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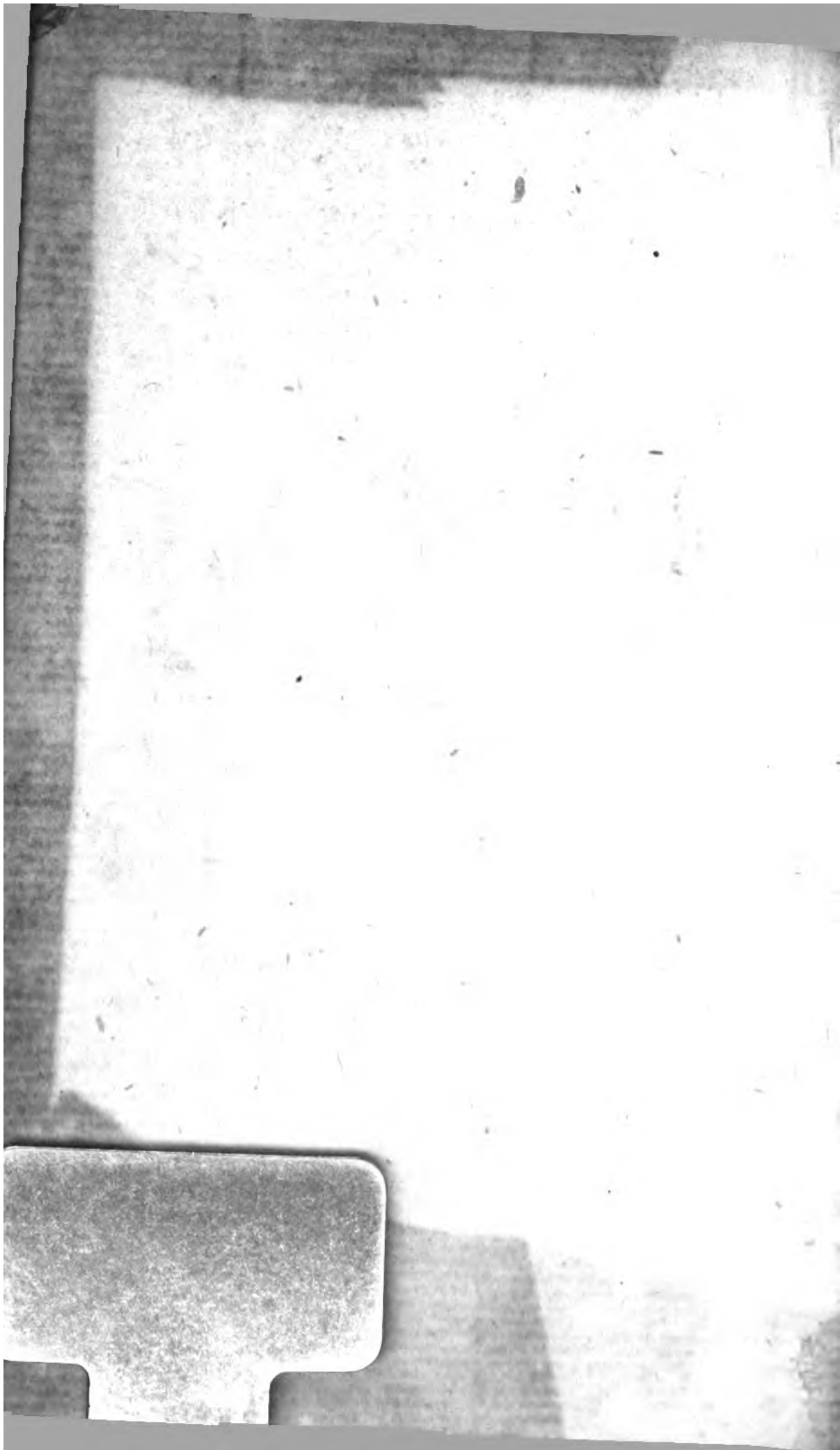
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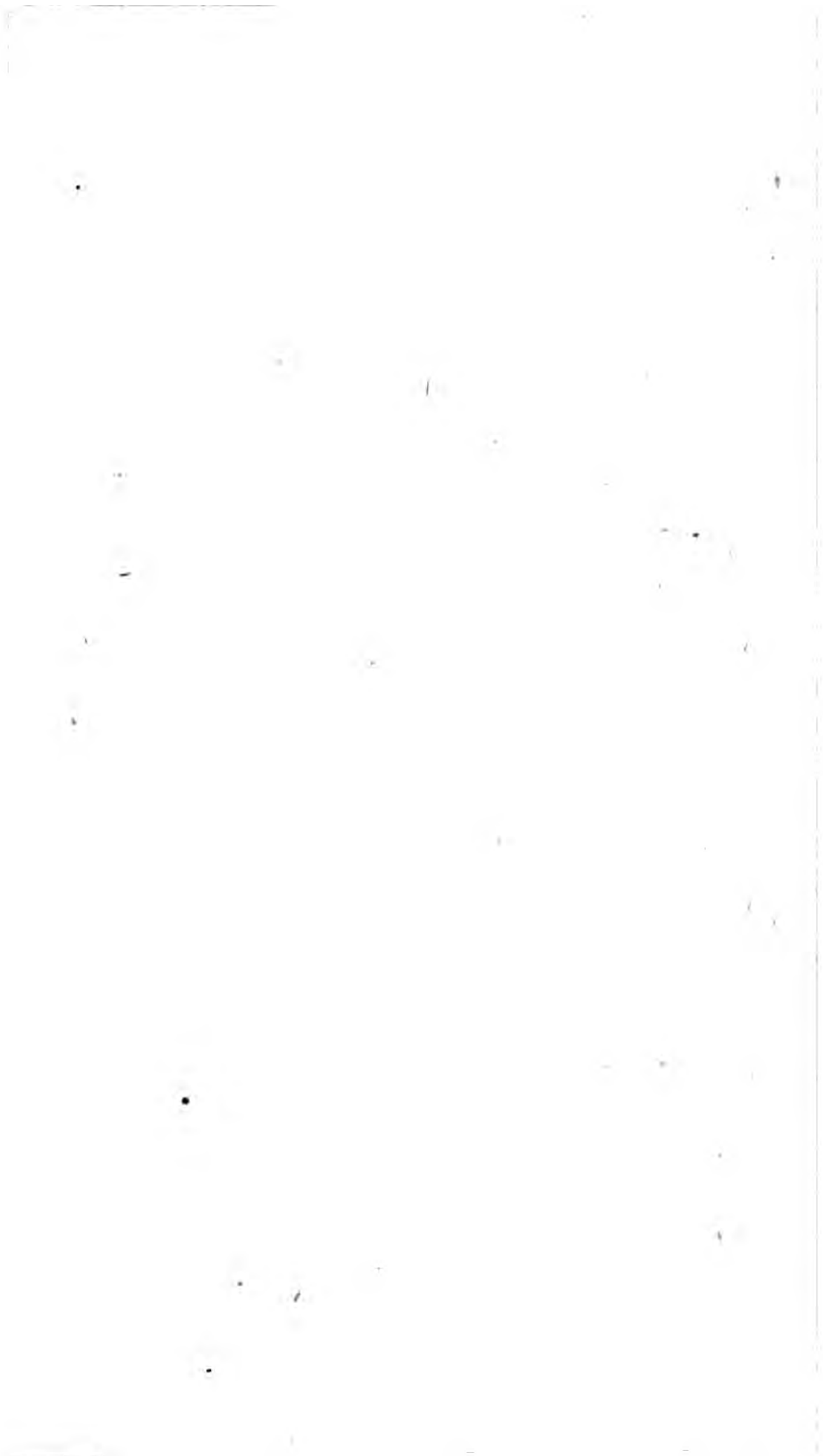
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THE
WORKS
OF
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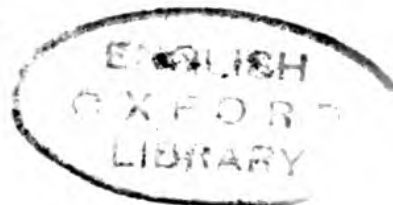
VOLUME *the* FOURTH.



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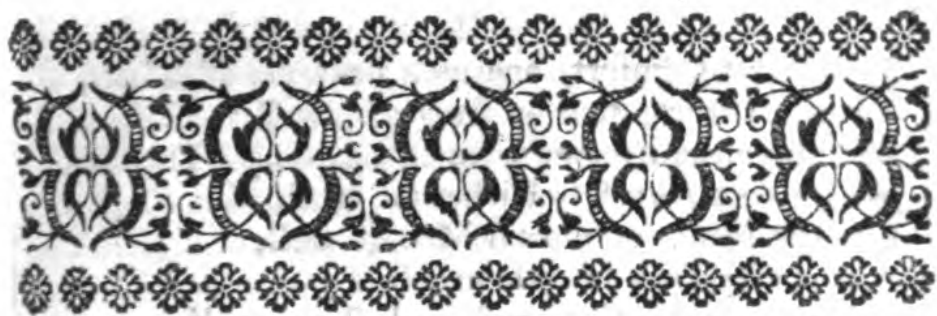
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1950

1951

1952



THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF THE
FAIRY-QUEEN:

CONTAINING

The Legend of Sir *Calidore*, or of Courtesy.

I.
THE Ways, through which my weary Steps
I guide,
In this delightful Land of Fairy,
Are so exceeding spacious and wide,
And sprinkled with such sweet Variety
Of all that pleasant is to Ear or Eye,
That I, nigh ravish'd with rare Thought's Delight,
My tedious Travail do forget thereby ;
And when I 'gin to feel Decay of Might,
It Strength to me supplies, and cheers my dulled Spright.

A 2

II.

II.

Such secret Comfort, and such heavenly Pleasures,
 Ye sacred Imps, that on *Parnasso* dwell,
 And there the keeping have of Learning's Treasures,
 Which do all worldly Riches far excel,
 Into the Minds of mortal Men do well,
 And goodly Fury into them infuse ;
 Guide ye my Footing, and conduct me well
 In these strange Ways, where never Foot did use,
 Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muse.

III.

Reveal to me the sacred Noursery
 Of Vertue, which with you doth there remain,
 Where it in silver Bow'r does hidden lie
 From View of Men, and wicked World's Disdain.
 Sith it at first was by the Gods with pain
 Planted in Earth, being deriv'd at first
 From heavenly Seeds of Bounty sovereign,
 And by them long with careful Labour nurs'd,
 Till it to Ripeness grew, and forth to Honour burst.

IV.

Amongst them all grows not a fairer Flow'r,
 Than is the Bloosm of comely Courtesy ;
 Which, though it on a lowly Stalk do bow'r,
 Yet brancheth forth in brave Nobility,
 And spreads it self through all Civility :
 Of which, though present Age do plenteous seem,
 Yet being match'd with plain Antiquity,
 Ye will them all but feigned Shows esteem,
 Which carry Colours fair, that feeble Eyes misdeem.

V.

But in the Trial of true Courtesy,
 It's now so far from that which then it was,
 That it indeed is nought but Forgery,
 Fashion'd to please the Eyes of them that pass,
 Which see not perfect things but in a Glas :
 Yet is that Glas so gay, that it can blind
 The wisest Sight, to think Gold that is Brass.
 But Vertue's Seat is deep within the Mind,
 And not in outward Shows, but inward Thoughts defin'd.

VI.

VI.

But where shall I in all Antiquity
So fair a Pattern find, where may be seen
The goodly Praise of princely Courtesy,
As in your self, O sovereign Lady Queen!
In whose pure Mind, as in a Mirror sheen,
It shows, and with her Brightness doth inflame
The Eyes of all, which thereon fixed been;
But meriteth indeed an higher Name:
Yet so from low to high up-lifted is your Name.

VII.

Then pardon me, most dreaded Sovereign,
That from your self I do this Vertue bring,
And to your self do it return again:
So from the Ocean all Rivers spring,
And Tribute back repay, as to their King.
Right so from you all goodly Vertues well
Into the rest, which round about you ring,
Fair Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,
And do adorn your Court, where Courtesies excel.





CANTO I.

Calidore saves from Maleffort
 A Damsel used wild;
 Doth vanquish Crudor, and doth make
 Briana wex more mild.

I.

OF Court, it seems, Men Courtesy do call,
 For that it there most useth to abound;
 And well beseemeth, that in Princes Hall
 That Vertue should be plentifully found,
 Which of all goodly Manners is the Ground,
 And Root of civil Conversation.
 Right so in Fairy Court it did redound,
 Where courteous Knights and Ladies most did wonne
 Of all on Earth, and made a matchless Paragon.

II.

But 'mongst them all was none more courteous Knight,
 Than *Calidore*, beloved over all:
 In whom, it seems, that Gentleness of Spright
 And Manners mild were planted natural;
 To which he adding comely Guize withal,
 And gracious Speech, did steal Mens Hearts away.
 Nath'less, thereto he was full stout and tall,
 And well approv'd in battailous Affray,
 That him did much renown, and far his Fame display.

III.

Ne was there Knight, ne was there Lady found
 In Fairy Court, but him did dear embrace,
 For his fair Usage and Conditions sound,
 The which in all Mens Liking gained place,
 And with the greatest, purchas'd greatest Grace:
 Which he could wisely use, and well apply,
 To please the Best, and th' Evil to embase;
 For he loath'd Leasing, and base Flattery,
 And loved simple Truth, and stedfast Honesty.

IV.

And now he was in Travel on his way,
 Upon an hard Adventure sore bestad,
 When-as by chaunce he met upon a day
 With *Arbegal*, returning yet half sad
 From his late Conquest which he gotten had.
 Who, when-as each of other had a fight,
 They knew themselves, and both their Persons rad:
 When *Calidore* thus first; Hail noblest Knight
 Of all this Day on ground that breathe living Spright!

V.

Now tell, if please you, of the good Success
 Which ye have had in your late Enterprife.
 To whom Sir *Arbegal* 'gan to expresse
 His whole Exploit, and valorous Emprise,
 In order as it did to him arise.
 Now happy Man, said then Sir *Calidore*,
 Which have so goodly, as ye can devise,
 Atchiev'd so hard a Quest, as few before;
 That shall you most renowned make for evermore.

VI.

But where ye ended have, now I begin
 To tread an endless Trace withouten Guide
 Or good Direction, how to enter in,
 Or how to issue forth in Ways untry'd,
 In Perils strange, in Labours long and wide;
 In which, altho Good-Fortune me befall,
 Yet shall it not by none be testify'd.
 What is that Quest, quoth then Sir *Arbegal*,
 That you into such Perils presently doth call?

VII.

The *Blatant Beast*, quoth he, I do pursue,
 And through the World incessantly do chace,
 Till I him overtake, or else subdue:
 Yet know I not, or how, or in what Place,
 To find him out, yet still I forward trace.
 What is that *Blatant Beast*, then he reply'd?
 It is a Monster bred of hellish Race,
 Then answer'd he, which often hath annoy'd
 Good Knights and Ladies true, and many else destroy'd.

VIII.

VIII.

Of *Cerberus* whilom he was begot,
 And fell *Chimæra* in her darksome Den,
 Through foul Commixture of his filthy Blot ;
 Where he was foster'd long in *Stygian* Fen,
 Till he to perfect Ripeness grew, and then
 Into this wicked World he forth was sent,
 To be the Plague and Scourge of wretched Men :
 Whom with vile Tongue and venomous Intent
 He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

IX.

Then since the salvage Island I did leave,
 Said *Arthegal*, I such a Beast did see,
 The which did seem a thousand Tongues to have,
 That all in Spight and Malice did agree,
 With which he bay'd, and loudly bark'd at me,
 As if that he attonce would me devour.
 But I, that knew my self from Peril free,
 Did nought regard his Malice nor his Pow'r ;
 But he the more his wicked Poison forth did pour.

X.

That surely is that Beast, said *Calidore*,
 Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
 To heard these Tidings, which of none afore
 Through all my weary Travel I have had :
 Yet now some Hope your Words unto me add.
 Now God you speed, quoth then *Sir Arthegal*,
 And keep your Body from the Danger drad ;
 For ye have much ado to deal withal :
 So both took goodly Leave, and parted severall.

XI.

Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
 When-as by chaunce, a comely Squire he found
 That thorough some more mighty Enemies Wrong,
 Both Hand and Foot unto a Tree was bound ;
 Who seeing him from far, with piteous Sound
 Of his shrill Cries, him called to his Aid ;
 To whom approaching, in that painful Stound
 When he him saw, for no Demands he staid,
 But first him loos'd, and afterwards thus to him said.

XII.

XII.

Unhappy Squire, what hard Mishap thee brought
 Into this Bay of Peril and Disgrace?
 What cruel Hand thy wretched Thraldom wrought,
 And thee captived in this shameful Place?
 To whom he answer'd thus; My hapless Case
 Is not occasion'd through my Mis-desert,
 But through Misfortune, which did me abase
 Unto this Shame, and my young Hope subvert,
 E'er that I in her guileful Trains was well expert.

XIII.

Not far from hence, upon yond rocky Hill,
 Hard by a Straight there stands a Castle strong,
 Which doth observe a Custom leud and ill,
 And it hath long maintain'd with mighty Wrong:
 For may no Knight nor Lady pass along
 That way (and yet they needs must pass that way)
 By reason of the Straight, and Rocks among,
 But they that Lady's Locks do shave away,
 And that Knight's Beard for Toll, which they for Passage pay.

XIV.

A shameful Use as ever I did hear,
 Said *Calidore*, and to be overthrown.
 But by what means did they at first it rear,
 And for what cause? tell if thou have it known.
 Said then that Squire: The Lady which doth own
 This Castle, is by Name *Briana* hight,
 Than which a prouder Lady liveth none;
 She long time hath dear lov'd a doughty Knight,
 And fought to win his Love by all the means she might.

XV.

His Name is *Crudor*, who through high Disdain
 And proud Despight of his self-pleasing Mind,
 Refused hath to yield her Love again,
 Until a Mantle she for him do find,
 With Beards of Knights, and Locks of Ladies lin'd:
 Which to provide, she hath this Castle dight,
 And therein hath a Seneschal assign'd,
 Call'd *Maleffort*, a Man of mickle Might,
 Who executes her wicked Will, with worse Despight.

XVI.

XVI.

He, this same Day, as I that way did come
 With a fair Damsel, my beloved Dear,
 In Execution of her lawless Doom,
 Did set upon us flying both for fear:
 For little boots against him Hand to rear.
 Me first he took, unable to withstand;
 And whiles he her pursued every where,
 Till his Return unto this Tree he bond:
 Ne wote I surely, whether her he yet have fond.

XVII.

Thus whiles they spake, they heard a rueful Shriek
 Of one loud crying, which they straightway guesst,
 That it was she, the which for Help did seek.
 Tho, looking up unto the Cry to list,
 They saw that Carle from far, with Hand unblest
 Haling that Maiden by the yellow Hair,
 That all her Garments from her snowy Breast,
 And from her Head her Locks he nigh did tear,
 Ne would he spare for Pity, nor refrain for Fear.

XVIII.

Which heinous Sight when *Calidore* beheld,
 Eftsoons he loos'd that Squire, and so him left,
 With Heart's Dismay, and inward Dolour quell'd,
 For to pursue that Villain, which had rest
 That piteous Spoil by so injurious Theft.
 Whom overtaking, loud to him he cry'd;
 Leave, Faytour, quickly that misgotten West,
 To him that hath it better justify'd,
 And turn thee soon to him, of whom thou art defy'd.

XIX.

Who hearkning to that Voice, himself up-rear'd,
 And seeing him so fiercely towards make,
 Against him stoutly ran, as nought afeard,
 But rather more enrag'd for those Words sake;
 And with stern Count'naunce thus unto him spake:
 Art thou the Caitive that defiest me,
 And for this Maid, whose Party thou dost take,
 Wilt give thy Beard, though it but little be?
 Yet shall it not her Locks for Ransom from me free.

XX.

XX.

With that, he fiercely at him flew, and laid
 On hideous Strokes with most importune Might,
 That oft he made him stagger as unstead,
 And oft recule to shun his sharp Despight.
 But *Calidore*, that was well skill'd in Fight,
 Him long forbore, and still his Spirit spar'd,
 Lying in wait how him he damage might.
 But when he felt him shrink, and come to ward,
 He greater grew, and 'gan to drive at him more hard.

XXI.

Like as a Water-Stream, whose swelling Source
 Shall drive a Mill, within strong Banks is pent,
 And long restrained of his ready Course;
 So soon as Passage is unto him lent,
 Breaks forth, and makes his way more violent:
 Such was the Fury of Sir *Calidore*,
 When once he felt his Foe-man to relent;
 He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore,
 Who as he still decay'd, so he encreased more.

XXII.

The heavy Burden of whose dreadful Might
 When-as the Carle no longer could sustain,
 His Heart 'gan faint, and straight he took his Flight
 Toward the Castle, where if Need constrain,
 His Hope of Refuge used to remain.
 Whom *Calidore* perceiving fast to fly,
 He him pursu'd and chased through the Plain,
 That he for Dread of Death 'gan loud to cry
 Unto the Ward, to open to him hastily.

XXIII.

They from the Wall him seeing so aghast,
 The Gate soon open'd to receive him in;
 But *Calidore* did follow him so fast,
 That even in the Porch he him did win,
 And cleft his Head asunder to his Chin.
 The Carcase tumbling down within the Door,
 Did choke the Entrance with a Lump of Sin,
 That it could not be shut, whilst *Calidore*
 Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the Floor.

XXIV.

With that the rest, the which the Castle kept,
 About him flock'd, and hard at him did lay ;
 But he them all from him full lightly swept,
 As doth a Steer, in Heat of Summer's Day,
 With his long Tail the Bryzes brush away.
 Thence passing forth, into the Hall he came,
 Where, of the Lady's self in sad Dismay,
 He was ymet ; who with uncomely Shame
 'Gan him salute, and soul upbraid with faulty Blame,

XXV.

False Traitor Knight, said she, no Knight at all,
 But Scorn of Arms, that hast with guilty Hand
 Murder'd my Men, and slain my Seneschal ;
 Now comest thou to rob my House unmann'd,
 And spoil my self, that cannot thee withstand ?
 Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight
 Than thou, that shall thy Treason understand,
 Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy Right :
 And if none do, yet Shame shall thee with Shame requite.

XXVI.

Much was the Knight abashed at that Word,
 Yet answer'd thus ; Not unto me the Shame,
 But to the shameful Doer it afford.
 Blood is no Blemish ; for it is no Blame
 To punish those that do deserve the same ;
 But they that break Bands of Civility,
 And wicked Customs make, those do defame
 Both noble Arms and gentle Courtesy :
 No greater Shame to Man than Inhumanity.

XXVII.

Then do your self, for Drea d of Shame, forgo
 This evil Manner, which ye here maintain,
 And do instead thereof, mild Court'sy show
 To all that pass : That shall you Glory gain
 More than his Love, which thus ye seek t' obtain.
 Wherewith, all full of Wrath, she thus reply'd ;
 Vile Recreant, know that I do much disdain
 Thy courteous Lore, that dost my Love deride,
 Who scorn's thy idle Scoff, and bids thee be defy'd.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

To take Defiance at a Lady's Word,
 Quoth he, I hold it no Indignity ;
 But were he here, that would it with his Sword
 Abet, perhaps he mote it dear aby.
 Coward, quoth she, were not that thou wouldst fly,
 E'er he do come, he should be soon in place.
 If I do so, said he, then Liberty
 I leave to you, for ay me to disgrace
 With all those Shames that earst ye spake me to deface.

XXIX.

With that, a Dwarf she call'd to her in haste,
 And taking from her Hand a Ring of Gold
 (A privy Token which between them past)
 Bade him to fly with all the Speed he could
 To *Crudor*, and desire him that he would
 Vouchsafe to rescue her against a Knight,
 Who through strong Pow'r had now herself in hold,
 Having late slain her Seneschal in Fight,
 And all her People murder'd with outrageous Might.

XXX.

The Dwarf his way did haste, and went all night ;
 But *Calidore* did with her there abide
 The coming of that so much threaten'd Knight,
 Where that discourteous Dame with scornful Pride,
 And foul Intreaty him indignify'd,
 That iron Heart it hardly could sustain :
 Yet he, that could his Wrath full wisely guide,
 Did well endure her womanish Disdain,
 And did himself from frail Impatience refrain.

XXXI.

The morrow next, before the Lamp of Light
 Above the Earth up-rear'd his flaming Head,
 The Dwarf which bore that Message to her Knight,
 Brought Answer back, that e'er he tasted Bread,
 He would her succour ; and alive or dead
 Her Foe deliver up into her Hand :
 Therefore he will'd her do away all Dread ;
 And that of him she mote assured stand,
 He sent to her his Basenet, as a faithful Band.

XXXII.

Thereof full blithe the Lady straight became,
 And 'gan t'augment her Bitterness much more :
 Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
 Ne ought dismayed was Sir *Calidore*,
 But rather did more chearful seem therefore.
 And having soon his Arms about him dight,
 Did issue forth, to meet his Foe afore ;
 Where long he stayed not, when-as a Knight
 He spy'd come pricking on with all his Pow'r and Might.

XXXIII.

Well ween'd he straight, that he should be the same
 Which took in hand her Quarrel to maintain ;
 Ne stay'd to ask if it were he by Name,
 But couch'd his Spear, and ran at him amain.
 They been ymet in midst of the Plain,
 With so fell Fury and despiteous Force,
 That neither could the other's Stroke sustain,
 But rudely roll'd to ground both Man and Horse,
 Neither of other taking Pity nor Remorse.

XXXIV.

But *Calidore* up-rose again full light,
 Whiles yet his Foe lay fast in senseless Sound ;
 Yet would he not him hurt, altho he might :
 For Shame he ween'd a sleeping Wight to wound.
 But when *Briana* saw that dreary Stound,
 There where she stood upon the Castle-wall,
 She deem'd him sure to have been dead on ground ;
 And made such piteous Mourning there-withall,
 That from the Battlements she ready seem'd to fall.

XXXV.

Nath'less at length himself he did up-rear
 In lussless wise ; as if against his will,
 E'er he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
 And 'gan to stretch his Limbs ; which feeling ill
 Of his late Fall, awhile he rested still :
 But when he saw his Foe before in view,
 He shook off Luskishness, and Courage chill
 Kindling afresh, 'gan Battel to renew,
 To prove if better Foot than Horseback would ensue.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

There then began a fearful cruel Fray
 Betwixt them two, for Maistery of Might.
 For both were wondrous practick in that Play,
 And passing well expert in single Fight,
 And both inflam'd with furious Despight :
 Which as it still increas'd, so still increas'd
 Their cruel Strokes, and terrible Affright ;
 Ne once for Ruth their Rigour they releas'd,
 Ne once to breathe awhile their Anger's Tempest ceas'd.

XXXVII.

Thus long they trac'd and travers'd to and fro,
 And try'd all ways, how each mote Entrance make
 Into the Life of his malignant Foe ;
 They hew'd their Helms, and Plates asunder brake,
 As they had Pot-shards been ; for nought mote slake
 Their greedy Vengeaunces, but gory Blood ;
 That at the last, like to a purple Lake
 Of bloody Gore congeal'd about them stood,
 Which from their riven Sides forth gushed like a Flood.

XXXVIII.

At length it chaunc'd, that both their Hands on high
 Attonce did heave, with all their Pow'r and Might,
 Thinking the utmost of their Force to try,
 And prove the final Fortune of the Fight :
 But *Calidore*, that was more quick of Sight,
 And nimbler-handed than his Enemy,
 Prevented him before his Stroke could light,
 And on the Helmet smote him formerly,
 That made him stoop to Ground with meek Humility.

XXXIX.

And e'er he could recover Foot again,
 He following that fair Advantage fast,
 His Stroke redoubled with such might and main,
 That him upon the Ground he groveling cast ;
 And leaping to him light, would have unlac'd
 His Helme, to make unto his Vengeance way.
 Who seeing in what Danger he was plac'd,
 Cry'd out, Ah mercy, Sir ! do me not slay,
 But save my Life, which Lot before your Foot doth lay.

XL.

With that, his mortal Hand awhile he staid,
 And having somewhat calm'd his wrathful Heat
 With goodly Patience, thus he to him said;
 And is the Boast of that proud Lady's Threat,
 That menaced me from the Field to beat,
 Now brought to this? By this now may ye learn,
 Strangers no more so rudely to intreat,
 But put away proud Look, and Usage stern,
 The which shall nought to you but foul Dishonour earn.

XLI.

For, nothing is more blameful to a Knight,
 That Court'sy doth as well as Arms profess,
 However strong and fortunate in Fight,
 Than the Reproach of Pride and Cruelness.
 In vain he seeketh others to suppress,
 Who hath not learn'd himself first to subdue:
 All Flesh is frail, and full of Fickleness,
 Subject to Fortune's Chaunce, still changing new;
 What haps to-day to me, to-morrow may to you.

XLII.

Who will not Mercy unto others shew,
 How can he Mercy ever hope to have?
 To pay each with his own, is right and due.
 Yet sith ye Mercy now do need to crave,
 I will it graunt, your hopeless Life to save,
 With these Conditions, which I will propound:
 First, that ye better shall your self behave
 Unto all errant Knights, where-so on ground;
 Next, that ye Ladies aid in every Stead and Stound.

XLIII.

The wretched Man, that all this while did dwell
 In dread of Death, his Heasts did gladly hear,
 And promis'd to perform his Precept well,
 And whatsoever else he would requere.
 So suff'ring him to rise, he made him swear
 By his own Sword, and by the Cross thereon,
 To take *Briana* for his loving Fere,
 Withouten Dow'r or Composition;
 But to release his former foul Condition.

XLIV.

XLIV.

All which accepting, and with faithful Oath
 Binding himself most firmly to obey,
 He up arose, however liefe or loth,
 And swore to him true Fealty for aye.
 Then forth he call'd from sorrowful Dismay
 The sad *Briana*, which all this beheld ;
 Who coming forth yet full of late Affray,
 Sir *Calidore* up-hear'd, and to her teld
 All this Accord, to which he *Crudor* had compell'd,

XLV.

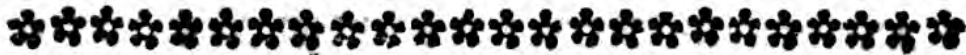
Whereof she now more glad, than sorry earst,
 All overcome with infinite Affect,
 For his exceeding Courtesy, that pierc'd
 Her stubborn Heart with inward deep effect,
 Before his Feet her self she did project ;
 And him adoring as her Life's dear Lord,
 With all due Thanks, and dutiful Respect,
 Her self acknowledg'd bound for that Accord,
 By which he had to her both Life and Love restor'd.

XLVI.

So all returning to the Castle, glad,
 Most joyfully she them did entertain ;
 Where goodly Glee and Feast to them she made,
 To shew her thankful Mind and Meaning fain,
 By all the means she mote it best explain :
 And after all, unto Sir *Calidore*
 She freely gave that Castle for his pain,
 And her self bound to him for evermore ;
 So wondrously now chang'd from that she was afore.

XLVII.

But *Calidore* himself would not retain
 Nor Land nor Fee for Hire of his good Deed ;
 But gave them straight unto that Squire again,
 Whom from her Seneschal he lately freed,
 And to his Damsel, as their rightful Meed,
 For Recompence of all their former Wrong :
 There he remain'd with them right well agreed,
 Till of his Wounds he waxed whole and strong,
 And then to his first Quest he passed forth along.



C A N T O II.

*Calidore sees young Tristram slay
A proud discourteous Knight:
He makes him Squire, and of him learns
His State and present Plight.*

I.

WHAT Vertue is so fitting for a Knight,
Or for a Lady, whom a Knight should love,
As Courtesy to bear themselves aright
To all of each degree, as doth behove?
For whether they be placed high above,
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their Good, that none them rightly may reprove
Of Rudeness, for not yielding what they owe:
Great Skill it is such Duties timely to bestow.

II.

Thereto great Help Dame Nature's self doth lend;
For some so goodly gracious are by kind,
That every Action doth them much commend,
And in the Eyes of Men great Liking find;
Which others, that have greater Skill in Mind,
Though they enforce themselves, cannot attain.
For every thing to which one is inclin'd,
Doth best become, and greatest Grace doth gain:
Yet Praise likewise deserves good Thewes, enforc'd with

III.

(Pain.

That well in courteous *Calidore* appears;
Whose every Deed, and Word that he did say,
Was like Enchantment, that through both the Eyes,
And both the Ears did steal the Heart away.
He now again is on his former way,
To follow his first Quest, when as he spy'd
A tall young Man from thence not far away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descry'd,
Against an armed Knight, that did on horseback ride.

IV.

IV.

And them beside, a Lady fair he saw,
 Standing alone on foot, in foul Array :
 To whom himself he hastily did draw,
 To weet the Cause of so uncomely Fray,
 And to depart them, if so be he may.
 But e'er he came in Place, that Youth had kill'd
 That armed Knight, that low on Ground he lay ;
 Which when he saw, his Heart was inly chill'd
 With great Amazement, and his Thought with Wonder fill'd.

V.

Him stedfastly he mark'd, and saw to be
 A goodly Youth of amiable Grace,
 Yet but a slender Slip, that scarce did see
 Yet seventeen Years, but tall and fair of Face,
 That sure he deem'd him born of Noble Race.
 All in a Woodman's Jacket he was clad
 Of *Lincoln Green*, belaid with Silver Lace ;
 And on his Head an Hood with Aglets sprad,
 And by his Side his Hunter's Horn he hanging had.

VI.

Buskins he wore of costliest Cordwain,
 Pinkt upon Gold, and paled part per part,
 As then the guize was for each gentle Swain ;
 In his right Hand he held a trembling Dart,
 Whose Fellow he before had sent apart ;
 And in his left he held a sharp Boar-Spear,
 With which he wont to launce the salvage Heart
 Of many a Lion, and of many a Bear,
 That first unto his Hand in Chase did happen near.

VII.

Whom *Calidore* awhile well having view'd,
 At length bespake ; What means this, gentle Swain ?
 Why hath thy Hand too bold it self embru'd
 In Blood of Knight, the which by thee is slain,
 By thee, no Knight ? which Arms impugne plain.
 Certes, said he, loth were I to have broken
 The Law of Arms ; yet break it should again,
 Rather than let my self of Wight be stroken,
 So long as these two Arms were able to be wroken.

VIII.

VIII.

For, not I him, as this his Lady here
 May witness well, did offer first to wrong,
 Ne surely thus unarm'd I likely were ;
 But he me first, through Pride and Puissance strong
 Assail'd, not knowing what to Arms doth 'long.
 Perdy, great blame, then said Sir *Calidore*,
 For armed Knight a Wight unarm'd to wrong.
 But then ahead, thou gentle Child, wherefore
 Betwixt you two began this Strife and stern Uproar!

IX.

That shall I sooth, said he, to you declare.
 I, whose unriper Years are yet unfit
 For thing of Weight, or work of greater Care,
 Do spend my Days, and bend my careless Wit,
 To salvage Chase, where I thereon may hit
 In all this Forest, and wild woody Rane :
 Where, as this day I was intranging it,
 I chaunc'd to meet this Knight who there lies slain,
 Together with this Lady, passing on the Plain.

X.

The Knight, as ye did see, on Horseback was,
 And this his Lady (that him ill became)
 On her fair Feet by his Horse-side did pass
 Through thick and thin, unfit for any Dame.
 Yet not content, more to encrease his Shame,
 Whenso she lagged, as she needs mote so,
 He with his Spear (that was to him great blame)
 Would thump her forward, and inforce to go,
 Weeping to him in vain, and making piteous Woe.

XI.

Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
 Much was I moved in indignant Mind,
 And 'gan to blame him for such Cruelty
 Towards a Lady, whom with usage kind
 He rather should have taken up behind.
 Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud Disdain,
 Took in foul Scorn that I such fault did find,
 And me in lieu thereof revil'd again,
 Threatning to chastize me, as doth t' a Child pertain.

XII.

Which I no less disdain'g, back return'd
 His scornful Taunts unto his Teeth again,
 That he straightway with haughty Choler burn'd,
 And with his Spear strook me one Stroke or twain ;
 Which I, enforc'd to bear, though to my Pain,
 Cast to requite ; and with a slender Dart,
 Fellow of this I bear, thrown not in vain,
 Strook him, as seemeth, underneath the Heart,
 That through the Wound his Spirit shortly did depart.

XIII.

Much did Sir *Calidore* admire his Speech
 Tempred so well, but more admir'd the Stroke
 That through the Mails had made so strong a Breach
 Into his Heart, and had so sternly wroke
 His Wrath on him, that first occasion broke.
 Yet rested not, but further 'gan inquire
 Of that same Lady, whether what he spoke,
 Were soothly so, and that th' unrighteous Ire
 Of her own Knight, had given him his own due Hire.

XIV.

Of all which, when-as she could nought deny,
 But clear'd that Stripling of th'imputed Blame,
 Said then Sir *Calidore* ; neither will I
 Him charge with Guilt, but rather do quit Claim :
 For, what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame ;
 And what he did, he did himself to save : (Shame,
 Against both which, that Knight wrought knightless
 For, Knights and all Men this by Nature have,
 Towards all Women-kind them kindly to behave.

XV.

But, sith that he is gone irrevocable,
 Please it you, Lady, to us to aread,
 What cause could make him so dishonourable,
 To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread
 And lackey by him, 'gainst all Womanhead ?
 Certes, Sir Knight, said she, full loth I were
 To raise a living Blame against the Dead ;
 But sith it me concerns myself to clear,
 I will the Truth discover, as it chanc'd whylere.

XVI.

XVI.

This Day, as he and I together rode
 Upon our way, to which we weren bent,
 We chaunc'd to come fore-by a covert Glade
 Within a Wood, whereas a Lady gent
 Sate with a Knight in joyous Jolliment
 Of their frank Loves, free from all jealous Spys :
 Fair was the Lady sure, that mote content
 An Heart not carry'd with too curious Eyes,
 And unto him did shew all lovely Courtesies.

XVII.

Whom, when my Knight did see so lovely fair,
 He inly 'gan her Lover to envy,
 And wish that he part of his Spoil might share.
 Where-to when-as my Prefence he did spy
 To be a lett, he bade me by and by
 For to alight : but when as I was loth,
 My Love's own part to leave so suddenly,
 He with strong Hand down from his Steed me throw'th,
 And with presumptuous Power against that Knight straight

XVIII.

Unarm'd all was the Knight ; as then more meet
 For Ladies Service, and for Love's Delight,
 Than fearing any Foe-man there to meet :
 Whereof he taking odds, straight bids him dight
 Himself to yield his Love, or else to fight.
 Whereat, the other starting up dismay'd,
 Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might ;
 To leave his Love he should be ill apay'd,
 In which he had good right 'gainst all, that it gain-said.

XIX.

Yet, sith he was not presently in plight
 Her to defend, or his to justify,
 He him requested, as he was a Knight,
 To lend him Day his better Right to try,
 Or stay till he his Arms (which were there by)
 Might lightly fetch. But he was fierce and hot,
 Ne Time would give, nor any Terms aby,
 But at him flew, and with his Spear him smote ;
 From which to think to save himself, it booted not.

XX.

XX.

Mean-while, his Lady, which this Outrage saw,
 Whilst they together for the Quarry strove,
 Into the Covert did her self withdraw,
 And closely hid her self within the Grove.
 My Knight hers soon (as seems) to danger drove,
 And left sore wounded: but, when her he mist,
 He wox half mad, and in that Rage 'gan rove
 And range through all the Wood, where so he wist
 She hidden was, and fought her so long as him list.

XXI.

But, when-as her he by no means could find,
 After long search and chauf, he turned back
 Unto the Place where me he left behind:
 There 'gan he me to curse and ban, for lack
 Of that fair Booty, and with bitter Wrack
 To wreak on me the Guilt of his own Wrong.
 Of all which, I yet glad to bear the Pack,
 Strove to appease him, and perswaded long:
 But still his Passion grew more violent and strong.

XXII.

Then, as it were t' avenge his Wrath on me,
 When forward we should fare, he flat refus'd
 To take me up (as this young Man did see)
 Upon his Steed, for no just Cause accus'd,
 But forc'd to trot on Foot, and foul misus'd;
 Punching me with the Butt-end of his Spear,
 In vain complaining to be so abus'd.
 For, he regarded neither Plaint nor Tear,
 But more enforc'd my Pain, the more my Plaints to hear.

XXIII.

So passed we, till this young Man us met;
 And being mov'd with pity of my Plight,
 Spake, as was meet, for ease of my Regret:
 Whereof befell, what now is in your sight.
 Now sure, then said Sir *Calidore*, and right
 Me seems, that him befell by his own fault:
 Whoever thinks through Confidence of Might,
 Or through support of Count'nance proud and hault,
 To wrong the Weaker, oft falls in his own Assault.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Then, turning back unto that gentle Boy,
 Which had himself so stoutly well acquit ;
 Seeing his Face so lovely stern and coy,
 And hearing th' Answers of his pregnant Wit,
 He prais'd it much, and much admired it ;
 That sure he ween'd him born of noble Blood,
 With whom those Graces did so goodly fit :
 And when he long had him beholding stood,
 He burst into these Words, as to him seemed good :

XXV.

Fair gentle Swain, and yet as stout as fair,
 That in these Woods amongst the Nymphs doost wonne,
 Which daily may to thy sweet Looks repair,
 As they are wont unto *Latona's* Son,
 After his Chace on woody *Cyntbus* done :
 Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,
 As by thy Worth thou worthily hast won,
 Or surely born of some Heroick Seed,
 That in thy Face appears, and gracious Goodly-head.

XXVI.

But should it not displease thee it to tell
 (Unless thou in these Woods thy self conceal,
 For love amongst the woody Gods to dwell ;)
 I would thy self require thee to reveal,
 For dear Affection and unfeigned Zeal
 Which to thy noble Personage I bear,
 And wish thee grow in Worship and great Weal,
 For, since the day that Arms I first did rear,
 I never saw in any, greater Hope appear.

XXVII.

To whom, then thus the noble Youth ; May be,
 Sir Knight, that by discovering my Estate,
 Harm may arise unweeting unto me ;
 Nath'less, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
 To you I will not fear it to relate.
 Then wote ye, that I am a *Briton* born,
 Son of a King, however thorough Fate
 Or Fortune I my Country have forlorn,
 And lost the Crown, which should my Head by right adorn.

XXVIII.

And *Triftram* is my Name, the only Heir
 Of good King *Meliogras*, which did reign
 In *Cornwal*, till that he through Life's despair
 Untimely dy'd, before I did attain
 Ripe Years of Reason, my Right to maintain
 After whose Death, his Brother seeing me
 An Infant weak, a Kingdom to sustain,
 Upon him took the royal high Degree,
 And sent me, where him list, instructed for to be.

XXIX.

The widow Queen, my Mother, which then hight
 Fair *Emiline*, conceiving then great fear
 Of my frail Safety, resting in the Might
 Of him, that did the kingly Scepter bear,
 Whose jealous Dread induring not a Peer,
 Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed ;
 Thought best away me to remove somewhere
 Into some foreign Land, whereas no need
 Of dreaded Danger might his doubtful Humour feed.

XXX.

So, taking Counsel of a wise Man read,
 She was by him advis'd, to send me quite
 Out of the Country wherein I was bred,
 The which the fertile *Lioness* is hight,
 Into the Land of *Fairy*, where no Wight
 Should weet of me, nor work me any wrong.
 To whose wife Read she hearkning, sent me straight
 Into this Land, where I have wonn'd thus long,
 Since I was Ten Years old, now grown to Stature strong.

XXXI.

All which my Days I have not leudly spent,
 Nor spilt the Blossom of my tender Years
 In Idless ; but as was convenient,
 Have trained been with many noble Feres
 In gentle Thews, and such like seemly Leers.
 'Mongst which, my most delight hath always been
 To hunt the salvage Chase amongst my Peers,
 Of all that rangeth in the Forest green ;
 Of which, none is to me unknown, that e'er was seen.

XXXII.

Ne is there Hawk which mantleth her on Pearch,
 Whether high towring, or accoasting low,
 But I the measure of her Flight do search,
 And all her Prey, and all her Diet know :
 Such be our Joys, which in these Forests grow.
 Only the use of Arms, which most I joy,
 And fitteth most for noble Swain to know,
 I have not tasted yet, yet past a Boy,
 And being now high time these strong Joints to imploy.

XXXIII.

Therefore, good Sir, sith now occasion fit
 Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldom may ;
 Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
 That ye will make me Squire without delay,
 That from henceforth in battailous Array
 I may bear Arms, and learn to use them right ;
 The rather, sith that Fortune hath this Day
 Given to me the Spoil of this dead Knight,
 These goodly gilden Arms, which I have won in Fight.

XXXIV.

All which, when well Sir *Calidore* had heard,
 Him much more now, then earst he 'gan admire,
 For the rare Hope which in his Years appear'd,
 And thus reply'd ; Fair Child, the high Desire
 To love of Arms, which in you doth aspire,
 I may not certes without blame deny ;
 But rather wish, that some more noble Hire
 (Though none more noble than is Chevalry)
 I had, you to reward with greater Dignity.

XXXV.

There, him he caus'd to kneel, and made to swear
 Faith to his Knight, and Truth to Ladies all ;
 And never to be recreant, for fear
 Of Peril, or of ought that might befall :
 So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
 Full glad and joyous then young *Tristram* grew,
 Like as a Flow'r, whose silken Leaves small,
 Long shut up in the Bud from Heaven's view,
 At length breaks forth, and broad displays his smiling hue.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Thus, when they long had treated to and fro,
 And *Calidore* betook him to depart,
 Child *Tristram* pray'd, that he with him might go
 On his Adventure; vowing not to start,
 But wait on him in every place and part;
 Whereat Sir *Calidore* did much delight,
 And greatly joy'd at his so noble Heart,
 In hope he sure would prove a doughty Knight:
 Yet for the time this answer he to him behight.

XXXVII.

Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire,
 To have thy Presence in my present Quest,
 That mote thy kindled Courage set on fire,
 And flame forth Honour in thy noble Breast:
 But I am bound by Vow, which I profess
 To my dread Sovereign, when I it assay'd,
 That in Atchivement of her high Behest,
 I should no Creature join unto mine Aid,
 For-thy I may not grant that ye so greatly pray'd.

XXXVIII.

But, since this Lady is all desolate,
 And needeth Safeguard now upon her way,
 Ye may do well in this her needful State
 To succour her, from danger of Dismay,
 That thankful Guerdon may to you repay.
 The noble Impe, of such new Service fain,
 It gladly did accept, as he did say.
 So taking courteous leave, they parted twain,
 And *Calidore* forth passed to his former Pain.

XXXIX.

But *Tristram*, then despoiling that dead Knight
 Of all those goodly Ornaments of Praise,
 Long fed his greedy Eyes with the fair Sight
 Of the bright Metal, shining like Sun-Rays;
 Handling and turning them a thousand ways.
 And after, having them upon him dight,
 He took that Lady, and her up did raise
 Upon the Steed of her own late dead Knight:
 So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.

XL.

There, to their Fortune, leave we them awhile,
 And turn we back to good Sir *Calidore* ;
 Who, e'er he thence had travel'd many a Mile,
 Came to the place, where, as ye heard afore,
 This Knight, whom *Tristram* slew, had wounded fore
 Another Knight in his despiteous Pride ;
 There he that Knight found lying on the Flore,
 With many Wounds full perilous and wide,
 That all his Garments, and the Grasse in Vermeil dy'd.

XLI.

And there beside him, fate upon the Ground
 His woful Lady, piteously complaining
 With loud Laments that most unlucky Stound,
 And her sad self with careful hand constraining
 To wipe his Wounds, and ease their bitter paining.
 Which sorry Sight when *Calidore* did view
 With heavy Eyne, from Tears unceath refraining,
 His mighty Heart their mournful Case 'gan rue,
 And for their better Comfort to them nigher drew.

XLII.

Then speaking to the Lady, thus he said :
 Ye doleful Dame, let not your Grief empeach
 To tell, what cruel Hand hath thus array'd
 This Knight unarm'd, with so unknighly breach
 Of Arms, that, if I yet him nigh may reach,
 I may avenge him of so foul Despight.
 The Lady, hearing his so courteous Speech,
 'Gan rear her Eyes as to the chearful Light,
 And from her sorry Heart few heavy Words forth sigh't.

XLIII.

In which she shew'd, how that discourteous Knight
 (Whom *Tristram* slew) them in that Shadow found,
 Joying together in unblam'd Delight,
 And him unarm'd, as now he lay on Ground,
 Charg'd with his Spear, and mortally did wound
 Withouten cause, but only her to reave
 From him, to whom she was for ever bound :
 Yet when she fled into that covert Greave,
 He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leave.

XLIV.

XLIV.

When *Calidore* this rueful Story had
 Well understood, he 'gan of her demand,
 What manner Wight he was, and how yclad,
 Which had this Outrage wrought with wicked Hand.
 She then, like as she best could understand,
 Him thus describ'd, to be of Stature large,
 Clad all in gilden Arms, with azure Band
 Quartred athwart, and bearing in his Targe
 A Lady on rough Waves, row'd in a summer Barge.

XLV.

Then 'gan Sir *Calidore* to guesse straightway
 By many Signs which she described had,
 That this was he, whom *Trifram* earst did slay,
 And to her said; Dame, be no longer sad:
 For, he that hath your Knight so ill bestad,
 Is now himself in much more wretched Plight;
 These Eyes him saw upon the cold Earth sprad,
 The Meed of his desert for that despight,
 Which to your self he wrought, and to your loved Knight,

XLVI.

Therefore, fair Lady, lay aside this Grief,
 Which ye have gather'd to your gentle Heart
 For that displeasure; and think what Relief
 Were best devise for this your Lover's Smart,
 And how ye may him hence, and to what part
 Convey to be recur'd. She thank'd him dear,
 Both for that News he did to her impart,
 And for the courteous Care which he did bear
 Both to her Love, and to her self in that sad Drear.

XLVII.

Yet could she not devise by any Wit,
 How thence she might convey him to some place:
 For, him to trouble she it thought unfit,
 That was a Stranger to her wretched Case;
 And him to bear, she thought it thing too base.
 Which when-as he perceiv'd, he thus bespake;
 Fair Lady, let it not you seem Disgrace,
 To bear this Burden on your dainty Back;
 My self will bear a part, Coportion of your Pack.

XLVIII.

So, off he did his Shield, and downward-laid
Upon the Ground, like to an hollow Bier;
And pouring Balm, which he had long purvaid,
Into his Wounds, him up thereon did rear,
And twixt them both with parted pains did bear,
Twixt Life and Death, not knowing what was done.
Thence they him carry'd to a Castle near,
In which a worthy antient Knight did wonne:
Where what ensu'd, shall in next Canto be begun.



CANTO



C A N T O III.

*Calidore brings Priscilla home,
Pursues the Blatant Beast:
Saves Serena, whilst Calepine
By Turpine is oppress.*

I.

TRUE is, that whilom that good Poet said,
The gentle Mind by gentle Deeds is known.
For, Man by nothing is so well bewray'd,
As by his Manners; in which plain is shown
Of what Degree and what Race he is grown.
For, seldom seen, a trotting Stallion get
An ambling Colt, that is his proper own:
So seldom seen, that one in Baseness set
Doth noble Courage shew, with courteous Manners met.

II.

But evermore contrary hath been try'd,
That gentle Blood will gentle Manners breed;
As well may be in *Calidore* descry'd,
By late ensample of that courteous Deed,
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his Back he bore, till he him brought
Unto the Castle where they had decreed.
There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,
To make abode that Night he greatly was besought.

III.

He was to weet a Man of full ripe Years,
That in his Youth had been of mickle Might,
And borne great sway in Arms amongst his Peers:
But now weak Age had dim'd his Candle-light.
Yet was he courteous still to every Wight,
And loved all that did to Arms incline,
And was the Father of that wounded Knight,
Whom *Calidore* thus carried on his Chine,
And *Aldus* was his Name, and his Son's *Aladine*.

IV.

IV.

Who, when he saw his Son so ill bedight,
 With bleeding Wounds, brought home upon a Bier,
 By a fair Lady, and a stranger Knight,
 Was inly touched with Compassion dear,
 And dear Affection of so doleful Drear,
 That he these Words burst forth ; Ah sorry Boy,
 Is this the Hope that to my hoary Hair
 Thou bringst ? Ah me ! is this the timely Joy,
 Which I expected long, now turn'd to sad Annoy ?

V.

Such is the Weakness of all mortal Hope ;
 So tickle is the State of earthly Things,
 That e'er they come unto their aimed Scope,
 They fall too short of our frail Reckonings,
 And bring us Bale and bitter Sorrowings,
 Instead of Comfort, which we should embrace.
 This is the State of Cefars and of Kings :
 Let none therefore, that is in meaner Place,
 Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky Case.

VI.

So well and wisely did that good old Knight
 Temper his Grief, and turned it to Chear,
 To chear his Guests, whom he had staid that Night,
 And make their Welcome to them well appear :
 That to Sir *Calidore* was easy gear ;
 But that fair Lady would be chear'd for nought,
 But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her Lover dear,
 And inly did afflict her pensive Thought,
 With thinking to what case her Name should now be brought.

VII.

For, she was Daughter to a noble Lord,
 Which dwelt thereby, who fought her to affy
 To a great Peer : but she did disaccord,
 Ne could her Liking to his Love apply,
 But lov'd this fresh young Knight, who dwelt her nigh ;
 The lusty *Aladine*, though meaner born,
 And of less Livelood and Hability ;
 Yet full of Valour, the which did adorn
 His Meanness much, and make her th' other's Riches scorn.

VIII.

VIII.

So having both found fit occasion,
 They met together in that luckless Glade ;
 Where that proud Knight in his Presumption
 The gentle *Aladine* did earst invade,
 Being unarm'd, and set in secret Shade.
 Whereof she now bethinking, 'gan t' advise,
 How great a Hazard she at earst had made
 Of her good Fame, and further 'gan devise,
 How she the blame might salve with coloured Disguise.

IX.

But *Calidore* with all good Courtesy
 Fain'd her to frolick, and to put away
 The pensive Fit of her Melancholy ;
 And that old Knight by all means did assay
 To make them both as merry as he may.
 So they the Evening past, till time of Rest ;
 When *Calidore* in seemly good Array
 Unto his Bower was brought, and, there undrest,
 Did sleep all Night through weary Travel of his Quest.

X.

But fair *Priscilla* (so that Lady hight)
 Would not to Bed, nor take no kindly Sleep,
 But by her wounded Love did watch all Night,
 And all the Night for bitter Anguish weep,
 And with her Tears his Wounds did wash and steep.
 So well she wash'd them, and so well she watch'd him,
 That all the deadly Swoun, in which full deep
 He drenched was, she at the length dispatch'd him,
 And drove away the Stound, which mortally attach'd him.

XI.

The morrow next when Day 'gan to up-look,
 He also 'gan up-look with drery Eye,
 Like one that out of deadly Dream awoke :
 Where when he saw his fair *Priscilla* by,
 He deeply sigh'd, and groaned inwardly,
 To think of this ill State, in which she stood,
 To which she for his sake had weetingly
 Now brought her self, and blam'd her noble Blood :
 For first, next after Life, he tendered her Good.

XII.

XII.

Which she perceiving, did with plenteous Tears
 His Care more than her own compassionate,
 Forgetful of her own, to mind his Fears ;
 So both conspiring, 'gan to intimate
 Each other's Grief with Zeal affectionate
 And 'twixt them twain with equal Care to cast
 How to salve whole her hazarded Estate ;
 For which the only help now left them last
 Seem'd to be *Calidore* : all other helps were past.

XIII.

Him they did deem, as sure to them he seem'd,
 A courteous Knight, and full of faithful Trust :
 Therefore to him their Cause they best esteem'd
 Whole to commit, and to his Dealing just.
 Early, so soon as *Titan's* Beams forth burst
 Through the thick Clouds, in which they steeped lay
 All Night in Darkness, dull'd with Iron Rust,
Calidore rising up as fresh as Day,
 'Gan freshly him address unto his former way.

XIV.

But first him seemed fit, that wounded Knight
 To visit, after this Night's per'lous pass,
 And to salute him, if he were in plight,
 And eke that Lady his fair lovely Lass.
 There he him found much better than he was,
 And moved speech to him of things of course,
 The Anguish of his Pain to over-pass :
 'Mongst which he namely did to him discourse
 Of former Day's Mishap, his Sorrow's wicked Source.

XV.

Of which occasion *Aldine* taking hold,
 'Gan break to him the Fortunes of his Love,
 And all his Misadventures to unfold ;
 That *Calidore* it dearly deep did move.
 In th' end his kindly Courtesy to prove,
 He him by all the Bands of Love besought,
 And as it mote a faithful Friend behove,
 To safe-conduct his Love, and not for ought
 To leave, till to her Father's House he had her brought.

XVI.

XVI.

Sir *Calidore* his Faith thereto did plight,
 It to perform ; so, after little stay,
 That she herself had to the Journey dight,
 He passed forth with her in fair Array,
 Fearless, who ought did think, or ought did say,
 Sith his own Thought he knew most clear from Wight.
 So as they past together on their way,
 He 'gan devise this Countercaſt of Slight,
 To give fair Colour to that Lady's Cause in fight.

XVII.

Strait to the Carcaſs of that Knight he went,
 The cauſe of all this Evil, who was ſlain
 The Day before, by juſt Avengement
 Of noble *Triftram*, where it did remain :
 There he the Neck thereof did cut in twain,
 And took with him the Head, the ſign of ſhame.
 So forth he paſſed thorough that Day's pain,
 Till to that Lady's Father's Houſe he came,
 Moſt penſive Man, through fear, what of his Child became.

XVIII.

There he arriving boldly, did preſent
 The fearful Lady to her Father dear,
 Moſt perfect pure, and guiltleſs innocent
 Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood ſwear,
 Since firſt he ſaw her, and did free from fear
 Of a diſcourteous Knight, who her had reſt,
 And by outrageous Force away did bear :
 Witneſs thereof he ſhew'd his Head there left,
 And wretched Life forlorne for vengeance of his Theft.

XIX.

Moſt joyful Man her Sire was her to ſee,
 And hear th' Adventure of her late Miſchance ;
 And thouſand thanks to *Calidore* for Fee
 Of his large Pains in her Deliverance
 Did yield ; ne leſs the Lady did advance.
 Thus having her reſtored truſtily,
 As he had vow'd, ſome ſmall continuance
 He there did make, and then moſt carefully
 Unto his firſt Exploit he did himſelf apply.

XX.

So as he was pursuing of his Quest,
 He chaunc'd to come whereas a jolly Knight
 In covert Shade himself did safely rest,
 To solace with his Lady in delight :
 His warlike Arms he had from him undight ;
 For that himself he thought from Danger free,
 And far from envious Eyes that mote him spight,
 And eke the Lady was full fair to see,
 And courteous withall, becoming her Degree.

XXI.

To whom Sir *Calidore* approaching nigh,
 E'er they were well aware of living Wight,
 Them much abasht, but more himself thereby,
 That he so rudely did upon them light,
 And troubled had their quiet Love's delight.
 Yet since it was his Fortune, not his Fault,
 Himself thereof he labour'd to acquite,
 And Pardon crav'd for his so rash Default,
 That he 'gainst Courtesy so foully did default.

XXII.

With which his gentle Words and goodly Wit,
 He soon allay'd that Knight's conceiv'd Displeasure,
 That he besought him down by him to sit,
 That they mote treat of things abroad at leisure,
 And of Adventures, which had in his measure
 Of so long ways to him befallen late.
 So down he sat, and with delightful Pleasure
 His long Adventures 'gan to him relate,
 Which he endured had through dangerous debate.

XXIII.

Of which whilst they discoursed both together,
 The fair *Serena* (so his Lady hight)
 Allur'd with Mildness of the gentle Weather,
 And Pleasance of the Place, the which was dight
 With divers Flow'rs distinct with rare delight ;
 Wandred about the Fields, as liking led
 Her wavering Lust after her wandring Sight,
 To make a Garland to adorn her Head,
 Without suspect of Ill or Danger's hidden Dread.

XXIV.

XXIV.

All suddenly out of the Forest near
 The *Blatant Beast*, forth rushing unaware,
 Caught her thus loosely wandring here and there,
 And in his wide great Mouth away her bare,
 Crying aloud to shew her sad Misfare
 Unto the Knights, and calling oft for Aid ;
 Who with the Horrour of her hapless Care
 Hastily starting up, like Men dismay'd,
 Ran after fast, to rescue the distressed Maid.

XXV.

The Beast, with their Pursuit incited more,
 Into the Wood was bearing her apace
 For to have spoiled her, when *Calidore*
 Who was more light of Foot, and swift in Chace,
 Him overtook in midst of his Race :
 And fiercely charging him with all his Might,
 Forc'd to forgo his Prey there in the Place,
 And to betake himself to fearful Flight ;
 For he durst not abide with *Calidore* to fight.

XXVI.

Who nathelss, when he the Lady saw
 There left in ground, though in full evil plight,
 Yet knowing that her Knight now near did draw,
 Stay'd not to succour her in that Affright,
 But follow'd fast the Monster in his Flight :
 Through Woods and Hills he follow'd him so fast,
 That he n'ould let him breathe nor gather Spright,
 But forc'd him gape and gasp, with Dread aghast,
 As if his Lungs and Lites were nigh asunder brast.

XXVII.

And now by this, Sir *Calepine* (so hight)
 Came to the Place, where he his Lady found
 In dolorous Dismay and deadly Plight,
 All in gore Blood there tumbled on the Ground,
 Having both Sides through grip'd with griesly Wound.
 His Weapons soon from him he threw away ;
 And stooping down to her in drery Swound,
 Up-rear'd her from the Ground, whereon she lay,
 And in his tender Arms her forced up to stay.

XXVIII.

So well he did his busy Pains apply,
 That the faint Sprite he did revoke again
 To her frail Mansion of Mortality.
 Then up he took her 'twixt his Armes twain,
 And setting on his Steed, her did sustain
 With careful Hands, soft footing her beside,
 Till to some Place of Rest they mote attain,
 Where she in safe Assurance mote abide,
 Till she recured was of those her Woundes wide.

XXIX.

Now when-as *Phæbus* with his fiery Wain
 Unto his Inn began to draw apace ;
 Tho, waxing weary of that toilsom Pain,
 In travelling on foot so long a space,
 Not wont on foot with heavy Arms to trace,
 Down in a Dale forby a River's side,
 He chaunc'd to spy a fair and stately Place,
 To which he meant his weary Steps to guide,
 In hope there for his Love some Succour to provide.

XXX.

But coming to the River's side, he found
 That hardly passable on foot it was :
 Therefore there still he stood as in a Stound,
 Ne wist which way he through the Ford mote pass.
 Thus whilst he was in this distressed Case,
 Devising what to do, he nigh espy'd
 An armed Knight, approaching to the Place,
 With a fair Lady linked by his side,
 The which themselves prepar'd thorough the Ford to ride.

XXXI.

Whom *Calopine* saluting (as became)
 Besought of Courtesy in that his Need
 (For safe conducting of his sickly Dame,
 Through that same per'lous Ford with better heed)
 To take him up behind upon his Steed :
 To whom that other did this Taunt return ;
 Perdy, thou peasant Knight mightst rightly reed
 Me then to be full base and evil born,
 If I would bear behind a Burden of such Scorn.

XXXII.

XXXII.

But as thou hast thy Steed forlorn with Shame,
 So fare on foot till thou another gain,
 And let thy Lady likewise do the same,
 Or bear her on thy Pack with pleasing pain,
 And prove thy Manhood on the Billows vain.
 With which rude Speech his Lady much displeas'd,
 Did him reprove, yet could him not restrain,
 And would on her own Palfrey him have eas'd,
 For pity of his Dame, whom she saw so diseas'd.

XXXIII.

Sir *Calepine* her thank'd ; yet inly wroth
 Against her Knight, her Gentleness refus'd,
 And carelessly into the River go'th,
 As in despight to be so foul abus'd
 Of a rude Churl, whom often he accus'd
 Of foul Discourtesy, unfit for Knight ;
 And strongly wading through the Waves unus'd
 With Spear in th' one Hand, stay'd himself upright,
 With th' other stay'd his Lady up with stedy Might.

XXXIV.

And all the while, that same discourteous Knight
 Stood on the further Bank beholding him :
 At whose Calamity, for more despight,
 He laugh'd, and mock'd to see him like to swim.
 But when-as *Calepine* came to the Brim,
 And saw his Carriage past that Peril well,
 Looking at that same Carle with Count'nance grim,
 His Heart with Vengeance inwardly did swell,
 And forth at last did break in Speeches sharp and fell.

XXXV.

Unknightly Knight, the Blemish of that Name,
 And Blot of all that Arms upon them take,
 Which is the Badge of Honour and of Fame,
 Lo I defy thee, and here Challenge make,
 That thou for ever do those Arms forsake ;
 And be for ever held a recreant Knight,
 Unless thou dare for thy dear Lady's sake,
 And for thine own Defence on foot alight,
 To justify thy Fault 'gainst me in equal Fight,

XXXVI.

The Dastard, that did hear himself defy'd,
 Seem'd not to weigh his threatful Words at all,
 But laugh'd them out, as if his greater Pride
 Did scorn the Challenge of so base a Thrall:
 Or had no Courage, or else had no Gall.
 So much the more was *Calepine* offended,
 That him to no Revenge he forth could call,
 But both his Challenge and himself contemned,
 Ne cared as a Coward so to be condemned.

XXXVII.

But he, nought weighing what he said or did,
 Turned his Steed about another way,
 And with his Lady to the Castle rid,
 Where was his Wonne; ne did the other stay,
 But after went directly as he may,
 For his sick Charge some Harbour there to seek:
 Where he arriving with the Fall of Day,
 Drew to the Gate, and there with Prayers meek,
 And mild Entreaty, Lodging did for her beseeke.

XXXVIII.

But the rude Porter, that no Manners had,
 Did shut the Gate against him in his Face,
 And Entrance boldly unto him forbad.
 Nath'less the Knight, now in so needy Case,
 'Gan him intreat even with Submission base,
 And humbly pray'd to let them in that Night:
 Who to him answer'd, that there was no Place
 Of Lodging fit for any errant Knight,
 Unless that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

XXXIX.

Full loth am I, quoth he, as now at earst,
 When Day is spent, and Rest us needeth most,
 And that this Lady, both whose Sides are pierc'd
 With Wounds, is ready to forgo the Ghost:
 Ne would I gladly combat with mine Host,
 That should to me such Courtesy afford,
 Unless that I were thereunto enforc'd.
 But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
 That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the Ford.

XL.

His Name, quoth he, if that thou list to learn,
 Is hight Sir *Turpine*, one of mickle Might,
 And Manhood rare, but terrible and stern
 In all Assays to every errant Knight,
 Because of one, that wrought him foul Despight.
 Ill seems, said he, if he so valiant be,
 That he should be so stern to stranger Wight :
 For seldom yet did living Creature see,
 That Courtesy and Manhood ever disagree.

XLI.

But go thy ways to him, and from me say,
 That here is at his Gate an errant Knight,
 That House-room craves, yet would be loth t'assay
 The Proof of Battel, now in doubtful Night,
 Or Courtesy with Rudeness to requite :
 Yet if he needs will fight, crave leave till Morn,
 And tell (withal) the lamentable Plight,
 In which this Lady languisheth forlorn,
 That Pity craves, as he of Woman was yborn.

XLII.

The Groom went straightway in, and to his Lord
 Declar'd the Message, which that Knight did move ;
 Who sitting with his Lady then at Board,
 Not only did not his Demand approve,
 But both himself revil'd, and eke his Love ;
 Albe his Lady, that *Blandina* hight,
 Him of ungentle Usage did reprove,
 And earnestly entreated that they might
 Find Favour to be lodged there for that same Night.

XLIII.

Yet would he not persuaded be for ought,
 Ne from his currish Will awhit reclaim.
 Which Answer when the Groom, returning, brought
 To *Calepine*, his Heart did inly flame
 With wrathful Fury for so foul a Shame,
 That he could not thereof avenged be :
 But most for pity of his dearest Dame,
 Whom now in deadly Danger he did see ;
 Yet had no means to comfort, nor procure her Glee.

XLIV.

But all in vain; for why, no Remedy
 He saw, the present Mischief to redress,
 But th' utmost End perforce for to aby,
 Which that Night's Fortune would for him address.
 So down he took his Lady in Distress,
 And laid her underneath a Bush to sleep,
 Cover'd with Cold, and wrapt in Wretchedness,
 Whiles he himself all night did nought but weep,
 And wary Watch about her for her Safeguard keep.

XLV.

The morrow next, so soon as joyous Day
 Did shew it self in sunny Beams bedight,
Serena full of dolorous Dismay,
 'Twixt Darknes's drad, and Hope of living Light,
 Up-rear'd her Head to see that chearful Sight.
 Then *Calepine*, however inly wroth,
 And greedy to avenge that vile Despight;
 Yet for the feeble Lady's sake, full loth
 To make there lenger Stay, forth on his Journey go'th.

XLVI.

He go'th on foot all armed by her Side,
 Up-staying still her self upon her Steed,
 Being unable else alone to ride;
 So sore her Sides, so much her Wounds did bleed:
 Till that at length, in his extremest Need,
 He chaunc'd far off an armed Knight to spy,
 Pursuing him apace with greedy Speed;
 Whom well he wist to be some Enemy,
 That meant to make advantage of his Misery.

XLVII.

Wherefore he stay'd, till that he nearer drew,
 To weet what Issue would thereof betide.
 Tho, when-as he approached nigh in view,
 By certain Signs he plainly him descry'd
 To be the Man, that with such scornful Pride
 Had him abus'd, and shamed yesterday.
 Therefore mis-doubting, lest he should misguide
 His former Malice to some new Assay,
 He cast to keep himself so safely as he may.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

By this, the other came in place likewise ;
 And couching close his Spear and all his Pow'r,
 As bent to some malicious Enterprife,
 He bade him stand, t' abide the bitter Stour
 Of his sore Vengeance, or to make avour
 Of the leud Words and Deeds, which he had done :
 With that ran at him, as he would devour
 His Life attonce ; who nought could do, but shun
 The Peril of his Pride, or else be over-run.

XLIX.

Yet he him still pursu'd from place to place,
 With full Intent him cruelly to kill ;
 And like a wild Goat round about did chace,
 Flying the Fury of his bloody Will.
 But his best Succour and Refuge was still
 Behind his Lady's Back ; who to him cry'd,
 And called oft with Prayers loud and shrill,
 As ever he to Lady was affy'd,
 To spare her Knight, and rest with Reason pacify'd,

L.

But he the more thereby enraged was,
 And with more eager Felness him pursu'd :
 So that at length, after long weary Chace,
 Having by chance a close Advantage view'd,
 He over-raught him, having long eschew'd
 His Violence in vain ; and with his Spear
 Strook through his Shoulder, that the Blood ensu'd
 In great abundance, as a Well it were,
 That forth out of an Hill fresh gushing did appear.

LI.

Yet ceas'd he not for all that cruel Wound,
 But chac'd him still, for all his Lady's Cry ;
 Not satisfy'd, till on the fatal Ground
 He saw his Life pour'd forth dispiteously ;
 The which was certes in great Jeopardy,
 Had not a wondrous Chaunce his Rescue wrought,
 And saved from his cruel Villany.
 Such Chaunces oft exceed all human Thought :
 That in another Canto shall to end be brought.



C A N T O IV.

*Calepine, by a salvage Man,
From Turpine rescu'd is ;
And whilst an Infant from a Bear
He saves, his Love doth miss.*

I.

L I K E as a Ship with dreadful Storm long tofs'd,
Having spent all her Masts, and her Ground-hold,
Now far from Harbour likely to be lost,
At last some Fisher-Bark doth near behold,
That giveth Comfort to her Courage cold :
Such was the State of this most courteous Knight,
Being oppressed by that Faytour bold,
That he remained in most per'lous Plight,
And his sad Lady left in pitiful Affright :

II.

Till that by Fortune, passing all Foresight,
A salvage Man, which in those Woods did wonne,
Drawn with that Lady's loud and piteous Shright,
Toward the same incessantly did run,
To understand what there was to be done.
There he this most discourteous Craven found,
As fiercely yet, as when he first begun,
Chasing the gentle *Calepine* around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous Wound.

III.

The salvage Man, that never till this Hour
Did taste of Pity, neither Gentles know,
Seeing his sharp Assault and cruel Stour,
Was much emmoved at his Peril's View ;
That even his ruder Heart began to rue,
And feel Compassion of his evil Plight,
Against his Foe, that did him so pursue :
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that so villainous Despight.

IV.

IV.

Yet Arms or Weapon had he none to fight,
 Ne knew the Use of warlike Instruments,
 Save such as sudden Rage him lent to smite:
 But naked without needful Vestiments,
 To clad his Corpse with meet Habiliments,
 He cared not for Dint of Sword nor Spear,
 No more than for the Strokes of Straws or Bents:
 For from his Mother's Womb, which him did bear,
 He was invulnerable made by Magick Lear.

V.

He stay'd not to advise, which way were best
 His Foe t' assail, or how himself to guard,
 But with fierce Fury and with Force infest
 Upon him ran; who, being well prepar'd,
 His first Assault full warily did ward,
 And with the Push of his sharp-pointed Spear
 Full on the Breast him strook, so strong and hard,
 That forc'd him back recoil, and reel arear;
 Yet in his Body made no Wound nor Blood appear.

VI.

With that, the wild Man more enraged grew,
 Like to a Tyger that hath mist his Prey,
 And with mad Mood again upon him flew,
 Regarding neither Spear that mote him slay,
 Nor his fierce Steed, that mote him much dismay,
 The salvage Nation doth all Dread despise:
 Tho on his Shield he griple hold did lay,
 And held the same so hard, that by no wise
 He could him force to loose, or leave his Enterprize.

VII.

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
 And every way did try, but all in vain:
 For he would not his greedy Gripe forgo,
 But hall'd and pull'd with all his might and main,
 That from his Steed him nigh he drew again.
 Who having now no use of his long Spear
 So nigh at hand, nor force his Shield to strain,
 Both Spear and Shield, as things that needles were,
 He quite forsook, and fled himself away for fear.

VIII.

VIII.

But after him the Wild-man ran apace,
 And him pursued with importune Speed :
 (For he was swift as any Buck in Chace)
 And had he not in his extremest Need,
 Been helped through the Swiftnes of his Steed,
 He had him overtaken in his Flight.
 Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,
 'Gan cry aloud with horrible Affright,
 And shrieked out ; a thing uncomely for a Knight.

IX.

But when the Salvage saw his Labour vain,
 In following of him, that fled so fast,
 He weary woxe, and back return'd again
 With speed unto the Place, whereas he last
 Had left that Couple, near their utmost Cast.
 There he that Knight full sorely bleeding found,
 And eke the Lady fearfully aghast,
 Both for the Peril of the present Stound,
 And also for the Sharpness of her rankling Wound.

X.

For though she were right glad, so rid to be
 From that vile Lozel, which her late offended ;
 Yet now no less Encumbrance she did see,
 And Peril by this salvage Man pretended ;
 'Gainst whom she saw no means to be defended,
 By reason that her Knight was wounded sore.
 Therefore her self she wholly recommended
 To God's sole Grace, whom she did oft implore
 To send her Succour, being of all Hope forlore.

XI.

But the Wild-man, contrary to her Fear,
 Came to her, creeping like a fawning Hound,
 And by rude Tokens made to her appear
 His deep Compassion of her doleful Stound,
 Kissing his Hands, and crouching to the Ground ;
 For other Language had he none nor Speech,
 But a soft Murmur, and confused Sound
 Of senseless Words, which Nature did him teach,
 T' express his Passions, which his Reason did empeach.

XII.

XII.

And coming likewise to the wounded Knight,
 When he beheld the Streams of purple Blood
 Yet flowing fresh ; as moved with the Sight,
 He made great Moan, after his salvage mood :
 And running straight into the thickest Wood,
 A certain Herb from thence unto him brought,
 Whose Virtue he by Use well understood ;
 The Juice whereof into his Wound he wrought,
 And stopt the bleeding straight, e'er he it stanch'd thought.

XIII.

Then taking up that Recreant's Shield and Spear,
 Which earst he left, he Signs unto them made,
 With him to wend unto his Woning near :
 To which he easily did them persuade.
 Far in the Forest by a hollow Glade,
 Cover'd with mossy Shrubs, which spreading broad,
 Did underneath them make a gloomy Shade ;
 Where Foot of living Creature never trod, (bode.
 Ne scarce wild Beasts durst come, there was this Wight's A-

XIV.

Thither he brought these unacquainted Guests ;
 To whom fair Semblance, as he could, he show'd
 By Signs, by Looks, and all his other Gest,
 But the bare Ground, with hoary Moss bestrow'd,
 Must be their Bed, their Pillow was unfow'd,
 And the Fruits of the Forest was their Feast :
 For their bad Steward neither plough'd nor sow'd,
 Ne fed on Flesh, ne ever of wild Beast
 Did taste the Blood, obeying Nature's first Behest.

XV.

Yet howsoever base and mean it were,
 They took it well, and thanked God for all ;
 Which had them fre'd from that deadly Fear,
 And sav'd from being to that Caitive thrall.
 Here they of force (as Fortune now did fall)
 Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,
 Glad of that Easement, though it were but small ;
 That having there their Wounds awhile redrest,
 They mote the abler be to pass unto the rest.

XVI.

XVI.

During which time, that Wild-man did apply
 His best Endeavour, and his daily Pain,
 In seeking all the Woods both far and nigh
 For Herbs to dress their Wounds ; still seeming fain,
 When ought he did, that did their Liking gain.
 So as e'er long he had that Knightes Wound
 Recured well, and made him whole again :
 But that same Lady's Hurt no Herb he found,
 Which could redress, for it was inwardly unsound.

XVII.

Now when-as *Calepine* was woxen strong,
 Upon a day he cast abroad to wend,
 To take the Air, and hear the Thrushes Song,
 Unarm'd, as fearing neither Foe nor Friend,
 And without Sword his Person to defend.
 There him besel, unlooked for before,
 An hard Adventure with unhappy End ;
 A cruel Bear, the which an Infant bore
 Betwixt his bloody Jaws, besprinkled all with Gore.

XVIII.

The little Babe did loudly shriek and squall,
 And all the Woods with piteous Plaints did fill,
 As if his Cry did mean for Help to call
 To *Calepine*, whose Ears those Skrieches shrill
 Piercing his Heart with Pity's Point did thrill ;
 That after him, he ran with zealous Haste,
 To rescue th' Infant, e'er he did him kill :
 Whom though he saw now somewhat overpast,
 Yet by the Cry he follow'd, and pursued fast.

XIX.

Well then him chaunc'd his heavy Arms to want,
 Whose Burden mote impeach his needful Speed,
 And hinder him from Liberty to pant :
 For having long time, as his daily Weed,
 Them wont to wear, and wend on foot for need,
 Now wanting them, he felt himself so light,
 That like an Hawk, which feeling her self freed
 From Bells and Jesses, which did lett her Flight,
 Him seem'd his Feet did fly, and in their Speed delight.

XX.

XX.

So well he sped him, that the weary Bear
 E'er long he overtook, and forc'd to stay ;
 And without Weapon him assailing near,
 Compell'd him soon the Spoil adown to lay.
 Wherewith the Beast enrag'd to lose his Prey,
 Upon him turned, and with greedy Force
 And Fury, to be crossed in his way,
 Gaping full wide, did think without Remorse
 To be aveng'd of him, and to devour his Corse.

XXI.

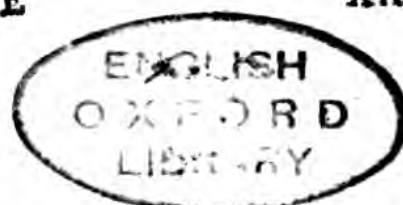
But the bold Knight no whit thereat dismay'd,
 But catching up in hand a ragged Stone,
 Which lay thereby (so Fortune him did aid)
 Upon him ran, and thrust it all attone
 Into his gaping Throat, that made him groan
 And gasp for Breath, that he nigh choaked was,
 Being unable to digest that Bone ;
 Ne could it upward come, nor downward pass :
 Ne could he brook the Coldness of the stony Mass.

XXII.

Whom when-as he thus cumbred did behold,
 Striving in vain, that nigh his Bowels braist,
 He with him clos'd ; and laying mighty hold
 Upon his Throat, did gripe his Gorge so fast,
 That wanting Breath, him down to ground he cast ;
 And then oppressing him with urgent Pain,
 E'er long enforc'd to breathe his utmost Blast,
 Gnashing his cruel Teeth at him in vain, (strain.
 And threatning his sharp Claws, now wanting Pow'r to

XXIII.

Then took he up betwixt his Armes twain,
 The little Babe, sweet Relicks of his Prey ;
 Whom pitying to hear so sore complain,
 From his soft Eyes the Tears he wip'd away,
 And from his Face the Filth that did it ray :
 And every little Limb he search'd around,
 And every Part, that under Sweath-bands lay,
 Left that the Beast's sharp Teeth had any Wound
 Made in his tender Flesh ; but whole them all he found.



XXIV.

So having all his Bands again up-ty'd,
 He with him thought back to return again ;
 But when he look'd about on every side,
 To weet which way were best to entertain,
 To bring him to the Place where he would fain,
 He could no Path nor Track of Foot descry,
 Ne by inquiry learn, nor guesfs by aim ;
 For nought but Woods and Forests far and nigh,
 That all about did close the Compass of his Eye.

XXV.

Much was he then encomber'd, ne could tell
 Which way to take : now West he went awhile,
 Then North ; then neither, but as Fortune fell.
 So up and down he wander'd many a Mile,
 With weary Travel and uncertain Toil,
 Yet nought the nearer to his Journey's end ;
 And evermore his lovely little Spoil
 Crying for Food, did greatly him offend :
 So all that Day in wandring vainly he did spend.

XXVI.

At last, about the setting of the Sun,
 Himself out of the Forest he did wind,
 And by Good-fortune the plain Champain won ;
 Where looking all about, where he mote find
 Some place of Succour to content his Mind,
 At length he heard under the Forest's side
 A Voice, that seem'd of some Woman-kind,
 Which to her self lamenting, loudly cry'd,
 And oft complain'd of Fate, and Fortune oft defy'd.

XXVII.

To whom approaching, when-as she perceiv'd
 A Stranger Wight in place, her Plaint she stay'd,
 As if she doubted to have been deceiv'd,
 Or loth to let her Sorrows be bewray'd.
 Whom when-as *Calepine* saw so dismay'd,
 He to her drew, and with fair Blandishment
 Her chearing up, thus gently to her said ;
 What be you, woeful Dame, which thus lament ?
 And for what Cause declare, so mote ye not repent.

XXVIII.

To whom she thus ; What need me, Sir, to tell
 That which your self have earst aed so right ?
 A woeful Dame ye have me termed well ;
 So much more woeful, as my woeful Plight
 Cannot redressed be by living Wight.
 Nath'less, quoth he, if Need do not you bind,
 Do it disclose, to ease your grieved Spright :
 Oft-times it haps, that Sorrows of the Mind
 Find Remedy unfought, which seeking cannot find.

XXIX.

Then thus began the lamentable Dame ;
 Sith then ye needs will know the Grief I hoord,
 I am th' unfortunate *Matilde* by Name,
 The Wife of bold Sir *Bruin*, who is Lord
 Of all this Land, late conquer'd by his Sword
 From a great Giant, called *Cormoraunt* ;
 Whom he did overthrow by yonder Ford,
 And in three Battles did so deadly daunt,
 That he dare not return for all his daily Vaunt.

XXX.

So is my Lord now seiz'd of all the Land,
 As in his Fee, with peaceable Estate,
 And quietly doth hold it in his Hand,
 Ne any dares with him for it debate.
 But to those happy Fortunes, cruel Fate
 Hath join'd one Evil, which doth overthrow
 All these our Joys, and all our Blifs abate ;
 And like in time to further Ill to grow,
 And all this Land with endless Los to overflow.

XXXI.

For th' Heavens, envying our Prosperity,
 Have not vouchsaf'd to grant unto us twain
 The gladful Blessing of Posterity,
 Which we might see after our selves remain
 In th' Heritage of our unhappy Pain :
 So that for want of Heirs it to defend,
 All is in time like to return again
 To that foul Fiend, who daily doth attend
 To leap into the same after our Lives end.

XXXII.

But most my Lord is grieved herewithall,
 And makes exceeding Moan, when he does think
 That all this Land unto his Foe shall fall,
 For which he long in vain did sweat and swink,
 That now the same he greatly doth for-think.
 Yet was it said, there should to him a Son
Be gotten, not begotten, which should drink
 And dry up all the Water, which doth run
 In the next Brook, by whom that Fiend should be fordone.

XXXIII.

Well hop'd he then, when this was prophesy'd,
 That from his Side some noble Child should rise,
 The which through Fame should far be magnify'd,
 And this proud Giant should with brave Emprise
 Quite overthrow; who now 'gins to despise
 The good Sir *Bruin*, growing far in Years,
 Who thinks from me his Sorrow all doth rise.
 Lo! this my Cause of Grief to you appears;
 For which I thus do mourn, and pour forth ceaseless Tears.

XXXIV.

Which when he heard, he inly touch'd was
 With tender Ruth for her unworthy Grief;
 And when he had devized of her Case,
 He 'gan in Mind conceive a fit Relief
 For all her Pain, if please her make the prief.
 And having cheared her, thus said: Fair Dame,
 In Evils, Counsel is the Comfort chief;
 Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
 Yet as I well it mean, vouchsafe it without Blame.

XXXV.

If that the Cause of this your Languishment
 Be lack of Children, to supply your Place;
 Lo! how good Fortune doth to you present
 This little Babe, of sweet and lovely Face,
 And spotless Spirit, in which ye may enchace
 Whatever Forms ye list thereto apply,
 Being now soft and fit them to embrace;
 Whether ye list him train in Chevalry,
 Or nourish up in Lore of learn'd Philosophy.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

And certes it hath oftentimes been seen,
 That of the like whose Lineage was unknown,
 More brave and noble Knights have raised been
 (As their victorious Deeds have often shown,
 Being with Fame through many Nations blown)
 Than those which have been dandled in the Lap:
 Therefore some thought, that those brave Imps were
 Here by the Gods, and fed with heavenly Sap, (shown
 That made them grow so high t' all honourable Hap.

XXXVII.

The Lady, hearkning to his senseful Speech,
 Found nothing that he said, unmeet nor reason,
 Having oft seen it try'd, as he did teach.
 Therefore inclining to his goodly Reason,
 Agreeing well both with the Place and Season,
 She gladly did of that same Babe accept,
 As of her own by Livery and Seifin;
 And having over it a little wept,
 She bore it thence, and ever as her own it kept.

XXXVIII.

Right glad was *Calepine* to be so rid
 Of his young Charge, whereof he skilled nought:
 Ne she less glad; for she so wisely did,
 And with her Husband under-hand so wrought.
 That when that Infant unto him she brought,
 She made him think it surely was his own,
 And it in goodly Thews so well up-brought,
 That it became a famous Knight well known.
 And did right noble Deeds, the which elsewhere are shown,

XXXIX.

But *Calepine*, now being left alone
 Under the Green-wood's side in sorry plight,
 Withouten Arms or Steed to ride upon,
 Or House to hide his Head from Heaven's Spight,
 Albe that Dame (by all the means she might)
 Him oft desired home with her to wend,
 And offer'd him (his Court'sy to requite)
 Both Horse and Arms, and whatso else to lend;
 Yet he them all refus'd, though thank'd her as a Friend.

XL.

And for exceeding Grief which inly grew,
That he his Love so luckless now had lost,
On the cold Ground, maugre, himself he threw,
For fell Despight, to be so sorely cross'd,
And there all Night himself in Anguish toss'd ;
Vowing, that never he in Bed again
His Limbs would rest, ne lig in Ease emboss'd,
Till that his Lady's Sight he mote attain,
Or understand that she in Safety did remain.



CANTO



CANTO V.

*The Salvage serves Serena well,
Till she Prince Arthur find;
Who her, together with his Squire,
With th' Hermit leaves behind.*

I.

O What an easy thing is to descry
The gentle Blood, however it be wrapt
In sad Misfortune's foul Deformity,
And wretched Sorrows, which have often hapt?
For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt
(Like this Wild-man, being undisciplin'd)
That to all Vertue it may seem unapt,
Yet will it shew some Sparks of gentle Mind,
And at the last break forth in it's own proper kind.

II.

That plainly may in this Wild-man be read,
Who though he were still in this desert Wood,
'Mongst salvage Beasts, both rudely born and bred,
Ne ever saw fair Guise, ne learned Good,
Yet shew'd some Token of his gentle Blood,
By gentle Usage of that wretched Dame.
For certes he was born of noble Blood,
However by hard Hap he hither came;
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

III.

Who, when-as now long time he lacked had
The good Sir *Calepine*, that far was fray'd,
Did wax exceeding sorrowful and sad,
As he of some Misfortune were afraid;
And leaving there this Lady all dismay'd,
Went forth straightway into the Forest wide,
To seek, if he perchance asleep were laid,
Or what-so else were unto him betide:
He sought him far and near, yet him no where he spy'd.

IV.

IV.

Tho back returning to that sorry Dame,
 He shewed Semblant of exceeding Moan,
 By speaking Signs, as he them best could frame ;
 Now wringing both his wretched Hands in one,
 Now beating his hard Hand upon a Stone,
 That Ruth it was to see him so lament.
 By which she well perceiving what was done,
 'Gan tear her Hair, and all her Garments rent,
 And beat her Breast, and piteously her self torment.

V.

Upon the Ground her self she fiercely threw,
 Regardless of her Wounds, yet bleeding rife,
 That with their Blood did all the Floor embrue,
 As if her Breast, new launc'd with murdrous Knife,
 Would straight dislodge the wretched weary Life.
 There she long groveling, and deep groaning lay,
 As if her vital Powers were at strife
 With stronger Death, and feared their Decay :
 Such were this Lady's Pangs and dolorous Assay.

VI.

Whom when the Salvage saw so sore distress'd,
 He reared her up from the bloody Ground,
 And fought by all the means that he could best
 Her to recure out of that stony Swound,
 And staunch the bleeding of her dreary Wound.
 Yet n'ould she be recomforted for nought,
 Ne cease her Sorrow and impatient Stound,
 But Day and Night did vex her careful Thought,
 And ever more and more her own Affliction wrought.

VII.

At length, when-as no hope of his Return
 She saw now left, she cast to leave the Place,
 And wend abroad, though feeble and forlorn,
 To seek some Comfort in that sorry Case.
 His Steed, now strong through Rest so long a space,
 Well as she could, she got, and did bedight ;
 And being thereon mounted, forth did pace,
 Withouten Guide, her to conduct aright,
 Or Guard her to defend from bold Oppressor's Might.

VIII.

VIII.

Whom when her Host saw ready to depart,
 He would not suffer her alone to fare,
 But 'gan himself address to take her part.
 Those warlike Arms, which *Calepine* whileare
 Had left behind, he 'gan estfoons prepare,
 And put them all about himself unfit,
 His Shield, his Helmet, and his Curafs bare
 But without Sword upon his Thigh to fit,
Sir Calepine himself away had hidden it.

IX.

So forth they travel'd, an uneven Pair,
 That mote to all Men seem an uncouth Sight;
 A salvage Man match'd with a Lady fair,
 That rather seem'd the Conquest of his Might,
 Gotten by Spoil, than purchased aright.
 But he did her attend most carefully,
 And faithfully did serve both Day and Night,
 Withouten Thought of Shame or Villany,
 Ne ever shewed Sign of foul Disloyalty.

X.

Upon a day as on their Way they went,
 It chaunc'd some Furniture about her Steed
 To be disorder'd by some Accident;
 Which to redress, she did th' Assistance need
 Of this her Groom: which he by Signs did read;
 And straight his combrous Arms aside did lay
 Upon the Ground, withouten Doubt or Dread,
 And in his homely wize 'gan to assay
 T' amend what was amis, and put in right Array.

XI.

'Bout which whilst he was busied thus hard,
 Lo! where a Knight together with his Squire,
 All arm'd to point, came riding thitherward,
 Which seemed by their Portance and Attire,
 To be two errant Knights, that did enquire
 After Adventures, where they mote them get:
 Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
 Prince *Arthur* and young *Timias*, which met
 By strange Occasion, that here needs forth be set.

XII.

XII.

After that *Timias* had again recour'd
 The Favour of *Belphebe* (as ye heard)
 And of her Grace did stand again assur'd,
 To happy Blifs he was full high up-rear'd,
 Neither of Envy, nor of Change afeard,
 Though many Foes did him malign therefore,
 And with unjust Detraction him did beard ;
 Yet he himself so well and wisely bore,
 That in her sovereign Liking he dwelt evermore.

XIII.

But of them all, which did his Ruin seek,
 Three mighty En'mies did him most despight ;
 Three mighty ones, and cruel-minded eke,
 That him not only fought by open Might
 To overthrow, but to supplant by Sleight :
 The first of them by Name was call'd *Despetto*,
 Exceeding all the rest in Pow'r and Height ;
 The second not so strong, but wise, *Decetto* ;
 The third nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest, *Defetto*.

XIV.

Oft-times their sundry Pow'rs they did employ,
 And several Deceits, but all in vain ;
 For neither they by Force could him destroy,
 Ne yet entrap in Treason's subtil Train :
 Therefore conspiring all together plain,
 They did their Counsels now in one compound ;
 Where singled Forces fail, conjoin'd may gain.
 The *Blatant Beast* the fittest means they found,
 To work his utter Shame, and throughly him confound.

XV.

Upon a day as they the time did wait,
 When he did range the Wood for salvage Game,
 They sent that *Blatant Beast* to be a Bait,
 To draw him from his dear beloved Dame,
 Unwares into the Danger of Defame.
 For well they wist that Squire to be so bold,
 That no one Beast in Forest wild or tame,
 Met him in Chace, but he it challenge would,
 And pluck'd the Prey oft-times out of their greedy Hold.

XVI.

XVI.

The hardy Boy, as they devised had,
 Seeing the ugly Monster passing by,
 Upon him set, of Peril nought adrad,
 Ne skilful of the uncouth Jeopardy;
 And charged him so fierce and furiously,
 That (his great Force unable to endure)
 He forced was to turn from him and fly:
 Yet e'er he fled, he with his Tooth impure
 Him heedless bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.

XVII.

Securely he did after him pursue,
 Thinking by Speed to overtake his Flight;
 Who thro thick Woods, and Brakes, and Briers him drew,
 To weary him the more, and waste his Spight;
 So that he now has almost spent his Spright.
 Till that at length unto a woody Glade
 He came, whose Covert stopt his further Sight;
 There his three Foes, shrouded in guileful Shade,
 Out of their Ambush broke, and 'gan him to invade.

XVIII.

Sharply they all attonce did him assail,
 Burning with inward Rancour and Despight,
 And heaped Strokes did round about him hail
 With so huge Force, that seemed nothing might
 Bear off their Blows from piercing thorough quite.
 Yet he them all so warily did ward,
 That none of them in his soft Flesh did bite,
 And all the while his Back for best Safeguard,
 He leant against a Tree, that backward Onset barr'd.

XIX.

Like a wild Bull, that being at a Bay,
 Is baited of a Mastiff and a Hound,
 And a Cur-dog, that do him sharp assay
 On every side, and beat about him round;
 But most that Cur, barking with bitter Sound,
 And creeping still behind, doth him encumber,
 That in his Chauf he digs the trampled Ground,
 And threats his Horns, and bellows like the Thunder:
 So did that Squire his Foes disperse, and drive asunder.

XX.

XX.

Him well behoved so ; for his three Foes
 Sought to encompass him on every side,
 And dangerously did round about enclose :
 But most of all *Defetto* him annoy'd,
 Creeping behind him still to have destroy'd ;
 So did *Decetto* eke him circumvent,
 But stout *Despetto*, in his greater Pride,
 Did front him Face to Face against him bent ;
 Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

XXI.

Till that at length nigh tir'd with former Chace,
 And weary now with careful keeping Ward,
 He 'gan to shrink, and somewhat to give place,
 Full like e'er long to have escaped hard ;
 When-as unwares he in the Forest heard
 A trampling Steed, that with his neighing fast
 Did warn his Rider be upon his Guard :
 With Noise whereof the Squire, now nigh aghast,
 Revived was, and sad Despair away did cast.

XXII.

Eftsoons he spy'd a Knight approaching nigh,
 Who seeing one in so great Danger set
 'Mongst many Foes, himself did faster hie,
 To rescue him, and his weak Part abet,
 For pity so to see him over-set.
 Whom soon as his three Enemies did view,
 They fled, and fast into the Wood did get :
 Him booted not to think them to pursue,
 The Covert was so thick, that did no Passage shew.

XXIII.

Then turning to that Swain, him well he knew
 To be his *Timias*, his own true Squire :
 Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,
 And him embracing 'twixt his Arms entire,
 Him thus bespake ; My Lief, my Life's Desire,
 Why have ye me alone thus long yleft ?
 Tell me what World's Despight, or Heaven's Ire
 Hath you thus long away from me bereft ?
 Where have ye all this while bin wandring, where bin west ?

XXIV.

With that, he sigh'd deep for inward Tine ;
 To whom the Squire nought answered again,
 But shedding few soft Tears from tender Eyne,
 His dear Affect with Silence did restrain,
 And shut up all his Plaint in privy Pain.
 There they awhile some gracious Speeches spent,
 As to them seem'd fit time to entertain.
 After all which, up to their Steeds they went,
 And forth together rode, a comely Couplement.

XXV.

So now they be arriv'd both in sight
 Of this Wild-man, whom they full busy found
 About the sad *Serena* things to dight,
 With those brave Armour's lying on the Ground,
 That seem'd the Spoil of some right well renown'd.
 Which when that Squire beheld, he to them stept,
 Thinking to take them from that hilding Hound :
 But he it seeing, lightly to him lept,
 And sternly with strong Hand it from his handling kept.

XXVI.

Gnashing his grinded Teeth with griesly Look,
 And sparkling Fire out of his furious Eyne,
 Him with his Fist unwares on th' Head he strook,
 That made him down unto the Earth incline ;
 Whence soon upstarting, much he 'gan repine,
 And laying hand upon his wrathful Blade,
 Thought therewithal forthwith him to have slain ;
 Who it perceiving, hand upon him laid,
 And greedily him griping, his Avengement stay'd.

XXVII.

With that, aloud the fair *Serena* cry'd
 Unto the Knight them to dispart in twain :
 Who to them stepping, did them soon divide,
 And did from further Violence refrain,
 Albe the Wild-man hardly would refrain.
 Then 'gan the Prince of her for to demand,
 What and from whence she was, and by what Train
 She fell into that salvage Villain's Hand,
 And whether free with him she now were, or in Band.

XXVIII.

To whom she thus ; I am, as now ye see,
 The wretchedst Dame that lives this Day on ground ;
 Who both in Mind, the which most grieveth me,
 And Body, have receiv'd a mortal Wound,
 That hath me driven to this dreary Stound.
 I was e'erwhile the Love of *Calepine* ;
 Who whether he alive be to be found,
 Or by some deadly Chance be done to pine,
 Sith I him lately lost, uneath is to define.

XXIX.

In salvage Forest I him lost of late,
 Where I had surely long e'er this been dead,
 Or else remained in most wretched State,
 Had not this Wild-man in that woeful Stead
 Kept, and deliver'd me from deadly Dread.
 In such a salvage Wight, of brutish kind,
 Amongst wild Beasts in desert Forests bred,
 It is most strange and wonderful to find
 So mild Humanity, and perfect gentle Mind.

XXX.

Let me therefore this Favour for him find,
 That ye will not your Wrath upon him wreak,
 Sith he cannot expresse his simple Mind,
 Ne yours conceive, ne but by Tokens speak :
 Small Praise to prove your Pow'r on Wight so weak.
 With such fair Words she did their Heat assuage,
 And the strong Course of their Displeasure break,
 That they to Pity turn'd their former Rage,
 And each sought to supply the Office of her Page.

XXXI.

So having all things well about her dight,
 She on her way cast forward to proceed ;
 And they her forth conducted, where they might
 Find Harbour fit to comfort her great Need,
 For now her Wounds Corruption 'gan to breed :
 And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was
 Of that same Monster late, for lack of heed,
 Now 'gan to faint, and further could not pass
 Through Feebleness, which all his Limbs oppressed has.

XXXII.

XXXII.

So forth they rode together all in Troop,
 To seek some Place, the which mote yield some Ease
 To these sick Twain, that now began to droop :
 And all the way the Prince sought to appease
 The bitter Anguish of their sharp Disease,
 By all the courteous Means he could invent ;
 Somewhile with merry Purpose fit to please,
 And otherwhile with good Encouragement,
 To make them to endure the Pains did them torment.

XXXIII.

'Mongst which, *Serena* did to him relate
 The foul Discourt'ies and unknightly Parts,
 Which *Turpine* had unto her shewed late,
 Without Compassion of her cruel Smarts :
 Altho *Blandina* did with all her Arts
 Him otherwise perswade all that she might ;
 Yet he of Malice, without her Deserts,
 Not only her excluded late at Night,
 But also traiterously did wound her weary Knight.

XXXIV.

Wherewith the Prince sore moved, there avow'd,
 That soon as he returned back again,
 He would avenge th' Abuses of that proud
 And shameful Knight, of whom she did complain.
 This wize did they each other entertain,
 To pass the tedious Travel of the way ;
 Till towards Night they came unto a Plain,
 By which a little Hermitage there lay,
 Far from all Neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

XXXV.

And nigh thereto a little Chappel stood,
 Which being all with Ivy over-spread,
 Deck'd all the Roof ; and shadowing the Rood,
 Seem'd like a Grove fair branched over-head :
 Therein the Hermit, which his Life here led
 In straight Observance of religious Vow,
 Was wont his Hours and holy Things to bed ;
 And therein he likewise was praying now,
 When-as these Knights arriv'd, they wist not where nor how.

XXXVI.

They stay'd not there, but straightway in did pass;
 Whom when the Hermit present saw in place,
 From his Devotion straight he troubled was;
 Which breaking off, he toward them did pace,
 With stayed Steps, and grave beseeming Grace:
 For well it seem'd, that whilom he had been
 Some goodly Person, and of gentle Race;
 That could his Good to all, and well did ween
 How each to entertain with Court'sy well beseen.

XXXVII.

And soothly it was said by common Fame,
 So long as Age enabled him thereto,
 That he had been a Man of mickle Name,
 Renowned much in Arms and Derring-do:
 But being aged now and weary too
 Of War's Delight, and World's contentious Toil,
 The Name of Knighthood he did disavow,
 And hanging up his Arms and warlike Spoil,
 From all this World's Incombrance did himself assail.

XXXVIII.

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
 Letting their Steeds to graze upon the Green:
 Small was his House, and like a little Cage,
 For his own turn, yet inly neat and clean,
 Deck'd with green Boughs, and Flow'rs gay beseen.
 Therein he them full fair did entertain,
 Not with such forged Shows, as fitter been
 For courting Fools, that Courtesies would feign,
 But with entire Affection and Appearance plain.

XXXIX.

Yet was their Fare but homely, such as he
 Did use, his feeble Body to sustain;
 The which full gladly they did take in glee,
 Such as it was, ne did of Want complain,
 But being well suffic'd, them rested fain.
 But fair *Serene* all Night could take no Rest,
 Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous Pain
 Of their late Wounds, the which the *Blatant Beast*
 Had given them, whose Grief thro Suff'rance sore increas'd.

XL.

XL.

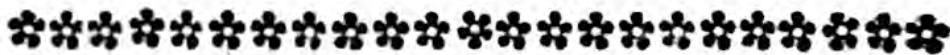
So all that Night they past in great Disease,
 Till that the Morning, bringing early Light
 To guide Mens Labours, brought them also Ease,
 And some Assuagement of their painful Plight.
 Then up they rose, and 'gan themselves to dight
 Unto their Journey; but that Squire and Dame
 So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
 Endure to travel, nor one Foot to frame:
 Their Hearts were sick, their Sides were sore, their Feet

XLI.

(were lame.

Therefore the Prince, whom great Affairs in Mind
 Would not permit to make there longer Stay,
 Was forced there to leave them both behind,
 In that good Hermit's Charge, whom he did pray
 To tend them well. So forth he went his way,
 And with him eke the Salvage (that whileare
 Seeing his Royal Usage and Array,
 Was greatly grown in Love of that brave Peer)
 Would needs depart, as shall declared be elsewhere.





C A N T O VI.

*The Hermit heals both Squire and Dame
Of their sore Maladies:
He Turpine doth defeat, and shame
For his late Villanies.*

I.

NO Wound, which warlike Hand of Enemy
Infiects with Dint of Sword, so sore doth light,
As doth the poisonous Sting, which Infamy
Infixeth in the Name of noble Wight:
For, by no Art, nor any Leaches Might
It ever can recured be again;
Ne all the Skill which that immortal Spright
Of *Podalyrius* did in it retain,
Can remedy such Hurts; such Hurts are hellish Pain.

II.

Such were the Wounds, the which that *Blatant Beast*
Made in the Bodies of that Squire and Dame;
And being such, were now much more increast,
For want of taking heed unto the same,
That now corrupt and cureless they became:
How-be that careful Hermit did his best,
With many kinds of Med'cines meet, to tame
The poisonous Humour which did most infest
Their rankling Wounds, and ev'ry Day them ducly drest.

III.

For, he right well in Leaches Craft was seen;
And through the long Experience of his Days,
Which had in many Fortunes tossed been,
And past through many perilous Assays,
He knew the diverse went of mortal ways,
And in the Minds of Men had great In-sight;
Which, with sage Counsel, when they went astray,
He could inform, and them reduce aright,
And all the Passions heal, which wound the weaker Spright.

IV.

IV.

For, whylom, he had been a doughty Knight,
 As any one that lived in his Days,
 And proved oft in many perilous Fight,
 In which he Grace and Glory won always,
 And in all Battles bore away the Bays.
 But being now attacht with timely Age,
 And weary of this World's unquiet Ways,
 He took himself unto this Hermitage,
 In which he liv'd alone, like careles Bird in Cage.

V.

One Day, as he was searching of their Wounds,
 He found that they had festred privily ;
 And rankling inward with unruly Stounds,
 The inner Parts now 'gan to putrify,
 That quite they seem'd past Help of Surgery ;
 And rather needed to be disciplin'd
 With wholsom Reed of sad Sobriety,
 To rule the stubborn Rage of Passion blind :
 Give Salves to every Sore, but Counsel to the Mind.

VI.

So, taking them apart into his Cell,
 He to that Point fit Speeches 'gan to frame,
 As he the Art of Words knew wondrous well,
 And eke could do, as well as say the same :
 And thus he to them said ; Fair Daughter Dame,
 And you fair Son, which here thus long now lie
 In piteous Languor, since ye hither came,
 In vain of me ye hope for Remedy,
 And I likewise in vain do Salves to you apply.

VII.

For, in your self your only Help doth lie,
 To heal your selves, and must proceed alone
 From your own Will, to cure your Malady :
 Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none ?
 If therefore Health ye seek, observe this one :
 First, learn your outward Senses to refrain
 From things that stir up frail Affection ;
 Your Eyes, your Ears, your Tongue, your Talk restrain
 From that they most affect, and in due Terms contain.

VIII.

VIII.

For, from those outward Senses ill affected,
 The Seed of all this Evil first doth spring,
 Which at the first before it had infected,
 Mote easy be suppress'd with little thing :
 But being grown strong, it forth doth bring
 Sorrow, and Anguish, and impatient Pain
 In th' inner Parts ; and lastly scattering
 Contagious Poison close through every Vein,
 It never rests, till it have wrought his final Bane.

IX.

For, that Beast's Teeth, which wounded you to-fore,
 Are so exceeding venomous and keen,
 Made all of rusty Iron, rankling sore,
 That where they bite, it booteth not to wean
 With Salve, or Antidote, or other Mean
 It ever to amend : ne marvel ought ;
 For, that same Beast was bred of hellish Strene,
 And long in darksome *Stygian* Den up-brought,
 Begot of foul *Echidna*, as in Books is taught.

X.

Echidna is a Monster direful dread,
 Whom Gods do hate, and Heavens abhor to see ;
 So hideous is her Shape, so huge her Head,
 That ev'n the hellish Fiends affrighted be
 At sight thereof, and from her Presence flee :
 Yet did her Face and former Parts profess
 A fair young Maiden, full of comly Glee ;
 But all her hinder Parts did plain express
 A monstrous Dragon, full of fearful Ugliness.

XI.

To her the Gods, for her so dreadful Face
 (In fearful Darkness, furthest from the Sky,
 And from the Earth) appointed have her place
 'Mongst Rocks and Caves, where she enroll'd doth lie
 In hideous Horror and Obscurity,
 Wasting the Strength of her immortal Age.
 There did *Typhaon* with her Company ;
 Cruel *Typhaon*, whose tempestuous Rage
 Makes th' Heavens tremble oft, and him with Vows assuage.

XII.

XII.

Of that Commixtion they did then beget
 This hellish Dog, that hight the *Blatant Beast* ;
 A wicked Monster, that his Tongue doth whet
 'Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
 And pours his pois'nous Gall forth, to infest
 The noblest Wights with notable Defame :
 Ne ever Knight, that bore so lofty Creast,
 Ne ever Lady of so honest Name,
 But he them spotted with Reproach, or secret Shame.

XIII.

In vain therefore it were, with Medicine
 To go about to salve such kind of Sore,
 That rather needs wise Read and Discipline
 Than outward Salves, that may augment it more.
 Ah me ! said then *Serena*, fighting sore,
 What hope of Help doth then for us remain,
 If that no Salves may us to Health restore ?
 But, sith we need good Counsel, said the Swain,
 Aread, good Sire, some Counsel, that may us sustain.

XIV.

The best, said he, that I can you advise,
 Is to avoid th' Occasion of the Ill ;
 For, when the Cause whence Evil doth arise,
 Removed is, th' Effect surceaseth still :
 Abstain from Pleasure, and restrain your Will,
 Subdue Desire, and bridle loose Delight,
 Use scanted Diet, and forbear your Fill,
 Shun Secrecy, and talk in open Sight ;
 So shall you soon repair your present evil Plight.

XV.

Thus having said, his sickly Patients
 Did gladly hearken to his grave Beheast,
 And kept so well his wise Commandements,
 That in short space their Malady was ceast ;
 And eke the biting of that harmful Beast
 Was throughly heal'd. Tho, when they did perceive
 Their Wounds recur'd, and Forces increast,
 Of that good Hermit both they took their leave,
 And went both on their way, ne each would other leave :

XVI.

XVI.

But each the other vow'd t'accompany ;
 The Lady, for that she was much in dread,
 Now left alone in great Extremity ;
 The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
 Would not her leave alone in her great need.
 So both together travel'd, till they met,
 With a fair Maiden clad in mourning Weed,
 Upon a mangy Jade unmeetly fet,
 And a leud Fool her leading thorough dry and wet.

XVII.

But by what means that Shame to her befel,
 And how thereof her self she did acquite,
 I must awhile forbear to you to tell ;
 Till that, as comes by course, I do recite
 What Fortune to the *Briton* Prince did light,
 Pursuing that proud Knight, the which whilecare
 Wrought to Sir *Calepine* so foul Despight ;
 And eke his Lady, though she sickly were,
 So leudly had abus'd, as ye did lately hear.

XVIII.

The Prince, according to the former Token,
 Which fair *Serene* to him deliver'd had,
 Pursu'd him straight, in mind to been ywroken
 Of all the vile Demean, and Usage bad,
 With which he had those two so ill bestad :
 Ne Wight with him on that Adventure went,
 But that wild Man ; whom though he oft forbad,
 Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
 Would he restrained be from his Attendement.

XIX.

Arriving there, as did by chance befall,
 He found the Gate wide ope, and in he rode,
 Ne staid till that he came into the Hall,
 Where soft dismounting like a weary Load,
 Upon the Ground with feeble Feet he trode,
 As he unable were for very need
 To move one Foot, but there must make abode :
 The whiles the salvage Man did take his Steed,
 And in some Stable near did set him up to feed.

XX.

XX.

E'er long, to him a homely Groom there came,
 That in rude wise him asked what he was,
 That durst so boldly, without lett or shame,
 Into his Lord's forbidden Hall to pass.
 To whom, the Prince (him faining to embafe)
 Mild Answer made; he was an errant Knight,
 The which was fall'n into this feeble Cafe
 Through many Wounds, which lately he in fight
 Received had, and pray'd to pity his ill plight.

XXI.

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
 Sternly did bid him quickly thence avaunt,
 Or dear aby; for why, his Lord of old
 Did hate all errant Knights which there did haunt,
 Ne Lodging would to any of them graunt:
 And therefore lightly bade him pack away,
 Not sparing him with bitter Words to taunt;
 And there-withal, rude Hand on him did lay,
 To thrust him out of door, doing his worst affay.

XXII.

Which, when the Salvage coming now in place
 Beheld, eftsoons he all enraged grew;
 And running straight upon that Villain base,
 Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,
 And with his Teeth and Nails, in present View
 Him rudely rent, and all to pieces tore:
 So, miserably him all helpless slew,
 That with the Noise, whilst he did loudly roar,
 The People of the House rose forth in great Uproar.

XXIII.

Who, when on Ground they saw their Fellow slain,
 And that same Knight and Salvage standing by,
 Upon them two they fell with might and main,
 And on them laid so huge and horribly,
 As if they would have slain them presently.
 But the bold Prince defended him so well,
 And their Assault withstood so mightily,
 That maugre all their Might, he did repel
 And beat them back, whilst many underneath him fell.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Yet he them still so sharply did pursue,
 That few of them he left alive, which fled,
 Those evil Tidings to their Lord to shew :
 Who, hearing how his People badly sped,
 Came forth in haste ; where, when-as with the Dead
 He saw the Ground all strow'd, and that same Knight
 And Salvage with their Blood fresh steeming red,
 He wox nigh mad with Wrath and fell Despight,
 And with reproachful Words him thus bespake on height :

XXV.

Art thou he, Traitor, that with Treason vile,
 Hast slain my Men in this unmanly Manner,
 And now triumphest in the piteous Spoil
 Of these poor Folk, whose Souls with black Dishonour
 And foul Defame do deck thy bloody Banner ?
 The Meed whereof shall shortly be thy Shame,
 And wretched End, which still attendeth on her.
 With that, himself to Battle he did frame ;
 So did his forty Yeomen, which there with him came.

XXVI.

With dreadful Force they all did him assail,
 And round about with boistrous Strokes oppress,
 That on his Shield did rattle like to Hail
 In a great Tempest ; that in such Distress,
 He wist not to which side him to address.
 And evermore that craven coward Knight,
 Was at his Back with heartless Heediness,
 Waiting if he unwares him murder might :
 For, Cowardize doth still in Villany delight.

XXVII.

Whereof when-as the Prince was well aware,
 He to him turn'd with furious Intent,
 And him against his Power 'gan to prepare ;
 Like a fierce Bull, that being busy bent
 To fight with many Foes about him ment,
 Feeling some Cur behind his Heels to bite,
 Turns him about with fell Avengement :
 So likewise turn'd the Prince upon the Knight,
 And lay'd at him amain with all his Will and Might.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Who, when he once his dreadful Strokes had tasted,
 Durst not the Fury of his Force abide,
 But turn'd aback, and to retire him hasted
 Through the thick Press, there thinking him to hide.
 But when the Prince had once him plainly ey'd,
 He foot by foot him followed alway,
 Ne would him suffer once to shrink aside;
 But joining close, huge Load at him did lay:
 Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away.

XXIX.

But, when his Foe he still so eager saw,
 Unto his Heels himself he did betake,
 Hoping unto some Refuge to withdraw:
 Ne would the Prince him ever foot forsake,
 Where-so he went, but after him did make.
 He fled from Room to Room, from Place to Place,
 Whilst every Joint for dread of Death did quake,
 Still looking after him that did him chase;
 That made him evermore increase his speedy Pace.

XXX.

At last, he up into the Chamber came,
 Whereas his Love was sitting all alone,
 Waiting what Tidings of her Folk became.
 There did the Prince him overtake anone,
 Crying in vain to her, him to bemoane;
 And with his Sword him on the Head did smite,
 That to the Ground he fell in senseless Sowne:
 Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lite,
 The tempred Steel did not into his Brain-pan bite.

XXXI.

Which when the Lady saw, with great Affright
 She starting up, began to shriek aloud;
 And with her Garment covering him from sight,
 Seem'd under her Protection him to shroud;
 And falling lowly at his Feet, her bow'd
 Upon her Knee, intreating him for Grace,
 And often him besought, and pray'd, and vow'd;
 That with the Ruth of her so wretched Case,
 He staid his second Stroke, and did his Hand abase.

XXXII.

Her Weed she then withdrawing, did him discover :
 Who now come to himself, yet would not rise,
 But still did lie as dead, and quake and quiver,
 That ev'n the Prince his Baseness did despise ;
 And eke his Dame him seeing in such guise,
 'Gan him recomfort, and from Ground to rear.
 Who rising up at last in ghastly wise,
 Like troubled Ghost did dreadfully appear,
 As one that had no Life him left through former Fear.

XXXIII.

Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismay'd,
 He for such Baseness shamefully him shent,
 And with sharp Words did bitterly upbraid ;
 Vile coward Dog, now do I much repent,
 That ever I this Life unto thee lent,
 Whereof thou Caitive so unworthy art ;
 That both thy Love, for lack of Hardiment,
 And eke thy self, for want of manly Heart,
 And eke all Knights hast shamed with this knightless Part.

XXXIV.

Yet further hast thou heaped Shame to Shame,
 And Crime to Crime, by this thy coward Fear.
 For, first it was to thee reproachful Blame,
 T' erect this wicked Custom, which I hear,
 'Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou dost rear ;
 Whom when thou mayst, thou dost of Arms despoil,
 Or of their upper Garment which they wear :
 Yet dost thou not with Manhood, but with Guile,
 Maintain this evil Use, thy Foes thereby to foil.

XXXV.

And lastly, in approvance of thy Wrong,
 To shew such Faintness and foul Cowardize,
 Is greatest Shame ; for oft it falls, that strong
 And valiant Knights do rashly enterprize,
 Either for Fame, or else for Exercise,
 A wrongful Quarrel to maintain by Fight ;
 Yet have, through Prowess and their brave Emprize,
 Gotten great Worship in this Worldes fight. (Right.
 For, greater Force there needs to maintain Wrong than

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Yet sith thy Life unto this Lady fair,
 I given have, live in Reproach and Scorn;
 Ne ever Arms, ne ever Knighthood dare
 Hence to profess: for, shame is to adorn
 With so brave Badges one so basely born;
 But only breathe, sith that I did forgive.
 So, having from his craven Body torn
 Those goodly Arms, he them away did give,
 And only suffer'd him this wretched Life to live.

XXXVII.

There, whilst he thus was settling things above,
 Atween that Lady mild and recreant Knight,
 To whom his Life he granted for her Love,
 He 'gan bethink him in what perillous Plight
 He had behind him left that salvage Wight,
 Amongst so many Foes; whom sure he thought
 By this quite slain in so unequal Fight:
 Therefore, descending back in haste, he sought
 If yet he were alive, or to Destruction brought.

XXXVIII.

There he him found environed about
 With slaughter'd Bodies, which his Hand had slain;
 And laying yet afresh with Courage stout
 Upon the rest that did alive remain;
 Whom he likewise right sorely did constrain,
 Like scatter'd Sheep, to seek for Safety,
 After he gotten had with busy Pain
 Some of their Weapons, which thereby did lie,
 With which he lay'd about, and made them fast to flie.

XXXIX.

Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage,
 Approaching to him near, his Hand he stay'd,
 And sought, by making Signs, him to assuage:
 Who, him perceiving, straight to him obey'd,
 As to his Lord, and down his Weapons laid,
 As if he long had to his Heasts been train'd.
 Thence he him brought away, and up convey'd
 Into the Chamber, where the Dame remain'd
 With her unworthy Knight, who ill him entertain'd.

XL.

Whom, when the Salvage saw from Danger free,
 Sitting beside his Lady there at ease,
 He well remembred, that the same was he,
 Which lately fought his Lord for to displease:
 Tho, all in rage, he on him straight did sieze
 As if he would in pieces him have rent;
 And were not that the Prince did him appease,
 He had not left one Limb of him unrent:
 But straight he held his Hand, at his Commandement.

XLI.

Thus, having all things well in Peace ordain'd,
 The Prince himself there all that Night did rest;
 Where him *Blandina* fairly entertain'd,
 With all the courteous Glee and goodly Feast,
 The which for him she could imagine best.
 For, well she knew the Ways to win Good-Will
 Of every Wight, that were not too infest;
 And how to please the Minds of good and ill,
 Through tempering of her Words and Looks by wondrous

XLII.

(Skill.

Yet were her Words and Looks but false and feign'd,
 To some hid End to make more easy way,
 Or to allure such Fondlings, whom she train'd
 Into her Trap unto their own Decay:
 Thereto when needed, she could weep and pray,
 And when her list'd, she could fawn and flatter;
 Now smiling smoothly, like to Summers-day,
 Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her Matter;
 Yet were her Words but Wind, and all her Tears but Water.

XLIII.

Whether such Grace were given her by kind,
 As Women wont their guileful Wits to guide;
 Or learn'd the Art to please, I do not find.
 This well I wote, that she so well apply'd
 Her pleasing Tongue, that soon she pacify'd
 The wrathful Prince, and wrought her Husband's Peace:
 Who natheless, not therewith satisfy'd,
 His rancorous Despight did not release,
 Ne secretly from Thought of fell Revenge surcease.

XLIV.

XLIV.

For all that Night, the whiles the Prince did rest
In careless Couch, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in close await with Weapons prest,
Willing to work his villanous Intent
On him that had so shamefully him shent:
Yet durst he not for very Cowardize
Effect the same, whilst all the Night was spent.
The morrow next, the Prince did early rise,
And passed forth, to follow his first Enterprize.





C A N T O VII.

*Turpine is bafful'd, his two Knights
Do gain their Treason's Meed:
Fair Mirabella's Punishment
For Love's Disdain decreed.*

I.

LIKE as a gentle Heart it self bewrays,
In doing gentle Deeds with frank Delight:
Even so the baser Mind it self displays,
In cancred Malice and revengeful Spight.
For, to malign, t' envy, t' use shifting Slight,
Be Arguments of a vile Dunghil-Mind;
Which what it dare not do by open Might,
To work by wicked Treason ways doth find,
By such discourteous Deeds discovering his base Kind.

II.

That well appears in this discourteous Knight,
The coward *Turpine*, whereof now I treat;
Who notwithstanding that in former Fight
He of the Prince his Life received late,
Yet in his Mind malicious and ingrate
He 'gan devise, to be aveng'd anew
For all that Shame, which kindled inward Hate.
Therefore, so soon as he was out of view,
Himself in haste he arm'd, and did him fast pursue.

III.

Well did he track his Steps as he did ride,
Yet would not near approach in Danger's Eye,
But kept aloof, for dread to be descry'd,
Until fit Time and Place he mote espy,
Where he mote work him Scathe and Villany.
At last, he met two Knights, to him unknown,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combin'd, whatever chaunce were blown,
Betwixt them to divide, and each to make his own.

IV

IV.

To whom false *Turpine* coming courteously,
 To cloke the Mischiefe which he inly ment,
 'Gan to complain of great Discourtesy,
 Which a strange Knight, that near afore him went,
 Had done to him, and his dear Lady shent :
 Which, if they would afford him Aid at need,
 For to avenge in time convenient,
 They should accomplish both a knightly Deed,
 And for their Pains obtain of him a goodly Meed.

V.

The Knights believ'd that all he said was true ;
 And being fresh, and full of youthly Spright,
 Were glad to hear of that Adventure new,
 In which they mote make trial of their Might,
 Which never yet they had approv'd in Fight :
 And eke desirous of the offer'd Meed,
 Said then the one of them ; Where is that Wight,
 The which hath done to thee this wrongful Deed,
 That we may it avenge, and punish him with speed ?

VI.

He rides, said *Turpine*, there not far afore,
 With a wild Man soft footing by his side,
 That if ye list to haste a little more,
 Ye may him over-take in timely tide.
 Eftsoons they pricked forth with forward Pride ;
 And e'er that little while they ridden had,
 The gentle Prince not far away they spy'd,
 Riding a softly Pace with Portance sad.
 Devising of his Love, more than of Danger drad.

VII.

Then one of them aloud unto him cry'd,
 Bidding him turn again, false Traytor Knight,
 Foul Woman-wronger ; for, he him defy'd.
 With that, they both attonce with equal Spight
 Did bend their Spears, and both with equal Might
 Against him ran ; but th' one did miss his Mark :
 And being carry'd with his Force forth-right,
 Glaunst swiftly by ; like to that heavenly Spark,
 Which gliding through the Air, lights all the Heavens dark.

VIII.

VIII.

But th' other, aiming better, did him smite
 Full in the Shield, with so impetuous Power,
 That all his Launce in Pieces shiver'd quite,
 And (scatter'd all about) fell on the Floor.
 But the stout Prince, with much more steady Stour,
 Full on his Bever did him strike so fore,
 That the cold Steel, through-piercing, did devour
 His vital Breath, and to the Ground him bore,
 Where still he bathed lay in his own bloody Gore.

IX.

As when a Cast of Faulcons make their Flight
 At an Hernshaw, that lies aloft on Wing,
 The whiles they strike at him with heedless Might,
 The wary Fowl his Bill doth backward wring;
 On which the first, whose Force her first doth bring,
 Her self quite through the Body doth engore,
 And falleth down to Ground like senseless Thing;
 But th' other, not so swift as she before,
 Fails of her Soufe, and passing by doth hurt no more.

X.

By this, the other which was passed by,
 Himself recovering, was return'd to Fight;
 Where, when he saw his Fellow lifeless lie,
 He much was daunted with so dismal Sight,
 Yet nought abating of his former Spight,
 Let drive at him with so malicious Mind,
 As if he would have passed through him quite:
 But the Steel-head no stedfast hold could find,
 But glauncing by, deceiv'd him of that he design'd.

XI.

Not so the Prince; for his well-learned Spear,
 Took surer Hold, and from his Horse's Back
 Above a Launce's Length him forth did bear,
 And 'gainst the cold hard Earth so fore him strake,
 That all his Bones in pieces nigh he brake.
 Where seeing him so lie, he left his Steed,
 And to him leaping, Vengeance thought to take
 Of him, for all his former Follies Meed,
 With flaming Sword in Hand his Terror more to breed.

XII.

XII.

The fearful Swain, beholding Death so nigh,
 Cry'd out aloud for Mercy him to save;
 In lieu whereof, he would to him descry
 Great Treason to him meant, his Life to reave.
 The Prince soon harkned, and his Life forgave.
 Then thus, said he; There is a stranger Knight
 The which for promise of great Meed, us drave
 To this Attempt, to wreak his hid Despight,
 For that himself thereto did want sufficient Might.

XIII.

The Prince much mused at such Villany,
 And said; Now sure ye well have earn'd your Meed:
 For, th' one is dead, and th' other soon shall die,
 Unless to me thou hither bring with speed
 The Wretch that hir'd you to this wicked Deed.
 He glad of Life, and willing eke to wreak
 The Guilt on him, which did this Mischief breed,
 Swore by his Sword, that neither Day nor Week
 He would surcease, but him, where-so he were, would seek.

XIV.

So, up he rose, and forth straightway he went
 Back to the Place where *Turpine* late he lore;
 There he him found in great Astonishment,
 To see him so bedight with bloody Gore,
 And grievously Wounds that him appalled sore.
 Yet thus at length he said; How now, Sir Knight?
 What meaneth this which here I see before?
 How fortuneth this foul uncomely Plight,
 So different from that, which earst ye seem'd in fight?

XV.

Perdy, said he, in evil Hour it fell,
 That ever I for Meed did undertake
 So hard a Task, as Life for Hire to sell;
 The which I earst adventur'd for your sake.
 Witness the Wounds, and this wide bloody Lake,
 Which ye may see yet all about me steem.
 Therefore now yield, as ye did promise make,
 My due Reward; the which right well I deem
 I earned have, that Life so dearly did redeem.

XVI.

XVI.

But where then is, quoth he, half wrathfully,
 Where is the Booty which therefore I bought,
 That cursed Caitive, my strong Enemy,
 That recreant Knight, whose hated Life I fought?
 And where is eke your Friend, which half it ought?
 He lies, said he, upon the cold bare Ground,
 Slain of that errant Knight, with whom he fought;
 Whom afterwards, my self with many a Wound
 Did slay again, as ye may see there in the Stound.

XVII.

Thereof false *Turpine* was full glad and fain,
 And needs with him straight to the Place would ride,
 Where he himself might see his Foe-man slain;
 For, else his Fear could not be satisfy'd.
 So, as they rode, he saw the Way all dy'd
 With Streams of Blood; which tracking by the Trail,
 E'er long they came, whereas in evil Tide,
 That other Swain, like Ashes deadly pale,
 Lay in the Lap of Death, rueing his wretched Bale.

XVIII.

Much did the Craven seem to moan his Case,
 That for his sake his dear Life had forgone;
 And, him bewailing with Affection base,
 Did counterfeit kind Pity, where was none:
 For, where's no Courage, there's no Ruth nor Moan.
 Thence passing forth, not far away he found,
 Whereas the Prince himself lay all alone,
 Loosely display'd upon the grassy Ground,
 Possessed of sweet Sleep, that lull'd him soft in Swound.

XIX.

Weary of Travel in his former Fight,
 He there in shade himself had lay'd to rest,
 Having his Arms and warlike Things undight,
 Fearless of Foes that mote his Peace molest;
 The whiles, his salvage Page, that wont be prest,
 Was wandred in the Wood another Way,
 To do some thing that seemed to him best,
 The whiles his Lord in silver Slumber lay,
 Like to the Evening Star, adorn'd with dewy Ray.

XX.

XX.

Whom when-as *Turpine* saw so loofely laid,
 He weened well that he indeed was dead,
 Like as that other Knight to him had said :
 But when he nigh approach'd, he mote aread
 Plain Signs in him of Life and Livelihed.
 Where-at much griev'd against that stranger Knight,
 That him too light of Credence did mislead,
 He would have back retired from that Sight,
 That was to him on Earth the deadliest Despight.

XXI.

But that same Knight would not once let him start,
 But plainly 'gan to him declare the Case
 Of all his Mischiefe, and late luckles Smart ;
 How both he and his Fellow there in place
 Were vanquished, and put to foul Disgrace ;
 And how that he in lieu of Life him lent,
 Had vow'd unto the Victor, him to trace
 And follow through the World, where-so he went,
 Till that he him deliver'd to his Punishment.

XXII.

He, therewith much abashed and affraid,
 Began to tremble every Limb and Vein ;
 And softly whispering him, entirely pray'd
 T' advise him better, than by such a Train
 Him to betray unto a stranger Swain :
 Yet rather counsel'd him contrariwise,
 Sith he likewise did Wrong by him sustain,
 To join with him and Vengeance to devise,
 Whilst time did offer Means him sleeping to surprize,

XXIII.

Nath'less, for all his Speech, the gentle Knight
 Would not be tempted to such Villany,
 Regarding more his Faith, which he did plight,
 All were it to his mortal Enemy,
 Than to entrap him by false Treachery :
 Great shame in Liege's Blood to be embru'd.
 Thus, whilst they were debating diversly,
 The Salvage forth out of the Wood issu'd
 Back to the Place, where-as his Lord he sleeping view'd.

XXIV.

XXIV.

There, when he saw those two so near him stand,
 He doubted much what mote their Meaning be:
 And throwing down his Load out of his Hand
 (To weet, great Store of Forest Fruit, which he
 Had for his Food late gather'd from the Tree)
 Himself unto his Weapon he betook,
 That was an Oaken-Plant, which lately he
 Rent by the Root; which he so sternly shook,
 That like an Hazel Wand, it quivered and quook.

XXV.

Where-at the Prince awaking, when he spy'd
 That Traitor *Turpine* with that other Knight,
 He started up; and snatching near his side
 His trusty Sword, the Servant of his Might,
 Like a fell Lion leaped to him light,
 And his left Hand upon his Collar laid.
 Therewith, the Coward deaded with Affright,
 Fell flat to Ground, ne word unto him said,
 But holding up his Hands, with silence Mercy pray'd.

XXVI.

But he so full of Indignation was,
 That to his Prayer nought he would incline,
 But as he lay upon the humble Grass,
 His Foot he set on his vile Neck, in sign
 Of servile Yoke, that nobler Hearts repine,
 Then, letting him arise like abject Thrall,
 He 'gan to him object his heinous Crime,
 And to revile, and rate, and Recreant call,
 And lastly, to despoil of knightly Banneral.

XXVII.

And after all, for greater Infamy,
 He by the Heels him hung upon a Tree,
 And bafful'd so, that all which passed by,
 The Picture of his Punishment might see,
 And by the like Ensamble warned be,
 However they through Treason do trespass,
 But turn we now back to that Lady free,
 Whom late we left riding upon an Afs,
 Led by a Carl and Fool, which by her side did pass.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

She was a Lady of great Dignity,
 And lifted up to honourable Place,
 Famous through all the Land of Fairy ;
 Though of mean Parentage and Kindred base,
 Yet deckt with wondrous Gifts of Nature's Grace ;
 That all Men did her Person much admire,
 And praise the Feature of her goodly Face,
 The Beams whereof did kindle lovely Fire
 In th' Hearts of many a Knight, and many a gentle Squire.

XXIX.

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
 That none she worthy thought to be her Feer,
 But scorn'd them all that Love unto her ment :
 Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy Peer ;
 Unworthy she to be belov'd so dear,
 That could not weigh of Worthiness aright.
 For, Beauty is more glorious, bright and clear,
 The more it is admir'd of many a Wight,
 And noblest she, that served is of noblest Knight.

XXX.

But this coy Damsel thought contrariwise,
 That such proud Looks would make her praised more ;
 And that the more she did all Love despise,
 The more would wretched Lovers her adore :
 What cared she, who sigh'd for her fore,
 Or who did wail, or watch the weary Night ?
 Let them, that list, their luckless Lot deplore ;
 She was born free, not bound to any Wight,
 And so would ever live, and love her own Delight.

XXXI.

Through such her stubborn Stiffness, and hard Heart,
 Many a Wretch for want of Remedy,
 Did languish long in Life-consuming Smart,
 And at the last, through dreary Dolour die :
 Whilst she (the Lady of her Liberty)
 Did boast her Beauty had such sovereign Might,
 That with the only Twinkle of her Eye,
 She could or save, or spill, whom she would hight :
 What could the Gods do more, but do it more aright ?

XXXII.

But loe, the Gods, that mortal Follies view,
 Did worthily revenge this Maiden's Pride:
 And, nought regarding her so goodly Hue,
 Did laugh at her that many did deride,
 Whilst she did weep, of no Man mercify'd.
 For, on a Day, when *Cupid* kept his Court,
 As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
 Unto the which all Lovers do resort,
 That of their Love's Success they there may make Report:

XXXIII.

It fortun'd then, that when the Rolls were read,
 In which the Names of all Love's Folk were fill'd,
 That many there were missing, which were dead,
 Or kept in Bands, or from their Loves exil'd,
 Or by some other Violence despoil'd.
 Which when-as *Cupid* heard, he wexed wroth,
 And doubting to be wronged, or beguil'd,
 He bade his Eyes to be unblindfold both,
 That he might see his Men, and muster them by Oath.

XXXIV.

Then found he many missing of his Crew,
 Which went do suit and service to his Might;
 Of whom what was becomen, no Man knew.
 Therefore a Jury was impanel'd straight,
 T' enquire of them, whether by Force or Sleight,
 Or their own Guilt, they were away convey'd.
 To whom foul *Infamy* and fell *Despight*
 Gave Evidence, that they were all betray'd,
 And murder'd cruelly by a rebellious Maid.

XXXV.

Fair *Mirabella* was her Name, whereby
 Of all those Crimes she there indited was:
 All which when *Cupid* heard, he by and by
 In great Displeasure, will'd a *Capias*
 Should issue forth, t' attach that scornful Lads.
 The Warrant straight was made, and therewithal
 A Bailiff errant forth in post did pass,
 Whom they by Name their *Portamore* did call;
 He which doth summon Lovers to Love's Judgment-Hall.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

The Damsel was attach'd, and shortly brought
 Unto the Bar, whereas she was arraign'd :
 But she thereto nould plead, nor Answer ought,
 Even for stubborn Pride, which her restrain'd.
 So Judgment past, as is by Law ordain'd
 In Cases like ; which when at last she saw,
 Her stubborn Heart, which Love before disdain'd,
 'Gan stoop, and falling down with humble Awe,
 Cry'd Mercy, to abate th' Extremity of Law.

XXXVII.

The Son of *Venus*, who is mild by kind,
 But where he is provok'd by Peevishness,
 Unto her Prayers piteously inclin'd,
 And did the Rigour of his Doom repress ;
 Yet not so freely, but that natheless
 He unto her a Penance did impose :
 Which was, that through this World's wide Wilderness
 She wander should in company of those,
 Till she had sav'd so many Loves as she did lose.

XXXVIII.

So now she had been wandring two whole Years
 Throughout the World, in this uncomely Case,
 Wasting her goodly Hue in heavy Tears,
 And her good Days in dolorous Disgrace :
 Yet had she not, in all these two Years space,
 Saved but two ; yet in two Years before,
 Through her despitous Pride, whilst Love lack'd place,
 She had destroyed two and twenty more.
 Ah me ! how could her Love make half amends therefore.

XXXIX.

And now she was upon the weary Way,
 When-as the gentle Squire, with fair *Serene*,
 Met her in such misseeming foul Array ;
 The whiles, that mighty Man did her demean
 With all the evil Terms and cruel Mean
 That he could make : and eke that angry Fool,
 Which follow'd her, with cursed Hands unclean
 Whipping her Horse, did with his smarting Tool
 Oft whip her dainty self, and much augment her Dool.

XL.

Ne ought it mote avail her to entreat
 The one or th' other, better her to use :
 For, both so wilful were and obstinate,
 That all her piteous Plaint they did refuse,
 And rather did the more her beat and bruisse.
 But most, the former Villain, which did lead
 Her tiring Jade, was bent her to abuse :
 Who though she were with Weariness nigh dead,
 Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead.

XLI.

For, he was stern, and terrible by Nature,
 And eke of Person huge and hideous,
 Exceeding much the Measure of Man's Stature,
 And rather like a Giant monstrous.
 For sooth he was descended of the House
 Of those old Giants, which did Wars darrain
 Against the Heaven in Order battailous,
 And sib to great *Orgolio*, which was slain
 By *Arthur*, when as *Una's* Knight he did maintain.

XLII.

His Looks were dreadful, and his fiery Eyes
 (Like two great Beacons) glared bright and wide,
 Glauncing askew, as if his Enemies
 He scorned in his overweening Pride ;
 And stalking stately, like a Crane, did stride
 At every step upon the Tip-toes high :
 And all the way he went, on every side
 He gaz'd about, and stared horribly,
 As if he with his Looks would all Men terrify.

XLIII.

He wore no Armour, ne for none did care,
 As no whit dreading any living Wight ;
 But in a Jacket, quilted richly rare
 Upon Checklaton, he was strangely dight,
 And on his Head a Roll of Linnen plight,
 Like to the *Moors of Malabar* he wore ;
 With which, his Locks, as black as pitchy Night,
 Were bound about, and voided from before,
 And in his Hand a mighty iron Club he bore.

XLIV.

XLIV.

This was *Disdain*, who led that Lady's Horse (Plains,
Through thick and thin, through Mountains and through
Compelling her, where she would not, by force,
Haling her Palfrey by the hempen Reins ;
But that same Fool, which most increast her Pains,
Was *Scorn*, who having in his Hand a Whip,
Her therewith yirks ; and still when she complains,
The more he laughs, and does her closely quip,
To see her fore lament, and bite her tender Lip.

XLV.

Whose cruel Handling when that Squire beheld,
And saw those Villains her so vildely use,
His gentle Heart with Indignation swell'd,
And could no longer bear so great Abuse,
As such a Lady so to beat and bruise ;
But to him stepping, such a Stroke him lent,
That forc'd him th' Halter from his Hand to loose,
And mauger all his Might, back to relent :
Else had he surely there been slain, or foully shent.

XLVI.

The Villain, wroth for greeting him so sore,
Gather'd himself together soon again ;
And with his iron Batton which he bore,
Let drive at him so dreadfully amain,
That for his Safety he did him constrain
To give him ground, and shift to every side,
Rather than once his Burden to sustain :
For, bootless thing him seemed to abide
So mighty Blows, or prove the Puissance of his Pride.

XLVII.

Like as a Mastiff, having at a Bay
A salvage Bull, whose cruel Horns do threat
Desperate Danger, if he them assay,
Traceth his Ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some Advantage get ;
The whiles the Beast doth rage and loudly roar :
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carl did fret
And fume in his disdainful Mind the more,
And ostentimes by *Turmagant* and *Mabound* swore.

XLVIII.

Nath'less, so sharply still he him pursu'd,
 That at advantage him at last he took,
 When his Foot slipt (that slip he dearly ru'd)
 And with his Iron Club to ground him strook;
 Where still he lay, ne out of Swoun awoke,
 Till heavy Hand the Carl upon him laid,
 And bound him fast: Tho, when he up did look,
 And saw himself captiv'd, he was dismay'd,
 Ne pow'r had to withstand, ne hope of any Aid.

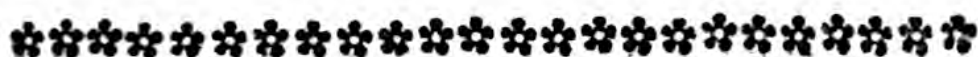
XLIX.

Then up he made him rise, and forward fare,
 Led in a Rope, which both his Hands did bind;
 Ne ought that Fool for pity did him spare;
 But with his Whip him following behind,
 Him often scourg'd, and forc'd his Feet to find:
 And other-whiles with bitter Mocks and Mows
 He would him scorn, that to his gentle Mind
 Was much more grievous than the other's Blows:
 Words sharply wound, but greatest Grief of Scorning grows.

L.

The fair *Serena*, when she saw him fall
 Under that Villain's Club, then surely thought
 That slain he was, or made a wretched Thrall,
 And fled away with all the Speed she mought,
 To seek for Safety, which long time she sought;
 And past through many Perils by the way,
 E'er she again to *Calepine* was brought:
 The which Discourse as now I must delay,
 Till *Mirabella's* Fortunes I do further say.





C A N T O VIII.

*Prince Arthur overcomes Disdain,
Quits Mirabel from Dreed;
Serena, found of Salvages,
By Calepine is freed.*

I.

YE gentle Ladies, in whose sovereign Pow'r
Love hath the Glory of his Kingdom left,
And th' Hearts of Men, as your eternal Dow'r,
In iron Chains, of Liberty bereft,
Deliver'd hath into your Hands by Gift;
Be well aware how ye the same do use,
That Pride do not to Tyranny you list;
Lest if Men you of Cruelty accuse,
He from you take that Chieftdom, which ye do abuse.

II.

And as ye soft and tender are by kind,
Adorn'd with goodly Gifts of Beauty's Grace,
So be ye soft and tender eke in Mind;
But Cruelty and Hardness from you chace,
That all your other Praises will deface,
And from you turn the Love of Men to hate.
Ensample take of *Mirabella's* Case,
Who from the high Degree of happy State,
Fell into wretched Woes, which she repented late,

III.

Who after Thraldom of the gentle Squire,
Which she beheld with lamentable Eye,
Was touched with Compassion entire,
And much lamented his Calamity,
That for her sake fell into Misery:
Which booted nought for Prayers, nor for Threat,
To hope for to release or mollify;
For ay the more that she did them intreat,
The more they him misus'd, and cruelly did beat.

IV.

IV.

So as they forward on their way did pass,
 Him still reviling and afflicting sore,
 They met Prince *Arthur* with Sir *Enias*
 (That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
 Having subdu'd, yet did to Life restore)
 To whom as they approach'd, they 'gan augment
 Their Cruelty, and him to punish more,
 Scourging and haling him more vehement;
 As if it them should grieve to see his Punishment.

V.

The Squire himself, when-as he saw his Lord,
 The Witness of his Wretchedness, in place,
 Was much asham'd, that with an hempen Cord
 He like a Dog was led in captive Case;
 And did his Head for Bashfulness abase,
 As loth to see, or to be seen at all:
 Shame would be hid. But when-as *Enias*
 Beheld two such, of two such Villains thrall,
 His manly Mind was much emmoved therewithall:

VI.

And to the Prince thus said; See you, Sir Knight,
 The greatest Shame that ever Eye yet saw?
 Yond Lady and her Squire with foul Despight
 Abus'd, against all Reason and all Law,
 Without regard of Pity or of Awe.
 See how they do that Squire beat and revile;
 See how they do the Lady hale and draw:
 But if ye please to lend me leave awhile,
 I will them soon acquit, and both of Blame assoil.

VII.

The Prince assented: and then he straightway
 Dismounting light, his Shield about him threw,
 With which approaching, thus he 'gan to say;
 Abide ye caitive Trechetours untrue,
 That have with Treason thrall'd unto you
 These two, unworthy of your wretched Bands;
 And now your Crime with Cruelty pursue,
 Abide, and from them lay your loathly Hands;
 Or else abide the Death that hard before you stands.

VIII.

VIII.

The Villain staid not Answer to invent,
 But with his iron Club preparing way,
 His Mind's sad Message back unto him sent ;
 The which descended with such dreadful Sway,
 That seemed nought the Course thereof could stay :
 No more than Lightning from the lofty Sky.
 Ne list the Knight the Pow'r thereof assay,
 Whose Doom was Death ; but lightly slipping by,
 Unwares defrauded his intended Destiny.

IX.

And to requite him with the like again,
 With his sharp Sword he fiercely at him flew,
 And strook so strongly, that the Carle with Pain
 Saved himself, but that he there him slew :
 Yet sav'd not so, but that the Blood it drew,
 And gave his Foe good Hope of Victory.
 Who therewith flesh'd, upon him set anew,
 And with the second Stroke, thought certainly
 To have supply'd the first, and paid the Usury.

X.

But Fortune aunswer'd not unto his Call ;
 For as his Hand was heaved up on hight,
 The Villain met him in the middle Fall,
 And with his Club bet back his Brondiron bright
 So forcibly, that with his own Hand's Might,
 Rebeaten back upon himself again,
 He driven was to ground in self-despight ;
 From whence e'er he Recovery could gain,
 He in his Neck had set his Foot with fell Disdain.

XI.

With that the Fool, which did that End await,
 Came running in ; and whilst on ground he lay,
 Laid heavy Hands on him, and held so straight,
 That down he kept him with his scornful Sway,
 So as he could not wield him any way.
 The whiles, that other Villain went about
 Him to have bound, and thrall'd without delay ;
 The whiles, the Fool did him revile and flout,
 Threatning to yoke them two, and tame their Courage stout,

XII.

XII.

As when a sturdy Ploughman with his Hind,
 By Strength have overthrow'n a stubborn Stear,
 They down him hold, and fast with Cords do bind;
 Till they him force the buxom Yoke to bear :
 So did these two this Knight oft tug and tear.
 Which when the Prince beheld; there standing by;
 He left his lofty Steed to aid him near ;
 And buckling soon himself, 'gan fiercely fly
 Upon that Carle, to save his Friend from Jeopardy.

XIII.

The Villain, leaving him unto his Mate
 To be captiv'd, and handied as he list,
 Himself address'd unto this new Debate,
 And with his Club him all about so blist,
 That he which way to turn him scarcely wist :
 Sometimes aloft he laid, sometimes alow ;
 Now here, now there, and oft him near he mist ;
 So doubtfully, that hardly one could know,
 Whether more wary were to give or ward the Blow.

XIV.

But yet the Prince so well enured was
 With such huge Strokes, approved oft in Fight,
 That way to them he gave forth-right to pass ;
 Ne would endure the Danger of their Might,
 But wait Advantage when they down did light.
 At last the Caitive, after long Discourse,
 When all his Strokes he saw avoided quite,
 Resolv'd in one t' assemble all his Force,
 And make an end of him without Ruth or Remorse.

XV.

His dreadful Hand he heaved up aloft ;
 And with his dreadful Instrument of Ire,
 Thought sure have pounded him to Pouder soft,
 Or deep embowel'd in the Earth entire :
 But Fortune did not with his Will conspire.
 For e'er his Stroke attained his Intent,
 The noble Child preventing his Desire,
 Under his Club with wary Boldness went,
 And smote him on the Knee, that never yet was bent.

XVI.

XVI.

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
 Albe the Stroke so strong and puissant were,
 That seem'd a marble Pillour it could bow ;
 But all that Leg, which did his Body bear,
 It crack'd throughout, yet did no Blood appear ;
 So as it was unable to support
 So huge a Burden on such broken Gear,
 But fell to ground, like to a Lump of Dirt :
 Whence he assay'd to rise, but could not for his Hurt.

XVII.

Estfoons the Prince to him full nimbly stept ;
 And lest he should recover foot again,
 His Head meant from his Shoulders to have swept,
 Which when the Lady saw, she cry'd amain ;
 Stay, stay, Sir Knight, for Love of God abstain,
 From that unwares ye weetles do intend ;
 Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be slain :
 For more on him doth than himself depend ;
 My Life will by his Death have lamentable End.

XVIII.

He staid his Hand according her Desire,
 Yet nathemore him suffer'd to arise ;
 But still suppressing, 'gan of her enquire,
 What Meaning mote those uncouth Words comprize,
 That in that Villain's Health her Safety lies :
 That were no Might in Man, nor Heart in Knights,
 Which durst her dreaded Rescue enterprize ;
 Yet Heavens themselves, that favour feeble Rights,
 Would for it self redress, and punish such Despights.

XIX.

Then bursting forth in Tears, which gushed fast
 Like many Water-Streams, awhile she staid ;
 Till the sharp Passion being over-past,
 Her Tongue to her restor'd, then thus she said ;
 Nor Heavens, nor Men, can me most wretched Maid
 Deliver from the Doom of my Desert ;
 The which the God of Love hath on me laid,
 And damned to endure this direful Smart,
 Or Penance of my proud and hard rebellious Heart.

XX.

XX.

In Prime of youthly Years, when first the Flow'r
 Of Beauty 'gan to bud, and Bloosm delight,
 And Nature me endow'd with plenteous Dow'r
 Of all her Gifts that pleas'd each living Sight,
 I was belov'd of many a gentle Knight,
 And su'd and fought with all the Service due :
 Full many a one for me deep groan'd and sigh't,
 And to the Door of Death for Sorrow drew,
 Complaining out on me, that would not on them rue.

XXI.

But let them love that list, or live or die ;
 Me list not die for any Lover's Dool :
 Ne list me leave my loved Liberty,
 To pity him that list to play the fool :
 To love my self I learned had in School.
 Thus I triumphed long in Lover's Pain,
 And sitting careless on the Scorners Stool.
 Did laugh at those that did lament and 'plain :
 But all is now repaid with Interest again.

XXII.

For lo the winged God, that woundeth Hearts,
 Caus'd me be called to account therefore ;
 And for Revengement of those wrongful Smarts,
 Which I to others did inflict afore,
 Addeem'd me to endure this Penance fore ;
 That in this wise, and this unmeet Array,
 With these two leud Companions, and no more,
Disdain and *Scorn*, I thro the World should stray,
 Till I have sav'd so many as I earst did slay.

XXIII.

Certes, said then the Prince, the God is just,
 That taketh Vengeance of his People's Spoil :
 For were no Law in Love, but all that lust
 Might them oppress, and painfully turmoil,
 His Kingdom would continue but awhile.
 But tell me Lady, wherefore do you bear
 This Bottle thus before you with such Toil,
 And eke this Wallet at your Back arear,
 That for these Carles to carry much more comely were ?

XXIV.

XXIV.

Here, in this Bottle, said the sorry Maid,
 I put the Tears of my Contrition,
 Till to the Brim I have it full defray'd :
 And in this Bag which I behind me don,
 I put Repentance for things past and gon.
 Yet is the Bottle leak, and Bag so torn,
 That all which I put in, falls out anon ;
 And is behind me trodden down of *Scorn*,
 Who mocketh all my Pain, and laughs the more I mourn,

XXV.

The Infant harkned wisely to her Tale,
 And wonder'd much at *Cupid's* Judgment wife,
 That could so meekly make proud Hearts avail,
 And wreak himself on them that him despise.
 Then suffer'd he *Disdain* up to arise,
 Who was not able up himself to rear,
 By means his Leg, through his late luckless Prize,
 Was crack'd in twain ; but by his foolish Fear
 Was holpen up, who him supported standing near.

XXVI.

But being up, he look'd again aloft,
 As if he never had received Fall ;
 And with stern Eye-brows stared at him oft,
 As if he would have daunted him withall :
 And standing on his Tip-toes to seem tall,
 Down on his golden Feet he often gaz'd,
 As if such Pride the other could appall ;
 Who was so far from being ought amaz'd,
 That he his Looks despised, and his Boasts disprais'd.

XXVII.

Then, turning back unto that Captive Thrall,
 Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
 Unwilling to be known, or seen at all,
 He from those Bands ween'd him to have unwound.
 But when approaching near, he plainly found,
 It was his own true Groom, the gentle Squire ;
 He thereat wex'd exceedingly astound,
 And him did oft embrace, and oft admire ;
 Ne could, with seeing, satisfy his great Desire.

XXVIII.

Mean while, the salvage Man, when he beheld
 That huge great Fool oppressing th' other Knight,
 Whom with his Weight unwieldy down he held,
 He flew upon him, like a greedy Kite,
 Unto some Carrion offer'd to his sight:
 And down him plucking, with his Nails and Teeth,
 'Gan him to hale and tear, and scratch, and bite;
 And from him taking his own Whip, therewith
 So sore him scourgeth, that the Blood down followeth.

XXIX.

And sure I ween, had not the Lady's Cry
 Procur'd the Prince his cruel Hand to stay,
 He would with whipping, him have done to die:
 But being check'd, he did abstain straightway,
 And let him rise. Then thus the Prince 'gan say,
 Now Lady, sith your Fortunes thus dispose,
 That if ye list have Liberty, ye may,
 Unto your self I freely leave to chose,
 Whether I shall you leave, or from these Villains lose.

XXX.

Ah! nay, Sir Knight, said she, it may not be,
 But that I needs must by all means fulfil
 This Penance, which enjoined is to me,
 Lest unto me betide a greater Ill;
 Yet no less Thanks to you for your Good-will.
 So humbly taking leave she turn'd aside;
 But *Arthur*, with the rest, went onward still
 On his first Quest: in which did him betide
 A great Adventure, which did him from them divide.

XXXI.

But first, it falleth me by course to tell
 Of fair *Serena*: who, as earst you heard,
 When first the gentle Squire at variance fell
 With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard
 Of Villany to be to her infer'd:
 So fresh the Image of her former Dread,
 Yet dwelling in her Eye, to her appear'd,
 That every Foot did tremble, which did tread,
 And every Body two, and two she four did read.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Thro Hills and Dales, thro Bushes, and thro Breres
 Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
 Her self now past the Peril of her Fears.
 Then looking round about, and seeing nought,
 Which Doubt of Danger to her offer mought,
 She from her Palfrey lighted on the Plain ;
 And sitting down, her self awhile bethought
 Of her long Travel and turmoiling Pain ;
 And often did of Love, and oft of Luck complain.

XXXIII.

And evermore, she blamed *Calepine*,
 The good Sir *Calepine*, her own true Knight,
 As th' only Author of her woeful Tine :
 For being of his Love to her so light,
 As her to leave in such a piteous Plight.
 Yet never Turtle truer to his Make,
 Than he was try'd unto his Lady bright :
 Who all this while endured, for her sake,
 Great Peril of his Life, and restless Pains did take.

XXXIV.

Tho, when-as all her Complaints she had display'd,
 And well disburden'd her engrieved Breast,
 Upon the Grass her self adown she laid ;
 Where being tir'd with Travel, and oppress'd
 With Sorrow, she betook her self to rest.
 There, whilst in *Morpheus*' Bosom safe she lay,
 Fearless of ought that mote her Peace molest,
 False Fortune did her Safety betray
 Unto a strange Mischaunce, that menac'd her Decay,

XXXV.

In these wild Desarts, where she now abode,
 There dwelt a salvage Nation, which did live
 Of Stealth and Spoil, and making nightly Road
 Into their Neighbours Borders ; ne did give
 Themselves to any Trade (as for to drive
 The painful Plough, or Cattel for to breed,
 Or by adventrous Merchandize to thrive)
 But on the Labours of poor Men to feed,
 And serve their own Necessities with others Need.

XXXVI.

Thereto they us'd one most accursed Order,
 To eat the Flesh of Men, whom they mote find,
 And Strangers to devour, which on their Border
 Were brought by Error, or by wreckful Wind ;
 A monstrous Cruelty 'gainst Course of kind.
 They towards Evening wandring every way,
 To seek for Booty, came (by Fortune blind)
 Whereas this Lady, like a Sheep astray,
 Now drowned in the Depth of Sleep all fearless lay.

XXXVII.

Soon as they spy'd her, Lord! what gladful Glee
 They made amongst themselves ; but when her Face
 Like the fair Ivory shining they did see,
 Each 'gan his Fellow solace and embrace,
 For Joy of such good Hap by heavenly Grace.
 Then 'gan they to devise what Course to take ;
 Whether to slay her there upon the Place,
 Or suffer her out of her Sleep to wake,
 And then her eat attonce ; or many Meals to make.

XXXVIII.

The best Advise ment was of bad, to let her
 Sleep out her fill, without Encumberment :
 For Sleep (they said) would make her battil better.
 Then when she wak'd, they all gave one Consent,
 That sith by Grace of God she there was sent,
 Unto their God they would her sacrifice ;
 Whose Share her guiltless Blood they would present :
 But of her dainty Flesh they did devize
 To make a common Feast, and feed with Gurmandize.

XXXIX.

So round about her they themselves did place
 Upon the Grass, and diversly dispose,
 As each thought best to spend the lingring Space.
 Some with their Eyes the daintiest Morfels chose ;
 Some praise her Paps, some praise her Lips and Nose ;
 Some whet their Knives, and strip their Elbows bare ;
 The Priest himself a Garland doth compose
 Of finest Flow'rs, and with full busy Care
 His bloody Vessels wash, and holy Fire prepare.

XL.

The Damsel wakes; then all atonce up-start,
 And round about her flock, like many Flies,
 Whooping, and hollowing on every part,
 As if they would have rent the brazen Skies.
 Which when she sees with ghastly grieffful Eyes,
 Her Heart does quake, and deadly pallid Hue
 Benumbs her Cheeks: Then out aloud she cries,
 Where none is nigh to hear, that will her rue,
 And rends her golden Locks, and snowy Breasts embrue,

XLI.

But all boots not: they hands upon her lay;
 And first they spoil her of her Jewels dear,
 And afterwards of all her rich Array;
 The which amongst them they in pieces tear.
 And of the Prey each one a Part doth bear.
 Now being naked to their fordid Eyes,
 The goodly Treasures of Nature appear;
 Which as they view with lustful Fantasies,
 Each wisheth to himself, and to the rest envies,

XLII.

Her Ivory Neck, her Alabaster Breast,
 Her Paps, which like white silken Pillows were,
 For Love in soft Delight thereon to rest;
 Her tender Sides, her Belly white and clear,
 Which like an Altar did it self up-rear,
 To offer Sacrifice divine thereon;
 Her goodly Thighs, whose Glory did appear
 Like a Triumphal Arch, and thereupon
 The Spoils of Princes hang'd, which were in Battel won.

XLIII.

Those dainty Parts, the Dearlings of Delight,
 Which mote not be profan'd of common Eyes,
 Those Villains view'd with loose lascivious Sight,
 And closely tempted with their crafty Spies;
 And some of them 'gan 'mongst themselves devise,
 Thereof by force to take their beastly Pleasure.
 But them the Priest rebuking, did advise
 To dare not to pollute so sacred Treasure,
 Vow'd to the Gods: Religion held ev'n Thieves in measure.

XLIV.

So being slay'd, they her from thence directed
 Unto a little Grove not far aside,
 In which an Altar shortly they erected,
 To slay her on. And now the Eventide
 His broad black Wings had through the Heavens wide
 By this diffred, that was the time ordain'd
 For such a dismal Deed, their Guilt to hide :
 Of few green Turfs an Altar soon they fain'd,
 And deck'd it all with Flow'rs, which they nigh hand obtain'd

XLV.

Tho, when-as all things ready were aright,
 The Damsel was before the Altar set,
 Being already dead with fearful Fright.
 To whom the Priest with naked Arms full net
 Approaching nigh, and murderous Knife well whet,
 'Gan mutter close a certain secret Charm,
 With other devilish Ceremonies met :
 Which doen, he 'gan aloft t' advaunce his Arm,
 Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud Alarm.

XLVI.

Then 'gan the Bag-pipes and the Horns to shrill,
 And shriek aloud, that with the Peoples Voice
 Confused, did the Air with Terrour fill,
 And made the Wood to tremble at the Noise :
 The whiles she wail'd, the more they did rejoice.
 Now mote ye understand that to this Grove
 Sir *Calepine* by chance, more than by choice,
 The self-same Evening Fortune hither drove,
 As he to seek *Serena* through the Woods did rove.

XLVII.

Long had he sought her, and through many a Soil
 Had travel'd still on foot in heavy Arms,
 Ne ought was tired with his endless Toil,
 Ne ought was feared of his certain Harms :
 And now all weetless of the wretched Storms,
 In which his Love was lost, he slept full fast,
 Till being waked with these loud Alarms,
 He lightly started up like one aghast,
 And catching up his Arms, straight to the Noise forth past.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

There by th' uncertain Glimpse of starry Night,
 And by the twinkling of their sacred Fire,
 He mote perceive a little dawning Sight
 Of all which there was doing in that Quire :
 'Mongst whom, a Woman spoil'd of all Attire
 He spy'd lamenting her unlucky Strife,
 And groaning sore from grieved Heart entire ;
 Eftsoons he saw one with a naked Knife
 Ready to launce her Breast, and let out loved Life.

XLIX.

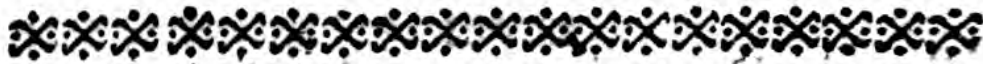
With that he thrusts into the thickest Throng,
 And ev'n as his right Hand adown descends,
 He him preventing, lays on Earth along,
 And sacrificeth to th' infernal Fiends.
 Then to the rest his wrathful Hand he bends ;
 Of whom he makes such Havock and such Hue,
 That Swarms of damned Souls to Hell he sends :
 The rest, that 'scape his Sword, and Death eschew,
 Fly like a Flock of Doves before a Faulcon's View.

L.

From them returning to that Lady back,
 Whom by the Altar he doth sitting find,
 Yet fearing Death, and next to Death the lack
 Of Clothes to cover what she ought by kind,
 He first her Hands beginneth to unbind ;
 And then to question of her present Woe ;
 And afterwards to chear with Speeches kind.
 But she, for nought that he could say or do,
 One Word durst speak, or answer him awhit thereto.

LI.

So inward Shame of her uncomely Case
 She did conceive, through Care of Womanhood,
 That though the Night did cover her Disgrace,
 Yet she in so unwomanly a Mood,
 Would not bewray the State in which she stood.
 So all that Night to him unknown she past :
 But Day that doth discover bad and good,
 Ensuing, made her known to him at last ;
 The End whereof I'll keep until another Cast.



C A N T O IX.

Calidore *hostes with* Melibee,
And loves fair Pastorel;
 Coridon *envies him, yet he*
For ill-rewards him well.

I.

NOW turn again my Team, thou jolly Swain,
 Back to the Furrow which I lately left;
 I lately left a Furrow, one or twain
 Unplough'd, the which my Coulter hath not cleft:
 Yet seem'd the Soil both fair and fruitful est,
 As I it past; that were too great a Shame,
 That so rich Fruit should be from us bereft;
 Besides the great Dishonour and Defame,
 Which should befall to *Calidore's* immortal Name.

II.

Great Travel hath the gentle *Calidore*
 And Toil endured, sith I left him last
 Suing the *Blatant Beast*; which I forbore
 To finish then, for other present Haste.
 Full many Paths, and Perils he hath past,
 Thro Hills, thro Dales, thro Forests, and thro Plains,
 In that same Quest, which Fortune on him cast;
 Which he atchieved to his own great Gains,
 Reaping eternal Glory of his restless Pains.

III.

So sharply he the Monster did pursue,
 That Day nor Night he suffer'd him to rest:
 Ne rested he himself (but Nature's Due)
 For Dread of Danger not to be redress'd,
 If he for Sloth forslack'd so famous Quest.
 Him first from Court he to the Cities cours'd,
 And from the Cities to the Towns him press'd,
 And from the Towns into the Country forc'd,
 And from the Country back to private Farms he scors'd.

IV.

IV.

From thence into the open Fields he fled,
 Whereas the Herds were keeping of their Neat;
 And Shepherds singing to their Flocks, that fed,
 Lays of sweet Love and Youth's delightful Heat:
 Him thither eke (for all his fearful Threat)
 He follow'd fast, and chaced him so nigh,
 That to the Folds, where Sheep at Night do feat,
 And to the little Cotes, where Shepherds lie
 In Winter's wrathful Time, he forced him to fly.

V.

There on a day as he pursu'd the Chace,
 He chaunc'd to spy a sort of Shepherd Grooms,
 Playing on Pipes, and caroling apace,
 The whiles their Beasts there in the budded Brooms
 Beside them fed, and nipt the tender Blooms:
 For other worldly Wealth they cared nought.
 To whom Sir *Calidore* yet sweating comes,
 And them to tell him courteously besought,
 If such a Beast they saw, which he had thither brought.

VI.

They answer'd him, that no such Beast they saw,
 Nor any wicked Fiend, that mote offend
 Their happy Flocks, nor Danger to them draw:
 But if that such there were (as none they ken'd)
 They pray'd high God him far from them to send.
 Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
 After his rustick wife (that well he ween'd)
 Offer'd him Drink, to quench his thirsty Heat,
 And if he hungry were, him offer'd eke to eat.

VII.

The Knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
 And took their gentle Offer: so adown
 They pray'd him sit, and gave him for to feed
 Such homely what, as serves the simple Clown,
 That doth despise the Dainties of the Town.
 Tho, having fed his fill, he there beside
 Saw a fair Damsel, which did wear a Crown
 Of sundry Flow'rs, with silken Ribbands ty'd,
 Yclad in home-made Green that her own Hands had dy'd.

VIII.

VIII.

Upon a little Hillock she was plac'd
 Higher than all the rest, and round about
 Environ'd with a Girland, goodly grac'd,
 Of lovely Lasses: and them all without
 The lusty Shepherd Swains fate in a Rout,
 The which did pipe and sing her Praises due,
 And oft rejoyce, and oft for Wonder shout,
 As if some Miracle of heavenly Hue
 Were down to them descended in that earthly View.

IX.

And soothly sure she was full fair of Face,
 And perfectly well shap'd in ev'ry Limb;
 Which she did more augment with modest Grace,
 And comely Carriage of her Count'nance trim,
 That all the rest like lesser Lamps did dim:
 Who her admiring as some heavenly Wight,
 Did for their sovereign Goddess her esteem,
 And caroling her Name both Day and Night,
 The fairest *Pastorella* her by Name did hight.

X.

Ne was there Herd, ne was there Shepherd's Swain
 But her did honour, and eke many a one
 Burnt in her Love, and with sweet pleasing Pain
 Full many a Night for her did sigh and groan:
 But most of all the Shepherd *Coridon*
 For her did languish, and his dear Life spend;
 Yet neither she for him, nor other none
 Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
 Though mean her Lot, yet higher did her Mind ascend.

XI.

Her whiles Sir *Calidore* there viewed well,
 And mark'd her rare Demeanure, which him seem'd
 So far the Mean of Shepherds to excel,
 As that he in his Mind her worthy deem'd,
 To be a Prince's Paragone esteem'd,
 He was unwares surpriz'd in subtil Bands
 Of the blind Boy, ne thence could be redeem'd
 By any Skill out of his cruel Hands,
 Caught like the Bird, which gazing still on others stands.

XII.

XII.

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
 Ne any will had thence to move away,
 Altho his Quest were far afore him gone ;
 But after he had fed, yet did he stay,
 And sate there still, until the flying Day
 Was far-forth spent, discoursing diversly
 Of sundry things, as fell to work Delay ;
 And evermore his Speech he did apply
 To th' Herds, but meant them to the Damsel's Fantasy.

XIII.

By this, the moisty Night approaching fast,
 Her dewy Humour 'gan on th' Earth to shed,
 That warn'd the Shepherds to their Homes to haste
 Their tender Flocks, now being fully fed,
 For fear of wetting them before their Bed.
 Then came to them a good old aged Sire,
 Whose silver Locks bedeck'd his Beard and Head,
 With Shepherd's Hook in hand, and fit Attire,
 That will'd the Damsel rise ; the Day did now expire.

XIV.

He was to weet by common Voice esteem'd
 The Father of the fairest *Pastorel*,
 And of her self in very Deed so deem'd ;
 Yet was not so, but as old Stories tell
 Found her by Fortune, which to him befel,
 In th' open Fields an Infant left alone
 And taking up brought home, and nursed well
 As his own Child ; for other he had none,
 That she in Tract of Time accounted was his own.

XV.

She at his bidding meekly did arise,
 And straight unto her little Flock did fare :
 Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
 And each his sundry Sheep with several Care
 Gather'd together, and them homeward bare :
 Whilst every one with helping Hands did strive
 Among themselves, and did their Labours share,
 To help fair *Pastorella* home to drive
 Her fleecy Flock ; but *Coridon* most help did give.

XVI.

XVI.

But *Melibee* (so hight that good old Man)
 Now seeing *Calidore* left all alone,
 And Night arrived hard at hand, began
 Him to invite unto his simple Home ;
 Which though it were a Cottage clad with Lome,
 And all things therein mean, yet better so
 To lodge, than in the salvage Fields to roam.
 The Knight full gladly soon agreed thereto,
 Being his Heart's own Wish, and home with him did go.

XVII.

There he was welcom'd of that honest Sire,
 And of his aged Beldame homely well ;
 Who him besought himself to disattire,
 And rest himself, till Supper-time besel ;
 By which, home came the fairest *Pastorel*,
 After her Flock she in their Fold had ty'd :
 And, Supper ready dight, they to it fell
 With small ado, and Nature satisfy'd,
 The which doth little crave, contented to abide.

XVIII.

Tho, when they had their Hunger slaked well,
 And the fair Maid the Table ta'en away ;
 The gentle Knight, as he that did excel
 In Courtesy, and well could do and say,
 For so great Kindness as he found that day,
 'Gan greatly thank his Host and his good Wife ;
 And drawing thence his Speech another way,
 'Gan highly to commend the happy Life,
 Which Shepherds lead, without Debate or bitter Strife.

XIX.

How much, said he, more happy is the State,
 In which ye, Father, here do dwell at ease,
 Leading a Life so free and fortunate,
 From all the Tempests of these worldly Seas,
 Which tofs the rest in dangerous Disease ?
 Where Wars, and Wrecks, and wicked Enmity
 Do them afflict, which no Man can appease ;
 That certes I your Happiness envy,
 And wish my Lot were plac'd in such Felicity.

XX.

XX.

Surely my Son (then answer'd he again)
 If happy, then it is in this Intent,
 That having small, yet do I not complain
 Of Want, ne wish for more it to augment,
 But do my self, with that I have, content ;
 So taught of Nature, which doth little need
 Of foreign Helps to Life's due Nourishment :
 The Field's my Food, my Flock my Rayment breed ;
 No better do I wear, no better do I feed.

XXI.

Therefore I do not any one envy,
 Nor am envy'd of any one therefore ;
 They that have much, fear much to lose thereby,
 And Store of Cares doth follow Riches Store.
 The little that I have grows daily more
 Without my Care, but only to attend it :
 My Lambs do every Year increase their Score,
 And my Flock's Father daily doth amend it.
 What have I, but to praise th' Almighty, that doth send it ?

XXII.

To them that list, the World's gay Shows I leave,
 And to great ones such Follies do forgive,
 Which oft thro Pride do their own Peril weave,
 And thro Ambition down themselves do drive
 To sad Decay, that might contented live.
 Me no such Cares nor combrous Thoughts offend,
 Ne once my Mind's unmoved Quiet grieve ;
 But all the Night in silver Sleep I spend,
 And all the Day, to what I list, I do attend.

XXIII.

Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed Foe
 Unto my Lambs, and him dislodge away ;
 Sometimes the Fawn I practise from the Doe,
 Or from the Goat her Kid how to convey ;
 Another while I Baits and Nets display,
 The Birds to catch, or Fishes to beguile :
 And when I weary am, I down do lay
 My Limbs in every Shade, to rest from Toil, (boil.
 And drink of every Brook, when Thirst my Throat doth

XXIV.

The time was once, in my first Prime of Years,
 When Pride of Youth forth pricked my Desire,
 That I disdain'd amongst mine equal Peers
 To follow Sheep and Shepherds, base Attire :
 For further Fortune then I would enquire ;
 And leaving Home, to Royal Court I sought,
 Where I did sell my self for yearly Hire,
 And in the Prince's Garden daily wrought :
 There I beheld such Vainness, as I never thought.

XXV.

With sight whereof soon cloy'd, and long deluded
 With idle Hopes, which them do entertain,
 After I had ten Years my self excluded
 From native Home, and spent my Youth in vain,
 I 'gan my Follies to my self to plain,
 And this sweet Peace, whose lack did then appear.
 Tho, back returning to my Sheep again,
 I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more dear
 This lowly quiet Life, which I inherit here.

XXVI.

Whilst thus he talk'd, the Knight with greedy Ear
 Hung still upon his melting Mouth attent ;
 Whose senseful Words empiere'd his Heart so near,
 That he was wrapt with double Ravishment,
 Both of his Speech, that wrought him great Content,
 And also of the Object of his View,
 On which his hungry Eye was always bent ;
 That 'twixt his pleasing Tongue, and her fair Hue,
 He lost himself, and like one half entranced grew.

XXVII.

Yet to occasion Means to work his Mind,
 And to insinuate his Heart's Desire,
 He thus reply'd ; Now surely, Sire, I find,
 That all this World's gay Shows, which we admire,
 Be but vain Shadows to this safe Retire
 Of Life, which here in Lowliness ye lead,
 Fearless of Foes, or Fortune's wreckful Ire,
 Which tosseth States, and under foot doth tread
 The mighty ones, afraid of every Change's Dread.

XXVIII.

That even I, which daily do behold
 The Glory of the Great, 'mongst whom I wonne;
 And now have prov'd, what Happiness ye hold
 In this small Plot of your Dominion,
 Now loath great Lordship and Ambition;
 And wish the Heavens so much had graced me,
 As grant me live in like Condition;
 Or that my Fortunes might transposed be
 From Pitch of higher Place, unto this low Degree.

XXIX.

In vain, said then old *Melibee*, do Men
 The Heavens of their Fortune's Fault accuse;
 Sith they know best, what is the best for them:
 For they to each such Fortune do diffuse,
 As they do know each can most aptly use.
 For not that which Men covet most, is best,
 Nor that thing worse, which Men do most refuse:
 But fittest is, that all contented rest
 With that they hold: each hath his Fortune in his Breast.

XXX.

It is the Mind that maketh good or ill,
 That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor;
 For some, that hath abundance at his Will,
 Hath not enough, but wants in greatest Store;
 And other, that hath little, asks no more,
 But in that little is both rich and wise:
 For Wisdom is most Riches; Fools therefore
 They are, which Fortunes do by Vows devize,
 Sith each unto himself his Life may fortunize.

XXXI.

Since then in each Man's self, said *Calidore*,
 It is, to fashion his own Life's Estate,
 Give leave awhile, good Father, in this Shore
 To rest my Bark, which hath been beaten late
 With Storms of Fortune and tempestuous Fate,
 In Seas of Troubles and of toilsom Pain;
 That whether quite from them for to retreat
 I shall resolve, or back to turn again,
 I may here with your self some small Repose obtain.

XXXII.

Not that the Burden of so bold a Guest
 Shall chargeful be, or change to you at all ;
 For your mean Food shall be my daily Feast,
 And this your Cabin both my Bow'r and Hall.
 Besides, for Recompence hereof, I shall
 You well reward, and golden Guerdon give,
 That may perhaps you better much withall,
 And in this Quiet make you safer live.
 So forth he drew much Gold, and toward him it drive.

XXXIII.

But the Good-man, nought tempted with the Offer
 Of his rich Mould, did thrust it far away,
 And thus bespake ; Sir Knight, your bounteous Proffer
 Be far from me, to whom ye ill display
 That mucky Mass, the Cause of Mens Decay,
 That mote empair my Peace with Danger's Dread.
 But if ye algates covet to assay
 This simple sort of Life that Shepherds lead,
 Be it your own : our Rudeness to your self ahead.

XXXIV.

So there that Night Sir *Calidore* did dwell,
 And long while after, whilst him list remain,
 Daily beholding the fair *Pastorel*,
 And feeding on the Bait of his own Bane.
 During which time he did her entertain
 With all kind Courtesies he could invent ;
 And every Day, her Company to gain,
 When to the Field she went, he with her went :
 So for to quench his Fire, he did it more augment.

XXXV.

But she that never had acquainted been
 With such queint Usage, fit for Queens and Kings,
 Ne ever had such knightly Service seen
 (But being bred under base Shepherds Wings,
 Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things)
 Did little whit regard his courteous Guise ;
 But cared more for *Colin's* Carolings
 Than all that he could do, or e'er devize :
 His Lays, his Loves, his Looks, she did them all despise.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Which *Calidore* perceiving, thought it best
 To change the Manner of his lofty Look ;
 And doffing his bright Arms, himself address
 In Shepherd's Weed, and in his Hand he took,
 Instead of Steel-head Spear, a Shepherd's Hook ;
 That who had seen him then, would have bethought
 On *Pbrygian Paris* by *Plexippus'* Brook,
 When he the Love of fair *Oenone* sought,
 What time the golden Apple was unto him brought.

XXXVII.

So being clad, unto the Fields he went
 With the fair *Pastorella* every day,
 And kept her Sheep with diligent Attent,
 Watching to drive the ravenous Wolf away,
 The whilst at pleasure she mote sport and play ;
 And every Evening helping them to fold :
 And otherwhiles for need, he did assay
 In his strong Hand their rugged Teats to hold,
 And out of them to press the Milk : Love so much could.

XXXVIII.

Which seeing *Coridon*, who her likewise
 Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her Love to gain,
 He much was troubled at that Stranger's Guize,
 And many jealous Thoughts conceiv'd in vain,
 That this of all his Labour and long Pain
 Should reap the Harvest, e'er it ripen'd were ;
 That made him scowl, and pout, and oft complain
 Of *Pastorel* to all the Shepherds there,
 That she did love a stranger Swain than him more dear.

XXXIX.

And ever when he came in Company,
 Where *Calidore* was present, he would lour,
 And bite his Lip, and even for Jealousy
 Was ready oft his own Heart to devour,
 Impatient of any Paramour :
 Who on the other side did seem so far
 From malicing, or grudging his good Hour,
 That all he could, he graced him with her,
 Ne ever shewed Sign of Rancour or of Jar.

XL.

And oft, when *Coridon* unto her brought
 Or little Sparrows, stolen from their Nest,
 Or wanton Squirrels, in the Woods far sought,
 Or other dainty thing for her addrest;
 He would commend his Gift, and make the best;
 Yet she no whit his Presents did regard,
 Ne him could find to fancy in her Breast:
 This new-come Shepherd had his Market marr'd,
 Old Love is little worth, when new is more prefer'd.

XLI.

One day when-as the Shepherd Swains together
 Were met, to make their Sports and merry Glee,
 As they are wont in fair Sun-shiny Weather,
 The whiles their Flocks in Shadows shrouded be,
 They fell to dance: then did they all agree,
 That *Colin Clout* should pipe, as one most fit;
 And *Calidore* should lead the Ring, as he
 That most in *Pastorella's* Grace did fit:
 Thereat frown'd *Coridon*, and his Lip closely bit.

XLII.

But *Calidore*, of courteous Inclination,
 Took *Coridon*, and set him in his Place,
 That he should lead the Dance, as was his fashion;
 For *Coridon* could dance, and trimly trace.
 And when-as *Pastorella*, him to grace,
 Her flowry Garland took from her own Head,
 And plac'd on his, he did it soon displace,
 And did it put on *Coridon's* in stead:
 Then *Coridon* woxe frolick, that earst seem'd dead.

XLIII.

Another time, when-as they did dispose
 To practise Games, and Masteries to try,
 They for their Judge did *Pastorella* chose;
 A Garland was the Meed of Victory.
 There *Coridon*, forth stepping openly,
 Did challenge *Calidore* to wrestling Game:
 For he through long and perfect Industry,
 Therein well practis'd was, and in the same (Shame.
 Thought sure t' avenge his Grudge, and work his Foe great

XLIV.

XLIV.

But *Calidore* he greatly did mistake;
 For he was strong and mightily stiff pight,
 That with one Fall his Neck he almost brake:
 And had he not upon him fallen light,
 His dearest Joint he sure had broken quite.
 Then was the oaken Crown by *Pastorel*
 Given to *Calidore*, as his due Right;
 But he, that did in Courtesy excel,
 Gave it to *Coridon*, and said he won it well.

XLV.

Thus did the gentle Knight himself abear
 Amongst that rustick Rout in all his Deeds,
 That even they, the which his Rivals were,
 Could not malign him, but commend him needs:
 For Courtesy amongst the rudest breeds
 Good-will and Favour. So it surely wrought
 With this fair Maid, and in her Mind the Seeds
 Of perfect Love did sow, that last forth brought
 The Fruit of Joy and Blifs, tho long time dearly bought.

XLVI.

Thus *Calidore* continu'd there long time,
 To win the Love of the fair *Pastorel*;
 Which having got, he used without Crime
 Or blameful Blot; but managed so well,
 That he of all the rest, which there did dwell,
 Was favoured, and to her Grace commended.
 But what strange Fortunes unto him befel,
 E'er he attain'd the Point by him intended,
 Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.





CANTO X.

*Calidore sees the Graces dance
To Colin's Melody:
The whiles his Pastorel is led
Into Captivity.*

I.

WH O now does follow the foul *Blatant Beast*,
Whilst *Calidore* does follow that fair Maid,
Unmindful of his Vow and high Beheast,
Which by the *Fairy-Queen* was on him laid,
That he should never leave, nor be delay'd
From chacing him, till he had it atchiev'd?
But now, entrapt of Love, which him betray'd,
He mindeth more how he may be reliev'd
With Grace from her, whose Love his Heart hath fore en-

II.

(griev'd,

That from henceforth he means no more to sue
His former Quest, so full of Toil and Pain;
Another Quest, another Game in view
He hath, the Guerdon of his Love to gain:
With whom he minds for ever to remain,
And set his Rest amongst the rustick sort,
Rather than hunt still after Shadows vain
Of courtly Favour, sed wirth light Report
Of every Blast, and sailing always in the Port,

III.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be,
From so high Step to stoop unto so low;
For who hath tasted once (as oft did he)
The happy Peace, which there doth overflow,
And prov'd the perfect Pleasures which do grow
Amongst poor Hinds, in Hills, in Woods, in Dales,
Would never more delight in painted Show
Of such false Blis, as there is set for Stales,
T' entrap unwearie Fools in their eternal Bales.

IV.

IV.

For what hath all that goodly glorious Gaze
 Like to one sight, which *Calidore* did view?
 The Glaunce whereof their dimmed Eyes would daze,
 That never more they should endure the Shew
 Of that Sun-shine, that makes them look askew:
 Ne ought in all that World of Beauties rare
 (Save only *Gloriana's* heavenly Hue;
 To which what can compare?) can it compare;
 The which, as cometh now by course, I will declare.

V.

One day as he did raunge the Fields abroad,
 Whilst his fair *Pastorella* was elsewhere,
 He chaunc'd to come, far from all People's Troad,
 Unto a Place, whose Pleasance did appear,
 To pass all others, on the Earth which were:
 For all that ever was by Nature's Skill
 Devis'd to work Delight, was gather'd there,
 And there by her were poured forth at fill,
 As if this to adorn, she all the rest did pill.

VI.

It was an Hill, plac'd in an open Plain,
 That round about was border'd with a Wood,
 Of matchless Height, that seem'd th' Earth to disdain;
 In which all Trees of Honour stately stood,
 And did all Winter as in Summer bud,
 Spreading Pavilions for the Birds to bow'r,
 Which in their lower Branches sung aloud,
 And in their Tops the soaring Hawk did tow'r,
 Sitting like King of Fowls, in Majesty and Pow'r.

VII.

And at the foot thereof, a gentle Flood
 His silver Waves did softly tumble down,
 Unmarr'd with ragged Moss or filthy Mud;
 Ne mote wild Beasts, ne mote the ruder Clown
 Thereto approach, ne Filth mote therein drown:
 But Nymphs and Fairies by the Banks did sit,
 In the Wood's Shade, which did the Waters crown,
 Keeping all noisom things away from it,
 And to the Water's Fall tuning their Accents fit.

VIII.

VIII.

And on the Top thereof a spacious Plain
 Did spread it self, to serve to all Delight,
 Either to dance, when they to dance would fain,
 Or else to course about their Bases light;
 Ne ought there wanted, which for Pleasure might
 Desired be, or thence to banish Bale:
 So pleasantly the Hill, with equal Height,
 Did seem to over-look the lowly Vale;
 Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount *Acidale*.

IX.

They say that *Venus*, when she did dispose
 Her self to Pleasance, used to resort
 Unto this Place, and therein to repose
 And rest her self as in a gladfom Port,
 Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
 That even her own *Cytheron*, though in it
 She used most to keep her royal Court,
 And in her sovereign Majesty to sit,
 She in regard hereof refus'd and thought unfit.

X.

Unto this Place when-as the Elfin Knight
 Approach'd, him seemed that the merry Sound
 Of a shrill Pipe he playing heard on height,
 And many Feet fast thumping th' hollow Ground,
 That through the Woods their Eccho did rebound.
 He nigher drew, to weet what mote it be;
 There he a Troop of Ladies dancing found
 Full merrily, and making gladful Glee,
 And in the midst a Shepherd piping he did see.

XI.

He durst not enter into th' open Green,
 For Dread of them unware to be descry'd,
 For breaking of their Dance, if he were seen;
 But in the Covert of the Wood did bide,
 Beholding all, yet of them unesp'y'd:
 There he did see, that pleased much his Sight,
 That even he himself his Eyes envy'd,
 An hundred naked Maidens lilly white,
 All ranged in a Ring, and dancing in Delight.

XII.

XII.

All they without were raunged in a Ring,
And danced round; but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both daunce and sing,
The whilst the rest them round about did hem,
And like a Girland did in Compass stem:
And in the midst of those same three was placed
Another Damsel, as a precious Gem
Amidst a Ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly Presence all the rest much graced.

XIII.

Look how the Crown, which *Ariadne* wore
Upon her Ivory Forehead that same day
That *Theseus* her unto his Bridale bore
(When the bold *Centaur*s made that bloody Fray,
With the fierce *Lapitbes*, which did them dismay)
Being now placed in the Firmament,
Thro the bright Heaven doth her Beams display,
And is unto the Stars an Ornament,
Which round about her move in Order excellent.

XIV.

Such was the Beauty of this goodly Band,
Whose sundry Parts were here too long to tell:
But she, that in the midst of them did stand,
Seem'd all the rest in Beauty to excel,
Crown'd with a rosy Girland, that right well
Did her beseem. And ever, as the Crew
About her daunc'd, sweet Flow'rs, that far did smell,
And fragrant Odours they upon her threw;
But most of all, those three did her with Gifts endue.

XV.

Those were the Graces, Daughters of Delight,
Handmaids of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt
Upon this Hill, and dance there Day and Night;
Those three to Men all Gifts of Grace do graunt,
And all, that *Venus* in herself doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them. But that fair one,
That in the midst was placed paravaunt,
Was she to whom that Shepherd pip'd alone.
That made him pipe so merrily, as never none.

XVI.

XVI.

She was to weet that jolly Shepherd's Lads,
 Which piped there unto that merry Rout ;
 That jolly Shepherd, which there piped, was
 Poor *Colin Clout* (who knows not *Colin Clout* ?)
 He pip'd apace, whilst they him daunc'd about,
 Pipe, jolly Shepherd, pipe thou now apace
 Unto thy Love, that made thee low to lout ;
 Thy Love is present there with thee in place,
 Thy Love is there advaunc'd to be another Grace.

XVII.

Much wonder'd *Calidore* at this strange Sight,
 Whose like before his Eye had never seen :
 And standing long astonish'd in Spright,
 And rapt with Pleasance, wist not what to ween ;
 Whether it were the Train of Beauty's Queen,
 Or Nymphs, or Fairies, or enchanted Show,
 With which his Eyes mote have deluded been.
 Therefore resolving what it was to know,
 Out of the Wood he rose, and toward them did go,

XVIII.

But soon as he appeared to their View,
 They vanish'd all away out of his Sight,
 And clean were gone, which way he never knew ;
 All save the Shepherd, who for fell Despight
 Of that Displeasure, broke his Bagpipe quite,
 And made great moan for that unhappy Turn.
 But *Calidore*, though no less sorry Wight
 For that Mishap, yet seeing him to mourn,
 Drew near, that he the Truth of all by him mote learn,

XIX.

And first him greeting, thus unto him spake ;
 Hail, jolly Shepherd, which thy joyous Days
 Here ledest in this goodly Merry-make,
 Frequented of these gentle Nymphs always,
 Which to thee flock, to hear thy lovely Lays ;
 Tell me, what mote these dainty Damsels be,
 Which here with thee do make their pleasant Plays ?
 Right happy thou, that mayst them freely see :
 But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me ?

XX.

Not I so happy, answer'd then that Swain,
 As thou unhappy, which them hence didst chace,
 Whom by no means thou canst recall again :
 For being gone, none can them bring in place,
 But whom they of themselves list so to grace.
 Right sorry I, said then Sir *Calidore*,
 That my ill Fortune did them hence displace ;
 But since things pass'd none may now restore,
 Tell me what were they all, whose lack thee grieves so fore.

XXI.

Tho 'gan that Shepherd thus for to dilate :
 Then wote thou Shepherd, whatsoe'er thou be,
 That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
 Are *Venus'* Damsels, all within her Fee,
 But differing in Honour and Degree :
 They all are Graces which on her depend,
 Besides a thousand more, which ready be
 Her to adorn, whenso she forth doth wend :
 But those three in the midst do chief on her attend.

XXII.

They are the Daughters of Sky-ruling *Jove*,
 By him begot of fair *Eurinome*,
 The Ocean's Daughter, in this pleasant Grove,
 As he this way coming from feastful Glee
 Of *Tbetis'* Wedding with *Æcidee*,
 In Summer's Shade himself here rested weary.
 The first of them hight mild *Euphrosyne*,
 Next fair *Aglaia*, last *Tbalia* merry ;
 Sweet Goddesses all three, which me in Mirth do cherry.

XXIII.

These three on Men all gracious Gifts bestow,
 Which deck the Body, or adorn the Mind,
 To make them lovely, or well-favour'd show ;
 As comely Carriage, Entertainment kind,
 Sweet Semblant, friendly Offices that bind,
 And all the Compliments of Courtesy :
 They teach us, how to each degree and kind
 We should our selves demean, to low, to high ;
 To Friends, to Foes : which Skill Men call Civility.

XXIV.

Therefore they always smoothly seem to smile,
 That we likewise should mild and gentle be;
 And also naked are, that without Guile
 Or false Dissemblance all them plain may see,
 Simple and true from covert Malice free:
 And eke themselves so in their Dance they bore,
 That two of them still forward seem'd to be,
 But one still towards shew'd her self afore;
 That Good should from us go, then come in greater store.

XXV.

Such were those Goddeffes, which ye did see;
 But that fourth Maid, which there amidst them trac'd,
 Who can aread what Creature mote she be,
 Whether a Creature or a Goddeffs grac'd
 With heavenly Gifts from Heaven first enrac'd?
 But what-so sure she was, she worthy was
 To be the fourth, with those three other plac'd:
 Yet was she certes but a Country Lass,
 Yet she all other Country Lasses far did pass.

XXVI.

So far as doth the Daughter of the Day
 All other lesser Lights in Light excel,
 So far doth she in beautiful Array,
 Above all other Lasses bear the Bell:
 Ne less in Vertue that beseems her well,
 Doth she exceed the rest of all her Race;
 For which, the Graces that here wont to dwell,
 Have for more Honour brought her to this place,
 And graced her so much to be another Grace.

XXVII.

Another Grace she well deserves to be,
 In whom so many Graces gather'd are,
 Excelling much the Mean of her Degree;
 Divine Resemblance, Beauty soveraign rare,
 Firm Chastity, that Spight ne blemish dare;
 All which she with such Courtesy doth grace,
 That all her Peers cannot with her compare,
 But quite are dimmed, when she is in place:
 She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Sun of the World, great Glory of the Sky,
 That all the Earth dost lighten with thy Rays,
 Great *Gloriana*, greatest Majesty,
 Pardon thy Shepherd 'mongst so many Lays
 As he hath sung of thee in all his Days,
 To make one Minime of thy poor Handmaid,
 And underneath thy Feet to place her Praise ;
 That when thy Glory shall be far display'd
 To future Age, of her this mention may be made.

XXIX.

When thus that Shepherd ended had his Speech,
 Said *Calidore* ; Now sure it irketh me,
 That to thy Blifs I made this luckless Breach,
 As now the Author of thy Bale to be,
 Thus to bereave thy Love's dear Sight from thee :
 But, gentle Shepherd, pardon thou my Shame,
 Who rashly fought that, which I mote not see.
 Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his Blame,
 And to recomfort him, all comely Means did frame.

XXX.

In such Discourses they together spent
 Long time, as fit Occasion forth them led ;
 With which, the Knight himself did much content,
 And with Delight his greedy Fancy fed,
 Both of his Words, which he with Reason read ;
 And also of the Place, whose Pleasures rare
 With such Regard his Senses ravished,
 That thence he had no Will away to fare,
 But wish'd, that with that Shepherd he mote Dwelling share.

XXXI.

But that envenom'd Sting, the which of yore
 His poisonous Point deep fixed in his Heart
 Had left, now 'gan afresh to rankle sore,
 And to renew the Rigour of his Smart :
 Which to recure, no Skill of Leeches Art
 Mote him avail, but to return again
 To his Wound's Worker, that with lovely Dart
 Dinting his Breast, had bred his restless Pain,
 Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies from the Main.

XXXII.

So taking leave of that same gentle Swain,
 He back returned to his rustick Wonne,
 Where his fair *Pastorella* did remain :
 To whom in fort, as he at first begun,
 He daily did apply himself to done
 All dueful Service, void of Thoughts impure ;
 Ne any Pains, ne Peril did he shun,
 By which he might her to his Love allure,
 And Liking in her yet untamed Heart procure.

XXXIII.

And evermore the Shepherd *Coridon*,
 Whatever thing he did her to aggrate,
 Did strive to match, with strong Contention,
 And all his Pains did closely emulate ;
 Whether it were to carol, as they fate
 Keeping their Sheep, or Games to exercise,
 Or to present her with their Labours late ;
 Through which if any Grace chaunc'd to arise
 To him, the Shepherd straight with Jealousy did frize,

XXXIV.

One day, as they all three together went
 To the green Wood, to gather Strawberries,
 There chaunc'd to them a dangerous Accident ;
 A Tyger forth out of the Wood did rise,
 That with fell Claws full of fierce Gourmandize,
 And greedy Mouth, wide gaping like Hell-gate,
 Did run at *Pastorel*, her to surprize :
 Whom she beholding, now all desolate
 'Gan cry to them aloud, to help her all too late.

XXXV.

Which *Coridon* first hearing, ran in haste
 To rescue her : but when he saw the Fiend,
 Through coward Fear he fled away as fast,
 Ne durst abide the Danger of the End ;
 His Life he 'steemed dearer than his Friend.
 But *Calidore* soon coming to her Aid,
 When he the Beast saw ready now to rend
 His Love's dear Spoil, in which his Heart was praid,
 He ran at him enrag'd, instead of being 'fraid.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

He had no Weapon; but his Shepherd's Hook,
 To serve the Vengeance of his wrathful Will;
 With which so sternly he the Monster strook,
 That to the Ground astonished he fell;
 Whence e'er he could recov'r, he did him quell,
 And hewing off his Head, it presented
 Before the Feet of the fair *Pastorel*;
 Who scarcely yet from former Fear exempted,
 A thousand times him thank'd, that had her Death prevented.

XXXVII.

From that Day forth she 'gan him to affect,
 And daily more her Favour to augment;
 But *Coridon* for Cowardize reject,
 Fit to keep Sheep, unfit for Love's Content:
 The gentle Heart scorns base Disparagement.
 Yet *Calidore* did not despise him quite,
 But us'd him friendly for further Intent,
 That by his Fellowship, he colour might
 Both his Estate and Love, from Skill of any Wight.

XXXVIII.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
 With humble Service, and with daily Sute,
 That at the last unto his Will he brought her;
 Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
 That of his Love he reap'd the timely Fruit,
 And joyed long in close Felicity;
 Till Fortune fraught with Malice, blind and brute,
 That envies Lovers long Prosperity,
 Blew up a bitter Storm of foul Adversity.

XXXIX.

It fortun'd one day, when *Calidore*
 Was hunting in the Woods (as was his Trade)
 A lawless People, *Brigants* hight of yore,
 That never us'd to live by Plough nor Spade,
 But fed on Spoil and Booty, which they made
 Upon their Neighbours, which did nigh them border,
 The Dwelling of these Shepherds did invade,
 And spoil'd their Houses, and themselves did murder;
 And drove away their Flocks, with other much Disorder.

XL.

Amongst the rest, the which they then did prey,
 They spoil'd old *Melibee* of all he had,
 And all his People captive led away ;
 'Mongst which this luckless Maid away was lad,
 Fair *Pastorella*, sorrowful and sad,
 Most sorrowful, most sad, that ever sigh'd,
 Now made the Spoil of Thieves and *Brigants* bad,
 Which was the Conquest of the gentlest Knight
 That ever liv'd, and th' only Glory of his Might.

XLI.

With them also was taken *Coridon*,
 And carry'd Captive by those Thieves away ;
 Who in the Covert of the Night, that none
 Mote them descry, nor rescue from their Prey,
 Unto their Dwelling did them close convey.
 Their Dwelling in a little Island was,
 Cover'd with shrubby Woods, in which no way
 Appear'd for People in nor out to pass,
 Nor any footing find for over-grown Grass.

XLII.

For underneath the Ground their way was made,
 Through hollow Caves, that no Man mote discover
 For the thick Shrubs, which did them always shade
 From View of living Wight, and cover'd over ;
 But Darkness drad, and daily Night did hover
 Through all the inward Parts, wherein they dwelt :
 Ne lighten'd was with Window, nor with lover,
 But with continual Candle-light, which dealt
 A doubtful Sense of things, not so well seen as felt.

XLIII.

Hither those *Brigants* brought their present Prey,
 And kept them with continual Watch and Ward ;
 Meaning so soon as they convenient may,
 For Slaves to sell them, for no small Reward,
 To Merchants, which them kept in Bondage hard,
 Or sold again. Now when fair *Pastorel*
 Into this Place was brought, and kept with Guard
 Of grievely Thieves, she thought her self in Hell, (dwell,
 Where, with such damned Fiends, she should in Darkness

XLIV.

XLIV.

But for to tell the doleful Dreriment,
And pitiful Complaints, which there she made
(Where day and night she nought but did lament
Her wretched Life, shut up in deadly Shade,
And waste her goodly Beauty, which did fade
Like to a Flow'r, that feels no Heat of Sun,
Which may her feeble Leaves with Comfort glade)
And what befel her in that thievish Wonne,
Will in another Canto better be begun.





C A N T O XI.

*The Trovans fall out for Pastorel,
Whilſt Melibee is lain:
Her, Callicore from him redeems,
And brings her back again.*

I.

THE joys of Love, if they ſhould ever laſt,
Without Affliction or Diſquietneſs,
That worldly Chances do among them caſt,
Would be on Earth too great a Bleſſedneſs,
Like to Heaven than mortal Wretchedneſs,
Therefore the winged God, to let Men weet,
That here on Earth is no ſure Happineſs,
A thouſand Sours hath tempered with one Sweet,
To make it ſeem more dear and dainty, as is meet.

II.

Like as is now befallen to this fair Maid,
Fair *Pastorel*, of whom is now my Song:
Who being now in dreadful Darkneſs laid,
Amongſt thoſe Thieves, which her in Bondage ſtrong
Detain'd; yet Fortune, not with all this Wrong
Contented, greater Miſchief on her threw,
And Sorrows heap'd on her in greater Throng;
That who-ſo hears her Heavineſs would rue
And pity her ſad Plight, ſo chang'd from pleaſant Hue.

III.

Whilſt thus ſhe in theſe helliſh Dens remain'd,
Wrapped in wretched Cares and Heart's Unreſt,
It ſo befell (as Fortune had ordain'd)
That he, which was their Captain profeſt,
And had the chief Command of all the reſt,
One day as he did all his Priſoners view,
With luſtful Eyes beheld that lovely Gueſt,
Fair *Pastorella*; whoſe ſad mournful Hue
Like the fair Morning clad in miſty Fog did ſhew.

IV.

IV.

At sight whereof his barbarous Heart was fir'd,
 And inly burnt with Flames most raging hot,
 That her alone he for his part desir'd
 Of all the other Prey which they had got,
 And her in mind did to himself allot.
 From that day forth he kindness to her shew'd,
 And sought her Love, by all the Means he mote ;
 With Looks, with Words, with Gifts he oft her woo'd :
 And mixed Threats among, and much unto her vow'd.

V.

But all that ever he could do or say,
 Her constant Mind could not a whit remove,
 Nor draw unto the lure of his leud Lay,
 To grant him Favour, or afford him Love.
 Yet ceast he not to sue and all ways prove,
 By which he mote accomplish his Request,
 Saying and doing all that mote behove :
 Ne Day nor Night he suffer'd her to rest,
 But her all Night did watch, and all the Day molest,

VI.

At last, when him she so importune saw,
 Fearing lest he at length the Reins would lend
 Unto his Lust, and make his Will his Law,
 Sith in his power she was to foe or friend ;
 She thought it best, for shadow to pretend
 Some shew of Favour, by him gracing small,
 That she thereby mote either freely wend,
 Or at more ease continue there his Thrall ;
 A little well is lent, that gaineth more withall.

VII.

So from thenceforth, when Love he to her made,
 With better Terms she did him entertain :
 Which gave him Hope, and did him half persuade,
 That he in time her Joyance should obtain.
 But when she saw, through that small Favour's gain,
 That further, than she willing was, he prest ;
 She found no means to bar him, but to feign
 A suddain Sicknes, which her sore opprest,
 And made unfit to serve his lawless Mind's Behest.

VIII.

VIII.

By means whereof, she would not him permit
 Once to approach to her in privity,
 But only 'mongst the rest by her to sit,
 Mourning the Rigour of her Malady,
 And seeking all things meet for Remedy.
 But she resolv'd no Remedy to find,
 Nor better Chear to shew in Misery,
 Till Fortune would her captive Bonds unbind :
 Her Sickness was not of the Body, but the Mind.

IX.

During which space that she thus sick did lie,
 It chaunc'd a sort of Merchants which were wont
 To skim those Coasts, for Bondmen there to buy,
 And by such Traffick after Gains to hunt,
 Arrived in this Isle (though bare and blunt)
 T' enquire for Slaves ; where being ready met
 By some of these same Thieves at th' instant brunt,
 Were brought unto their Captain, who was set,
 By his fair Patient's side with sorrowful regret.

X.

To whom they shewed, how those Merchants were
 Arriv'd in place, their Bondslaves for to buy ;
 And therefore pray'd, that those same Captives there
 Mote to them for their most Commodity
 Be sold, and 'mongst them shared equally.
 This their Request the Captain much appall'd ;
 Yet could he not their just Demand deny,
 And willed straight the Slaves should forth be call'd,
 And sold for most Advantage not to be forestall'd.

XI.

Then forth the good old *Melibee* was brought,
 And *Coridon*, with many other moe,
 Whom they before in divers Spoils had caught ;
 All which he to the Merchants Sale did show.
 Till some, which did the fundry Prisoners know,
 'Gan to enquire for that fair Shepherdes,
 Which with the rest they took not long ago,
 And 'gan her Form and Feature to express,
 The more t' augment her Price, through praise of Comeliness.

XII.

XII.

To whom the Captain in full angry wife
 Made Answer, that the Maid of whom they spake,
 Was his own Purchase and his only Prize:
 With which none had to do, ne ought partake,
 But he himself which did that Conquest make;
 Little for him to have one filly Lads:
 Besides, through Sicknes now so wan and weak,
 That nothing meet in Merchandise to pass;
 So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and weak she was.

XIII.

The sight of whom, though now decay'd and marr'd,
 And eke but hardly seen by Candle-light:
 Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,
 In doubtful shadow of the darksome Night,
 With starry Beams, about her shining bright,
 These Merchants fixed Eyes did so amaze,
 That what through Wonder, and what through Delight,
 Awhile on her they greedily did gaze,
 And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praise.

XIV.

At last, when all the rest them offer'd were,
 And Prices to them placed at their pleasure,
 They all refused in regard of her,
 Ne ought would buy, however priz'd with Measure,
 Withouten her, whose Worth above all Treasure
 They did esteem, and offer'd store of Gold.
 But then the Captain fraught with more Displeasure,
 Bade them be still, his Love should not be sold:
 The rest take if they would, he her to him would hold.

XV.

Therewith some other of the chiefest Thieves
 Boldly him bade such Injury forbear;
 For, that same Maid, how-ever it him grieves,
 Should with the rest be sold before him there,
 To make the Prices of the rest more dear.
 That with great Rage he stoutly doth deny;
 And fiercely drawing forth his Blade, doth swear,
 That who-so hardy hand on her doth lay,
 It dearly shall aby, and Death for Handsel pay.

XVI.

XVI.

Thus as they Words amongst them multiply,
 They fall to Strokes, the fruit of too much Talk :
 And the mad Steel about doth fiercely fly,
 Not sparing Wight, ne leaving any Balk,
 But making way for Death at large to walk ;
 Who, in the Horror of the grieſly Night,
 In thouſand dreadful Shapes doth 'mongſt them ſtalk,
 And makes huge Havock, whiles the Candle-light
 Out-quenched, leaves no ſkill nor difference of Wight.

XVII.

Like as a ſort of hungry Dogs ymet
 About ſome Carcaſe by the common way,
 Do fall together, ſtriving each to get
 The greateſt Portion of the greedy Prey ;
 All on confuſed Heaps themſelves aſſay,
 And ſnatch, and bite, and rend, and tug, and tear ;
 That who them ſees, would wonder at their Fray ;
 And who ſees not, would be affraid to hear :
 Such was the Conſict of thoſe cruel *Brigants* there.

XVIII.

But firſt of all, their Captives they do kill,
 Leſt they ſhould join againſt the weaker ſide,
 Or riſe againſt the Remnant at their will :
 Old *Melibee* is ſlain, and him beſide
 His aged Wife, with many others wide ;
 But *Coridon*, eſcaping craftily,
 Creeps forth of doors, whilſt Darkneſs him doth hide,
 And flies away as faſt as he can hie,
 Ne ſtayeth leave to take, before his Friends do die.

XIX.

But *Paflorella*, woful wretched Elfe,
 Was by the Captain all this while defended :
 Who minding more her Safety than himſelf,
 His Target always over her protended ;
 By means whereof, that mote not be amended,
 He at the length was ſlain, and laid on Ground ;
 Yet holding faſt 'twixt both his Arms extended
 Fair *Paforell*, who with the ſelf-ſame Wound
 Launc't through the Arm, fell down with him in dreery
 Swound. XX.

XX.

There lay she covered with confused Prefs
 Of Carcafes, which dying on her fell ;
 Tho, when as he was dead, the Fray 'gan ceafe,
 And each to other calling, did compel
 To stay their cruel Hands from Slaughter fell,
 Sith they that were the Cause of all were gone.
 Thereto they all at once agreed well,
 And lighting Candles new, 'gan fearch anone,
 How many of their Friends were flain, how many Fone.

XXI.

Their Captain there they cruelly found kill'd,
 And in his Arms the dreery dying Maid,
 Like a sweet Angel 'twixt two Clouds up-held :
 Her lovely Light was dimmed and decay'd,
 With Cloud of Death upon her Eyes display'd ;
 Yet did the Cloud make ev'n that dimmed Light
 Seem much more lovely in that Darknefs laid,
 And 'twixt the twinkling of her Eye-lids bright,
 To spark out little Beams, like Stars in foggy Night.

XXII.

But when they mov'd the Carcafes aside,
 They found that Life did yet in her remain :
 Then all their Helps they busily apply'd,
 To call the Soul back to her home again ;
 And wrought so well with Labour and long Pain,
 That they to Life recover'd her at last.
 Who fighting sore, as if her Heart in twain
 Had riven been, and all her Heart-strings braff,
 With dreary drouping Eyne lookt up like one aghaft.

XXIII.

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to fee,
 Her Father and her Friends about her lying,
 Her self sole left, a second Spoil to be
 Of those, that having faved her from dying,
 Renew'd her Death by timely Death denying ;
 What now is left her, but to wail and weep,
 Wringing her Hands, and ruefully loud crying ?
 Ne cared she her Wound in Tears to steep,
 Albe with all their Might those *Brigants* her did keep.

XXIV.

But when they saw her now reviv'd again,
 They left her so, in charge of one the best
 Of many worst, who with unkind Disdain
 And cruel Rigour her did much molest;
 Scarce yielding her due Food, or timely Rest,
 And scarcely suff'ring her infester'd Wound,
 That sore her pain'd, by any to be drest.
 So leave we her in wretched Thraldom bound,
 And turn we back to *Calidore*, where we him found.

XXV.

Who when he back returned from the Wood,
 And saw his Shepherd's Cottage spoiled quight,
 And his Love rest away, he wexed wood,
 And half enraged at that rueful sight;
 That ev'n his Heart for very fell despight,
 And his own Flesh he ready was to tear:
 He chaust, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sigh'd,
 And fared like a furious wild Bear,
 Whose Whelps are stol'n away, she being other-where.

XXVI.

Ne Wight he found, to whom he might complain,
 Ne Wight he found of whom he might inquire;
 That more increast the Anguish of his Pain:
 He sought the Woods, but no Man could see there;
 He sought the Plains, but could no Tydings hear.
 The Woods did nought but Ecchoes vain rebound;
 The Plains all waste and empty did appear:
 Where wont the Shepherds oft their Pipes resound,
 And feed an hundred Flocks, there now not one he found.

XXVII.

At last, as there he roamed up and down,
 He chaunc't one coming towards him to spy,
 That seem'd to be some sorry simple Clown,
 With ragged Weeds, and Locks up-staring high,
 As if he did from some late Danger fly,
 And yet his Fear did follow him behind:
 Who as he unto him approached nigh,
 He mote perceive by Signs, which he did find,
 That *Coridon* it was, the silly Shepherd's Hind.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay
 To greet him first, but askt where were the rest ;
 Where *Pastorel* ? who full of fresh dismay,
 And gushing forth in Tears, was so oppress'd,
 That he no word could speak, but smit his Breast,
 And up to Heaven his Eyes fast streaming threw.
 Whereat the Knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
 But askt again, what meant that rueful Hue ;
 Where was his *Pastorel* ? where all the other Crew ?

XXIX.

Ah well away, said he then fighting fore,
 That ever I did live, this Day to see,
 This dismal Day, and was not dead before,
 Before I saw fair *Pastorella* die.
 Die ! out alas ! then *Calidore* did cry :
 How could the Death dare ever her to quell
 But read thou Shepheard, read what Destiny,
 Or other direful Hap from Heaven or Hell
 Hath wrought this wicked Deed : do Fear away, and tell.

XXX.

Tho, when the Shepheard breathed had awhile,
 He thus began : Where shall I then commence
 This woeful Tale ? or how those *Brigants* vile,
 With cruel Rage, and dreadful Violence
 Spoil'd all our Cots, and carry'd us from hence ?
 Or how fair *Pastorel* should have been sold
 To Merchants, but was sav'd with strong Defence ?
 Or how those Thieves, whilst one sought her to hold,
 Fell all at odds, and fought through Fury fierce and bold,

XXXI.

In that same Conflict (woe is me) befell
 This fatal Chaunce, this doleful Accident,
 Whose heavy Tydings now I have to tell.
 First, all the Captives which they here had hent,
 Were by them slain by general consent ;
 Old *Melibee*, and his good Wife withall
 These Eyes saw die, and dearly did lament :
 But when the lot to *Pastorel* did fall,
 Their Captain long withstood, and did her Death forestall.

XXXII.

But what could he 'gainst all them do alone?
 It could not boot; needs mote she die at last:
 I only scap'd through great Confusion
 Of Cries and Clamours, which amongst them past,
 In dreadful Darknes, dreadfully aghast;
 That better were with them to have been dead,
 Then here to see all desolate and waste,
 Despoiled of those Joys and Jollyhead,
 Which with those gentle Shepherds here I wont to lead.

XXXIII.

When *Calidore* these rueful News had raught,
 His Heart quite deaded was with Anguish great,
 And all his Wits with Dool were nigh distraught;
 That he his Face, his Head, his Breast did beat,
 And Death it self unto himself did threat:
 Oft cursing th'Heavens that so cruel were
 To her, whose Name he often did repeat;
 And wishing oft, that he were present there,
 When she was slain, or had been to her Succour near.

XXXIV.

But after Grief awhile had had its Course,
 And spent it self in Mourning, he at last
 Began to mitigate his swelling Source,
 And in his Mind with better Reason cast
 How he might save her Life, if Life did last;
 Or if that dead, how he her Death might wreak,
 Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
 Or if it to revenge he were too weak,
 Then for to die with her, and his Live's Thread to break.

XXXV.

Tho, *Coridon* he pray'd, sith he well knew
 The ready way unto that thievish Wonne,
 To wend with him, and be his Conduct true
 Unto the place, to see what should be done.
 But he, whose Heart through fear was late fordone,
 Would not for ought be drawn to former dreed;
 But by all means the Danger known did shun:
 Yet *Calidore*, so well him wrought with Meed,
 And fair bespoke with Words, that he at last agreed.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

So, forth they go together (God before)
 Both clad in Shepheard's Weeds agreeably,
 And both with Shepheard's Hooks : But *Calidore*
 Had underneath him armed privily.
 Tho, to the place when they approched nigh,
 They chaunc't upon an Hill, not far away,
 Some Flocks of Sheep and Shepheards to espy ;
 To whom they both agreed to take their way,
 In hope there news to learn, how they mote best assay.

XXXVII.

There did they find, that which they did not fear,
 The self-same Flocks, the which those Thieves had reft
 From *Melibee* and from themselves whylear,
 And certain of the Thieves there by them left
 The which for want of Heards themselves then kept.
 Right well knew *Coridon* his own late Sheep,
 And seeing them, for tender pity wept :
 But when he saw the Thieves which did them keep,
 His Heart 'gan fail, albe he saw them all asleep.

XXXVIII.

But *Calidore*, recomforting his Grief,
 Though not his Fear ; for, nought may Fear dissuade ;
 Him hardly forward drew, whereas the Thief
 Lay sleeping soundly in the Bushes shade,
 Whom *Coridon* him counsel'd to invade
 Now all unwares, and take the Spoil away ;
 But he, that in his Mind had closely made
 A further purpose, would not so them slay,
 But gently waking them, gave them the time of day.

XXXIX.

Tho, sitting down by them upon the Green,
 Of sundry things he purpose 'gan to fain ;
 That he by them might certain Tidings ween
 Of *Pastorel*, were she alive or slain.
 'Mongst which, the Thieves them questioned again,
 What mister Men, and eke from whence they were.
 To whom they answer'd, as did appertain,
 That they were poor Heard-grooms, the which whylere
 Had from their Masters fled, and now sought Hire elsewhere.

XL.

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made
 To hire them well, if they their Flocks would keep :
 For, they themselves, were evil Grooms, they said,
 Unwont with Heards to watch, or pasture Sheep,
 But to forray the Land, or scour the Deep.
 Thereto they soon agreed, and Earnest took,
 To keep their Flocks for little Hire and cheap :
 For, they for better Hire did shortly look ;
 So there all Day they bode, till Light the Sky forsook.

XLI.

Tho, when-as towards darksom Night it drew,
 Unto their hellish Dens those Thieves them brought ;
 Where shortly they in great Acquaintance grew,
 And all the Secrets of their Entrails sought.
 There did they find (contrary to their Thought)
 That *Pastorel* yet liv'd ; but all the rest
 Were dead, right so as *Coridon* had taught :
 Whereof they both full glad and blithe did rest,
 But chiefly *Calidore*, whom Grief had most possest.

XLII.

At length, when they Occasion fittest found,
 In dead of Night, when all the Thieves did rest
 After a late Forray, and slept full sound,
 Sir *Calidore* him arm'd, as he thought best,
 Having of late (by diligent inquest)
 Provided him a Sword of meanest sort :
 With which he straight went to the Captain's Nest.
 But *Coridon* durst not with him consort,
 Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse effort.

XLIII.

When to the Cave they came, they found it fast :
 But *Calidore*, with huge resistless Might,
 The Doors assailed, and the Locks up-braist.
 With noise whereof the Thief awaking light,
 Unto the Entrance ran : where the bold Knight
 Encountring him, with small Resistance slew ;
 The whiles fair *Pastorel* through great affright
 Was almost dead, misdoubting lest of new
 Some Uproar were like that, which lately she did view.

XLIV.

XLIV.

But when as *Calidore* was comen in,
 And 'gan aloud for *Pastorel* to call ;
 Knowing his Voice (although not heard long fin)
 She suddain was revived there^owithal,
 And wondrous Joy felt in her Spirits thrall :
 Like him that being long in Tempest toft,
 Looking each Hour into Death's Mouth to fall,
 At length espies at hand the happy Coast,
 On which he Safety hopes, that earst fear'd to be loft.

XLV.

Her gentle Heart, that now long season past,
 Had never Joyance felt, nor chearful Thought,
 Began some smack of Comfort new to taste,
 Like lifeſul Heat to nummed Senſes brought,
 And Life to feel, that long for Death had fought :
 Ne leſs in Heart rejoiced *Calidore*
 When he her found ; but like to one diſtraught,
 And robb'd of Reason, towards her him bore,
 A thousand times embrac'd, and kiſs'd a thousand more.

XLVI.

But now by this, with noiſe of late Uproar,
 The Hue and Cry was raiſed all about ;
 And all the *Brigants*, flocking in great ſtore,
 Unto the Cave 'gan preſs, nought having doubt
 Of that was done, and entred in a rout.
 But *Calidore*, in th'entry cloſe did ſtand,
 And entertaining them with Courage ſtout,
 Still ſlew the formoſt that came firſt to hand,
 So long, till all the Entry was with Bodies mann'd.

XLVII.

Tho, when no more could nigh to him approach,
 He breath'd his Sword, and reſted him till Day :
 Which when he ſpy'd upon the Earth t'encroach,
 Through the dead Carcaſſes he made his way ;
 'Mongſt which he found a Sword of better ſay,
 With which he forth went into th'open Light ;
 Where all the reſt for him did ready ſtay,
 And fierce aſſailing him, with all their Might
 'Gan all upon him lay ; there 'gan a dreadful Fight.

XLVIII.

How many Flies in hottest Summer's-day
 Do seize upon some Beast, whose Flesh is bare,
 That all the Place with Swarms do over-lay,
 And with their little Stings right felly fare;
 So many Thieves about him swarming are,
 All which do him assail on every side,
 And sore oppress, ne any him doth spare:
 But he doth with his raging Brond divide
 Their thickest Troops, and round about him scattereth wide,

XLIX.

Like as a Lion 'mongst an Heard of Deer,
 Disperseth them to catch his choicest Prey;
 So did he flie amongst them here and there,
 And all that near him came, did hue and slay,
 Till he had strow'd with Bodies all the way;
 That none his Danger daring to abide,
 Fled from his Wrath, and did themselves convey
 Into their Caves, their Heads from Death to hide,
 Ne any left, that Victory to him envide.

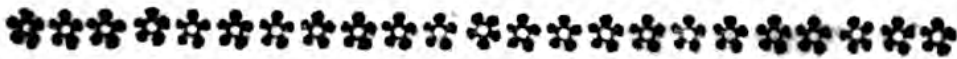
L.

Then back returning to his dearest Dear,
 He her 'gan to recomfort all he might,
 With gladful Speeches, and with lovely Chear;
 And forth her bringing to the joyous Light,
 Whereof she long had lackt the wishful sight,
 Deviz'd all goodly Means, from her to drive
 The sad Remembrance of her wretched Plight.
 So, her uneth at last he did revive,
 That long had lien dead, and made again alive.

LI.

This done, into those thievish Dens he went,
 And thence did all the Spoils and Treasures take,
 Which they from many long had robb'd and rent,
 But Fortune now the Victor's Meed did make;
 Of which the best he did his Love betake:
 And also all those Flocks, which they before
 Had rest from *Melibee*, and from his Make,
 He did them all to *Coridon* restore.
 So, drove them all away, and his Love with him bore.

CANTO



C A N T O XII.

*Fair Pastorella, by great hap,
Her Parents understands:
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
Subdue, and bind in Bands.*

I.

LIKE as a Ship, that through the Ocean wide
Directs her Course unto one certain Coast,
Is met of many a counter Wind and Tide,
With which her winged Speed is lett and crost,
And she her self in stormy Surges tost;
Yet making many a Bord, and many a Bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her Compass lost:
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose Course is often staid, yet never is astray.

II.

For, all that hitherto hath long delaid
This gentle Knight from suing his first Quest,
Though out of course, yet hath not been mis-said,
To shew the Courtesy by him profest,
Even unto the lowest and the least.
But now I come into my Course again,
To his Atchivement of the *Blatant Beast*;
Who all this while at will did range and reign,
Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to restrain.

III.

Sir *Calidore*, when thus he now had raught
Fair *Pastorella* from those *Brigants* Power,
Unto the Castle of *Belgard* her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir *Bellamoure*;
Who whylom was in his Youth's freshest Flower
A lusty Knight, as ever wielded Spear,
And had endur'd many a dreadful Stour
In bloody Battel for a Lady dear,
The fairest Lady then of all that living were.

IV.

IV.

Her Name was *Claribel*: whose Father hight
 The Lord of *Many Islands*, far renown'd
 For his great Riches, and his greater Might.
 He, through the Wealth wherein he did abound,
 This Daughter thought in Wedlock to have bound
 Unto the Prince of *Picteland*, bordering near;
 But she, whose Sides before with secret Wound
 Of love to *Bellamoure* empierced were,
 By all means shun'd to match with any foreign Feer.

V.

And *Bellamoure* again so well her pleas'd
 With daily Service and Attendance due,
 That of her Love he was intirely seiz'd,
 And closely did her wed, but known to few.
 Which when her Father understood, he grew
 In so great rage, that them in Dungeon deep
 Without Compassion cruelly he threw;
 Yet did so straightly them asunder keep,
 That neither could to Company of th' other creep.

VI.

Nath'less, Sir *Bellamoure*, whether through Grace
 Or secret Gifts, so with his Keepers wrought,
 That to his Love sometimes he came in place;
 Whereof her Womb, unwist to Wight, was fraught,
 And in due time a Maiden Child forth brought.
 Which she straightway (for dread lest if her Sire
 Should know thereof, to slay he would have sought)
 Deliver'd to her Handmaid, that (for hire)
 She should it cause be fostred under strange Attire.

VII.

The trusty Damsel, bearing it abroad
 Into the empty Fields, where living Wight
 Mote not bewray the Secret of her Load,
 She forth 'gan lay unto the open Light
 The little Babe, to take thereof a sight,
 Whom, whilst she did with watry Eyne behold,
 Upon the little Breast (like Crystal bright)
 She mote perceive a little purple Mold,
 That like a Rose, her filken Leaves did fair unfold.

VIII.

VIII.

Well she it markt, and pitied the more,
 Yet could not remedy her wretched Case;
 But closing it again like as before,
 Bedew'd with Tears there left it in the place:
 Yet left not quite, but drew a little space
 Behind the Bushes, where she her did hide,
 To weet what mortal Hand, or Heaven's Grace
 Would for the wretched Infant's Help provide,
 For which it loudly call'd, and pitifully cry'd.

IX.

At length, a Shepheard, which there-by did keep
 His fleecy Flock upon the Plains around,
 Led with the Infant's Cry, that loud did weep,
 Came to the Place; where when he wrapp'd found
 Th' abandon'd Spoil, he softly it unbound:
 And seeing there that did him pity fore,
 He took it up, and in his Mantle wound;
 So, home unto his honest Wife it bore,
 Who as her own it nurst, and named evermore.

X.

Thus long continu'd *Claribel* a Thrall,
 And *Bellamoure* in Bands, till that her Sire
 Departed Life, and left unto them all.
 Then all the Storms of Fortune's former Ire
 Were turn'd, and they to Freedom did retire.
 Thence-forth, they joy'd in Happiness together,
 And lived long in Peace and Love entire,
 Without disquiet, or dislike of either,
 Till time that *Calidore* brought *Pastorella* thither.

XI.

Both whom they goodly well did entertain;
 For, *Bellamoure* knew *Calidore* right well,
 And loved for his Prowess, sith they twain
 Long since had fought in Field. Als *Claribel*
 No less did tender the fair *Pastorel*,
 Seeing her weak and wan, through Durance long.
 There they awhile together thus did dwell
 In much Delight, and many Joys among,
 Until the Damsel 'gan to wax more sound and strong.

XII.

XII.

Tho, 'gan Sir *Calidore* him to advise
 Of his first Quest, which he had long forlore ;
 Asham'd to think, how he that Enterprife,
 The which the Fairy-Queen had long afore
 Bequeath'd to him, forsack'd had so fore ;
 That much he feared, lest reproachful Blame,
 With foul Dishonour him mote blot therefore ;
 Besides the los of so much Praise and Fame,
 As through the World there-by should glorify his Name.

XIII.

Therefore resolving to return in haste
 Unto so great Atchivement, he bethought
 To leave his Love, now peril being past,
 With *Claribel*, whilst he that Monster fought
 Throughout the World, and to Destruction brought.
 So, taking leave of his fair *Pastorel*
 (Whom to recomfort, all the means he wrought)
 With thanks to *Bellamoure* and *Claribel*,
 He went forth on his quest, and did that him besel.

XIV.

But first, e'er I do his Adventures tell
 In this Exploit, me needeth to declare
 What did betide to the fair *Pastorel*,
 During his absence left in heavy care,
 Through daily Mourning, and nightly Misfare :
 Yet did that auntient Matron all she might,
 To cherish her with all things choice and rare ;
 And her own Hand-maid, that *Melissa* hight,
 Appointed to attend her duely Day and Night.

XV.

Who, in a Morning, when this Maiden fair
 Was dighting her (having her snowy Breast
 As yet not laced, nor her golden Hair
 Into their comely Tresses duely drest)
 Chaunc't to espy upon her Ivory Chest
 The rosy Mark, which she remember'd well
 That little Infant had, which forth she kest,
 The Daughter of her Lady *Claribel*,
 The which she bore, the whiles in Prison she did dwell.

XVI.

XVI.

Which well avizing, straight she 'gan to cast
 In her conceitful Mind, that this fair Maid
 Was that same Infant, which so long since past
 She in the open Fields had loofely laid
 To Fortune's Spoil, unable it to aid.
 So, full of Joy, straight forth she ran in haste
 Unto her Mistress, being half dismay'd,
 To tell her, how the Heavens had her grac'd,
 To save her Child, which in Misfortune's Mouth was plac'd.

XVII.

The sober Mother, seeing such her mood
 (Yet knowing not what meant that suddain Throw)
 Askt her, how mote her Words be understood,
 And what the matter was that mov'd her so.
 My Liefte, said she, ye know that long ygo,
 Whilst ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
 A little Maid, the which ye childed tho;
 The same again if now ye list to have,
 The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did save.

XVIII.

Much was the Lady troubled at that Speech,
 And 'gan to question straight how she it knew.
 Most certain Marks, said she, do me it teach;
 For, on her Breast I with these Eyes did view
 The little purple Rose, which thereon grew,
 Whereof her Name ye then to her did give,
 Besides, her Countenance, and her likely Hue,
 Matched with equal Years, do surely prieve,
 That yond same is your Daughter sure, which yet doth live.

XIX.

The Matron staid no lenger to enquire,
 But forth in haste ran to the stranger Maid;
 Whom catching greedily for great desire,
 Rent up her Breast, and Bosom open laid;
 In which that Rose she plainly saw display'd.
 Then her embracing 'twixt her Armes twain,
 She long so held, and softly weeping said;
 And livest thou my Daughter now again?
 And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did fain?

XX.

Tho, further asking her of sundry things,
 And Times comparing with their Accidents,
 She found at last, by very certain Signs,
 And speaking Marks of passed Monuments,
 That this young Maid, whom Chance to her presents,
 Is her own Daughter, her own Infant dear.
 Tho, wondring long at those so strange Events,
 A thousand times she her embraced near,
 With many a joyful Kifs, and many a melting Tear.

XXI.

Who-ever is the Mother of one Child,
 Which having thought long dead, she finds alive,
 Let her by proof of that which she hath fil'd
 In her own Breast, this Mother's Joy describe:
 For, other none such Passion can contrive
 In perfect Form, as this good Lady felt,
 When she so fair a Daughter saw survive,
 As *Pastorella* was, that nigh she swelt
 For passing Joy, which did all into Pity melt.

XXII.

Thence running forth unto her loved Lord,
 She unto him recounted all that fell:
 Who, joining Joy with her in one accord,
 Acknowledg'd for his own fair *Pastorel*.
 There leave we them in Joy, and let us tell
 Of *Calidore*; who seeking all this while
 That monstrous Beast by final Force to quell,
 Through every place, with restless Pain and Toit
 Him follow'd, by the track of his outrageous Spoil.

XXIII.

Through all Estates he found that he had past,
 In which he many Massacres had left,
 And to the Clergy now was come at last;
 In which such Spoil, such Havock, and such Theft
 He wrought, that thence all Goodness he bereft,
 That endless were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
 Who now no place besides unfought had left,
 At length into a Monastere did light,
 Where he him found despoiling all with Main and Might.

XXIV.

Into their Cloysters now he broken had,
 Through which the Monks he chaced here and there.
 And them pursu'd into their Dortours sad,
 And searched all their Cells and Secrets near ;
 In which, what Filth and Ordure did appear,
 Were irksome to report : yet that foul Beast,
 Nought sparing them, the more did tofs and tear,
 And ranfack all their Dens from most to least,
 Regarding nought Religion, nor their holy Heast.

XXV.

From thence, into the sacred Church he broke,
 And robb'd the Chancel, and the Desks down threw,
 And Altars fouled, and Blasphemy spoke ;
 And th' Images, for all their goodly Hue,
 Did cast to ground, whilst none was them to rue ;
 So all confounded and disorder'd there,
 But seeing *Calidore*, away he flew,
 Knowing his fatal Hand by former Fear ;
 But he him fast pursuing, soon approached near.

XXVI.

Him in a narrow Place he overtook,
 And fierce assailing, forc'd him turn again :
 Sternly he turn'd again, when he him strook
 With his sharp Steel, and ran at him amain
 With open Mouth that seemed to contain
 A full good Peck within the utmost Brim,
 All set with iron Teeth in Ranges twain,
 That terrify'd his Foes, and armed him,
 Appearing like the Mouth of *Orcus*, griesly grim.

XXVII.

And therein were a thousand Tongues empight,
 Of fundry Kinds, and fundry Quality ;
 Some were of Dogs, that barked Day and Night ;
 And some of Cats, that wrawling still did cry ;
 And some of Bears, that groynd continually ;
 And some of Tygers, that did seem to gren,
 And snarl at all, that ever passed by :
 But most of them were Tongues of mortal Men,
 Which spake reproachfully, not caring where nor when.

XXVIII.

And them amongst, were mingled here and there
 The Tongues of Serpents, with three-forked Stings,
 That spat out Poison and gore bloody Gere
 At all that came within his Ravenings ;
 And spake licentious Words, and hateful Things
 Of good and bad alike, of low and high ;
 Ne Cefars spared he a whit, nor Kings,
 But either blotted them with Infamy,
 Or bit them with his baneful Teeth of Injury.

XXIX.

But *Calidore*, thereof no whit afraid,
 Rencounter'd him with so impetuous Might,
 That th' Outrage of his Violence he staid,
 And bet aback, threatning in vain to bite,
 And spetting forth the Poison of his Spight,
 That foamed all about his bloody Jaws.
 Tho, rearing up his former Feet on hight,
 He rampt upon him with his ravenous Paws,
 As if he would have rent him with his cruel Claws.

XXX.

But he, right well aware his Rage to ward,
 Did cast his Shield atween ; and there-withal,
 Putting his Puissance forth, pursu'd so hard,
 That backward he enforced him to fall :
 And being down, e'er he new Help could call,
 His Shield he on him threw, and fast down held ;
 Like as a Bullock, that in bloody Stall
 Of Butcher's baleful Hand to ground is fell'd,
 Is forcibly kept down, till he be thoroughly quell'd.

XXXI.

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and roar,
 To be down held, and maistred so with Might,
 That he 'gan fret and foam out bloody Gore,
 Striving in vain to rear himself up-right,
 For, still the more he strove, the more the Knight
 Did him suppress, and forcibly subdue ;
 That made him almost mad for fell despight.
 He grin'd, he bit, he scratch'd, he venom threw,
 And fared like a Fiend, right horrible in hue.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Or like the Hell-born *Hydra*, which they feign
 That great *Alcides* whylome overthrew,
 After that he had labour'd long in vain,
 To crop his thousand Heads, the which still new
 Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
 Such was the Fury of this hellish Beast,
 Whilst *Calidore* him under him down threw;
 Who nathemore his heavy Load releast:
 But aye the more he rag'd, the more his Power increast.

XXXIII.

Tho, when the Beast saw he mote nought avail
 By force, he 'gan his hundred Tongues apply,
 And sharply at him to revile and rail,
 With bitter Terms of shameful Infamy;
 Oft interlacing many a forged Lye,
 Whose like he never once did speak, nor hear,
 Nor ever thought thing so unworthily:
 Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbear,
 But strained him so straightly, that he choakt him near.

XXXIV.

At last, when-as he found his Force to shrink,
 And Rage to quail, he took a Muzzel strong
 Of surest Iron, made with many a Link;
 There-with he mured up his Mouth along,
 And therein shut up his blasphemous Tong,
 For never more defaming gentle Knight,
 Or unto lovely Lady doing wrong:
 And there-unto, a great long Chain he tight,
 With which he drew him forth, ev'n in his own despight.

XXXV.

Like as whylome that strong *Tiryntbian* Swain,
 Brought forth with him the dreadful Dog of Hell,
 Against his Will fast bound in iron Chain;
 And roaring horribly, did him compel
 To see the hateful Sun; that he might tell
 To griesly *Pluto*, what on Earth was done,
 And to the other damned Ghosts, which dwell
 For aye in Darknes, which Day-light do shun:
 So led this Knight his Captive, with like Conquest won.

XXXVI.

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
 Strange Bands, whose like till then he never bore,
 Ne ever any durst till then impose,
 And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
 Him liberty was left aloud to roar :
 Yet durst he not draw back, nor once withstand
 The proved Power of noble *Calidore*,
 But trembled underneath his mighty Hand,
 And like a fearful Dog him follow'd through the Land.

XXXVII.

Him through all Fairy Land he follow'd so,
 As if he learned had Obedience long,
 That all the People where-so he did go,
 Out of their Towns did round about him throng,
 To see him lead that Beast in Bondage strong ;
 And seeing it, much wondred at the sight :
 And all such Persons, as he earst did wrong,
 Rejoyced much to see his captive Plight,
 And much admir'd the Beast, but more admir'd the Knight.

XXXVIII.

Thus was this Monster, by the maistring Might
 Of doughty *Calidore*, suppress'd and tam'd,
 That never more he mote endamage Wight
 With his vile Tongue, which many had defam'd,
 And many causeless caused to be blam'd :
 So did he eke long after this remain,
 Until that (whether wicked Fate so fram'd,
 Or fault of Men) he broke his iron Chain,
 And got into the World at liberty again.

XXXIX.

Thence-forth, more Mischief and more Scathe he wrought
 To mortal Men, than he had done before ;
 Ne ever could by any more be brought
 Into like Bands, ne maistred any more :
 Albe that long time after *Calidore*,
 The good Sir *Pelleas* him took in hand ;
 And after him Sir *Lamoracke* of yore,
 And all his Brethren born in *Britain* Land ;
 Yet none of them could ever bring him into Band.

XL.

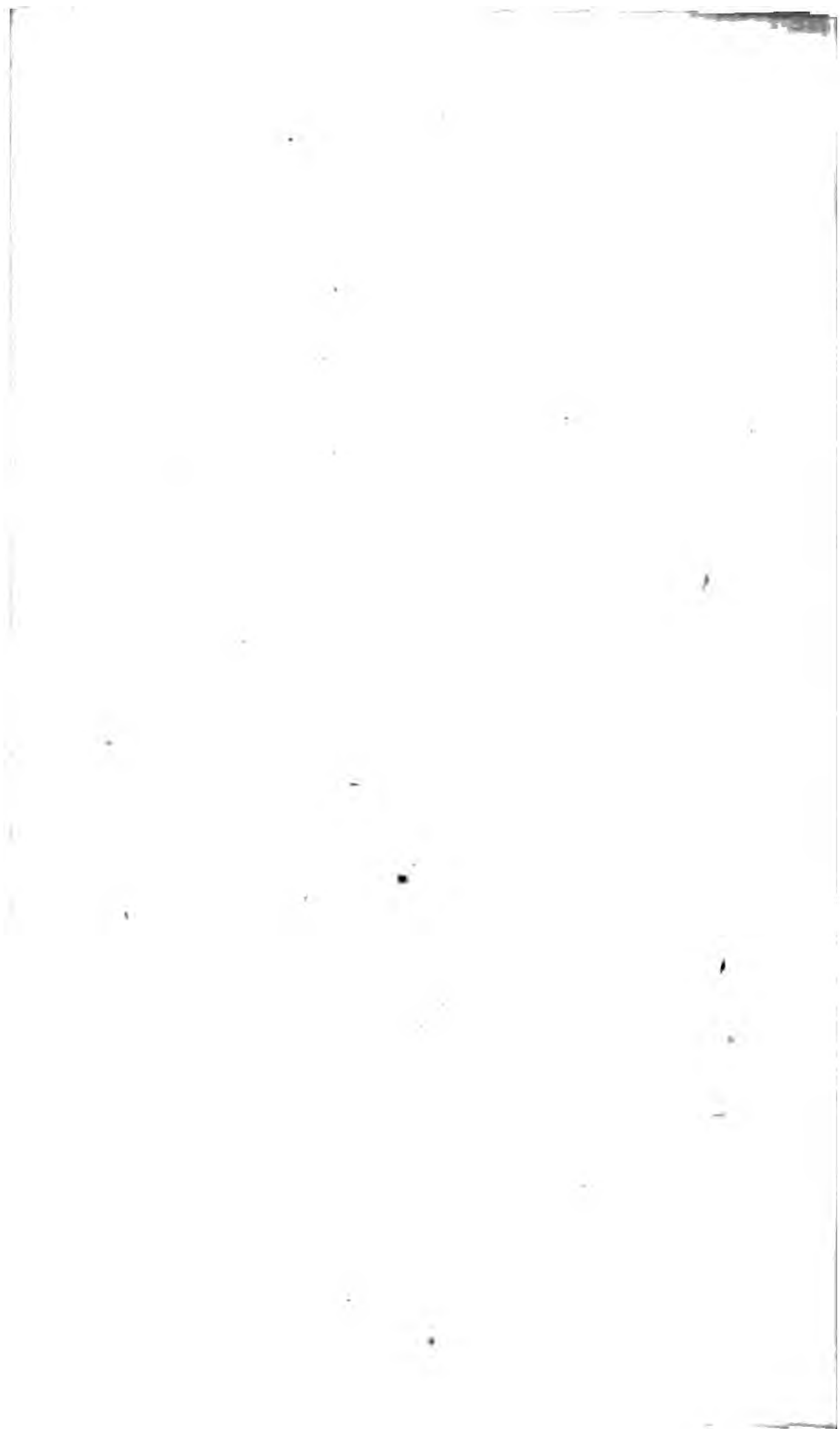
So now he raungeth through the World again,
 And rageth fore in each Degree and State ;
 Ne any is, that may him now restrain,
 He growen is so great and strong of late,
 Barking, and biting all that him do bate,
 All be they worthy Blame or clear of Crime :
 Ne spareth he most learned Wits to rate,
 Ne spareth he the gentle Poet's Rime,
 But rends without regard of Person or of Time.

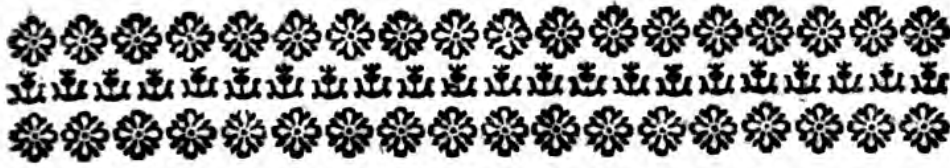
XLI.

Ne may this homely Verse, of many meanest,
 Hope to escape his venomous Despite,
 More than my former Writs, all were they cleaneft
 From blameful Blot, and free from all that Wite
 With which some wicked Tongues did it backbite,
 And bring into a mighty Peer's Displeasure,
 That never so deserved to endite.
 Therefore do you, my Rimes, keep better measure,
 And seek to please, that now is counted wise Mens Treasure.

The End of the Sixth Book.





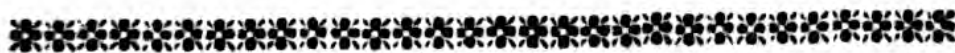


T W O C A N T O S

O F

M U T A B I L I T Y :

Which appear to be part of some following
Book of the *FAIRY-QUEEN*,
under the Legend of *Constancy*.



C A N T O VI.

*Proud Change (not pleas'd, in mortal Things,
Beneath the Moon, to reign)
Pretends, as well of Gods, as Men,
To be the Sovereign.*

I.

WHAT Man that sees the ever-whirling Wheel
Of *Change*, the which all mortal things doth
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feel, (sway,
How *MUTABILITY* in them doth play
Her cruel Sports, to many Mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appear,
I will rehearse that wylom I heard say,
How she at first her self began to rear,
'Gainst all the Gods, and th' Empire sought from them to bear.

II.

II.

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold
 Her antique Race and Linage antient,
 As I have found it register'd of old,
 In *Fairy Land* 'mongst Records permanent ;
 She was, to weet, a Daughter by descent
 Of those old *Titans*, that did whylome frive
 With *Saturn's* Son for Heaven's Regiment.
 Whom, though high *Jove* of Kingdom did deprive,
 Yet many of their Stem long after did survive.

III.

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
 Great Power of *Jove*, and high Authority ;
 As *Hecate*, in whose Almighty Hand
 He plac'd all Rule and Principality,
 To be by her disposed diversly,
 To Gods, and Men, as she them list divide :
 And drad *Bellona*, that doth sound on high
 Wars and Alarums unto Nations wide,
 That makes both Heaven and Earth to tremble at her Pride.

IV.

So likewise did this *Titaness* aspire,
 Rule and Dominion to her self to gain ;
 That as a Goddess, Men might her admire,
 And heavenly Honours yield, as to them twain.
 And first, on Earth she sought it to obtain ;
 Where she such Proof and sad Examples shew'd
 Of her great Power, to many one's great Pain,
 That not Men only (whom she soon subdu'd)
 But eke all other Creatures, her bad Doings ru'd.

V.

For, she the Face of earthly Things so chang'd,
 That all which Nature had establish'd first
 In good Estate, and in meet Order rang'd,
 She did pervert, and all their Statutes burst :
 And all the World's fair Frame (which none yet durst
 Of Gods or Men to alter or misguide)
 She alter'd quite, and made them all accurst
 That God had blest ; and did at first provide
 In that still happy State for ever to abide.

VI.

VI.

Ne she the Laws of Nature only brake,
 But eke of Justice, and of Policy;
 And Wrong of Right, and Bad of Good did make,
 And Death for Life exchanged foolishly
 Since which, all living Wights have learn'd to die,
 And all this World is woxen daily worse.
 O piteous Work of *MUTABILITY!*
 By which, we all are subject to that Curse,
 And Death instead of Life have sucked from our Nurse.

VII.

And now, when all the Earth she thus had brought
 To her Behest, and thrall'd to her Might,
 She 'gan to cast in her ambitious Thought,
 T' attempt th' Empire of the Heaven's height,
 And *Jove* himself to shoulder from his Right.
 And first, she past the Region of the Air,
 And of the Fire, whose Substance thin and slight
 Made no resistance, ne could her contrair,
 But ready passage to her pleasure did prepair.

VIII.

Thence, to the Circle of the Moon she clamb,
 Where *Cynthia* reigns in everlasting Glory,
 To whose bright shining Palace straight she came,
 All fairly deckt with Heaven's goodly Story;
 Whose silver Gates (by which there sate an hoary
 Old aged Sire, with Hower-glass in hand,
 Hight *Time*) she entred, were he liefse or sorry:
 Ne staid till she the highest Stage had scan'd,
 Where *Cynthia* did sit, that never still did stand.

IX.

Her sitting on an Ivory Throne she found,
 Drawn of two Steeds, th' one black, the other white,
 Environ'd with ten thousand Stars around,
 That duely her attended Day and Night;
 And by her side, there ran her Page, that hight
Vesper, whom we the Evening-Star intend:
 That with his Torch, still twinkling like Twylight,
 Her lighten'd all the way where she should wend,
 And Joy to weary wandring Travellers did lend.

X.

X.

Tho when the hardy *Titanefs* beheld
 The goodly Building of her Palace bright,
 Made of the Heaven's Substance, and up-held
 With thousand Crystal Pillors of huge hight,
 She 'gan to burn in her ambitious Spright,
 And t' envy her that in fuch Glory reign'd.
 Eftfoons ſhe caſt by Force and tortious Might,
 Her to diſplace ; and to her ſelf t' have gain'd
 The Kingdom of the Night, and Waters by her wain'd.

XI.

Boldly ſhe bid the Goddeſs down deſcend,
 And let her ſelf into that Ivory Throne ;
 For, ſhe her ſelf more worthy thereof wend,
 And better able it to guide alone :
 Whether to Men, whoſe Fall ſhe did bemoan,
 Or unto Gods, whoſe State ſhe did malign,
 Or to th' infernal Powers, her need give Loan
 Of her fair Light, and Bounty moſt benign,
 Her ſelf of all that Rule ſhe deemed moſt condign.

XII.

But ſhe that had to her that Sovereign Seat
 By higheſt *Jove* aſſign'd, therein to bear
 Night's burning Lamp, regarded not her Threat,
 Ne yielded ought for Favour or for Fear ;
 But with ſtern Countenance and diſdainful Chear,
 Bending her horned Brows, did put her back :
 And boldly blaming her for coming there,
 Bade her attonce from Heaven's Coaſt to pack,
 Or at her Peril bide the wrathful Thunder's wrack.

XIII.

Yet nathemore the *Giantefs* forbare :
 But boldly preſſing-on, raught forth her Hand
 To pluck her down perforce from off her Chair ;
 And there-with liſting up her golden Wand,
 Threatned to ſtrike her if ſhe did withſtand.
 Where-at the Stars, which round about her blaz'd,
 And eke the Moon's bright Wagon, ſtill did ſtand,
 All being with ſo bold Attempt amaz'd,
 And on her uncouth Habit and ſtern Look ſtill gaz'd.

XIV.

XIV.

Mean-while, the lower World, which nothing knew
 Of all that chanced here, was darkned quite ;
 And eke the Heavens, and all the heavenly Crew
 Of happy Wights, now unpuraid of Light,
 Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight ;
 Fearing lest *Chaos* broken had his Chain,
 And brought again on them eternal Night :
 And chiefly *Mercury*, that next doth reign,
 Ran forth in haste, unto the King of Gods to 'plain.

XV.

All ran together with a great Out-cry,
 To *Jove's* fair Palace, fixt in Heavens hight ;
 And beating at his Gates full earnestly,
 'Gan call to him aloud with all their Might,
 To know what meant that suddain lack of Light.
 The Father of the Gods, when this he heard,
 Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
 Doubting lest *Typhon* were again uprear'd,
 Or other his old Foes, that once him sorely fear'd.

XVI.

Estsoons the Son of *Maia* forth he sent
 Down to the Circle of the Moon, to know
 The Cause of this so strange Astonishment,
 And why she did her wonted Course forslow ;
 And if that any were on Earth below
 That did with Charms or Magick her molest,
 Him to attach, and down to Hell to throw :
 But, if from Heaven it were, then to arrest
 The Author, and him bring before his presence prest.

XVII.

The wing'd-foot God, so fast his Plumes did beat,
 That soon he came where-as the *Titanes*
 Was striving with fair *Cynthia* for her Seat :
 At whose strange sight, and haughty Hardiness,
 He wondred much, and feared her no less.
 Yet laying Fear aside to do his charge,
 At last, he bade her (with bold stedfastness)
 Cease to molest the Moon to walk at large,
 Or come before high *Jove*, her doings to discharge.

XVIII.

And there-with-all, he on her Shoulder laid
 His snaky-wreathed Mace, whose awful Power
 Doth make both Gods and hellish Fiends affraid :
 Where-at the *Titanes* did sternly lour,
 And stoutly answer'd, that in evil Hour
 He from his *Jove* such Message to her brought,
 To bid her leave fair *Cynthia's* silver Bower ;
 Sith she his *Jove* and him esteemed nought,
 No more than *Cynthia's* self ; but all their Kingdoms sought.

XIX.

The Heaven's Herald staid not to reply,
 But pass away, his Doings to relate
 Unto his Lord ; who now in th' highest Sky,
 Was placed in his principal Estate,
 With all the Gods about him congregate :
 To whom when *Hermes* had his Message told,
 It did them all exceedingly amate
 Save *Jove* ; who, changing nought his Count'nance bold,
 Did unto them at length these Speeches wise unfold.

XX.

Harken to me awhile, ye heavenly Powers ;
 Ye may remember since th' Earth's cursed Seed
 Sought to assail the Heaven's eternal Towers,
 And to us all exceeding Fear did breed :
 But how we then defeated all their Deed,
 Ye all do know, and them destroyed quite ;
 Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
 An Off-spring of their Blood, which did alite
 Upon the fruitful Earth, which doth us yet despite,

XXI.

Of that bad Seed is this bold Woman bred,
 That now with bold Presumption doth aspire
 To thrust fair *Phæbe* from her silver Bed,
 And eke our selves from Heaven's high Empire,
 If that her Might were match to her Desire :
 Wherefore, it now behoves us to advise
 What way is best to drive her to retire ;
 Whether by open Force, or Counsel wise,
 Agree ye Sons of God, as best ye can devise.

XXII.

XXII.

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 even the highest Powers of Heaven to check)
 Made sign to them in their Degrees to speak :
 Who straight 'gan cast their Counsel grave and wise.
 Mean-while, th'Earth's Daughter, tho she nought did reck
 Of *Hermes*' Message ; yet 'gan now advise,
 What Course were best to take in this her bold Emprize.

XXIII.

Eftsoons she thus resolv'd ; that whilst the Gods
 (After return of *Hermes*' Embassy)
 Were troubled, and amongst themselves at odds,
 Before they could new Counsels re-ally,
 To set upon them in that extasy ;
 And take what Fortune, Time and Place would lend :
 So, forth she rose, and through the purest Sky
 To *Jove*'s high Palace straight cast to ascend,
 To prosecute her Plot : Good On-set boads good End.

XXIV.

She there arriving, boldly in did pass ;
 Where all the Gods she found in Counsel close,
 All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
 At sight of her they suddain all arose
 In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose.
 But *Jove*, all fearless, forc'd them to aby ;
 And in his sovereign Throne 'gan straight dispose
 Himself more full of Grace and Majesty,
 That mote encheat his Friends, and Foes mote terrify.

XXV.

That, when the haughty *Titanes* beheld,
 All were she fraught with Pride and Impudence,
 Yet with the sight thereof was almost quell'd ;
 And inly quaking, seem'd as rest of Sense,
 And void of Speech in that drad Audience ;
 Until that *Jove* himself, her self bespake :
 Speak thou frail Woman, speak with Confidence,
 Whence art thou, and what dost thou here now make ?
 What idle Errand hast, Earth's Mansion to forsake ?

XXVI.

She, half confus'd with his great Command,
 Yet gathering Spirit of her Nature's Pride,
 Him boldly answer'd thus to his Demand :
 I am a Daughter by the Mother's side,
 Of her that is Grand-mother magnify'd
 Of all the Gods, great *Earth*, great *Chaos*' Child ;
 But by the Father's (be it not envy'd)
 I greater am in Blood (whereon I build)
 Than all the Gods, though wrongfully from Heaven exil'd.

XXVII.

For, *Titan* (as ye all acknowledg must)
 Was *Saturn*'s elder Brother by Birth-right ;
 Both, Sons of *Uranus* : but by unjust
 And guileful Means, through *Corybante*'s Slight,
 The younger thrust the elder from his Right :
 Since which, thou *Jove*, injuriously hast held
 The Heaven's Rule from *Titan*'s Sons by Might ;
 And them to hellish Dungeons down hast feld :
 Witness ye Heavens the truth of all that I have told.

XXVIII.

Whilst she thus spake, the Gods that gave good ear
 To her bold Words, and marked well her Grace,
 Being of Stature tall as any there
 Of all the Gods, and beautiful of Face,
 As any of the Goddeffes in place,
 Stood all astonied, like a sort of Steers,
 'Mongst whom, some Beast of strange and foreign Race,
 Unwares is chaunc'd, far straying from his Peers :
 So did their ghastly Gaze bewray their hidden Fears.

XXIX.

Till having paus'd awhile, *Jove* thus bespake ;
 Will never mortal Thoughts cease to aspire,
 In this bold sort, to Heaven claim to make,
 And touch celestial Seats with earthly Mire ?
 I would have thought, that bold *Procrustes*' Hire,
 Or *Typhon*'s Fall, or proud *Ixion*'s Pain,
 Or great *Prometheus*, tasting of our Ire,
 Would have suffic'd, the rest for to refrain ;
 And warn'd all Men by their Example to refrain.

XXX.

XXX.

But now, this Off-scum of that cursed Fry,
 Dare to renew the like bold Enterprize,
 And challenge th' Heritage of this our Sky;
 Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
 Should handle as the rest of her Allies,
 And thunder-drive to Hell? With that he shook
 His Nectar-dewed Locks, with which the Skies
 And all the World beneath for terror quook
 And est his burning Levin-brond in hand he took.

XXXI.

But, when he looked on her lovely Face,
 In which fair Beams of Beauty did appear,
 That could the greatest Wrath soon turn to Grace
 (Such sway doth Beauty even in Heaven bear)
 He staid his Hand: and having chang'd his Chear,
 He thus again in milder wise began;
 But ah! if Gods should strive with Flesh yfere,
 Then shortly should the Progeny of Man
 Be rooted out, if *Jove* should do still what he can.

XXXII.

But thee fair *Titan's* Child, I rather ween,
 Through some vain Error or Enducement light,
 To see that mortal Eyes have never seen;
 Or through Ensamble of thy Sister's Might,
Bellona, whose great Glory thou dost spight,
 Since thou hast seen her dreadful Power below,
 'Mongst wretched Men (dismay'd with her affright)
 To bandy Crowns, and Kingdoms to bestow:
 And sure thy Worth, no less than hers doth seem to show.

XXXIII.

But wote thou this, thou hardy *Titaness*,
 That not the Worth of any living Wight
 May challenge ought in Heaven's Interest;
 Much less the Title of old *Titan's* Right:
 For, we by Conquest of our sovereign Might,
 And by eternal Doom of Fate's Decree,
 Have won the Empire of the Heavens bright;
 Which to our selves we hold, and to whome we
 Shall worthy deem Partakers of our Blifs to be.

XXXIV.

Then cease thy idle Claim thou foolish Girl,
 And seek by Grace and Goodness to obtain
 That Place from which by Folly *Titan* fell ;
 There-to thou may'st perhaps, if so thou fair
 Have *Jove* thy gracious Lord and Sovereign.
 So, having said, she thus to him reply'd ;
 Cease *Saturn's* Son, to seek by Proffers vain
 Of idle Hopes t' allure me to thy side,
 For to betray my Right, before I have it try'd.

XXXV.

But thee, O *Jove*, no equal Judg I deem
 Of my Desert, or of my dueful Right ;
 That in thine own behalf may'st partial seem :
 But to the highest Him, that is behight
 Father of Gods and Men by equal Might ;
 To weet, the God of Nature, I appeal.
 There-at *Jove* wexed wroth, and in his Spright
 Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceal ;
 And bade Dan *Pheebus* Scribe her Apellation seal.

XXXVI.

Eftsoons the time and place appointed were,
 Where all, both heavenly Powers, and earthly Wights,
 Before great Nature's Presence should appear,
 For trial of their Titles and best Rights :
 That was, to weet, upon the highest Hights
 Of *Arlo-bill* (who knows not *Arlo-bill* ?)
 That is the highest Head (in all Mens fight)
 Of my old Father *Mole*, whom Shepherds Quill
 Renowned hath with Hymns fit for a rural Skill.

XXXVII.

And, were it not ill fitting for this File,
 To sing of Hills and Woods, 'mongst Wars and Knights,
 I would abate the Sternness of my Stile,
 'Mongst these stern Stounds to mingle soft Delights ;
 And tell how *Arlo* through *Diana's* Spights
 (Being of old the best and fairest Hill
 That was in all this Holy-Island's hights)
 Was made the most unpleasant, and most ill.
 Mean while, O *Clio*, lend *Calliope* thy Quill.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

Whylome, when *IRELAND* flourished in Fame
 Of Wealth and Goodness, far above the rest
 Of all that bear the *British* Islands Name,
 The Gods then us'd (for Pleasure and for Rest)
 Oft to resort thereto, when seem'd them best:
 But none of all therein more pleasure found,
 Than *Cynthia*; that is sovereign Queen profess
 Of Woods and Forests, which therein abound,
 Sprinkled with wholesom Waters, more than most on ground.

XXXIX.

But 'mongst them all, as fittest for her Game,
 Either for Chase of Beasts with Hound or Bow,
 Or for to shroud in Shade from *Phæbus'* flame,
 Or bathe in Fountains that do freshly flow,
 Or from high Hills, or from the Dales below,
 She chose this *Arlo*, where she did resort
 With all her Nymphs enranged in a row,
 With whom the woody Gods did oft consort:
 For, with the Nymphs, the Satyrs love to play and sport.

XL.

Amongst the which, there was a Nymph that hight
Molanna; Daughter of old Father *Mole*,
 And Sister unto *Mulla*, fair and bright:
 Unto whose Bed false *Bregog* whylome stole,
 That Shepheard *Colin* dearly did condole,
 And made her luckless Loves well known to be.
 But this *Molanna*, were she not so shole,
 Were no less fair and beautiful than she:
 Yet as she is, a fairer Flood may no Man see.

XLI.

For, first, she springs out of two marble Rocks,
 On which, a Grove of Oaks high mounted grows,
 That as a Girland seems to deck the Locks
 Of some fair Bride, brought forth with pompous Shows
 Out of her Bower, that many Flowers strows:
 So, through the flowry Dales she tumbling down,
 Through many Woods, and shady Coverts flows
 (That on each side her silver Channel crown)
 Till to the Plain she come, whose Valleys she doth drown.

XLII.

XLII.

In her sweet Streams, *Diana* used oft
 (After her sweaty Chace and toilsome Play)
 To bathe her self; and after, on the soft
 And downy Grass, her dainty Limbs to lay
 In covert shade, where none behold her may;
 For, much she hated sight of living Eye.
 Foolish God *Faunus*, though full many a day
 He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
 To see her naked 'mongst her Nymphs in privy.

XLIII.

No way he found to compass his Desire,
 But to corrupt *Molanna*, this her Maid,
 Her to discover for some secret Hire;
 So, her with flattering Words he first assay'd;
 And after, pleasing Gifts for her purvey'd,
 Queen-Apples, and red Cherries from the Tree,
 With which he her allured and betray'd,
 To tell what time he might her Lady see
 When she her self did bathe, that he might secret be.

XLIV.

There-to he promis'd, if she would him pleasure
 With this small Boon, to quit her with a better;
 To weet, that whereas she had out of measure
 Long lov'd the *Fancbin*, who by nought did set her,
 That he would undertake, for this to get her
 To be his Love, and of him liked well:
 Besides all which, he vow'd to be her Debter
 For many moe good turns than he would tell;
 The least of which, this little Pleasure should excel,

XLV.

The simple Maid did yield to him anon;
 And est him placed where he close might view
 That never any saw, save only one;
 Who, for his Hire to so fool-hardy due,
 Was of his Hounds devour'd in Hunter's Hue.
 Tho, as her manner was on sunny Day,
Diana, with her Nymphs about her, drew
 To this sweet Spring; where, doffing her Array,
 She bath'd her lovely Limbs, for *Jove* a likely Prey.

XLVI.

XLVI.

There *Faunus* saw that pleased much his Eye,
 And made his Heart to tickle in his Breast,
 That for great Joy of somewhat he did spy,
 He could him not contain in silent rest ;
 But breaking forth in Laughter loud, profess
 His foolish Thought. A foolish *Faune* indeed,
 That couldst not hold thy self so hidden blest,
 But wouldest needs thine own Conceit areed :
 Babblers unworthy been of so divine a Meed.

XLVII.

The Goddess, all abashed with that Noise,
 In haste forth started from the guilty Brook ;
 And running straight where-as she heard his Voice,
 Enclos'd the Bush about, and there him took,
 Like darred Lark ; not daring up to look
 On her whose sight before so much he sought.
 Thence, forth they drew him by the Horns, and shook
 Nigh all to pieces, that they left him nought ;
 And then into the open light they forth him brought.

XLVIII.

Like as an Hufwife, that with busy care
 Thinks of her Dairy to make wondrous gain,
 Finding whereas some wicked Beast unware
 That breaks into her Dair'house, there doth drain
 Her creaming Pans, and frustrate all her Pain ;
 Hath in some Snare or Gin set close behind,
 Entrapped him, and caught into her Train,
 Then thinks what Punishment were best assign'd,
 And thousand Deaths deviseth in her vengeful Mind.

XLIX.

So did *Diana* and her Maidens all
 Use silly *Faunus*, now within their Bail :
 They mock and scorn him, and him foul miscall ;
 Some by the Nose him pluck'd, some by the Tail,
 And by his goatish Beard some did him hail :
 Yet he (poor Soul) with patience all did bear ;
 For, nought against their Wills might countervail :
 Ne ought he said whatever he did hear ;
 But hanging down his Head, did like a Mome appear.

L.

At length when they had flouted him their fill,
 They 'gan to cast what Penance him to give.
 Some would have gelt him, but that same would spill
 The Wood-Gods Breed, which must for ever live :
 Others would through the River him have drive,
 And ducked deep ; but that seem'd Penance light :
 But most agreed, and did this Sentence give,
 Him in Deer's Skin to clad ; and in that Plight,
 To hunt him with their Hounds, himself save how he might.

LI.

But *Cymbia's* self more angry than the rest,
 Thought not enough, to punish him in sport,
 And of her Shame to make a gamesom Jest ;
 But 'gan examine him in straighter sort,
 Which of her Nymphs, or other close Consort,
 Him thither brought, and her to him betray'd.
 He much afeard, to her confessed short,
 That 'twas *Molanna* which her so bewray'd :
 Then all atonce their Hands upon *Molanna* laid.

LII.

But him (according as they had decreed)
 With a Deer's Skin they cover'd, and then chac'd
 With all their Hounds, that after him did speed ;
 But he more speedy, from them fled more fast
 Than any Deer : so sore him Dread aghast.
 They after follow'd all with shrill Outcry,
 Shouting as they the Heavens would have brast :
 That all the Woods and Dales, where he did fly,
 Did ring again, and loud re-eccho to the Sky.

LIII.

So they him follow'd till they weary were ;
 When back returning to *Molann'* again,
 They by Commandment of *Diana*, there
 Her whelm'd with Stones. Yet *Faunus* (for her Pain)
 Of her beloved *Fanchin* did obtain,
 That her he would receive unto his Bed.
 So now her Waves pass through a pleasant Plain,
 Till with the *Fanchin* she her self do wed,
 And (both combin'd) themselves in one fair River spred.

LIV.

LIV.

Nath'less *Diana*, full of Indignation,
 Thenceforth abandon'd her delicious Brook ;
 In whose sweet Stream, before that bad Occasion,
 So much Delight to bathe her Limbs she took :
 Ne only her, but also quite forfook
 All those fair Forests about *Arlo* hid,
 And all that Mountain, which doth over-look
 The richest Champain that may else be rid,
 And the fair *Sbure*, in which are thousand Salmons bred.

LV.

Them all, and all that she so dear did weigh,
 Thenceforth she left ; and parting from the Place,
 Thereon an heavy hapless Curse did lay,
 To weet, that Wolves, where she was wont to space,
 Should harbour'd be, and all those Woods deface,
 And Thieves should rob and spoil that Coast around.
 Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly Chace,
 Doth to this day with Wolves and Thieves abound ;
 Which too-too true that Land's In-dwellers since have found.



CANTO VII.

*'Pealing, from Jove, to Nature's Bar,
 Bold Alteration pleads
 Large Evidence: but Nature soon
 Her righteous Doom areads.*

I.

AH! whither dost thou now, thou greater Muse,
 Me from these Woods and pleasing Forests bring?
 And my frail Spirit (that doth oft refuse
 This too high Flight, unfit for her weak Wing)
 Lift up aloft, to tell of Heaven's King
 (Thy sovereign Sire) his fortunate Success,
 And Victory, in bigger Notes to sing,
 Which he obtain'd against that *Titanest*,
 That him of Heaven's Empire sought to dispossess.

II.

Yet sith I needs must follow thy Behest,
 Do thou my weaker Wit with Skill inspire,
 Fit for this turn; and in my feeble Breast
 Kindle fresh Sparks of that immortal Fire,
 Which learned Minds inflameth with Desire
 Of heavenly things: for who but thou alone,
 That art yborn of Heaven and heavenly Sire,
 Can tell things doen in Heaven so long ygone;
 So far past Memory of Man that may be known?

III.

Now at the time that was before agreed,
 The Gods assembled all on *Arlo Hill*;
 As well those that are sprung of heavenly Seed,
 As those that all the other World do fill,
 And rule both Sea and Land unto their will:
 Only th' infernal Powers might not appear;
 As well for Horrour of their Count'nance ill,
 As for th' unruly Fiends which they did fear;
 Yet *Pluto* and *Proserpina* were present there.

IV.

IV.

And thither also came all other Creatures,
 Whatever Life or Motion do retain,
 According to their sundry kinds of Features;
 That *Arlo* scarcely could them all contain;
 So full they filled every Hill and Plain:
 And had not *Nature's* Sergeant (that is, *Order*)
 Them well disposed by his busy Pain,
 And ranged far abroad in every Border,
 They would have caused much Confusion and Disorder.

V.

Then forth issu'd (great Goddess) great Dame *Nature*,
 With goodly Port and gracious Majesty;
 Being far greater and more tall of Stature
 Than any of the Gods or Powers on high:
 Yet certes by her Face and Phisnomy,
 Whether she Man or Woman inly were,
 That could not any Creature well descry;
 For, with a Veil that wimpled every where,
 Her Head and Face was hid, that mote to none appear.

VI.

That some do say was so by Skill deviz'd,
 To hide the Terrour of her uncouth Hue
 From mortal Eyes that should be sore agriz'd:
 For that her Face did like a Lion shew,
 That Eye of Wight could not endure to view:
 But others tell that it so beauteous was,
 And round about such Beams of Splendor threw,
 That it the Sun a thousand times did pass,
 Ne could be seen, but like an Image in a Glas.

VII.

That well may seemen true: for well I ween
 That this same day, when she on *Arlo* sat,
 Her Garment was so bright and wondrous sheen,
 That my frail Wit cannot devize to what
 It to compare, nor find like Stuff to that,
 As those three sacred *Saints*, though else most wise,
 Yet on Mount *Thabor* quite their Wits forgot,
 When they their glorious Lord in strange Disguise
 Transfigur'd saw; his Garments so did daze their Eyes.

VIII.

In a fair Plain upon an equal Hill,
 She placed was in a Pavilion;
 Not such as Craftsmen by their idle Skill
 Are wont for Princes States to fashion:
 But th' Earth her self of her own Motion,
 Out of her fruitful Bosom made to grow
 Most dainty Trees; that, shooting up anon,
 Did seem to bow their blooming Heads full low,
 For Homage unto her, and like a Throne did show.

IX.

So hard it is for any living Wight,
 All her Array and Vestiments to tell,
 That old Dan *Geffrey* (in whose gentle Spright
 The pure Well-head of Poesy did dwell)
 In his *Fowls Parley* durst not with it mell,
 But it transfer'd to *Alane*, who he thought
 Had in his *Plaint of Kinds* describ'd it well:
 Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
 Go seek he out that *Alane* where he may be sought.

X.

And all the Earth far underneath her Feet
 Was dight with Flow'rs, that voluntary grew
 Out of the Ground, and sent forth Odours sweet;
 Ten thousand more, of sundry Scent and Hue,
 That might delight the Smell, or please the View,
 The which the Nymphs, from all the Brooks thereby
 Had gathered, they at her Foot-stool threw;
 That richer seem'd than any Tapestry,
 That Princes Bow'rs adorn with painted Imagery.

XI.

And *Mole* himself, to honour her the more,
 Did deck himself in freshest fair Attire;
 And his high Head, that seemeth always hoar
 With harden'd Frosts of former Winter's Ire,
 He with an oaken Girland now did tire,
 As if the Love of some new Nymph late seen,
 Had in him kindled youthful fresh Desire,
 And made him change his gray Attire to green:
 Ah! gentle *Mole*, such Joyance hath thee well beseen!

XII.

XII.

Was never so great Joyance since the day,
 That all the Gods whilom assembled were
 On *Hemus*' Hill in their divine Array,
 To celebrate the solemn bridale Chear
 'Twixt *Peleus*, and Dame *Thetis* pointed there
 Where *Phæbus*' self, that God of Poets hight,
 They say did sing the spousal Hymn full clear,
 That all the Gods were ravish'd with Delight
 Of his celestial Song, and Musick's wondrous Might.

XIII.

This Great Grandmother of all Creatures bred,
 Great *Nature*, ever young, yet full of eld,
 Still moving, yet unmoved from her Sted,
 Unseen of any, yet of all beheld,
 Thus sitting in her Throne, as I have told,
 Before her came Dame *Mutability*;
 And being low before her Presence feld,
 With meek Obeysance and Humility,
 Thus 'gan her plantiff Plea, with Words to amplify :

XIV.

To thee, O greatest Goddess! only great,
 An humble Suppliant loe! I lowly fly,
 Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat;
 Who Right to all dost deal indifferently,
 Damning all Wrong and tortious Injury,
 Which any of thy Creatures do to other
 (Oppressing them with Pow'r unequally)
 Sith of them all thou art the equal Mother,
 And knittest each to each, as Brother unto Brother.

XV.

To thee therefore of this same *Jove* I' plain,
 And of his Fellow-Gods that feign to be,
 That challenge to themselves the whole World's Reign;
 Of which the greatest part is due to me,
 And Heaven it self by Heritage in Fee:
 For Heaven and Earth I both alike do deem,
 Sith Heaven and Earth are both alike to thee;
 And Gods no more than Men thou dost esteem:
 For even the Gods to thee, as Men to Gods do seem.

XVI.

Then weigh, O sovereign Goddess, by what Right
 These Gods do claim the World's whole Sovereignty;
 And that is only due unto my Might,
 Arrogate to themselves ambitiously;
 As for the Gods own Principality,
 Which *Jove* usurps unjustly, that to be
 My Heritage, *Jove's* self cannot deny,
 From my Great Grandfire *Titan*, unto me
 Deriv'd by due Descent, as is well known to thee.

XVII.

Yet maugre *Jove*, and all his Gods beside,
 I do possess the World's most Regiment;
 As if ye please it into Parts divide,
 And every Part's Inholders to convent,
 Shall to your Eyes appear incontinent.
 And first, the Earth (great Mother of us all)
 That only seems unmov'd and permanent,
 And unto *Mutability* not thrall;
 Yet is she chang'd in part, and eke in general.

XVIII.

For all that from her springs, and is ybred,
 However fair it flourish for a time,
 Yet see we soon decay; and, being dead,
 To turn again unto their earthly Slime:
 Yet out of their Decay and mortal Crime,
 We daily see new Creatures to arise;
 And of their Winter spring another Prime,
 Unlike in Form, and chang'd by strange Disguise:
 So turn they still about, and change in restless wise.

XIX.

As for her Tenants, that is, Man and Beasts,
 The Beasts we daily see massacred die,
 As Thralls and Vassals unto Mens Beheasts:
 And Men themselves do change continually,
 From Youth to Eld, from Wealth to Poverty,
 From Good to Bad, from Bad to Worst of all.
 Ne do their Bodies only flit and fly;
 But eke their Minds, (which they immortal call)
 Still change and vary Thoughts, as new Occasions fall.

XX.

XX.

Ne is the Water in more constant case ;
 Whether those same on high, or these below :
 For th' Ocean moveth still, from place to place ;
 And every River still doth ebb and flow :
 Ne any Lake, that seems most still and flow,
 Ne Pool so small, that can his Smoothness hold,
 When any Wind doth under Heaven blow ;
 With which the Clouds are also tofs'd and roll'd ;
 Now like great Hills, and straight, like Sluices, them unfold.

XXI.

So likewise are all watry living Wights
 Still tofs'd and turned with continual Change,
 Never abiding in their stedfast Plights.
 The Fish, still floating, do at random range,
 And never rest ; but evermore exchange
 Their dwelling Places, as the Streams them carry :
 Ne have the watry Fowls a certain Grange,
 Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry ;
 But fitting still do fly, and still their Places vary.

XXII.

Next is the Air : which who feels not by Sense
 (For of all Sense it is the middle Mean)
 To sit still ? and with subtle Influence
 Of his thin Spirit, all Creatures to maintain
 In State of Life ? O weak Life ! that does lean
 On things so tickle as th' unsteady Air ;
 Which every hour is chang'd, and alter'd clean
 With every Blast that bloweth foul or fair :
 The fair doth it prolong ; the foul doth it impair.

XXIII.

Therein the Changes infinite behold,
 Which to her Creatures every minute chance :
 Now boiling hot ; straight friezing deadly cold :
 Now fair Sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce ;
 Straight bitter Storms and baleful Countenance,
 That makes them all to shiver and to shake :
 Rain, Hail, and Snow do pay them sad Penance,
 And dreadful Thunder-Claps (that make them quake)
 With Flames and flashing Lights that thousand Changes make.

XXIV.

Last is the Fire: which though it live for ever,
 Ne can be quenched quite; yet every day
 We see his Parts, so soon as they do sever,
 To lose their Heat, and shortly to decay;
 So makes himself his own consuming Prey.
 Ne any living Creatures doth he breed:
 But all, that are of others bred, doth slay;
 And, with their Death, his cruel Life doth feed;
 Nought leaving, but their barren Ashes, without Seed.

XXV.

Thus all these four (the which the Ground-work be
 Of all the World, and of all living Wights)
 To thousand sorts of *Change* we subject see:
 Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous Sights)
 Into themselves, and lose their native Might;
 The Fire to Air, and th' Air to Water sheer,
 And Water into Earth; yet Water fights
 With Fire, and Air with Earth approaching near:
 Yet all are in one Body, and as one appear.

XXVI.

So in them all reigns *Mutability*;
 However these, that Gods themselves do call,
 Of them do claim the Rule and Sovereignty:
 As *Vesta*, of the Fire Ethereal;
Vulcan, of this, with us so usual;
Ops, of the Earth; and *Juno*, of the Air;
Neptune, of Seas; and Nymphs, of Rivers all.
 For all those Rivers to me subject are:
 And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my Share.

XXVII.

Which to approven true, as I have told,
 Vouchsafe, O Goddess! to thy Presence call
 The rest which do the World in Being hold;
 As Times and Seasons of the Year that fall:
 Of all the which, demand in general,
 Or judge thy self, by Verdict of thine Eye,
 Whether to me they are not subject all.
 Nature did yield thereto; and by and by
 Bade *Order* call them all before her Majesty.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

So forth issu'd the Seasons of the Year ;
 First, lusty *Spring*, all dight in Leaves of Flow'rs
 That freshly budded, and new Bloosms did bear
 (In which a thousand Birds had built their Bow'rs,
 That sweetly sung, to call forth Paramours :)
 And in his Hand a Javelin he did bear,
 And on his Head (as fit for warlike Stours)
 A gilt engraven Morion he did wear ;
 That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

XXIX.

Then came the jolly *Summer*, being dight
 In a thin silken Cassock colour'd green,
 That was unlined all, to be more light :
 And on his Head a Girland well beseen
 He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
 The Sweat did drop ; and in his Hand he bore
 A Bow and Shafts, as he in Forest green
 Had hunted late the Libbard or the Boar,
 And now would bathe his Limbs, with Labour heated sore.

XXX.

Then came the *Autumn* all in Yellow clad,
 As though he joyed in his plenteous Store,
 Laden with Fruits that made him laugh, full glad
 That he had banish'd Hunger, which to-fore
 Had by the Belly oft him pinched sore.
 Upon his Head a Wreath, that was enroll'd
 With Ears of Corn of every sort, he bore :
 And in his Hand a Sickle he did hold,
 To reap the ripen'd Fruits, the which the Earth had yold.

XXXI.

Lastly, came *Winter* clothed all in Frize,
 Chattering his Teeth for Cold that did him chill,
 Whilst on his hoary Beard his Breath did freeze ;
 And the dull Drops, that from his purpled Bill,
 As from a Limbeck did adown distill,
 In his right Hand a tipped Staff he held,
 With which his feeble Steps he stayed still :
 For he was faint with Cold, and weak with Eld ;
 That scarce his loosed Limbs he able was to wald.

XXXII.

XXXII.

These, marching softly, thus in order went,
 And after them, the Months all riding came ;
 First, sturdy *March*, with Brows full sternly bent,
 And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,
 The same which over *Hellepontus* swam ;
 Yet in his Hand a Spade he also hent,
 And in a Bag all sorts of Seeds ysame,
 Which on the Earth he strowed as he went,
 And fill'd her Womb with fruitful Hope of Nourishment.

XXXIII.

Next, came fresh *April* full of Lustyhead,
 And wanton as a Kid, whose Horn new buds ;
 Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through th' *Argolick* Floods :
 His Horns were gilden all with golden Studs,
 And garnished with Garlands, goodly dight
 Of all the fairest Flow'rs and freshest Buds :
 Which th' Earth brings forth, and wet he seem'd in fight
 With Waves, through which he waded for his Love's Delight.

XXXIV.

Then came fair *May*, the fairest Maid on ground,
 Deck'd all with Dainties of her Season's Pride,
 And throwing Flow'rs out of her Lap around :
 Upon two Brethrens Shoulders she did ride,
 The Twins of *Leda* ; which on either side
 Supported her like to their sovereign Queen.
 Lord ! how all Creatures laugh'd, when her they spy'd,
 And leap'd and daunc'd, as they had ravish'd been !
 And *Cupid's* self about her flutter'd all in green.

XXXV.

And after her, came jolly *June*, array'd
 All in green Leaves, as he a Player were ;
 Yet in his time, he wrought as well as play'd,
 That by his Plough-yrons mote right well appear :
 Upon a Crab he rode, that him did bear
 With crooked crawling Steps an uncouth Pace,
 And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare,
 Bending their Force contrary to their Face,
 Like that ungracious Crew, which feigns demurest Grace.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Then came hot *July* boiling like to Fire,
 That all his Garments he had cast away ;
 Upon a Lion raging yet with Ire
 He boldly rode, and made him to obey :
 It was the Beast that whylome did forray
 Th' *Nemæan* Forest, till th' *Amphytrionide*
 Him slew, and with his Hide did him array :
 Behind his Back a Sithe, and by his Side
 Under his Belt he bore a Sickle circling wide.

XXXVII.

The sixth was *August*, being rich array'd
 In Garment all of Gold down to the ground ;
 Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Maid
 Forth by the Lilly Hand, the which was crown'd
 With Ears of Corn, and full her Hand was found :
 That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
 Liv'd here on Earth, and plenty made abound ;
 But, after Wrong was lov'd, and Justice sold,
 She left th' unrighteous World, and was to Heaven extol'd.

XXXVIII.

Next him, *September* marched eke on foot ;
 Yet was he heavy laden with the Spoil
 Of Harvest's Riches, which he made his Boot,
 And him enrich'd with Bounty of the Soil :
 In his one hand, as fit for Harvest's Toil,
 He held a Knife-hook ; and in th' other hand
 A pair of Weights, with which he did assoil
 Both more and less, where it in doubt did stand,
 And equal gave to each, as Justice duly scann'd.

XXXIX.

Then came *October* full of merry Glee :
 For, yet his Noul was totty of the Must,
 Which he was treading in the Wine-fats see,
 And of the joyous Oil, whose gentle Gust
 Made him so frolick and so full of Lust :
 Upon a dreadful Scorpion he did ride,
 The same which by *Diana's* doom unjust
 Slew great *Orion* ; and eke by his Side
 He had his Ploughing-Share, and Coulter ready ty'd.

XL.

XL.

Next was *November*, he full gross and fat,
 As fed with Lard, and that right well might seem;
 For he had been a fattening Hogs of late,
 That yet his Brows with Sweat did reek and steem,
 And yet the Season was full sharp and breem;
 In planting eke he took no small delight:
 Whereon he rode, not easy was to deem;
 For it a dreadful *Centaur* was in sight,
 The Seed of *Saturn* and fair *Nais*, *Chiron* hight.

XLI.

And after him, came next the chill *December*:
 Yet he through merry Feasting which he made,
 And great Bonfires, did not the Cold remember;
 His Saviour's Birth his mind so much did glad:
 Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
 The same wherewith *Dan Jove* in tender Years,
 They say, was nourisht by th' *Lean Maid*;
 And in his hand a broad deep Bowl he bears;
 Of which, he freely drinks an Health to all his Peers.

XLII.

Then came old *January*, wrapped well
 In many Weeds to keep the Cold away;
 Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
 And blow his Nails to warm them if he may;
 For, they were numb'd with holding all the day
 An Hatchet keen, with which he felled Wood,
 And from the Trees did lop the needless Spray;
 Upon an huge great Earth-pot Stean he stood;
 From whose wide Mouth, there flowed forth the *Roman*

XLIII.

(Flood.

And lastly, came cold *February*, sitting
 In an old Waggon, for he could not ride;
 Drawn of two Fishes for the Season fitting,
 Which through the Flood before did softly slide
 And swim away: yet had he by his side
 His Plough and Harness fit to till the Ground,
 And Tools to prune the Trees, before the pride
 Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round:
 So past the twelve Months forth, and their due places found.

XLIV.

XLIV.

And after these, there came the *Day* and *Night*,
 Riding together both with equal pace,
 Th' one on a Palfrey black, the other white;
 But *Night* had cover'd her uncomely Face
 With a black Veil, and held in hand a Mace,
 On top whereof the Moon and Stars were pight,
 And Sleep and Darkness round about did trace:
 But *Day* did bear, upon his Scepter's height,
 The goodly Sun, encompass't all with Beames bright.

XLV.

Then came the *Hours*, fair Daughters of high *Jove*,
 And timely *Night*, the which were all endu'd
 With wondrous Beauty fit to kindle Love;
 But they were Virgins all, and Love eschew'd,
 That might forslack the charge to them fore-shew'd
 By mighty *Jove*; who did them Porters make
 Of Heaven's Gate (whence all the Gods issu'd)
 Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake
 By even turns, ne ever did their Charge forsake.

XLVI.

And after all came *Life*, and lastly *Death*:
Death with most grim and grieſly Viſage ſeen,
 Yet is he nought but parting of the Breath;
 Ne ought to ſee, but like a Shade to ween,
 Unbodied, unſoul'd, unheard, unſeen.
 But *Life* was like a fair young luſty Boy,
 Such as they feign *Dan Cupid* to have been,
 Full of delightful Health and lively Joy,
 Deckt all with Flowers, and Wings of Gold fit to employ.

XLVII.

When theſe were paſt, thus 'gan the *Titanefs*;
 Lo! mighty Mother, now be Judg and ſay,
 Whether in all thy Creatures more or leſs
CHANGE doth not reign and bear the greateſt ſway;
 For, who ſees not, that *Time* on all doth prey?
 But *Times* do change and move continually;
 So nothing here long ſtandeth in one ſtay:
 Wherefore, this lower World who can deny
 But to be ſubject ſtill to *Mutability*?

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Then thus 'gan *Jove*; Right true it is, that these
 And all things else that under Heaven dwell
 Are chaung'd of *Time*, who doth them all disseize
 Of Being: But, who is it (to me tell)
 That *Time* himself doth move and still compel
 To keep his course? Is not that namely we
 Which pour that Vertue from our heavenly Cell,
 That moves them all, and makes them changed be?
 So them we Gods do rule, and in them also thee.

XLIX.

To whom, thus *Mutability*: The things
 Which we see not how they are mov'd and sway'd,
 Ye may attribute to your selves as Kings,
 And say they by your secret Power are made:
 But what we see not, who shall us persuade?
 But were they so, as ye them feign to be,
 Mov'd by your Might, and order'd by your Aid;
 Yet what if I can prove, that even ye
 Your selves are likewise chang'd, and subject unto me?

L.

And first, concerning her that is the first;
 Even you, fair *Cynthia*, whom so much ye make
Jove's dearest Darling, she was bred and nurst
 On *Cynthus' Hill*, whence she her Name did take;
 Then is she mortal born, how-so ye crake:
 Besides, her Face and Countenance every day
 We changed see, and sundry Forms partake, (grey:
 Now horn'd, now round, now bright, now brown and
 So that as changeful as the Moon Men use to say.

LI.

Next, *Mercury*, who though he less appear
 To change his Hue, and always seem as one;
 Yet, he his Course doth alter every Year,
 And is of late far out of order gone:
 So *Venus* eke, that goodly Paragon,
 Though fair all Night, yet is she dark all Day;
 And *Phæbus' self*, who lightsome is alone,
 Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
 And fills the darkned World with Terror and Dismay.

LII.

LII.

Now *Mars*, that valiant Man, is changed most :
 For he some times so far runs out of square,
 That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
 And clean without his usual Sphere to fare ;
 That even these Star-gazers stonisht are
 At sight thereof, and damn their lying Books :
 So likewise, grim Sir *Saturn* oft doth spare
 His stern Aspect, and calm his crabbed Looks :
 So many turning Cranks these have, so many Crooks.

LIII.

But you, Dan *Jove*, that only constant are,
 And King of all the rest, as ye do claim,
 Are you not subject eke to this Misfare ?
 Then let me ask you this withouten blame,
 Where were ye born? some say in *Crete* by Name,
 Others in *Thebes*, and others other-where ;
 But wheresoever they comment the same,
 They all consent that ye begotten were,
 And born here in this World, ne other can appear.

LIV.

Then are ye mortal born, and thrall to me,
 Unless the Kingdom of the Sky ye make
 Immortal, and unchangeable to be ;
 Besides, that Power and Vertue which ye spake,
 That ye here work, doth many Changes take,
 And your own Natures change : for, each of you
 That Vertue have, or this or that to make,
 Is checkt and changed from his Nature true,
 By other's Opposition or obliquid View.

LV.

Besides, the sundry Motions of your Spheres,
 So sundry ways and fashions as Clerks feign,
 Some in short space, and some in longer Years ;
 What is the same but Alteration plain ?
 Only the starry Sky doth still remain :
 Yet do the Stars and Signs therein still move,
 And even it self is mov'd, as Wizards sain.
 But all that moveth, doth Mutation love :
 Therefore both you and them to me I subject prove.

LVI.

Then since within this wide great *Universe*
 Nothing doth firm and permanent appear,
 But all things tost and turned by transverse:
 What then should lett, but I aloft should rear
 My Trophy, and from all the Triumph bear?
 Now judg then (O thou greatest Goddess true!)
 According as thy self dost see and hear,
 And unto me addoom that is my Due;
 That is the Rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

LVII.

So having ended, silence long ensu'd,
 Ne *Nature* to or fro spake for a space,
 But with firm Eyes affixt, the ground still view'd.
 Mean while, all Creatures, looking in her Face,
 Expecting th' end of this so doubtful Case,
 Did hang in long suspence what would ensue,
 To whether side should fall the Sovereign Place.
 At length, she looking up with chearful view,
 The Silence brake, and gave her Doom in Speeches few.

LVIII.

I well consider all that ye have said,
 And find that all things Stedfastness do hate
 And changed be: yet being rightly weigh'd,
 They are not changed from their first Estate,
 But by their Change their Being do dilate;
 And turning to themselves at length again,
 Do work their own Perfection so by Fate:
 Then over them Change doth not rule and reign;
 But they reign over Change, and do their States maintain.

LIX.

Cease therefore, Daughter, further to aspire,
 And thee content thus to be rul'd by me:
 For thy Decay thou seekst by thy Desire;
 But time shall come that all shall changed be,
 And from thenceforth, none no more Change shall see.
 So was the *Titanes* put down and whist,
 And *Jove* confirm'd in his imperial See.
 Then was that whole Assembly quite dismiss,
 And *Nature's* self did vanish, whither no Man wist.



The Eighth Canto, imperfect.

I.

WHEN I bethink me on that Speech whylear,
Of *Mutability*, and well it weigh;
Me seems, that though she all unworthy were
Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet very sooth to say,
In all things else she bears the greatest sway.
Which makes me loath this state of Life so tickle,
And Love of things so vain and cast away;
Whose flowring Pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short *Time* shall soon cut down with his consuming Sickle.

II.

Then 'gin I think on that which Nature said,
Of that same time when no more *Change* shall be,
But stedfast Rest of all things firmly stay'd
Upon the Pillours of Eternity,
That is contrair to *Mutability*;
For, all that moveth, doth in *Change* delight:
But thence-forth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabbaoth hight:
O that great Sabbaoth God, graunt me that Sabbaoth's sight.

The End of the Seventh Book.



Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is extremely faint and illegible due to the quality of the scan. It appears to be organized into several paragraphs or sections, but the specific words and sentences cannot be discerned.

THE
SHEPHERDS
CALENDAR:

CONTAINING

TWELVE ÆGLOGUES,

Proportionable to the

TWELVE MONTHS.

Entituled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentle-
man, most worthy of all Titles, both
of Learning and Chivalry,

Master *PHILIP SIDNEY.*

To his B O O K.

GO, little Book; thy self present,
As Child whose Parent is unkent,
To him that is the President
Of Nobleness and Chivalrie:
And if that Envy bark at thee,
As sure it will, for Succour flee
Under the shadow of his Wing.
And, asked who thee forth did bring,
A Shepherd's Swain say did thee sing,
All as his straying Flock he fed:
And when his Honour hath thee read,
Crave pardon for thy Hardy-head.
But if that any ask thy Name,
Say, thou wert base begot with blame:
Forthy thereof thou takest shame.
And when thou art past Jeopardy,
Come tell me what was said of me,
And I will send more after thee.

IMMERITO.



J A N U A R Y.

ÆGLOGA PRIMA.

ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is a Soliloquy of Colin Clout, by which Name the Poet means himself; complaining of his unprosperous Love of Rosalind, and comparing his Condition to that of his wretched Weather-beaten Flock, and to the rigorous Season of the Year.

COLIN CLOUT.

A Shepherd's Boy (no better do him call)
When Winters wasteful Spight was almost
spent,
All in a Sunshine-day, as did befall,
Led forth his Flock, that had been long ypent.
So faint they wox, and feeble in the Fold,
That now uneathes their Feet could them uphold.

†

All

All as the Sheep, such was the Shepherd's Look,
 For pale and wan he was, (alas the while!)
 May seem he lov'd, or else some care he took:
 Well couth he tune his Pipe, and frame his Stile.
 Tho to a Hill his fainting Flock he led,
 And thus he 'plain'd, the while his Sheep there fed.

Ye Gods of Love, that pity Lovers Pain,
 (If any Gods the Pain of Lovers pity)
 Look from above, where you in Joys remain,
 And bow your Ears unto my doleful Ditty.
 And *Pan* thou Shepherd's God, that once did love,
 Pity the Pains, that thou thy self didst prove.

Thou barren Ground, whom Winter's Wrath hath wasted,
 Art made a Mirror, to behold my Plight;
 Whylom thy fresh Spring flower'd, and after hasted
 Thy Summer proud, with Daffadillies dight:
 And now is come thy Winter's stormy State,
 Thy Mantle marr'd, wherein thou maskedst late.

Such Rage as Winters, reigneth in my Heart,
 My Life-blood freezing, with unkindly Cold:
 Such stormy Stours do breed my baleful Smart,
 As if my Years were waste, and woxen old.
 And yet, alas, but now my Spring begun,
 And yet, alas, it is already done.

You naked Trees, whose shady Leaves are lost,
 Wherein the Birds were wont to build their Bower,
 And now are cloth'd with Moss and hoary Frost,
 Instead of Blossoms, wherewith your Buds did flower;
 I see your Tears, that from your Boughs do rain,
 Whose Drops in drery Hicles remain.

Also my lustful Leaf is dry and fear,
 My timely Buds with wailing all are wasted;
 The Blossom, which my Branch of Youth did bear,
 With breathed Sighs is blown away, and blasted:

And

And from mine Eyes the drizzling Tears descend,
As on your Boughs the Ificles depend.

Thou feeble Flock, whose Fleece is rough and rent,
Whose Knees are weak, through Fast and evil Fare,
Maist witness well, by thy ill Government,
Thy Master's Mind is overcome with Care.

Thou weak, I wan : Thou lean, I quite forlorn :
With mourning pine I, you with pining mourn.

A thousand sighs I curse that careful Hour,
Wherein I long'd the neighbour Town to see :
And eke ten thousand sighs I bless the Stour,
Wherein I saw so fair a sight as she.

Yet all for naught : Such sight hath bred my Bane :
Ah God, that Love should breed both Joy and Pain !

It is not *Hobbinol*, wherefore I plain,
Albe my Love he seek with daily Suit :
His clownish Gifts and Courties I disdain,
His Kids, his Cracknels, and his early Fruit.

Ah, foolish *Hobbinol*, thy Gifts been vain :
Colin them gives to *Rosalind* again.

I love thilk Lafs, (alas, why do I love ?)
And am forlorn, (alas, why am I lorn ?)
She deigns not my good Will, but doth reprove,
And of my rural Musick holdeth scorn.

Shepherds Device she hateth as the Snake,
And laughs the Songs that *Colin Clout* doth make,

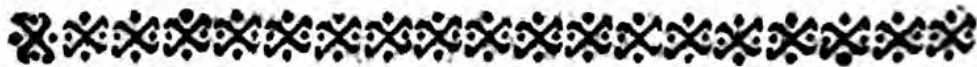
Wherefore my Pipe, albe rude *Pan* thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would,
And thou unlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
My musing Mind, yet canst not, when thou should ;
Both Pipe and Muse shall sore the while abide.
So broke his Oaten Pipe, and down did lie.

By

By that the welked *Phæbus* 'gan avail
 His weary Wain, and now the frosty Night
 Her Mantle black through Heaven 'gan over-hale.
 Which seen, the pensive Boy half in despoight
 Arose, and homeward drove his sullen Sheep,
 Whose hanging Heads did seem his careful Case to weep.

Colin's Emblem :

Anchora Speme.



F E B R U A R Y.

ÆGLOGA SECUNDA.

A R G U M E N T.

Cuddy, a young Shepherd, inveighing against the Season of the Year, and comparing it to old Age, which he treats with Scorn, is reprov'd by Thenot, an old Shepherd; who, to shew him his Folly, relates a Moral Fable of an Oak and a Briar, but without curing the young Shepherd's Vanity. By Tityrus mention'd in this Æglogue, and elsewhere in the Author's Works, is meant Geoffrey Chaucer, in imitation of whose Stile and Manner this Æglogue is written.

C U D D Y

C U D D Y. T H E N O T.

A H for pity, will rank Winter's Rage
 These bitter Blasts never 'gin t'asswage?
 The keen Cold blows through my beaten Hide,
 All as I were through the Body gride,
 My ragged Ronts all shiver and shake,
 As done high Towers in an Earthquake:
 They wont in the Wind wag their wriggle Tails,
 Peark as a Peacock; but now it avails.

Thenot.

Leudly complainest, thou lazy Lad,
 Of Winter's wrack for making thee sad?
 Must not the World wend in his common Course,
 From Good to Bad, and from Bad to Worse,
 From Worse, unto that is Worst of all,
 And then return to his former Fall?
 Who will not suffer the stormy Time,
 Where will he live till the lusty Prime?
 Self have I worn out thrice thirty Years,
 Some in much Joy, and many in Tears:
 Yet never complained of Cold nor Heat,
 Of Summer's Flame, nor of Winter's Threat
 Ne never was to Fortune Foe-man,
 But gently took, that ungently came.
 And ever my Flock was my chief Care,
 Winter or Summer they mought well fare.

Cuddy.

No marvel, *Thenot*, if thou can bear
 Chearfully the Winter's wrathful Chear;
 For Age and Winter accord full nigh,
 This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wry:
 And as the lowring Weather looks down,
 So seemest thou like Good-Friday to frown.
 But my flowring Youth is Foe to Frost,
 My Ship unwont in Storms to be tost.

Thenot.

The Sovereign of Seas he blames in vain,
 That once Sea-beat, will to Sea again.

†

So

So loytring live you little Herd-Grooms,
 Keeping your Beasts in the budded Brooms.
 And when the shining Sun laugheth once,
 You deemen, the Spring is come at once.
 Tho gin you, fond Flies, the Cold to scorn,
 And crowing in Pipes made of green Corn,
 You thinken to be Lords of the Year :
 But est, when ye count you freed from Fear,
 Comes the breme Winter with chamfred Brows,
 Full of Wrinkles and frosty Furrows,
 Drerily shooting his stormy Dart,
 Which cruddles the Blood, and pricks the Heart,
 Then is your careles Courage accoyed,
 Your careful Herds with cold be annoyed,
 Then pay you the price of your Surquedry,
 With weeping, and wailing, and misery.

Cuddy.

Ah foolish old Man, I scorn thy Skill,
 That wouldest me, my springing Youth to spill.
 I deem thy Brain emperished be,
 Through rusty Eld, that hath rotted thee :
 Or siker thy Head very totty is,
 So on thy corb Shoulder it leans amis,
 Now thy self hath lost both lop and top,
 Als my budding Branch thou wouldest crop :
 But were thy Years green, as now been mine
 To other Delights they would encline :
 Tho wouldest thou learn to carol of Love,
 And hery with Hymns thy Lasses Glove :
 Tho wouldest thou pipe of *Pbillis'* Praise ;
 But *Pbillis* is mine for many Days.
 I wone her with a Girdle of Gelt,
 Embost with Bugle about the Belt.
 Such an one Shepherds would make full fain ;
 Such an one would make thee young again.

Tbenot.

Thou art a Fon, of thy Love to bost ;
 All that is lent to Love will be lost.

Cuddy.

Cuddy.

Seeft how brag yond Bullock bears,
 So fmirk, fo smooth, his pricked Ears?
 His Horns been as brade, as Rainbow bent,
 His Dewlap as lythe, as Lafs of *Kent*.
 See how he venteth into the Wind,
 Weeneft of Love is not his Mind?
 Seemeth thy Flock thy Counfel can,
 So luftles been they, fo weak, fo wan.
 Cloathed with Cold, and hoary with Frost,
 Thy Flock's Father his Courage hath loft,
 Thy Ewes that wont to have blown Blags,
 Like wailful Widdows hangen their Crag.
 The rather Lambs been starved with cold,
 All for their Master is luftles and old.

Thenot.

Cuddy, I wot thou kenft little good,
 So vainly to advance thy headles Hood.
 For Youth is a Bubble blown up with Breath,
 Whose Wit is Weakness, whose Wage is Death,
 Whose Way is Wilderneck, whose Inn Penance,
 And ftoop gallant Age, the host of Grievance.
 But fhall I tell thee a Tale of Truth,
 Which I cond of *Tityrus* in my Youth,
 Keeping his Sheep on the Hills of *Kent*?

Cuddy.

To nought more, *Thenot*, my Mind is bent,
 Than to hear Novels of his devise:
 They been fo well thewed, and fo wife,
 What ever that good old Man befpoke.

Thenot.

Many meet Tales of Youth did he make,
 And some of Love, and some of Chivalry:
 But none fitter than this to apply.
 Now liften a while and hearken the end.

T H E R E grew an aged Tree on the Green,
 A goodly Oak fometime had it been,
 With Arms full ftrong and lergely difplay'd,
 But of their Leaves they were difaray'd:

The Body big and mightily pight,
 Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height :
 Whylom had been the King of the Field,
 And mochel Mast to the Husband did yield,
 And with his Nuts larded many Swine.
 But now the gray Moss marred his Rine,
 His bared Boughs were beaten with Storms,
 His Top was bald, and wafsted with Worms,
 His Honour decay'd, his Braunches fere.

Hard by his side grew a bragging Breere,
 Which proudly thrust into th'Element,
 And seemed to threat the Firmament.
 It was embellisht with Blossoms fair :
 And thereto aye wonted to repair
 The Shepherd's Daughters to gather Flowres,
 To paint their Garlands with his Colowres ;
 And in his small Bushes used to shroud
 The sweet Nightingale singing so loud :
 Which made this foolish Breere wex so bold,
 That on a time he cast him to scold,
 And sneb the good Oak, for he was old.

Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish Block ?
 Nor for Fruit, nor for Shadow serves thy Stock :
 Seest how fresh my Flowers been spread,
 Died in Lilly white, and Crimsin red,
 With Leaves engrained in lusty Green,
 Colours meet to cloath a maiden Queen ?
 Thy waste Bigness but cumpers the Ground,
 And dirks the beauty of my Blossoms round.
 The mouldy Moss, which thee accloyeth,
 My Cinamon Smell too much annoyeth.
 Wherefore soon I rede thee hence remove,
 Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove.
 So spake this bold Breere with great disdain :
 Little him answer'd the Oak again,
 But yielded with Shame and Grief adaw'd,
 That of a Weed he was over-craw'd.

It chaunced after upon a day,
 The Husband-man's self to come that way,

Of custom to surview his Ground,
 And his Trees of State in compass round.
 Him when the spiteful Breere had espyed,
 Causeless complained, and loudly cryed
 Unto his Lord, stirring up stern Strife :

O my liege Lord, the God of my Life,
 Pleaseth you pond your Suppliant's Plaint,
 Caused of Wrong, and cruel Constraint,
 Which I your poor Vassal daily endure ;
 And but your Goodness the same recure,
 Am like for desperate Dole to die,
 Through felonous Force of mine Enemy.

Greatly aghast with this piteous Plea,
 Him rested the good Man on the Lea,
 And bad the Breere in his Plaint proceed.
 With painted Words tho 'gan this proud Weed,
 (As most usen ambitious Folk)
 His colour'd Crime with Craft to cloke.

Ah my Sovereign, Lord of Creatures all,
 Thou Placer of Plants both humble and tall,
 Was not I planted of thine own Hand,
 To be the Primrose of all thy Land ;
 With flowring Blossoms, to furnish the Prime,
 And scarlet Berries in Sommer-time ?
 How falls it then that this faded Oak,
 Whose Body is sere, whose Branches broke,
 Whose naked Arms stretch unto the Fire,
 Unto such Tyranny doth aspire ?
 Hindring with his Shade my lovely Light,
 And robbing me of the sweet Sun's sight ?
 So beat his old Boughs my tender Side,
 That oft the Blood springeth from Woundes wide :
 Untimely my Flowers forced to fall,
 That been the Honour of your Coronal :
 And oft he lets his Canker-worms light
 Upon my Branches, to work me more spight ;
 And oft his hoary Locks down doth cast,
 Wherewith my fresh Flowrets been defast.
 For this, and many more such Outrage,
 Craving your Goodlyhead to assuage

The rancorous Rigour of his Might :
 Nought ask I, but only to hold my Right ;
 Submitting me to your good Sufferaunce,
 And praying to be garded from Grievaunce.

To this, this Oak cast him to reply
 Well as he couth : But his Enemy
 Had kindled such Coles of Displeasure,
 That the good Man nould stay his Leasure,
 But home him hasted with furious Heat :
 Encreasing his Wrath with many a threat,
 His harmful Hatchet he hent in Hand,
 (Alas, that it so ready should stand !)
 And to the Field alone he speedeth,
 (Aye little help to harm there needeth)
 Anger nould let him speak to the Tree,
 Enaunter his Rage mought cooled be :
 But to the Root bent his sturdy Stroak,
 And made many Wounds in the waste Oak.
 The Axe's edg did oft turn again,
 As half unwilling to cut the Grain,
 Seemed, the senseless Iron did fear,
 Or to wrong holy Eld did forbear.
 For it had been an antient Tree,
 Sacred with many a Mystery,
 And often crost with the Priest's Crew,
 And often hallowed with Holy-water dew :
 But like Fancies weren Foolery,
 And broughten this Oak to this Misery ;
 For nought mought they quitten him from Decay,
 For fiercely the good Man at him did lay.
 The Block oft groaned under his Blow,
 And sighed to see his near Overthrow.
 In fine, the Steel had pierced his Pith,
 Tho down to the ground he fell forthwith.
 His wondrous Weight made the ground to quake,
 Th' Earth shrunk under him, and seem'd to shake :
 There lieth the Oak pitied of none.

Now stands the Breere like a Lord alone,
 Puff'd up with Pride and vain Pleasance ;
 But all this Glee had no continuance :

For

For eftsoons Winter 'gan to approach,
 The blustering *Boreas* did encroach,
 And beat upon the solitary Breere ;
 For now no succour was seen him neere.
 Now 'gan he repent his Pride too late,
 For naked left and disconsolate,
 The biting Frost nipt his Stalk dead,
 The watry wet weighed down his Head,
 And heaped Snow burdned him so fore,
 That now upright he can stand no more ;
 And being down, is trode in the durt
 Of Cattel, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
 Such was th' End of this ambitious Breere,
 For scorning Eld——

Cuddy.

Now I pray thee Shepherd, tell it not forth :
 Here is a long Tale, and little worth.
 So long have I listened to thy Speech,
 That graffed to the Ground is my Breech :
 My Heart-blood is well nigh from I feel,
 And my Galage grown fast to my Heel :
 But little ease of thy leud Tale I tasted,
 Hie thee home Shepherd, the day is nigh wasted.

Thenot's Emblem.

*Iddio, perche é vecchio.
 Fa suoi al suo effempio.*

Cuddy's Emblem.

*Niuno vecchio,
 Spaventa Iddio.*





M A R C H.

ÆGLOGA TERTIA.

ARGUMENT.

Two Shepherds take occasion from the approach of the Spring to discourse of Love, describ'd here as a Person: One of them relates a Story of his having discover'd him lately hid in a Bush, and of his being wounded by him.

WILLY. THOMALIN.

THomalin, why fitten we so,
As weren overwent with Woe,
Upon so fair a Morrow?
The joyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall alegg this bitter Blast,
And slake the Winter Sorrow.

Thomalin.

Siker *Willy*, thou warneft well;
For Winter's Wrath begins to quell,
And pleasant Spring appeareth:
The Grasse now 'gins to be refresht,
The Swallow peeps out of her Nest,
And cloudy Welkin cleareth.

Willy.

Seest not thilk same Hawthorn Stud,
How bragly it begins to bud,
And utter his tender Head?

Flora

Flora now calleth forth each Flower,
 And bids make ready *Maia's* Bower,
 That now is uprist from Bed.
 Tho shall we sporten in delight,
 And learn with *Lettice* to wex light,
 That scornfully looks askaunce:
 Tho will we little Love awake,
 That now sleepeth in *Letbe* Lake,
 And pray him leaden our daunce.

Tbomalin.

Willy, I ween thou be a Sot;
 For lusty Love still sleepeth not,
 But is abroad at his Game.

Willy.

How kenst thou that he is awoke?
 Or hast thy self his Slumber broke?
 Or made privy to the same?

Tbomalin.

No, but happily I him spide,
 Where in a Bush he did him hide,
 With Wings of purple and blue:
 And were not, that my Sheep would stray,
 The privy Marks I would bewray.
 Whereby by chance I him knew.

Willy.

Tbomalin, have no care for-thy,
 My self will have a double Eye,
 Ylike to my Flock and thine;
 For alas at home I have a Sire,
 A Stepdame eke as hot as Fire,
 That duly adays counts mine.

Tbomalin.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serve,
 My Sheep for that may chance to swerve,
 And fall into some Mischief.
 For sithens is but the third morrow,
 That I chauncst to fall asleep with Sorrow,
 And waked again with Grief:

The while thilk same unhappy Ewe,
 Whose clouted Leg her hurt doth shew,
 Fell headlong into a Dell,
 And there unjointed both her Bones:
 Mought her Neck been jointed attones,
 She should have need no more Spell.
 Th' Elf was so wanton and so wood,
 (But now I trow can better good)
 She mought ne gang on the Green.

Willy.

Let be, as may be, that is past;
 That is to come, let be forecast:
 Now tell us what thou hast seen.

Thomalin.

It was upon a Holy-day,
 When Shepherds Grooms han leave to play,
 I cast to go a shooting:
 Long wandring up and down the Land,
 With Bow and Bolts in either Hand,
 For Birds in Bushes tooting:
 At length within the Ivy tod,
 (There shrouded was the little God)
 I heard a busie buffling.
 I bent my Bolt against the Bush,
 Listning if any thing did rush,
 But then heard no more rustling.
 Tho peeping close into the thick,
 Might see the moving of some quick,
 Whose Shape appeared not;
 But were it Fairy, Fiend, or Snake,
 My Courage earn'd it to awake,
 And manfully thereat shot.
 With that sprang forth a naked Swain,
 With spotted Wings like Peacocks Train,
 And laughing lope to a Tree;
 His gilden Quiver at his Back,
 And silver Bow which was but slack,
 Which lightly he bent at me.
 That seeing, I level'd again,
 And shot at him with Might and Main,
 As thick, as it had hailed,

So long I shot, that all was spent,
 Tho pumy Stones I hastily hent,
 And threw; but nought availed.
 He was so wimble and so wight,
 From Bough to Bough he leaped light,
 And oft the Pumies latched.
 Therewith afraid, I ran away;
 But he, that earst seem'd but to play,
 A Shaft in earnest snatched,
 And hit me running, in the Heel:
 For then I little smart did feel,
 But soon it fore increased.
 And now it rankleth more and more,
 And inwardly it festreth fore,
 Ne wote I how to cease it.

Willy.

Thomalin, I pity thy Plight,
 Perdy with Love thou diddest fight:
 I know him by a Token.
 For once I heard my Father say,
 How he him caught upon a day,
 (Whereof he will be wroken)
 Entangled in a Fowling-Net,
 Which he for Carrion-Crows had set,
 That in our Pear-tree haunted:
 Tho said, he was a winged Lad,
 But Bow and Shafts as then none had;
 Else had he fore be daunted.
 But see, the Welkin thicks apace,
 And stooping *Phæbus* steeps his Face:
 It's time to haste us homeward.

Willy's Emblem.

*To be Wise and eke to Love,
 Is granted scarce to Gods above.*

Thomalin's Emblem.

*Of Honey and of Gall, in Love there is store:
 The Honey is much, but the Gall is more.*



A P R I L.

ÆGLOGA QUARTA.

ARGUMENT.

The Design of this Æglogue is to introduce a Panegyrick, in the Pastoral Kind, on Queen Elizabeth: It begins with a Complaint of Hobbinol (a Shepherd mention'd in the first Æglogue) for Colin's neglect of his Friendship for the sake of Rosalind, with whom he was fallen in Love; and from the mentioning of Colin's Skill in Poetry, Hobbinol takes occasion to recite one of his Songs or Poems, on Elifa, Queen of Shepherds.

THE NOT. HOBBINOL.

Thenot.

TELL me good *Hobbinol*, what gars thee greet?
 What! hath some Wolf thy tender Lambs yorn?
 Or is thy Bag-pipe broke, that sounds so sweet?
 Or art thou of thy loved Lafs forlorn?

Or been thine Eyes attempted to the Year,
 Quenching the gasping Furrows Thirst with Rain?
 Like *April* Shower, so stream the trickling Tears
 Adown thy Cheek, to quench thy thirsty Pain.

Hobbinol.

Hobbinol.

Nor this, nor that, so much doth make me mourn,
 But for the Lad, whom long I lov'd so dear,
 Now loves a Lafs, that all his Love doth scorn:
 He plung'd in pain, his treffed Locks doth tear.

Shepherds Delights he doth them all forswear;
 His pleafant Pipe, which makes us merriment,
 He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear
 His wonted Songs, wherein he all out-went.

Thenot.

What is he for a Lad, you fo lament?
 Is Love fuch pinching pain, to them that prove?
 And hath he Skill to make fo excellent,
 Yet hath fo little Skill to bridle Love?

Hobbinol.

Colin thou kenst the Southern Shepherd's Boy:
 Him Love hath wounded with a deadly Dart.
 Whylom on him was all my Care and Joy,
 Forcing with Gifts to win his wanton Heart.

But now from me his madding Mind is start,
 And woos the Widdow's Daughter of the Glenne:
 So now fair *Rosalind* hath bred his smart;
 So now his Friend is changed for a Frenne.

Thenot.

But if his Ditties be fo trimly dight,
 I pray thee *Hobbinol* record some one,
 The whiles our Flocks do graze about in fight,
 And we close shrouded in this shade alone.

Hobbinol.

Contented I: Then will I fing his Lay,
 Of fair *Elisa*, Queen of Shepherds all;
 Which once he made, as by a Spring he lay,
 And tuned it unto the Water's Fall.

YE dainty Nymphs, that in this blessed Brook
 Do bathe your Breast,
 Forsake your watry Bowers, and hither look,
 At my request.

And

And eke you Virgins that on *Parnasse* dwell,
 Whence floweth *Helicon*, the learned Well,
 Help me to blaze
 Her worthy Praise,
 Which in her Sex doth all excel.

Of fair *Elisa* be your silver Song,
 That blessed Wight,
 The Flower of Virgins; may she flourish long
 In princely Plight.
 For she is *Syrinx*' Daughter without spot;
 Which *Pan* the Shepherd's God of her begot:
 So sprung her Grace
 Of heavenly Race,
 No mortal Blemish may her blot.

See, where she fits upon the grassy Green,
 (O seemly sight!)
 Yclad in Scarlet, like a Maiden Queen,
 And Ermines white.
 Upon her Head a Cremosin Coronet,
 With Damask Roses, and Daffadillies set:
 Bay-leaves between,
 And Primroses green,
 Embellish the sweet Violet.

Tell me, have ye seen her Angel like Face,
 Like *Phæbe* fair?
 Her heavenly Haviour, her princely Grace,
 Can you well compare?
 The red Rose medled with the white yfere.
 In either Cheek depeinten lively chear:
 Her modest Eye,
 Her Majesty,
 Where have you seen the like but there?

I saw *Phœbus* thrust out his golden Head,
 Upon her to gaze:
 But when he saw how broad her Beams did spread,
 It did him amaze,

He blasht to see another Sun below,
 Ne durst again his fiery Face out-show :
 Let him, if he dare,
 His Brightness compare,
 With hers, to have the overthrow.

Shew thy self *Cynthia*, with thy silver Rays,
 And be not abasht :
 When she the Beams of her Beauty displays,
 O how art thou dasht ?
 But I will not match her with *Latona's* Seed ;
 Such Folly great forrow to *Niobe* did breed.
 Now she is a Stone,
 And makes daily mone,
 Warning all other to take heed.

Pan may be proud that ever he begot
 Such a Bellibone,
 And *Syrinx* rejoice, that ever was her lot
 To bear such an one.
 Soon as my Younglings cryen for the Dam,
 To her will I offer a Milk-white Lamb ;
 She is my Goddes plain,
 And I her Shepherd's Swain,
 Albe forswonk and forfwat I am.

I see *Calliope* speed her to the place,
 Where my Goddes shines :
 And after her the other Muses trace
 With their Violines.
 Been they not Bay-branches, which they do bear,
 All for *Elisa* in her Hand to wear ?
 So sweetly they play,
 And sing all the way,
 That it a Heaven is to hear.

Lo, how finely the Graces can it foot
 To the Instrument :
 They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,
 In their Merriment.

Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the Dance even?
Let that Room to my Lady be yeven.

She shall be a Grace
To fill the fourth place,
And reign with the rest in Heaven.

And whither renns this Bevy of Ladies bright,
Ranged in a row?

They been all Ladies of the Lake behight,
That unto her go.

Cloris, that is the chiefeft Nymph of all,
Of Olive Branches bears a Coronall:

Olives been for Peace,
When Wars do surceafe:
Such for a Princess been principal.

Ye Shepherd's Daughters, that dwell on the Green,
Hye you there apace:

Let none come there but that Virgins been,
To adorn her Grace.

And when you come, whereas she is in place,
See that your Rudeness do not you disgrace;

Bind your Fillets fast;
And gird in your Waste,
For more Fineness, with a taudry Lace.

Bring hither the Pink, and purple Collumbine,
With Gylliflowers:

Bring Coronations, and Sops in Wine,
Worn of Paramours.

Strow me the Ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies:

The pretty Pawnce,
And the Chevifaunce,
Shall match with the fair Flowre-Delice.

Now rise up, *Elisa*, decked as thou art
In royal Ray;

And now ye dainty Damfels may depart
Each one her way.

I fear, I have troubled your Troops too long :
 Let Dame *Elisa* thank you for her Song.

And if you come heather,
 When Damfins I geather,
 I will part them all you among.

Thenot.

And was thilk fame Song of *Colin's* own making ?
 Ah ! foolish Boy, that is with Love yblent :
 Great pity is, he be in such taking,
 For nought caren, that been so leudly bent.

Hobbinol.

Siker I hold him for a greater Fon,
 That loves the thing he cannot purchase.
 But let us homeward : for Night draweth on,
 And twinkling Stars the Daylight hence chafe.

Thenot's Emblem.

O quam te memorem Virgo !

Hobbinol's Emblem.

O Dea certe !





M A Y.

ÆGLOGA QUINTA.

A R G U M E N T.

Palinode, inviting Piers to join with the Youths and Shepherds in Mirth, and the Pleasures of the Season, and in celebrating the Festival of May, is reprov'd by him; and told that a Life of Vanity and Luxury, while their Flocks are neglected, does not become good Shepherds. Piers describes the Pastoral Life, at first simple and frugal, without Wealth, yet free from Want, and from Vice; but corrupted afterwards by Licentiousness, and by the Ambition of Power and Command: which expos'd both the Shepherds and their Flocks to be destroy'd by the Wolves. And to shew how dangerous it is to have any Communication with bad Company, he relates a Fable, of the Kid and her Dam.

This Æglogue is purely Allegorical, and seems to be design'd as a moral Lesson on the Life of Christians, and particularly of the Clergy, and on the Difference between those of the Reform'd, and those of the Romish Persuasion; as appears further by a Passage in the Seventh Æglogue, in which Palinode is again mention'd, as giving an account of the lordly Lives of the Shepherds at Rome.

PALINODE.

P A L I N O D E . P I E R S .

IS not this the merry Month of *May*,
 When Love-Lads masken in fresh Array?
 How falls it then, we no merrier been,
 Ylike as others, girt in gawdy Green?
 Our blonket Liveries been all too fad
 For thilk same Season, when all is yclad
 With Pleasance; the Ground with Grass, the Woods
 With green Leaves, the Bushes with blossoming Buds.
 Youth's Folk now flocken in every where,
 To gather *May*-Baskets, and smelling Breere:
 And home they hasten the Posts to dight,
 And all the Kirk-Pillers e'er Day-light,
 With Hawthorn Buds, and sweet Eglantine,
 And Girlonds of Roses, and Sops in Wine.
 Such Merry-make holy Saints doth queam:
 But we here sitten as drown'd in a Dream.

. *Piers.*

For Yonkers, *Palinode*, such Follies fit,
 But we tway been Men of elder Wit.

Palinode.

Siker this morrow, no longer ago,
 I saw a Shole of Shepherds out-go,
 With singing, and shouting, and jolly Chear:
 Before them yode a lusty Tabrere,
 That to the Many a Horn-pipe plaid,
 Whereto they dauncen each one with his Maid.
 To see these Folks make such Jouisaunce,
 Made my Heart after the Pipe to daunce.
 Tho to the green Wood they speeden them all,
 To fetchen home *May* with their Musical;
 And home they bringen in a Royal Throne,
 Crowned as King: and his Queen attone
 Was Lady *Flora*, on whom did attend
 A fair Flock of Fairies, and a fresh Bend
 Of lovely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
 To helpen the Ladies their *May*-Bush bear!)
 Ah! *Piers*, been not thy Teeth on edge, to think
 How great Sport they gainen with little Swink?

S 3

Piers.

Piers.

Perdy, so far am I from Envy,
 That their Fondness inly I pity:
 Those Faitours little regarden their Charge,
 While they, letting their Sheep run at large,
 Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
 In Lustihed, and wanton Merriment.
 Think same been Shepherds for the Divel's sted,
 That playen while their Flocks be unfed.
 Well it is seen their Sheep be not their own,
 That letten them run at random alone.
 But they been hired for little Pay,
 Of other, that caren as little as they,
 What fallen the Flock, so they han the Fleece,
 And get all the Gain, paying but a Piece.
 I muse, what Account both these will make,
 The one for the Hire, which he doth take,
 And th' other for leaving his Lord's Task,
 When great *Pan* Account of Shepherds shall ask.

Palinode.

Siker now I see thou speakest of Spight,
 All for thou lackest some dele their Delight.
 I (as I am) had rather be envied,
 All were it of my Foe, than sonly pitied:
 And yet, if need were, pitied would be,
 Rather than other should scorn at me:
 For pitied is Mishap that nas Remedy,
 But scorned been Deeds of fond Foolery.
 What shoulde Shepherds other things tend,
 Than sith their God his Good does them send,
 Reapen the Fruit thereof, that is Pleasure,
 The while they here liven at ease and leisure?
 For when they been dead, their Good is ygo,
 They sleepen in Rest, well as other moe:
 Tho with them wends, what they spent in Cost,
 But what they left behind them, is lost.
 Good is no Good, but if it be spend;
 God giveth Good for none other end.

†

Piers.

Piers.

Ah! *Palinode*, thou art a World's Child;
 Who touches Pitch, mote needs be defil'd.
 But Shepherds (as *Algrind* used to say)
 Mought not live ylike, as Men of the Lay.
 With them it fits to care for their Heir,
 Enaunter their Heritage do impair:
 They must provide for means of Maintenance,
 And to continue their wont Countenance.
 But Shepherd must walk another way,
 Sike worldly Sovenance he must fore-say.
 The Son of his Loins, why should he regard
 To leave enriched with that he hath spar'd?
 Should not thilk God, that gave him that Good,
 Eke cherish his Child, if in his ways he stood?
 For if he mislive, in Lewdness and Lust,
 Little boots all the Wealth and the Trust,
 That his Father left by Inheritance,
 All will be soon wasted with Misgovernance.
 But through this, and other their Miscrance,
 They maken many a wrong Chevifance,
 Heaping up Waves of Wealth and Woe,
 The Floods whereof shall them overflow.
 Sike Mens Folly I cannot compare
 Better than to the Ape's foolish Care,
 That is so enamoured of her young one,
 (And yet God wote, such Cause hath she none)
 That with her hard Hold, and straight embracing,
 She stoppeth the Breath of her Youngling.
 So oftentimes, whenas Good is ment,
 Evil ensueth of wrong Intent.

The time was once, and may again return,
 (For ought may happen that hath been befor)
 When Shepherds had none Inheritance,
 Ne of Land, nor Fee in Sufferance;
 But what might arise of the bare Sheep,
 (Were it more or less) which they did keep.
 Well I wis was it with Shepherds tho;
 Nought having, nought feared they to forgo,

For

For *Pan* himself was their Inheritance,
 And little them served for their Maintenance.
 The Shepherd's God so well them guided,
 That of nought they were unprovided:
 Butter enough, Honey, Milk, and Whey,
 And their Flocks Fleeces them to array.
 But Tract of Time, and long Prosperity,
 (That Nource of Vice, this of Insolency)
 Lulled the Shepherds in such Security,
 That not content with loyal Obeysance,
 Some 'gan to gape for greedy Governace,
 And match themselves with mighty Potentates,
 Lovers of Lordships, and Troublers of States.
 Tho' 'gan Shepherds Swains to look aloft,
 And leave to live hard, and learn to lig soft.
 Tho' under colour of Shepherds, some-while,
 There crept in Wolves, full of Fraud and Guile,
 That often devoured their own Sheep,
 And often the Shepherd that did hem keep.
 This was the first Sourse of Shepherds Sorrow.
 That now will be quit with bale, nor borrow.

Palinode.

Three things to bear, been very burdenous,
 But the fourth to forbear, is outrageous.
 Women that of Love's Longing once lust,
 Hardly forbear, but have it they must:
 So when Choler is enflamed with Rage,
 Wanting Revenge, is hard to assuage:
 And who can counsel a thirsty Soul,
 With Patience to forbear the offer'd Boul?
 But of all Burdens, that a Man can bear,
 Most is, a Fool's Talk to bear and to hear.
 I ween the Giant has not such a Weight,
 That bears on his Shoulders the Heaven's Height.
 Thou findest fault, where nys to be found,
 And buildest strong Wark upon a weak Ground:
 Thou railest on Right, without Reason,
 And blamest hem much, for small Encheason.
 How wouldest Shepherds live, if not so?
 What, should they pinen in Pain and Woe?

Nay,

Nay, say I thereto, by my dear Borrow,
If I may rest, I will live in Sorrow.

Sorrow ne need to be hastened on :
For he will come without calling anon.
While Times endure of Tranquillity,
Usen we freely our Felicity :
For when approachen the stormy Stowers,
We mought with our Shoulders bear off the sharp Showres.
And sooth to saine, nought seemeth like Strife,
That Shepherds so twiten each others Life,
And layen their Faults the Worlds beforne,
The while their Foes done each of hem scorn.
Let none mislike of that may not be amended :
So Conteck soon by Concord mought be ended.

Piers.

Shepherd, I list no Accordance make
With Shepherd, that does the right way forsake :
And of the twain, if Choïce were to me,
Had lever my Foe, than my Friend he be.
For what Concord han light and dark sam ?
Or what Peace has the Lion with the Lamb ?
Such Faitours, when their false Hearts been hid,
Will do, as did the Fox by the Kid.

Palinode.

Now *Piers*, of fellowship, tell us that Saying :
For the Lad can keep both our Flocks from straying.

Piers.

THILK same Kid (as I can well devise)
Was too very foolish and unwise.
For on a time, in Sommer Season,
The Goat her Dam, that had good Reason,
Yode forth abroad unto the green Wood,
To brouze, or play, or what she thought good :
But, for she had a motherly Care
Of her young Son, and Wit to beware,
She set her Youngling before her Knee,
That was both fresh and lovely to see,
And full of Favour, as Kid mought be.

His

His velvet Head began to shoot out,
 And his wreathed Horns 'gan newly sprout :
 The Blossoms of Lust to bud did begin,
 And sprung forth rankly under his Chin.

My Son (quoth she) and with that 'gan weep :
 (For careful Thoughts in her Heart did creep)
 God bless thee, poor Orphan, as he mought me,
 And send thee Joy of thy Jollity.

Thy Father (that Word she spake with Pain,
 For a Sigh had nigh rent her Heart in twain)
 Thy Father, had he lived this Day,
 To see the Branches of his Body display,
 How would he have joyed at this sweet Sight ?
 But ah ! false Fortune such Joy did him spight,
 And cut off his Days with untimely Woe,
 Betraying him unto the Trains of his Foe.

Now I a wailful Widow behight,
 Of my old Age have this one Delight,
 To see thee succeed in thy Father's stead,
 And flourish in Flowers of Lustihead.
 For even so thy Father his Head upheld,
 And so his haughty Horns did he weld.

Tho marking him with melting Eyes,
 A thrilling Throb from her Heart did arise,
 And interrupted all her other Speech,
 With some old Sorrow that made a new Breach :
 Seemed she saw in her Youngling's Face
 The old Lineaments of his Father's Grace.
 At last, her fullen Silence she broke,
 And 'gan his new-budded Beard to stroke.

Kiddy (quoth she) thou kenst the great Care
 I have of thy Health and thy Welfare,
 Which many wild Beasts ligen in wait,
 For to entrap in thy tender State :
 But most the Fox, Maister of Collusion :
 For he has vowed thy last Confusion.
 For-thy, my Kiddy, be ruled by me,
 And never give trust to his Treacheree :
 And if he chance come when I am abroad,
 Spar the Yate fast, for fear of Fraud.

Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the Door at his Request.

So schooled the Goat her wanton Son,
That answered his Mother, All should be done.
Tho went the pensive Dame out of door,
And chaunc'd to stumble at the Threshold-Floor :
Her stumbling Step somewhat her amazed,
(For such as Signs of ill luck been dispraised)
Yet forth she yode, thereat half aghast,
And Kiddy the Door sparred after her fast,
It was not long after she was gone,
But the false Fox came to the Door anone.
Not as a Fox, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poor Pedlar he did wend :
Bearing a Trufs of Trifles at his Back,
As Bells, and Babies, and Glasses in his Pack.
A Biggen he had got about his Brain,
For in his Head-piece he felt a fore Pain.
His hinder Heel was wrapt in a Clout,
For with great Cold he had got the Gout.
There at the Door he cast me down his Pack,
And laid him down, and groaned, alack ! alack !
Ah ! dear Lord, and sweet Saint Charity,
That some good body would once pity me.

Well heard Kiddy all this fore Constraint,
And leng'd to know the Cause of his Complaint :
Tho creeping close, behind the Wicket's Clink,
Privily he peeped out through a Chink :
Yet not so privily but the Fox him spied,
For deceitful Meaning is double-eyed.

Ah ! good young Maister (then 'gan he cry)
Jesus blefs that sweet Face I espy,
And keep your Corps from the careful Stounds,
That in my Carrion Carcass abounds.

The Kid, pitying his Heaviness,
Asked the Cause of his great Distress,
And also who, and whence that he were.

Tho he, that had well ycond his Lear,
Thus medled his Talk with many a Tear :

Sick,

Sick, sick, alas! a little lack of dead,
 But I be relieved by your beastly-head.
 I am a poor Sheep, albe my Colour dun:
 For with long Travel I am brent in the Sun.
 And if that my Grandfire me said, be true,
 Siker I am very sybbe to you:
 So be your Goodlihead do not disdain
 The base Kinred of so simple Swain.
 Of Mercy and Favour then I you pray,
 With your Aid to forestall my near Decay.

Tho out of his Pack a Glafs he took:
 Wherein while Kiddy unwares did look,
 He was so enamoured with the Newel,
 That nought he deemed dear for the Jewel.
 Tho opened he the Door, and in came
 The false Fox, as he were stark lame.
 His Tail he clapt betwixt his Legs twain,
 Lest he should be descryed by his Train.

Being within, the Kid made him good Glee,
 All for the Love of the Glafs he did see,
 After his Chear, the Pedlar 'gan chat,
 And tell many Leafings of this and that:
 And how he could shew many a fine knack.
 Tho shewed his Ware, and opened his Pack,
 All save a Bell, which he left behind
 In the Basket, for the Kid to find.
 Which when he stooped down to catch,
 He popt him in, and his Basket did latch:
 Ne stayed he once, the Door to make fast,
 But ran away with him in all haste.

Home when the doubtful Dame had her hide,
 She mought see the Door stand open wide.
 All aghast, loudly she 'gan to call
 Her Kid: but he nould answer at all.
 Tho on the Floor she saw the Merchandise,
 Of which her Son had set too dear a Price.
 What Help? her Kid she knew well is gone:
 She weeped and wailed, and made great moan.
 Such end had the Kid, for he nould warned be
 Of Craft coloured with Simplicity:

And

And such end perdy does all hem remain,
That of such Falsers Friendship been fain.

Palinode.

Truly *Piers*, thou art beside thy Wit,
Furthest fro the Mark, weening it to hit.
Now I pray thee, let me thy Tale borrow
For our Sir *John*, to say to-morrow,
At the Kirk, when it is Holiday:
For well he means, but little can say.
But and if Foxes been so crafty, as so,
Much needeth all Shepherds hem to know.

Piers.

Of their Falshood more could I recount,
But now the bright Sun 'ginneth to dismount:
And for the dewy Night now draw'th aigh.
I hold it best for us home to hie.

Palinode's Emblem.

Pas men apistos apistei.

Piers's Emblem.

Tis d'ara pistis apisto.





J U N E.

ÆGLOGA SEXTA.

ARGUMENT.

Hobbinol, *from a Description of the Pleasures of the Place, excites Colin to the Enjoyment of them. Colin declares himself incapable of Delight, by reason of his ill Success in Love, and his Loss of Rosalind, who had treacherously forsaken him for Menalcas, another Shepherd. By Tityrus (mention'd before in the Second Æglogue, and again in the Twelfth) is plainly meant Chaucer, whom the Author sometimes profess'd to imitate. In the Person of Colin, as before, is represented the Author himself; and Hobbinol's inviting him to leave the hilly Country, seems to allude to his leaving the North, where, as is mention'd in his Life, he had for some time resided.*

HOBBINOL.

H O B B I N O L. C O L I N.

LO! *Colin*, here the Place, whose pleasant Sight
 From other Shades hath wean'd my wandring Mind:
 Tell me, what wants me here, to work Delight?
 The simple Air, the gentle warbling Wind,
 So calm, so cool, as no where else I find:
 The grassy Ground with dainty Daifies dight,
 The Bramble Bush, where Birds of every kind
 To th' Water's Fall their Tunes attemper right.

Colin.

O! happy *Hobbinol*, I bless thy State,
 That Paradise hast found which *Adam* lost.
 Here wander may thy Flock early or late,
 Withouten Dread of Wolves to been ytoft;
 Thy lovely Lays here mayst thou freely boast:
 But I, unhappy Man! whom cruel Fate,
 And angry Gods pursue from Coast to Coast,
 Can no where find, to shroud my luckless Pate.

Hobbinol.

Then if by me thou list advised be,
 Forsake the Soil, that so doth thee bewitch:
 Leave me those Hills, where Harbrough nis to see,
 Nor Holly-bush, nor Brere, nor winding Ditch;
 And to the Dales resort, where Shepherds rich,
 And fruitful Flocks been every where to see:
 Here no Night-Ravens lodge, more black than Pitch,
 Nor elvish Ghosts, nor ghastly Owls do flee.

But friendly Fairies, met with many Graces,
 And lightfoot Nymphs can chace the lingring Night,
 With Heydegues, and trimly trodden Traces;
 Whilst Sisters nine, which dwell on *Parnass'* hight,
 Do make them Musick, for their more Delight;
 And *Pan* himself to kifs their crystal Faces,
 Will pipe and daunce, when *Phæbe* shineth bright:
 Such peerless Pleasures have we in these Places.

Colin.

And I, whilst Youth, and Course of careless Years,
 Did let me walk withouten Links of Love,
 In such Delights did joy amongst my Peers :
 But riper Age such Pleasures doth reprove,
 My Fancy eke from former Follies move
 To stayed Steps : for time in passing wears
 (As Garments doen, which wexen old above)
 And draweth new Delights with hoary Hairs.

Tho couth I sing of Love, and tune my Pipe
 Unto my plaintive Pleas in Verses made :
 Tho would I seek for Queen-Apples unripe,
 To give my *Rosalind*, and in Sommer Shade
 Dight gawdy Girlonds, was my common Trade,
 To crown her golden Locks : but Years more ripe,
 And Loss of her, whose Love as Life I wayde,
 Those weary wanton Toys away did wipe.

Hobbinol.

Colin, to hear thy Rimes and Roundelays,
 Which thou wert wont on wasteful Hills to sing,
 I more delight, than Lark in Sommer Days :
 Whose Eccho made the neighbour Groves to ring,
 And taught the Birds, which in the lower Spring
 Did shroud in shady Leaves from sunny Rays ;
 Frame to thy Song their cheerful cheriping,
 Or hold their Peace, for shame of thy sweet Lays.

I saw *Calliope* with Muses moe,
 Soon as thy Oaten Pipe began to sound,
 Their Ivory Lutes and Tamburins forgo :
 And from the Fountain, where they sate around,
 Ren after hastily thy silver Sound.
 But when they came, where thou thy Skill didst show,
 They drew aback, as half with Shame confound,
 Shepherd to see, them in their Art out-go.

Colin.

Of Muses, *Hobbinol*, I con no Skill,
 For they been Daughters of the highest *Jove*,

And

And holden Scorn of homely Shepherds Quill:
 For sith I heard that *Pan* with *Phæbus* strove,
 Which him to much Rebuke and Danger drove,
 I never list presume to *Parnass*' Hill,
 But piping low, in shade of lowly Grove,
 I play to please my self, albeit ill.

Nought weigh I, who my Song doth praise or blame,
 Ne strive to win Renown, or pass the rest:
 With Shepherd fits not follow flying Fame,
 But feed his Flock in Fields, where falls him best.
 I wote my Rimes been rough, and rudely drest;
 The fitter they, my careful Case to frame:
 Enough is me to paint out my Unrest,
 And pour my piteous Plaints out in the same.

The God of Shepherds, *Tityrus* is dead,
 Who taught me homely, as I can, to make:
 He, whilst he lived, was the sovereign Head
 Of Shepherds all, that been with Love ytake.
 Well couth he wail his Woes, and lightly flake
 The Flames, which Love within his Heart had bred,
 And tell us merry Tales, to keep us wake,
 The while our Sheep about us safely fed.

Now dead he is, and lieth wrapt in Lead,
 (O why should Death on him such Outrage show!)
 And all his passing Skill with him is fled,
 The Fame whereof doth daily greater grow.
 But if on me some little Drops would flow
 Of that the Spring was in his learned Hed,
 I soon would learn these Woods to wail my Woe,
 And teach the Trees their trickling Tears to shed.

Then should my Plaints, caus'd of Discourteese,
 As Messengers of this my painful Plight,
 Fly to my Love, wherever that she be,
 And pierce her Heart with Point of worthy Wight;
 As she deserves, that wrought so deadly Spight.
 And thou, *Menalcas*, that by Treachery

Didst underfong my Lafs to wax fo light,
Should'ft well be known for fuch thy Villany.

But fince I am not, as I wifh I were,
Ye gentle Shepherds, which your Flocks do feed,
Whether on Hills, or Dales, or other where,
Bear witness all of this fo wicked Deed:
And tell the Lafs, whose Flowre is woxe a Weed,
And faultlefs Faith is turn'd to faithlefs Seere,
That fhe the trueft Shepherd's Heart made bleed,
That lives on Earth, and loved her moft dear.

Hobbinol.

O! careful *Colin*, I lament thy Cafe,
Thy Tears would make the hardeft Flint to flow!
Ah! faithlefs *Rosalind*, and void of Grace,
That are the Root of all this rueful Woe!
But now is time, I guefs, homeward to go:
Then rife, ye blessed Flocks, and home apace,
Left Night with stealing Steps do you foreflo,
And wet your tender Lambs, that by you trace,

Colin's Emblem.

Gia speme spenta.



JULY.



J U L Y.

ÆGLOGA SEPTIMA.

A R G U M E N T.

Morrel, a Goat-herd, calls to Thomalin, a Shepherd, to come up to him on the hilly Ground where he is sitting. Thomalin gives his Reasons why he prefers the lower Station. The Moral of this Æglogue is to reprove Ambition in Shepherds; and seems more particularly level'd against the Pomp and Dominion of the Romish Clergy.

T H O M A L I N. M O R R E L.

IS not thilk fame a Goat-herd proud,
That sits on yonder Bank;
Whose straying Herd themself doth shroud
Among the Bushes rank?

Morrel.

What ho, thou jolly Shepherd's Swain,
Come up the Hill to me:
Better is, than the lowly Plain,
Als for thy Flock and thee.

Thomalin.

Tbomalin.

Ah! God shield, Man, that I should clime,
 And learn to look aloft :
 This Read is rife, that oftentime
 Great Climbers fall unsoft.
 In humble Dales is footing fast,
 The Trode is not so tickle ;
 And though one fall through heedless haste,
 Yet is his Mifs not mickle.
 And now the Sun hath reared up
 His fiery-footed Teme,
 Making his way between the Cup
 And golden Diademe :
 The rampant Lion hunts he fast,
 With Dogs of noifom Breath,
 Whose baleful barking brings in haste,
 Pine, Plagues, and drey Death.
 Against his cruel scorching Heat,
 Where thou haft Coverture,
 The wasteful Hills unto his Threat
 Is a plain Overture.
 But if thee luff, to holden Chat
 With feely Shepherd's Swain :
 Come down, and learn the little what,
 That *Tbomalin* can fain.

Morrel.

Siker, thous but a lasy Loord,
 And rekes much of thy Swink,
 That with fond Terms, and witlefs Words
 To blear mine Eyes dost think.
 In evil hour thou henft in hond
 Thus holy Hills to blame ;
 For facred unto Saints they ftond,
 And of them han their Name.
 St. *Michel's* Mount who does not know,
 That wards the Western Coaft ?
 And of St. *Bridget's* Bow'r I trow,
 All *Kent* can rightly boast :
 And they that con of Mufes Skill,
 Sain most what, that they dwell

(As Goat-herds wont) upon a Hill,
Beside a learned Well.

And wonned not the great God *Pan*
Upon Mount *Olivet* ;
Feeding the blessed Flock of *Dan*,
Which did himself beget ?

Thomalin.

O blessed Sheep! O Shepherd great!
That bought his Flock so dear:
And them did save with bloody Sweat,
From Wolves that would them tear.

Morrel.

Beside, as holy Fathers sain,
There is a holy Place,
Where *Titan* riseth from the Main,
To ren his daily Race:
Upon whose Tops the Stars been staied,
And all the Sky doth lean;
There is the Cave where *Phæbe* laied
The Shepherd long to dream.
Whilom there used Shepherds all
To feed their Flocks at will,
Till by his Folly one did fall,
That all the rest did spill.
And sithence Shepherds been foresaid
From Places of Delight;
For-thy, I ween thou be afraid,
To clime this Hilles hight.
Of *Synab* can I tell thee more,
And of our Lady's Bow'r:
But little needs to strow my Store,
Suffice this Hill of our.
Here han the holy *Faunes* Recourse,
And *Sylvanes* haunten rathe;
Here has the salt *Medway* his Source,
Wherein the Nymphs do bathe:
The salt *Medway*, that trickling streams
Adown the Dales of *Kent*,
Till with his elder Brother *Thames*,
His brackish Waves be meynt.

Here

Here grows *Melampode* every where,
 And *Teribintb*, good for Goats:
 The one, my madding Kids to smear,
 The next to heal their Throats.
 Hereto, the Hills been nigher Heaven,
 And thence the Passage eath:
 As well can prove the piercing Levin,
 That seldom falls beneath.

Thomalin.

Siker thou speakest like a lewd Lorel,
 Of Heaven to deemen so:
 How be I am but rude and borrel,
 Yet nearer ways I know.
 To Kirk the nar, to God more far,
 Has been an old said Saw;
 And he that strives to touch a Star,
 Oft stumbles at a Straw.
 Alsoon may Shepherds clime to Sky,
 That leads in lowly Dales;
 As Goat-herd proud, that sitting high,
 Upon the Mountain fails.
 My feely Sheep like well below,
 They need not *Melampode*;
 For they been hale enough, I trow,
 And liken their Abode.
 But if they with thy Goats should yede,
 They soon might be corrupted;
 Or like not of the frowy Fede,
 Or with the Weeds be glutted.
 The Hills, where dwelled holy Saints,
 I reverence and adore;
 Not for themself, but for the Saints,
 Which han been dead of yore.
 And now they been to Heaven forewent,
 Their Good is with them go;
 Their Sample only to us lent,
 That als we mought do so.

Shepherds they weren of the best,
 And lived in lowly Leas;
 And sith their Souls be now at rest,
 Why done we them Disease?
 Such one he was (as I have heard
 Old *Algrin* often sayn)
 That whilom was the first Shepherd,
 And liv'd with little Gain:
 And meek he was, as meek mought be;
 Simple, as simple Sheep;
 Humble, and like in each degree
 The Flock which he did keep.
 Often he used of his Keep
 A Sacrifice to bring;
 Now with a Kid, now with a Sheep,
 The Altars hallowing.
 So louted he unto the Lord,
 Such Favour couth he find,
 That never sithence was abhor'd
 The simple Shepherds kind.
 And such I ween the Brethren were,
 That came from *Canaan*;
 The Brethren twelve, that kept yfere
 The Flocks of mighty *Pan*.
 But nothing such thilk Shepherd was,
 Whom *Ida* Hill did bear,
 That left his Flock to fetch a Lafs,
 Whose Love he bought too dear:
 For he was proud, that ill was paid,
 (No such mought Shepherds be)
 And with leud Lust was over-laid;
 Tway things doen ill agree.
 But Shepherds mought be meek and mild,
 Well eyed, as *Argus* was,
 With fleshly Follies undefil'd,
 And stout as Steed of Brass.
 Sike one (said *Algrin*) *Moses* was,
 That saw his Maker's Face,
 His Face more clear than crystal Glass,
 And spake to him in place.

This

This had a Brother (his Name I know)
 The first of all his Coat :
 A Shepherd true, yet not so true,
 As he that earst I hote.
 Whilom all these were low, and leef,
 And lov'd their Flocks to feed,
 They never stroven to be chief,
 And simple was their Weed.
 But now (thanked be God therefore)
 The World is well amend :
 Their Weeds been not so nighly wore,
 Such Simplefs mought them shend.
 They been yclad in Purple and Pall,
 So hath their God them blist ;
 They reign and rulen over all,
 And lord it as they list :
 Ygirt with Belts of glitterand Gold, .
 (Mought they good Shepherds been)
 Their *Pan* their Sheep to them has sold,
 I say, as some have seen.
 For *Palinode* (if thou him ken)
 Yode late on Pilgrimage
 To *Rome* (if such be *Rome*) and then
 He saw thilk Misufage.
 For Shepherds (said he) there doen lead,
 As Lords done otherwhere ;
 Their Sheep han Crufts, and they the Bread ;
 The Chips, and they the Chear :
 They han the Fleece, and eke the Flesh,
 (O seely Sheep the while !)
 The Corn is theirs, let others thresh,
 Their Hands they may not file.
 They han great Store, and thrifty Flocks,
 Great Friends, and feeble Foes :
 What need them caren for their Flocks,
 Their Boys can look to those ?
 These Wizards welter in Wealth's Waves,
 Pamper'd in Pleasures deep ;
 They han fat Kerns and leany Knaves,
 Their fasting Flocks to keep,

Sike mifter Men been all misgone,
 They heapen Hills of Wrath :
 Sike firly Shepherds han we none,
 They keepen all the Path.

Morrel.

Here is a great deal of good Matter,
 Loft for lack of telling :
 Now fiker I see thou dost but clatter,
 Harm may come of melling.
 Thou meddlest more than shall have thank
 To witen Shepherd's Wealth :
 When Folk been fat, and Riches rank,
 It is a Sign of Health.
 But say me, what is *Algrin*, he
 That is so oft bynempt ?

Thomalin.

He is a Shepherd great in Gree,
 But hath been long ypent :
 One day he fate upon a Hill,
 (As now thou wouldest me,
 But I am taught by *Algrin's* Ill,
 To love the low degree)
 For fitting so with bared Scalp,
 An Eagle soared high,
 That weening his white Head was Chalk,
 A Shell-Fish down let fly.
 She ween'd the Shell-Fish to have broke,
 But therewith bruis'd his Brain :
 So now astonied with the Stroke,
 He lies in lingring Pain.

Morrel.

Ah ! good *Algrin*, his Hap was ill,
 But shall be better in time :
 Now farewell, Shepherd, sith this Hill
 Thou hast such doubt to clime.

Palinode's Emblem.

In medio Virtus.

Morrel's Emblem.

In summo Felicitas.



A U G U S T.

ÆGLOGA OCTAVA.

A R G U M E N T.

Two Shepherds, Perigot and Willy, contend for a Prize in Verse. Perigot relates in a Song the manner of his falling in Love; Willy bears his Part in a kind of Repartee or Under-song: Cuddy, who was Judg between them, having prais'd them both, repeats a kind of Roundelay, of Despair, made by Colin on Rosalind; in which the Reader may observe, that, instead of Rhyme, the Art of the Verse consists in the regular Changes on the six Words which are at the close of the first six Lines.

WILLY. PERIGOT. CUDDY.

TELL me, *Perigot*, what shall be the Game,
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy Musick match?
Or been thy Bagpipes ren far out of frame?
Or hath the Cramp thy Joints benumb'd with ach?

Perigot.

Perigot.

Ah *Willy*, when the Heart is ill assay'd,
How can Bagpipe or Joints be well apay'd?

Willy.

What the foul Evil hath thee so bestad?
Whylom thou wast peregal to the best,
And wont to make the jolly Shepherds glad,
With piping and dancing did past the rest.

Perigot.

Ah, *Willy*, now I have learn'd a new Dance;
My old Musick marr'd by a new Mischance.

Willy.

Mischief mought to that Mischance befall,
That so hath raft us of our Meriment:
But read me, What pain doth thee so appall?
Or lovest thou, or been thy Yonglings miswent?

Perigot.

Love hath misled both my Yonglings and me:
I pine for pain, and they my plaint to see.

Willy.

Perdy and well away! ill may they thrive;
Never knew I Lovers Sheep in good plight:
But and if Rimes with me thou dare strive,
Such fond Fantasies shall soon be put to flight.

Perigot.

That shall I do, though mouchel worse I far'd:
Never shall be said that *Perigot* was dar'd.

Willy.

Then lo, *Perigot*, the pledge which I plight,
A Mazer ywrought of the Maple Ware;
Wherein is enchafed many a fair fight,
Of Bears and Tygers, that maken fierce War:
And over them spred a goodly wild Vine,
Entrail'd with a wanton Ivy Twine.

Thereby is a Lamb in the Wolfe's Jaws:
But see, how fast renneth the Shepherd Swain,
To save the Innocent from the Beast's Paws;
And here with his Sheep-hook hath him slain.

Tell me, such a Cup hast thou ever seen?
Well mought it beseem any harvest Queen.

Perigot.

Thereto will I pawn yonder spotted Lamb,
Of all my Flock there nis sike another;
For I brought him up without the Damb:
But *Colin Clout* raft me of his Brother,
That he purchast of me in the plain Field:
Sore against my Will was I forst to yield.

Willy.

Siker make like account of his Brother;
But who shall judg the Wager won or lost?

Perigot.

That shall yonder Herd-groom, and none other,
Which over the Pouffe hitherward doth post.

Willy.

But for the Sun-beam so fore doth us beat,
Were not better, to shun the scorching Heat?

Perigot.

Well agreed *Willy*: then sit thee down Swain;
Sike a Song never heardest thou, but *Colin* sing.

Cuddy.

Gin, when ye list, ye jolly Shepherds twain:
Sike a Judg, as *Cuddy*, were for a King.

Per. IT fell upon a holy Eve,

Will. Hey ho Holiday!

Per. When holy Fathers went to shrive:

Will. Now 'ginneth this Roundelay.

Per. Sitting upon a Hill so high,

Will. Hey ho the high Hill!

Per. The while my Flock did feed thereby,

Will. The while the Shepherd self did spill:

Per. I saw the bouncing Bellibone;

Will. Hey ho Bonnibel!

Per. Tripping over the Dale alone,

Will. She can trip it very well.

Per. Well decked in a Frock of grey,

Will. Hey ho grey is greet!

Per. And in a Kirtle of green Say,

Will. The green is for Maidens meet.

Per.

- Per.* A Chaplet on her Head she wore,
Will. Hey ho Chapelet!
Per. Of sweet Violets therein was store,
Will. She sweeter than the Violet.
Per. My Sheep did leave their wonted Food,
Will. Hey ho feely Sheep!
Per. And gaz'd on her, as they were wood;
Will. Wood as he, that did them keep.
Per. As the bony Lafs passed by,
Will. Hey ho bony Lafs!
Per. She rov'd at me with glauncing Eye,
Will. As clear as the crystal Glafs:
Per. All as the sunny Beam so bright,
Will. Hey ho the Sun-beam!
Per. Glanceth from *Phæbus'* Face forthright,
Will. So Love into thy Heart did stream:
Per. Or as the Thunder cleaves the Clouds,
Will. Hey ho the Thunder!
Per. Wherein the lightsom Levin shrouds.
Will. So cleaves thy Soul asunder:
Per. Or as Dame *Cynthia's* silver Ray,
Will. Hey ho the Moon-light!
Per. Upon the glittering Wave doth play;
Will. Such play is a piteous Plight.
Per. The Glance into my Heart did glide,
Will. Hey ho the Glider!
Per. Therewith my Soul was sharply gride,
Will. Such Wounds soon wexen wider.
Per. Hasting to raunch the Arrow out,
Will. Hey ho *Perigot!*
Per. I left the Head in my Heart-root:
Will. It was a desperate shot.
Per. There it raneleth aye more and more,
Will. Hey ho the Arrow!
Per. Ne can I find Salve for my Sore:
Will. Love is a careless Sorrow,
Per. And though my Bale with Death I bought,
Will. Hey ho heavy Chear!
Per. Yet should thilk Lafs not from my thought;
Will. So you may buy Gold too dear.

Per. But whether in painful Love I pine,

Will. Hey ho pinching Pain!

Per. Or thrive in Wealth, she shall be mine,

Will. But if thou can her obtain.

Per. And if for graceless Grief I die,

Will. Hey ho graceless Grief!

Per. Witness, she slew me with her Eye,

Will. Let thy folly be the prief.

Per. And you that saw it, simple Sheep,

Will. Hey ho the fair Flock!

Per. For prief thereof, my Death shall weep,

Will. And mone with many a Mock.

Per. So learn'd I love on a holy Eve,

Will. Hey ho Holy-day!

Per. That ever since my Heart did grieve,

Will. Now endeth our Roundelay.

Cuddy.

Siker, sike a Rounde never heard I none,

Little lacketh *Perigot* of the best,

And *Willy* is not greatly over-gone,

So weren his under-Songs well adrest.

Willy.

Herd-groom, I fear me, thou have a squint Eye,

Areed uprightly, who has the Victory.

Cuddy.

Faith of my Soul, I deem each have gained;

For-thy, let the Lamb be *Willy* his own:

And for *Perigot* so well hath him pained,

To him be the wroughten Mazer alone.

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleased with the Doom:

Ne can *Willy* wite the witlefs Herd-groom.

Willy.

Never dempt more right of Beauty, I ween,

The Shepherd of *Ida*, that judg'd Beauty's Queen,

Cuddy.

But tell me, Shepherds, should it not yshend

Your Roundels fresh, to hear a doleful Verse

Of *Rosalind* (who knows not *Rosalind*?)

That *Colin* made? ylke can I you rehearse,

Perigot.

Perigot.

Now say it, *Cuddy*, as thou art a Lad ;
With merry thing it's good to meddle fad.

Willy.

Faith of my Soul, thou shalt yecrowned be
In *Colin's* steed, if thou this Song areed :
For never thing on Earth so pleaseth me,
As him to hear, or matter of his Deed.

Cuddy.

Then listen each unto my heavy Lay,
And tune your Pipes as ruthful as ye may.

YE wائفul Woods bear witness of my Woe,
Wherein my Plaints did oftentimes resound ;
Ye careless Birds are privy to my Cryes,
Which in your Songs were wont to make a part :
Thou pleasant Spring hast lull'd me oft asleep,
Whose streams my trickling Tears did oft augment.
Resort of People doth my Grievs augment,
The walled Towns do work my greater Woe :
The Forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow Eccho of my careful Cryes ;
I hate the House, since thence my Love did part,
Whose wائفul Want debars mine Eyes of sleep.
Let Streams of Tears supply the place of Sleep :
Let all that sweet is, void ; and all that may augment
My Dole, draw near. More meet to wail my Woe,
Been the wild Woods, my Sorrows to resound,
Than Bed, or Bower, both which I fill with Cryes,
When I them see so waste, and find no part
Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gائفul Grove therefore, till my last Sleep
Do close mine Eyes : so shall I not augment
With sight of such as change my restless Woe.
Help me, ye baneful Birds, whose shrieking sound
Is sign of dreery Death, my deadly Cryes
Most ruthfully to tune. And as my Cryes
(Which of my Woe cannot bewray least part)
You hear all Night, when Nature craveth Sleep,
Increase, so let your yrksome Yelles augment.

Thus

Thus all the Night in Plaints, the Day in Woe,
 I vowed have to waste, till safe and sound
 She home return, whose Voice's silver Sound
 To chearful Songs can change my chearless Cryes.
 Hence, with the Nightingale will I take part,
 That blessed Bird, that spends her time of sleep
 In Songs and plaintive Pleas, the more t' augment
 The memory of his Misdeed, that bred her Woe.
 And you that feel no Woe, when-as the Sound
 Of these my nightly Cryes ye hear apart,
 Let break your sounder Sleep, and Pity augment.

Perigot.

O Colin, Colin, the Shepherd's Joy,
 How I admire each turning of thy Verse:
 And Cuddy, fresh Cuddy, the liefest Boy,
 How dolefully his Dole thou didst rehearse!

Cuddy.

Then blow your Pipes, Shepherds, till you be at home:
 The Night hieth fast, it's time to be gone.

Perigot's Emblem.

Vincenti gloria victi.

Willy's Emblem.

Vinto non vitto.

Cuddy's Emblem.

Felice chi puo.





S E P T E M B E R .

ÆGLOGA NONA.

A R G U M E N T .

Diggon Davie, a Shepherd, complains to his Friend Hobbinol of the Poverty to which he was reduced by travelling into a far Country, in hopes of greater Gain; and describes the deceitful and profligate Lives of the Shepherds he had seen, and the wretched Condition of their Flocks. This Æglogue is full of Allegorical Satire, like the Fifth and Seventh. The Author has chosen to write it in older Language than the rest, and with a sprinkling of the Welch Dialect: it is probable he had some private Reason for it, and that under the fictitious Names were represented real Persons.

H O B B I N O L . D I G G O N D A V I E .

*D*iggon Dawie, I bid her God-day:
Or Diggon her is, or I missay.
Diggon.

Her was her, while it was Day-light,
But now her is a most wretched Wight.

For

For Day that was, is wightly past,
And now at last the dirk Night doth haste.

Hobbinol.

Diggon, areed who has thee so dight :
Never I wist thee in so poor a plight.
Where is the fair Flock, thou wast wont to lead ?
Or been they chaffred ? or at Mischief dead ?

Diggon.

Ah, for love of that is to thee most leef,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old Grief :
Sike question rippeth up cause of new Woe ;
For one open'd, mote unfold many mo.

Hobbinol.

Nay, but Sorrow close shrouded in Heart,
I know, to keep is a burdenous smart.
Each thing imparted, is more eath to bear :
When the Rain is fallen the Clouds wax clear,
And now fithence I saw thy head last,
Thrice three Moons been fully spent and past ;
Since when thou hast measured much Ground,
And wandred weel about the World round,
So as thou can many things relate :
But tell me first of thy Flock's Estate.

Diggon.

My Sheep been wasted (woe is me therefore !)
The jolly Shepherd that was of yore,
Is now nor jolly, nor Shepherd more.
In foreign Coasts Men said, was plenty ;
And so there is, but all of misery.
I dempt there much to have eeked my Store,
But such eeking hath made my Heart fore.
In tho Countries where I have been,
No being for those, that truly mean ;
But for such as of Guile maken gain,
No such Country as there to remain.
They setten to Sale their Shops of Shame,
And maken a Market of their good Name.
The Shepherds there robben one another,
And layen Baits to beguile her Brother.

Or they will buy his Sheep out of the Coat,
 Or they will carven the Shepherd's Throat.
 The Shepherd's Swain you cannot well ken,
 But it be by his Pride, from other Men:
 They looken big as Bulls that been bate,
 And bearen the Crag so stiff and so state,
 As Cock on his Dunghill, crowing crank.

Hobbinol.

Diggon, I am so stiff and so stank,
 That unneath may I stand any more:
 And now the Western Wind bloweth sore,
 That now is in his chief Sovereignty,
 Beating the withered Leaf from the Trees
 Sit we down here under the Hill;
 Tho may we talk and tellen our fill,
 And make a Mock at the blustering Blast:
 Now say on *Diggon* what ever thou hast.

Diggon.

Hobbin, ah *Hobbin*, I curse the Stound,
 That ever I cast to have lorn this Ground.
 Wele-away the while I was so fond,
 To leave the Good that I had in hond,
 In hope of better that was uncouth:
 So lost the Dog the Flesh in his Mouth.
 My feely Sheep (ah feely Sheep)
 That hereby I whylom us'd to keep,
 All were they lusty, as thou diddest see,
 Been all starved with Pine and Penury:
 Hardly my self escaped thilk pain,
 Driven for Need to come home again.

Hobbinol.

Ah Fon, now by thy Loss are taught,
 That seldom change the better brought.
 Content who lives with tried State,
 Need fear no change of frowning Fate:
 But who will seek for unknown Gain,
 Oft lives by Loss, and leaves with Pain.

Diggon.

I wote ne, *Hobbin*, how I was bewicht
 With vain Desire, and Hope to be enricht.

But siker so it is, as the bright Star
 Seemeth a greater, when it is far :
 I thought the Soil would have made me rich ;
 But now I wote it is nothing sich.
 For either the Shepherds been idle and still,
 And led of their Sheep, what way they will :
 Or they been false, and full of Covetise,
 And casten to compass many wrong Emprise.
 But more been fraught with Fraud and Spight,
 Ne in Good nor Goodness taken delight ;
 But kindle Coals of Conteck and Yre,
 Wherewith they set all the World on fire :
 Which when they thinken again to quench,
 With holy Water they doen hem all drench.
 They say they con to Heaven the high-way ;
 But by my Soul I dare underfay,
 They never set Foot in that same trode,
 But balk the right way, and strayen abroad.
 They boast they han the Devil at commaund ;
 But ask them, therefore what they han paund :
 Marry that great *Pan* bought with great borrow,
 To quite it from the black Bower of Sorrow.
 But they han sold thilk same long ago :
 For they would draw with them many mo.
 But let hem gang alone a God's Name ;
 As they han brewed, so let them bear blame.

Hobbinol.

Diggon, I pray thee speak not so dirk :
 Such myster saying me seemeth to mirk.

Diggon.

Then plainly to speak of Shepherds most what :
 Bad is the best (this *English* is flat)
 Their ill Haviour gars Men missay
 Both of their Doctrine, and their Fay.
 They say the World is much war than it wont,
 All for her Shepherds is beastly and blont.
 Other sain, but how truly I note,
 All for they holden shame of their Cote :
 Some stick not to say (hot Cole on her Tongue)
 That sike mischief graseth them emong,

Al

All for they casten too much of World's Care,
 To deck her Dame, and enrich her Heir :
 For such Encheason, if you go nie,
 Few Chimneys reeken you shall espie :
 The fat Oxe that wont lig in the Stall,
 Is now fast stalled in her Crumenall.
 Thus chatten the People in their steads,
 Ylike as a Monster of many Heads.
 But they that shooten nearest the prick,
 Sain, other the Fat from their Beards do lick.
 For big Bulls of *Basan* brace them about,
 That with their Horns butten the more stout :
 But the lean Souls treaden under foot,
 And to seek redress mought little boot ;
 For liker been they to pluck away more,
 Than ought of the gotten good to restore.
 For they been like foul Wagmoires overgraft,
 That if thy Galage once sticketh fast,
 The more to wind it out thou dost swink,
 Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sink.
 Yet better leave off with a little los,
 Than by much wrestling to leese the gros.

Hobbinol.

Now, *Diggon*, I see thou speakest too plain ;
 Better it were a little to feign,
 And cleanly cover that cannot be cured :
 Such Ill, as is forced, mought needs be endured.
 But of sike Pastors how done the Flocks creep ?

Diggon.

Sike as the Shepherds, sike been their Sheep,
 For they nill listen to the Shepherd's Voice :
 But if he call them, at their good choice,
 They wander at will, and stay at pleasure,
 And to their Folds yeild at their own leasure.
 But they had be better come at their call :
 For many han unto mischief fall,
 And ben of ravenous Wolves yrent,
 All for they nould be buxome and bent.

Hobbinol.

Fie, on thee, *Diggon*, and all thy foul leasing :
 Well is known that fith the *Saxon King*,
 Never was Wolf seen, many nor some,
 Nor in all *Kent*, nor in *Christendom* :
 But the fewer Wolves (the footh to fain)
 The more been the Foxes that here remain.

Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in more secret wise,
 And with Sheeps clothing doen them disguise.
 They talk not widely as they were woont,
 For fear of Raungers and the great Hoont :
 But privily prolling to and fro,
 Enaufiter they mought be inly know.

Hobbinol.

Or privy or pert if any bin,
 We have great Bandogs will tear their Skin.

Diggon.

Indeed thy *Ball* is a bold big Cur,
 And could make a jolly hole in their Fur.
 But not good Dogs them needeth to chafe,
 But heedy Shepherds to discern their face :
 For all their Craft is in their Countenance,
 They been so grave, and full of maintenance.
 But shall I tell thee what my self know,
 Chaunced to *Roffin* not long ygoe ?

Hobbinol.

Say it out, *Diggon*, whatever it hight,
 For not but well mought him betight.
 He is so meek, wise, and merciabile,
 And with his word his work is convenable.
Colin Clout I ween be his self Boy,
 (Ah for *Colin* he whylom my Joy)
 Shepherds sich, God mought us many fend,
 That doen so carefully their Flocks tend.

Diggon.

Thilk fame Shepherd mought I well mark,
 He has a Dog to bite or to bark ;
 Never had Shepherd so keen a Cur,
 That waketh, and if but a Leaf stir.

Whilom

Whilom there wonned a wicked Wolf,
 That with many a Lamb had gutted his Gulf,
 And ever at night went to repair
 Unto the Flock, when the Welkin shone fair,
 Yclad in clothing of seely Sheep,
 When the good old Man used to sleep :
 Tho at midnight he would bark and ball,
 (For he had eft learned a Cur's Call)
 As if a Wolf were among the Sheep,
 With that the Shepherd would break his Sleep,
 And send out *Lowder* (for so his Dog hote)
 To raunge the Fields with open throte.
 Tho when as *Lowder* was far away,
 This wolvisk Sheep would catchen his Prey,
 A Lamb, or a Kid, or a Weanell waft :
 With that to the Wood would he speed him fast.
 Long time he used this slippery prank,
 Ere *Roffy* could for his Labour him thank.
 At end, the Shepherd his practise spied,
 (For *Roffy* is wise, and as *Argus* eyed)
 And when at Even he came to the Flock,
 Fast in their Folds he did them lock,
 And took out the Woolf in his counterfeit Cote,
 And let out the Sheeps-Blood at his throte.

Hobbinol.

Marry *Diggon*, what should him affray,
 To take his own where ever it lay ?
 For had his Weasand been a little widder,
 He would have devoured both hidder and fhidder.

Diggon.

Mischief light on him, and God's great Curse,
 Too good for him had been a great deal wurse :
 For it was a perillous Beast above all,
 And eke had he con'd the Shepherd's Call ;
 And oft in the night came to the Sheep-Cote,
 And called *Lowder*, with a hollow Throte,
 As if the old Man's self had been.
 The Dog his Maister's Voice did it ween,
 Yet half in doubt he open'd the doer,
 And ran out, as he was wont of yore.

No sooner was out, but swifter than Thought,
Fast by the Hide the Wolf *Lowder* caught :
And had not *Roffy* ren to the Steven,
Lowder had been slain thilk same Even.

Hobbinol.

God shield Man, he should so ill have thrive,
All for he did his Devoir believe.
If fike been Wolves, as thou hast told,
How mought we, *Diggon*, them behold ?

Diggon.

How, but with Heed and Watchfullness,
Forstallen them of their Wiliness.
For-thy with Shepherds fits not play,
Or sleep, as some doen, all the long day :
But ever ligen in watch and ward,
From suddain Force their Flocks for to gard.

Hobbinol.

Ah *Diggon*, thilk same Rule were too fraight,
All the cold Season to watch and wait.
We been of Flesh, Men as other be,
Why should we be bound to such Misery ?
What-ever thing lacketh changeable Rest,
Mought needs decay, when it is at best.

Diggon.

Ah, but *Hobbinol*, all this long Tale
Nought easeth the Care that doth me forhaile ;
What shall I do ? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and los to amend ?
Ah good *Hobbinol*, mought I thee pray,
Of Aid or Counsel in my decay.

Hobbinol.

Now by my Soul, *Diggon*, I lament
The hapless Mischief that has thee hent :
Nethelss thou seest my lowly Sail,
That froward Fortune doth ever avail.
But were *Hobbinol* as God mought please,
Diggon should soon find favour and ease.
But if to my Cottage thou wilt resort,
So as I can, I will thee comfort :

There

There maist thou lig in a vetchy Bed,
Till fairer Fortune shew forth his head.

Diggon.

Ah *Hobbinol*, God mought it thee requite,
Diggon on few such Friends did ever lite.

Diggon's Emblem.

In opem me copia fecit.



OCTOBER.

ÆGLOGA DECIMA.

ARGUMENT.

The following Æglogue, which rises above the common Stile of Pastoral, is on the Subject of Poetry. Piers commends Cuddy for his Skill in this Art: Cuddy complains of the little Encouragement given to it; and being prompted by Piers to leave the ordinary Themes of Shepherds, and to chuse some Subject of Heroick Song, takes occasion to mention Colin, as best qualify'd for such an Attempt, if his Mind were not perplex'd with unprosperous Love.

PIERS. CUDDY.

Cuddy, for shame hold up thy heavy Head,
 And let us cast with what delight to chace,
 And weary this long lingring *Phæbus*' Race.
 Whylom thou wont the Shepherd's Lads to lead,
 In Rimes, in Riddles, and in Bidding base:
 Now they in thee, and thou in sleep art dead.

Cuddy.

Piers, I have piped earst so long with pain,
 That all mine Oaten Reeds been rent and wore;
 And my poor Muse hath spent her spared Store,
 Yet little Good hath got, and much less Gain.
 Such Pleasance makes the Grasshopper so poor,
 And lig so laid, when Winter doth her strain.

The dapper Ditties that I wont devise,
 To feed Youth's Fancy, and the flocking Fry,
 Delighten much: what I the bett for-thy?
 They han the Pleasure, I a slender-Prize.
 I beat the Bush, the Birds to them do fly:
 What good thereof to *Cuddy* can arise?

Piers.

Cuddy, the Praise is better than the Price,
 The Glory eke much greater than the Gain:
 O what an honour is it, to restrain
 The Lust of lawless Youth with good Advice?
 Or prick them forth with Pleasance of thy Vein,
 Whereto thou list their trained Wills entice.

Soon as thou 'gins to set thy Notes in frame,
 O how the rural Routs to thee do cleave!
 Seemeth thou doost their Soul of Sense bereave,
 All as the Shepherd, that did fetch his Dame
 From *Pluto*'s baleful Bower withouten leave:
 His Musick's Might the hellish Hound did tame.

Cuddy.

So praysen Babes the Peacock's spotted Train,
 And wondren at bright *Argus*' blazing Eye:
 But who rewards him ere the more for-thy?

Or

Or feeds him once the fuller by a grain?
 Sike Praise is Smoke, that sheddeth in the Sky;
 Sike Words been Wind, and wasten soon in vain.

Piers.

Abandon then the base and viler Clown,
 Lift up thy self out of the lowly Dust;
 And sing of bloody *Mars*, of Wars, of Giufts;
 Turn thee to those that weld the awful Crown,
 To doubted Knights, whose woundless Armour rusts,
 And Helms unbruized, wexen daily brown.

There may thy Muse display her fluttering Wing,
 And stretch her self at large from East to West:
 Whither thou list in fair *Elisa* rest,
 Or if thee please in bigger Notes to sing,
 Advance the Worthy whom she loveth best,
 That first the white Bear to the Stake did bring.

And when the stubborn Stroke of stronger Stounds,
 Has somewhat slackt the Tenor of thy String;
 Of Love and Lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
 And carrol loud, and lead the Millers round,
 All were *Elisa* one of thilk same Ring,
 So mought our *Cuddy*'s Name to Heaven sound.

Cuddy.

Indeed the Romish *Tityrus*, I hear,
 Through his *Mecænas* left his Oaten Reed,
 Whereon he earst had taught his Flocks to feed,
 And laboured Lands to yield the timely Ear;
 And est did sing of Wars and deadly Dreed,
 So as the Heavens did quake his Verse to hear.

But ah! *Mecænas* is yclad in Clay,
 And great *Augustus* long ygo is dead;
 And all the Worthies ligger wrapt in Lead,
 That matter made for Poets on to play.
 For ever, who in Derring-do were dread,
 The lofty Verse of them was loved aye.

But

But after Vertue 'gan for Age to stoup,
 And mighty Manhood brought a bed of ease;
 The vaunting Poets found nought worth a Pease,
 To put in preace among the learned Troup:
 Tho 'gan the Streams of flowing Wits to cease,
 And sunbright Honour pen'd in shameful Coup.

And if that any Budds of Poesy,
 Yet of the old Stock 'gan to shoot again:
 Or it Mens Follies mote to force to fain,
 And roll with rest in Rimes of Ribaudry;
 Or as it sprung, it wither must again:
Tom Piper makes us better Melody.

Piers.

O peerless Poesie, where is then thy place?
 If not in Princes Palace thou dost fit
 (And yet is Princes Palace the most fit)
 Ne Breast of baser Birth doth thee embrace;
 Then make thee Wings of thine aspiring Wit,
 And, whence thou cam'st, fly back to Heaven apace.

Cuddy.

Ah *Percy*, it is all too weak and wan,
 So high to sore and make so large a flight:
 Her peeced Pineons been not so in plight,
 For *Colin* fits such famous Flight to scan;
 He, were he not with Love so ill bedight,
 Would mount as high, and sing as soot as Swan,

Piers.

Ah *Fon*, for Love does teach him climb so high,
 And lifts him up out of the loathsom Mire:
 Such immortal Mirror, as he doth admire,
 Would raise one's Mind above the starry Sky,
 And cause a captive Courage to aspire:
 For lofty Love doth loath a lowly Eye.

Cuddy.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands;
 For lordly Love is such a Tyrant fell,
 That where he rules, all Power he doth expell,
 The vaunted Verse a vacant Head demands,

Ne wont with crabbed Care the Muses dwell :
Unwisely weaves, that takes two Webs in hand.

Who ever casts to compass weighty Prize,
And thinks to throw out thundering Words of Threat,
Let pour in lavish Cups and thrifty Bits of Meat ;
For *Bacchus'* Fruit is friend to *Phæbus* Wife :
And when with Wine the Brain begins to sweat,
The Numbers flow as fast as Spring doth rise.

Thou kenst not, *Percie*, how the Rime should rage ;
O if my Temples were distain'd with Wine,
And girt in Girlands of wild Ivy Twine,
How I could rear the Muse on stately Stage,
And teach her tread aloft in Buskin fine,
With queint *Bellona* in her Equipage.

But ah, my Courage cools ere it be warm,
For-thy content us in this humble Shade :
Where no such troublous Tides han us affaid,
Here we our slender Pipes may safely charm.

Piers.

And when my Goats shall han their Bellies laid,
Cuddy shall have a Kid to store his Farm.

Cuddy's Emblem.

Agitante calescimus illo, &c.





N O V E M B E R.

ÆGLOGA UNDECIMA.

ARGUMENT.

Colin being desired by Thenot to sing, excuses himself by his Concern for the Death of Dido, the Daughter of a Shepherd of Note, and probably a Friend of the Author; whose Memory, at Thenot's farther Request, he celebrates in a Funeral Elegy.

THENOT. COLIN.

*C*olin, my Dear, when shall it please thee sing,
 As thou wert wont, Songs of some Jouisance
 Thy Muse too long slumbereth in sorrowing,
 Lulled asleep through Love's misgovernance.
 Now somewhat sing, whose endless Sovenance
 Emong the Shepherds Swains may aye remain;
 Whether thee list thy loved Lads advance,
 Or honour *Pan* with Hymns of higher Vein.

Colin.

Colin.

Thenot, now nis the time of Merry-make,
 Nor *Pan* to herie, nor with Love to play;
 Sike Mirth in *May* is meetest for to make,
 Or Summer Shade, under the cocked Hay.
 But now sad Winter welked hath the Day,
 And *Phæbus* weary of his yearly Task,
 Ystabled hath his Steeds in lowly lay,
 And taken up his Inn in Fishes Hask,
 Thilk fullen Season sadder Plight doth ask,
 And loatheth sike Delights, as thou doost praise:
 The mournful Muse in Mirth now list ne mask,
 As she was wont in Youngth and Summer-days.
 But if thou algate lust light Virelays,
 And looser Songs of Love to underfong
 Who but thy self deserves sike Poet's Praise?
 Relieve thy Oaten Pipes, that sleepen long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is Sovereign of Song,
 Before him fits the Titmouse silent be:
 And I, unfit to thrust in skilful Throng,
 Should *Colin* make judge of my foolery?
 Nay, better learn of them that learned be,
 And han been watred at the Muses Well:
 The kindly Dew drops from the higher Tree,
 And wets the little Plants that lowly dwell.
 But if sad Winter's Wrath, and Season chill,
 Accord not with thy Muse's Merriment;
 To sadder times thou maist attune thy Quill,
 And sing of Sorrow and Death's Dreriment.
 For dead is *Dido*, dead alas and drent!
Dido, the great Shepherd his Daughter sheen:
 The fairest May she was that ever went,
 Her like she has not left behind I ween.
 And if thou wilt bewail my woeful Teen,
 I shall thee give yond Cofset for thy pain:
 And if thy Rimes as round and rueful been,
 As those that did thy *Rosalind* complain,

Much

Much greater Gifts for Guerdon thou shalt gain,
 Than Kid or Coffet, which I thee benempt :
 Then up I say, thou jolly Shepherd Swain,
 Let not my small Demand be so contempt.

Colin.

Thenot, to that I chose, thou dost me tempt,
 But ah ! too well I wote my humble Vein,
 And how my Rimes been rugged and unkempt :
 Yet as I con, my Cunning I will strain.

UP then *Melpomene*, the mournfulst Muse of nine,
 Such cause of mourning never hadst afore ;
 Up grisly Ghosts, and up my ruful Rime,
 Matter of Mirth now shalt thou have no more :
 For dead she is, that Mirth thee made of yore,
 Dido my Dear, alas, is dead,
 Dead, and lieth wrapt in Lead :
 O heavy Herse !
 Let streaming Tears be poured out in store :
 O careful Verse !

Shepherds, that by your Flocks on *Kentish* Downs abide,
 Wail ye this woful Waste of Nature's Wark ;
 Wail we the Wight, whose Presence was our Pride ;
 Wail we the Wight, whose Absence is our Cark.
 The Sun of all the World is dim and dark ;
 The Earth now wants her wonted light,
 And all we dwell in deadly Night :
 O heavy Herse !
 Break we our Pipes, that shrill'd as loud as Lark :
 O careful Verse !

Why do we longer live, (ah why live we so long ?)
 Whose better Days Death hath shut up in Woe ?
 The fairest Flower our Girland all among,
 Is faded quite, and into Dust ygo ;
 Sing now ye Shepherd's Daughters, sing no mo
 The Songs that *Colin* made you in her praise,
 But into Weeping turn your wanton Lays.

O heavy Herse!
 Now is time to die: Nay, time was long ygo.
 O careful Verse!

Whence is it, that the Flowret of the Field doth fade,
 And lieth buried long in Winter's Bale?
 Yet soon as Spring his Mantle hath displayde,
 It flowreth fresh, as it should never fail.
 But thing on Earth that is of most avail,
 As Vertue's Branch and Beauty's Bud,
 Reliven not for any good.

O heavy Herse!
 The Branch once dead, the Bud eke needs must quail;
 O careful Verse!

She while she was, (that was a woful Word to fain)
 For Beauty's Praise and Pleasance had no Peer:
 So well she couth the Shepherds entertain
 With Cakes and Cracknels, and such Country Cheer,
 Ne would she scorn the simple Shepherd's Swain;
 For she would call him often heam,
 And give him Curds and clouted Cream.

O heavy Herse!
 Als *Colin Clout* she would not once disdain:
 O careful Verse!

But now like happy Cheer is turn'd to heavy Chaunce,
 Such Pleasance now displac'd by Dolor's dint:
 All Musick sleeps, where Death doth lead the Daunce,
 And Shepherds wonted Solace is extinct.
 The blue in black, the green in gray is tinct:
 The gaudy Girlonds deck her Grave,
 The faded Flowers her Corse embrace.

O heavy Herse!
 Mourn now my Muse, now mourn with Tears besprint:
 O careful Verse!

O thou great Shepherd *Lobbin*, how great is thy Grief,
 Where bin the Nosegays that she dight for thee?
 The coloured Chaplets wrought with a chief,

The knotted Rush-rings, and gilt Rosemarce ?
For she deemed nothing too dear for thee.

Ah, they been all yclad in Clay,
One bitter Blast blew all away.

O heavy Herse!

Thereof nought remains but the Memoree :

O careful Verse!

Ah me that dreery Death should strike so mortal Stroke.

That can undo Dame Nature's kindly Course :

The faded Locks fall from the lofty Oke,

The Flouds do gasp, for dried is their Source,

And Flouds of Tears flow in their stead perforce.

The mantled Meadows mourn,

Their sundry Colours tourn :

O heavy Herse!

The Heavens do melt in Tears without remorse :

O careful Verse!

The feeble Flocks in Field refuse their former Food,

And hang their Heads, as they would learn to weep :

The Beasts in Forest wail as they were wood,

Except the Wolves, that chase the wandring Sheep,

Now she is gone that safely did them keep.

The Turtle on the bared Branch,

Laments the Wound, that Death did lanch.

O heavy Herse!

And *Philomel* her Song with Tears doth steep :

O careful Verse!

The Water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and dance,

And for her Girland Olive Branches bear,

Now baleful Boughs of Cypress done advance :

The Muses that were wont green Bays to wear,

Now bringen bitter Elder Branches sere :

The fatal Sisters eke repent,

Her vital Threed so soon was spent.

O heavy Herse!

Mourn now my Muse, now mourn with heavy Cheer :

O careful Verse!

O trustless State of earthly things, and slipper Hope
 Of mortal Men, that swink and sweat for nought,
 And shooting wide, do miss the marked Scope;
 Now have I learn'd (a Lesson dearly bought)
 That nis on Earth assurance to be fought:
 For what might be in earthly Mould,
 That did her buried Body hold;
 O heavy Herse!
 Yet saw I on the Beere when it was brought:
 O careful Verse!

But maugre Death, and dreaded Sisters deadly spight:
 And Gates of Hell, and fiery Furies force;
 She hath the Bonds broke of eternal Night,
 Her Soul unbodied of the burdenous Corse.
 Why then weeps *Lobbin* so without remorse?
 O *Lobb*, thy Lofs no longer lament;
Dido nis dead, but into Heaven hent:
 O happy Herse!
 Cease now my Muse, now cease thy Sorrow's source,
 O joyful Verse!

Why wail we then? why weary we the Gods with Plaints,
 As if some Evil were to her betight?
 She reigns a Goddess now emong the Saints,
 That whylom was the Saint of Shepherds light;
 And is entalld now in Heavens hight.
 I see thee blessed Soul, I see,
 Walk in *Elyfian* Fields so free.
 O happy Herse!
 Might I once come to thee (O that I might!)
 O joyful Verse!

Unwise and wretched Men, to weet what's Good or Ill,
 We deem of Death as doom of ill Desert:
 But knew we, Fools, what it us brings until,
 Die would we daily, once it to expert:
 No Danger there the Shepherd can astert;

256 *The Shepherd's Calendar.*

Fair Fields and pleasant Lays there been ;
The Fields aye fresh, the Grasse aye green :
 O happy Herse !
Make haste ye Shepherds thither to revert,
 O joyful Verse !

Dido is gone afore (whose turn shall be the next ?)
There lives she with the blessed Gods in Blis ;
There drinks she *Nectar* with *Ambrosia* mixt,
And Joys enjoys, that mortal Men do miss.
The Honour now of highest Gods she is,
 That whylom was poor Shepherds Pride,
 While here on Earth she did abide :
 O happy Herse !
Cease now my Song, my Woe now wasted is :
 O joyful Verse !

Tbenot.

Aye frank Shepherd, how been thy Verses meint
With doleful Pleasance, so as I ne wot,
Whether rejoyce or weep for great constraint ?
Thine be the Coffet, well hast thou it got.
Up *Colin* up, ynough thou mourned hast :
Now 'gins to mizzle, hie we homeward fast.

Colin's Emblem.

La mort ny mord.





D E C E M B E R.

ÆGLOGA DUODECIMA.

A R G U M E N T.

This last Æglogue, like the first, is a Soliloquy of Colin, reflecting on the Pleasures and Levities of his Youth, the Progress of his riper Years, and complaining that his Life is now blasted, and brought to its Winter Season, thro his long and hopeless Passion for Rosalind.

THE gentle Shepherd sate beside a Spring,
 All in the Shadow of a bushy Brere,
 That *Colin* hight, which well could pipe and sing,
 For he of *Tityrus* his Songs did lere :
 There as he sate in secret Shade alone,
 Thus 'gan he make of Love his piteous Moan.

O sovereign *Pan* ! thou God of Shepherds, all,
 Which of our tender Lambkins takest keep ;
 And when our Flocks into mischance mought fall,
 Do'st save from mischief the unwary Sheep :
 Als of their Maisters hast no less regard
 Than of the Flocks, which thou dost watch and ward !

I thee beseech (so be thou deign to hear
 Rude Ditties, tun'd to Shepherd's Oaten Reed,
 Or if I ever Sonnet sung so clear,
 As it with pleasaunce mought thy Fancy feed)
 Harken awhile from thy green Cabinet,
 The lawrel Song of careful *Colinet*.

Whilom in Youth, when flowr'd my joyful Spring,
 Like Swallow swift, I wandred here and there ;
 For Heat of heedless Lust me so did sting,
 That I oft doubted Danger had no Fear :
 I went the wafful Woods and Forrest wide,
 Withouten dread of Wolves to been espide.

I wont to range amid the mazy Thicket,
 And gather Nuts to make me Christmas-game :
 And joyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,
 Or hunt the heartless Hare, till she were tame.
 What wrecked I of wintry Ages wast ?
 Tho deemed I my Spring would ever last.

How often have I scal'd the craggy Oak,
 All to dislodge the Raven of her Nest ?
 How have I wearied with many a Stroke,
 The stately Walnut-Tree, the while the rest
 Under the Tree fell all for Nuts at strife ?
 For like to me was Liberty and Life.

And for I was in thilk same looser Yeers,
 (Whether the Muse so wrought me from my Birth,
 Or I too much believ'd my Shepherd Peers)
 Somedele ybent to Song and Musick's Mirth ;
 A good old Shepherd, *Wrenock* was his Name,
 Made me by Art more cunning in the same.

From thence I durst in Derring to compare
 With Shepherd's Swain, whatever fed in Field :
 And if that *Hobbinol* right Judgment bare,
 To *Pan* his own self Pipe I need not yield.

For if the flocking Nymphs did follow *Pan*,
The wiser Muses after *Colin* ran.

But ah such Pride at length was ill repaid !
The Shepherd's God (perdy God was he none)
My hurtless Pleasance did me ill upbraid,
My Freedom lorn, my Life he left to mone.
Love they him called, that gave me Checkmate,
But better mought they have behote him Hate.

Tho 'gan my lovely Spring bid me farewell,
And Sommer Season sped him to display
(For Love then in the Lion's House did dwell)
The raging Fire that kindled at his Ray.
A Comet stir'd up that unkindly Heat,
That reigned (as Men said) in *Venus*' Seat.

Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,
When Choice I had to chuse my wandring way ;
But whither Luck and Love's unbridled Lore
Would lead me forth on Fancies bit to play :
The Bush my Bed, the Bramble was my Bow'r,
The Woods can witness many a woeful Stow'r.

Where I was wont to seek the hony Bee,
Working her formal rooms in wexen Frame :
The grieſly Todeſtool grown there mought I see,
And loathed Paddocks lording on the same.
And where the chaunting Birds lull'd me asleep,
The ghastly Owl her grievous Inn doth keep.

Then as the Spring gives place to elder Time,
And bringeth forth the Fruit of Sommer's Pride ;
All so my Age, now passed youthly Prime,
To things of riper Season self apply'd :
And learn'd of lighter Timber Cotes to frame,
Such as might save my Sheep and me from Shame.

To make fine Cages for the Nightingale,
And Baskets of Bulrushes was my wont ;

Who

Who to entrap the Fish in winding Sale,
 Was better seen, or hurtful Beasts to hunt?
 I learned als the Signs of Heaven to ken,
 How *Phœbus* fails, where *Venus* fits, and when,

And tried Time yet taught me greater things,
 The suddain rising of the raging Seas;
 The Sooth of Birds by beating of their Wings,
 The Pow'r of Herbs, both which can hurt and ease:
 And which be wont t' enrage the restless Sheep,
 And which be wont to work eternal Sleep.

But ah unwise and witlefs *Colin Clout*!
 That kydst the hidden Kinds of many a Weed;
 Yet kydst not ene to cure thy fore Heart-root,
 Whose rankling Wound as yet does rifely bleed.
 Why liv'st thou still, and yet hast thy Death's Wound?
 Why diest thou still, and yet alive art found?

Thus is my Sommer worn away and wasted;
 Thus is my Harvest hasten'd all too rathe:
 The Ear that budded fair, is burnt and blasted,
 And all my hoped Gain is turn'd to Scathe,
 Of all the Seed that in my Youth was sown,
 Was nought but Brakes and Brambles to be mown.

My Boughs and Bloosmes, that crowned were at first,
 And promised of timely Fruit such store,
 Are left both bare and barren now at erst,
 The flattering Fruit is fallen to ground before,
 And rotted e'er they were half mellow ripe:
 My Harvest waste, my Hope away did wipe.

The fragrant Flowers, that in my Garden grew,
 Been wither'd, as they had been gather'd long;
 Their Roots been dried up for lack of Dew,
 Yet dew'd with Tears they han been e'er among.
 Ah! who has wrought my *Rosalind* this Spight,
 To spill the Flowers that should her Girlond dight?

And

And I, that whilom went to frame my Pipe
 Unto the shifting of the Shepherd's Foot,
 Sike Follies now have gather'd, as too ripe,
 And cast them out, as rotten and unsoot.

The looser Lafs I cast to please no more,
 One if I please, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my Harvest-Hope, I have
 Nought reaped but a weedy Crop of Care ;
 Which, when I thought have thresh'd in swelling Sheave,
 Cockle for Corn, and Chaff for Barly bare :

Soon as the Chaff should in the Fan be fin'd,
 All blown away was of the wavering Wind.

So now my Year draws to my latter Term,
 My Spring is spent, my Sommer burnt up quite ;
 My Harvest hastes to stir up Winter stern,
 And bids him claim with rigorous Rage his Right :

So now he storms with many a sturdy Stour,
 So now his blustering Blast each Coast doth scour.

The careful Cold hath nipt my rugged Rind,
 And in my Face deep Furrows Eld hath pight ;
 My Heart besprent with hoary Frost I find,
 And by mine Eye the Crow his Claw doth wright :
 Delight is laid abed, and Pleasure past,
 No Sun now shines, Clouds han all over-cast.

Now leave, you Shepherds Boys, your merry Glee,
 My Muse is hoarse and weary of this Stound ;
 Here will I hang my Pipe upon this Tree,
 Was never Pipe of Reed did better found :

Winter is come, that blows the bitter Blast,
 And after Winter dreary Death does haste.

Gather together ye my little Flock,
 My little Flock that was to me most lief :
 Let me, ah ! let me in your Folds ye lock,
 E'er the breme Winter breed you greater Grief.

Winter

Winter is come, that blows the baleful Breath,
And after Winter cometh timely Death.

Adieu Delights, that lulled me asleep;
Adieu my Dear, whose Love I bought so dear:
Adieu my little Lambs and loved Sheep;
Adieu ye Woods, that oft my Witnesses were:
Adieu good *Hobbinol*, that was so true,
Tell *Rosalind*, *Colin* bids her adieu.

Colin's Emblem.

Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.



EPILOGUE.

LO! I have made a Calendar for every Year,
That Steel in Strength, and Time in Durance shall
And if I marked well the Stars Revolution, (out-wear:
It shall continue till the World's Dissolution,
To teach the ruder Shepherd how to feed his Sheep,
And from the Falser's Fraud his folded Flock to keep.
Go, little Calendar, thou hast a free Passport;
Go but a lowly Gate amongst the meaner Sort.
Dare not to match thy Pipe with Tityrus his Stile,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Plough-man plaid awhile:
But follow them far off, and their high Steps adore,
The Better please, the Worse displease; I ask no more.

Merce non mercede,



COLIN CLOUT's

Come Home again.



To the Right Worthy and Noble Knight,
Sir WALTER RALEIGH, Captain
of her Majesty's Guard, Lord Warden
of the Stanneries, and Lieutenant of the
County of Cornwall.

S I R,

*T*HAT you may see that I am not always
idle, as ye think, though not greatly well
occupied, nor altogether undutiful, though not
precisely officious; I make you present of this
simple Pastoral, unworthy of your higher Concept,
for the Meanness of the Stile, but agreeing with
the Truth in Circumstance and Matter. The
which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of
Payment of the infinite Debt in which I acknow-
ledge my self bounden unto you (for your singular
Favours, and sundry Good-turns shewed to me at
my late being in England) and with your good
Countenance protect against the Malice of evil
Mouths, which are always wide open to carp at
and misconstrue my simple Meaning. I pray con-
tinually for your Happiness.

From my House at Kilcolman,
December the 27th 1591.

Yours ever humbly,

EDMUND SPENCER.



COLIN CLOUT'S

Come Home again.

THE Shepherd's Boy (best known by that Name)
That after *Tityrus* first sung his Lay,
Lays of sweet Love, without Rebuke or Blame,
Sate (as his Custom was) upon a day,
Charming his oaten Pipe unto his Peers,
The Shepherd Swains that did about him play ;
Who all the while with greedy listful Ears,
Did stand astonish'd at his curious Skill,
Like heartless Deer, dismay'd with Thunder's Sound,
At last, when-as he piped had his fill,
He rested him : and sitting then around,
One of those Grooms (a jolly Groom was he,
As ever piped on an oaten Reed,
And lov'd this Shepherd dearest in degree,
Hight *Hobbinol*) 'gan thus to him areed :

Colin, my Liefe! my Life! how great a Loss
 Had all the Shepherds Nation by thy lack?
 And I, poor Swain, of many, greatest Cross:
 That sith thy Muse first since thy turning back
 Was heard to sound, as she was wont, on high,
 Hast made us all so blessed and so blythe.
 Whilst thou wast hence, all dead in Dole did lie;
 The Woods were heard to wail full many a Sythe,
 And all their Birds with Silence to complain;
 The Fields with faded Flowers did seem to mourn,
 And all their Flocks from feeding to refrain;
 The running Waters wept for thy Return,
 And all their Fish with Languor did lament:
 But now both Woods, and Fields, and Floods revive,
 Sith thou art come, their Cause of Merriment,
 That us late dead, hast made again alive.
 But were it not too painful to repeat
 The passed Fortunes which to thee befel
 In thy late Voyage, we would thee intreat,
 Now at thy leisure them to us to tell.

To whom the Shepherd gently answer'd thus:
 Hobbin, thou temptest me to that I covet;
 For of Good passed, newly to discuss,
 By double Usury doth twise renew it,
 And since I saw that Angel's blessed Eye,
 Her World's bright Sun, her Heaven's fairest Light,
 My Mind, full of my Thought's Satiety,
 Doth feed on sweet Contentment of that Sight:
 Since that same day in nought I take delight,
 Ne feeling have in any earthly Pleasure,
 But in Remembrance of that Glory bright,
 My Life's sole Bliss, my Heart's eternal Treasure,
 Wake then my Pipe, my sleepy Muse awake,
 Till I have told her Praises lasting long:
 Hobbin desires, thou mayst it not forsake;
 Hark then, ye jolly Shepherds, to my Song.

With that, they all gan throng about him near,
 With hungry Ears to hear his Harmony;
 The whiles their Flocks, devoid of Danger's Fear,
 Did round about them feed at liberty.

One day (quoth he) I fate (as was my Trade)
 Under the foot of *Mole*, that Mountain hore,
 Keeping my Sheep amongst the cooly Shade,
 Of the green Alders by the *Mulla's* Shore;
 There a strange Shepherd chaunc'd to find me out,
 Whether allured with my Pipe's Delight,
 Whose pleasing Sound yshrilled far about,
 Or thither led by chance, I know not right:
 Whom when I asked from what Place he came,
 And how he hight; himself he did ycleep
 The Shepherd of the *Ocean* by Name,
 And said he came far from the Main-Sea deep.
 He sitting me beside in that same Shade,
 Provoked me to play some pleasant Fit;
 And when he heard the Musick which I made,
 He found himself full greatly pleas'd at it:
 Yet, æmuling my Pipe, he took in hond
 My Pipe, before that æmuled of many,
 And plaid thereon (for well that Skill he cond)
 Himself as skilful in that Art as any.
 He pip'd, I sung; and when he sung, I piped;
 By change of Turns, each making other merry;
 Neither envying other, nor envied,
 So piped we, until we both were weary.

There interrupting him, a bonny Swain,
 That *Cuddy* hight, him thus atween bespake:
 And should it not thy ready Course restrain,
 I would request thee, *Colin*, for my sake,
 To tell what thou didst sing, when he did play.
 For well I ween it worth recounting was,
 Whether it were some Hymn, or moral Lay,
 Or Carol made to praise thy loved Lads.

Nor of my Love, nor of my Lads, quoth he,
 I then did sing, as then Occasion fell:
 For Love had me forlorn, forlorn of me,
 That made me in that Desert choose to dwell.
 But of my River *Bregog's* Love I song,
 Which to the shiny *Mulla* he did bear,
 And yet doth bear, and ever will, so long
 As Water doth within his Banks appear.

268 Colin Clout's come home again.

Of Fellowship, said then that bonny Boy,
 Record to us that lovely Lay again :
 The Stay whereof shall nought these Ears annoy,
 Who all that *Colin* makes, do covet fain.

Hear then, quoth he, the Tenor of my Tale,
 In sort as I it to that Shepherd told :
 No Leasing new, nor Grandame's Fable stale,
 But antient Truth, confirm'd with Credence old.

Old Father *Mole* (*Mole* hight that Mountain gray,
 That walls the North-side of *Armulla* Dale)
 He had a Daughter fresh as Flower of *May*,
 Which gave that Name unto that pleasant Vale ;
Mulla, the Daughter of old *Mole*, so hight
 The Nymph, which of that Water-course has charge,
 That springing out of *Mole*, doth run down right
 To *Buttevant* ; where spreading forth at large,
 It giveth Name unto that antient City,
 Which *Kilnemullab* cleeped is of old :
 Whose cragged Ruines breed great Ruth and Pity
 To Travellers, which it from far behold.
 Full fain she lov'd, and was belov'd full fain
 Of her own Brother River, *Bregog* hight,
 So hight because of his deceitful Train,
 Which he with *Mulla* wrought to win Delight.
 But her old Sire, more careful of her Good,
 And meaning her much better to prefer,
 Did think to match her with the neighbour Flood,
 Which *Allo* hight, *Broad-water* called far ;
 And wrought so well with his continual Pain,
 That he that River for his Daughter won :
 The Dowre agreed, the Day assigned plain,
 The Place appointed where it should be done.
 Nath'less the Nymph her former Liking held ;
 For Love will not be drawn, but must be led,
 And *Bregog* did so well her Fancy weld,
 That her Good-will he got, her first to wed.
 But for her Father, sitting still on high,
 Did warily still watch which way she went,
 And eke from far observ'd with jealous Eye
 Which way his Course the wanton *Bregog* bent.

Him

Him to deceive for all his watchful Ward,
 The wily Lover did devise this Slight ;
 First into many Parts his Stream he shar'd,
 That whilst the one was Watch, the other might
 Pass unesp'y'd to meet her by the way :
 And then besides, those little Streams so broken,
 He under ground so closely did convey,
 That of their Passage doth appear no Token,
 Till they into the *Mulla's* Water slide.
 So secretly did he his Love enjoy :
 Yet not so secret but it was descride,
 And told her Father by a Shepherd's Boy ;
 Who wondrous wroth for that so foul Despight,
 In great Avenge did roll down from his Hill
 Huge mighty Stones, the which encomber might
 His Passage, and his Water-Courses spill.
 So of a River, which he was of old,
 He none was made, but scatter'd all to nought,
 And, lost among those Rocks into him rold,
 Did lose his Name : so dear his Love he bought.

Which having said, him *Thestylis* bespake :
 Now by my Life this was a merry Lay,
 Worthy of *Colin's* self, that did it make.
 But read now eke, of Friendship I thee pray,
 What Ditty did that other Shepherd sing ?
 For I do covet most the same to hear,
 As Men use most to covet foreign thing.
 That shall I eke, quoth he, to you declare :
 His Song was all a lamentable Lay
 Of great Unkindness, and of Usage hard
 Of *Cynthia*, the Lady of the Sea,
 Which from her Prefence, faultless him debarr'd ;
 And ever and anon with Singults rife,
 He cried out, to make his Undersong,
 Ah ! my Love's Queen, and Goddess of my Life,
 Who shall me pity, when thou doost me wrong ?
 Then 'gan a gentle bonny Lass to speak,
 That *Martine* hight : Right well he sure did plain,
 That could great *Cynthia's* fore Displeasure break,
 And move to take him to her Grace again.

But tell on further, *Colin*, as besel
 'Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence dissuade.
 When thus our Pipes we both had wearied well,
 Quoth he, and each an end of singing made,
 He 'gan to cast great Liking to my Lore,
 And great Disliking to my luckless Lot,
 That banish'd had my self, like Wight forelore,
 Into that Waste, where I was quite forgot :
 The which to leave, thenceforth he counsel'd me,
 Unmeet for Man, in whom was ought regardful,
 And wend with him, his *Cynthia* to see ;
 Whose Grace was great, and Bounty most rewardful.
 Besides her peerless Skill in making well,
 And all the Ornaments of wondrous Wit,
 Such as all Womankind did far excel ;
 Such as the World admir'd, and praised it.
 So what with Hope of Good, and Hate of Ill,
 He me perswaded forth with him to fare :
 Nought took I with me, but mine oaten Quill,
 Small Needments else need Shepherd to prepare.
 So to the Sea we came ; the Sea, that is,
 A World of Waters heaped up on high,
 Rolling like Mountains in wild Wilderness,
 Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse Cry.
 And is the Sea, quoth *Coridon*, so fearful ?
 Fearful much more, quoth he, than Heart can fear :
 Thousand wild Beasts, with deep Mouths gaping direful,
 Therein still wait, poor Passengers to tear.
 Who Life doth loath, and longs Death to behold,
 Before he die, already dead with Fear,
 And yet would live with Heart half stony cold,
 Let him to Sea, and he shall see it there.
 And yet as ghastly dreadful as it seems,
 Bold Men, presuming Life for Gain to sell,
 Dare tempt that Gulf, and in those wandring Streams
 Seek ways unknown, ways leading down to Hell.
 For as we stood there waiting on the Strand,
 Behold, an huge great Vessel to us came,
 Dancing upon the Water's Back to Land,
 As if it scorn'd the Danger of the same ;

Yet

Yet was it but a wooden Frame and Frail,
 Glewed together with some subtile Matter ;
 Yet had it Arms and Wings, and Head and Tail,
 And Life to move it self upon the Water.
 Strange thing, how bold and swift the Monster was !
 That neither car'd for Wind, nor Hail, nor Rain,
 Nor swelling Waves, but thorough them did pass
 So proudly, that she made them rore again.

The same aboard us gently did receive,
 And without Harm us far away did bear,
 So far, that Land, our Mother, us did leave,
 And nought but Sea and Heaven to us appear.
 Then heartless quite, and full of inward Fear,
 That Shepherd I besought to me to tell,
 Under what Sky, or in what World we were,
 In which I saw no living People dwell.

Who me recomforting all that he might,
 Told me that that same was the Regiment
 Of a great Shepherdes, that *Cynthia* hight,
 His Liege, his Lady, and his Life's Regent.

If then, quoth I, a Shepherdes she be,
 Where be the Flocks and Herds which she doth keep ?

And where may I the Hills and Pastures see,
 On which she useth for to feed her Sheep ?
 These be the Hills, quoth he, the Surges high,
 On which fair *Cynthia* her Herds doth feed :
 Her Herds be thousand Fishes with their Fry,
 Which in the Bosom of the Billows breed,
 Of them the Shepherd, which has Charge in chief,
 Is *Triton*, blowing loud his wreathed Horn ;
 At Sound whereof, they all for their Relief
 Wend to and fro at Evening and at Morn.

And *Proteus* eke with him does drive his Herd
 Of stinking Seales and Porcpisces together,
 With hoary Head, and dewy dropping Beard
 Compelling them which way he list and whither.

And I among the rest of many least,
 Have in the Ocean Charge to me assign'd ;
 Where I will live or die at her Behest,
 And serve and honour her with faithful Mind.

Besides

Besides an hundred Nymphs, all heavenly born,
 And of immortal Race, do still attend,
 To wash fair *Cynthia's* Sheep, when they be shorn,
 And fold them up, when they have made an end.
 Those be the Shepherds which my *Cynthia* serve
 At Sea, besides a thousand more at Land:
 For Land and Sea my *Cynthia* doth deserve
 To have in her Commandement at hand.
 Thereat I wonder much, till wondring more
 And more, at length we Land far off descryde:
 Which Sight much gladdened me; for much afore
 I fear'd, lest Land we never should have eyde:
 Thereto our Ship her Course directly bent,
 As if the way she perfectly had known.
 We *Lynday* pass; by that same Name is ment
 An Island which the first to West was shown.
 From thence another World of Land we kend,
 Floating amid the Sea in Jeopardy,
 And round about with mighty white Rocks hend,
 Against the Seas encroaching Cruelty.
 Those same, the Shepherd told me, were the Fields
 In which Dame *Cynthia* her Land-herds fed,
 Fair goodly Fields, than which *Armulla* yields
 None fairer, nor more fruitful to be red.
 The first of which we nigh approached, was
 An high Head-land, thrust far into the Sea,
 Like to an Horn, whereof the Name it has,
 Yet seem'd to be a goodly pleasant Lea.
 There did a lofty Mount at first us greet,
 Which did a stately Heap of Stones uprear,
 That seem'd amid the Surges for to fleet,
 Much greater than that Frame, which us did bear:
 There did our Ship her fruitful Womb unlade,
 And put us all ashore on *Cynthia's* Land.

What Land is that thou meanst, then *Cuddy* said,
 And is there other than whereon we stand?

Ah! *Cuddy*, then quoth *Colin*, thou's a Fon,
 That hast not seen least part of Nature's Work:
 Much more there is unken'd, than thou doost kon,
 And much more that does from Mens Knowledge lurk.

For that same Land much larger is than this,
 And other Men, and Beasts, and Birds doth feed:
 There fruitful Corn, fair Trees, fresh Herbage is,
 And all things else that living Creatures need.
 Besides, most goodly Rivers there appear,
 No whit inferior to thy *Fanchin's* Praise,
 Or unto *Allo*, or to *Mulla* clear:

Nought hast thou, foolish Boy, seen in thy days.

But if that Land be there, quoth he, as here,
 And is their Heaven likewise there all one?
 And if like Heaven, be heavenly Graces there,
 Like as in this same World where we do wonne?

Both Heaven and heavenly Graces do much more,
 Quoth he, abound in that same Land, than this;
 For there all happy Peace and plenteous Store
 Conspire in one to make contented Blis:
 No Wailing there nor Wretchedness is heard,
 No bloody Issues, nor no Leprosies,
 No grievous Famine, nor no raging Sward,
 No nightly Bodrags, nor no Hue and Cries:
 The Shepherds there abroad may safely lie,
 On Hills and Downs, withouten Dread or Danger;
 No ravenous Wolves the Goodman's Hope destroy,
 Nor Outlaws fell affray the Forest-Ranger.
 There learned Arts do flourish in great Honour,
 And Poets Wits are had in peerless Price:
 Religion hath Lay-powre to rest upon her,
 Advancing Vertue, and suppressing Vice.
 For end, all Good, all Grace there freely grows,
 Had People Grace it gratefully to use:
 For God his Gifts there plenteously bestows,
 But graceless Men them greatly do abuse.
 But say on further, then said *Corylas*,
 The rest of thine Adventures that betided.

Forth on our Voyage we by Land did pass,
 Quoth he, as that same Shepherd still us guided,
 Until that we to *Cyntbia's* Presence came:
 Whose Glory, greater than my simple Thought,
 I found much greater than the former Fame;
 Such Greatness I cannot compare to ought:

But

But if I her like ought on earth might read,
 I would her liken to a Crown of Lillies,
 Upon a Virgin Bride's adorned Head,
 With Roses dight, and Goolds and Daffadilies ;
 Or like the Circlet of a Turtle true,
 In which all Colours of the Rainbow be ;
 Or like fair *Phæbe's* Girland shining new,
 In which all pure Perfection one may see.

But vain it is to think by Paragon
 Of earthly things, to judge of things divine :
 Her Power, her Mercy, and her Wisdom, none
 Can deem, but who the Godhead can define.
 Why then do I base Shepherd bold and blind,
 Presume the things so sacred to prophane ?
 More fit it is t'adore with humble Mind
 The Image of the Heavens in Shape humane.

With that, *Alexis* broke his Tale afunder,
 Saying, by wondring at thy *Cynthia's* Praise,
Colin, thy self thou mak'st us more to wonder,
 And her upraising, doost thy self upraise.
 But let us hear what Grace she shewed thee,
 And how that Shepherd strange thy cause advanc'd ?
 The Shepherd of the Ocean (quoth he)
 Unto that Goddess' Grace me first enhanc'd ;
 And to mine oaten Pipe enclin'd her Ear,
 That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
 And it desir'd at timely hours to hear,
 All were my Notes but rude and roughly dight.
 For not by measure of her own great Mind,
 And wondrous Worth she mott my simple Song,
 But joy'd that country Shepherd ought could find
 Worth hearkening to, emongst the learned Throng.
 Why, said *Alexis*, then what needeth she,
 That is so great a Shepherdes her self,
 And hath so many Shepherds in her Fee,
 To hear thee sing, a simple silly Elf ?
 Or be the Shepherds which do serve her laisie ?
 That they list not their merry Pipes apply ?
 Or be their Pipes untunable and craisie,
 That they cannot her honour worthily ?

Ah nay, said *Colin*, neither so nor so :
 For better Shepherds be not under skie,
 Nor better able, when they list to blow
 Their Pipes aloud, her Name to glorifie.
 There is good *Harpalus*, now woxen aged
 In faithful Service of fair *Cynthia* ;
 And there is *Coridon*, though meanly waged,
 Yet ablest Wit of most I know this day :
 And there is sad *Alcyon*, bent to mourn,
 Though fit to frame an everlasting Dittie,
 Whose gentle Spright for *Daphne's* Death doth tourn
 Sweet Lays of Love, to endless Plaints of Pittie.
 Ah pensive Boy, pursue that brave Conceit,
 In thy sweet Eglantine of *Meriflure* ;
 Lift up thy Notes unto their wonted height,
 That may thy Muse and Mates to Mirth allure.
 There eke is *Palin*, worthy of great Praise,
 Albe he envie at my rustick Quill ;
 And there is pleasing *Alcon*, could he raise
 His Tunes from Laves, to matter of more Skill.
 And there is old *Palemon*, free from Spight,
 Whose careful Pipe may make the Hearer rew :
 Yet he himself may rewed be more right,
 That sung so long untill quite hoarse he grew,
 And there is *Alabaster*, throughly taught
 In all this Skill, though knowen yet to few :
 Yet were he known to *Cynthia* as he ought,
 His *Eliseis* would be read anew.
 Who lives that can match that heroick Song,
 Which he hath of that mighty Princess made ?
 O dearest *Dread*, do not thy self that wrong,
 To let thy Fame lie so in hidden shade ;
 But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,
 To end thy Glory, which he hath begun :
 That when he finisht hath as it should be,
 No braver Poem can be under Sun.
 Nor *Po* nor *Tyber's* Swans, so much renown'd,
 Nor all the Brood of *Greece* so highly prais'd,
 Can match that Muse, when it with Bayes is crown'd,
 And to the pitch of her Perfection rais'd.

And

276 Colin Clout's come home again.

And there is a new Shepherd late up sprong,
 The which doth all afore him far surpafs;
 Appearing well in that well-tuned Song,
 Which late he sung unto a scornful Lasse,
 Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly flie,
 As daring not too rashly mount on hight,
 And doth her tender Plumes as yet but trie
 In Love's soft Layes, and looser Thoughts delight
 Then rouze thy Feathers quickly, *Daniel*,
 And to what course thou please thy self advance;
 But most, me seems, thy Accent will excel
 In tragick Plaints and passionate Mischance:
 And there that Shepherd of the *Ocean* is,
 That spends his Wit in Love's consuming Smart:
 Full sweetly tempred is that Muse of his,
 That can impierce a Prince's mighty Heart.
 There also is (ah no, he is not now!)
 But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone and lies full low,
 Having his *Amarillis* left to mone.
 Help, O ye Shepherds, help ye all in this,
 Help *Amarillis* this her Lofs to mourn;
 Her Lofs is yours, your Lofs *Amyntas* is,
Amyntas, Flower of Shepherd's Pride forlorn.
 He, whilst he lived, was the noblest Swain,
 That ever piped on an oaten Quill:
 Both did he other, which could pipe, maintain,
 And eke could pipe himself with passing Skill.
 And there, though last, not least is *Aetion*,
 A gentler Shepherd may no where be found;
 Whose Muse full of high Thoughts Invention,
 Doth like himself heroically found.
 All these, and many others moe remain,
 Now after *Astrofell* is dead and gone;
 But while as *Astrofell* did live and reign,
 Amongst all these was none his Paragon:
 All these do flourish in their sundry kind,
 And do their *Cynthia* immortal make;
 Yet found I Liking in her royal Mind,
 Not for my Skill, but for that Shepherd's sake,

†

Then

Then spake a lovely Lads, hight *Lucida* :
 Shepherd, enough of Shepherds thou hast told,
 Which favour thee, and honour *Cynthia* ;
 But of so many Nymphs which she doth hold
 In her Retinew, thou hast nothing said ;
 That seems, with none of them thou favour foundest,
 Or art ingrateful to each gentle Maid,
 That none of all their due Deserts resoundest.

Ah far be it, quoth *Colin Clout*, from me,
 That I of gentle Maids should ill deserve :
 For that my self I do profess to be
 Vassal to one, whom all my days I serve.
 The Beam of Beauty sparkled from above,
 The Flowre of Virtue and pure Chastitie ;
 The Blossom of sweet Joy and perfect Love,
 The Pearl of peerless Grace and Modesty ;
 To her my Thoughts I daily dedicate,
 To her my Heart I nightly martyrize ;
 To her my Love I lowly do prostrate,
 To her my Life I wholly sacrifice ;
 My Thought, my Heart, my Love, my Life is she ;
 And I hers ever only, ever one :
 One ever I, all vowed hers to be,
 One ever I, and others never none.

Then thus *Melissa* said ; Thrice happy Maid,
 Whom thou dost so enforce to deify ;
 That Woods, and Hills, and Valleys, thou hast made
 Her Name to eccho unto Heaven high.
 But say, who else vouchsafed thee of Grace ?

They all, quoth he, me graced goodly well,
 That all I praise : but in the highest place,
Urania, Sister unto *Astrosfell*,
 In whose brave Mind, as in a golden Coffer,
 All heavenly Gifts and Riches locked are :
 More rich than Pearls of *Inde*, or Gold of *Opher*,
 And in her Sex more wonderful and rare.
 Ne less praise-worthy I *Theana* read,
 Whose goodly Beams tho they be over-dight
 With mourning Stole of careful Widowhead,
 Yet through that darksom Veil do glister bright.

278 Colin Clout's come home again.

She is the Well of Bounty and brave Mind,
 Excelling most in Glory and great Light :
 She is the Ornament of Woman-kind,
 And Court's chief Girland, with all Vertues dight.
 Therefore great *Cynthia* her in chiefest Grace
 Doth hold, and next unto her self advance ;
 Well worthy of so honourable Place,
 For her great Worth and noble Governance.
 Ne less praise-worthy is her Sister dear,
 Fair *Marian*, the Muses only Darling ;
 Whose Beauty shineth as the Morning clear,
 With silver Dew upon the Roses pearling.
 Ne less praise-worthy is *Mansilia*,
 Best known by bearing up great *Cynthia*'s Train :
 That same is she to whom *Daphnaida*
 Upon her Neece's Death I did complain.
 She is the Pattern of true Womanhead,
 And only Mirror of Feminity :
 Worthy next after *Cynthia* to tredd,
 As she is next her in Nobility.
 Ne less praise-worthy *Galathea* seems
 Than best of all that honourable Crew,
 Fair *Galathea* with bright shining Beams,
 Inflaming feeble Eyes that her do view.
 She there then waited upon *Cynthia*,
 Yet there is not her Wonne ; but here with us
 About the Borders of our rich *Cosma*,
 Now made of *Maa*, the Nymph delicious.
 Ne less praise-worthy fair *Neæra* is ;
Neæra, ours, not theirs, though there she be :
 For of the famous *Sbure*, the Nymph she is,
 For high Desert, advaunst to that Degree.
 She is the Bloom of Grace and Curtisie,
 Adorned with all honourable Parts :
 She is the Branch of true Nobility,
 Belov'd of high and low with faithful Hearts.
 Ne less praise-worthy *Stella* do I read,
 Tho nought my Praises of her needed are ;
 Whom Verse of noblest Shepherd lately dead
 Hath prais'd, and rais'd above each other Starre.

Ne less praise-worthy are the Sisters three,
 The Honour of the noble Familie,
 Of which I meanest boast my self to be,
 And most, that unto them I am so nic:
Phyllis, *Charillis*, and sweet *Amarillis*:
Phyllis the Fair, is eldest of the three;
 The next to her is bountiful *Charillis*;
 But th' youngest is the highest in Degree.
Phyllis, the Flow'r of rare Perfection,
 Fair spreading forth her Leaves with fresh Delight,
 That with their Beauty's amorous Reflection,
 Bereave of Sense each rash Beholder's sight:
 But sweet *Charillis* is the Paragone
 Of peerless Price and Ornament of Praise;
 Admir'd of all, yet envied of none,
 Through the mild Temperance of her goodly Raies.
 Thrice happy do I hold thee noble Swain,
 The which art of so rich a Spoil possess,
 And it embracing dear without Disdain,
 Hast sole Possession in so chaste a Breast!
 Of all the Shepherds Daughters which there be,
 (And yet there be the fairest under Sky,
 Or that elsewhere I ever yet did see)
 A fairer Nymph yet never saw mine Eye:
 She is the Pride and Primrose of the rest,
 Made by the Maker self to be admired;
 And like a goodly Beacon high address,
 That is with Sparks of heavenly Beauty fired.
 But *Amarillis*, whether Fortunate,
 Or else Unfortunate may I aread,
 That freed is from *Cupid's* Yoke by Fate;
 Since which, she doth new Bands adventure dread.
 Shepherd, whatever thou hast heard to be
 In this or that prais'd diversly apart,
 In her thou mayst them all assembled see,
 And seal'd up in the Treasure of her Heart.
 Ne thee less worthy, gentle *Flavia*,
 For thy chaste Life and Vertue I esteem:
 Ne thee less worthy, curteous *Candida*,
 For thy true Love and Loyalty I deem.

Besides yet many mo that *Cynthia* serve,
 Right noble Nymphs, and high to be commended.
 But if I all should praise as they deserve,
 This Sun would fail me ere I half had ended.
 Therefore in closure of a thankful Mind,
 I deem it best to hold eternally
 Their bounteous Deeds and noble Favours shrin'd,
 Than by Discourse them to indignify.

So having said, *Aglaura* him bespake :

Colin, well worthy were those goodly Favours
 Bestow'd on thee, that so of them doost make,
 And them requitest with thy thankful Labours.
 But of great *Cynthia's* Goodness and high Grace
 Finish the Story which thou hast begun.

More eath, quoth he, it is in such a Case,
 How to begin, than know how to have done.
 For every Gift, and every goodly Meed,
 Which she on me bestow'd, demands a Day;
 And every Day, in which she did a Deed,
 Demands a Year, it duly to display.

Her Words were like a Stream of Honey fleeting,
 The which doth softly trickle from the Hive,
 Able to melt the Hearer's Heart unweeting,
 And eke to make the Dead again alive.

Her Deeds were like great Clusters of ripe Grapes,
 Which load the Bunches of the fruitful Vine;
 Offering to fall into each Mouth that gapes,
 And fill the same with store of timely Wine.

Her Looks were like Beams of the morning Sun,
 Forth-looking through the Window of the East;
 When first the fleecie Cattle have begun
 Upon the perled Grass to make their Feast.

Her Thoughts are like the Fume of Frankincense,
 Which from a golden Censer forth doth rise;
 And throwing forth sweet Odours, mounts fro thence
 In rolling Globes up to the vaulted Skies.

There she beholds, with high aspiring Thought,
 The Cradle of her own Creation;
 Emongst the Seats of Angels heavenly wrought,
 Much like an Angel in all Form and Fashion.

Colin,

Colin, said *Cuddy* then, thou hast forgot
Thy self, me seems, too much, to mount so hie ;
Such lofty Flight base Shepherd seemeth not,
From Flocks and Fields, to Angels and to Sky.

True, answer'd he : but her great Excellence
Lifts me above the Measure of my Might ;
That being fill'd with furious Insolence,
I feel my self like one yrap't in Spright.
For when I think of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to speak it fitly forth :
And when I speak of her what I have thought,
I cannot think according to her Worth.
Yet will I think of her, yet will I speak,
So long as Life my Limbs doth hold together ;
And when as Death these vital Bands shall break,
Her Name recorded I will leave for ever.
Her Name in every Tree I will endoss,
That as the Trees do grow, her Name may grow :
And in the Ground each where will it engro's,
And fill with Stones, that all Men may it know.
The speaking Woods, and murmuring Waters-fall,
Her Name I'll teach in knowen Terms to frame :
And eke my Lambs, when for their Dams they call,
I'll teach to call for *Cynthia* by name.
And long while after I am dead and rotten,
Amongst the Shepherds Daughters dauncing round,
My Lays made of her shall not be forgotten,
But sung by them with flowry Girlonds crown'd.
And ye, who so ye be, that shall survive,
When-as ye hear her Memory renew'd,
Be witness of her Bounty here alive,
Which she to *Colin* her poor Shepherd shew'd.

Much was the whole Assembly of those Heards
Mov'd at his Speech, so feelingly he spake ;
And stood awhile astonish'd at his Words,
Till *Thestylis* at last their Silence brake,
Saying, Why *Colin*, since thou found'st such Grace
With *Cynthia*, and all her noble Crew,
Why didst thou ever leave that happy Place,
In which such Wealth might unto thee accrew ?

And back returnedst to this barren Soil,
 Where Cold, and Care, and Penury do dwell,
 Here to keep Sheep with Hunger and with Toil:
 Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell.

Happy indeed, said *Colin*, I him hold,
 That may that blessed Presence still enjoy,
 Of Fortune and of Envy uncontroul'd,
 Which still are wont most happy States t' annoy:
 But I by that which little while I prov'd,
 Some part of those Enormities did see,
 The which in Court continually hoov'd,
 And follow'd those which happy seem'd to be.
 Therefore I silly Man, whose former Days
 Had in rude Fields been altogether spent,
 Durst not adventure such unknowen Ways,
 Nor trust the Guile of Fortune's Blandishment;
 But rather chose back to my Sheep to tourn,
 Whose utmost Hardness I before had try'd,
 Than having learn'd Repentance late, to mourn
 Emongst those Wretches which I there descry'd.

Shepherd, said *Thestylis*, it seems of spight
 Thou speakest thus 'gainst their Felicity,
 Which thou enviest, rather than of right
 That ought in them blame-worthy thou doost spy.

Cause have I none, quoth he, of cancred will
 To quit them ill, that me demean'd so well:
 But Self-regard of private Good or Ill,
 Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell.
 And eke to warn young Shepherds wandring Wit,
 Which through report of that Life's painted Bliss,
 Abandon quiet Home, to seek for it.
 And leave their Lambs to loss, misled amiss:
 For sooth to say, it is no sort of Life,
 For Shepherd fit to lead in that same Place,
 Where each one seeks with Malice and with Strife,
 To thrust down other into foul Disgrace,
 Himself to raise: and he doth soonest rise
 That best can handle his deceitful Wit,
 In subtil Shifts, and finest Sleights devise,

Either

Either by standing his well-deemed Name,
 Through Leafings leud, and feigned Forgery ;
 Or else by breeding him some blot of Blame,
 By creeping close into his Secrecy :
 To which him needs, a guileful hollow Heart,
 Masked with fair dissembling Curtesy,
 A filed Tongue, furnish'd with Terms of Art ;
 No Art of School, but Courtiers Schoolery.
 For Arts of School have there small Countenance,
 Counted but Toys to busy idle Brains ;
 And there Professors find small Maintenance,
 But to be Instruments of others Gains.
 Ne is there place for any gentle Wit,
 Unless to please, it self it can apply :
 But shouldred is, or out of door quite shitt ;
 As base, or blunt, unmeet for Melody.
 For each Man's Worth is measur'd by his Weed,
 As Harts by Horns, or Asses by their Ears :
 Yet Asses be not all, whose Ears exceed,
 Nor yet all Harts, that Horns the highest bears.
 For highest Looks have not the highest Mind,
 Nor haughty Words most full of highest Thought :
 But are like Bladders blowen up with Wind,
 That being prick'd do vanish into nought.
 Even such is all their vaunted Vanity
 Nought else but Smoke, that fumeth soon away :
 Such is their Glory that in simple Eye
 Seem greatest, when their Garments are most gay.
 So they themselves for Praise of Fools do sell,
 And all their Wealth for Painting on a Wall ;
 With Price whereof they buy a golden Bell,
 And purchase highest Rooms in Bower and Hall :
 Whiles single Truth and simple Honesty
 Do wander up and down, despis'd of all ;
 Their plain Attire such glorious Gallantry
 Disdains so much, that none them in doth call.

Ah Colin, then said *Hobbinol*, the blame
 Which thou imputest, is too general ;
 As if not any gentle Wit of name,
 Nor honest Mind might there be found at all.

284 Colin Clout's come home again.

For well I wot, sith I my self was there,
 To wait on *Lobbin* (*Lobbin* well thou knewest)
 Full many worthy ones then waiting were,
 As ever else in Prince's Court thou viewest,
 Of which, among you many yet remain,
 Whose Names I cannot readily now guess :
 Those that poor Suters Papers do retain,
 And those that Skill of Medicine profess :
 And those that do to *Cynthia* expound
 The Ledden of strange Languages in charge ;
 For *Cynthia* doth in Sciences abound,
 And gives to their Professors Stipends large.
 Therefore unjustly thou doost wite them all,
 For that which thou mislikest in a few.

Blame is, quoth he, more blameless general,
 Than that which private Errors doth pursue :
 For well I wote, that there amongst them be
 Full many Persons of right worthy Parts,
 Both for Report of spotless Honesty,
 And for Profession of all learned Arts,
 Whose Praise hereby no whit impaired is,
 Though Blame do light on those that faulty be ;
 For all the rest do most-what fare amiss,
 And yet their own misfaring will not see :
 For either they be puffed up with Pride,
 Or fraught with Envy, that their Galls do swell,
 Or they their Days to Idleness divide,
 Or drowned lie in Pleasure's wasteful Well ;
 In which, like Moldwarps, noursling still they lurk,
 Unmindful of chief parts of Manliness,
 And do themselves for want of other Work,
 Vain Votaries of lazy Love profess ;
 Whose Service high so basely they ensue,
 That *Cupid's* self of them ashamed is,
 And mustring all his Men in *Venus's* view,
 Denies them quite for Servitors of his.

And is Love then, said *Corilas*, once knowit
 In Court, and his sweet Lore professed there ?
 I weened sure he was our God alone,
 And only woon'd in Fields and Forests here.

Not so, quoth he, Love most aboundeth there ;
 For all the Walls and Windows there are writ
 All full of Love, and Love, and Love, my Dear,
 And all their Talk and Study is of it.
 Ne any there doth brave or valiant seem,
 Unless that some gay Mistrefs' Badg he bears :
 Ne any one himself doth ought esteem,
 Unless he swim in Love up to the Ears.
 But they of Love and of his sacred Lere
 (As it should be) all otherwise devise,
 Than we poor Shepherds are accustom'd here,
 And him do sue and serve all otherwise.
 For with leud Speeches and licentious Deeds,
 His mighty Mysteries they do profane,
 And use his idle Name to other needs,
 But as a Complement for courting vain.
 So him they do not serve as they profess,
 But make him serve to them for fordid Uses.
 Ah ! my dread Lord, that dost liege Hearts possess,
 Avenge thy self on them for their Abuses.
 But we poor Shepherds, whether rightly so,
 Or through our Rudeness into Error led,
 Do make Religion how we rashly go,
 To serve that God that is so greatly dread :
 For him the greatest of the Gods we deem,
 Born without Sire or Couples, of one Kind ;
 For *Venus*' self doth solely Couples seem,
 Both Male and Female, through commixture join'd.
 So, pure and spotless *Cupid* forth she brought,
 And in the Gardens of *Adonis* nurs'd ;
 Where growing, he his own Perfection wrought,
 And shortly was of all the Gods the first.
 Then got he Bow and Shafts of Gold and Lead,
 In which so fell and puissant he grew,
 That *Jove* himself his Power began to dread,
 And taking up to Heaven, him godded new.
 From thence he shoots his Arrows every where
 Into the World, at random, as he will,
 On us frail Men, his wretched Vassals here,
 Like as himself us pleaseth save or spill.

So we him worship, so we him adore,
 With humble Hearts to Heaven up-listed hie,
 That to true Loves he may us evermore
 Prefer, and of their Grace us dignify:
 Ne is there Shepherd, ne yet Shepherd's Swain,
 Whatever feeds in Forest or in Field,
 That dare with evil Deed or Leasing vain,
 Blaspheme his Power, or Terms unworthy yield.

Shepherd, it seems that some celestial Rage
 Of Love, quoth *Cuddy*, is breath'd into thy Breast,
 That poureth forth these Oracles so sage,
 Of that high Power wherewith thou art possessest.
 But never wist I till this present day,
 Albe of Love I always humbly deem'd,
 That he was such an one as thou doost say,
 And so religiously to be esteem'd.
 Well may it seem by this thy deep Insight,
 That of that God the Priest thou shouldest be;
 So well thou wot'st the Mystery of his Might,
 As if his Godhead thou didst present see.

Of Love's Perfection perfectly to speak,
 Or of his Nature rightly to define,
 Indeed, saith *Colin*, passeth Reason's reach,
 And needs his Priest t' expresse his Power Divine.
 For long before the World he was ybore,
 And bred above, in *Venus*' Bosom dear:
 For by his Power the World was made of yore.
 And all that therein wondrous doth appear.
 For how should else things so far from attone,
 And so great Enemies as of them be,
 Be ever drawn together into one,
 And taught in such Accordance to agree?
 Through him the Cold began to covet Heat;
 And Water Fire; the Light to mount on hie,
 And th' Heavy down to poize; the Hungry t' eat,
 And Voidness to seek full Satiety,
 So being former Foes, they wexed Friends,
 And 'gan by little learn to love each other:
 So being knit, they brought forth other Kinds
 Out of the fruitful Womb of their great Mother.

Then

Then first 'gan Heaven out of Darkness dread
 For to appear, and brought forth cheerful Day :
 Next 'gan the Earth to shew her naked Head
 Out of deep Waters, which her drown'd alway.
 And shortly after, every living Wight
 Crept forth, like Worms, out of their slimy Nature,
 Soon as on them the Sun's life-giving Light
 Had poured kindly Heat and formal Feature.
 Thenceforth they 'gan each one his like to love,
 And like himself desire for to beget ;
 The Lion chose his Mate, the Turtle-Dove
 Her Dear, the Dolphin his own Dolphinet :
 But Man, that had the Spark of Reason's Might,
 More than the rest, to rule his Passion,
 Chose for his Love the fairest in his Sight ;
 Like as himself, was fairest by Creation.
 For Beauty is the Bait which with Delight
 Doth Man allure, for to enlarge his Kind :
 Beauty the burning Lamp of Heaven's Light,
 Darting her Beams into each feeble Mind ;
 Against whose Power, nor God nor Man can find
 Defence, ne ward the Danger of the Wound :
 But being hurt, seek to be medicin'd
 Of her that first did stir that mortal Stownd.
 Then do they cry and call to Love apace,
 With Prayers loud importuning the Sky,
 Whence he them hears ; and when he list shew Grace,
 Does grant them Grace, that otherwise would die.
 So Love is Lord of all the World by Right,
 And rules the Creatures by his powerful Saw :
 All being made the Vassals of his Might,
 Through secret Sense which thereto doth them draw.
 Thus ought all Lovers of their Lord to deem,
 And with chaste Heart to honour him alway :
 But whose else doth otherwise esteem,
 Are Out-laws, and his Lore do disobey.
 For their Desire is base, and doth not merit
 The name of Love, but of disloyal Lust :
 Ne 'mongst true Lovers they shall place inherit,
 But as Exuls out of his Court be thrust.

So having said, *Melissa* spake at will,
Colin, thou now full deeply hast divin'd
 Of Love and Beauty, and with wondrous Skill
 Hast *Cupid's* self depainted in his kind.
 To thee are all true Lovers greatly bound,
 That doost their Cause so mightily defend;
 But most, all Women are thy Debtors found.
 That doost their Bounty still so much commend.

That ill, said *Hobbinol*, they him requite:
 For having loved ever one most dear,
 He is repaid with Scorn and foul Despite,
 That ytkes each gentle Heart which it doth hear.

Indeed, said *Lucid*, I have often heard
 Fair *Rosalinde* of divers foully blamed;
 For being to that Swain too cruel hard,
 That her bright Glory else hath much defamed.
 But who can tell what Cause had that fair Maid
 To use him so, that loved her so well?
 Or who with Blame can justly her upbraid,
 For loving not? For who can Love compel?
 And sooth to say, it is fool-hardy thing,
 Rashly to witen Creatures so Divine;
 For Demi-gods they be, and first did spring
 From Heaven, though Graft in Frailness feminine.
 And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
 How one that fairest *Helene* did revile,
 Through Judgment of the Gods, to been ywroken,
 Lost both his Eyes, and so remain'd long while,
 Till he recanted had his wicked Rimes,
 And made amends to her with treble Praise:
 Beware therefore, ye Grooms, I read betimes,
 How rashly Blame of *Rosalinde* ye raise.

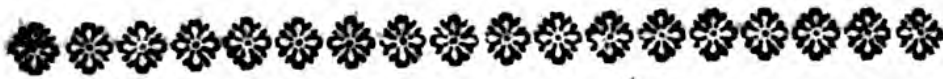
Ah Shepherds, then said *Colin*, ye ne weet
 How great a Guilt upon your Heads ye draw;
 To make so bold a Doom with words unmeet,
 Of thing Celestial, which ye never saw.
 For she is not like as the other Crew
 Of Shepherds Daughters, which emongst you be,
 But of diyine Regard and heavenly Hue,
 Excelling all that ever ye did see.

Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to my self the blame that lookt so hie :
So high her Thoughts as she her self have place,
And loath each lowly thing with lofty Eye.
Yet so much Grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple Swain, sith her I may not love ;
Yet that I may her Honour paravant,
And praise her Worth, though far my Wit above.
Such Grace shall be some Guerdon for the Grief
And long Affliction which I have endured ;
Such Grace sometimes, shall give me some Relief
And Ease of Pain, which cannot be recured ;
And ye my fellow-Shepherds, which do see
And hear the Languors of my too long dying,
Unto the World for ever witness be,
That hers I die ; nought to the World denying
This simple Trophy of her great Conquest.

So, having ended, he from Ground did rise,
And after him uprose eke all the rest :
All loth to part, but that the glooming Skies
Warn'd them to draw their bleating Flocks to rest.







VIRGIL'S

GNAT.



T O T H E
Most Noble and Excellent Lord,
T H E
Earl of *Leicester*.

*W*Rong'd, yet not daring to express my Pain,
To you (great Lord) the Causer of my Care,
In cloudy Tears my case I thus complain
Unto your self, that only privy are:

But if that any Oedipus, unware,
Shall chance, through power of some divining Spright,
To read the Secret of this Riddle rare,
And know the Purport of my evil Plight,

Let him rest pleased with his own Insight,
Ne further seek to glose upon the Text:

For grief enough it is to grieved Wight,
To feel his fault, and not be further vext.

But what so by my self may not be shown,
May by this Gnat's Complaint be easily known.



VIRGIL'S GNAT.

WE now have plaid (*Augustus*) wantonly,
 Tuning our Song unto a tender Muse;
 And like a Cobweb weaving slenderly,
 Have only playd: let thus much then excuse

This *Gnat's* small Poem, that the whole History
 Is but a Jest, tho Envy it abuse:

But who such Sports and sweet Delights doth blame,
 Shall lighter seem than this *Gnat's* idle Name.

Hereafter, when as Season more secure
 Shall bring forth Fruit, this Muse shall speak to thee
 In bigger Notes, that may thy Sense allure,
 And for thy Worth frame some fit Poesy:
 The golden Offspring of *Latona* pure,
 And Ornament of great *Joue's* Progeny,
Phæbus, shall be the Author of my Song,
 Playing on Ivory Harp with Silver Strong.

He shall inspire my Verse with gentle Mood
 Of Poet's Prince, whether he wonne beside
 Fair *Xanthus* sprinkled with *Chimæras* Blood;
 Or in the Woods of *Astery* abide;
 Or whereas Mount *Parnasse*, the Muses Brood,
 Doth his broad Forehead like two Horns divide,
 And the sweet Waves of sounding *Cassaly*,
 With liquid Foot doth slide down easily.

Wherefore ye Sisters, which the Glory be
 Of the *Pierian* Streams, fair *Naiades*,
 Go too, and dancing all in company,
 Adorn that God : and thou holy *Pales*,
 To whom the honest Care of Husbandry
 Returneth by continual success,

Have care for to pursue his footing light, (dight.
 Through the wide Woods, and Groves, with green Leaves

Professing thee, I list'd am aloft
 Betwixt the Forest wide and starry Sky:
 And thou most dread *Octavius*, which oft
 To learned Wits giv'st Courage worthily,
 O come (thou sacred Child) come sliding soft,
 And favour my Beginnings graciously :
 For not these Leaves do sing that dreadful Stound,
 When Giants Blood did stain *Pblegræan* Ground.

Nor how th' half-horsie People, *Centauris* hight,
 Fought with the bloody *Lapithæes* at bord ;
 Nor how the East with tyrannous Despight
 Burnt th' *Attick* Towers, and People slew with Sword ;
 Nor how Mount *Athos* through exceeding Might
 Was digged down, nor yron Bands abórd
 The *Pontick* Sea by their huge Navy cast ;
 My Volume shall renown, so long since past.

Nor *Hellespont* trampled with Horses Feet,
 When flocking *Persians* did the *Greeks* affray :
 But my soft Muse, as for her power more meet,
 Delights (with *Pbæbus*' friendly leave) to play
 An easie running Verse with tender Feet.
 And thou (dread sacred Child) to thee alway,
 Let everlasting lightfom Glory strive,
 Through the World's endless Ages to survive.

And let an happy room remain for thee
 Mongst heavenly Ranks, where blessed Souls do rest ;
 And let long lasting Life with joyous Glee,

As thy due Meed that thou deservest best,
 Hereafter many Years remembered be
 Amongst good Men, of whom thou oft art blest.
 Live thou for ever in all Happiness :
 But let us turn to our first Business.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on height,
 Up to the heavenly Towers, and shot each where
 Out of his golden Charet glistering light ;
 And fair *Auroxa* with her rosie Hair,
 The hateful Darkness now had put to flight ;
 When-as the Shepherd seeing Day appear,
 His little Goats 'gan drive out of their Stalls,
 To feed abroad, where Pasture best befalls.

To an high Mountain's top he with them went,
 Where thickest Grass did cloath the open Hills :
 They now amongst the Woods and Thickets ment,
 Now in the Valleys wandring at their Wills,
 Spread themselves far abroad through each Descent ;
 Some on the soft green Grass feeding their fills,
 Some clambring through the hollow Cliffs on hie,
 Nibble the bushy Shrubs, which grow thereby.

Others, the utmost Boughs of Trees do crop,
 And brouze the woodbine Twiggs, that freshly bud ;
 This with full Bite doth catch the utmost top
 Of some soft Willow, or new growen Stud :
 This with sharp Teeth the Bramble-Leaves doth lop,
 And chaw the tender Prickles in her Cud ;
 The whiles another, high doth over-look
 Her own like Image in a crystal Brook.

O the great Happiness which Shepherds have,
 Who-so loaths not too much the poor Estate,
 With Mind that ill use doth before deprave,
 Ne measures all things by the costly rate
 Of Riotise, and Semblants outward brave !
 No such sad Cares, as wont to macerate

And

And rend the greedy Minds of covetous Men,
Do ever creep into the Shepherd's Den.

Ne cares he if the Fleece, which him arrays,
Be not twice steeped in *Assyrian Dye* ;
Ne glistering of Gold, which underlays
The Summer Beams, do blind his gazing Eye ;
Ne Pictures Beauty, nor the glancing Rays
Of precious Stones, whence no good cometh by ;
Ne yet his Cup embost with Imagery
Of *Bætus*, or of *Alcon's* Vanity.

Ne ought the whelky Pearls esteemeth he,
Which are from *Indian* Seas brought far away :
But with pure Breast from careful Sorrow free,
On the soft Grass his Limbs doth oft display,
In sweet Spring-time, when Flowers variety
With sundry Colours paint the sprinkled Lay :
There lying all at ease, from Guile or Spight,
With Pipe of fenny Reeds doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himself, with Palm bedight,
His looser Locks doth wrap in Wreath of Vine :
There his Milk-dropping Goats be his delight,
And fruitful *Pales*, and the Forest green,
And darksom Caves in pleasant Vallies pight,
Whereas continual Shade is to be seen,
And where fresh springing Wells, as Crystal neat,
Do always flow, to quench his thirsty Heat.

O! who can lead then a more happy Life,
Than he, that with clean Mind and Heart sincere,
No greedy Riches knows, nor bloody Strife,
No deadly Fight of warlike Fleet doth fear,
Ne runs in Peril of Foes cruel Knife,
That in the sacred Temples he may rear
A Trophee of his glittering Spoils and Treasure,
Or may abound in Riches above measure ?

Of him his God is worshipt with his Syth,
 And not with Skill of Craftman polished ;
 He joys in Groves, and makes himself full blyth,
 With sundry Flowers in wild Fields gathered :
 Ne Frankincense he from *Panchæa* buyth,
 Sweet Quiet harbours in his harmless Head,
 And perfect Pleasure builds her joyous Bowre,
 Free from sad Cares, that rich Men's Hearts devowre.

This all his Care, this all his whole Endeavour,
 To this his Mind and Senses he doth bend,
 How he may flow in Quiet's matchless Treasour,
 Content with any Food that God doth send ;
 And how his Limbs, resolv'd through idle Leisour,
 Unto sweet Sleep he may securely lend,
 In some cool Shadow from the scorching Heat,
 The whiles his Flock their chawed Cuds do eat.

O Flocks! O Fauns! and O ye pleasant Springs
 Of *Tempe*, where the Country Nymphs are rife!
 Through whose not costly Care each Shepherd sings
 As merry Notes upon his rustick Fife,
 As that *Astræan* Bard, whose Fame now rings
 Through the wide World, and leads as joyful Life,
 Free from all Troubles, and from worldly Toyl,
 In which fond Men do all their Days turmoyl.

In such Delights, whilst thus his careless Time
 This Shepherd drives, upleaning on his Batt,
 And on shrill Reeds chaunting his rustick Rime,
Hyperion throwing forth his Beams full hott,
 Into the highest top of Heaven 'gan clime ;
 And the World parting by an equal Lott,
 Did shed his whirling Flames on either side,
 As the great Ocean doth himself divide.

Then 'gan the Shepherd gather into one
 His stragling Goats, and drave them to a Foord,
 Whose cærule Stream, rombling in Pibble-stone.

Crept under Moss as green as any Goord.
 Now had the Sun half Heaven overgone,
 When he his Herd back from that water Foord
 Drave from the force of *Pbæbus*' boyling Ray,
 Into thick Shadows, there themselves to lay.

Soon as he them plac't in thy sacred Wood
 (O *Delian* Goddess) saw, to which of yore
 Came the bad Daughter of old *Cadmus*' Brood,
 Cruel *Agave*, flying Vengeance fore
 Of King *Niçileus*, for the guilty Blood,
 Which she with cursed Hands had shed before ;
 There she half frantick having slain her Son,
 Did shroud her self, like Punishment to shun.

Here also playing on the grassie Green,
 Wood-gods, and Satyres, and swift Dryades,
 With many Fairies oft were dancing seen.
 Not so much did Dan *Orpheus* repress
 The Streams of *Hebrus* with his Songs, I ween,
 As that fair Troop of woody Goddesses
 Stay'd thee (O *Peneus*) pouring forth to thee,
 From chearful Looks, great Mirth, and gladfom Glee.

The very Nature of the Place, resounding
 With gentle Murmur of the breathing Air,
 A pleasant Bowre with all Delight abounding
 In the fresh Shadow did for them prepare,
 To rest their Limbs with Weariness-redounding.
 For first, the high Palm-trees with Branches fair,
 Out of the lowly Vallies did arise,
 And high shoot up their Heads into the Skyes.

And them amongst the wicked Lotos grew,
 Wicked, for holding guilefully away
Ulysses' Men, whom rapt with Sweetness new,
 Taking to Host, it quite from him did stay ;
 And eke those Trees, in whose transformed Hue,
 The Sun's sad Daughters wail'd the rash Decay
 Of *Phaeton*, whose Limbs with Lightning rent,
 They gathering up, with sweet Tears did lament.

And

And that same Tree, in which *Demopboon*,
 By his Disloyalty lamented fore,
 Eternal Hurt left unto many one :
 Whom als 'accompanied the Oak, of yore
 Through fatal Charms transform'd to such an one ;
 The Oak, whose Acorns were our Food, before
 That *Ceres*' Seed of mortal Men was known,
 Which first *Triptoleme* taught how to be sown.

Here also grew the rougher-rinded Pine,
 The great *Argoan* Ship's brave Ornament,
 Whom golden Fleece did make an heavenly Sign ;
 Which coveting, with his high top's extent,
 To make the Mountains touch the Stars Divine,
 Decks all the Forest with Embellishment ;
 And the black Holm that loves the watry Vale,
 And the sweet Cypress, sign of deadly Bale.

Emongst the rest, the clambring Yvie grew,
 Knitting his wanton Arms with grasping hold,
 Lest that the Poplar happely should rew
 Her Brother's Strokes, whose Boughs she doth enfold
 With her lythe Twigs, till they the Top survev,
 And paint with pallid Green her Buds of Gold.
 Next did the Myrtle Tree to her approach,
 Nor yet unmindful of her old Reproach.

But the small Birds in their wide Boughs embowring,
 Chaunted their sundry Tunes with sweet Consent,
 And under them a silver Spring forth pouring
 His trickling Streams, a gentle Murmure sent :
 Thereto the Frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
 Of the moist Moores, their jarring Voyces bent ;
 And shrill Grasshoppers chirped them around :
 All which the airy Eccho did resound.

In this so pleasant place, this Shepherd's Flock
 Lay every where, their weary Limbs to rest,
 On every Bush, and every hollow Rock,

Where

Where breathe on them the whistling Wind mote best :
 The whiles the Shepherd self tending his Stock,
 Sate by the Fountain side, in Shade to rest,
 Where gentle slumbring Sleep oppress'd him,
 Display'd on Ground, and seized every Lim.

Of Trechery or Trains nought took he keep,
 But loosly on the grassy Green dispreed,
 His dearest Life did trust to careless Sleep ;
 Which weighing down his drouping drowfie Hed,
 In quiet Rest his molten Heart did steep,
 Devoid of Care, and Fear of all Falshed ;
 Had not inconstant Fortune, bent to Ill,
 Bid strange mischance his Quietness to spill.

For at his wonted time, in that same Place,
 An huge great Serpent, all with Speckles pide,
 To drench himself in morish Slime did trace,
 There from the boyling Heat himself to hide :
 He passing by with rolling wreathed Pace,
 With brandish'd Tongue the empty Air did gride,
 And wrapt his scaly Boughts with fell Despight,
 That all things seem'd appalled at his sight,

Now more and more having himself enroll'd,
 His glittering Brest he listeth up on hie,
 And with proud Vaunt his Head aloft doth hold ;
 His Crest above spotted with Purple Dye,
 On every side did shine like scaly Gold,
 And his bright Eyes glauncing full dreadfully,
 Did seem to flame out Flakes of flashing Fire,
 And with stern Looks to threaten kindled Yre,

Thus-wise long time he did himself dispace
 There round about, when as at last he spide
 Lying along before him in that place
 That Flock's grand Captain, and most trusty Guide ;
 Eftsoons more fierce in Visage and in Pace,
 Throwing his fry Eyes on every side,

He

He cometh on, and all things in his way
Full sternly rends, that might his Passage stay.

Much he disdains that any one should dare
To come unto his Haunt ; for which intent
He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare
The Weapons, which to him Nature had lent :
Felly he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
And hath his Jaws with angry Spirits rent,
That all his Track with bloody Drops is stain'd,
And all his Folds are now in length out-strain'd.

Whom thus at point prepared to prevent,
A little Nourling of the humid Air,
A *Gnat*, unto the sleepy Shepherd went,
And marking where his Eye-lids twinkling rare,
Shew'd the two Pearls, which Sight unto him lent,
Through their thin Coverings appearing fair,
His little Needle there infixing deep,
Warn'd him awake, from Death himself to keep.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely 'gan upstart,
And with his Hand him rashly bruizing slew,
As in avengement of his heedless Smart,
That straight the Spirit out of his Senses flew,
And Life out of his Members did depart :
When suddainly casting aside his View,
He spide his Foe with felonous Intent,
And fervent Eyes to his Destruction bent.

All suddenly dismay'd, and heartless quight,
He fled aback ; and catching hasty hold
Of a young Alder hard beside him pight,
It rent, and streight about him 'gan behold,
What God or Fortune would assist his Might.
But whether God or Fortune made him bold,
It's hard to read : yet hardy Will he had
To overcome, that made him less adrad,

The scaly Back of that most hideous Snake,
 Enwrapped round, oft feigning to retire,
 And oft him to assail, he fiercely strake,
 Whereas his Temples did his Crest-front tyre;
 And for he was but slow, did Sloth off shake,
 And gazing ghastly on (for Fear and Ire
 Had blent so much his Sense, that less he fear'd;))
 Yet when he saw him slain, himself he cheer'd.

By this, the Night forth from the darksome Bowre
 Of *Herebus* her teemed Steeds 'gan call,
 And lazie *Vesper* in his timely Howre,
 From golden *Oeta* 'gan proceed withall:
 When-as the Shepherd after this sharp Stowre,
 Seeing the doubled Shadows low to fall,
 Gathering his straying Flock, does homeward fare,
 And unto Rest his weary Joynts prepare.

Into whose Sense so soon as lighter Sleep
 Was entred, and now loosing every Lim,
 Sweet slumbring Dew in Carelesness did steep,
 The Image of that *Gnat* appear'd to him,
 And in sad Terms 'gan sorrowfully weep,
 With grisly Countenance and Visage grim,
 Wailing the Wrong which he had done of late,
 In sted of Good, hastning his cruel Fate.

Said he, what have I Wretch deserv'd, that thus
 Into this bitter Bale I am out-cast,
 Whilst that thy Life more dear and precious
 Was than mine own, so long as it did last?
 I now in lieu of Pains so gracious,
 Am tost in th' Air with every windy Blast:
 Thou safe delivered from sad Decay,
 Thy careles Limbs in loose Sleep doost display.

So livest thou: but my poor wretched Ghost
 Is forc'd to ferry over *Lethe's* River,
 And spoil'd of *Charon*, to and fro am tost.

Seest thou, how all Places quake and quiver,
 Lightned with deadly Lamps on every Post ?
Tisiphone each where doth shake and shiver
 Her flaming Fire-brond, encountring me,
 Whose Locks uncombed cruel Adders be.

And *Cerberus*, whose many Mouths do bay,
 And bark out Flames, as if on Fire he fed ;
 Adown whose Neck in terrible array,
 Ten thousand Snakes cralling about his Hed
 Do hang in heaps, that horribly affray,
 And bloody Eyes do glister fiery red :
 He oftentimes me dreadfully doth threaten,
 With painful Torments to be forely beaten.

Ah me, that thanks so much should fail of Meed,
 For that I thee restor'd to Life again,
 Even from the Door of Death and deadly Dreed.
 Where then is now the Guerdon of my Pain ?
 Where the Reward of my so piteous Deed ?
 The Praise of Pity vanish'd is in vain,
 And th' antique Faith of Justice long ago
 Out of the Land is fled away and gone.

I saw another's Fate approaching fast,
 And left mine own his Safety to tender ;
 Into the same mishap I now am cast,
 And shun'd Destruction doth Destruction render ;
 Not unto him that never hath trespass,
 But Punishment is due to the Offender.
 Yet let Destruction be the Punishment,
 So long as thankful Will may it relent.

I carried am into waste Wilderness,
 Waste Wilderness, amongst *Cymmerian* Shades,
 Where endless Pains and hideous Heaviness
 Is round about me heapt in darksom Glades.
 For there huge *Ochus* sits in sad Distress,
 Fast bound with Serpents that him oft invades ;

Far off beholding *Ephialtes* tide,
Which once assaid to burn this World so wide.

And there is mournful *Tityus*, mindful yet
Of thy Displeasure, O *Latona* fair;
Displeasure too implacable was it,
That made him Meat for wild Fowls of the Air:
Much do I fear among such Fiends to sit,
Much do I fear back to them to repair,
To the black Shadows of the *Stygian* Shore,
Where wretched Ghosts sit wailing ever-more.

There next the utmost Brink doth he abide,
That did the Banquets of the Gods bewray,
Whose Throat through Thirst, to nought nigh being dride,
His Sense to seek for Ease turns every way:
And he that in Avengement of his Pride,
For scorning to the sacred Gods to pray,
Against a Mountain rolls a mighty Stone,
Calling in vain for Rest, and can have none.

Go ye with them, go cursed Damofells,
Whose bridal Torches foul *Erynnis* tynd,
And *Hymen* at your Spousals sad foretells
Tydings of Death and Massacre unkind:
With them that cruel *Colebid* Mother dwells,
The which conceiv'd in her revengeful Mind,
With bitter Wounds her own dear Babes to slay,
And mured Troups upon great Heaps to lay.

There also those two *Pandionian* Maids,
Calling on *Itis*, *Itis* evermore,
Whom (wretched Boy) they slew with guilty Blades;
For whom the *Tbracian* King lamenting sore,
Turn'd to a Lapwing, foulie them upbraids,
And fluttering, round about them still does soare:
There now they all eternally complain
Of others Wrong, and suffer endless Pain,

But

But the two Brethren born of *Cadmus*' Blood,
 Whilst each does for the Sovereignty contend,
 Blind through Ambition, and with Vengeance wood,
 Each doth against the other's Body bend
 His curst Steel, of neither well withstood,
 And with wide Wounds their Carcases doth rend ;
 That yet they both do mortal Foes remain,
 Sith each with Brother's bloodie Hand was slain.

Ah ! (weladay) there is no end of Pain,
 Nor change of Labour may intreated be ;
 Yet I beyond all these am carried fain,
 Where other Powers far different I see,
 And must pass over to th' *Elysian* Plain :
 There grim *Persephone* encountering me,
 Doth urge her Fellow-Furies earnestly,
 With their bright Firebrands me to terrifie.

There chaste *Alceste* lives inviolate,
 Free from all Care ; for that her Husband's Days
 She did prolong, by changing Fate for Fate.
 Lo there lives also the immortal Praise
 Of Womankind, most faithful to her Mate,
Penelope : And from her far aways
 A rules Rout of Young-men, which her woo'd,
 All slain with Darts, lie wallowed in their Blood.

And sad *Eurydice* thence now no more
 Must turn to Life, but there detained be,
 For looking back, 'being forbid before :
 Yet was the Guilt thereof, *Orpheus*, in thee.
 Bold sure he was, and worthy Spirit bore,
 That durst those lowest Shadows go to see ;
 And could believe that any thing could please
 Fell *Cerberus*, or *Stygian* Powers appease.

Ne fear'd the burning Waves of *Pblegeton*,
 Nor those same mournful Kingdoms, compassed
 With rusty Horror and foul Fashion,

And deep-dig'd Vaults ; and *Tartar* covered
 With bloody Night and dark Confusion,
 And Judgment-Seats, whose Judge is deadly dread ;
 A Judge, that after Death doth punish sore
 The Faults, which Life hath trespassed before.

But valiant Fortune made *Dan Orpheus* bold :
 For the swift running Rivers still did stand,
 And the wild Beasts their Fury did with-hold,
 To follow *Orpheus'* Musick through the Land ;
 And th' Oakes, deep grounded in the earthly Mold,
 Did move, as if they could him understand :
 And the shrill Woods, which were of Sense bereav'd,
 Through their hard Bark his silver Sound receav'd.

And eke the Moon her hafty Steeds did stay,
 Drawing in Teams along the starry Sky ;
 And didst (O monthly Virgin) thou delay
 Thy nightly Course, to hear his Melody ?
 The same was able with like lovely Lay,
 The Queen of Hell to move as easily,
 To yield *Eurydice* unto her Fere,
 Back to be borne, though it unlawful were.

She (Lady) having well before approv'd
 The Furies to be too cruel and severe,
 Observ'd th' appointed way, as her behov'd,
 Ne ever did her Eye-sight turn arere,
 Ne ever spake, ne cause of speaking mov'd :
 But cruel *Orpheus*, thou much crueller,
 Seeking to kiss her, brok'ft the Gods Decree,
 And thereby mad'ft her ever damn'd to be.

Ah ! but sweet Love of Pardon worthy is,
 And doth deserve to have small Faults remitted ;
 If Hell at least, things lightly done amiss,
 Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted :
 Yet are ye both received into Bliss,
 And to the Seats of happy Souls admitted.

And

And you beside the honourable Band
Of Great Heroes, do in order stand.

There be the two stout Sons of *Æacus*,
Fierce *Peleus*, and the hardy *Telamon*,
Both seeming now full glad and joyeous
Through their Sire's dreadful Jurisdiction,
Being the Judge of all that horrid House:
And both of them by strange Occasion,
Renown'd in Choice of happy Marriage
Through *Venus*' Grace, and *Vertue*'s Carriage.

For th' one was ravish'd of his own Bond-maid,
The fair *Ixione*, captiv'd from *Troy*;
But th' other was with *Tbetis*' Love affaid,
Great *Nereus* his Daughter, and his Joy.
On this side them there is a Young-man laid,
Their Match in Glory, mighty, fierce, and coy;
That from th' *Argolick* Ships, with furious Ire,
Beat back the Fury of the *Trojan* Fire.

O! who would not recount the strong Divorces
Of that great War, which *Trojans* oft beheld,
And oft beheld the warlike *Greekish* Forces,
When *Teucrian* Soil with bloody Rivers swell'd,
And wide *Sigæan* Shores were spred with Corfes,
And *Simois* and *Xanthus*' Blood out-weld,
Whilst *Hector* raged with outrageous Mind,
Flames, Weapons, Wounds in *Greeks* Fleet to have tynd.

For *Ida*'s self, in Aid of that fierce Fight,
Out of her Mountains ministred Supplies,
And like a kindly Nurse, did yield (for spight)
Store of Firebronds out of her Nurseries,
Unto her foster Children, that they might
Inflame the Navy of their Enemies,
And all the *Rhætean* Shore to Ashes turn,
Where lay the Ships, which they did seek to burn.

'Gainst which the noble Son of *Telamon*
 Oppos'd himself, and thwarting his huge Shield,
 Them battel bade, 'gainst whom appear'd anon,
Hector, the Glory of the *Trojan* Field:
 Both fierce and furious in Contention
 Encountred, that their mighty Strokes so shrild,
 As the great Clap of Thunder, which doth rive
 The ratling Heavens, and Clouds asunder drive.

So th' one with Fire and Weapons did contend
 To cut the Ships, from turning home again
 To *Argos*, th' other strove for to defend
 The Force of *Vulcan* with his Might and Main,
 Thus th' one *Aecide* did his Fame extend,
 But th' other joy'd, that on the *Phrygian* Plain
 Having the Blood of vanquish'd *Hector* shed,
 He compass'd *Troy* thrice with his Body ded.

Again great Dole on either Party grew,
 That him to death unfaithful *Paris* sent;
 And also him that false *Ulysses* slew,
 Drawn into Danger through close Ambusement:
 Therefore from him *Laertes*' Son his View
 Doth turn aside, and boasts his good Event
 In working of *Strymonian Rhesus*' Fall,
 And est in *Dolon*'s subtle Surprisall.

Again the dreadful *Cycans* him dismay,
 And black *Lastrigones*, a People stout;
 Then greedy *Scilla*, under whom there bay
 Many great Bandogs, which her gird about:
 Then do the *Aetnean* Cyclops him affray,
 And deep *Charybdis* gulphing in and out;
 Lastly, the squalid Lakes of *Tartary*,
 And griesly Fiends of Hell him terrify.

There also goodly *Agamemnon* boasts
 The Glory of the Stock of *Tantalus*,
 And famous Light of all the *Greekish* Hosts,

Under

Under whose Conduct most victorious,
 The *Dorick* Flames consum'd the *Iliack* Posts.
 Ah! but the *Greeks* themselves more dolorous,
 To thee, O *Troy*! paid Penance for thy Fall,
 In th' *Hellepont* being nigh drowned all.

Well may appear by proof of their Mischance,
 The changeful Turning of Mens slippery State,
 That none, whom Fortune freely doth advance,
 Himself therefore to Heaven should elevate:
 For lofty Type of Honour through the Glance
 Of Envy's Dart, is down in Dust prostrate;
 And all that vaunts in worldly Vanity,
 Shall fall through Fortune's Mutability.

Th' *Argolick* Power returning home again,
 Enrich'd with Spoils of th' *Eriethonian* Towre,
 Did happy Wind and Weather entertain,
 And with good speed the foamy Billows scour:
 No sign of Storm, no fear of future Pain,
 Which soon ensued them with heavy Stoure,
Nereis to the Seas a Token gave,
 The whiles their crooked Keels the Surges clave.

Suddenly, whether through the Gods Decree,
 Or hapless rising of some froward Star,
 The Heavens on every side enclouded be:
 Black Storms and Fogs are blown up from far,
 That now the Pilot can no Load-star see,
 But Skies and Seas do make most dreadful War;
 The Billows striving to the Heavens to reach,
 And th' Heavens striving them for to impeach.

And in Avengement of their bold Attempt,
 Both Sun and Stars, and all the heavenly Powres
 Conspire in one to wreak their rash Contempt,
 And down on them to fall from highest Towres:
 The Sky in pieces seeming to be rent,
 Throws Lightning forth, and Hail, and harmful Showres,
 That Death on every side to them appears
 In thousand Forms, to work more ghastly Fears.

Some

Some in the greedy Floods are sunk and drent,
 Some on the Rocks of *Capbaurus* are thrown ;
 Some on th' *Euboick* Cliffs in pieces rent ;
 Some scatter'd on the *Hercean* Shores unknown ;
 And many lost, of whom no Monument
 Remains, nor Memory is to be shown :

Whilst all the Purchase of the *Pbrygian* Prey
 Toft on falt Billows, round about doth stray.

Here many other like Heroes be,
 Equal in Honour to the former Crue,
 Whom ye in goodly Seats may placed see,
 Descended all from *Rome* by Linage due,
 From *Rome*, that holds the World in Sovereignty,
 And doth all Nations unto her subdue :

Here *Fabij* and *Decij* do dwell,
Horatij, that in Vertue did excel.

And here the antique Fame of stout *Camill*^s
 Doth ever live, and constant *Curtius*,
 Who stiffly bent his vowed Life to spill
 For Country's Health, a Gulf most hideous
 Amidst the Town with his own Corps did fill,
 T' appease the Powers ; and prudent *Mutius*,
 Who in his Flesh endur'd the scorching Flame,
 To daunt his Foe by Ensample of the same.

And here wise *Curius*, his Companion
 Of noble Vertues, lives in endless Rest ;
 And stout *Flaminius*, whose Devotion
 Taught him the Fires scorn'd Fury to detest ;
 And here the Praise of either *Scipion*
 Abides in highest place above the best,
 To whom the ruin'd Walls of *Carthage* vow'd,
 Trembling their Forces, found their Praifes loud.

Live they for ever through their lasting Praise :
 But I, poor Wretch, am forced to return
 To the sad Lakes, that *Pheebus*' sunny Rays

Do never see, where Souls do always mourn,
 And by the wailing Shores to waste my Days,
 Where *Pblegeton* with quenchless Flames doth burn;
 By which just *Minos* righteous Souls doth sever
 From wicked ones, to live in Bliss for ever.

Me therefore thus the cruel Fiends of Hell
 Girt with long Snakes, and thousand yron Chains,
 Through Doom of that their cruel Judge, compel
 With bitter Torture and impatient Pains,
 Cause of my Death, and just Complaint to tell.
 For thou art he, whom my poor Ghost complains
 To be the Author of her Ill unwares,
 That careless hear'st my intollerable Cares.

Them therefore as bequeathing to the Wind,
 I now depart, returning to thee never,
 And leave this lamentable Plaint behind.
 But do thou haunt the soft down-rolling River,
 And wild green Woods, and fruitful Pastures mind,
 And let the fitting Air my vain Words sever.
 Thus having said, he heavily departed
 With piteous Cry, that any would have smarterd.

Now when the sloathful Fit of Life's sweet Rest
 Had left the heavy Shepherd, wondrous Cares
 His inly grieved Mind full sore oppress;
 That baleful Sorrow he no longer bears,
 For that *Gnat's* Death, which deeply was impress;
 But bends whatever Power his aged Years
 Him lent, yet being such, as through their Might
 He lately slew his dreadful Foe in Fight.

By that same River lurking under Green,
 Eftsoons he 'gins to fashion forth a Place;
 And squaring it in Compass well beseen,
 There plotteth out a Tomb by measured Space;
 His yron-headed Spade tho making clean,
 To dig up Sods out of the flowrie Grass,
 His Work he shortly to good purpose brought,
 Like as he had conceiv'd it in his Thought.

An Heap of Earth he hoorded up on high,
 Enclosing it with Banks on every side,
 And thereupon did raise full busily
 A little Mount, of green Turfs edifice:
 And on the Top of all, that Passers by
 Might it behold, the Tomb he did provide,
 Of smoothest Marble-stone in order set,
 That never might his lucky Scape forget.

And round about he taught sweet Flowres to grow ;
 The Rose engrained in pure Scarlet Dye,
 The Lilly fresh, and Violet below,
 The Marigold, and chearful Rosemary,
 The *Spartan* Myrtle, whence sweet Gum does flow,
 The purple Hyacinth, and fresh Costmary,
 And Saffron sought for in *Cilician* Soil,
 And Laurel, th' Ornament of *Pæbus*' Toil ;

Fresh *Rhododaphne*, and the *Sabine* Flowre
 Matching the Wealth of th' ancient Frankincence,
 And pallid Ivy building his own Bowre ;
 And Box, yet mindful of his old Offence ;
 Red *Amarantbus*, luckless Paramour ;
 Ox-eye still green, and bitter Patience ;
 Ne wants there pale *Narciss*, that in a Well
 Seeing his Beauty, in Love with it fell.

And whatsoever other Flowre of Worth,
 And whatso other Herb of lovely Hue
 The joyous Spring out of the Ground brings forth,
 To clothe her self in Colours fresh and new ;
 He planted there, and rear'd a Mount of Earth,
 In whose high Front was writ as doth ensue :

*To thee, small Gnat, in lieu of his Life saved,
 The Shepberd bath thy Death's Record engraved.*

The End of the Fourth Volume.



