fall;
As he that hath espy'd a vermeil Rose,
To which sharp thorns and breres the way forstall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose;
But wishing it far off, his idle wish doth lose.

XLVII.

Whom when the Lady saw so fair a wight,
All ignorant of her contrary sex
(For she her weend a fresh and lusty Knight)
She greatly 'gan enamoured to wex,
And with vain thoughts her falsed fancy vex:
Her fickle heart conceived hasty fire,
Like sparks of fire which fall in slender flex,
That shortly brent into extream desire,
And ransackt all her veins with passion entire.

XLVIII.

Eftſoons ſhe grew to great impatience,
And into terms of open outrage bruſt,
That plain diſcover'd her incontinence,
Ne reckt ſhe who her meaning did miſtruſt;
For ſhe was given all to fleſhly luſt,
And poured forth in ſenſual delight,
That all regard of ſhame ſhe had diſcuſt,
And meet reſpect of honour put to flight;
So ſhameleſs beauty ſoon becomes a loathly ſight.

XLIX.

Fair Ladies, that to love captived are,
And chaſte deſires do nouriſh in your mind,
Let not her fault your ſweet affections mar,
Ne blot the bounty of all woman kind,
Mongſt thouſands good, one wanton Dame to find:
Emongſt the Roſes grow ſome wicked weeds;
For this was not to love, but luſt inclin'd;
For love does always bring forth bounteous deeds,
And in each gentle heart deſire of honour breeds.

L.

Nought ſo of love this looſer Dame did ſkill,
But as a coal to kindle fleſhly flame,
Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading under foot her honeſt name:
Such love is hate, and ſuch deſire is ſhame.
Still did ſhe rove at her with crafty glance
Of her falſe eyes, that at her heart did aim,
And told her meaning in her countenance;
But *Britomart* diſſembled it with ignorance.

LI.

Supper was ſhortly dight, and down they ſat,
Where they were ſerved with all ſumptuous fare,
Whiles fruitful *Ceres*, and *Lyæus* fat
Pourd out their plenty, without ſpight or ſpare:
Nought wanted there, that dainty was and rare;
And aye the cups their banks did overflow,
And aye between the cups ſhe did prepare
Way to her love, and ſecret darts did throw;
But *Britomart* would not ſuch guileſul meſſage know.

LII.

So when they ſlaked had the fervent heat
Of appetite with meats of every ſort,
The Lady did fair *Britomart* entreat
Her to diſarm, and with delightful ſport
To looſe her warlike limbs and ſtrong effort:
But when ſhe mote not thereunto be won,
(For ſhe her ſex under that ſtrange purport
Did uſe to hide, and plain appearance ſhun:)
In plainer wiſe to tell her grievance ſhe begun.

LIII.

And all attonce diſcover'd her deſire
With ſighs, and ſobs, and plaints, and pitious grief,
The outward ſparks of her in-burning fire;
Which ſpent in vain, at laſt ſhe told her brief,
That but if ſhe did lend her ſhort relief,
And do her comfort, ſhe mote algates dye.
But the chaſte Damzel, that had never prief
Of ſuch malengine and fine forgery,
Did eaſily believe her ſtrong extremity.

LIV.

Full eaſie was for her to have belief,
Who by ſelf-feeling of her feeble ſex,
And by long trial of the inward grief,
Wherewith imperious love her heart did vex,
Could judge what pains do loving hearts perplex.
Who means no guile, be guiled ſooneſt ſhall,
And to fair ſemblance doth light faith annex;
The Bird, that knows not the falſe Fowlers call,
Into his hidden net full eaſily doth fall.

LV.

Forthy ſhe would not in diſcourteous wiſe,
Scorn the fair offer of good will profeſt;
For great rebuke it is, love to deſpiſe,
Or rudely 'ſdeign a gentle hearts requeſt,
But with fair count'nance, as beſeemed beſt,
Her entertain'd, nath'leſs, ſhe inly deem'd
Her love too light, to wooe a wandring gueſt:
Which ſhe miſconſtruing, thereby eſteem'd
That from like inward fire that outward ſmoke had ſteem'd.

LVI.

Therewith awhile ſhe her flit fancy fed,
Till ſhe mote win fit time for her deſire:
But yet her wound ſtill inward freſhly bled,
And through her bones the falſe inſtilled fire
Did ſpread it ſelf, and venom cloſe inſpire.
Tho were the tables taken all away,
And every Knight, and every gentle Squire
Gan chooſe his Dame with *Baſciomani* gay,
With whom he meant to make his ſport and courtly play.

LVII.

Some fell to dance, ſome fell to hazardry,
Some to make love, ſome to make merriment,
As diverſe wits to diverſe things apply;
And all the while fair *Malecaſta* bent
Her crafty engines to her cloſe intent.
By this th'eternal lamps, wherewith high *Jove*
Doth light the lower world, were half yſpent,
And the moiſt Daughters of huge *Atlas* ſtrove
Into the ocean deep to drive their weary drove.

LVIII.

High time it ſeemed then for every wight
Them to betake unto their kindly reſt;
Eftſoons long waxen torches weren light,
Unto their bowres to guiden ev'ry gueſt:
Tho when the Britoneſs ſaw all the reſt
Avoided quite, ſhe 'gan her ſelf deſpoil,
And ſafe commit to her ſoft feathred neſt;
Where through long watch, and late days weary toil,
She ſoundly ſlept, and careful thoughts did quite aſſoil.

LIX.

Now whenas all the world in ſilence deep
Yſhrouded was, and every mortal wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly ſleep,
Fair *Malecaſta*, whoſe engrieved ſpright
Could find no reſt in ſuch perplexed plight,
Lightly aroſe out of her weary bed,
And under the black veil of guilty night,
Her with a ſcarlet mantle covered,
That was with gold and ermines fair enveloped.

LX.

Then panting ſoft, and trembling every joint,
Her fearful feet towards the bowre ſhe mov'd;
Where ſhe for ſecret purpoſe did appoint
To lodge the warlike maid unwiſely lov'd,
And to her bed approching, firſt ſhe prov'd
Whether ſhe ſlept or wakt, with her ſoft hand
She ſoftly felt, if any member mov'd,
And lent her weary ear to underſtand,
If any puff of breath, or ſign of ſenſe ſhe fand.

LXI.

Which whenas none ſhe found, with eaſie ſhift,
For fear leſt her unwares ſhe ſhould abraid,
Th'embroidred quilt ſhe lightly up did lift,
And by her ſide her ſelf ſhe ſoftly laid,
Of ev'ry fineſt fingers touch affraid;
Ne any noiſe ſhe made, ne word ſhe ſpake,
But inly ſigh'd. At laſt the royal maid
Out of her quiet ſlumber did awake,
And chang'd her weary ſide, the better eaſe to take.

LXII.

Where feeling one cloſe couched by her ſide,
She lightly leapt out of her filed bed,
And to her weapon ran, in mind to gride
The loathed leachour. But the Dame, half dead
Through ſuddain fear and ghaſtly drerihed,
Did ſhriek aloud, that through the houſe it rong,
And the whole family therewith adred,
Raſhly out of their rouzed couches ſprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in arms did throng.

LXIII.

And thoſe ſix Knights, that Ladys champions,
And eke the *Redcroſs* knight ran to the ſtound,
Half arm'd and half unarm'd, with them attons:
Where when confuſedly they came, they found
Their Lady lying on the ſenſeleſs ground;
On th'other ſide, they ſaw the warlike maid
All in her ſnow-white ſmock, with locks unbound,
Threatning the point of her avenging blade,
That with ſo troublous terror they were all diſmayd.

LXIV.

About their Lady firſt they flockt around:
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they rear'd out of her frozen ſwound;
And afterwards they 'gan with foul reproach
To ſtir up ſtrife, and troublous contecke broach:
But by enſample of the laſt days loſs,
None of them raſhly durſt to her approach,
Ne in ſo glorious ſpoil themſelves emboſs;
Her ſuccourd eke the champion of the bloody croſs.

LXV.

But one of thoſe ſix Knights, *Gardante* hight,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keen,
Which forth he ſent with felonous deſpight,
And fell intent againſt the virgin ſheen:
The mortal ſteel ſtaid not, till it was ſeen
To gore her ſide; yet was the wound not deep,
But lightly raſed her ſoft ſilken skin,
That drops of purple blood there-out did weep,
Which did her lilly ſmock with ſtains of vermeil ſteep.

LXVI.

Where-with enrag'd, ſhe fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming ſword about her laid,
That none of them foul miſchief could eſchew,
But with her dreadful ſtrokes were all diſmaid:
Here, there, and every where about her ſwaid
Her wrathful ſteel, that none mote it abide;
And eke the *Redcroſs* Knight gave her good aid,
Ay joining foot to foot, and ſide to ſide,
That in ſhort ſpace their foes they have quite terrifide.

LXVII.

Tho whenas all were put to ſhameful flight,
The noble *Britomartis* her arraid,
And her bright arms about her body dight:
For nothing would ſhe longer there be ſtaid,
Where ſo looſe life, and ſo ungentle trade
Was us'd of Knights and Ladies ſeeming gent:
So early, ere the groſs earths grieſie ſhade,
Was all diſperſt out of the firmament,
They took their ſteeds, and forth upon their journey went.

CANTO II.

The Redcross Knight to Britomart
Describeth Arthegall:
The wondrous mirrour by which she
In love did with him fall.

I.

Here have I cause in men just blame to find,
That in their proper praise too partial be,
And not indifferent to woman-kind,
To whom, no share in arms and chevalrie
They do impart, ne maken memorie
Of their brave gests and prowess martiall;
Scarce do they spare to one, or two, or three,
Room in their writs; yet the same writing small
Does all their deeds deface, and dims their glories all:

II.

But by record of antique times I find,
That women wont in wars to bear most sway,
And to all great exploits themselves inclin'd:
Of which they still the girlond bore away,
Till envious men (fearing their rules decay)
Gan coin straight laws to curb their liberty;
Yet sith they warlike arms have laid away,
They have exceld in arts and policy,
That now we foolish men that praise 'gin eke t'envy.

III.

Of warlike puissance in ages spent,
Be thou fair *Britomart*, whose praise I write;
But of all wisdom be thou precedent,
O soveraine Queen, whose praise I would endite,
Endite I would as duty doth excite;
But ah! my rhimes too rude and rugged are,
When in so high an object they do light,
And striving fit to make I fear do mar:
Thyself thy praises tell, and make them knowen farr.

IV.

She travelling with *Guyon* by the way,
Of ſundry things fair purpoſe 'gan to find,
T' abridge their journey long, and lingring day;
Mongſt which it fell into that Fairys mind,
To ask this Briton maid, what uncouth wind
Brought her into thoſe parts, and what inqueſt
Made her diſſemble her diſguiſed kind:
Fair Lady ſhe him ſeemd, like Lady dreſt;
But faireſt Knight alive, when armed was her breaſt.

V.

Thereat ſhe ſighing ſoftly had no powre
To ſpeak awhile, ne ready anſwer make;
But with heart-thrilling throbs and bitter ſtowre,
As if ſhe had a fever fit, did quake,
And ev'ry dainty limb with horrour ſhake;
And ever and anon the roſy red
Flaſht through her face, as it had been a flake
Of lightning, through bright heaven fulmined;
At laſt, the paſſion paſt, ſhe thus him anſwered.

VI.

Fair Sir, I let you weet, that from the houre
I taken was from nurſes tender pap,
I have been trained up in warlike ſtowre,
To toſſen ſpear and ſhield, and to affrap
The warlike rider to his moſt miſhap;
Sithence I loathed have my life to lead,
As Ladies wont in pleaſures wanton lap:
To finger the fine needle and nice thread,
Me liefer were with point of foe-mans ſpear be dead.

VII.

All my delight on deeds of arms is ſet,
To hunt out perils and adventures hard,
By ſea, by land, where-ſo they may be met,
Only for honour and for high regard,
Without reſpect of riches or reward.
For ſuch intent into theſe parts I came,
Withouten compaſs, or withouten card,
Far from my native ſoil, that is by name
The greater *Britain*, here to ſeek for praiſe and fame.

VIII.

Fame blazed hath, that here in Fairy lond
Do many famous Knights and Ladies wonne,
And many ſtrange adventures to be fond,
Of which great worth and worſhip may be won;
Which I to prove, this voyage have begun.
But mote I weet of you, right courteous Knight,
Tidings of one, that hath unto me done
Late foul diſhonour and reprochful ſpight,
The which I ſeek to wreak, and *Arthegal* he hight.

IX.

The word gone out, ſhe back again would call,
As her repenting ſo to have miſſay'd,
But that he it up-taking ere the fall,
Her ſhortly anſwered; Fair martial maid
Certes ye miſaviſed been, t'upbraid
A gentle Knight with ſo unknightly blame:
For weet ye well, of all that ever plaid
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble *Arthegal* hath ever borne the name.

X.

For thy great wonder were it, if ſuch ſhame
Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,
Or ever do that mote deſerven blame:
The noble courage never weeneth ought,
That may unworthy of it ſelf be thought.
Therefore, fair Damzel, be ye well aware,
Leſt that too far he have your ſorrow ſought;
You and your country both I wiſh welfare,
And honour both; for each of other worthy are.

XI.

The royal maid wox inly wondrous glad,
To hear her Love ſo highly magnifide,
And joyed that ever ſhe affixed had
Her heart on Knight ſo goodly gloryſide,
How ever finely ſhe it feignd to hide:
The loving mother, that nine months did bear,
In the dear cloſet of her painful ſide,
Her tender babe, it ſeeing ſafe appeare,
Doth not ſo much rejoyce, as ſhe rejoyced there.

XII.

But to occaſion him to further talk,
To feed her humour with this pleaſing ſtile,
Her liſt in ſtrife-full terms with him to balk,
And thus replide; However, Sir, ye file
Your courteous tongue his praiſes to compile,
It ill beſeems a Knight of gentle ſort,
Such as ye have him boaſted, to beguile
A ſimple maid, and work ſo heinous tort,
In ſhame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

XIII.

Let be therefore my vengeance to diſſuade,
And read, where I that faytour falſe may find.
Ah, but if reaſon fair might you perſuade,
To ſlake your wrath, and mollifie your mind,
Said he, perhaps ye ſhould it better find:
For hardy thing it is, to ween by might,
That man to hard conditions to bind,
Or ever hope to match in equal fight;
Whoſe prowes paragon ſaw never living wight.

XIV.

Ne ſoothlich is it eaſie for to read,
Where now on earth, or how he may be found;
For he ne wonneth in one certain ſtead,
But reſtleſs walketh all the world around,
Ay doing things, that to his fame redound,
Defending Ladies cauſe, and Orphans right,
Whereſo he hears, that any doth confound
Them comfortleſs, through tyranny or might;
So is his ſoveraine honour rais'd to heavens height.

XV.

His feeling words her feeble ſenſe much pleas'd,
And ſoftly ſunk into her molten heart;
Heart that is inly hurt, is greatly eas'd
With hope of thing that may allay his ſmart;
For pleaſing words are like to magick art,
That doth the charmed ſnake in ſlumber lay:
Such ſecret eaſe felt gentle *Britomart*,
Yet liſt the ſame efforce with feignd gainſay;
(So diſcord oft in muſick makes the ſweeter lay.)

XVI.

And ſaid, Sir knight, theſe idle terms forbear,
And ſith it is uneath to find his haunt,
Tell me ſome marks, by which he may appear,
If chance I him encounter paravaunt;
For perdy one ſhall other ſlay, or daunt: [ſted,
What ſhape, what ſhield, what arms, what ſteed, what
And whatſo elſe his perſon moſt may vaunt;
All which the *Redcroſs* knight to point ared,
And him, in every part before her faſhioned.

XVII.

Yet him in every part before ſhe knew,
However liſt her now her knowledge feign,
Sith him whilome in *Baitain* ſhe did view,
To her revealed in a mirrour plain;
Whereof did grow her firſt engraffed pain;
Whoſe root and ſtalk ſo bitter yet did taſte,
That but the fruit more ſweetneſs did contain,
Her wretched days in dolour ſhe mote waſte,
And yield the prey of love to loathſome death at laſt.

XVIII.

By ſtrange occaſion ſhe did him behold,
And much more ſtrangely 'gan to love his ſight,
As it in books hath written been of old.
In *Debeubarth* that now South-*Wales* is hight,
What time King *Ryence* reign'd, and dealed right.
The great magician *Merlin* had deviz'd,
By his deep ſcience and hell-dreaded might,
A Looking-glaſs right wondrouſly aguiz'd, [niz'd,
Whoſe virtues through the wide world ſoon were ſolem-

XIX.

It vertue had, to ſhew in perfect ſight,
What-ever thing was in the world contain'd,
Betwixt the loweſt earth and heavens height,
So that it to the looker appertain'd;
Whatever foe had wrought, or friend had feign'd,
Therein diſcover'd was, ne ought mote paſs,
Ne ought in ſecret from the ſame remain'd;
Forthy it round and hollow ſhaped was,
Like to the world it ſelf, and ſeem'd a world of glaſs,

XX.

Who wonders not, that reads ſo wondrous work?
But who does wonder that has read the towre,
Wherein th'Egyptian *Phao* long did lurk
From all mens view, and none might her diſcoure,
Yet ſhe might all men view out of her bowre?
Great *Ptolomy* it for his Lemans ſake
Ybuilded all of glaſs, by magick powre,
And alſo it impregnable did make;
Yet when his Love was falſe, he with a peaze it brake.

XXI.

Such was the glaſſy globe that *Merlin* made,
And gave unto King *Ryence* for his guard,
That never foes his Kingdom might invade,
But he it knew at home before he heard
Tidings thereof, and ſo them ſtill debard.
It was a famous preſent for a Prince,
And worthy work of infinite reward,
That treaſons could bewray, and foes convince,
Happy this realm, had it remained ever ſince,

XXII.

One day it fortuned, fair *Britomart*
Into her fathers cloſet to repair;
For nothing he from her reſerv'd apart,
Being his only daughter and his heir:
Where when ſhe had eſpide that mirrour fair,
Her ſelf awhile therein ſhe view'd in vain;
Tho her avizing of the vertues rare,
Which thereof ſpoken were, ſhe 'gan again
Her to bethink of that mote to her ſelf pertain.

XXIII.

But as it falleth in the gentleſt hearts
Imperious Love hath higheſt ſet his throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter ſmarts
Of them, that to him buxom are and prone:
So thought this maid (as maidens uſe to done)
Whom fortune for her huſband would allot,
Not that ſhe luſted after any one;
For ſhe was pure from blame of ſinful blot,
Yet wiſt her life at laſt muſt link in that ſame knot.

XXIV.

Eftſoons there was preſented to her eye,
A comely Knight, all arm'd in compleat wiſe,
Through whoſe bright ventaile lifted up on high
His manly face, that did his foes agriſe,
And friends to terms of gentle truce entiſe,
Lookt forth, as *Phœbus* face out of the eaſt
Betwixt two ſhady mountains doth ariſe;
Portly his perſon was, and much increaſt
Through his heroick grace, and honourable geſt.

XXV.

His creſt was cover'd with a couchant hound,
And all his armour ſeem'd of antique mould,
But wondrous maſſy and aſſured ſound,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was with cyphers old,
Achilles arms, which Arthegall did win.
And on his ſhield envelop'd ſevenfold
He bore a crowned little ermilin,
That deckt the azure field with her fair pouldred ſkin.

XXVI.

The Damzel well did view his perſonage,
And liked well, ne further faſtned not,
But went her way; ne her unguilty age
Did ween, unwares, that her unlucky lot
Lay hidden in the bottom of the pot;
Of hurt unwiſt moſt danger doth redound;
But the falſe archer, which that arrow ſhot
So ſlily, that ſhe did not feel the wound,
Did ſmile full ſmoothly at her weetleſs woeful ſtound.

XXVII.

Thenceforth the feather in her lofty creſt,
Ruffed of love, 'gan lowly to avail,
And her proud portance, and her princely geſt,
With which ſhe earſt triumphed, now did quail:
Sad, ſolemn, ſoure, and full of fancies frail
She wox; yet wiſt ſhe neither how, nor why,
She wiſt not, ſilly maid, what ſhe did ail;
Yet wiſt, ſhe was not well at eaſe perdy,
Yet thought it was not love, but ſome melancholy.

XXVIII.

So ſoon as night had with her pallid hue
Defac'd the beauty of the ſhining ſky,
And reft from men the worlds deſired view,
She with her nurſe adown to ſleep did lye;
But ſleep full far away from her did fly:
Inſtead thereof ſad ſighs and ſorrows deep
Kept watch and ward about her warily;
That nought ſhe did but wail, and often ſteep
Her dainty couch with tears, which cloſely ſhe did weep.

XXIX.

And if that any drop of ſlumbring reſt
Did chance to ſtill into her weary ſpright,
When feeble nature felt her ſelf oppreſt;
Streightway with dreams, and with fantaſtick ſight
Of dreadful things the ſame was put to flight,
That oft out of her bed ſhe did aſtart,
As one with view of ghaſtly fiends affright:
Tho 'gan ſhe to renew her former ſmart,
And think of that fair viſage written in her heart.

XXX.

One night, when ſhe was toſt with ſuch unreſt,
Her aged nurſe, whoſe name was *Glaucé* hight,
Feeling her leap out of her loathed neſt,
Betwixt her feeble arms her quickly keight,
And down again in her warm bed her dight;
Ah my dear daughter, ah my deareſt dread,
What uncouth fit, ſaid ſhe, what evil plight
Hath thee oppreſt, and with ſad drearyhead
Changed thy lively chear, and living made thee dead?

XXXI.

For not of nought theſe ſuddain ghaſtly fears
All night afflict thy natural repoſe;
And all the day whenas thine equal peers
Their fit diſports with fair delight do choſe,
Thou in dull corners doſt thy ſelf incloſe,
Ne taſteſt Princes pleaſures, ne doſt ſpred
Abroad thy freſh youths faireſt flowre, but loſe
Both leaf and fruit, both too untimely ſhed,
As one in wilful bale for ever buried.

XXXII.

The time, that mortal men their weary cares
Do lay away, and all wild beasts do rest,
And every river eke his course forbears,
Then doth this wicked evil thee infest,
And rive with thousand throbs thy thrilled breast:
Like an huge *Ætn*' of deep engulfed grief,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
Whence forth it breaks in sighs and anguish rife,
As smoak and sulphur mingled with confused strife.

XXXIII.

Ay me, how much I fear, lest love it be;
But if that love it be, as sure I read
By knowen signs and passions, which I see,
Be't worthy of thy race and royal seed,
Then I avow by this most sacred head
Of my dear foster child, to ease thy grief,
And win thy will: Therefore away do dread;
For death nor danger from thy due relief
Shall me debar: tell me therefore my liefest lief.

XXXIV.

So having said, her 'twixt her armes twain
She straightly strain'd, and colled tenderly,
And every trembling joint, and every vein
She softly felt, and rubbed busily,
To do the frozen cold away to fly;
And her fair dewy eyes with kisses dear
She oft did bathe, and oft again did dry;
And ever her importun'd, not to fear
To let the secret of her heart to her appear.

XXXV.

The Damzel paus'd, and then thus fearfully;
Ah nurse! what needeth thee to eke my pain?
Is not enough that I alone do dye,
But it must doubled be with death of twain?
For nought for me but death there doth remain.
O daughter dear, said she, despair no whit;
For never sore, but might a salve obtain:
That blinded God, which hath ye blindly smit,
Another arrow hath your lovers heart to hit.

XXXVI.

But mine is not, quoth ſhe, like others wound;
For which no reaſon can find remedy.
Was never ſuch, but mote the like be found,
Said ſhe, and though no reaſon may apply
Salve to your ſore, yet Love can higher ſty
Than reaſons reach, and oft hath wonders done.
But neither God of love, nor God of ſky
Can do (ſaid ſhe) that, which cannot be done.
Things oft impoſſible (ſaid ſhe) ſeem ere begun.

XXXVII.

Theſe idle words, ſaid ſhe, do nought aſſwage
My ſtubborn ſmart, but more annoyance breed:
For no, no uſual fire, no uſual rage
It is, O nurſe, which on my life doth feed,
And ſucks the blood, which from my heart doth bleed.
But ſith thy faithful zeal lets me not hide
My crime (if crime it be) I will it read.
Nor Prince, nor peer it is, whoſe love hath gride
My feeble breaſt of late, and launced this wound wide;

XXXVIII.

Nor man it is, nor other living wight,
For then ſome hope I might unto me draw;
But th'only ſhade and ſemblant of a Knight,
Whoſe ſhape or perſon yet I never ſaw,
Hath me ſubjected to loves cruel law:
The ſame one day as me misfortune led,
I in my father's wondrous mirrour ſaw,
And pleaſed with that ſeeming goodly-hed,
Unwares the hidden hook with bait I ſwallowed.

XXXIX.

Sithence, it hath infixed faſter hold
Within my bleeding bowels, and ſo ſore
Now rankleth in this ſame frail fleſhly mould,
That all mine entrails flow with pois'nous gore,
And th'ulcer groweth daily more and more;
Ne can my running ſore find remedy,
Other than my hard fortune to deplore,
And languiſh as the leaf fall'n from the tree,
Till death make one end of my days and miſery.

XL.

Daughter ſaid ſhe, what need ye be diſmaid,
Or why make ye ſuch monſter of your mind?
Of much more uncouth thing I was affraid;
Of filthy luſt, contrary unto kind:
But this affection nothing ſtrange I find;
For who with reaſon can you ay reprove,
To love the ſemblant pleaſing moſt your mind,
And yield your heart whence ye cannot remove?
No guilt in you but in the tyranny of love.

XLI.

Not ſo th'*Arabian Myrrh*' did ſet her mind;
Not ſo did *Biblis* ſpend her pining heart,
But lov'd their native fleſh againſt all kind,
And to their purpoſe uſed wicked art:
Yet play'd *Paſyphaë* a more monſtrous part,
That lov'd a Bull, and learn'd a beaſt to be;
Such ſhameful luſts who loaths not, which depart
From courſe of nature and of modeſty?
Sweet Love ſuch lewdneſs bands from his fair company.

XLII.

But thine, my Dear (welfare thy heart my dear)
Though ſtrange beginning had, yet fixed is
On one, that worthy may perhaps appear;
And certes ſeems beſtowed not amiſs:
Joy thereof have thou and eternal bliſs.
With that up-leaning on her elbow weak,
Her alablaſter breaſt ſhe ſoft did kiſs,
Which all that while ſhe felt to pant and quake,
As it an earth-quake were; at laſt ſhe thus beſpake:

XLIII.

Beldame, your words do work me little eaſe;
For though my love be not ſo lewdly bent,
As thoſe ye blame, yet may it nought appeaſe
My raging ſmart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpleſs grief augment.
For they, however ſhameful and unkind,
Yet did poſſeſs their horrible intent:
Short end of ſorrows they thereby did find;
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their mind.

XLIV.

But wicked fortune mine, though mind be good,
Can have no end, nor hope of my desire,
But feed on shadows, whiles I dye for food,
And like a shadow wex, whiles with entire
Affection I do languish and expire.
I fonder than *Cephisus* foolish child,
Who having viewed in a fountain shere
His face, was with the love thereof beguil'd;
I fonder love a shade, the body far exil'd.

XLV.

Nought like, quoth she, for that same wretched boy
Was of himself the idle paramoure;
Both love and Lover, without hope of joy,
For which he faded to a watry flowre.
But better fortune thine, and better houre,
Which lov'st the shadow of a warlike Knight;
No shadow, but a body hath in powre:
That body, wheresoever that it light,
May learned be by cyphers, or by magick might.

XLVI.

But if thou may with reason yet repress
The growing evil ere it strength have got,
And thee abandon'd wholly do possess,
Against it strongly strive, and yield thee not,
Till thou in open field adown be smot.
But if the passion maister thy frail might,
So that needs love or death must be thy lot,
Then I avow to thee by wrong or right
To compass thy desire, and find that loved Knight.

XLVII.

Her chearful words much chear'd the feeble spright
Of the sick virgin, that her down she layd
In her warm bed to sleep, if that she might;
And the old woman carefully displayd
The clothes about her round with busie ayd;
So that at last a little creeping sleep
Surpriz'd her sense: She, therewith well apayd,
The drunken lamp down in the oil did steep,
And set her by to watch, and set her by to weep.

XLVIII.

Early the morrow next, before that day
His joyous face did to the world reveal,
They both uprose and took their ready way
Unto the church their prayers to appeal,
With great devotion, and with little zeal:
For the fair damzel from the holy herse
Her love-sick heart to other thoughts did steal;
And that old Dame said many an idle verse,
Out of her daughters heart fond fancies to reverse.

XLIX.

Returned home, the royal infant fell
Into her former fit; for why, no powre
Nor guidance of her self in her did dwell.
But th'aged nurse, her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered rue, and savine, and the flowre
Of *camphara*, and calamint, and dill,
All which she in an earthen pot did poure,
And to the brim with coltwood did it fill,
And many drops of milk and blood through it did spill.

L.

Then taking thrice three hairs from off her head,
Them trebbly braided in a threefold lace,
And round about the pots mouth, bound the thread,
And after having whispered a space
Certain sad words, with hollow voice and base,
She to the virgin said, thrice said she it;
Come daughter come, come; spit upon my face,
Spit thrice upon me, thrice upon me spit;
Th'uneven number for this business is most fit.

LI.

That said, her round about she from her turn'd,
She turned her contrary to the sun:
Thrice she her turn'd contrary, and return'd,
All contrary; for she the right did shun,
And ever what she did, was straight undone.
So thought she to undo her daughters love:
But Love, that is in gentle breast begun,
No idle charms so lightly may remove;
That well can witness, who by trial it does prove.

LII.

Ne ought it mote the noble maid avail,
Ne ſlake the fury of her cruel flame,
But that ſhe ſtill did waſte, and ſtill did wail,
That through long languor, and heart burning brame
She ſhortly like a pined ghoſt became,
Which long hath waited by the Stygian ſtrond.
That when old *Glaucé* ſaw, for fear leaſt blame
Of her miſcarriage ſhould in her be fond,
She wiſt not how t'amend, nor how it to withſtond.

CANTO III.

Merlin *bewrays, to* Britomart,
The ſtate of Arthegall;
And ſhews the famous Progeny
Which from them ſpringen ſhall.

I.

MOST ſacred fire, that burneſt mightily
In living breaſts, ykindled firſt above,
Emongſt th'eternal ſpheres and lamping ſky,
And thence pour'd into men, which men call Love;
Not that ſame, which doth baſe affections move
In brutiſh minds, and filthy luſt enflame;
But that ſweet fit, that doth true beauty love,
And chooſeth vertue for his dearest dame,
Whence ſpring all noble deeds, and never dying fame;

II.

Well did antiquity a God thee deem,
That over mortal minds haſt ſo great might,
To order them, as beſt to thee doth ſeem,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatal purpoſe of divine foreſight
Thou doſt effect in deſtined deſcents,
Through deep impreſſion of thy ſecret might,
And ſtirred'ſt up the heroes high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous monuments;

III.

But thy dread darts in none do triumph more,
Ne braver proof in any, of thy powre
Shewdſt thou, than in this Royal maid of yore,
Making her ſeek an unknown paramoure,
From the worlds end, through many a bitter ſtowre:
From whoſe two loins thou afterwards did raiſe
Moſt famous fruits of matrimonial bowre,
Which through the earth have ſpread their living praiſe
That fame in tromp of gold eternally diſplays.

IV.

Begin then, O my dearest ſacred dame,
Daughter of *Phœbus* and of *Memory*,
That doſt ennoble with immortal name
The warlike worthies from antiquity,
In thy great volume of eternity:
Begin, O *Clio*, and recount from hence
My glorious Soveraines goodly anceſtry,
Till that by due degrees and long pretence,
Thou have it laſtly brought unto her excellence.

V.

Full many ways within her troubled mind,
Old *Glaucé* caſt, to cure this Ladies grief:
Full many ways ſhe ſought, but none could find,
Nor herbs, nor charms, nor counſel that is chief
And choiceſt med'cine for ſick hearts relief:
Forthy great care ſhe took, and greater fear,
Leſt that it ſhould her turn to foul reprief,
And ſore reproach, whenſo her father dear
Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune hear.

VI.

At laſt, ſhe her advis'd, that he, which made
That mirrour, wherein the ſick Damoſel
So ſtrangely viewed her ſtrange lovers ſhade,
To weet, the learned *Merlin*, well could tell,
Under what coaſt of heaven the man did dwell,
And by what means his love might beſt be wrought:
For though beyond the *Affrick Iſmael*,
Or th' *Indian Peru* he were, ſhe thought
Him forth through infinite endeavour to have ſought.

VII.

Forthwith themſelves diſguiſing both in ſtrange
And baſe attire, that none might them bewray,
To *Maridunum*, that is now by change
Of name *Cayr-Merdin* call'd, they took their way:
There the wiſe *Merlin* whylome wont, they ſay,
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
In a deed delve, far from the view of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
Whenſo he counſeld with his ſprights encompaſt round.

VIII.

And if thou ever happen that ſame way
To travel, go to ſee that dreadful place:
It is an hideous hollow cave, they ſay,
Under a rock that lies a little ſpace
From the ſwift *Barry*, tumbling down apace,
Emongſt the woody hills of *Dynevowre*:
But dare thou not, I charge in any caſe,
To enter into that ſame baleful bowre,
For fear the cruel Fiends ſhould thee unwares devoure.

IX.

But ſtanding high aloft, low lay thine ear,
And there ſuch ghaſtly noiſe of iron chains,
And brazen caudrons thou ſhalt rumbling hear,
Which thouſand ſprights with long enduring pains
Do toſs, that it will ſtun thy feeble brains,
And oftentimes great groans, and grievous ſtounds,
When too huge toil and labour them conſtrains:
And oftentimes loud ſtrokes, and ringing ſounds
From under that deep rock moſt horribly rebounds.

X.

The cauſe ſome ſay is this: A little while
Before that *Merlin* dy'd, he did intend,
A brazen wall in compaſs to compile
About *Cayr-merdin*, and did it commend
Unto theſe ſprights, to bring to perfect end.
During which work the Lady of the lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in haſte did ſend,
Who thereby forſt his workmen to forſake,
Them bound till his return, their labour not to ſlake.

XI.

In the mean time, through that falſe Ladies train
He was ſurpris'd, and buried under bere,
Ne ever to his work return'd again:
Nath'leſs thoſe Fiends may not their work forbear,
So greatly his commandement they fear,
But there do toil and travel day and night,
Until that brazen wall they up do rear:
For *Merlin* had in magick more inſight,
Than ever him before, or after living wight.

XII.

For he by words could call out of the ſky
Both ſun and moon, and make them him obey:
The land to ſea, and ſea to main-land dry,
And darkſome night he eke could turn to day:
Huge hoſts of men he could alone diſmay,
And hoſts of men of meaneſt things could frame,
When-ſo him liſt his enemies to fray:
That to this day, for terror of his fame,
The Fiends do quake, when any him to them does name.

XIII.

And ſooth, men ſay that he was not the ſon
Of mortal Sire, or other living wight;
But wondrouſly begotten, and begun
By falſe illuſion of a guileful Spright,
On a fair Lady Nun, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to *Pubidius*,
Who was the Lord of *Mathraval* by right,
And couſin unto king *Ambroſius*:
Whence he indued was with skill ſo marvellous.

XIV.

They here arriving, ſtayd awhile without,
Ne durſt adventure raſhly in to wend,
But of their firſt intent 'gan make new doubt
For dread of danger, which it might portend.
Until the hardy maid (with love to friend)
Firſt entering, the dreadful Mage there found
Deep buſied about work of wondrous end,
And writing ſtrange characters in the ground,
With which the ſtubborn Fiends he to his ſervice bound.

XV.

He nought was moved at their entrance bold:
For of their coming well he wiſt afore;
Yet liſt them bid their buſineſs unfold,
As if ought in this world in ſecret ſtore
Were from him hidden, or unknown of yore.
Then *Glaucé* thus, Let not it thee offend,
That we thus raſhly through thy darkſome dore,
Unwares have preſt: for either fatal end,
Or other mighty cauſe, us two did hither ſend.

XVI.

He bade tell on: And then ſhe thus began:
Now have three moons with borrow'd brothers light,
Thrice ſhined fair, and thrice ſeem'd dim and wan,
Sith a ſore evil, which this virgin bright
Tormenteth, and doth plunge in doleful plight,
Firſt rooting took: but what thing it mote be,
Or whence it ſprung, I cannot read aright;
But this I read, that but if remedee,
Thou her afford, full ſhortly I her dead ſhall ſee.

XVII.

Therewith th' Enchaunter ſoftly 'gan to ſmile
At her ſmooth ſpeeches, weeting inly well,
That ſhe to him diſſembled womaniſh guile,
And to her ſaid, Beldame, by that ye tell,
More need of leach-craft hath your Damozell,
Than of my ſkill: who help may have elſe-where,
In vain ſeeks wonders out of magick ſpell.
Th'old woman wox half blank, thoſe words to hear;
And yet was loth to let her purpoſe plain appear.

XVIII.

And to him ſaid, If any leaches kill,
Or other learned means could have redreſt
This my dear daughters deep engraffed ill,
Certes I ſhould be loth thee to moleſt:
But this ſad evil, which doth her infeſt,
Doth courſe of natural cauſe far exceed,
And houſed is within her hollow breaſt,
That either ſeems ſome curſed Witches deed,
Or evil ſpright, that in her doth ſuch torment breed.

XIX.

The Wiſard could no longer bear her bord,
But burſting forth in laughter, to her ſaid;
Glaucé, what needs this coulorable word,
To cloke the cauſe, that hath it ſelf bewrayd?
Ne ye fair *Britomartis*, thus arrayd,
More hidden are, than ſun in cloudy veil;
Whom thy good fortune, having fate obeyd,
Hath hither brought for ſuccour to appeale:
The which the powres to thee are pleaſed to reveale.

XX.

The doubtful maid, ſeeing her ſelf deſcryde,
Was all abaſht, and her pure ivory
Into a clear carnation ſuddain dyde;
As fair *Aurora* riſing haſtily,
Doth by her bluſhing tell, that ſhe did ly
All night in old *Tithonus* frozen bed,
Whereof ſhe ſeems aſhamed inwardly.
But her old Nurſe was nought diſheartened,
But vantage made of that, which *Merlin* had ared.

XXI.

And ſaid, ſith then thou knoweſt all our grief,
(For what doſt not thou know?) of grace I pray,
Pity our plaint and yield us meet relief.
With that, the Prophet ſtill awhile did ſtay,
And then his ſpirit thus 'gan forth diſplay;
Moſt noble virgin, that by fatal lore
Haſt learn'd to love, let no whit thee diſmay
The hard begin, that meets thee in the dore,
And with ſharp fits thy tender heart oppreſſeth ſore.

XXII.

For ſo muſt all things excellent begin,
And eke enrooted deep muſt be that tree,
Whoſe big embodied branches ſhall not lin,
Till they to heavens height forth ſtretched be.
For from thy womb a famous progeny
Shall ſpring out of the ancient *Trojan* blood,
Which ſhall revive the ſleeping memory
Of thoſe ſame antique peers, the heavens brood,
Which *Greek* and *Aſian* rivers ſtain'd with their blood.

XXIII.

Renowned Kings, and ſacred Emperors,
Thy fruitful ofspring, ſhall from thee deſcend;
Brave captains, and moſt mighty warriors,
That ſhall their conqueſts through all lands extend,
And their decayed kingdoms all amend:
The feeble Britons, broken with long war,
They ſhall uprear and mightily defend
Againſt their foreign foe, that comes from far,
Till univerſal peace compound all civil jar.

XXIV.

It was not, *Britomart*, thy wandring eye,
Glauncing unwares in charmed looking-glaſs,
But the ſtraight courſe of heavenly deſtiny,
Led with eternal providence, that has
Guided thy glaunce, to bring his will to paſs:
Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To love the proweſt Knight, that ever was.
Therefore ſubmit thy ways unto his will,
And do by all due means thy deſtiny fulfill.

XXV.

But read, ſaid *Glaucé*, thou magician
What means ſhall ſhe out-ſeek, or what ways take?
How ſhall ſhe know, how ſhall ſhe find the man?
Or what needs her to toil, ſith fates can make
Way for themſelves, their purpoſe to partake?
Then *Merlin* thus; Indeed the fates are firm,
And may not ſhrink, though all the world do ſhake:
Yet ought mens good endeavours them confirm,
And guide the heavenly cauſes to their conſtant term.

XXVI.

The man, whom heavens have ordain'd to be
The ſpouſe of *Britomart*, is *Arthegal*:
He wonneth in the land of *Fayërie*,
Yet is no *Fairy* born, ne ſib at all
To Elfes, but ſprung of ſeed tereſtriall,
And whilome by falſe *Fairies* ſtoln away,
Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
Ne other to himſelf is known this day,
But that he by an Elf was gotten of a *Fay*;

XXVII.

But ſooth he is the ſon of *Gorlois*,
And brother unto *Cador* Corniſh king,
And for his warlike feats renowned is,
From where the day out of the ſea doth ſpring,
Until the cloſure of the evening.
From thence, him firmly bound with faithful band,
To this his native ſoil thou back ſhalt bring,
Strongly to aid his country, to withſtand
The powre of foreign Paynims, which invade thy land.

XXVIII.

Great aid thereto his mighty puiſſance,
And dreaded name, ſhall give in that ſad day:
Where alſo proof of thy prow valiance
Thou then ſhalt make, t'encreaſe thy Lovers prey:
Long time ye both in arms ſhall bear great ſway,
Till thy wombs burden thee from them do call,
And his laſt fate him from thee take away,
Too rathe cut off by practice criminall
Of ſecret foes, that him ſhall make in miſchief fall.

XXIX.

Where thee yet ſhall he leave, for memory,
Of his late puiſſance, his image dead,
That living him in all activity
To thee ſhall repreſent. He from the head
Of his couſin *Conſtantius* without dread
Shall take the crown, that was his fathers right,
And therewith crown himſelf in th' others ſtead:
Then ſhall he iſſue forth with dreadful might,
Againſt his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

XXX.

Like as a Lyon, that in drowſie cave
Hath long time ſlept, himſelf ſo ſhall he ſhake;
And coming forth, ſhall ſpread his banner brave
Over the troubled ſouth, that it ſhall make
The warlike *Mertians* for fear to quake:
Thrice ſhall he fight with them, and twice ſhall win,
But the third time ſhall fair accordance make:
And if he then with victory can lin,
He ſhall his days with peace bring to his earthly Inn.

XXXI.

His ſon, hight *Vortipore*, ſhall him ſucceed
In kingdom, but not in felicity:
Yet ſhall he long time war with happy ſpeed,
And with great honour many battles try:
But at the laſt, to th' importunity
Of froward fortune ſhall be forſt to yield.
But his ſon *Malgo* ſhall full mightily
Avenge his fathers loſs, with ſpear and ſhield,
And his proud foes diſcomfit in victorious field.

XXXII.

Behold the man, and tell me *Britomart*,
If ay more goodly creature thou didſt ſee;
How like a Giant in each manly part
Bears he himſelf with portly majeſtee,
That one of th'old *Heroës* ſeems to be:
He the ſix Iſlands comprovinciall
In antient times unto great Britannee,
Shall to the ſame reduce, and to him call
Their ſundry kings to do their homage ſeverall.

XXXIII.

All which his ſon *Careticus* awhile
Shall well defend, and *Saxons* powre ſuppreſs,
Untill a ſtranger King from unknown ſoil
Arriving, him with multitude oppreſs;
Great *Gormond*, having with huge mightineſs
Ireland ſubdued, and therein fixt his throne,
Like a ſwift Otter, fell through emptineſs,
Shall overſwim the ſea with many one
Of his Norveyſes, to aſſiſt the Britons fone.

XXXIV.

He in his fury all ſhall over-run,
And holy church with faithleſs hands deface,
That thy ſad people utterly fordone,
Shall to the utmoſt mountains fly apace,
Was never ſo great waſte in any place,
Nor ſo foul outrage done by living men;
For all thy cities they ſhall ſack and raſe,
And the green graſs that groweth, they ſhall bren,
That even the wild beaſt ſhall die in ſtarved den.

XXXV.

Whiles thus the Britons do in languor pine,
Proud *Etheldred* ſhall from the north ariſe,
Serving th' ambitious will of *Auguſtine*;
And paſſing *Dee* with hardy enterpriſe,
Shall back repulſe the valiant *Brockwell* twice,
And *Bangor* with maſſacred martyrs fill;
But the third time ſhall rue his foolhardiſe:
For *Cadwan*, pitying his peoples ill,
Shall ſtoutly him defeat, and thouſand *Saxons* kill.

XXXVI.

But after him, *Cadwallin* mightily
On his ſon *Edwin* all thoſe wrongs ſhall wreak;
Ne ſhall avail the wicked ſorcery
Of falſe *Pellite*, his purpoſes to break,
But him ſhall ſlay, and on a gallows bleak
Shall give th'enchaunter his unhappy hire:
Then ſhall the Britons, late diſmayd and weak,
From their long vaſſalage 'gin to reſpire,
And on their Paynim foes avenge their rankled ire.

XXXVII.

Ne ſhall he yet his wrath ſo mitigate,
Till both the ſons of *Edwin* he have ſlain,
Offrick and *Oſrick*, twins unfortunate,
Both ſlain in battle upon Layburn plain,
Together with the King of *Louthiane*,
Hight *Adin*, and the King of *Orkeny*,
Both joint partakers of the fatal pain:
But *Penda*, fearful of like deſtiny,
Shall yield himſelf his liege-man, and ſwear fealty.

XXXVIII.

Him ſhall he make his fatal inſtrument,
T' afflict the other *Saxons* unſubdu'd;
He marching forth with fury inſolent
Againſt the good King *Oſwald*, who indu'd
With heavenly powre, and by Angels resku'd,
All holding croſſes in their hands on high,
Shall him defeat withouten blood imbru'd
Of which, that field for endleſs memory,
Shall *Heavenfield* be call'd to all poſterity.

XXXIX.

Whereat *Cadwallin*, wroth, ſhall forth iſſue,
And an huge hoſt into Northumber lead,
With which he godly *Oſwald* ſhall ſubdue,
And crown with martyrdom his ſacred head,
Whoſe brother *Oſwin*, daunted with like dread,
With price of ſilver ſhall his kingdom buy;
And *Penda* ſeeking him adown to tread,
Shall tread adown, and do him foully die,
But ſhall with gifts his Lord *Cadwallin* pacifie.

XL.

Then ſhall *Cadwallin* dye, and then the reign
Of *Britons* eke with him attonce ſhall die;
Ne ſhall the good *Cadwallader* with pain,
Or powre, be able it to remedy,
When the full time prefixt by deſtiny,
Shall be expir'd of *Britons* regiment.
For heaven it ſelf ſhall their ſucceſs envy,
And them with plagues and murrins peſtilent
Conſume, till all their warlike puiſſance be ſpent.

XLI.

Yet after all theſe ſorrows, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight years ſpace,
Cadwallader not yielding to his ills,
From *Armorick*, where long in wretched caſe
He liv'd, returning to his native place,
Shall be by viſion ſtayd from his intent:
For th' heavens have decreed to diſplace
The *Britons*, for their ſins due puniſhment,
And to the *Saxons* over-give their government.

XLII.

Then woe, and woe, and everlaſting woe,
Be to the *Briton* babe that ſhall be born,
To live in thraldome of his fathers foe;
Late King, now captive, late Lord, now forlorn,
The worlds reproach, the cruel victors ſcorn,
Baniſht from Princely bowre to waſteful wood:
O who ſhall help me to lament, and mourn
The royal ſeed, the antique *Trojan* blood!
Whoſe empire longer here than ever any ſtood.

XLIII.

The Damzel was full deep empaſſioned,
Both for his grief, and for her peoples ſake,
Whoſe future woes ſo plain he faſhioned,
And ſighing ſore at length him thus beſpake;
Ah! but will heavens fury never ſlake,
Nor vengeance huge relent it ſelf at laſt?
Will not long miſery late mercy make,
But ſhall their name for ever be defaſte.
And quite from off the earth their memory be raſte.

XLIV.

Nay but the term (ſaid he) is limited,
That in this thraldom *Britons* ſhall abide,
And the juſt revolution meaſured,
That they as ſtrangers ſhall be notifide.
For twice four hundred years ſhall be ſupplide,
Ere they to former rule reſtor'd ſhall be,
And their importune fates all ſatisfide:
Yet during this their moſt obſcurity,
Their beams ſhall oft break forth, that men them fair may [ſee.

XLV.

For *Rhodorick*, whoſe ſirname ſhall be great,
Shall of himſelf a brave enſample ſhew,
That Saxon Kings his friendſhip ſhall intreat;
And *Howell Dha* ſhall goodly well endue
The ſalvage minds with ſkill of juſt and true,
Then *Griffyth Conan* alſo ſhall up-rear
His dreaded head, and the old ſparks renew
Of native courage, that his foes ſhall fear,
Leſt back again the Kingdom he from them ſhould bear.

XLVI.

Ne ſhall the Saxons ſelves all peaceably
Enjoy the crown, which they from Britons won
Firſt ill, and after ruled wickedly:
For ere two hundred years be full out-run,
There ſhall a Raven far from riſing ſun,
With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithleſs chickens over-run
The fruitful plains, and with fell cruelty,
In their avenge, tread down the victours ſurquedry.

XLVII.

Yet ſhall a third both theſe, and thine ſubdew;
There ſhall a Lion from the ſea-bord wood
Of *Neuſtria* come roring, with a crew
Of hungry whelps, his battailous bold brood,
Whoſe claws were newly dipt in cruddy blood,
That from the Daniſh tyrants head ſhall rend
Th'uſurped crown, as if that he were wood,
And the ſpoil of the country conquered
Emongſt his young ones ſhall divide with bountyhed.

XLVIII.

Though when the term is full accompliſhed,
There ſhall a ſpark of fire, which hath long-while
Been in his aſhes raked up and hid,
Be freſhly kindled in the fruitful Iſle
Of *Mona*, where it lurked in exile;
Which ſhall break forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the houſe that bears the ſtile
Of royal Majeſty and ſoveraine name;
So ſhall the Briton blood their crown again reclame.

XLIX.

Thenceforth eternal union ſhall be made
Between the nations different afore,
And ſacred peace ſhall lovingly perſuade
The warlike minds, to learn her goodly lore,
And civil arms to exerciſe no more:
Then ſhall a royal virgin reign, which ſhall
Stretch her white rod over the *Belgick* ſhore,
And the great caſtle ſmite ſo ſore withall,
That it ſhall make him ſhake, and ſhortly learn to fall.

L.

But yet the end is not.——There *Merlin* ſtayd,
As over-comen of the ſpirits powre,
Or other ghaſtly ſpectacle diſmayd,
That ſecretly he ſaw, yet n'ote diſcoure:
Which ſuddain fit, and half extatick ſtoure
When the two fearful women ſaw, they grew
Greatly confuſed in behaviour;
At laſt the fury paſt, to former hue
He turn'd again, and chearful looks as earſt did ſhew.

LI.

Then, when themſelves they well inſtructed had
Of all, that needed them to be inquir'd,
They both conceiving hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts unto their home retir'd,
Where they in ſecret counſel cloſe conſpir'd
How to effect ſo hard an enterprize,
And to poſſeſs the purpoſe they deſir'd:
Now this, now that, twixt them they did deviſe,
And diverſe plots did frame, to mask in ſtrange diſguiſe.

LII.

At laſt, the Nurſe in her foolhardy wit
Conceiv'd a bold device, and thus beſpake;
Daughter, I deem that counſel aye moſt fit,
That of the time doth due advantage take;
Ye ſee that good King *Uther* now doth make
Strong war upon the Paynim brethren, hight
Octa and *Oza*, whom he lately brake
Beſide *Caryl Verd'lame*, in victorious fight,
That now all *Britany* doth burn in armës bright.

LIII.

That therefore nought our paſſage may empeach,
Let us in feigned arms our ſelves diſguiſe,
And our weak hands, whom need new ſtrength ſhall teach
The dreadful ſpear and ſhield to exerciſe:
Ne certes daughter that ſame warlike wiſe,
I ween, would you misſeem; for ye been tall,
And large of limb, t'atchieve an hard empriſe,
Ne ought ye want, but skill, which practice ſmall
Will bring, and ſhortly make you a maid martiall.

LIV.

And ſooth, it ought your courage much inflame,
To hear ſo often, in that royal houſe,
From whence to none inferiour ye came,
Bards tell of many women valorous
Which have full many feats adventurous
Perform'd, in paragon of proudeſt men:
The bold *Bonduca*, whoſe victorious
Exploits made *Rome* to quake, ſtout *Guendolen*,
Renowned *Martia*, and redoubted *Emmilen*.

LV.

And that, which more than all the reſt may ſway,
Late days enſample, which theſe eyes beheld,
In the laſt field before *Menevia*
Which *Uther* with thoſe foreign Pagans held,
I ſaw a *Saxon* virgin, the which felld
Great *Ulfin* thrice upon the bloody plain,
And had not *Carados* her hand with-held
From raſh revenge, ſhe had him ſurely ſlain,
Yet *Carados* himſelf from her eſcapt with pain.

LVI.

Ah read, quoth *Britomart*, how is ſhe hight?
Fair *Angela*, quoth ſhe, men do her call,
No whit leſs fair, than terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a martiall
And mighty people, dreaded more than all
The other *Saxons*, which do for her ſake
And love, themſelves of her name *Angles* call:
Therefore fair Infant her enſample make
Unto thy ſelf, and equal courage to thee take.

LVII.

Her hearty words ſo deep into the mind
Of the young Damzel ſunk, that great deſire
Of warlike arms in her forthwith they tyn'd,
And generous ſtout courage did inſpire;
That ſhe reſolv'd, unweeting to her Sire,
Advent'rous knighthood on herſelf to don,
And counſel'd with her Nurſe her maids attire
To turn into a maſſie habergeon,
And bade her all things put in readineſs anon.

LVIII.

Th' old woman nought, that needed, did omit;
But all things did conveniently purvay:
It fortuned (ſo time their turn did fit)
A band of Britons riding on forray
Few days before, had gotten a great prey
Of Saxon goods, emongſt the which was ſeen
A goodly armour, and full rich array,
Which long'd to *Angela*, the Saxon Queen,
All fretted round with gold, and goodly well beſeen.

LIX.

The ſame, with all the other ornaments,
King *Ryence* cauſed to be hanged high
In his chief church, for endleſs monuments
Of his ſucceſs and gladful victory:
Of which her ſelf aviſing readily,
In th'evening late old *Glaucé* thither led
Fair *Britomart*, and that ſame armory
Down taking, her therein apparelled,
Well as ſhe might, and with brave bauldrick garniſhed,

LX.

Beſide thoſe arms there ſtood a mighty ſpear,
Which *Bladud* made by magick art of yore,
And us'd the ſame in battle aye to bear;
Since which it had been here preſerv'd in ſtore,
For his great vertues proved long afore:
For never wight ſo faſt in fell could ſit,
But him perforce unto the ground it bore:
Both ſpear ſhe took, and ſhield, which hung by it;
Both ſpear and ſhield of great powre, for her purpoſe fit.

LXI.

Thus when ſhe had the virgin all arraid,
Another harneſs, which did hang thereby,
About her ſelf ſhe dight, that the young maid
She might in equal arms accompany,
And as her Squire attend her carefully:
Tho to their ready ſteeds they clomb full light,
And through back ways, that none might them eſpy,
Cover'd with ſecret cloud of ſilent night,
Themſelves they forth convey'd, and paſſed forward right.

LXII.

Ne reſted they, till that to fairy lond
They came, as *Merlin* them directed late:
Where meeting with this *Redcroſs* knight, ſhe fond
Of diverſe things diſcourſes to dilate,
But moſt of *Arthegall*, and his eſtate.
At laſt their ways ſo fell, that they mote part:
Then each to other well affectionate,
Friendſhip profeſſed with unfeigned heart,
The *Redcroſs* knight diverſt; but forth rode *Britomart*.

CANTO IV.

Bold Marinel *of* Britomart,
Is thrown on the rich ſtrond:
Fair Florimel *of* Arthur *is*
Long follow'd, but not fond.

I.

Where is the antique glory now become,
That whylome wont in women to appear?
Where be the brave atchievements done by ſome?
Where be the battles, where the ſhield and ſpear,
And all the conqueſts, which them high did rear,
That matter made for famous Poets verſe,
And boaſtful men ſo oft abaſht to hear?
Been they all dead, and laid in doleful herſe?
Or doen they only ſleep, and ſhall again reverſe?

II.

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore:
But if they ſleep, O let them ſoon awake:
For all to long I burn with envy ſore,
To hear the warlike feats, which *Homer* ſpake
Of bold *Pantheſilee*, which made a lake
Of *Greekiſh* blood ſo oft in *Trojan* plain;
But when I read, how ſtout *Debora* ſtrake
Proud *Siſera*, and how *Camill'* hath ſlain
The huge *Orſilochus*, I ſwell with great diſdain.

III.

Yet theſe, and all that elſe had puiſſance,
Cannot with noble *Britomart* compare,
As well for glory of great valiance,
As for pure chaſtity and vertue rare;
That all her goodly deeds do well declare.
Well worthy ſtock, from which the branches ſprong,
That in late years ſo fair a bloſſom bare,
As thee, O Queen, the matter of my ſong,
Whoſe linage from this Lady I derive along.

IV.

Who when through ſpeeches with the *Redcroſs* knight,
She learned had th' eſtate of *Arthegall*,
And in each point her ſelf inform'd aright,
A friendly league of love perpetual
She with him bound, and *Congé* took withal.
Then he forth on his journey did proceed,
To ſeek adventures, which mote him befal,
And win him worſhip through his warlike deed,
Which always of his pains he made the chiefeſt meed.

V.

But *Britomart* kept on her former courſe,
Ne ever doft her arms, but all the way
Grew penſive through that amorous diſcourſe,
By which the *Redcroſs* Knight did earſt diſplay
Her lovers ſhape and chevalrous array;
A thouſand thoughts ſhe faſhion'd in her mind,
And in her feigning fancy did pourtray
Him ſuch, as fitteſt ſhe for love could find,
Wiſe warlike, perſonable, courteous, and kind.

VI.

With ſuch ſelf-pleaſing thoughts her wound ſhe fed,
And thought ſo to beguile her grievous ſmart;
But ſo her ſmart was much more grievous bred,
And the deep wound more deep engor'd her heart,
That nought but death her dolour mote depart,
So forth ſhe rode without repoſe or reſt,
Searching all lands and each remoteſt part,
Following the guidance of her blinded gueſt,
Till that to the ſea-coaſt at length ſhe her addreſt.

VII.

There ſhe alighted from her light-foot beaſt,
And ſitting down upon the rocky ſhore,
Bade her old Squire unlace her lofty creſt;
Tho having view'd awhile the ſurges hore,
That 'gainſt the craggy clifts did loudly rore,
And in their raging ſurquedry diſdain'd
That the faſt earth affronted them ſo ſore,
And their devouring covetize reſtrain'd,
Thereat ſhe ſighed deep, and after, thus complain'd;

VIII.

Huge ſea of ſorrow, and tempeſtuous grief,
Wherein my feeble bark is toſſed long,
Far from the hoped haven of relief,
Why do thy cruel billows beat ſo ſtrong,
And thy moiſt mountains each on others throng,
Threatning to ſwallow up my fearful life?
O do thy cruel wrath and ſpightful wrong
At length allay, and ſtint thy ſtormy ſtrife,
Which in theſe troubled bowels reigns, and rageth rife.

IX.

For elſe my feeble veſſel craz'd, and crackt
Through thy ſtrong buffets and outrageous blows,
Cannot endure, but needs it muſt be wrackt
On the rough rocks, or on the ſandy ſhallows,
The whiles that Love it ſteers, and Fortune rows;
Love my lewd pilot hath a reſtleſs mind,
And Fortune boat-ſwain no aſſurance knows,
But ſail withouten ſtars, 'gainſt tide and wind:
How can they other do, ſith both are bold and blind?

X.

Thou God of winds, that reigneſt in the ſeas,
That reigneſt alſo in the continent,
At laſt blow up ſome gentle gale of eaſe,
The which may bring my ſhip, ere it be rent,
Unto the gladſome port of her intent:
Then when I ſhall my ſelf in ſafety ſee,
A table for eternal monument
Of thy great grace, and my great jeopardy,
Great *Neptune*, I avow to hallow unto thee.

XI.

Then ſighing ſoftly ſore, and inly deep,
She ſhut up all her plaint in privy grief;
For her great courage would not let her weep,
Till that old *Glaucé* 'gan with ſharp repriet
Her to reſtrain, and give her good relief,
Through hope of thoſe, which *Merlin* had her told
Should of her name and nation be chief,
And fetch their being from the ſacred mold
Of her immortal womb, to be in heaven enrol'd.

XII.

Thus as ſhe her recomforted, ſhe ſpide,
Where far away one all in armour bright,
With haſty gallop towards her did ride;
Her dolour ſoon ſhe ceaſt, and on her dight
Her helmet, to her courſer mounting light:
Her former ſorrow into ſuddain wrath,
Both couſin paſſions of diſtroubled ſpright,
Converting, forth ſhe beats the duſty path;
Love and deſpight attonce her courage kindled hath.

XIII.

As when a foggy miſt hath overcaſt
The face of heaven, and the clear air ingroſt,
The world in darkneſs dwells, till that at laſt
The watry ſouth-wind from the ſea-bord coaſt
Upblowing, doth diſperſe the vapour loſt,
And pours it ſelf forth in a ſtormy ſhowre,
So the fair *Britomart* having diſcloſt
Her cloudy care into a wrathful ſtowre,
The miſt of grief diſſolv'd, did into vengeance poure.

XIV.

Eftſoons her goodly ſhield addreſſing fair,
That mortal ſpear ſhe in her hand did take,
And unto battle did her ſelf prepare.
The Knight approching, ſternly her beſpake;
Sir Knight, that doſt thy voyage raſhly make
By this forbidden way in my deſpight,
Ne doſt by others death enſample take,
I read thee ſoon retire, whiles thou haſt might,
Leſt afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

XV.

Ythrild with deep diſdain of his proud threat,
She ſhortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly:
Words fearen babes. I mean not thee intreat
To paſs; but maulgre thee will paſs or die.
Ne longer ſtaid for th'other to reply,
But with ſharp ſpear the reſt made dearly known.
Strongly the ſtrange Knight ran, and ſturdily
Strook her full on the breaſt, that made her down
Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her crown.

XVI.

But ſhe again him in the ſhield did ſmite
With ſo fierce fury and great puiſſance,
That through his threeſquare ſcuchin piercing quite,
And through his mailed hauberque, by miſchaunce
The wicked ſteel through his left ſide did glaunce;
Him ſo transfixed ſhe before her bore
Beyond his croup, the length of all her launce,
Till ſadly ſouſing on the ſandy ſhore,
He tumbled on an heap, and wallow'd in his gore.

XVII.

Like as the ſacred Ox, that careleſs ſtands,
With gilden horns, and flowry girlonds crown'd,
Proud of his dying honor and dear bands,
Whiles th' altars fume with frankincence around,
All ſuddainly with mortal ſtroke aſtown'd,
Doth groveling fall, and with his ſtreaming gore
Diſtains the pillours, and the holy ground,
And the fair flowres, that decked him afore;
So fell proud *Marinell* upon the precious ſhore.

XVIII.

The martial maid ſtaid not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the ſtrond: which as ſhe over-went,
She ſaw beſtrowed all with rich array
Of pearls and precious ſtones of great aſſay,
And all the gravel mixt with golden owr;
Whereat ſhe wondred much, but would not ſtay
For gold, or pearls, or precious ſtones an houre,
But them deſpiſed all; for all was in her poure.

XIX.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly ſtoniſhment,
Tydings hereof came to his mothers ear;
His mother was the black-browd *Cymoent*,
The daughter of great *Nereus*, which did bear
This warlike ſon unto an earthly peer,
The famous *Dumarin:* who on a day
Finding the Nymph aſleep in ſecret where,
As he by chance did wander that ſame way,
Was taken with her love, and by her cloſely lay.

XX.

There he this Knight of her begot; whom born
She of his father *Marinell* did name,
And in a rocky cave as wight forlorn,
Long time ſhe foſtred up, till he became
A mighty man at arms, and mickle fame
Did get through great adventures by him don:
For never man he ſuffred by that ſame
Rich ſtrond to travel, whereas he did wonne,
But that he muſt do battle with the Sea-nymphs ſon.

XXI.

An hundred Knights of honourable name
He had ſubdu'd, and them his vaſſals made,
That through all Fairy lond his noble fame
Now blazed was, and fear did all invade,
That none durſt paſſen through that per'lous glade:
And to advance his name and glory more,
Her Sea-god ſire ſhe dearly did perſuade,
T'endow her ſon with treaſure and rich ſtore,
'Bove all the ſons, that were of earthly wombs ybore.

XXII

The God did graunt his daughters dear demand,
To doen his nephew in all riches flow;
Eftſoons his heaped waves he did command,
Out of their hollow boſom forth to throw
All the huge treaſure, which the ſea below
Had in his greedy gulf devoured deep,
And him enriched through the overthrow
And wrecks of many wretches, which did weep
And often wail their wealth, which he from them did keep.

XXIII.

Shortly upon that ſhore there heaped was
Exceeding riches, and all precious things,
The ſpoil of all the world, that it did paſs
The wealth of th' Eaſt, and pomp of *Perſian* kings;
Gold, amber, ivory, pearls, owches, rings,
And all that elſe was precious and dear,
The ſea unto him voluntary brings,
That ſhortly he a great Lord did appear,
As was in all the lond of Fairy, or elſewhere.

XXIV.

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded Knight,
Tride often to the ſcathe of many dear,
That none in equal arms him matchen might:
The which his mother ſeeing, 'gan to fear
Leſt his too haughty hardineſs might rear
Some hard miſhap, in hazard of his life:
Forthy ſhe oft him counſel'd to forbear
The bloody battle, and to ſtir up ſtrife,
But after all his war, to reſt his weary knife.

XXV.

And for his more aſſurance, ſhe inquir'd
One day of *Proteus* by his mighty ſpell
(For *Proteus* was with prophecy inſpir'd)
Her dear ſons deſtiny to her to tell,
And the ſad end of her ſweet *Marinell.*
Who through foreſight of his eternal ſkill,
Bade her from woman-kind to keep him well:
For of a woman he ſhould have much ill,
A virgin ſtrange and ſtout him ſhould diſmay or kill.

XXVI.

Forthy ſhe gave him warning every day,
The love of women not to entertain;
A leſſon too too hard for living clay,
From love in courſe of nature to refrain:
Yet he his mother's lore did well retain,
And ever from fair Ladies love did flie;
Yet many Ladies fair did oft complain,
That they for love of him would algates die:
Die, whoſo liſt for him, he was Loves enemy.

XXVII.

But ah, who can deceive his deſtiny,
Or ween by warning to avoid his fate?
That when he ſleeps in moſt ſecurity,
And ſafeſt ſeems, him ſooneſt doth amate,
And findeth due effect or ſoon or late.
So feeble is the powre of fleſhly arm.
His mother bade him womens love to hate;
For ſhe of womans force did fear no harm;
So weening to have arm'd him, ſhe did quite diſarm.

XXVIII.

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,
That *Proteus* prophecide ſhould him diſmay;
The which his mother vainly did expound,
To be heart-wounding love, which ſhould aſſay
To bring her ſon unto his laſt decay.
So tickle be the terms of mortal ſtate,
And full of ſubtle ſophiſms, which do play
With double ſenſes, and with falſe debate,
T'approve the unknown purpoſe of eternal fate.

XXIX.

Too true the famous *Marinell* it found,
Who through late trial, on that wealthy ſtrond
Inglorious now lies in ſenſeleſs ſwound,
Through heavy ſtroke of *Britomartis* hond.
Which when his mother dear did underſtond,
And heavy tydings heard, whereas ſhe plaid
Amongſt her watry ſiſters by a pond,
Gathering ſweet Daffadillies, to have made
Gay girlonds, from the ſun their forheads fair to ſhade;

XXX.

Eftſoons both flowres and girlonds far away
She flung, and her fair dewy locks yrent,
To ſorrow huge ſhe turn'd her former play,
And gameſome mirth to grievous dreriment:
She threw herſelf down on the continent,
Ne word did ſpeak, but lay as in a ſwoun,
Whiles all her ſiſters did for her lament,
With yelling out-cries, and with ſhrieking ſou'n;
And every one did tear her girlond from her crown.

XXXI.

Soon as ſhe up out of her deadly fit
Aroſe, ſhe bade her charet to be brought,
And all her ſiſters, that with her did ſit,
Bade eke attonce their charets to be ſought;
Tho full of bitter grief and penſive thought,
She to her wagon clomb; clomb all the reſt,
And forth together went, with ſorrow fraught.
The waves obedient to their beheaſt,
Them yielded ready paſſage, and their rage ſurceaſt.

XXXII.

Great *Neptune* ſtood amazed at their ſight,
Whiles on his broad round back they ſoftly ſlid,
And eke himſelf mourn'd at their mournful plight,
Yet wiſt not what their wailing meant, yet did
For great compaſſion of their ſorrow, bid
His mighty waters to them buxom be:
Eftſoons the roaring billows ſtill abid,
And all the grieſly monſters of the ſea
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to ſee.

XXXIII.

A teme of Dolphins, ranged in array,
Drew the ſmooth charet of ſad *Cymoent*;
They were all taught by *Triton*, to obey
To the long reins, at her commandement:
As ſwift as Swallows on the waves they went,
That their broad flaggy fins no ſome did rear,
Ne bubling roundel they behind them ſent;
The reſt, of other fiſhes drawen were,
Which with their finny oars the ſwelling ſea did ſhear.

XXXIV.

Soon as they been arriv'd upon the brim
Of the *Rich ſtrond*, their charets they forlore,
And let their temed fiſhes ſoftly ſwim
Along the margent of the foamy ſhore,
Leſt they their fins ſhould bruize, and ſurbate ſore
Their tender feet upon the ſtony ground:
And coming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy blood enwallowed they found
The luckleſs *Marinell*, lying in deadly ſwound;

XXXV.

His mother ſwouned thrice, and the third time
Could ſcarce recovred be out of her pain;
Had ſhe not been devoid of mortal ſlime,
She ſhould not then have been reliv'd again:
But ſoon as life recovred had the rein,
She made ſo pitious moan and drear wayment,
That the hard rocks could ſcarce from tears refrain,
And all her ſiſter Nymphs with one conſent
Supplide her ſobbing breaches with ſad compliment.

XXXVI.

Dear image of my ſelf, ſhe ſaid, that is,
The wretched ſon of wretched mother born,
Is this thine high advancement? O is this
Th'immortal name, with which thee yet unborn
Thy Granſire *Nereus* promiſt to adorn?
Now lyeſt thou of life and honour reft;
Now lyeſt thou a lump of earth forlorn,
Ne of thy late life memory is left,
Ne can thy irrevocable deſtiny be weft.

XXXVII.

Fond *Proteus*, father of falſe prophecies,
And they more fond that credit to thee give,
Not this the work of womans hands ywis,
That ſo deep wound through theſe dear members drive.
I feared love: but they that love do live;
But they that die, do neither love nor hate.
Nath'leſs, to thee thy folly I forgive,
And to my ſelf, and to accurſed fate
The guilt I do aſcribe: dear wiſdom bought too late.

XXXVIII.

O what avails it of immortal ſeed
To been ybred and never born to die!
Far better I it deem to die with ſpeed,
Than waſte in woe and wailful miſery.
Who dies, the utmoſt dolour doth abie;
But who that lives, is left to wail his loſs:
So life is loſs, and death felicity.
Sad life worſe than glad death: and greater croſs
To ſee friends grave, than dead the grave ſelf to engroſs.

XXXIX.

But if the heavens did his days envie,
And my ſhort bliſs malign, yet mote they well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die,
That the dim eyes of my dear *Marinell*
I mote have cloſed, and him bid farwell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
They would not graunt:
Yet maulgre them, farwell my ſweeteſt ſweet;
Farwell my ſweeteſt ſon, ſith we no more ſhall meet.

XL.

Thus when they all had ſorrowed their fill,
They ſoftly 'gan to ſearch his grieſly wound:
And that they might him handle more at will,
They him diſarm'd, and ſpredding on the ground
Their watchet mantles fring'd with ſilver round,
They ſoftly wipt away the jelley'd blood
From th'orifice; which having well up-bound,
They pourd-in ſoveraine balm, and nectar good,
Good both for earthly med'cine, and for heavenly food.

XLI.

Tho when the lilly-handed *Liagore*
(This *Liagore* whylome had learned ſkill
In leaches craft, by great *Apollos* lore,
Sith her whylome upon high *Pindus* hill,
He loved, and at laſt her womb did fill
With heavenly ſeed, whereof wiſe *Pæon* ſprung)
Did feel his pulſe, ſhe knew there ſtayed ſtill
Some little life his feeble ſprites emong;
Which to his mother told, deſpair ſhe from her flung.

XLII.

Tho up him taking in their tender hands,
They eaſily unto her charet bear:
Her teme at her commaundment quiet ſtands,
Whiles they the corſe into her wagon rear,
And ſtrow with flowres the lamentable bier:
Then all the reſt into their coaches clim,
And through the brackiſh waves their paſſage ſhear;
Upon great *Neptunes* neck they ſoftly ſwim,
And to her watry chamber ſwiftly carry him.

XLIII.

Deep in the bottom of the ſea, her bowre
Is built, of hollow billows heaped high,
Like to thick clouds, that threat a ſtormy ſhowre,
And vaulted all within, like to the ſky,
In which the Gods do dwell eternally:
There they him laid in eaſie couch well dight;
And ſent in haſte for *Tryphon*, to apply
Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might:
For *Tryphon* of Sea-gods the ſoveraine leach is hight.

XLIV.

The whiles, the Nymphs ſit all about him round,
Lamenting his miſhap and heavy plight;
And oft his mother viewing his wide wound,
Curſed the hand that did ſo deadly ſmight
Her deareſt ſon, her deareſt hearts delight.
But none of all thoſe curſes overtook
The warlike maid, th'enſample of that might,
But fairly well ſhe thriv'd, and well did brook
Her noble deeds, ne her right courſe for ought forſook.

XLV.

Yet did falſe *Archimage* her ſtill purſue,
To bring to paſs his miſchievous intent,
Now that he had her ſingled from the crew
Of courteous Knights, the Prince, and Fairy gent,
Whom late in chace of beauty excellent
She left, purſuing that ſame Foſter ſtrong;
Of whoſe foul outrage they impatient,
And full of firy zeal, him follow'd long,
To reſkew her from ſhame, and to revenge her wrong.

XLVI.

Through thick and thin, through mountains and through [plains,
Thoſe two great champions did attonce purſue
The fearful Damzel, with inceſſant pains:
Who from them fled, as light-foot Hare from view
Of hunters ſwift, and ſcent of houndës true.
At laſt they came unto a double way,
Where, doubtful which to take, her to reſkue,
Themſelves they did diſpart, each to aſſay,
Whether more happy were to win ſo goodly prey.

XLVII.

But *Timias*, the Princes gentle Squire,
That Ladies love unto his Lord forlent,
And with proud envy and indignant ire,
After that wicked Foſter fiercely went.
So been they three three ſundry ways ybent.
But faireſt fortune to the Prince befel,
Whoſe chaunce it was, that ſoon he did repent
To take that way, in which that Damozel
Was fled afore, affraid of him, as Fiend of hell.

XLVIII.

At laſt, of her far off he gained view:
Then 'gan he freſhly prick his foamy ſteed,
And ever as he nigher to her drew,
So evermore he did encreaſe his ſpeed,
And of each turning ſtill kept wary heed:
Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,
To do away vain doubt, and needleſs dreed:
Full mild to her he ſpake, and oft let fall
Many meek words, to ſtay and comfort her withal.

XLIX.

But nothing might relent her haſty flight;
So deep the deadly fear of that foul ſwain
Was earſt impreſſed in her gentle ſpright:
Like as a fearful Dove, which through the rain
Of the wide air her way does cut amain,
Having far off eſpide a Taſſel gent,
Which after her his nimble wings doth ſtrain,
Doubleth her haſte for fear to be fore-hent,
And with her pinions cleaves the liquid firmament.

L.

With no leſs haſte, and eke with no leſs dreed,
That fearful Lady fled from him, that meant
To her no evil thought, nor evil deed;
Yet former fear of being foully ſhent,
Carried her forward with her firſt intent:
And though, oft looking backward, well ſhe view'd,
Her ſelf freed from that Foſter inſolent,
And that it was a Knight, which now her 'ſude,
Yet ſhe no leſs the Knight feard, than that villain rude.

LI.

His uncouth ſhield and ſtrange arms her diſmaid,
Whoſe like in Fairy lond were ſeldom ſeen,
That faſt ſhe from him fled, no leſs affraid
Than of wild beaſts if ſhe had chaſed been:
Yet he her follow'd ſtill with courage keen,
So long, that now the golden *Heſperus*
Was mounted high in top of heaven ſheen,
And warn'd his other brethren joyeous,
To light their bleſſed lamps in *Joves* eternal houſe.

LII.

All ſuddainly dim wox the dampiſh air,
And grieſly ſhadows cover'd heaven bright,
That now with thouſand ſtars was decked fair;
Which when the Prince beheld (a loathful ſight)
And that perforce, for want of longer light,
He mote ſurceaſe his ſuit, and loſe the hope
Of his long labour, he 'gan foully wite
His wicked fortune, that had turn'd aſlope,
And curſed night, that reft from him ſo goodly ſcope.

LIII.

Tho when her ways he could no more deſcry,
But to and fro at diſadventure ſtraid;
Like as a ſhip, whoſe Load-ſtar ſuddainly
Cover'd with clouds, her Pilot hath diſmaid;
His wariſome purſuit perforce he ſtaid,
And from his lofty ſteed diſmounting low,
Did let him forage. Down himſelf he laid
Upon the graſſie ground, to ſleep a throw;
The cold earth was his couch, the hard ſteel his pillow.

LIV.

But gentle ſleep envide him any reſt;
Inſtead thereof ſad ſorrow, and diſdain
Of his hard hap did vex his noble breaſt,
And thouſand fancies beat his idle brain
With their light wings, the ſights of ſemblants vain:
Oft did he wiſh, that Lady fair mote be
His Fairy Queen, for whom he did complain:
Or that his Fairy Queen were ſuch as ſhe:
And ever haſty night he blamed bitterly.

LV.

Night thou foul mother of annoyance ſad,
Siſter of heavy death, and nurſe of woe,
Which waſt begot in heaven, but for thy bad
And brutiſh ſhape, thruſt down to hell below,
Where by the grim flood of *Cocytus* ſlow
Thy dwelling is, in *Herebus* black houſe
(Black *Herebus* thy huſband is the foe
Of all the Gods) where thou ungratious,
Half of thy days doſt lead in horrour hideous.

LVI.

What had the th'eternal maker need of thee,
The world in his continual courſe to keep,
That doſt all things deface, ne letteſt ſee
The beauty of his work? Indeed in ſleep,
The ſlothful body, that doth love to ſteep
His luſtleſs limbs, and drown his baſer mind,
Doth praiſe thee oft, and oft from *Stygian* deep
Calls thee, his Goddeſs in his errour blind,
And great dame Natures hand-maid, chearing every kind.

LVII.

But well I wote, that to an heavy heart
Thou art the root and nurſe of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old ſmarts:
Inſtead of reſt thou lendeſt railing tears,
Inſtead of ſleep thou ſendeſt troublous fears,
And dreadful viſions, in the which alive
The dreary image of ſad death appears:
So from the weary ſpirit thou doſt drive
Deſired reſt, and men of happineſs deprive.

LVIII.

Under thy mantle black there hidden lye,
Light-ſhunning theft, and traiterous intent,
Abhorred bloodſhed, and vile felony,
Shameful deceit, and danger imminent;
Foul horror, and eke helliſh dreriment:
All theſe (I wote) in thy protection be,
And light do ſhun, for fear of being ſhent:
For light ylike is loath'd of them and thee,
And all that lewdneſs love, do hate the light to ſee.

LIX.

For day diſcovers all diſhoneſt ways,
And ſheweth each thing as it is indeed:
The praiſes of high God he fair diſplays,
And his large bounty rightly doth areed.
Days deareſt children 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 ſin.
Our life is day: but death with darkneſs doth begin.

LX.

O when will day then turn to me again,
And bring with him his long expected light?
O *Titan*, haſte to rear thy joyous wain:
Speed thee to ſpread abroad thy beamës bright,
And chaſe away this too long lingring Night;
Chaſe 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 room to day, that can it govern well.

LXI.

Thus did the Prince that weary night out-wear,
In reſtleſs anguiſh and unquiet pain:
And early, ere the morrow did uprear
His deawy head out of the *Ocean* main,
He up aroſe, as half in great diſdain,
And clomb unto his ſteed. So forth he went,
With heavy look and lumpiſh pace, that plain
In him bewrayd great grudge and maltalent:
His ſteed eke ſeem'd t'apply his ſteps to his intent.

CANTO V.

Prince Arthur *hears of* Florimel:
Three Foſters Timias *wound:*
Belphœbe *finds him almoſt dead,*
And reareth out of ſwound.

I.

Wonder it is to ſee, in diverſe minds
How diverſly Love doth his pageants play,
And ſhews his powre in variable kinds:
The baſer wit, whoſe idle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It ſtirreth up to ſenſual deſire,
And in leud ſloth to waſte his careleſs day:
But in brave ſprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high deſert and honour doth aſpir.

II.

Ne ſuffreth it uncomely idleneſs,
In his free thought to build her ſluggiſh neſt:
Ne ſuffreth it thought of ungentleneſs,
Ever to creep into his noble breaſt;
But to the higheſt and the worthieſt
Lifteth it up, that elſe would lowly fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not to reſt:
It lets not ſcarce this Prince to breathe at all,
But to his firſt purſuit him forward ſtill doth call:

III.

Who long time wandred through the foreſt wide,
To find ſome iſſue thence, till that at laſt
He met a Dwarf, that ſeemed terriſide
With ſome late peril, which he hardly paſt,
Or other accident, which him aghaſt;
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
And whither now he travelled ſo faſt.
For ſore he ſweat, and running through that ſame
Thick foreſt, was beſcratcht, and both his feet nigh lame.

IV.

Panting for breath, and almoſt out of heart,
The Dwarf him anſwer'd, Sir, ill mote I ſtay
To tell the ſame. I lately did depart
From Fairy-court, where I have many a day
Served a gentle Lady of great ſway,
And high account through-out all Elfin land,
Who lately left the ſame, and took this way:
Her now I ſeek, and if ye underſtand
Which way ſhe fared hath, good Sir tell out of hand.

V.

What miſter wight, ſaid he, and how arraid:
Royally clad, quoth he in cloth of gold,
As meeteſt may beſeem a noble maid;
Her fair locks in rich circlet be enrold,
And fairer wight did never ſun behold,
And on a palfrey rides more white than ſnow,
Yet ſhe herſelf is whiter manifold:
The ſureſt ſign whereby ye may her know,
Is that ſhe is the faireſt wight alive, I trow.

VI.

Now certes ſwain, ſaid he, ſuch one I ween,
Faſt flying through this foreſt from her foe,
A foul ill favour'd Foſter, I have ſeen;
Her ſelf (well as I might) I reſkew'd tho,
But could not ſtay; ſo faſt ſhe did forego,
Carried away with wings of ſpeedy fear.
Ah dereſt God, quoth he, that is great woe,
And wondrous ruth to all that ſhall it hear.
But can ye read, Sir, how I may her find, or where?

VII.

Perdy, me liefer were to weeten that
Said he, than ranſom of the richeſt Knight,
Or all the good that ever yet I gat:
But froward fortune, and too forward night
Such happineſs did (maulgre) to me ſpight.
And from me reft both life and light attone.
But Dwarf aread, what is that Lady bright,
That through this foreſt wandreth thus alone?
For of her errour ſtrange I have great ruth and moane.

VIII.

That Lady is, quoth he, where-ſo ſhe be,
The bountieſt virgin, and moſt debonaire,
That ever living eye I ween did ſee;
Lives none this day, that may with her compare
In ſtedfaſt chaſtity and vertue rare,
The goodly ornaments of beauty bright;
And is ycleped *Florimell* the fair,
Fair *Florimell*, belov'd of many a Knight;
Yet ſhe loves none but one, that *Marinell* is hight.

IX.

A Sea-nymphs ſon, that *Marinell* is hight,
Of my dear Dame is loved dearly well;
In other none, but him, ſhe ſets delight:
All her delight is ſet on *Marinell*;
But he ſets nought at all by *Florimell*:
For Ladies love, his mother long ygo
Did him (they ſay) forwarn through ſacred ſpell.
But fame now flies, that of a foreign foe
He is yſlain, which is the ground of all our woe.

X.

Five days there be, ſince he (they ſay) was ſlain,
And four ſince *Florimell* the court for-went,
And vowed never to return again,
Till him alive or dead ſhe did invent.
Therefore, fair Sir, for love of knighthood gent,
And honour of true Ladies, if ye may
By your good counſel, or bold hardiment,
Or ſuccour her, or me direct the way;
Do one or other good, I you moſt humbly pray.

XI.

So may you gain to you full great renown,
Of all good Ladies through the world ſo wide,
And haply in her heart find higheſt room
Of whom ye ſeek to be moſt magnifide:
At leaſt eternal meed ſhall you abide.
To whom the Prince; Dwarf comfort to thee take,
For till thou tidings learn what her betide,
I here avow thee never to forſake.
Ill wears he arms, that nill them uſe for Ladies ſake.

XII.

So with the Dwarf he back return'd again,
To ſeek his Lady, where he mote her find;
But by the way, he greatly 'gan complain
The want of his good Squire late left behind,
For whom he wondrous penſive grew in mind,
For doubt of danger which mote him betide;
For him he loved above all man-kind.
Having him true and faithful ever tride,
And bold, as ever Squire that waited by Knights ſide.

XIII.

Who all this while, full hardly was aſſaid
Of deadly danger, which to him betid;
For whiles his Lord purſu'd that noble maid,
After that Foſter foul he fiercely rid,
To been avenged of the ſhame he did
To that fair Damzel: him he chaced long
Through the thick woods, wherein he would have hid
His ſhameful head from his avengement ſtrong:
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

XIV.

Nath'leſs, the villain ſped himſelf ſo well,
Whether through ſwiftneſs of his ſpeedy beaſt,
Or knowledge of thoſe woods, where he did dwell,
That ſhortly he from danger was releaſt,
And out of ſight eſcaped at the leaſt;
Yet not eſcaped from the due reward
Of his bad deeds, which daily he increaſt,
Ne ceaſed not, till him oppreſſed hard
The heavy plague, that for ſuch leachours is prepar'd.

XV.

For ſoon as he was vaniſht out of ſight,
His coward courage 'gan emboldned be,
And caſt t'avenge him of that foul deſpight,
Which he had borne of his old enimee.
Tho to his brethren came: for they were three
Ungracious children of one graceleſs Sire,
And unto them complained, how that he
Had uſed been of that fool-hardy Squire;
So them with bitter words he ſtir'd to bloody ire.

XVI.

Forth-with, themſelves with their ſad inſtruments
Of ſpoil and murder they 'gan arm bylive,
And with him forth into the foreſt went,
To wreak the wrath, which he did earſt revive
In their ſtern breaſts, on him which late did drive
Their brother to reproch and ſhameful flight:
For they had vow'd, that never he alive
Out of that foreſt ſhould eſcape their might;
Vile rancour their rude hearts had fill'd with ſuch deſpight.

XVII.

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
Fore-by a narrow ford (to them well known)
Through which it was uneath for wight to wade;
And now by fortune it was overflown:
By that ſame way, they knew that Squire unknown
Mote algates paſs; forthy themſelves they ſet
There in await, with thick woods over-grown,
And all the while their malice they did whet
With cruel threats, his paſſage through the ford to let.

XVIII.

It fortuned, as they deviſed had,
The gentle Squire came riding that ſame way,
Unweeting of their wile and treaſon bad,
And through the ford to paſſen did aſſay;
But that fierce Foſter, which late fled away,
Stoutly forth ſtepping on the further ſhore,
Him boldly bade his paſſage there to ſtay,
Till he had made amends, and full reſtore
For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

XIX.

With that, at him a quiv'ring dart he threw,
With ſo fell force and villainous deſpite,
That through his haberjeon the forkhead flew,
And through the linked mails empierced quite,
But had no powre in his ſoft fleſh to bite:
That ſtroke the hardy Squire did ſore diſpleaſe,
But more that him he could not come to ſmite;
For by no means the high bank he could ſeize,
But labour'd long in that deep ford with vain diſeaſe.

XX.

And ſtill the Foſter with his long boar-ſpear
Him kept from landing at his wiſhed will;
Anon one ſent out of the thicket near
A cruel ſhaft headed with deadly ill,
And feathered with an unlucky quill;
The wicked ſteel ſtaid not, till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
Exceeding grief that wound in him empight;
But more, that with his foes he could not come to fight.

XXI.

At laſt (through wrath and vengeance making way)
He on the bank arriv'd with mickle pain,
Where the third brother him did ſore aſſay,
And drove at him with all his might and main
A foreſt-bill, which both his hands did ſtrain;
But warily he did avoid the blow,
And with his ſpear requited him again,
That both his ſides were thrilled with the throw,
And a large ſtream of blood out of the wound did flow.

XXII.

He tumbling down, with gnaſhing teeth did bite,
The bitter earth, and bade to let him in
Into the baleful houſe of endleſs night,
Where wicked ghoſts do wail their former ſin.
Tho 'gan the battle freſhly to begin;
For nathemore for that ſpectacle bad,
Did th'other two their cruel vengeance blin,
But both attonce on both ſides him beſtad,
And load upon him laid, his life for to have had.

XXIII.

Tho when that villain he aviz'd, which late
Affrighted had the faireſt *Florimell*,
Full of fierce fury, and indignant hate,
To him he turned; and with rigour fell
Smote him ſo rudely on the pannikell,
That to the chin he cleft his head in twain:
Down on the ground his carcaſs grovelling fell;
His ſinful ſoul, with deſperate diſdain,
Out of her fleſhly ferm fled to the place of pain.

XXIV.

That ſeeing now the only laſt of three,
Who with that wicked ſhaft him wounded had,
Trembling with horrour, as that did foreſee
The fearful end of his avengement ſad,
Through which he follow ſhould his brethren bad,
His bootleſs bow in feeble hand upcaught,
And there-with ſhot an arrow at the lad;
Which faintly fluttring, ſcarce his helmet raught.
And glauncing fell to ground, but him annoyed nought.

XXV.

With that he would have fled into the wood;
But *Timias* him lightly overhent,
Right as he entring was into the flood,
And ſtrook at him with force ſo violent,
That headleſs him into the ford he ſent:
The carcaſs with the ſtream was carried down,
But th'head fell backward on the continent.
So miſchief fell upon the meaners crown;
They three be dead with ſhame, the Squire lives with renown.

XXVI.

He lives but takes ſmall joy of his renown;
For of that cruel wound he bled ſo ſore,
That from his ſteed he fell in deadly ſwoun;
Yet ſtill the blood forth guſht in ſo great ſtore,
That he lay wallow'd all in his own gore.
Now God thee keep, thou gentle Squire alive:
Elſe ſhall thy loving Lord thee ſee no more;
But both of comfort him thou ſhalt deprive,
And eke thy ſelf of honour, which thou didſt atchive.

XXVII.

Providence heavenly paſſeth living thought,
And doth for wretched mens relief make way;
For lo, great grace or fortune thither brought
Comfort to him, that comfortleſs now lay.
In thoſe ſame woods, ye well remember may,
How that a noble huntereſs did wonne
She that baſe *Braggadochio* did affray,
And made him faſt out of the foreſt run;
Belphœbe was her name, as fair as *Phœbus* ſun.

XXVIII.

She on a day, as ſhe purſu'd the chace
Of ſome wild beaſt, which with her arrows keen
She wounded had, the ſame along did trace
By tract of blood, which ſhe had freſhly ſeen
To have beſprinkled all the graſſie green;
By the great purſue which ſhe there perceiv'd,
Well hoped ſhe the beaſt engor'd had been,
And made more haſte, the life to have bereav'd:
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceiv'd.

XXIX.

Shortly ſhe came, whereas that woeful Squire
With blood deformed lay in deadly ſwound:
In whoſe fair eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The chryſtal humour ſtood congealed round;
His locks, like faded leaves fallen to ground,
Knotted with blood, in bunches rudely ran,
And his ſweet lips, on which before that ſtound
The bud of youth to bloſſom fair began,
Spoild of their roſie red, were woxen pale and wan.

XXX.

Saw never living eye more heavy ſight,
That could have made a rock of ſtone to rew,
Or rive in twain: which when that Lady bright
(Beſide all hope) with melting eyes did view,
All ſuddainly abaſht, ſhe changed hew,
And with ſtern horrour backward 'gan to ſtart:
But when ſhe better him beheld, ſhe grew
Full of ſoft paſſion and unwonted ſmart:
The point of pity pierced through her tender heart.

XXXI.

Meekly ſhe bowed down, to weet if life
Yet in his frozen members did remain;
And feeling by his pulſes beating rife,
That the weak ſoul her ſeat did yet retain,
She caſt to comfort him with buſie pain:
His double folded neck ſhe rear'd upright,
And rub'd his temples, and each trembling vein;
His mail'd haberjeon ſhe did undight,
And from his head his heavy burganet did light.

XXXII.

Into the woods thenceforth in haſte ſhe went,
To ſeek for herbs, that mote him remedy;
For ſhe of herbs had great intendiment,
Taught of the nymph, which from her infancy
Her nurſed had in true nobility:
There, whether it divine *Tobacco* were,
Or *Pannachæa*, or *Polygony*,
She found, and brought it to her patient dear,
Who all this while lay bleeding out his heart-blood near.

XXXIII.

The ſoveraine weed betwixt two marbles plain
She pounded ſmall, and did in pieces bruize,
And then atween her lilly handes twain,
Into his wound the juice thereof did ſcruze,
And round about (as ſhe could well it uſe)
The fleſh there-with ſhe ſuppled and did ſteep,
T'abate all ſpaſm, and ſoke the ſwelling bruize;
And after having ſearcht the intuſe deep,
She with her ſcarf did bind the wound from cold to keep.

XXXIV.

By this he had ſweet life recour'd again;
And groaning inly deep, at laſt his eyes,
His watry eyes, drizling like dewy rain,
He up 'gan lift toward the azure ſkies,
From whence deſcend all hopeleſs remedies:
There-with he ſigh'd, and turning him aſide,
The goodly maid (full of divinities,
And gifts of heavenly grace) he by him ſpide,
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beſide.

XXXV.

Mercy dear Lord, ſaid he, what grace is this,
That thou haſt ſhewed to me ſinful wight,
To ſend thine Angel from her bowre of bliſs,
To comfort me in my diſtreſſed plight?
Angel, or Goddeſs do I call thee right?
What ſervice may I do unto thee meet,
That haſt from darkneſs me return'd to light,
And with thy heavenly ſalves and med'cines ſweet,
Haſt dreſt my ſinful wounds? I kiſs thy bleſſed feet.

XXXVI.

Thereat ſhe bluſhing ſaid. Ah gentle Squire,
Nor Goddeſs I, nor Angel, but the maid,
And daughter of a woody nymph, deſire
No ſervice, but thy ſafety and aid;
Which if thou gain I ſhall be well apaid.
We mortal wights, whoſe lives and fortunes be
To common accidents ſtill open laid,
Are bound with common bond of fraïltee,
To ſuccour wretched wights, whom we captived ſee.

XXXVII.

By this her Damſels, which the former chace
Had undertaken, after her arriv'd,
As did *Belphœbe*, in the bloody place,
And thereby deem'd the beaſt had been depriv'd
Of life, whom late their Ladies arrow riv'd:
Forthy the bloody tract they follow faſt,
And every one to run the ſwifteſt ſtriv'd:
But two of them the reſt far overpaſt,
And where their Lady was, arrived at the laſt.

XXXVIII

Where when they ſaw that goodly boy with blood
Defouled and their Lady dreſs his wound,
They wondred much, and ſhortly underſtood,
How him in deadly caſe their Lady found,
And reſkewed out of the heavy ſtound.
Eftſoons his warlike courſer, which was ſtrayd
Far in the woods, whiles that he lay in ſwound,
She made thoſe Damſels ſearch: which being ſtayd,
They did him ſet thereon, and forth with them conveyd.

XXXIX.

Into that foreſt far they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleaſant glade,
With mountains round about environed,
And mighty woods, which did the valley ſhade,
And like a ſtately theatre it made,
Spreading itſelf into a ſpacious plain.
And in the midſt a little river plaid
Emongſt the pumy ſtones, which ſeem'd to plain
With gentle murmur, that his courſe they did reſtrain.

XL.

Beſide the ſame, a dainty place there lay,
Planted with myrtle trees and laurels green,
In which the birds ſung many a lovely lay
Of Gods high praiſe, and of their loves ſweet teen,
As it an earthly paradiſe had been:
In whoſe incloſed ſhadow there was pight
A fair pavilion, ſcarcely to be ſeen,
The which was all within moſt richly dight,
That greateſt Princes living it mote well delight.

XLI.

Thither they brought that wounded Squire, and laid
In eaſie couch his feeble limbs to reſt.
He reſted him awhile, and then the maid
His ready wound with better ſalves new dreſt;
Daily ſhe dreſſed him, and did the beſt
His grievous hurt to gueriſh, that ſhe might,
That ſhortly ſhe his dolour hath redreſt,
And his foul ſore reduced to fair plight:
It ſhe reduced, but himſelf deſtroyed quight.

XLII.

O foolish physick, and unfruitful pain,
That heals up one, and makes another wound:
She his hurt thigh to him recur'd again
But hurt his heart, the which before was sound,
Through an unweary dart, which did rebound
From her fair eyes and gracious countenance.
What boots it him from death to be unbound,
To be captived in endless durance
Of sorrow and despair without allegiance?

XLIII.

Still as his wound did gather and grow whole,
So still his heart wox sore, and health decaid:
Madness to save a part, and lose the whole.
Still whenas he beheld the heavenly maid,
Whiles daily plaisters to his wound she laid,
So still his malady the more increast,
The whiles her matchless beauty him dismaid.
Ah God! what other could he do at least,
But love so fair a Lady, that his life releast?

XLIV.

Long while he strove in his courageous breast,
With reason due the passion to subdue,
And love for to dislodge out of his nest:
Still when her excellencies he did view,
Her soveraine bounty, and celestial hue,
The same to love he strongly was constrain'd:
But when his mean estate he did review,
He from such hardy boldness was restrain'd,
And of his luckless lot and cruel love thus plain'd;

XLV.

Unthankful wretch, said he, is this the meed,
With which her soveraine mercy thou dost quight?
Thy life she saved by her gracious deed,
But thou dost ween with villainous despight
To blot her honour, and her heavenly light.
Dye rather, dye, than so disloyally
Deem of her high desert, or seem so light:
Fair death it is, to shun more shame, to die;
Dye rather, dye, than ever love disloyally.

XLVI.

But if to love disloyalty it be,
Shall I then hate her, that from deathës dore
Me brought? ah! far be such reproch from me.
What can I less do, than her love therefore?
Sith I her due reward cannot restore:
Dye rather, dye, and dying do her serve,
Dying her serve, and living her adore;
Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve:
Dye rather, dye, than ever from her service swerve.

XLVII.

But foolish boy, what boots thy service base
To her, to whom the heavens do serve and sew?
Thou a mean Squire, of meek and lowly place,
She heavenly born, and of celestial hew.
How then? of all, love taketh equal view:
And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
The love and service of the basest crew?
If she will not, dye meekly for her sake;
Dye rather, dye, than ever so fair love forsake.

XLVIII.

Thus warred he long time against his will,
Till that (through weakness) he was forst at last
To yield himself unto the mighty ill:
Which as a victor proud, 'gan ransack fast
His inward parts, and all his entrails waste,
That neither blood in face, nor life in heart
It left, but both did quite dry up, and blast;
As piercing levin, which the inner part
Of every thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

XLIX.

Which seeing, fair *Belphœbe* 'gan to fear,
Lest that his wounds were inly well not heal'd,
Or that the wicked steel empoisned were:
Little she weend, that love he close conceald;
Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeal'd,
When the bright sun his beams thereon doth beat;
Yet never he his heart to her reveal'd,
But rather chose to dye for sorrow great,
Than with dishonourable terms her to intreat.

L.

She (gracious Lady) yet no pains did ſpare
To do him eaſe, or do him remedy:
Many reſtoratives, of vertues rare,
And coſtly cordial ſhe did apply,
To mitigate his ſtubborn malady:
But that ſweet cordial, which can reſtore
A love-ſick heart, ſhe did to him envy;
To him and all th'unworthy world forlore
She did envy that ſoveraine ſalve, in ſecret ſtore.

LI.

That dainty roſe, the daughter of her morn,
More dear than life ſhe tendered, whoſe flowre
The girlond of her honour did adorn:
Ne ſuffred ſhe the middays ſcorching powre,
Ne the ſharp northern wind thereon to ſhowre,
But lapped up her ſilken leaves moſt chair,
Whenſo the froward sky began to lowre:
But ſoon as calmed was the chryſtal air,
She did it fair diſſpred, and let it flouriſh fair.

LII.

Eternal God, in his almighty powre,
To make enſample of his heavenly grace,
In paradiſe whylome did plant this flowre;
Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,
And did in ſtock of earthly fleſh enrace,
That mortal men her glory ſhould admire:
In gentle Ladies breaſt, and bounteous race
Of woman-kind it faireſt flowre doth ſpire,
And beareth fruit of honour and all chaſte deſire.

LIII.

Fair imps of beauty, whoſe bright ſhining beams
Adorn the world with like to heavenly light,
And to your wills both royalties and realms
Subdue, through conqueſt of your wondrous might,
With his fair flowre your goodly girlonds dight,
Of chaſtity and vertue virginal,
That ſhall embelliſh more your beauty bright,
And crown your heads with heavenly coronal,
Such as the angels wear before Gods tribunal.

LIV.

To your fair ſelves a fair enſample frame,
Of this fair Virgin, this *Belphœbe* fair;
To whom, in perfect love and ſpotleſs fame,
Of chaſtity, none living may compair:
Ne poiſnous envy juſtly can empair
The praiſe of her freſh flowring maidenhead;
Forthy ſhe ſtandeth on the higheſt ſtair
Of th'honourable ſtage of woman-head,
That Ladies all may follow her enſample dead.

LV.

In ſo great praiſe of ſtedfaſt chaſtity,
Nath'leſs, ſhe was ſo courteous and kind,
Tempred with grace, and goodly modeſty,
That ſeemed thoſe two vertues ſtrove to find
The higher place in her heroick mind:
So ſtriving each did other more augment,
And both encreaſt the praiſe of woman-kind,
And both encreaſt her beauty excellent;
So all did make in her a perfect compliment.

CANTO VI.

The birth of fair Belphœbe, *and*
Of Amoret *is told.*
The Gardens of Adonis *fraught*
With pleaſures manifold.

I.

Well may I ween, fair Ladies, all this while
Ye wonder, how this noble Damozel
So great perfections did in her compile;
Sith that in ſalvage foreſts ſhe did dwell,
So far from court and royal citadel,
The great ſchool-miſtreſs of all courteſie:
Seemeth that ſuch wild woods ſhould far expel
All civil uſage and gentility,
And gentle ſprite deform with rude ruſticity.

II.

But to this fair *Belphœbe* in her birth
The heavens ſo favourable were and free,
Looking with mild aſpect upon the earth,
In th'*Horoſcope* of her nativitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chaſtitee
On her they poured forth of plenteous horn;
Jove laught on *Venus* from his ſoveraine ſee,
And *Phœbus* with fair beams did her adorn,
And all the *Graces* rockt her cradle being born.

III.

Her birth was of the womb 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,
That is ingenerate in fleſhly ſlime.
So was this virgin born, ſo was ſhe bred,
So was ſhe trained up from time to time,
In all chaſte vertue, and true bountihed,
Till to her due perfection ſhe was ripened.

IV.

Her mother was the fair *Chryſogonee*,
The daughter of *Amphiſa*, who by race
A Fairy was, yborn of high degree;
She bore *Belphœbe*, ſhe bore in like caſe
Fair *Amoretta* in the ſecond place:
Theſe two were twins, and 'twixt them two did ſhare
The heritage of all celeſtial grace;
That all the reſt it ſeem'd they robbed bare
Of bounty, and of beauty, and all vertues rare.

V.

It were a goodly ſtory, to declare
By what ſtrange accident fair *Chryſogone*
Conceiv'd theſe Infants, and how them ſhe bare,
In this wild foreſt wandring all alone,
After ſhe had nine months fulfill'd and gone:
For not as other womens common brood,
They were enwombed in the ſacred throne
Of her chaſte body; nor with common food,
As other womens babes, they ſucked vital blood:

VI.

But wondrouſly they were begot, and bred
Through influence of th'heavens fruitful ray,
As it in antique books is mentioned.
It was upon a ſummers ſhiny day
(When *Titan* fair his beamës did diſplay)
In a freſh fountain, far from all mens view,
She bath'd her breaſt, the boiling heat t'allay;
She bath'd with roſes red, and violets blue,
And all the ſweeteſt flowres that in the foreſt grew;

VII.

Till faint through irkſome wearineſs, adown
Upon the graſſie ground her ſelf ſhe laid
To ſleep, the whiles a gentle ſlumbring ſwoun
Upon her fell all naked bare diſplaid,
The ſunbeams bright upon her body plaid,
Being through former bathing mollifide,
And pierſt into her womb, where they embaid
With ſo ſweet ſenſe and ſecret powre unſpide,
That in her pregnant fleſh they ſhortly fructifide.

VIII.

Miraculous may ſeem to him that reads,
So ſtrange enſample of conception;
But reaſon teacheth that the fruitfull ſeeds
Of all things living, through impreſſion
Of the ſun-beams in moiſt complexion,
Do life conceive, and quickned are by kind:
So after *Nilus* inundation,
Infinite ſhapes of creatures men do find,
Informed in the mud, on which the ſun hath ſhin'd.

IX.

Great father he of generation
Is rightly call'd, th'author of life and light;
And his fair ſiſter for creation
Miniſtreth matter fit, which tempred right
With heat and humour, breeds the living wight.
So ſprung theſe twins in womb of *Chryſogone*,
Yet wiſt ſhe nought thereof, but ſore affright,
Wondred to ſee her belly ſo up-blown,
Which ſtill increaſt, till ſhe her term had full out-gone.

X.

Whereof conceiving ſhame and foul diſgrace,
Albe her guiltleſs conſcience her clear'd,
She fled into the wilderneſs a ſpace,
Till that unwieldy burden ſhe had rear'd,
And ſhun'd diſhonour, which as death ſhe fear'd;
Where weary of long travel, down to reſt
Her ſelf ſhe ſet, and comfortably chear'd;
There a ſad cloud of ſleep her overkeſt,
And ſeized every ſenſe with ſorrow ſore oppreſt.

XI.

It fortuned, fair *Venus* having loſt
Her little ſon, the winged God of love,
Who for ſome light diſpleaſure, which him croſt,
Was from her fled, as flit as airy Dove,
And left her bliſsful bowre of joy above,
(So from her often he had fled away,
When ſhe for ought him ſharply did reprove,
And wandred in the world in ſtrange array, [wray.)
Diſguis'd in thouſand ſhapes, that none might him be-

XII.

Him for to ſeek, ſhe left her heavenly houſe
(The houſe of goodly forms and fair aſpects
Whence all the world derives the glorious
Features of beauties, and all ſhapes ſelect,
With which high God his workmanſhip hath deckt)
And ſearched every way, through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract ſhe mote detect:
She promiſt kiſſes ſweet, and ſweeter things
Unto the man, that of him tidings to her brings.

XIII.

Firſt ſhe him ſought in court, where moſt he us'd
Whylome to haunt, but there ſhe found him not;
But many there ſhe found, which ſore accus'd
His falſehood, and with foul infamous blot
His cruel deeds and wicked wiles did ſpot:
Ladies and Lords ſhe every where mote hear
Complaining, how with his empoiſned ſhot
Their woeful hearts he wounded had whylear,
And ſo had left them languiſhing 'twixt hope and fear.

XIV.

She then the cities ſought, from gate to gate,
And every one did aſk, did he him ſee;
And every one her anſwer'd, that too late
He had him ſeen, and felt the cruelty
Of his ſharp darts, and hot artillery;
And every one threw forth reproches riſe
Of his miſchievous deeds, and ſaid, that he
Was the diſturber of all civil life,
The enemy of peace, and author of all ſtrife.

XV.

Then in the country ſhe abroad him ſought,
And in the rural cottages enquir'd;
Where alſo, many plaints to her were brought,
How he their heedleſs hearts with love had fir'd,
And his falſe venom through their veins inſpir'd;
And eke the gentle ſhepherd ſwains, which ſat
Keeping their fleecy flocks, as they were hir'd,
She ſweetly heard complain, both how, and what
Her ſon had to them doen; yet ſhe did ſmile thereat.

XVI.

But when in none of all theſe ſhe him got,
She 'gan aviſe where elſe he mote him hide:
At laſt, ſhe her be-thought, that ſhe had not
Yet ſought the ſalvage woods and foreſts wide,
In which full many lovely nymphs abide,
'Mongſt whom might be, that he did cloſely lye,
Or that the love of ſome of them him tide:
Forthy ſhe thither caſt her courſe t'apply,
To ſearch the ſecret haunts of *Dians* company.

XVII.

Shortly, unto the waſteful woods ſhe came,
Whereas ſhe found the Goddeſs with her crew,
After late chace of their embrewed game,
Sitting beſide a fountain in a rew,
Some of them waſhing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the duſty ſweat,
And ſoil, which did deform their lively hew;
Other lay ſhaded from the ſcorching heat;
The reſt, upon her perſon, gave attendance great.

XVIII.

She having hung upon a bough on high.
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaſte
Her ſilver buſkins from her nimble thigh,
And her lank loins ungirt, and breaſts unbraſte,
After her heat the breathing cold to taſte;
Her golden locks, that late in treſſes bright
Embreaded were for hindring of her haſte,
Now looſe about her ſhoulders hung undight,
And were with ſweet *Ambroſia* all beſprinkled light.

XIX.

Soon as ſhe *Venus* ſaw behind her back,
She was aſham'd to be ſo looſe ſurpris'd;
And wox half wroth againſt her damſels ſlack,
That had not her thereof before avis'd,
But ſuffred her ſo careleſly diſguis'd
Be overtaken. Soon her garments looſe
Upgath'ring, in her boſom ſhe compris'd,
Well as ſhe might, and to the Goddeſs roſe,
Whilſt all her nymphs did like a girlond her encloſe.

XX.

Goodly ſhe 'gan fair *Cytherea* greet,
And ſhortly aſked her what cauſe her brought
Into that wilderneſs (for her unmeet)
From her ſweet bowrs, and beds with pleaſures fraught:
That ſuddain change ſhe ſtrange adventure thought.
To whom (half weeping) ſhe thus anſwered,
That ſhe her dearest ſon *Cupido* ſought,
Who in his frowardneſs from her was fled;
That ſhe repented ſore, to have him angered.

XXI.

Thereat *Diana* 'gan to ſmile in ſcorn
Of her vain plaint, and to her ſcoffing ſaid;
Great pity ſure, that ye be ſo forlorn
Of your gay ſon, that gives ye ſo good aid
To your diſports: ill mote ye been apaid.
But ſhe was more engrieved, and replide;
Fair ſiſter, ill beſeems it to upbraid
A doleful heart with ſo diſdainful pride;
The like that mine, may be your pain another tide.

XXII.

As you in woods and wanton wilderneſs
Your glory ſet to chace the ſalvage beaſts;
So my delight is all in joyfulneſs,
In beds, in bowrs, in banquets, and in feaſts:
And ill becomes you with your lofty creaſts,
To ſcorn the joy that *Jove* is glad to ſeek;
We both are bound to follow heavens beheaſts,
And tend our charges with obeyſance meek:
Spare (gentle ſiſter) with reproch my pain to eek;

XXIII.

And tell me, if that ye my ſon have heard,
To lurk emongſt your nymphs in ſecret wiſe;
Or keep their cabins: much I am affeard,
Leſt he like one of them himſelf diſguiſe,
And turn his arrows to their exerciſe:
So may he long himſelf full eaſie hide:
For he is fair and freſh in face and guiſe,
As any nymph (let not it be envide.)
So ſaying, every nymph full narrowly ſhe eyde.

XXIV.

But *Phœbe* there-with ſore was angered,
And ſharply ſaid; Go Dame, go ſeek your boy,
Where you him lately left, in *Mars* his bed;
He comes not here, we ſcorn his fooliſh joy,
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 do dread, he dearly ſhall aby:
Ile clip his wanton wings, that he no more ſhall fly.

XXV.

Whom whenas *Venus* ſaw ſo ſore diſpleas'd,
She inly ſorry was, and 'gan relent
What ſhe had ſaid: ſo her ſhe ſoon appeas'd,
With ſugred words and gentle blandiſhment,
Which as a fountain from her ſweet lips went,
And welled goodly forth, that in ſhort ſpace
She was well pleas'd, and forth her damzels ſent,
Through all the woods, to ſearch from place to place,
If any tract of him or tidings they mote trace.

XXVI.

To ſearch the God of love, her nymphs ſhe ſent
Throughout the wandring foreſt every where:
And after them herſelf eke with her went
To ſeek the fugitive both far and near.
So long they ſought, till they arrived were
In that ſame ſhady covert, whereas lay
Fair *Chryſogone* in ſlumbring traunce whylere:
Who in her ſleep (a wondrous thing to ſay)
Unwares had borne two babes, as fair as ſpringing day.

XXVII.

Unwares ſhe them conceiv'd, unwares ſhe bore:
She bore withouten pain, that ſhe conceiv'd
Withouten pleaſure: ne her need implore
Lucinas aid: which when they both perceiv'd,
They were through wonder nigh of ſenſe bereav'd,
And gazing each on other, nought beſpake:
At laſt, they both agreed, her (ſeeming griev'd)
Out of her heavy ſwoon not to awake,
But from her loving ſide the tender babes to take.

XXVIII.

Up they them took; each one a babe up-took,
And with them carried, to be foſtered,
Dame *Phœbe* to a nymph her babe betook,
To be brought up in perfect maidenhead;
And of her ſelf, her name *Belphœbe* read:
But *Venus* hers thence far away conveyd,
To be upbrought in goodly womanhead,
And in her little Loves ſtead which was ſtraid,
Her *Amoretta* call'd, to comfort her diſmaid.

XXIX.

She brought her to her joyous paradiſe,
Where moſt ſhe wonns, when ſhe on earth does dwell
So fair a place as nature can deviſe:
Whether in *Paphos*, or *Cytheron* hill,
Or it in *Gnidus* be, I wote not well;
But well I wote by trial, that this ſame
All other pleaſant places doth excell,
And called is by her loſt Lovers name,
The garden of *Adonis*, far renown'd by fame.

XXX.

It that ſame garden, all the goodly flowres
Where-with dame nature doth her beautifie,
And decks the girlonds of her paramours,
Are fetcht: there is the firſt ſeminarie
Of all things that are born to live and die,
According to their kinds. Long work it were,
Here to account the endleſs progenie
Of all the weeds, that bud and bloſſom there
But ſo much as doth need, muſt needs be counted here.

XXXI.

It ſited was in fruitful ſoil of old,
And girt-in with two walls on either ſide;
The one of iron, th' other of bright gold,
That none might thorough break, nor over-ſtride:
And double gates it had, which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten paſs;
Th'one fair and freſh, the other old and dride:
Old *Genius* the Porter of them was;
Old *Genius*, the which a double nature has.

XXXII.

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 do require,
That he with fleſhly weeds would them attire:
Such as him liſt, ſuch as eternal fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with ſinful mire,
And ſendeth forth to live in mortal ſtate,
Till they again return back by the hinder gate.

XXXIII.

After that they again returned been,
They in that garden planted be again;
And grow afreſh as they had never ſeen
Fleſhly corruption, nor mortal pain.
Some thouſand years ſo doen they there remain;
And then of him are clad with other hue,
Or ſent into the changeful world again,
Till thither they return, where firſt they grew:
So like a wheel around they run from old to new.

XXXIV.

Ne needs their gardiner to ſet, or ſow,
To plant, or prune: for of their own accord,
All things as they created were, do grow,
And yet remember well the mighty word,
Which firſt was ſpoken by th'Almighty Lord,
That bade them to increaſe and multiply:
Ne do they need with water of the ford,
Or of the clouds, to moiſten their roots dry;
For in themſelves, eternal moiſture they imply.

XXXV.

Infinite ſhapes of creatures there are bred,
And uncouth forms, which none yet ever knew,
And every ſort is in a ſundry bed
Set by it ſelf, and rankt in comely rew:
Some fit for reaſonable ſouls t'indew,
Some made for beaſts, ſome made for birds to wear,
And all the fruitful ſpawn of fiſhes hew
In endleſs ranks along enranged were,
That ſeem'd the *Ocean* could not contain them there.

XXXVI.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are ſent
Into the world, it to repleniſh more;
Yet is the ſtock not leſſened, nor ſpent,
But ſtill remains in everlaſting ſtore,
As it at firſt created was of yore.
For in the wide womb of the world, their lies
In hateful darkneſs, and in deep horrore,
An huge eternal *Chaos*, which ſupplies
The ſubſtances of natures fruitful progenies.

XXXVII.

All things from thence do their firſt being fetch,
And borrow matter, whereof they are made;
Which whenas form and features it does ketch,
Becomes a body, and doth then invade
The ſtate of life, out of the grieſly ſhade.
That ſubſtance is etern, and bideth ſo;
Ne when the life decays, and form does fade,
Doth it conſume, and into nothing go,
But changed is, and often altred to and fro.

XXXVIII.

The ſubſtance is not chang'd nor altered,
But th' only form and outward faſhion;
For every ſubſtance is conditioned
To change her hue, and ſundry forms to don,
Meet for her temper and complexion;
For forms are variable, and decay
By courſe of kind, and by occaſion;
And that fair flowre of beauty fades away,
As doth the Lilly freſh before the ſunny ray.

XXXIX.

Great enemy to it, and all the reſt
That in the garden of *Adonis* ſprings,
Is wicked *Time*; who with his ſcyth addreſt,
Does mow the flowring herbs and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground down flings,
Where they do wither, and are foully mard:
He flies about and with his flaggy wings,
Beats down both leaves and buds without regard,
Ne ever pity may relent his malice hard.

XL.

Yet pity often did the Gods relent,
To ſee ſo fair things mard, and ſpoiled quight:
And their great mother *Venus* did lament
The loſs of her dear brood, her dear delight;
Her heart was pierc'd with pity at the ſight,
When walking through the garden, them ſhe ſpide,
Yet no'te ſhe find redreſs for ſuch deſpight.
For all that lives is ſubject to that law!
All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

XLI.

But were it not that *Time* their troubler is,
All that in this delightful garden grows,
Should happy be, and have immortal bliſs:
For here all plenty, and all pleaſure flows,
And ſweet love gentle fits emongſt them throws,
Without fell rancour, or fond jealouſie;
Frankly each paramour his Leman knows,
Each bird his mate, ne any does envy
Their goodly meriment, and gay felicity.

XLII.

There is continual ſpring, and harveſt there
Continual, both meeting at one time:
For both the boughs do laughing bloſſoms bear,
And with freſh colours deck the wanton prime,
And eke attonce the heavy trees they clime,
Which ſeem to labour under their fruits lode:
The whiles the joyous birds make their paſtime
Emongſt the ſhady leaves, their ſweet abode,
And their true loves without ſuſpicion tell abrode.

XLIII.

Right in the middeſt of that paradiſe,
There ſtood a ſtately mount, on whoſe round top
A gloomy grove of Myrtle-trees did riſe,
Whoſe ſhady boughs ſharp ſteel did never lop,
Nor wicked beaſts their tender buds did crop,
But like a girlond compaſſed the height,
And from their fruitful ſides ſweet gum did drop,
That all the ground with precious dew bedight,
Threw forth moſt dainty odours, and moſt ſweet delight.

XLIV.

And in the thickeſt covert of that ſhade,
There was a pleaſant arbour, not by art,
But of the trees own inclination made,
Which knitting their rank branches part to part,
With wanton Ivy-twine entrayld athwart,
And Eglantine, and Caprifole emong,
Faſhion'd above within their inmoſt part,
That neither *Phœbus* beams could through them throng,
Nor *Æolus* ſharp blaſt could work them any wrong.

XLV.

And all about grew every ſort of flowre,
To which ſad lovers were transform'd of yore;
Freſh *Hyacinthus*, *Phœbus* paramour
And dearest love,
Foolish *Narciſſe*, that likes the watry ſhore,
Sad *Amaranthus*, made a flowre but late,
Sad *Amaranthus*, in whoſe purple gore
Me ſeems I ſee *Amintas* wretched fate,
To whom ſweet Poets verſe hath given endleſs date.

XLVI.

There wont fair *Venus* often to enjoy
Her dear *Adonis* joyous company,
And reap ſweet pleaſure of the wanton boy;
There yet ſome ſay in ſecret he does lye,
Lapped in flowres and precious ſpicery,
By her hid from the world, and from the ſkill
Of *Stygian* Gods, which do her love envy;
But ſhe her ſelf, when-ever that ſhe will,
Poſſeſſeth him, and of his ſweetneſs takes her fill.

XLVII.

And ſooth, it ſeems, they ſay: for, he may not
For ever die, and ever buried be
In baleful night, where all things are forgot;
All be he ſubject to mortalitie,
Yet is etern in mutabilitie,
And by ſucceſſion made perpetual,
Transformed oft, and changed diverſly:
For him the father of all forms they call;
Therefore needs mote he live, that living gives to all.

XLVIII.

There now he liveth in eternal bliſs,
Joying his Goddeſs, and of her enjoyd:
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruel tuſk him deadly cloyd;
For that wild Boar, the which him once annoyd,
She firmly hath empriſoned for aye
(That her ſweet love his malice mote avoyd)
In a ſtrong rocky cave, which is, they ſay,
Hewn underneath that mount, that none him looſen may.

XLIX.

There now he lives in everlaſting joy.
With many of the Gods in company,
Which thither haunt, and with the winged boy
Sporting himſelf in ſafe felicity:
Who, when he hath with ſpoils and cruelty
Ranſackt the world, and in the woeful hearts
Of many wretches ſet his triumphs high,
Thither reſorts, and laying his ſad darts
Aſide, with fair *Adonis* plays his wanton parts.

L.

And his true love fair *Psyche* with him plays,
Fair *Psyche* to him lately reconcil'd,
After long troubles and unmeet upbrays,
With which his mother *Venus* her revil'd,
And eke himself her cruelly exil'd:
But now in stedfast love and happy state
She with him lives, and hath him borne a child,
Pleasure, that doth both Gods and men aggrate;
Pleasure, the daughter of *Cupid* and *Psyche* late.

LI.

Hither great *Venus* brought this infant fair,
The younger daughter of *Chrysogonee*,
And unto *Psyche* with great trust and care
Committed her, yfostered to be,
And trained up in true feminitee:
Who no less carefully her tendered,
Than her own daughter *Pleasure*, to whom she
Made her companion, and her lessoned
In all the lore of love, and goodly womanhead.

LII.

In which when she to perfect ripeness grew,
Of grace and beauty noble paragone,
She brought her forth into the worldës view,
To be th'ensample of true love alone,
And Load-star of all chaste affection,
To all fair Ladies, that do live on ground.
To Fairy court she came, where many one
Admir'd her goodly haviour, and found
His feeble heart wide launced with Loves cruel wound.

LIII.

But she to none of them her love did cast,
Save to the noble Knight Sir *Scudamore*,
To whom her loving heart she linked fast
In faithful love, t'abide for evermore,
And for his dearest sake endured sore,
Sore trouble of an hainous enemy;
Who her would forced have to have forlore
Her former love and stedfast loyalty,
As ye may elsewhere read that rueful history.

LIV.

But well I ween, ye first desire to learn,
What end unto that fearful damozel,
Which fled so fast from that same Foster stern,
Whom with his brethren *Timias* slew, befell:
That was to weet, the goodly *Florimell*;
Who wandring for to seek her lover dear,
Her lover dear, her dearest *Marinell*,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did hear,
And from Prince *Arthur* fled with wings of idle fear.

CANTO VII.

The Witches son loves Florimell:
She flies, he feigns to die.
Satyrane *saves the Squire of Dames*
From Giants tyrannie.

I.

Like as an Hind forth singled from the herd,
That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
Yet flies away of her own feet affeard,
And every leaf, that shaketh with the least
Murmur of wind, her terror hath increast;
So fled fair *Florimell* from her vain fear,
Long after she from peril was releast:
Each shade she saw, and each noise she did hear,
Did seem to be the same, which she escapt whylear.

II.

All that same evening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continued:
Ne did she let dull sleep once to relent,
Nor wearinesse to slack her haste, but fled
Ever alike, as if her former dread
Were hard behind, her ready to arrest:
And her white palfrey having conquered
The maistring reins out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried, where-ever he thought best.

III.

So long as breath, and able puiſſance
Did native courage unto him ſupply,
His pace he freſhly forward did advance,
And carried her beyond all jeopardy:
But nought that wanteth reſt, can long aby.
He having through inceſſant travel ſpent
His force, at laſt perforce adown did lye,
Ne foot could further move: The Lady gent
Thereat was ſuddain ſtrook with great aſtoniſhment.

IV.

And forc'd t'alight, on foot mote algates fare,
A traveller unwonted to ſuch way:
Need teacheth her this leſſon hard and rare,
That fortune all in equal lance doth ſway,
And mortal miſeries doth make her play.
So long ſhe travel'd, till at length ſhe came
To an hills ſide, which did to her bewray
A little valley, ſubject to the ſame,
All cover'd with thick woods, that quite it overcame.

V.

Through th' tops of the high trees ſhe did deſcry
A little ſmoke, whoſe vapour thin and light,
Reeking aloft uprolled to the ſky:
Which chearful ſign did ſend unto her ſight,
That in the ſame did wonne ſome living wight.
Eftſoons her ſteps ſhe thereunto applide.
And came at laſt in weary wretched plight
Unto the place, to which her hope did guide,
To find ſome refuge there, and reſt her weary ſide.

VI.

There in a gloomy hollow glen ſhe found
A little cottage, built of ſticks and reeds
In homely wize, and wall'd with ſods around,
In which a Witch did dwell, in loathly weeds,
And wilful want, all careleſs of her needs:
So chooſing ſolitary to abide,
Far from all neighbours, that her diveliſh deeds
And helliſh arts from people ſhe might hide.
And hurt far off unknown, whom-ever ſhe envide.

VII.

The damzel there arriving entred in;
Where ſitting on the floor the Hag ſhe found,
Buſie (as ſeem'd) about ſome wicked gin;
Who, ſoon as ſhe beheld that ſuddain ſtound,
Lightly upſtarted from the duſty ground,
And with fell look, and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile, as one aſtound,
Ne had one word to ſpeak, for great amaze;
But ſhew'd by outward ſigns, that dead her ſenſe did daze.

VIII.

At laſt, turning her fear to fooliſh wrath,
She aſkt, what devil had her thither brought,
And who ſhe was, and what unwonted path
Had guided her, unwelcomed, unſought?
To which the damzel full of doubtful thought,
Her mildly anſwer'd: Beldame, be not wroth
With ſilly virgin by adventure brought
Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That crave but room to reſt, while tempeſt overblo'th.

IX.

With that, adown out of her chryſtal eyn,
Few trickling tears ſhe ſoftly forth let fall,
That like two orient pearls, did purely ſhine
Upon her ſnowy cheek; and therewithall
She ſighed ſoft, that none ſo beſtiall,
Nor ſalvage heart, but ruth of her ſad plight
Would make to melt, or pitiouſly appall;
And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight
In miſchief, was much moved at ſo pitious ſight.

X.

And 'gan recomfort her in her rude wiſe,
With womaniſh compaſſion of her plaint,
Wiping the tears from her ſuffuſed eyes,
And bidding her ſit down, to reſt her faint
And weary limbs awhile. She nothing quaint
Nor 'ſdeignful of ſo homely faſhion,
Sith brought ſhe was now to ſo hard conſtraint,
Sate down upon the duſty ground anon,
As glad of that ſmall reſt, as bird of tempeſt gone.

XI.

Tho, 'gan ſhe gather up her garments rent,
And her looſe locks to dight in order due,
With golden wreath, and gorgeous ornament;
Whom ſuch when-as the wicked Hag did view,
She was aſtoniſht at her heavenly hue,
And doubted her to deem an earthly wight,
But or ſome goddeſs, or of *Dians* crew,
And thought her to adore with humble ſpright;
T'adore thing ſo divine as beauty, were but right.

XII.

This wicked woman had a wicked ſon,
The comfort of her age and weary days,
A laſie loord. for nothing good to done,
But ſtretched forth in idleneſs always,
Ne ever caſt his mind to covet praiſe,
Or ply himſelf to any honeſt trade;
But all the day before the ſunny rays
He us'd to ſlug, or ſleep in ſlothful ſhade:
Such lazineſs both lewd and poor attonce him made.

XIII.

He coming home at undertime, there found
The faireſt creature that he ever ſaw,
Sitting beſide his mother on the ground;
The ſight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his baſe thought with terror and with awe
So inly ſmote, that as one which had gaz'd
On the bright ſun unwares, doth ſoon withdraw
His feeble eyn, with too much brightneſs daz'd;
So ſtared he on her, and ſtood long while amaz'd.

XIV.

Softly at laſt he 'gan his mother aſk,
What miſter wight that was, and whence deriv'd,
That in ſo ſtrange diſguizement there did maſk,
And by what accident ſhe there arriv'd:
But ſhe, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,
With nought but ghaſtly looks him anſwered,
Like to a ghoſt, that lately is reviv'd
From *Stygian* ſhores, where late it wandered;
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

XV.

But the fair virgin was ſo meek and mild,
That ſhe to them vouchſafed to embaſe
Her goodly port, and to their ſenſes vild
Her gentle ſpeech applide, that in ſhort ſpace
She grew familiar in that deſert place.
During which time, the chorle through her ſo kind
And courteous uſe conceiv'd affection baſe,
And caſt to love her in his brutiſh mind;
No love, but brutiſh luſt, that was ſo beaſtly tin'd.

XVI.

Cloſely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
And ſhortly grew into outrageous fire;
Yet had he not the heart, nor hardiment,
As unto her to utter his deſire;
His caitive thought durſt not ſo high aſpire:
But with ſoft ſighs, and lovely ſemblances,
He ween'd that his affection entire
She ſhould aread; many reſemblances
To her he made, and many kind remembrances.

XVII.

Oft from the foreſt wildings he did bring,
Whoſe ſides empurpled were with ſmiling red,
And oft young birds, which he had taught to ſing
His miſtreſs praiſes ſweetly caroled:
Girlonds of flowres ſometimes for her fair head
He fine would dight; ſometimes the ſquirrel wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow ſervant vild;
All which ſhe of him took with count'nance meek and mild.

XVIII.

But paſt awhile, when ſhe fit ſeaſon ſaw
To leave that deſert manſion, ſhe caſt
In ſecret wiſe her ſelf thence to withdraw,
For fear of miſchief, which, ſhe did forecaſt
Might by the Witch or by her ſon compaſt:
Her weary palfrey, cloſely as ſhe might,
Now well recover'd after long repaſt,
In his proud furnitures ſhe freſhly dight,
His late miſwandred ways now to remeaſure right.

XIX.

And early ere the dawning day appear'd,
She forth iſſu'd, and on her journey went;
She went in peril, of each noiſe affeard,
And of each ſhade, that did it ſelf preſent;
For ſtill ſhe feared to be over-hent
Of that vile Hag, or her uncivil ſon:
Who when too late awaking well they kent
That their fair gueſt was gone, they both begun
To make exceeding mone, as they had been undone.

XX.

But that lewd lover did the moſt lament
For her depart, that ever man did hear;
He knockt his breaſt with deſperate intent,
And ſcratcht his face, and with his teeth did tear
His rugged fleſh, and rent his ragged hair:
That his ſad mother ſeeing his ſore plight,
Was greatly woe-begone, and 'gan to fear
Leſt his frail ſenſes were emperiſht quight,
And Love to frenzy turn'd, ſith Love is frantick hight.

XXI.

All ways ſhe ſought, him to reſtore to plight,
With herbs, with charms, with counſel, and with Tears:
But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counſel might
Aſſuage the fury, which his entrails tears:
So ſtrong is paſſion, that no reaſon hears.
Tho when all other helps ſhe ſaw to fail,
She turn'd her ſelf back to her wicked lears,
And by her develiſh arts thought to prevail
To bring her back again, or work her final bale.

XXII.

Eftſoons out of her hidden cave ſhe call'd
An hideous beaſt, of horrible aſpect,
That could the ſtouteſt courage have appalld;
Monſtrous misſhap'd, and all his back was ſpect
With thouſand ſpots of colours queint elect;
Thereto ſo ſwift, that it all beaſts did paſs:
Like never yet did living eye detect;
But likeſt it to an *Hyæna* was,
That feeds on womens fleſh, as others feed on graſs.

XXIII.

It forth ſhe call'd, and gave it ſtreight in charge,
Through thick and thin her to purſue apace,
Ne once to ſtay to reſt, or breathe at large,
Till her he had attain'd, and brought in place,
Or quite devour'd her beauties ſcornful grace.
The monſter, ſwift as word that from her went,
Went forth in haſte, and did her footing trace
So ſure and ſwiftly, through his perfect ſcent,
And paſſing ſpeed, that ſhortly he her over-hent.

XXIV.

Whom when the fearful damzel nigh eſpide,
No need to bid her faſt away to flie;
That ugly ſhape ſo ſore her terrifide,
That it ſhe ſhun'd no leſs, than dread to die:
And her flit palfrey did ſo well apply
His nimble feet to her conceived fear,
That whilſt his breath did ſtrength to him ſupply,
From peril free he her away did bear:
But when his force 'gan fail, his pace 'gan wex arear.

XXV.

Which whenas ſhe perceiv'd, ſhe was diſmaid
At that ſame laſt extremity full ſore,
And of her ſafety greatly grew afraid;
And now ſhe 'gan approch to the ſea ſhore,
As it befel, that ſhe could flie no more,
But yield her ſelf to ſpoil of greedineſs.
Lightly ſhe leaped, as a wight forlore,
From her dull horſe, in deſperate diſtreſs,
And to her feet betook her doubtful ſickerneſs.

XXVI.

Not half ſo faſt the wicked *Myrrha* fled
From dread of her revenging fathers hond:
Nor half ſo faſt to ſave her maidenhead,
Fled fearful *Daphne* on th'*Ægæan* ſtrond,
As *Florimell* fled from the monſter yond,
To reach the ſea, ere ſhe of him were raught:
For in the ſea to drown her ſelf ſhe fond,
Rather than of the tyrant to be caught:
Thereto fear gave her wings, and need her courage taught.

XXVII.

It fortuned (high God did ſo ordain)
As ſhe arrived on the roaring ſhore,
In mind to leap into the mighty main,
A little boat lay hoving her before,
In which there ſlept a fiſher old and poor,
The whiles his nets were drying on the ſand:
Into the ſame ſhe leapt, and with the oar,
Did thruſt the ſhallop from the floating ſtrand:
So ſafety found at ſea, which ſhe found not at land.

XXVIII.

The monſter, ready on the prey to ſeize,
Was of his forward hope deceived quight;
Ne durſt aſſay to wade the perlous ſeas,
But greedily long gaping at the ſight,
At laſt in vain was forſt to turn his flight,
And tell the idle tidings to his Dame:
Yet to avenge his diveliſh deſpight,
He ſet upon her palfrey tired lame,
And ſlew him cruelly ere any reſkew came.

XXIX.

And after having him embowelled,
To fill his helliſh gorge, it chaunſt a Knight
To paſs that way, as forth he travelled;
It was a goodly ſwain, and of great might,
As ever man that bloody field did fight;
But in vain ſhews, that wont young Knights bewitch,
And courtly ſervices took no delight,
But rather joyd to be, than ſeemen ſich:
For both to be and ſeem to him was labour lich.

XXX.

It was to weet, the good Sir *Satyrane*,
That rang'd abroad, to ſeek adventures wild,
As was his wont in foreſt, and in plain;
He was all arm'd in rugged ſteel unfil'd,
As in the ſmoaky forge it was compil'd,
And in his ſcutchin bore a Satyrs head:
He coming preſent, where the monſter vild
Upon that milk-white palfreys carcaſs fed,
Unto his reſkew ran, and greedily him ſped.

XXXI.

There well perceiv'd he, that it was the horſe,
Whereon fair *Florimel* was wont to ride,
That of that fiend was rent without remorſe:
Much feared he, leſt ought did ill betide
To that fair maid, the flowre of womens pride;
For her he dearly loved, and in all
His famous conqueſts highly magnifide:
Beſides her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight he found, that did him ſore appall.

XXXII.

Full of ſad fear, and doubtful agony,
Fiercely he flew upon that wicked fiend;
And with huge ſtrokes, and cruel battery
Him forſt to leave his prey, for to attend
Himſelf from deadly danger to defend:
Full many wounds in his corrupted fleſh
He did engrave, and muchell blood did ſpend,
Yet might not do him die; but aye more freſh
And fierce he ſtill appear'd, the more he did him threſh.

XXXIII.

He wiſt not how him to deſpoil of life,
Ne how to win the wiſhed victory,
Sith him he ſaw ſtill ſtronger grow through ſtrife,
And himſelf weaker through infirmity;
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiouſly
Hurling his ſword away, he lightly lept
Upon the beaſt, that with great cruelty
Roared and raged to be under-kept:
Yet he perforce him held, and ſtrokes upon him hept.

XXXIV.

As he that ſtrives to ſtop a ſuddain flood,
And in ſtrong banks his violence encloſe,
Forceth it ſwell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflow the fruitful plain,
That all the country ſeems to be a main,
And the rich furrows float, all quite fordone:
The woeful huſbandman doth loud complain,
To ſee his whole years labour loſt ſo ſoon,
For which to God he made ſo many an idle boon:

XXXV.

So him he held, and did through might amate.
So long he held him, and him beat ſo long,
That at the laſt his fierceneſs 'gan abate,
And meekly ſtoop unto the victor ſtrong:
Who to avenge the implacable wrong,
Which he ſuppoſed done to *Florimell*,
Sought by all means his dolour to prolong,
Sith dint of ſteel his carcaſs could not quell;
His maker with her charms had framed him ſo well.

XXXVI.

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her ſlender waiſte, he took in hand,
And with it bound the beaſt that loud did rore
For great deſpight of that unwonted band,
Yet dared not his victor to withſtand,
But trembled like a lamb, fled from the prey,
And all the way him follow'd on the ſtrand,
As he had long been learned to obey;
Yet never learned he ſuch ſervice, till that day.

XXXVII.

Thus as he led the beaſt along the way,
He ſpide far off a mighty Gianteſs,
Faſt flying on a courſer dapled gray,
From a bold Knight, that with great hardineſs
Her hard purſu'd, and ſought for to ſuppreſs:
She bore before her lap a doleful Squire,
Lying athwart her horſe in great diſtreſs,
Faſt bounden hand and foot with cords of wire,
Whom ſhe did mean to make the thrall of her deſire.

XXXVIII.

Which whenas *Satyrane* beheld, in haſte
He left his captive beaſt at liberty,
And croſt the neareſt way, by which he caſt
Her to encounter ere ſhe paſſed by:
But ſhe the way ſhund nathemore forthy,
But forward gallopt faſt; which when he ſpide,
His mighty ſpear he couched warily,
And at her ran: ſhe, having him deſcride,
Her ſelf to fight addreſt, and threw her load aſide.

XXXIX.

Like as a Goſhawk, that in foot doth bear
A trembling Culver, having ſpide on height
An Eagle, that with plumy wings doth ſhear
The ſubtile air, ſtooping with all his might,
The quarry throws to ground with fell deſpight,
And to the battle doth her ſelf prepare:
So ran the Giantess unto the fight;
Her firy eyes with furious ſparks did ſtare,
And with blaſphemous banns high God in pieces tare.

XL.

She caught in hand a huge great iron mace,
Wherewith ſhe many had of life depriv'd:
But ere the ſtroke could ſeize his aimed place,
His ſpear amids her ſun-broad ſhield arriv'd;
Yet nathemore the ſteel aſunder riv'd,
All were the beam in bigneſs like a maſt,
Ne her out of the ſtedfaſt ſaddle driv'd,
But glancing on the tempred metal, braſt
In thouſand ſhivers, and ſo forth beſide her paſt.

XLI.

Her ſteed did ſtagger with that puiſſant ſtroke;
But ſhe no more was moved with that might,
Than it had lighted on an aged Oke;
Or on the marble pillour, that is pight
Upon the top of mount *Olympus* hight,
For the brave youthly champions to aſſay,
With burning charet wheels it nigh to ſmight:
But who that ſmites it, marrs his joyous play,
And is the ſpectacle of ruinous decay.

XLII.

Yet therewith ſore enrag'd, with ſtern regard
Her dreadful weapon ſhe to him addreſt,
Which on his helmet martelled ſo hard,
That made him low incline his lofty creſt,
And bow'd his battred viſour to his breaſt:
Wherewith he was ſo ſtun'd, that he n'ote ride,
But reeled to and fro from eaſt to weſt:
Which when his cruel enemy eſpide,
She lightly unto him adjoined ſide to ſide;

XLIII.

And on his collar laying puiſſant hand,
Out of his wavering ſeat him pluckt perforce,
Perforce him pluckt, unable to withſtand,
Or help himſelf; and laying thwart her horſe,
In loathly wiſe like to a carrion corſe,
She bore him faſt way. Which when the Knight
That her purſued ſaw, with great remorſe
He near was touched in his noble ſpright,
And 'gan increaſe his ſpeed, as ſhe increaſt her flight.

XLIV.

Whom whenas nigh approching ſhe eſpide,
She threw away her burden angrily;
For ſhe liſt not the battle to abide,
But made her ſelf more light away to fly:
Yet her the hardy Knight purſu'd ſo nigh,
That almoſt in the back he oft her ſtrake:
But ſtill when him at hand ſhe did eſpy,
She turn'd, and ſemblance of fair fight did make;
But when he ſtaid, to flight again ſhe did her take.

XLV.

By this the good Sir *Satyrane* 'gan 'wake
Out of his dream, that did him long entrance;
And ſeeing none in place, he 'gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curſt that cruel chance,
Which reft him from ſo fair a cheviſance:
At length he ſpide, whereas that woeful Squire,
Whom he had reskewed from captivance
Of his ſtrong foe, lay tumbled in the mire,
Unable to ariſe, or foot or hand to ſtire.

XLVI.

To whom approching, well he mote perceive
In that foul plight a comely perſonage,
And lovely face (made fit for to deceive
Frail Ladies heart with loves conſuming rage)
Now in the bloſſom of his freſheſt age:
He rear'd him up, and loos'd his iron bands,
And after 'gan enquire his parentage,
And how he fell into that Giants hands,
And who that was, which chaſed her along the lands.

XLVII.

Then trembling yet through fear, the Squire bespake;
That Giantess *Argante* is behight,
A daughter of the *Titans* which did make
War against heaven, and heaped hills on height,
To scale the skies, and put *Jove* from his right:
Her sire *Typhœus* was, who (mad through mirth,
And drunk with blood of men, slain by his might)
Through incest, her of his own mother Earth
Whilome begot, being but half twin of that birth.

XLVIII.

For at that birth another babe she bore,
To weet, the mighty *Ollyphant*, that wrought
Great wreak to many errant Knights of yore,
And many hath to foul confusion brought.
These twins, men say (a thing far passing thought)
Whiles in their mothers womb enclos'd they were,
Ere they into the lightsome world were brought,
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
And in that monstrous wise did to the world appear.

XLIX.

So liv'd they ever after in like sin,
'Gainst natures law, and good behaviour:
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
Who not content so foully to devour
Her native flesh, and stain her brothers bowre;
Did wallow in all other fleshly mire,
And suffred beasts her body to deflowre:
So hot she burned in that lustful fire;
Yet all that might not slake her sensual desire.

L.

But over all the country she did range,
To seek young men, to quench her flaming thirst,
And feed her fancy with delightful change:
Whomso she fittest finds to serve her lust,
Through her main strength, in which she most doth trust,
She with her brings into a secret Isle,
Where in eternal bondage die he must,
Or be the vassal of her pleasures vile,
And in all shameful sort himself with her defile.

LI.

Me ſeely wretch ſhe ſo at vantage caught,
After ſhe long in wait for me did lie,
And meant unto her priſon to have brought,
Her loathſome pleaſure there to ſatisfie;
That thouſand deaths me liefer were to die,
Than break the vow, that to fair *Columbell*
I plighted have, and yet keep ſtedfaſtly:
As for my name, it miſtreth not to tell;
Call me the *Squire of Dames*, that me beſeemeth well.

LII.

But that bold Knight, whom ye purſuing ſaw
That Giantess, is not ſuch, as ſhe ſeem'd,
But a fair virgin, that in martial law,
And deeds of arms above all Dames is deem'd,
And above many Knights is eke eſteem'd,
For her great worth; She *Palladine* is hight:
She you from death, you me from dread redeem'd.
Ne any may that monſter match in fight,
But ſhe, or ſuch as ſhe, that is ſo chaſte a wight.

LIII.

Her well beſeems that queſt, quoth *Satyrane:*
But read, thou *Squire of Dames*, what vow is this,
Which thou upon thyſelf haſt lately ta'en?
That ſhall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,
So be ye pleas'd to pardon all amiſs.
That gentle Lady, whom I love and ſerve,
After long ſuit and weary ſervices,
Did ask me, how I could her love deſerve,
And how ſhe might be ſure, that I would never ſwerve.

LIV.

I glad by any means her grace to gain,
Bade her command my life to ſave, or ſpill:
Eftſoons ſhe bade me with inceſſant pain,
To wander through the world abroad at will,
And every where, where with my powre or ſkill
I might do ſervice unto gentle Dames,
That I the ſame ſhould faithfully fulfill,
And at the twelve months end ſhould bring their names
And pledges; as the ſpoils of my victorious games.

LV.

So well I to fair Ladies ſervice did,
And found ſuch favour in their loving hearts,
That ere the year his courſe had compaſſed,
Three hundred pledges for my good deſarts,
And thrice three hundred thanks for my good parts
I with me brought, and did to her preſent:
Which when ſhe ſaw, more bent to eke my ſmarts,
Than to reward my truſty true intent,
She 'gan for me deviſe a grievous puniſhment;

LVI.

To weet, that I my travel ſhould reſume,
And with like labour walk 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,
And did abide for ever chaſte and ſound.
Ah gentle Squire, quoth he, tell at a word,
How many found'ſt thou ſuch to put in thy record?

LVII.

Indeed Sir Knight, ſaid he, one word may tell
All that I ever found ſo wiſely ſtayd;
For only three they were diſpos'd ſo well:
And yet three years I now abroad have ſtrayd,
To find them out. Mote I (then laughing ſaid
The Knight (inquire of thee, what were thoſe three,
The which thy proffred courteſie denay'd?
Or ill they ſeemed ſure aviz'd to be,
Or brutiſhly brought up, that ne'er did faſhions ſee.

LVIII.

The firſt which then refuſed me, ſaid he,
Certes was but a common courtiſane,
Yet flat refus'd to have a-do with me,
Becauſe I could not give her many a jane.
(Thereat full heartily laught *Satyrane*)
The ſecond was an holy Nun to choſe,
Which would not let me be her chapellane,
Becauſe ſhe knew, ſhe ſaid, I would diſcloſe
Her counſel, if ſhe ſhould her truſt in me repoſe.

LXIX.

The third a damzel was of low degree,
Whom I in country cottage found by chance;
Full little weened I, that chaſtity
Had lodging in ſo mean a maintenance:
Yet was ſhe fair, and in her countenance
Dwelt ſimple truth in ſeemly faſhion.
Long thus I wooed her with due obſervance,
In hope unto my pleaſure to have won;
But was as far at laſt, as when I firſt begun.

LX.

Save her, I never any woman found,
That chaſtity did for it ſelf embrace,
But were for other cauſes firm and ſound;
Either for want of handſome time and place,
Or elſe for fear of ſhame and foul diſgrace.
Thus am I hopeleſs ever to attain
My Ladies love in ſuch a deſperate caſe,
But all my days am like to waſte in vain,
Seeking to match the chaſte with th'unchaſte Ladies train.

LXI.

Perdy, ſaid *Satyrane*, thou *Squire of Dames*,
Great labour fondly haſt thou hent in hand,
To get ſmall thanks, and therewith many blames,
That may among *Alcides* labours ſtand.
Thence back returning to the former land,
Where late he left the beaſt he overcame,
He found him not; for he had broke his band,
And was return'd again unto his Dame,
To tell what tidings of fair *Florimell* became.

CANTO VIII.

The Witch creates a ſnowy Lady,
Like to Florimell,
Who wrong'd by Carle, *by* Proteus *ſav'd,*
Is ſought by Paridell.

I.

SO oft as I this hiſtory record,
My heart doth melt with meer compaſſion,
To think how cauſeleſs of her own accord
This gentle damzel whom I write upon,
Should plunged be in ſuch affliction,
Without all hope of comfort or relief,
That ſure I ween, the hardeſt heart of ſtone,
Would hardly find to aggravate her grief;
For miſery craves rather mercy, than reprief.

II.

But that accurſed Hag, her hoſteſs late,
Had ſo enrankled her malicious heart,
That ſhe deſir'd th'abridgment of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painful ſmart.
Now when the beaſt, which by her wicked art
Late forth ſhe ſent, ſhe back returning ſpide,
Tide with her golden girdle; it, a part
Of her rich ſpoils, whom he had earſt deſtroyd,
She weend, and wondrous gladneſs to her heart applide.

III.

And with it running haſt'ly to her ſon,
Thought with that ſight him much to have reliev'd;
Who thereby deeming ſure the thing as done,
His former grief with fury freſh reviv'd
Much more than earſt, and would have algates riv'd
The heart out of his breaſt: for ſith her dead
He ſurely dempt, himſelf he thought depriv'd
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fed
His fooliſh malady, and long time had miſled.

IV.

With thought thereof, exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would have ſlain,
Had ſhe not fled into a ſecret mew,
Where ſhe was wont her ſprights to entertain
The maſters of her art: there was ſhe fain
To call them all in order to her ayd,
And them conjure upon eternal pain,
To counſel her ſo carefully diſmayd,
How ſhe might heal her ſon, whoſe ſenſes were decayd.

V.

By their advice, and her own wicked wit,
She there deviz'd a wondrous work to frame,
Whoſe like on earth was never framed yet,
That even nature ſelf envide the ſame,
And grudg'd to ſee the counterfeit ſhould ſhame
The thing it ſelf. In hand ſhe boldly took
To make another like the former Dame,
Another *Florimell*, in ſhape and look
So lively and ſo like, that many it miſtook.

VI.

The ſubſtance, whereof ſhe the body made,
Was pureſt ſnow in maſſie mould congeal'd,
Which ſhe had gather'd in a ſhady glade
Of the *Riphœan* hills, to her reveal'd
By errant ſprights, but from all men conceal'd:
The ſame ſhe tempred with fine mercury,
And virgin wax, that never yet was ſeal'd,
And mingled them with perfect vermily,
That like a lively ſanguine it ſeem'd to the eye.

VII.

Inſtead of eyes, two burning lamps ſhe ſet
In ſilver ſockets, ſhining like the ſkies,
And a quick moving ſpirit did arret
To ſtir and roll them, like to womans eyes:
Inſtead of yellow locks ſhe did deviſe,
With golden wire to weave her curled head;
Yet golden wire was not ſo yellow thrice
As *Florimells* fair hair: and in the ſtead
Of life, ſhe put a Spright to rule the carcaſs dead;

VIII.

A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning guile,
And fair resemblance above all the rest,
Which with the Prince of darkness fell somewhile,
From heavens bliss and everlasting rest;
Him needed not instruct, which way were best
Himself to fashion likest *Florimell*,
Ne how to speak, ne how to use his gest:
For he in counterfeisance did excel;
And all the wiles of womens wits knew passing well.

IX.

Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,
Which *Florimell* had left behind her late,
That whoso then her saw, would surely say,
It was her self, whom it did imitate,
Or fairer than her self, if ought algate.
Might fairer be. And then she forth her brought
Unto her son, that lay in feeble state;
Who seeing her 'gan straight upstart, and thought
She was the Lady self, whom he so long had sought.

X.

Tho fast her clipping 'twixt his armes twain,
Extreamly joyed in so happy sight,
And soon forgot his former sickly pain;
But she, the more to seem such as she hight,
Coyly rebutted his embracement light;
Yet still with gentle countenance retain'd,
Enough to hold a fool in vain delight:
Him long she so with shadows entertain'd,
As her creatress had in charge to her ordain'd.

XI.

Till on a day, as he disposed was
To walk the woods with that his Idol fair,
Her to disport, and idle time to pass,
In th'open freshness of the gentle air,
A Knight that way there chanced to repair;
Yet Knight he was not, but a boastful swain,
That deeds of arms had ever in despair,
Proud *Braggadochio*, that in vaunting vain
His glory did repose, and credit did maintain.

XII.

He ſeeing with that Chorle ſo fair a wight,
Decked with many a coſtly ornament,
Much merveiled thereat, as well he might,
And thought that match a foul diſparagement:
His bloody ſpear eftſoons he boldly bent
Againſt the ſilly clown, who dead through fear,
Fell ſtraight to ground in great aſtoniſhment.
Villain, ſaid he, this Lady is my dear;
Dye, if thou it gainſay: I will away her bear.

XIII.

The fearful Chorle durſt not gainſay, nor do,
But trembling ſtood, and yielded him the prey;
Who finding little leiſure her to wooe,
On *Tromparts* ſteed her mounted without ſtay,
And without reſkew led her quite away.
Proud man himſelf then *Braggadochio* deem'd,
And next to none, after that happy day,
Being poſſeſſed of that ſpoil, which ſeem'd
The faireſt wight on ground, and moſt of men eſteem'd.

XIV.

But when he ſaw himſelf free from purſute,
He 'gan make gentle purpoſe to his Dame,
With terms of love and lewdneſs diſſolute;
For he could well his glozing ſpeeches frame
To ſuch vain uſes, that him beſt became:
But ſhe thereto would lend but light regard;
As ſeeming ſorry that ſhe ever came
Into his powre, that uſed her ſo hard,
To reave her honour, which ſhe more than life prefard.

XV.

Thus as they two of kindneſs treated long,
There them by chance encountred on the way
An armed Knight, upon a courſer ſtrong,
Whoſe trampling feet upon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That capons courage: yet he looked grim,
And feign'd to chear his Lady in diſmay;
Who ſeem'd for fear to quake in every limb,
And her to ſave from outrage, meekly prayed him.

XVI.

Fiercely that ſtranger forward came, and nigh
Approching, with bold words, and bitter threat,
Bade that ſame boaſter, as he mote, on high
To leave to him that Lady for excheat,
Or bide him battle without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory ſeem,
And fill'd his ſenſes with abaſhment great;
Yet ſeeing nigh him jeopardy extream,
He it diſſembled well, and light ſeem'd to eſteem;

XVII.

Saying, thou fooliſh Knight, that ween'ſt with words
To ſteal away that I with blows have won,
And brought through points of many per'lous ſwords:
But if thee liſt to ſee thy courſer run,
Or prove thy ſelf, this ſad encounter ſhun,
And ſeek elſe without hazard of thy head.
At thoſe proud words that other Knight begun
To wex exceeding wroth, and him aread.
To turn his ſteed about, or ſure he ſhould be dead.

XVIII.

Sith then, ſaid *Braggadochio*, needs thou wilt
Thy days abridge, through proof of puiſſance,
Turn we our ſteeds, that both in equal tilt
May meet again, and each take happy chance.
This ſaid, they both a furlongs mountenance
Retir'd their ſteeds, to run in even race:
But *Braggadochio* with his bloody lance
Once having turn'd, no more return'd his face,
But left his Love to loſs, and fled himſelf apace.

XIX.

The Knight him ſeeing fly, had no regard
Him to purſue, but to the Lady rode;
And having her from *Trompart* lightly reard,
Upon his courſer ſet the lovely 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 ſelf did always to him tell;
So made him think himſelf in heaven, that was in hell.

XX.

But *Florimell* her ſelf was far away,
Driven to great diſtreſs by fortune ſtrange,
And taught the careful mariner to play,
Sith late miſchaunce had her compel'd to change
The land for ſea, at random there to range:
Yet there that cruel Queen avengereſs,
Not ſatisfide ſo far her to eſtrange
From courtly bliſs and wonted happineſs,
Did heap on her new waves of weary wretchedneſs.

XXI.

For being fled into the fiſhers boat,
For refuge from the monſters cruelty,
Long ſo ſhe on the mighty main did float,
And with the tide drove forward careleſly;
For th'air was mild, and cleared was the ſky,
And all his winds *Dan Æolus* did keep,
From ſtirring up their ſtormy enmity,
As pitying to ſee her wail and weep;
But all the while the fiſher did ſecurely ſleep.

XXII.

At laſt when drunk with drouſineſs, he woke,
And ſaw his drover drive along the ſtream,
He was diſmayd, and thrice his breaſt he ſtroke,
For marveil of that accident extream;
But when he ſaw that blazing beauties beam,
Which with rare light his boat did beautifie,
He marveil'd more, and thought he yet did dream
Not well awakt, or that ſome extaſie
Aſſotted had his ſenſe, or dazed was his eye.

XXIII.

But when her well avizing, he perceiv'd
To be no viſion, nor fantaſtick ſight,
Great comfort of her preſence he conceiv'd,
And felt in his old courage new delight
To 'gin awake, and ſtir his frozen ſpright:
Tho rudely aſkt her, how ſhe thither came,
Ah, ſaid ſhe, father, I n'ote read aright,
What hard misfortune brought me to this ſame;
Yet am I glad that here I now in ſafety am.

XXIV.

But thou good man ſith far in ſea we be,
And the great waters 'gin apace to ſwell,
That now no more we can the main-land ſee,
Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-boat well,
Leſt worſe on ſea than us on land befell.
Thereat th'old man did nought but fondly grin,
And ſaid, his boat the way could wiſely tell:
But his deceiptful eyes did never lin
To look on her fair face, and mark her ſnowy ſkin.

XXV.

The ſight whereof, in his congealed fleſh,
Infixt ſuch ſecret ſting of greedy luſt,
That the dry wither'd ſtock it 'gan refreſh,
And kindled heat, that ſoon in flame forth bruſt:
The drieſt wood is ſooneſt burnt to duſt.
Rudely to her he leapt, and his rough hond
Where ill became him, raſhly would have thruſt:
But ſhe with angry ſcorn him did withſtond,
And ſhamefully reproved for his rudeneſs fond.

XXVI.

But he that never good nor manners knew,
Her ſharp rebuke full little did eſteem;
Hard is to teach an old horſe amble true.
The inward ſmoke, that did before but ſteam,
Broke into open fire and rage extream,
And now he ſtrength 'gan add unto his will,
Forſing to do that did him foul miſſeem:
Beaſtly he threw her down, ne car'd to ſp'ill
Her garments gay with ſcales of fiſh, that all did fill.

XXVII.

The ſilly virgin ſtrove him to withſtand,
All that ſhe might, and him in vain revil'd:
She ſtrugled ſtrongly both with foot and hand,
To ſave her honour from the villain vild,
And cry'd to heaven, from human help exil'd.
O ye brave Knights, that boaſt this Ladies love,
Where be ye now, when ſhe is nigh defil'd
Of filthy wretch? well may ſhe you reprove
Of falſhood, or of ſloth, when moſt it may behove.

XXVIII.

But if that thou, Sir *Satyrane*, didſt weet,
Or thou, Sir *Peridure*, her ſorry ſtate,
How ſoon would ye aſſemble many a fleet
To fetch from ſea, that ye at land loſt late?
Towres, cities, kingdoms ye would ruinate,
In your avengement and diſpiteous rage,
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate;
But if Sir *Calidore* could it preſage,
No living creature could his cruelty aſſuage.

XXIX.

But ſith that none of all her Knights is nigh,
See how the heavens of voluntary grace,
And ſoveraine favour towards chaſtity,
Do ſuccour ſend to her diſtreſſed caſe:
So much high God doth innocence embrace.
It fortuned, whilſt thus ſhe ſtifly ſtrove,
And the wide ſea importuned long ſpace
With ſhrilling ſhrieks, *Proteus* abroad did rove,
Along the foamy waves driving his finny drove.

XXX.

Proteus is ſhepherd of the ſeas of yore,
And hath the charge of *Neptunes* mighty herd;
An aged ſire with head all frowy hore,
And ſprinkled froſt upon his dewy beard:
Who when thoſe pitiful outcries he heard
Through all the ſeas ſo ruefully reſound,
His charet ſwift in haſte he thither ſteard;
Which, with a team of ſcaly *Phocas* bound,
Was drawn upon the waves, that foamed him around.

XXXI.

And coming to that fiſhers wandring boat,
That went at will withouten card or ſail,
He therein ſaw that irkſome ſight, which ſmote
Deep indignation and compaſſion frail
Into his heart attonce: ſtreight did he hail
The greedy villain from his hoped prey,
Of which he now did very little fail,
And with his ſtaff that drives his herd aſtray,
Him beat ſo ſore, that life and ſenſe did much diſmay.

XXXII.

The whiles the pitious Lady up did rise,
Ruffled and fouly rayd with filthy soil,
And blubbred face with tears of her fair eyes:
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toil
To save her self from that outrageous spoil:
But when she looked up, to weet what wight
Had her from so infamous fact assoil'd,
For shame, but more for fear of his grim sight,
Down in her lap she laid her face, and loudly shright.

XXXIII.

Herself not saved yet from danger dred
She thought, but chang'd from one to other fear;
Like as a fearful Partridge, that is fled
From the sharp Hawk, which her attached near,
And falls to ground, to seek for succour there,
Whereas the hungry Spaniels she does spy,
With greedy jaws her ready for to tear;
In such distress and sad perplexity
Was *Florimell*, when *Proteus* she did see thereby.

XXXIV.

But he endeavoured with speeches mild,
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her fear no more her foeman vilde,
Nor doubt himself; and who he was, her told.
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all prevail'd;
For her faint heart was with the frozen cold
Benumb'd so inly, that her wits nigh fail'd,
And all her senses with abashment quite were qail'd.

XXXV.

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he rear'd,
And with his frory lips full softly kist,
Whiles the cold isicles from his rough beard
Dropped adown upon her ivory breast:
Yet he himself so busily addrest,
That her out of astonishment he wrought,
And out of that same fishers filthy nest
Removing her, into his charet brought,
And there with many gentle terms her fair besought.

XXXVI.

But that old leachour, which with bold aſſault
That beauty durſt preſume to violate,
He caſt to puniſh for his heinous fault;
Then took he him yet trembling ſith of late,
And ty'd behind his charet, to aggrate
The virgin, whom he had abus'd ſo ſore:
So drag'd him through the waves in ſcornful ſtate,
And after caſt him up upon the ſhore;
But *Florimell* with him unto his bowre he bore.

XXXVII.

His bowre is in the bottom of the main,
Under a mighty rock, 'gainſt which do rave
The roaring billows in their proud diſdain;
That with the angry working of the wave,
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
That ſeems rough maſons hand with engins keen
Had long while laboured it to engrave:
There was his wonne, ne living wight was ſeen,
Save one old Nymph, hight *Panope*, to keep it clean.

XXXVIII.

Thither he brought the ſorry *Florimell*,
And entertained her the beſt he might;
And *Panope* her entertain'd eke well,
As an immortal mote a mortal wight,
To win her liking unto his delight;
With flattring words he ſweetly wooed her,
And offered fair gifts t'allure her ſight:
But ſhe both offers and the offerer
Deſpis'd, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

XXXIX.

Daily he tempted her with this or that,
And never ſuffred her to be at reſt:
But evermore ſhe him refuſed flat,
And all his feigned kindneſs did deteſt;
So firmly ſhe had ſealed up her breaſt.
Sometimes he boaſted, that a God he hight:
But ſhe a mortal creature loved beſt:
Then he would make himſelf a mortal wight;
But then ſhe ſaid ſhe lov'd none but a Fairy Knight.

XL.

Then like a Fairy Knight himſelf he dreſt;
For every ſhape on him he could endue:
Then like a King he was to her expreſt,
And offred kingdoms unto her in view,
To be his Leman and his Lady true:
But when all this he nothing ſaw prevail,
With harder means he caſt her to ſubdue,
And with ſharp threats her often did aſſail,
So thinking for to make her ſtubborn courage quail.

XLI.

To dreadful ſhapes he did himſelf transform,
Now like a Giant, now like to a Fiend,
Then like a Centaur, then like to a ſtorm,
Raging within the waves: thereby he weend
Her will to win unto his wiſhed end.
But when with fear, nor favour, nor with all
He elſe could do, he ſaw himſelf eſteem'd,
Down in a dungeon deep he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his eternal thrall.

XLII.

Eternal thraldom was to her more lief,
Than loſs of chaſtity, or change of Love:
Dye had ſhe rather in tormenting grief,
Than any ſhould of falſeneſs her reprove,
Or looſeneſs, that ſhe lightly did remove.
Moſt virtuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
And crown of heavenly praiſe with ſaints above,
Where moſt ſweet hymns of this thy famous deed
Are ſtill emongſt them ſung, that far my rhimes exceed.

XLIII.

Fit ſong, of Angels caroled to be;
But yet what ſo my feeble muſe can frame,
Shall be t'advance thy goodly chaſtity,
And to enroll thy memorable name,
In th'heart of every honourable Dame,
That they thy vertuous deeds may imitate,
And be partakers of thy endleſs fame.
It irkes me leave thee in this woeful ſtate,
To tell of *Satyrane*, where I him left of late:

XLIV.

Who having ended with that *Squire of Dames*,
A long discourse of her adventures vain,
The which himself, than Ladies more defames,
And finding not th' *Hyæna* to be slain,
With that same *Squire*, returned back again
To his first way. And as they forward went,
They spide a Knight fair pricking on the plain,
As if he were on some adventure bent,
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

XLV.

Sir *Satyrane* him towards did address,
To weet what wight he was, and what his quest:
And coming nigh, eftsoons he gan to guess
Both by the burning heat, which on his breast
He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
That *Paridell* it was. Tho to him yode,
And him saluting, as beseemed best,
Gan first inquire of tidings far abrode;
And afterwards, on what adventure now he rode.

XLVI.

Who thereto answering, said; The tidings bad,
Which now in Fairy Court all men do tell,
Which turned hath great mirth, to mourning sad,
Is the late ruin of proud *Marinell*,
And suddain 'parture of fair *Florimell*,
To find him forth: and after her are gone
All the brave Knights, that doen in arms excell,
To safeguard her, ywandred all alone;
Emongst the rest, my lot (unworthy) 's to be one.

XLVII.

Ah gentle Knight, said then Sir *Satyrane*,
Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
That hast a thankless service on thee ta'en,
And offrest sacrifice unto the dead:
For dead, I surely doubt thou mayst aread
Henceforth for ever *Florimell* to be;
That all the noble Knights of *Maydenhead*,
Which her ador'd, may sore repent with me,
And all fair Ladies may for ever sorry be.

XLVIII.

Which words, when *Paridell* had heard, his hue
Gan greatly change, and ſeem'd diſmayd to be;
Then ſaid, fair Sir, how may I ween it true
That ye do tell in ſuch uncertainty?
Or ſpeak ye of report, or did ye ſee
Juſt cauſe of dread, that makes ye doubt ſo ſore?
For perdy elſe how mote it ever be
That ever hand ſhould dare for to engore
Her noble blood? the heavens ſuch cruelty abhor.

XLIX.

Theſe eyes did ſee, that they will ever rew
T'have ſeen, quoth he, whenas a monſtrous beaſt
The palfrey, whereon ſhe did travel, ſlew,
And of his bowels made his bloody feaſt:
Which ſpeaking token ſheweth at the leaſt
Her certain loſs, if not her ſure decay:
Beſides, that more ſuſpicion encreaſt,
I found her golden girdle caſt aſtray,
Diſtain'd with dirt and blood, as relique of the prey.

L.

Aye me, ſaid *Paridell*, the ſigns be ſad,
And but God turn the ſame to good ſoothſay,
That Ladies ſafety is ſore to be drad:
Yet will I not forſake my forward way,
Till trial do more certain truth bewray.
Fair Sir, quoth he, well may it you ſucceed,
Ne long ſhall *Satyrane* behind you ſtay,
But to the reſt, which in this queſt proceed
My labour add, and be partaker of their ſpeed.

LI.

Ye noble Knights, ſaid then the *Squire of Dames*,
Well may ye ſpeed in ſo praiſe-worthy pain:
But ſith the ſun now 'gins to ſlake his beams,
In dewy vapours of the weſtern main,
And looſe the team out of his weary wain,
Mote not miſlike you alſo to abate
Your zealous haſte, till morrow next again
Both light of heaven, and ſtrength of men relate:
Which if ye pleaſe, to yonder caſtle turn your gate.

LII.

That counſel pleaſed well ſo all yfere
Forth marched to a caſtle them before;
Where ſoon arriving, they reſtrained were
Of ready entrance, which ought evermore
To errant Knight be common: wondrous ſore
Thereat diſpleas'd they were, till that young Squire
Gan them inform the cauſe, why that ſame dore
Was ſhut to all, which lodging did deſire:
The which to let you weet, will further time require.

CANTO IX.

Malbecco *will no ſtrange Knights hoſt,*
For peeviſh jealouſy:
Paridel *giuſts with* Britomart;
Both ſhew their aunceſtry.

I.

Redoubted Knights, and honourable Dames,
To whom I level all my labours end,
Right ſore I fear, leſt with unworthy blames
This odious argument my rhimes ſhould ſhend,
Or aught your goodly patience offend,
Whiles of a wanton Lady I do write,
Which with her looſe incontinence doth blend
The ſhining glory of your ſoveraine light,
And knighthood foul defaced by a faithleſs Knight.

II.

But never let th'enſample of the bad
Offend the good: for good by paragone
Of evil, may more notably be rad,
As white ſeems fairer, matcht with black attone;
Ne all are ſhamed by the fault of one:
For lo in heaven, whereas all goodneſs is,
Emongſt the Angels, a whole legione
Of wicked ſprights did fall from happy bliſs;
What wonder then, if one of women all did miſs?

III.

Then liſten lordings, if ye liſt to weet
The cauſe, why *Satyrane* and *Paridell*
Mote not be entertain'd, as ſeemed meet,
Into that caſtle (as that Squire 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 days he drowns in privity,
Yet has full large to live, and ſpend at liberty.

IV.

But all his mind is ſet on mucky pelf,
To hoard up heaps of evil gotten maſs,
For which he others wrongs, and wrecks himſelf;
Yet is he linked to a lovely Laſs,
Whoſe beauty doth his bounty far ſurpaſs,
The which to him both far unequal years,
And alſo far unlike conditions has;
For ſhe does joy to play amongſt her pears,
And to be free from hard reſtraint and jealous fears,

V.

But he is old, and withered like hay,
Unfit fair Ladies ſervice to ſupply;
The privy guilt whereof makes him alway
Suſpect her truth, and keep continual ſpy
Upon her with his other blinked eye;
Ne ſuffreth he reſort of living wight
Approch to her, ne keep her company,
But in cloſe bowre her mews from all mens ſight,
Depriv'd of kindly joy and natural delight.

VI.

Malbecco he, and *Helenore* ſhe hight,
Unfitly yokt together in one team:
That is the cauſe, why never any Knight
Is ſuffred here to enter, but he ſeem
Such as no doubt of him he need miſdeem.
Thereat Sir *Satyrane* 'gan ſmile and ſay;
Extreamly mad the man I ſurely deem,
That weens with watch and hard reſtraint to ſtay
A womans will which is diſpos'd to go aſtray.

VII.

In vain he fears that which he cannot ſhone:
For who wotes not, that womans ſubtilties
Can guilen *Argus*, when ſhe lift miſdone?
It is not iron bands, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brazen walls, nor many wakeful ſpyes,
That can withhold her wilful wandring feet;
But faſt good will with gentle courteſies,
And timely ſervice to her pleaſures meet,
May her perhaps contain, that elſe would algates fleet.

VIII.

Then is he not more mad, ſaid *Paridell*,
That hath himſelf unto ſuch ſervice ſold,
In doleful thraldom all his days to dwell?
For ſure a fool I do him firmly hold,
That loves his fetters, though they were of gold.
But why do we deviſe of others ill,
Whiles thus we ſuffer this ſame dotard old
To keep us out, in ſcorn of his own will,
And rather do not ranſack all, and himſelf kill?

IX.

Nay let us firſt, ſaid *Satyrane*, intreat
The man by gentle means, to let us in,
And afterwards affray with cruel threat,
Ere that we to efforce it do begin:
Then if all fail, we will by force it win,
And eke reward the wretch for his meſpriſe,
As may be worthy of his heinous ſin.
That counſel pleas'd: Then *Paridell* did riſe,
And to the caſtle gate approcht in quiet wiſe.

X.

Whereat ſoft knocking, entrance he deſir'd.
The good-man ſelf (which then the Porter playd)
Him anſwered, that all were now retir'd
Unto their reſt; and all the keys conveyd
Unto their maiſter, who in bed was layd,
That none him durſt awake out of his dream;
And therefore them of patience gently prayd.
Then *Paridell* began to change his theme,
And threatned him with force, and puniſhment extreme.

XI.

But all in vain; for nought mote him relent.
And now ſo long before the wicket faſt
They waited, that the night was forward ſpent;
And the fair welkin, foully over-caſt,
Gan blowen up a bitter ſtormy blaſt,
With ſhowre and hail ſo horrible and dred,
That this fair many were compel'd at laſt
To fly for ſuccour to a little ſhed,
The which beſide the gate for ſwine was ordered.

XII.

It fortuned, ſoon after they were gone,
Another Knight, whom tempeſt thither brought,
Came to that caſtle; and with earneſt mone,
Like as the reſt, late entrance dear beſought:
But like ſo as the reſt, he prayd for nought;
For flatly he of entrance was refus'd.
Sorely thereat he was diſpleas'd, and thought
How to avenge himſelf ſo ſore abus'd,
And evermore the Carle of courteſie accus'd.

XIII.

But to avoid th'intolerable ſtowre,
He was compel'd to ſeek ſome refuge near,
And to that ſhed (to ſhrowd him from the ſhowre)
He came, which full of gueſts he found whylear,
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 diſlodge, all were they liefe or loth;
And them defied each, and ſo defide them both.

XIV.

Both were full loth to leave that needful tent,
And both full loth in darkneſs to debate;
Yet both full liefe him lodging to have lent,
And both full liefe his boaſting to abate;
But chiefly *Paridell* his heart did grate,
To hear him threaten ſo deſpightfully,
As if he did a Dog to kennel rate,
That durſt not bark; and rarher had he dye,
Than when he was deſide, in coward corner lye.

XV.

Tho haſtily remounting to his ſteed,
He forth iſſu'd; like as a boiſtrous wind,
Which in th'earths hollow caves hath long been hid,
And ſhut up faſt within her priſons blind,
Makes the huge element againſt her kind
To move, and tremble as it were aghaſt,
Untill that it an iſſue forth may find;
Then forth it breaks, and with his furious blaſt
Confounds both land and ſeas, and ſkies doth over-caſt.

XVI.

Their ſteel-head ſpears they ſtrongly coucht, and met
Together with impetuous rage and force;
That with the terrour of their fierce affret,
They rudely drove to ground both man and horſe,
That each (awhile) lay like a ſenſeleſs corſe:
But *Paridell*, ſore bruiſed with the blow,
Could not ariſe, the counterchange to ſcorce,
Till that young Squire him reared from below;
Then drew he his bright ſword, and 'gan about him throw.

XVII.

But *Satyrane*, forth ſtepping, did them ſtay,
And with fair treaty pacifide their ire;
Then, when they were accorded from the fray,
Againſt that caſtles Lord they 'gan conſpire,
To heap on him due vengeance for his hire,
They been agreed, and to the gates they go
To burn the ſame with unquenchable fire,
And that uncourteous Carle (their common foe)
To do foul death to dye, or wrap in grievous woe.

XVIII.

Malbecco ſeeing them reſolv'd indeed
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
For fire in earneſt, ran with fearful ſpeed;
And to them calling from the caſtle wall,
Beſought them humbly, him to bear withall,
As ignorant of ſervants bad abuſe,
And ſlack attendance unto ſtrangers call.
The Knights were willing all things to excuſe,
Though nought believ'd, and entrance late did not refuſe.

XIX.

They been ybrought into a comely bowre,
And ſerv'd of all things that mote needful be;
Yet ſecretly their hoſt did on them lowre,
And welcom'd more for fear than charity;
But they diſſembled what they did not ſee,
And welcomed themſelves. Each 'gan undight
Their garments wet, and weary armour free,
To dry themſelves by *Vulcans* flaming light,
And eke their lately bruized parts to bring in plight.

XX.

And eke that ſtranger Knight, emongſt the reſt,
Was for like need enforſt to diſarray:
Tho whenas vailed was her lofty creſt,
Her golden locks, that were in tramels gay
Up-bounden, did themſelves adown diſplay,
And raught unto her heels; like ſunny beams
That in a cloud their light did long time ſtay,
Their vapour vaded, ſhew their golden gleams,
And through the perſent air ſhoot forth their azure ſtreams.

XXI.

She alſo doſt her heavy haberjeon,
Which the fair feature of her limbs did hide;
And her well plighted frock, which ſhe did won
To tuck about her ſhort when ſhe did ride,
She low let fall, that flow'd from her lank ſide
Down to her foot, with careleſs modeſty.
Then of them all ſhe plainly was eſpide
To be a woman-wight (unwiſt to be)
The faireſt woman-wight that ever eye did ſee.

XXII.

Like as *Minerva*, being late return'd
From ſlaughter of the giants conquered;
Where proud *Encelade*, whoſe wide noſethrills burn'd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
Transfixed with her ſpear, down tumbled dead
From top of *Hemus*, by him heaped high;
Hath loos'd her helmet from her lofty head,
And her *Gorgonian* ſhield 'gins to unty
From her left arm, to reſt in glorious victory.

XXIII.

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 ſuddain great affright
Had them ſurpriz'd. At laſt, aviſing right,
Her goodly perſonage and glorious hew,
Which they ſo much miſtook, they took delight
In their firſt errour, and yet ſtill anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hungry view.

XXIV.

Yet n'ote their hungry view be ſatisfide;
But ſeeing, ſtill the more deſir'd to ſee,
And ever firmly fixed did abide
In contemplation of divinity:
But moſt they marvaild at her chevalry
And noble proweſs, which they had approv'd,
That much they fain'd to know who ſhe mote be;
Yet none of all them her thereof amov'd,
Yet every one her likt, and every one her lov'd.

XXV.

And *Paridell*, though partly diſcontent,
With his late fall, and foul indignity,
Yet was ſoon won his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her fair eye,
And knightly worth, which he too late did try,
Yet tryed did adore. Supper was dight;
Then they *Malbecco* pray'd of courteſy,
That of his Lady they might have the ſight,
And company at meat, to do them more delight.

XXVI.

But he, to ſhift their curious requeſt,
'Gan cauſen why ſhe could not come in place;
Her crazed health, her late recourſe to reſt,
And humid evening, ill for ſick folks caſe:
But none of thoſe excuſes could take place;
Ne would they eat till ſhe in preſence came.
She came in preſence with right comely grace,
And fairly them ſaluted, as became,
And ſhew'd her ſelf in all a gentle courteous Dame.

XXVII.

They ſate to meat, and *Satyrane* his chance
Was her before, and *Paridell* beſide;
But he himſelf ſate looking ſtill aſcaunce,
Gainſt *Britomart*, end ever cloſely ey'd
Sir *Satyrane*, that glaunces might not glide:
But his blind eye, that ſided *Paridell*,
All his demeanure from his ſight did hide:
On her fair face ſo did he feed his fill,
And ſent cloſe meſſages of love to her at will.

XXVIII.

And ever and anon, when none was ware,
With ſpeaking looks, that cloſe embaſſage bore,
He rov'd at her, and told his ſecret care:
For all that art he learned had of yore.
Ne was ſhe ignorant of that lewd lore,
But in his eye his meaning wiſely read,
And with the like him anſwer'd evermore:
She ſent at him one firy dart, whoſe head
Empoiſned was with privy luſt, and jealous dread.

XXIX.

Hefrom that deadly throw made no defence,
But to the wound his weak heart open'd wide;
The wicked engine through falſe influence
Paſt through his eyes, and ſecretly did glide
Into his heart, which it did ſorely gride.
But nothing new to him was that ſame pain,
Ne pain at all; for he ſo oft had tride
The powre thereof, and lov'd ſo oft in vain,
That thing of courſe he counted, love to entertain.

XXX.

Thence-forth to her he ſought to intimate
His inward grief, by means to him well known;
Now *Bacchus* fruit out of the ſilver plate
He on the table daſht, as overthrown,
Or of the fruitful liquor overflown,
And by the dancing bubbles did divine,
Or therein write to let his love be ſhown;
Which well ſhe read out of the learned line;
(A ſacrament profane in myſtery of wine.)

XXXI.

And when-ſo of his hand the pledge ſhe raught,
The guilty cup ſhe feigned to miſtake,
And in her lap did ſhed her idle draught,
Shewing deſire her inward flame to ſlake:
By which cloſe ſigns they ſecret way did make
Unto their wills, and one eyes watch eſcape;
Two eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,
Who Lovers will deceive. Thus was the ape,
By their fair handling, put into *Malebecco's* cape.

XXXII.

Now when of meats and drinks they had their fill,
Purpoſe was moved by that gentle Dame,
Unto thoſe Knights adventurous, to tell
Of deeds of arms, which unto them became,
And every one his kindred, and his name.
Then *Paridell* (in whom a kindly pride
Of gracious ſpeech, and ſkill his words to frame
Abounded) being glad of ſo fit tide
Him to commend to her, thus ſpake, of all well eyde.

XXXIII.

Troy that art now nought but an idle name,
And in thine aſhes buried low doſt lye,
Though whylome far much greater than thy fame,
Before that angry Gods, and cruel ſky
Upon thee heapt a direful deſtiny;
What boots it boaſt thy glorious deſcent,
And fetcht from heaven thy great genealogy,
Sith all thy worthy praiſes being blent,
Their offspring hath embaſt, and later glory ſhent?

XXXIV.

Moſt famous worthy of the world, by whom
That war was kindled, which did *Troy* inflame,
And ſtately towres of *Ilion* whilome
Brought unto baleful ruin, was by name
Sir *Paris*, far renown'd through noble fame;
Who through great proweſs and bold hardineſs,
From *Lacedæmon* fetcht the faireſt Dame
That ever *Greece* did boaſt, or Knight poſſeſs,
Whom *Venus* to him gave for meed of worthineſs.

XXXV.

Fair *Hellen*, flowre of beauty excellent,
And girlond of the mighty conquerors,
That madeſt many Ladies dear lament
The heavy loſs of their brave paramours,
Which they far off beheld from *Trojan* towres,
And ſaw the fields of fair *Scamander* ſtrown
With carcaſſes of noble warriours,
Whoſe fruitleſs lives were under furrow ſown,
And *Xanthus* ſandy banks with blood all overflown.

XXXVI.

From him, my linage I derive aright,
Who long before the ten years ſiege of *Troy*,
Whiles yet on *Ida* he a ſhepherd hight,
On fair *Oenone* got a lovely boy:
Whom for remembrance of her paſſed joy,
She of his father, *Parius* did name;
Who, after *Greeks* did *Priams* realm deſtroy,
Gath'red the *Trojans* reliques ſav'd from flame,
And with them ſailing thence, to th'Iſle of *Paros* came.

XXXVII.

That was by him call'd *Paros*, which before
Hight *Nauſa*: there he many years did reign,
And built *Nauſicle* by the *Pontick* ſhore;
The which he dying, left next in remain
To *Paridas* his Son.
From whom I *Paridell* by kin deſcend;
But for fair Ladies love, and glories gain,
My native ſoil have left, my days to ſpend
In 'ſueing deeds of arms, my lifes and labours end.

XXXVIII.

Whenas the noble *Britomart* heard tell
Of *Trojan* wars, and *Priams* city ſackt
(The rueful ſtory of Sir *Paridell*)
She was empaſſiond at that pitious act,
With zealous envy of Greeks cruel fact,
Againſt that nation, from whoſe race of old
She heard that ſhe was lineally extract:
For noble *Britons* ſprung from *Trojans* bold,
And *Troynovant* was built of old *Troys* aſhes cold.

XXXIX.

Then ſighing ſoft awhile, at laſt ſhe thus :
O lamentable fall of famous town !
Which reign'd ſo many years victorious,
And of all *Aſia* bore the ſoveraine crown,
In one ſad night conſum'd, and throwen down :
What ſtony heart, that hears thy haplefs fate,
Is not empierſt with deep compaſſion,
And makes enſample of mans wretched ſtate,
That flowres ſo freſh at morn, and fades at evening late.

XL.

Behold, Sir, how your pitiful complaint
Hath found another partner of your pain :
For nothing may impreſs ſo dear conſtraint,
As countries cauſe, and common foes diſdain.
But if it ſhould not grieve you back again
To turn your courſe, I would to hear deſire
What to *Æneas* fell ; ſith that men ſayn
He was not in the cities woeful fire
Conſum'd, but did himſelf to ſafëty retire.

XLI.

Anchyſes Son, begot of *Venus* fair,
Said he, out of the flames for ſafeguard fled,
And with a remnant did to ſea repair,
Where he through fatal error long was led
Full many years, and weetleſs wandered
From ſhore to ſhore, emongſt the *Lybick* ſands,
Ere reſt he found. Much there he ſuffered,
And many perils paſt in foreign lands,
To ſave his people ſad from victors vengeful hands.

XLII.

At laſt in *Latium* he did arrive,
Where he with cruel war was entertain'd
Of th'inland folk, which ſought him back to drive
Till he with old *Latinus* was conſtrain'd
To contract wedlock : (ſo the Fates ordain'd.)
Wedlock contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accompliſhed, that many dear complain'd :
The rival ſlain, the victor (through the flood
Eſcaped hardly) hardly prais'd his wedlock good.

XLIII.

Yet after all, he victor did ſurvive,
And with *Latinus* did the kingdom part.
But after, when both nations 'gan to ſtrive,
Into their names the title to convart,
His ſon *Iülus* did from thence depart,
With all the warlike youth of *Trojans* blood,
And in long *Alba* plac'd his throne apart,
Where fair it flouriſhed, and long time ſtood,
Till *Romulus* renewing it, to *Rome* remov'd.

XLIV.

There, there, ſaid *Britomart*, afreſh appear'd
The glory of the later world to ſpring,
And *Troy* again out of her duſt was rear'd,
To ſit in ſecond ſeat of ſoveraine King
Of all the world under her governing.
But a third kingdom yet is to ariſe,
Out of the *Trojans* ſcattered offſpring
That in all glory and great enterpriſe,
Both firſt and ſecond *Troy* ſhall dare to equaliſe.

XLV.

It *Troynovant* is hight, that with the waves
Of wealthy *Thamis* waſhed is along,
Upon whoſe ſtubborn neck (whereat he raves
With roaring rage, and ſore himſelf does throng,
That all men fear to tempt his billows ſtrong)
She faſtned hath her foot, which ſtands ſo high,
That it a wonder of the world is ſong
In foreign lands; and all which paſſen by,
Beholding it from far, do think it threats the sky.

XLVI.

The *Trojan Brute* did firſt that city found,
And *Hygate* made the meare thereof by weſt,
And *Overt-gate* by north: that is the bound
Toward the land; two rivers bound the reſt.
So huge a ſcope at firſt him ſeemed beſt,
To be the compaſs of his kingdoms ſeat:
So huge a mind could not in leſſer reſt,
Ne in ſmall mears contain his glory great,
That *Albion* had conquer'd firſt by warlike feat.

XLVII.

Ah! faireſt Lady-Knight, ſaid *Paridell*,
Pardon (I pray) my heedleſs over-ſight,
Who had forgot, that whylome I heard tell
From aged *Mnemon*; for my wits been light.
Indeed he ſaid, if I remember right,
That of the antique *Trojan* ſtock, there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous height,
And far abroad his mighty branches threw,
Into the utmoſt angle of the world he knew.

XLVIII.

For that ſame *Brute* (whom much he did advance
In all his ſpeech) was *Sylvius* his ſon,
Whom having ſlain, through luckleſs arrows glance,
He fled for fear of that he had miſdone,
Or elſe for ſhame, ſo foul reproach to ſhone;
And with him led to ſea a youthly train,
Where weary wandring they long time did wonne,
And many fortunes prov'd in th'*Ocean* main,
And great adventures found, that now were long to ſayn.

XLIX.

At laſt by fatal courſe they driven were
Into an Iſland ſpacious and broad,
The furtheſt north that did to them appear:
And (after reſt they ſeeking far abroad)
Found it the fitteſt ſoil for their abode;
Fruitful of all things fit for living food,
But wholly waſte, and void of peoples trode,
Save an huge nation of the Giants brood,
That fed on living fleſh, and drunk mens vital blood.

L.

Whom he through weary wars and labours long,
Subdu'd with loſs of many *Britons* bold:
In which, the great *Goëmagot* of ſtrong
Corineus, and *Coulin* of *Debon* old
Were overthrown, and laid on th'earth full cold,
Which quaked under their ſo hideous maſs:
A famous hiſtory to be enrold
In everlaſting monuments of braſs,
That all the antique worthies merits far did paſs.

LI.

His work, great *Troynouant*, his work is eke
Fair *Lincoln*, both renowned far away,
That who from eaſt to weſt will end-long ſeek,
Cannot two fairer cities find this day,
Except *Cleopolis*: ſo heard I ſay
Old *Mnemon*. Therefore ſir, I greet you well
Your country kin, and you entirely pray
Of pardon for the ſtrife which late befell
Betwixt us both unknown. So ended *Paridell*.

LII.

But all the while that he theſe ſpeeches ſpent,
Upon his lips hung fair Dame *Hellenore*,
With vigilant regard, and due attent,
Faſhioning worlds of fancies evermore
In her frail wit, that now her quite forlore:
The whiles, unwares away her wandring eye
And greedy ears, her weak heart from her bore:
Which he perceiving, ever privily
In ſpeaking, many falſe belgards at her let fly.

LIII.

So long theſe Knights diſcourſed diverſly,
Of ſtrange affairs, and noble hardiment,
Which they had paſt with mickle jeopardy,
That now the humid night was farforth ſpent,
And heavenly lamps were halfendeal ybrent:
Which th'old man ſeeing well (who too long thought
Every diſcourſe and every argument,
Which by the hours he meaſured) beſought
Them go to reſt. So all unto their bowrs were brought.

CANTO X.

Paridell *rapeth* Hellenore:
Malbecco *her purſues:*
Finds emongſt Satyrs, whence with him
To turn ſhe doth refuſe.

I.

The morrow next, ſo ſoon as *Phœbus* lamp
Bewrayed had the world with early light,
And freſh *Aurora* had the ſhady damp
Out of the goodly heaven amoved quight,
Fair *Britomart* and that ſame *Fairy* Knight
Uproſe, forth on their journey for to wend:
But *Paridell* complain'd, that his late fight
With *Britomart*, ſo ſore did him offend,
That ride he could not, till his hurts he did amend.

II.

So forth they far'd; but he behind them ſtayd,
Maulgre his hoſt, who grudged grievouſly
To houſe a gueſt, that would be needs obey'd,
And of his own him left not liberty:
(Might, wanting meaſure, moveth ſurquedry.)
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fierce young mans unruly maiſtery;
His money, which he lov'd as living breath;
And his fair wife, whom honeſt long he kept uneath.

III.

But patience perforce: he muſt aby
What fortune and his fate on him will lay:
Fond is the fear that finds no remedy;
Yet warily he watcheth every way,
By which he feareth evil happen may:
So th'evil thinks by watching to prevent;
Ne doth he ſuffer her, nor night, nor day,
Out of his ſight her ſelf once to abſent
So doth he puniſh her, and eke himſelf torment.

IV.

But *Paridell* kept better watch than he,
A fit occaſion for his turn to find:
Falſe Love, why do men ſay, thou canſt not ſee,
And in their fooliſh fancy feign thee blind,
That with thy charms the ſharpeſt ſight doſt bind,
And to thy will abuſe? Thou walkeſt free,
And ſeeſt every ſecret of the mind;
Thou ſeeſt all, yet none at all ſees thee;
All that is by the working of thy Deity.

V.

So perfect in that art was *Paridell*,
That he *Malbecco's* halfen eye did while:
His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
And *Hellenor's* both eyes did eke beguile,
Both eyes and heart attonce, during the while
That he there ſojourned his wounds to heal;
That *Cupid* ſelf it ſeeing, cloſe did ſmile,
To weet how he her love away did ſteal,
And bade, that none their joyous treaſon ſhould reveal.

VI.

The learned Lover loſt no time nor tide,
That leaſt advantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore ſo fair a ſail, that none eſpide
His ſecret drift, till he her laid abord.
When-ſo in open place, and common bord,
He fortun'd her to meet, with common ſpeech
He courted her, yet baited every word,
That his ungentle hoſt n'ote him appeach
Of vile ungentleneſs, or hoſpitages breach.

VII.

But when apart (if ever her apart)
He found, then his falſe engins faſt he plide,
And all the ſleights unboſom'd in his heart;
He ſigh'd, he ſob'd, he ſwound, he perdy dide,
And caſt himſelf on ground her faſt beſide:
Tho when again he him bethought to live,
He wept, and waild, and falſe laments belide,
Saying, but if ſhe mercy would him give,
That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgive.

VIII.

And other-whiles with amorous delights,
  And pleaſing toys he would her entertain,
  Now ſinging ſweetly, to ſurpriſe her ſprights,
  Now making lays of love and Lovers pain,
  Branſles, ballads, virelays, and verſes vain;
  Oft purpoſes, oft riddles he devis'd,
  And thouſands like, which flowed in his brain,
  With which he fed her fancy and entis'd
To take to his new love, and leave her old deſpis'd.

IX.

And every where he might, and every while
  He did her ſervice dutiful, and ſu'd
  At hand with humble pride, and pleaſing guile,
  So cloſely yet, that none but ſhe it view'd,
  Who well perceived all, and all indu'd.
  Thus finely did he his falſe nets diſſpred,
  With which he many weak hearts had ſubdu'd
  Of yore, and many had ylike miſled:
What wonder then, if ſhe were likewiſe carried?

X.

No fort ſo fenſible, no walls ſo ſtrong,
  But that continual battery will rive,
  Or daily ſiege through diſpurveyance long,
  And lack of reſcues will to parly drive;
  And piece, that unto parly ear will give,
  Will ſhortly yield it ſelf, and will be made
  The vaſſal of the victors will bylive:
  That ſtratagem had oftentimes aſſay'd
This crafty paramour, and now it plain diſplay'd.

XI.

For though his trains he her intrapped hath,
  That ſhe her love and heart hath wholly ſold
  To him, without regard of gain, or ſcath,
  Or care of credit, or of husband old,
  Whom ſhe hath vow'd to dub a fair cuckold.
  Nought wants but time and place, which ſhortly ſhe
  Devized hath, and to her Lover told.
  It pleaſed well. So well they both agree;
So ready ripe to ill, ill womens counſels be.

XII.

Dark was the evening, fit for Lovers ſtealth,
When chanſt *Malbecco* buſie be elſe-where,
She to his cloſet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid: thereof ſhe countleſs ſums did rear,
The which ſhe meant away with her to bear;
The reſt, ſhe fir'd for ſport, or for deſpight;
As *Hellen*, when ſhe ſaw aloft appear
The *Trojan* flames, and reach to heavens height,
Did clap her hands, and joyed at that doleful ſight.

XIII.

This ſecond *Hellen*, fair Dame *Hellenore*,
The whiles her huſband ran with ſorry haſte
To quench the flames which ſhe had tin'd before,
Laught at his fooliſh labour ſpent in waſte;
And ran into her Lovers arms right faſt;
Where ſtraight embraced, ſhe to him did cry,
And call aloud for help, ere help were paſt;
For lo, that gueſt would bear her forcibly,
And meant to raviſh her, that rather had to dye.

XIV.

The wretched man, hearing her call for aid,
And ready ſeeing him with her to fly,
In his diſquiet mind was much diſmaid:
But when again he backward caſt his eye,
And ſaw the wicked fire ſo furiouſly
Conſume his heart, and ſcorch his idols face,
He was there-with diſtreſſed diverſly,
Ne wiſt he how to turn, nor to what place;
Was never wretched man in ſuch a woeful caſe.

XV.

Ay when to him ſhe cride, to her he turn'd,
And left the fire; Love, money overcame:
But, when he marked how his money burn'd,
He left his wife; money did Love diſclaim:
Both was he loth to loſe his loved Dame,
And loth to leave his liefeſt pelf behind,
Yet ſith he n'ote ſave both, he ſav'd that ſame
Which was the deareſt to his dunghill mind,
The God of his deſire, the joy of miſers blind.

XVI.

Thus whilſt all things in troublous uproar were,
And all men buſie to ſuppreſs the flame,
The loving couple need no reſcue fear,
But leiſure had, and liberty to frame
Their purposd flight, free from all mens reclame;
And Night (the patroneſs of love-ſtealth fair)
Gave him ſafe conduct, till to end they came:
So been they gone yfere (a wanton pair
Of Lovers looſely knit) where liſt them to repair.

XVII.

Soon as the cruel flames yſlacked were,
Malbecco, ſeeing how his loſs did lie,
Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere
Into huge waves of grief and jealouſie
Full deep emplonged was, and drowned nigh,
Twixt inward dool and felonous deſpight;
He rav'd, he wept, he ſtampt, he loud did cry,
And all the paſſions that in man may light,
Did him attonce oppreſs, and vex his caitive ſpright.

XVIII.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward grief,
And did conſume his gall with anguiſh ſore:
Still when he muſed on his late miſchief,
Then ſtill the ſmart thereof increaſed more,
And ſeem'd more grievous than it was before:
At laſt, when ſorrow he ſaw booted nought,
Ne grief might not his Love to him reſtore,
He 'gan deviſe, how her he reſcue mought,
Ten thouſand ways he caſt in his confuſed thought.

XIX.

At laſt, reſolving like a pilgrim poor
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 hond
To ſeek her endlong, both by ſea and lond.
Long he her ſought, he ſought her far and near,
And every where that he mote underſtond,
Of Knights and Ladies any meetings were,
And of each one he met, he tidings did inquere.

XX.

But all in vain, his woman was too wiſe,
Ever to come into his clouch again,
And he too ſimple ever to ſurpriſe
The jolly *Paridell*, for all his pain.
One day, as he fore-paſſed by the plain
With weary pace, he far away eſpide.
A couple (ſeeming well to be his twain)
Which hoved cloſe under a foreſt ſide,
As if they lay in wait, or elſe themſelves did hide.

XXI.

Well weened he, that thoſe the ſame mote be:
And as he better did their ſhape avize,
Him ſeemed more their manner did agree;
For th'one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom to be *Paridell* he did devize;
And th'other, all yclad in garments light,
Diſcolour'd like to womaniſh diſguize,
He did reſemble to his Lady bright;
And ever his faint heart much yearned at the ſight.

XXII.

And ever fain he towards them would go,
But yet durſt not for dread approachen nigh,
But ſtood aloof, unweeting what to do;
Till that prickt forth with loves extremity,
That is the father of foul jealouſie,
He cloſely nearer crept, the truth to weet:
But, as he nigher drew, he eaſily
Might 'ſcern, that it was not his ſweeteſt ſweet,
Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his ſheet.

XXIII.

But it was ſcornful *Braggadochio*,
That with his ſervant *Trompart* hover'd there,
Since late he fled from his too earneſt foe:
Whom ſuch whenas *Malbecco* ſpyed clear,
He turned back, and would have fled arear;
Till *Trompart* running haſt'ly, him did ſtay,
And bade before his ſoveraine Lord appear:
That was him loth, yet durſt he not gain-ſay,
And coming him before, low louted on the lay.

XXIV.

The boaſter at him ſternly bent his brow,
As if he could have kill'd him with his look,
That to the ground him meekly made to bow,
And aweful terror deep into him ſtrook,
That every member of his body quook.
Said he, thou man of nought, what doſt thou here,
Unfitly furniſht with thy bag and book,
Where I expected one with ſhield and ſpear,
To prove ſome deeds of arms upon an equal peer.

XXV.

The wretched man, at his imperious ſpeech,
Was all abaſht, and low proſtrating, ſaid;
Good Sir, let not my rudeneſs be a breach
Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For I unwares this way by fortune ſtrayd,
A ſilly Pilgrim driven to diſtreſs,
That ſeek a Lady. There he ſuddain ſtayd,
And did the reſt with grievous ſighs ſuppreſs,
While tears ſtood in his eyes (few drops of bitterneſs.)

XXVI.

What Lady, man? ſaid *Trompart*, take good heart,
And tell thy grief, if any hidden lye;
Was never better time to ſhew thy ſmart
Than now, that noble ſuccour is thee by,
That is the whole worlds common remedy.
That chearful word his weak heart much did chear,
And with vain hope his ſpirits faint ſupply,
That bold he ſaid; O moſt redoubted Peer,
Vouchſafe with mild regard a wretches caſe to hear.

XXVII.

Then ſighing ſore, It is not long, ſaid he,
Since I enjoy'd the gentleſt Dame alive;
Of whom a Knight, no Knight at all perdee,
But ſhame of all that do for honour ſtrive,
By treacherous deceipt did me deprive;
Through open out-rage he her bore away,
And with foul force unto his will did drive,
Which all good Knights, that arms do bear this day,
Are bound for to revenge, and puniſh if they may.

XXVIII.

And you (moſt noble Lord) that can and dare
Redreſs the wrong of miſerable wight,
Cannot employ your moſt victorious ſpear
In better quarrel, than defence of right,
And for a Lady 'gainſt a faithleſs Knight;
So ſhall your glory be advanced much,
And all fair Ladies magnify your might,
And eke my ſelf (albe I ſimple ſuch)
Your worthy pain ſhall well reward with guerdon rich.

XXIX.

With that, out of his bouget forth he drew
Great ſtore of treaſure, there-with him to tempt;
But he on it lookt ſcornfully aſkew,
As much diſdeigning to be ſo miſdempt,
Or a war-monger to be baſely nempt;
And ſaid; Thy offers baſe I greatly loath,
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.

XXX.

But *Trompart*, that his maſters humour knew,
In lofty looks to hide an humble mind,
Was inly tickled with that golden view,
And in his ear him rounded cloſe behind:
Yet ſtoopt he not, but lay ſtill in the wind,
Waiting advantage on the prey to ſeiſe;
Till *Trompart* lowly to the ground inclin'd,
Beſought him his great courage to appeaſe,
And pardon ſimple man, that raſh did him diſpleaſe.

XXXI.

Big looking, like a doughty Doucëpere,
At laſt he thus; Thou clod of vileſt clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudeneſs bear;
But weet henceforth, that all that golden prey,
And all that elſe the vain world vaunten may,
I loath as dung, ne deem my due reward:
Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pay.
But minds of mortal men are muchell mar'd,
And mov'd amiſs with maſſie mucks unmeet regard.

XXXII.

And more, I grant to thy great misery
Gracious respect, thy wife shall back be sent:
And that vile Knight, whoever that he be,
Which hath thy Lady reft, and knighthood shent,
By *Sanglamort* my sword, whose deadly dent
The blood hath of so many thousands shed,
I swear, ere long shall dearly it repent;
Ne he twixt heaven and earth shall hide his head,
But soon he shall be found, and shortly doen be dead.

XXXIII.

The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
As if the word so spoken were half done,
And humbly thanked him a thousand sith,
That had from death to life him newly won.
Tho forth the boaster marching, brave begun
His stolen steed to thunder furiously,
As if he heaven and hell would over run,
And all the world confound with cruelty,
That much *Malbecco* joyed in his jollity.

XXXIV.

Thus long they three together travelled,
Through many a wood, and many an uncouth way,
To seek his wife, that was far wandered,
But those two sought nought but the present prey.
To weet the treasure, which he did bewray,
On which their eyes and hearts were wholly set,
With purpose how they might it best betray;
For sith the hour that first he did them let
The same behold, there-with their keen desires were whet.

XXXV.

It fortuned as they together far'd,
They spide where *Paridell* came pricking fast
Upon the plain, the which himself prepar'd
To giust with that brave stranger Knight a cast,
As on adventure by the way he past:
Alone he rode without his paragone;
For having filcht her bells, her up he cast
To the wide world, and let her fly alone,
He n'ould be clog'd. So had he served many one.

XXXVI.

The gentle Lady, loose at random left,
The green-wood long did walk, and wander wide
At wild adventure, like a forlorn weft,
Till on a day the *Satyrs* her espide
Straying alone withouten groom or guide:
Her up they took, and with them home her led,
With them as housewife ever to abide,
To milk their Goats, and make them cheese and bread,
And every one as common good her handeled.

XXXVII.

That shortly she *Malbecco* has forgot,
And eke Sir *Paridell*, all were he dear;
Who from her went to seek another lot,
And now (by fortune) was arrived here,
Where those two guilers with *Malbecco* were:
Soon as the old man saw Sir *Paridell*,
He fainted, and was almost dead with fear,
Ne word he had to speak, his grief to tell,
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well.

XXXVIII.

And after asked him for *Hellenore*,
I take no keep of her, said *Paridell*:
She wonneth in the forest there before.
So forth he rode, as his adventure fell;
The whiles the boaster from his lofty sell
Feign'd to alight, something amiss to mend;
But the fresh swain would not his leisure dwell,
But went his way; whom when he passed kend,
He up remounted light, and after feign'd to wend.

XXXIX.

Perdy nay, said *Malbecco*, shall ye not:
But let him pass as lightly as he came:
For little good of him is to be got,
And mickle peril to be put to shame.
But let us go to seek my dearest Dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder forest wild:
For of her safety in great doubt I am,
Lest salvage beasts her person have despoil'd:
Then all the world is lost, and we in vain have toil'd.

XL.

They all agree, and forward them addreſt:
Ah! but ſaid crafty *Trompart*, weet ye well,
That yonder in that waſteful wilderneſs
Huge monſters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
Dragons, and Minotaurs, and fiends of hell,
And many wild wood-men, which rob and rend
All travellers; therefore adviſe ye well,
Before ye enterpriſe that way to wend:
One may his journey bring too ſoon to evil end.

XLI.

Malbecco ſtopt in great aſtoniſhment,
And with pale eyes faſt fixed on the reſt,
Their counſel crav'd, in danger imminent.
Said *Trompart*, You that are the moſt oppreſt
With burden of great treaſure, I think beſt
Here for to ſtay in ſafëty behind;
My Lord and I will ſearch the wide foreſt.
That counſel pleaſed not *Malbecco*'s mind;
For he was much affraid, himſelf alone to find.

XLII.

Then is it beſt, ſaid he, that ye do leave
Your treaſure here in ſome ſecurity,
Either faſt cloſed in ſome hollow grave,
Or buried in the ground from jeopardy,
Till we return again in ſafëty:
As for us two, leſt doubt of us ye have,
Hence far away we will blindfolded lye,
Ne privy be unto your treaſures grave.
It pleaſed: ſo he did, then they march forward brave.

XLIII.

Now when amid the thickeſt woods they were,
They heard a noiſe of many bagpipes ſhrill,
And ſhrieking hububs them approaching near,
Which all the foreſt did with horrour fill:
That dreadful ſound the boaſters heart did thrill,
With ſuch amazement, that in haſte he fled,
Ne ever looked back for good or ill,
And after him eke fearful *Trompart* ſped;
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half dead.

XLIV.

Yet afterwards, close creeping as he might,
He in a bush did hide his fearful head:
The jolly *Satyrs*, full of fresh delight,
Came dancing forth, and with them nimbly led
Fair *Hellenore*, with girlonds all bespred,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
She proud of that new honour, which they read,
And of their lovely fellowship full glad,
Danc'd lively, and her face did with a Laurel shade.

XLV.

The silly man that in the thicket lay,
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore,
Yet durst he not against it do or say,
But did his heart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th'unkindness of his *Hellenore*.
All day they danced with great lustihed,
And with their horned feet the green grass wore,
The whiles their Goats upon the brouzes fed,
Till drooping *Phœbus* 'gan to hide his golden head.

XLVI.

Tho up they 'gan their merry pipes to truss,
And all their goodly herds did gather round;
But every *Satyr* first did give a buss
To *Hellenore:* so busses did abound.
Now 'gan the humid vapour shed the ground
With pearly dew, and the earths gloomy shade
Did dim the brightness of the welkin round
That every bird and beast awarned made
To shroud themselves, whiles sleep their senses did invade.

XLVII.

Which when *Malbecco* saw, out of the bush
Upon his hands and feet he crept full light,
And like a Goat emongst the Goats did rush,
That through the help of his fair horns on height,
And misty damp of misconceiving night,
And eke through likeness of his goatish beard,
He did the better counterfeit aright:
So home he marcht emongst the horned herd,
That none of all the *Satyrs* him espide or heard.

XLVIII.

At night, when all they went to ſleep, he viewd,
Where-as his lovely Wife emongſt them lay,
Embraced of a *Satyr* rough and rude,
Who all the night did mind his joyous play:
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his heart with jealouſie did ſwell;
But yet that nights enſample did bewray,
That not for nought his Wife them lov'd ſo well,
When one ſo oft a night did ring his matins bell.

XLIX.

So cloſely as he could, he to them crept,
When weary of their ſport to ſleep they fell;
And to his Wife, that now full ſoundly ſlept,
He whiſper'd in her ear, and did her tell,
That it was he, which by her ſide did dwell,
And therefore pray'd her wake, to hear him plain.
As one out of a dream not waked well,
She turnd her, and returned back again:
Yet her for to awake he did the more conſtrain.

L.

At laſt with irkſome trouble ſhe abraid;
And then perceiving that it was indeed
Her old *Malbecco*, which did her upbraid,
With looſeneſs of her love, and loathly deed,
She was aſtoniſht with exceeding dreed,
And would have wakt the *Satyr* by her ſide;
But he her prayd, for mercy, or for meed,
To ſave his life, ne let him be deſcride,
But harken to his lore, and all his counſel hide.

LI.

Tho 'gan he her perſuade, to leave that lewd
And loathſome life, of God and man abhord,
And home return, where all ſhould be renewd
With perfect peace, and bands of freſh accord,
And ſhe receiv'd again to bed and bord,
As if no treſpaſs ever had been done:
But ſhe it all refuſed at one word,
And by no means would to his will be won,
But choſe emongſt the jolly *Satyrs* ſtill to wonne.

LII.

He wooed her, till day ſpring he eſpide;
But all in vain: and then turn'd to the herd,
Who butted him with horns on every ſide,
And trode down in the dirt, where his hore beard
Was fouly dight, and he of death affeard.
Early before the heavens faireſt light
Out of the ruddy Eaſt was fully rear'd,
The herds out of their folds were looſed quight,
And he emongſt the reſt crept forth in ſorry plight.

LIII.

So ſoon as he the priſon door did paſs,
He ran as faſt as both his feet could bear,
And never looked who behind him was,
Ne ſcarcely who before: like as a Bear
That creeping cloſe, emongſt the hives to rear
An hony-comb, the wakeful dogs eſpy,
And him aſſailing, ſore his carcaſs tear,
That hardly he with life away does fly,
Ne ſtays, till ſafe himſelf he ſee from jeopardy.

LIV.

Ne ſtayd he, till he came unto the place
Where late his treaſure he entombed had;
Where when he found it not (for *Trompart* baſe
Had it purloined for his maiſter bad:)
With extream fury he became quite mad,
And ran away, ran with himſelf away:
That who ſo ſtrangely had him ſeen beſtad,
With upſtart hair, and ſtaring eyes diſmay,
From *Limbo* lake him late eſcaped ſure would ſay.

LV.

High over hills and over dales he fled,
As if the wind him on his wings had borne,
Ne bank nor buſh could ſtay him, when he ſped
His nimble feet, as treading ſtill on thorn:
Grief, and deſpight, and jealouſie, and ſcorn
Did all the way him follow hard behind:
And he himſelf, himſelf loath'd ſo forlorn,
So ſhamefully forlorn of womankind;
That, as a Snake, ſtill lurked in his wounded mind.

LVI.

Still fled he forward, looking backward ſtill,
Ne ſtayd his flight, nor fearful agony,
Till that he came unto a rocky hill,
Over the ſea ſuſpended dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrify
To look adown, or upward to the height:
From thence he threw himſelf deſpiteouſly,
All deſperate of his fore-damned ſpright,
That ſeem'd no help for him was left in living ſight.

LVII.

But through long anguiſh, and ſelf-murdring thought,
He was ſo waſted and fore-pined quight,
That all his ſubſtance was conſum'd to nought,
And nothing left, but like an airy Spright,
That on the rocks he fell ſo flit and light,
That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all,
But chanced on a craggy cliff to light;
Whence he with crooked claws ſo long did crawll,
That at the laſt he found a cave with entrance ſmall.

LVIII.

Into the ſame he creeps, and thence-forth there
Reſolv'd to build his baleful manſion,
In dreary darkneſs, and continual fear
Of that rocks fall; which ever and anon
Threats with huge ruin him to fall upon,
That he dare never ſleep, but that one eye
Still ope he keeps for that occaſion;
Ne ever reſts he in tranquillity,
The roaring billows beat his bowre ſo boiſtrouſly.

LIX.

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed,
But Toads and Frogs (his paſture poiſonous)
Which in his cold complexion do breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread ſuſpicious,
That doth with careleſs care conſume the heart,
Corrupts the ſtomach with gall vicious,
Croſs-cuts the liver with internal ſmart,
And doth transfix the ſoul with deaths eternal dart.

LX.

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
And doth him ſelf with ſorrow new ſuſtain,
That death and life attonce unto him gives,
And painful pleaſure turns to pleaſing pain.
There dwells he ever, miſerable ſwain,
Hateful both to himſelf, and every wight;
Where he through privy grief, and horrour vain,
Is woxen ſo deform'd, that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and *Jealouſie* is hight.

CANTO XI.

Britomart *chaceth* Ollyphant,
Finds Scudamour *diſtreſt:*
Aſſays the houſe of Buſirane,
Where Loves ſpoils are expreſt.

I.

O Hateful helliſh Snake, what fury firſt
Brought thee from baleful houſe of *Proſerpine*,
Where in her boſom ſhe thee long had nurſt,
And foſtred up with bitter milk of tine,
Foul jealouſie, that turneſt Love divine
To joyleſs dread, and mak'ſt the loving heart
With hateful thoughts to languiſh and to pine,
And feed it ſelf with ſelf-conſuming ſmart?
Of all the paſſions in the mind thou vileſt art.

II.

O! let him far be baniſhed away,
And in his ſtead let Love for ever dwell;
Sweet Love that doth his golden wings embay
In bleſſed Nectar, and pure pleaſures Well,
Untroubled of vile fear, or bitter fell.
And ye fair Ladies, that your kingdoms make
In th'hearts of men, them govern wiſely well,
And of fair *Britomart* enſample take,
That was as true in love, as Turtle to her mate.

III.

Who with Sir *Satyrane* (as earſt ye read)
Forth riding from *Malbecco's* hoſtleſs houſe,
Far off eſpide a young man, the which fled
From an huge Giant, that with hideous
And hateful out-rage long him chaced thus;
It was that *Ollyphant*, the brother dear
Of that *Argante* vile and vicious,
From whom the *Squire of Dames* was reft whylere;
Thus all as bad as ſhe, and worſe, if worſe ought were.

IV.

For as the ſiſter did in feminine
And filthy luſt exceed all woman-kind,
So he ſurpaſſed his ſex maſculine,
In beaſtly uſe all I did ever find;
Whom whenas *Britomart* beheld behind
The fearful boy ſo greedily purſue,
She was emmoved in her noble mind,
T'imploy her puiſſance to his reſcue,
And pricked fiercely forward, where ſhe him did view.

V.

Ne was Sir *Satyrane* her far behind,
But with like fierceneſs did enſue the chace:
Whom when the Giant ſaw, he ſoon reſign'd
His former ſuit, and from them fled apace;
They after both, and boldly bade him bace,
And each did ſtrive the other to out-go:
But he them both out-ran a wondrous ſpace;
For he was long and ſwift as any Roe,
And now made better ſpeed, t'eſcape his feared foe.

VI.

It was not *Satyrane* whom he did fear,
But *Britomart*, the flowre of chaſtity;
For he the powre of chaſte hands might not bear,
But always did their dread encounter fly:
And now ſo faſt his feet he did apply,
That he was gotten to a foreſt near,
Where he is ſhrouded in ſecurity:
The wood they enter, and ſearch every where,
They ſearched diverſly; ſo both divided were.

VII.

Fair *Britomart* ſo long him followed,
That ſhe at laſt came to a fountain ſhear,
By which there lay a Knight all wallowed
Upon the graſſy ground, and by him near
His haberjeon, his helmet and his ſpear;
A little off, his ſhield was rudely thrown,
On whch the winged boy in colours clear
Depainted was, full eaſie to be known,
And he thereby, where-ever it in field was ſhown.

VIII.

His face upon the ground did groveling lye,
As if he had been ſlumbring in the ſhade,
That the brave maid would not for courteſy,
Out of his quiet ſlumber him abrade,
Nor ſeem too ſuddainly him to invade:
Still as ſhe ſtood, ſhe heard with grievous throb
Him groan, as if his heart were pieces made,
And with moſt painful pangs to ſigh and ſob,
That pity did the virgins heart of patience rob.

IX.

At laſt forth breaking into bitter plaints,
He ſaid: O ſoveraine Lord that ſitſt on high,
And reign'ſt in bliſs emongſt thy bleſſed Saints,
How ſuffreſt thou ſuch ſhameful cruelty,
So long unwreaked of thine enemy?
Or haſt thou, Lord, of good mens cauſe no heed?
Or doth thy juſtice ſleep, and ſilent lye?
What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
If goodneſs find no grace, nor righteouſneſs no meed?

X.

If good find grace, and righteouſneſs reward,
Why then is *Amoret* in caitive band,
Sith that more bounteous creature never far'd
On foot upon the face of living land?
Or if that heavenly juſtice may withſtand
The wrongful out-rage of unrighteous men,
Why then is *Buſirane* with wicked hand
Suffred, theſe ſeven months day, in ſecret den
My Lady and my Love ſo cruelly to pen?

XI.

My Lady and my Love, is cru'lly pend
In doleful darkneſs from the view of day,
Whilſt deadly torments do her chaſte breaſt rend,
And the ſharp ſteel doth rive her heart in tway,
All for ſhe *Scudamour*, will not denay.
Yet thou, vile man, vile *Scudamour*, art ſound,
Ne canſt her aid, ne canſt her foe diſmay;
Unworthy wretch to tread upon the ground,
For whom ſo fair a Lady feels ſo ſore a wound.

XII.

There an huge heap of ſingulfs did oppreſs
His ſtrugling ſoul, and ſwelling throbs empeach
His ſoltring tongue with pangs of drerineſs,
Choaking the remnant of his plaintif ſpeech,
As if his days were come to their laſt reach.
Which when ſhe heard, and ſaw the ghaſtly fit,
Threatning into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth and terrour ſhe was ſmit,
Fearing leſt from her cage the weary ſoul would flit.

XIII.

Tho ſtooping down, ſhe him amoved light;
Who there-with ſome-what ſtarting, up 'gan look,
And ſeeing him behind a ſtranger Knight,
Whereas no living creature he miſtook,
With great indignance he that ſight forſook,
And down again himſelf diſdainfully
Abjecting, th'earth with his fair forhead ſtrook:
Which the bold virgin ſeeing, 'gan apply
Fit medcine to his grief, and ſpeak thus courteouſly.

XIV.

Ah! gentle Knight, whoſe deep conceived grief
Well ſeems t' exceed the powre of patience,
Yet if that heavenly grace ſome good relief
You ſend, ſubmit you to high providence;
And ever, in your noble heart prepenſe,
That all the ſorrow in the world is leſs
Than vertues might, and values confidence:
For who nill bide the burden of diſtreſs,
Muſt not here think to live; for life is wretchedneſs.

XV.

Therefore (fair Sir) do comfort to you take,
And freely read, what wicked felon ſo
Hath out-rag'd you, and thrald your gentle make:
Perhaps this hand may help to eaſe your woe,
And wreak your ſorrow on your cruel foe,
At leaſt, it fair endeavour will apply.
Thoſe feeling words ſo near the quick did go,
That up his head he reared eaſily;
And leaning on his elbow, theſe few words let fly.

XVI.

What boots it 'plain that cannot be redreſt,
And ſow vain ſorrow in a fruitleſs ear,
Sith powre of hand, nor ſkill of learned breaſt,
Ne worldly price cannot redeem my dear,
Out of her thraldome, and continual fear?
For he (the tyrant) which her hath in ward
By ſtrong enchantments, and black magick lear,
Hath in a dungeon deep her cloſe embard,
Aud many dreadful fiends hath pointed to her guard.

XVII.

There he tormenteth her moſt terribly,
And day and night afflicts with mortal pain,
Becauſe to yield him love ſhe doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yold again:
But yet by torture he would her conſtrain
Love to conceive in her diſdainful breaſt;
Till ſo ſhe do, ſhe muſt in dool remain,
Ne may by living means be thence releaſt:
What boots it then to 'plain, that cannot be redreſt?

XVIII.

With this ſad herſal of his heavy ſtreſs,
The warlike Damzel was empaſſion'd ſore,
And ſaid; Sir Knight, your cauſe is nothing leſs
Than is your ſorrow certes if not more;
For nothing ſo much pity doth implore,
As gentle Ladies helpleſs miſery.
But yet, if pleaſe ye liſten to my lore,
I will (with proof of laſt extremity.)
Deliver her from thence, or with her for you dye.

XIX.

Ah! gentleſt Knight alive, ſaid *Scudamour*;
What huge heroick magnanimity
Dwells in thy bounteous breaſt? what couldſt thou more
If ſhe were thine, and thou as now am I?
O ſpare thy happy days, and them apply
To better boot, but let me dye that ought;
More is more loſs: one is enough to dye.
Life is not loſt; ſaid ſhe, for which is bought
Endleſs renown, that more than death is to be ſought.

XX.

Thus ſhe at length perſuaded him to riſe,
And with her wend, to ſee what new ſucceſs
Mote him befall upon new enterpriſe.
His arms, which he had vow'd to diſprofeſs,
She gather'd up, and did about him dreſs,
And his forwandred ſteed unto him got:
So forth they both yfere make their progreſs,
And march not paſt the mount'naunce of a ſhot,
Till they arriv'd, whereas their purpoſe they did plot.

XXI.

There they diſmounting, drew their weapons bold,
And ſtoutly came unto the caſtle gate;
Whereas no gate they found them to with-hold,
Nor ward to wait at morn and evening late;
But in the porch (that did them ſore amate)
A flaming fire ymixt with ſmouldry ſmoke,
And ſtinking ſulphure, that with grieſly hate
And dreadful horrour did all entrance choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

XXII.

Greatly thereat was *Britomart* diſmay'd,
Ne in that ſtownd wiſt how her ſelf to bear;
For danger vain it were to have aſſayd
That cruel element, which all things fear,
Ne none can ſuffer to approachen near:
And turning back to *Scudamour*, thus ſaid;
What monſtrous enmity provoke we here,
Fool-hardy as th'Earths children, the which made
Battle againſt the Gods? ſo we a God invade.

XXIII.

Danger without discretion to attempt,
Inglorious, beast-like 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 plain'd: for neither may
This fire he quencht by any wit or might,
Ne yet by any means remov'd away,
So mighty be th'enchauntments which the same do stay.

XXIV.

What is there else, but cease these fruitless pains,
And leave me to my former languishing?
Fair *Amoret* must dwell in wicked chains,
And *Scudamour* here dye with sorrowing.
Perdy not so, said she; for shameful thing
It were t'abandon noble chevisaunce,
For shew of peril, without venturing:
Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
Than enterprised praise for dread to disavaunce.

XXV.

There-with resolv'd to prove her utmost might,
Her ample shield she threw before her face,
And (her swords point directing forward right)
Assail'd the flame, the which eftsoons gave place,
And did itself divide with equal space,
That through she passed; as a thunder-bolt
Pierceth the yielding air, and doth displace
The soaring clouds into sad showres ymolt;
So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

XXVI.

Whom whenas *Scudamour* saw past the fire,
Safe and untoucht, he likewise 'gan assay,
With greedy will, and envious desire,
And bade the stubborn flames to yield him way:
But cruel *Mulciber* would not obey
His threatful pride; but did the more augment
His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
Him forc'd (maulgre) his fierceness to relent,
And back retire, all scorcht and pitifully brent.

XXVII.

With huge impatience he inly ſwelt,
More for great ſorrow that he could not paſs,
Than for the burning torment which he felt,
That with fell woodneſs he effierced was,
And wilfully him throwing on the graſs,
Did beat and bounſe his head and breaſt full ſore:
The whiles the championeſs now entred has
The utmoſt room, and paſt the formoſt dore,
The utmoſt room abounding with all precious ſtore.

XXVIII.

For round about, the walls yclothed were
With goodly arras of great majeſty,
Woven with gold and ſilk ſo cloſe and near,
That the rich metal lurked privily,
As feigning to be hid from envious eye;
Yet here, and there, and every where unwares
It ſhew'd it ſelf, and ſhone unwillingly;
Like a diſcolour'd Snake, whoſe hidden ſnares [clares.
Through the green graſs, his long bright burniſht back de-

XXIX.

And in thoſe tapets weren faſhioned
Many fair pourtraicts, and many a fair feat:
And all of Love, and all of luſty-hed,
As ſeemed by their ſemblaunt, did entreat;
And eke all *Cupids* wars they did repeat,
And cruel battles, which he whylome fought
Gainſt all the Gods, to make his empire great;
Beſides the huge maſſacres, which he wrought
On mighty Kings and Keſars, into thraldom brought.

XXX.

Therein was writ, how often thundring *Jove*
Had felt the point of his heart-piercing dart,
And leaving heavens Kingdom here did rove
In ſtrange diſguiſe, to ſlake his ſcalding ſmart;
Now like a Ram, fair *Helle* to pervart,
Now like a Bull, *Europa* to withdraw:
Ah, how the fearful Ladies tender heart
Did lively ſeem to tremble, when ſhe ſaw
The huge ſeas under her t'obey her ſervants law!

XXXI.

Soon after that into a golden ſhowre,
Himſelf he chang'd, fair *Danaë* to view,
And through the roof of her ſtrong braſen towre
Did rain into her lap an hony dew,
The whiles her fooliſh guard, that little knew
Of ſuch deceipt, kept th' iron dore faſt bard,
And watcht, that none ſhould enter, nor iſſue,
Vain was the watch, and bootleſs all the ward,
Whenas the God to golden hue himſelf transfer'd.

XXXII.

Then was he turn'd into a ſnowy Swan,
To win fair *Leda* to his lovely trade:
O wondrous ſkill, and ſweet wit of the man,
That her in Daffadillies ſleeping made,
From ſcorching heat her dainty limbs to ſhade:
Whiles the proud Bird ruffing his feathers wide,
And bruſhing his fair breaſt, did her invade;
She ſlept, yet 'twixt her eye-lids cloſely ſpide,
How towards her he ruſht, and ſmiled at his pride.

XXXIII.

Then ſhew'd it, how the *Theban Semelee*,
Deceiv'd of jealous *Juno* did require
To ſee him in his ſoveraine majeſty,
Arm'd with his thunder-bolts and lightning fire,
Whence dearly ſhe with death bought her deſire.
But fair *Alcmena* better match did make,
Joying his love in likeneſs more entire;
Three nights in one, they ſay, that for her ſake
He then did put, her pleaſures longer to partake.

XXXIV

Twice was he ſeen in ſoaring Eagles ſhape,
And with wide wings to beat the buxom air:
Once when he with *Aſterie* did ſcape;
Again, whenas the *Trojan* boy ſo fair
He ſnatch from *Ida* hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was, there to behold,
How the rude Shepherds after him did ſtare,
Trembling through fear leſt down he fallen ſhould,
And often to him calling, to take ſurer hold.

XXXV.

In *Satyr*'s ſhape, *Antiopa* he ſnatcht:
And like a fire, when he *Ægin*' aſſay'd:
A ſhepherd, when *Mnemoſyne* he catcht:
And like a Serpent to the *Thracian* maid.
Whiles thus on earth great *Jove* theſe pageants playd,
The winged boy did thruſt into his throne,
And ſcoffing thus unto his mother ſaid,
Lo, now the heavens obey to me alone,
And take me for their *Jove*, whiles *Jove* to earth is gone.

XXXVI.

And thou, fair *Phœbus*, in thy colours bright
Waſt there enwoven, and the ſad diſtreſs
In which that boy thee plunged, for deſpight
That thou bewraydſt his mothers wantonneſs,
When ſhe with *Mars* was meynt in joyfulneſs:
Forthy he thrild thee with a leaden dart,
To love fair *Daphne*, which thee loved leſs:
Leſs ſhe thee lov'd, than was thy juſt deſart;
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy ſmart.

XXXVII.

So lovedſt thou the luſty *Hyacinct*,
So lovedſt thou the fair *Coronis* dear:
Yet both are of thy hapleſs hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres do live, and love thee bear,
The one a Paunce, the other a ſweet breare;
For grief whereof, ye mote have lively ſeen
The God himſelf rending his golden hair,
And breaking quite his girlond ever green,
With other ſigns of ſorrow, and impatient teen.

XXXVIII.

Both for thoſe two, and for his own dear ſon,
The ſon of *Clymene* he did repent,
Who bold to guide the charet of the ſun,
Himſelf in thouſand pieces fondly rent,
And all the world with flaſhing fiere brent,
So like, that all the walls did ſeem to flame.
Yet cruel *Cupid*, not herewith content,
Forc'd him eftſoons to follow other game,
And love a Shepherds daughter for his dearest Dame.

XXXIX.

He loved *Isse* for his dearest Dame,
And for her sake her cattle fed awhile,
And for her sake a cow-herd vile became,
The servant of *Admetus*, cow-herd vile,
Whiles that from heaven he suffered exile.
Long were to tell each other lovely fit,
Now like a Lyon, hunting after spoil,
Now like a Stag, now like a Falcon flit:
All which in that fair arras was most lively writ.

XL.

Next unto him was *Neptune* pictured,
In his divine resemblance wondrous like:
His face was rugged, and his hoary head
Dropped with brackish dew; his three-forkt pike
He sternly shook, and therewith fierce did strike
The raging billows, that on every side
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dike,
That his swift charet might have passage wide,
Which four great *Hippodames* did draw in team-wise tide.

XLI.

His sea-horses did seem to snort amain,
And from their nosethrills blow the briny stream,
That made the sparkling waves to smoke again,
And flame with gold: but the white foamy cream
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beam.
The God himself did pensive seem and sad,
And hung adown his head, as he did dream:
For privy love his breast empierced had;
Ne ought, but dear *Bisaltis*, ay could make him glad.

XLII.

He loved eke *Iphimedia* dear,
And *Æolus* fair daughter *Arne* hight;
For whom he turn'd himself into a Stear,
And fed on fodder, to beguile her sight.
Also to win *Deucalions* daughter bright,
He turn'd himself into a Dolphin fair;
And like a winged horse he took his flight,
To snaky-lock *Medusa* to repair,
On whom he got fair *Pegasus*, that flitteth in the air.

XLIII.

Next *Saturn* was, (but who would ever ween,
That ſullen *Saturn* ever ween'd to love?
Yet Love is ſullen, and *Saturn*-like ſeen,
As he did for *Erigone* it prove)
That to a *Centaur* did himſelf tranſmove.
So prov'd it eke that gracious God of wine,
When for to compaſs *Philliras* hard love,
He turn'd himſelf into a fruitful vine,
And into her fair boſom made his grapes decline.

XLIV.

Long were to tell the amorous aſſays,
And gentle pangs, with which he maked meek
The mighty *Mars*, to learn his wanton plays:
How oft for *Venus*, and how often eke
For many other nymphs he ſore did ſhriek;
With womaniſh tears, and with unwarlike ſmarts,
Privily moiſtening his horrid cheek.
There was he painted full of burning darts,
And many wide wounds lanced through his inner parts.

XLV.

Ne did he ſpare (ſo cruel was the Elf)
His own dear mother (ah why ſhould he ſo!)
Ne did he ſpare ſometime to prick himſelf,
That he might taſte the ſweet-conſuming woe,
Which he had wrought, to many others moe,
But to declare the mournful tragedies,
And ſpoil's, wherewith he all the ground did ſtrow,
More eath to number with how many eyes
High heaven beholds ſad Lovers nightly thieveries.

XLVI.

Kings, Queens, Lords, Ladies, Knights, and Damzels
Were heapt together with the vulgar ſort, [gent,
And mingled with the raſcal rablement,
Without reſpect of perſon or of port,
To ſhew Dan *Cupids* powre and great effort:
And round about, a border was entrail'd
Of broken bows and arrows ſhiver'd ſhort,
And a long bloody river through them rail'd,
So lively and ſo like, that living ſenſe it fail'd.

XLVII.

And at the upper end of that fair room,
There was an altar built of precious ſtone,
Of paſſing value, and of great renown,
On which there ſtood an Image all alone,
Of maſſy gold, which with his own light ſhone;
And wings it had with ſundry colours dight,
More ſundry colours, than the proud *Pavone*,
Bears in his boaſted fan, or *Iris* bright,
When her diſcolour'd bow ſhe ſpreads through heaven [bright.

XLVIII.

Blindfold he was, and in his cruel fiſt
A mortal bow and arrows keen did hold,
With which he ſhot at random, when him liſt,
Some headed with ſad lead, ſome with pure gold;
(Ah man beware, how thou thoſe darts behold.)
A wounded Dragon under him did lie,
Whoſe hideous tail his left foot did enfold,
And with a ſhaft was ſhot through either eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedy.

XLIX.

And underneath his feet was written thus,
Unto the Victor of the Gods this be:
And all the people in that ample houſe
Did to that image bow their humble knee,
And oft committed foul idolatry.
That wondrous ſight fair *Britomart* amaz'd,
Ne ſeeing could her wonder ſatisfy,
But ever more and more upon it gaz'd,
The whiles the paſſing brightneſs her frail ſenſes daz'd.

L.

Tho as ſhe backward caſt her buſie eye,
To ſearch each ſecret of that goodly ſted,
Over the door thus written ſhe did ſpy,
Be bold: ſhe oft and oft it over-read,
Yet could not find what ſence it figured:
But what ſo were therein or writ or meant,
She was no whit thereby diſcouraged
From proſecuting of her firſt intent,
But forward with bold ſteps into the next room went.

LI.

Much fairer than the former, was that room,
And richlier by many parts array'd:
For not with arras made in painful loom,
But with pure gold, it all was overlayd,
Wrought with wild anticks, which their follies plaid,
In the rich metal, as they living were:
A thouſand monſtrous forms therein were made,
Such as falſe Love doth oft upon him wear.
For Love in thouſand monſtrous forms doth oft appear.

LII.

And all about, the gliſtring walls were hong
With warlike ſpoils, and with victorious preys
Of mighty conquerours and captains ſtrong,
Which were whylome captived in their days
To cruel love, and wrought their own decays:
Their ſwords and ſpears were broke, and hauberques rent,
And their proud girlonds of triumphant bays
Trodden in duſt with fury inſolent,
To ſhew the victors might and mercileſs intent.

LIII.

The warlike maid, 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 ſhe marvail'd, that no footings trace,
Nor wight appear'd, but waſteful emptineſs,
And ſolemn ſilence over all that place:
Strange thing it ſeem'd that none was to poſſeſs
So rich purveyance, ne them keep with carefulneſs.

LIV.

And as ſhe lookt about, ſhe did behold
How over that ſame door was likewiſe writ,
Be bold, *Be bold*, and every where *Be bold*;
That much ſhe muz'd, yet could not conſtrue it
By any ridling ſkill, or common wit.
At laſt ſhe ſpide, at that rooms upper end,
Another iron door, on which was writ
Be not too bold; whereto though ſhe did bend
Her earneſt mind, yet wiſt not what it might intend.

LV.

Thus there ſhe waited until even-tide,
Yet living creature none ſhe ſaw appear:
And now ſad ſhadows 'gan the world to hide,
From mortal view, and wrap in darkneſs drear;
Yet n'ould ſhe doff her weary arms, for fear
Of ſecret danger, ne let ſleep oppreſs
Her heavy eyes with natures burden dear,
But drew herſelf aſide in ſickerneſs,
And her well-pointed weapons did about her dreſs.

CANTO XII.

The Maſk of Cupid, *and th'enchanted*
Chamber are diſplayd;
Whence Britomart *redeemes fair*
Amoret, *through charms decay'd.*

I.

Tho whenas chearleſs night ycovred had
Fair heaven with an univerſal cloud,
That every wight, diſmay'd with darkneſs ſad,
In ſilence and in ſleep themſelves did ſhroud,
She heard a ſhrilling trumpet ſound aloud,
Sign of nigh battle, or got victory;
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
But rather ſtir'd to cruel enmity,
Expecting ever, when ſome foe ſhe might deſcry.

II.

With that, an hideous ſtorm of wind aroſe,
With dreadful thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earth-quake, as if it ſtreight would looſe
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt,
A direful ſtench of ſmoak and ſulphur mixt
Enſu'd, whoſe noyance fill'd the fearful ſted,
From the fourth hour of night until the ſixt;
Yet the bold *Britoneſs* was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but ſtedfaſt ſtill perſevered.

III.

All ſuddainly a ſtormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the houſe, that clapped every dore:
With which, that iron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had been tore:
And forth iſſu'd, as on the ready flore
Of ſome theatre, a grave perſonage,
That in his hand a branch of Laurel bore,
With comely haviour and count'nance ſage,
Yclad in coſtly garments fit for tragick ſtage.

IV.

Proceeding to the midſt, he ſtill did ſtand,
As if in mind he ſomewhat had to ſay;
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,
In ſign of ſilence as to hear a play,
By lively actions he 'gan bewray
Some argument of matter paſſioned;
Which doen, he back retired ſoft away;
And paſſing by, his name diſcovered,
Eaſe, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

V.

The noble maid, ſtill ſtanding, all this view'd,
And marvail'd at his ſtrange intendiment.
With that, a joyous fellowſhip iſſu'd
Of minſtrels, making goodly merriment,
With wanton Bards, and rhimers impudent;
All which together ſung full chearfully
A lay of loves delight, with ſweet concent:
After whom, marcht a jolly company,
In manner of a maſk, enranged orderly.

VI.

The whiles a moſt delicious harmony,
In full ſtrange notes was ſweetly heard to ſound,
That the rare ſweetneſs of the melody
The feeble ſenſes wholly did confound,
And the frail ſoul in deep delight nigh drown'd:
And when it ceaſt ſhrill trumpets loud did bray,
That their report did far away rebound,
And when they ceaſt, it 'gan again to play,
The whiles the maſkers marched forth in trim array.

VII.

The firſt was *Fancy*, like a lovely boy,
Of rare aſpect, and beauty without peer;
Matchable either to that imp of *Troy*,
Whom *Jove* did love, and choſe his cup to bear,
Or that ſame dainty Lad, which was ſo dear
To great *Alcides*, that whenas he dy'd,
He wailed woman-like with many a tear,
And every wood and every valley wide
He fill'd with *Hylas* name; the Nymphs eke *Hylas* cry'd.

VIII.

His garment neither was of ſilk nor ſay,
But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,
Like as the ſun-burnt *Indians* do array
Their tawny bodies, in their proudeſt plight:
As thoſe ſame plumes, ſo ſeem'd he vain and light,
That by his gate might eaſily appear;
For ſtill he far'd as dancing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did bear,
That in the idle air he mov'd ſtill here and there.

IX.

And him beſide marcht amorous *Deſire*,
Who ſeem'd of riper years than th'other ſwain;
Yet was that other ſwain this elders ſire,
And gave him being, common to them twain:
His garment was diſguiſed very vain,
And his embroidred bonnet ſat awry;
Twixt both his hands few ſparks he cloſe did ſtrain,
Which ſtill he blew, and kindled buſily,
That ſoon they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

X.

Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yclad
In a diſcolour'd coat, of ſtrange diſguiſe,
That at his back a broad capuccio had,
And ſleeves dependant *Albaneſe*-wiſe:
He lookt aſkew with his miſtruſtfull eyes,
And nicely trode, as thorns lay in his way,
Or that the flore to ſhrink he did aviſe,
And on a broken reed he ſtill did ſtay
His feeble ſteps, which ſhrunk, when hard thereon he lay.

XI.

With him went *Danger*, cloth'd in ragged weed,
Made of Bears ſkin, that him more dreadfull made:
Yet his own face was dreadful, ne did need
Strange horrour, to deform his grieſly ſhade;
A net in th'one hand, and a ruſty blade
In th'other was: this miſchief, that miſhap;
With th'one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th'other he his friends meant to enwrap;
For whom he could not kill, he practiz'd to entrap:

XII.

Next him was *Fear*, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himſelf not ſafe enough thereby,
But feard each ſhadow moving to and fro:
And his own arms when glittering he did ſpy,
Or claſhing heard, he faſt away did fly,
As aſhes pale of hue, and wingy heeld;
And evermore on Danger fixt his eye,
Gainſt whom he always bent a brazen ſhield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield.

XIII.

With him went *Hope* in rank, a handſome maid,
Of chearful look, and lovely to behold;
In ſilken ſamite ſhe was light arrayd,
And her fair locks were woven up in gold;
She always ſmil'd, and in her hand did hold
An holy water-ſprinkle, dipt in dew,
With which ſhe ſprinkled favours manifold,
On whom ſhe lift, and did great liking ſhew;
Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

XIV.

And after them *Diſſemblance* and *Suſpect*
Marcht in one rank, yet an unequal pair:
For ſhe was gentle and of mild aſpect,
Courteous to all, and ſeeming debonair,
Goodly adorned, and exceeding fair:
Yet was that all but painted, and purloind,
And her bright brows were deckt with borrow'd hair,
Her deeds were forged, and her words falſe coind,
And always in her hand two clews of ſilk ſhe twind.

XV.

But he was foul, ill-favoured, and grim,
Under his eye-brows looking ſtill aſcance;
And ever as *Diſſemblance* laught on him,
He lour'd on her with dangerous eye-glance;
Shewing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling eyes did never reſt in place,
But walkt each where, for fear of hid miſchance,
Holding a lattice ſtill before his face,
Through which he ſtill did peep, as forward he did pace.

XVI.

Next him went *Grief*, and *Fury* matcht yfere;
Grief all in ſable ſorrowfully clad,
Down hanging his dull head with heavy chear,
Yet inly being more than ſeeming ſad:
A pair of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the heart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,
In wilful langour and conſuming ſmart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

XVII.

But *Fury* was full ill apparelled
In rags, that naked nigh ſhe did appear,
With ghaſtly looks and dreadful drerihed;
For from her back her garments ſhe did tear,
And from her head oft rent her ſnarled hair:
In her right hand a fire-brand ſhe did toſs
About her head, ſtill roaming here and there;
As a diſmayed Deer in chace emboſt,
Forgetful of his ſafety, hath his right way loſt.

XVIII.

After them, went *Diſpleaſure* and *Pleaſance*;
He looking lumpiſh and full ſullen ſad,
And hanging down his heavy countenance;
She chearful freſh and full of joyance glad,
As if no ſorrow ſhe ne felt, ne drad;
That evil matched pair they ſeem'd to be:
An angry Waſp th'one in a vial had:
Th'other in hers an hony-lady Bee;
Thus marched theſe ſix couples forth in fair degree.

XIX.

After all these, there marcht a most fair Dame,
Led of two grislie villains, th' one *Despight*,
The other cleped *Cruelty* by name:
She doleful Lady, like a dreary spright,
Call'd by strong charms out of eternal night,
Had deaths own image figur'd in her face,
Full of sad signs, fearful to living sight;
Yet in that horrour shew'd a seemly grace,
And with her feeble feet did move a comely pace.

XX.

Her breast all naked, as neat ivory,
Without adorn of gold or silver bright,
Wherewith the craftsman wonts it beautifie,
Of her due honour was despoiled quight,
And a wide wound therein (O rueful sight!)
Entrenched deep with knife accursed keen,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright
(The work of cruel hand) was to be seen,
That dy'd in sanguine red her skin all snowy clean.

XXI.

At that wide orifice, her trembling heart
Was drawn forth, and in silver basin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steaming fresh embay'd:
And those two villains which her steps upstayd,
When her weak feet could scarcely her sustain,
And fading vital powers 'gan to fade,
Her forward still with torture did constrain,
And evermore encreased her consuming pain.

XXII.

Next after her, the winged God himself
Came riding on a Lyon ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that Elf,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdueth to his kingdom tyrannous:
His blindfold eyes he bade a while unbind,
That his proud spoil of that same dolorous
Fair Dame he might behold in perfect kind;
Which seen, he much rejoyced in his cruel mind

XXIII.

Of which full proud, himself up-rearing high,
He looked round about with ſtern diſdain;
And did ſurvey his goodly company:
And marſhalling the evil order'd train,
With that the darts which his right hand did ſtrain,
Full dreadfully he ſhook that all did quake,
And clapt on high his colour'd wingës twain,
That all his many it afraid did make:
Tho blinding him again, his way he forth did take.

XXIV.

Behind him was *Reproach*, *Repentance*, *Shame*;
Reproach the firſt, *Shame* next, *Repent* behind:
Repentance feeble, ſorrowful and lame:
Reproach diſpightful, careleſs, and unkind;
Shame moſt ill-favour'd, beſtial, and blind:
Shame lour'd, *Repentance* ſigh'd, *Reproach* did ſcold;
Reproach ſharp ſtings, *Repentance* whips entwin'd,
Shame burning brond-irons in her hand did hold:
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

XXV.

And after them a rude confuſed rout
Of perſons flockt, whoſe names is hard to read:
Emongſt them was ſtern *Strife*, and *Anger* ſtout,
Unquiet *Care*, and fond *Unthriftyhead*,
Lewd *Loſs of Time*, and *Sorrow* ſeeming dead,
Inconſtant *Change*, and falſe *Diſloyalty*,
Conſuming *Riotiſe*, and guilty *Dread*
Of heavenly vengeance, faint *Infirmity*,
Vile *Poverty*, and laſtly *Death* with infamy.

XXVI.

There were full many more like maladies,
Whoſe names and natures I no'te readen well;
So many more, as there be fantaſies
In wavring womens wit, that none can tell,
Or pains in Love, or puniſhments in hell;
All which diſguiſed marcht in masking wiſe,
About the chamber by that Damozell,
And then returned (having marched thrice)
Into the inner room from whence they firſt did riſe.

XXVII.

So ſoon as they were in, the door ſtreightway
Faſt locked, driven with that ſtormy blaſt,
Which firſt it open'd; and bore all away.
Then the brave maid, which all this while was plaſt,
In ſacret ſhade, and ſaw both firſt and laſt,
Iſſued forth, and went unto the dore,
To enter in, but found it locked faſt:
In vain ſhe thought with rigorous uprore
For to efforce, when charms had cloſed it afore.

XXVIII.

Where force might not avail, there ſleights and art
She caſt to uſe, both fit for hard empriſe;
Forthy, from that ſame room not to depart
Till morrow next, ſhe did herſelf aviſe,
When that ſame mask again ſhould forth ariſe.
The morrow next appear'd with joyous chear,
Calling men to their daily exerciſe;
Then ſhe, as morrow freſh, herſelf did rear
Out of her ſecret ſtand, that day for to outwear.

XXIX.

All that day ſhe outwore in wandering,
And gazing on that chambers ornament,
Till that again the ſecond evening
Her cover'd with her ſable veſtiment,
Wherewith the world's fair beauty ſhe hath blent:
Then when the ſecond watch was almoſt paſt,
That brazen door flew open, and in went
Bold *Britomart*, as ſhe had late forecaſt,
Neither of idle ſhews, nor of falſe charms aghaſt.

XXX.

So ſoon as ſhe was entred, round about
She caſt her eyes, to ſee what was become
Of all thoſe perſons, which ſhe ſaw without:
But lo, they ſtraight were vaniſht all and ſome,
Ne living wight ſhe ſaw in all that room,
Save that ſame woeful Lady; both whoſe hands
Were bounden faſt, that did her ill become,
And her ſmall waiſt girt round with iron bands,
Unto a brazen pillour, by the which ſhe ſtands.

XXXI.

And her before, the vile Enchanter ſate,
Figuring ſtrange characters of his art:
With living blood he thoſe characters wrote,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying heart,
Seeming transfixed with a cruel dart;
And all perforce to make her him to love.
Ah! who can love the worker of her ſmart?
A thouſand charms he formerly did prove;
Yet thouſand charms could not her ſtedfaſt heart remove.

XXXII.

Soon as that virgin-Knight he ſaw in place,
His wicked books in haſte he overthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface;
And fiercely running to that Lady true,
A murd'rous knife out of his pocket drew;
The which he thought, for villainous deſpight,
In her tormented body to embrue:
But the ſtout damzel to him leaping light,
His curſed hand withheld, and maiſtered his might.

XXXIII.

From her, to whom his fury firſt he meant,
The wicked weapon raſhly he did wreſt;
And turning to her ſelf his fell intent,
Unwares it ſtrook into her ſnowy cheſt,
That little drops empurpled her fair breaſt.
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deep impreſt,
And fiercely forth her mortal blade ſhe drew,
To give him the reward for ſuch vile outrage due.

XXXIV.

So mightily ſhe ſmote him, that to ground
He fell half dead; next ſtroke him ſhould have ſlain,
Had not the Lady which by him ſtood bound,
Dernly unto her called to abſtain,
From doing him to dye. For elſe her pain
Should be remedileſs, ſith none but he,
Which wrought it, could the ſame recure again.
Therewith ſhe ſtaid her hand loth ſtaid to be;
For life ſhe him envy'd, and long'd revenge to ſee;

XXXV.

And to him ſaid, Thou wicked man, whoſe meed
For ſo huge miſchief, and vile villany,
Is death, or if that ought do death exceed,
Be ſure that nought may ſave thee from to dye,
But if that thou this Dame do preſently
Reſtore unto her health and former ſtate;
This doe and live, elſe dye undoubtedly.
He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield himſelf right willing to prolong his date.

XXXVI.

And riſing up 'gan ſtreight to overlook
Thoſe curſed leaves, his charms back to reverſe;
Full dreadful things out of that baleful book
He read and meaſur'd many a ſad verſe,
That horrour gan the virgins heart to pierſe,
And her fair locks up-ſtared ſtiff on end,
Hearing him thoſe ſame bloody lines rehearſe;
And all the while he read, ſhe did extend
Her ſword high over him, if ought he did offend.

XXXVII.

Anon ſhe 'gan perceive the houſe to quake,
And all the doors to rattle round about;
Yet all that did not her diſmayed make,
Nor ſlack her threatful hand for dangers doubt:
But ſtill with ſtedfaſt eye and courage ſtout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
At laſt, that mighty chain, which round about
Her tender waiſt was wound, adown 'gan fall,
And that great brazen pillour broke in pieces ſmall.

XXXVIII.

The cruel ſteel which thrill'd her dying heart,
Fell ſoftly forth, as of his own accord:
And the wide wound, which lately did diſpart
Her bleeding breaſt, and riven bowels gor'd,
Was cloſed up, as it had not been bor'd:
And every part to ſafëty full ſound,
As ſhe were never hurt, was ſoon reſtor'd.
Tho when ſhe felt herſelf to be unbound,
And perfect whole, proſtrate ſhe fell unto the ground:

XXXIX.

Before fair *Britomart*, ſhe fell proſtrate,
Saying; Ah noble Knight, what worthy meed
Can wretched Lady, quit from woeful ſtate,
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?
Your vertue ſelf her own reward ſhall breed,
Even immortal praiſe, and glory wide.
Which I your vaſſal, by your proweſs freed,
Shall through the world make to be notify'd,
And goodly well advance, that goodly well was try'd.

XL.

But *Britomart*, uprearing her from ground,
Said, gentle Dame, reward enough I ween
For many labours more than I have found,
This, that in ſafety now I have you ſeen,
And means of your deliverance have been:
Henceforth fair Lady comfort to you take,
And put away remembrance of late teen;
Inſtead thereof know, that your loving make
Hath no leſs grief endured for your gentle ſake.

XLI.

She much was cheard to hear him mention'd,
Whom of all living wights ſhe loved beſt.
Then laid the noble championeſs ſtrong hond
Upon th' Enchanter, which had her diſtreſt
So ſore, and with foul outrages oppreſt:
With that great chain, wherewith not long ygo
He bound that Lady priſoner, now releaſt,
Himſelf ſhe bound, more worthy to be ſo,
And captive with her led to wretchedneſs and woe.

XLII.

Returning back, thoſe goodly rooms, which erſt
She ſaw ſo rich and royally array'd,
Now vaniſht utterly, and clean ſubverſt
She found, and all their glory quite decay'd,
That ſight of ſuch a change her much diſmay'd.
Thence forth deſcending to that perlous porch,
Thoſe dreadful flames ſhe alſo found delay'd,
And quenched quite, like a conſumed torch,
That erſt all entrers wont ſo cruelly to ſcorch.

XLIII.

More easie issue now, than entrance late
She found; for now that feigned dreadful flame,
Which choakt the porch of that enchanted gate,
And passage barr'd to all that thither came,
Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,
And gave her leave at pleasure forth to pass.
Th'Enchanter self, which all that fraud did frame,
To have efforst the love of that fair Lass,
Seeing his work now wasted, deep engrieved was.

XLIV.

But when the Victoress arrived there,
Where late she left the pensive *Scudamour*,
With her own trusty Squire, both full of fear,
Neither of them she found where she them lore:
Thereat her noble heart was stonisht sore;
But most, fair *Amoret*, whose gentle spright
Now 'gan to feed on hope, which she before
Conceived had, to see her own dear Knight,
Being thereof beguil'd was fill'd with new affright.

XLV.

But he sad man, when he had long in dreed
Awaited there for *Britomarts* return,
Yet saw her not nor sign of her good speed,
His expectation to despair did turn,
Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burn;
And therefore 'gan advize with her old Squire,
Who her dear nourslings loss no less did mourn,
Thence to depart for further aid t'inquire:
Where let them wend at will, whilst here I do respire.

END *of the* FIRST VOLUME.