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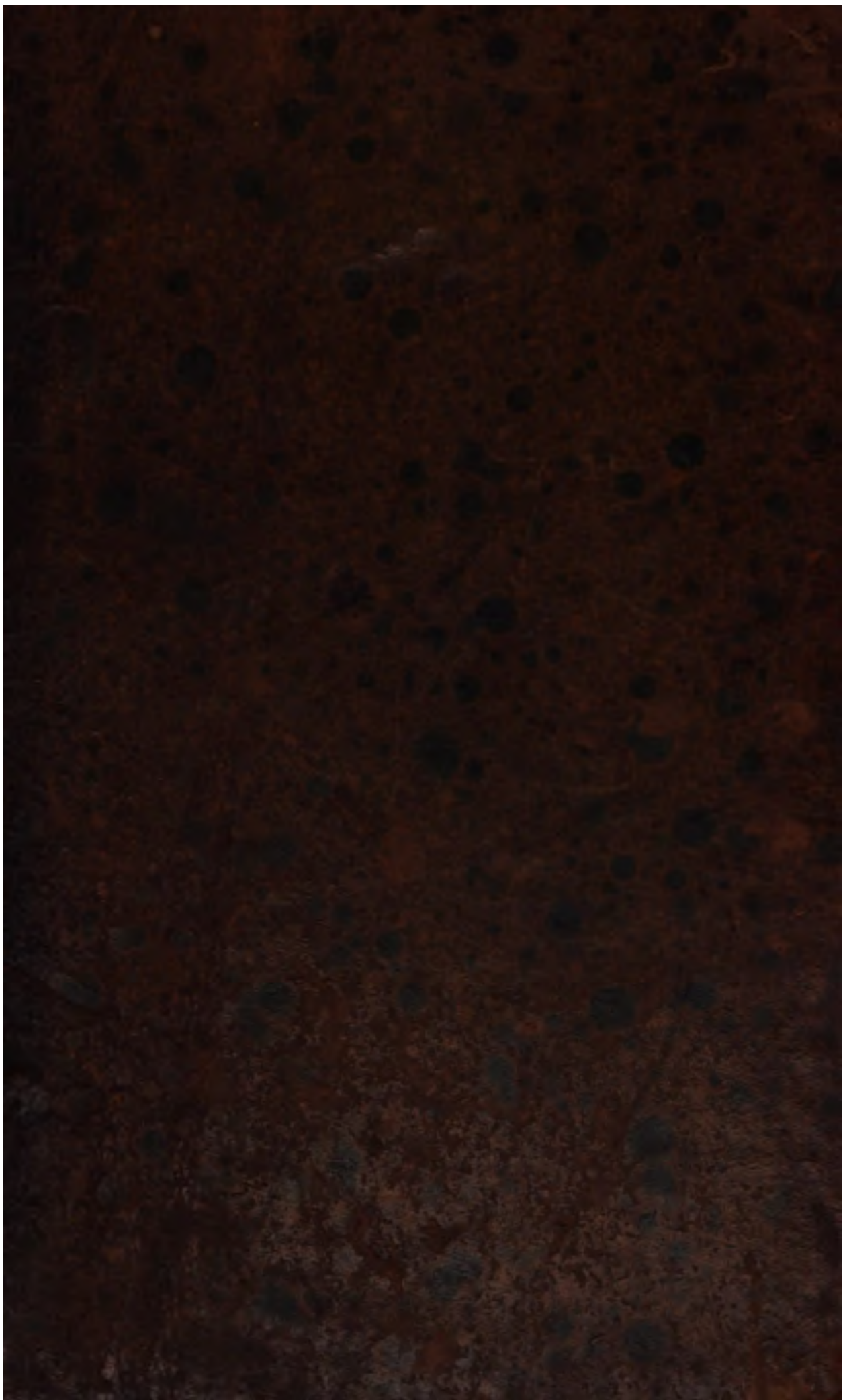
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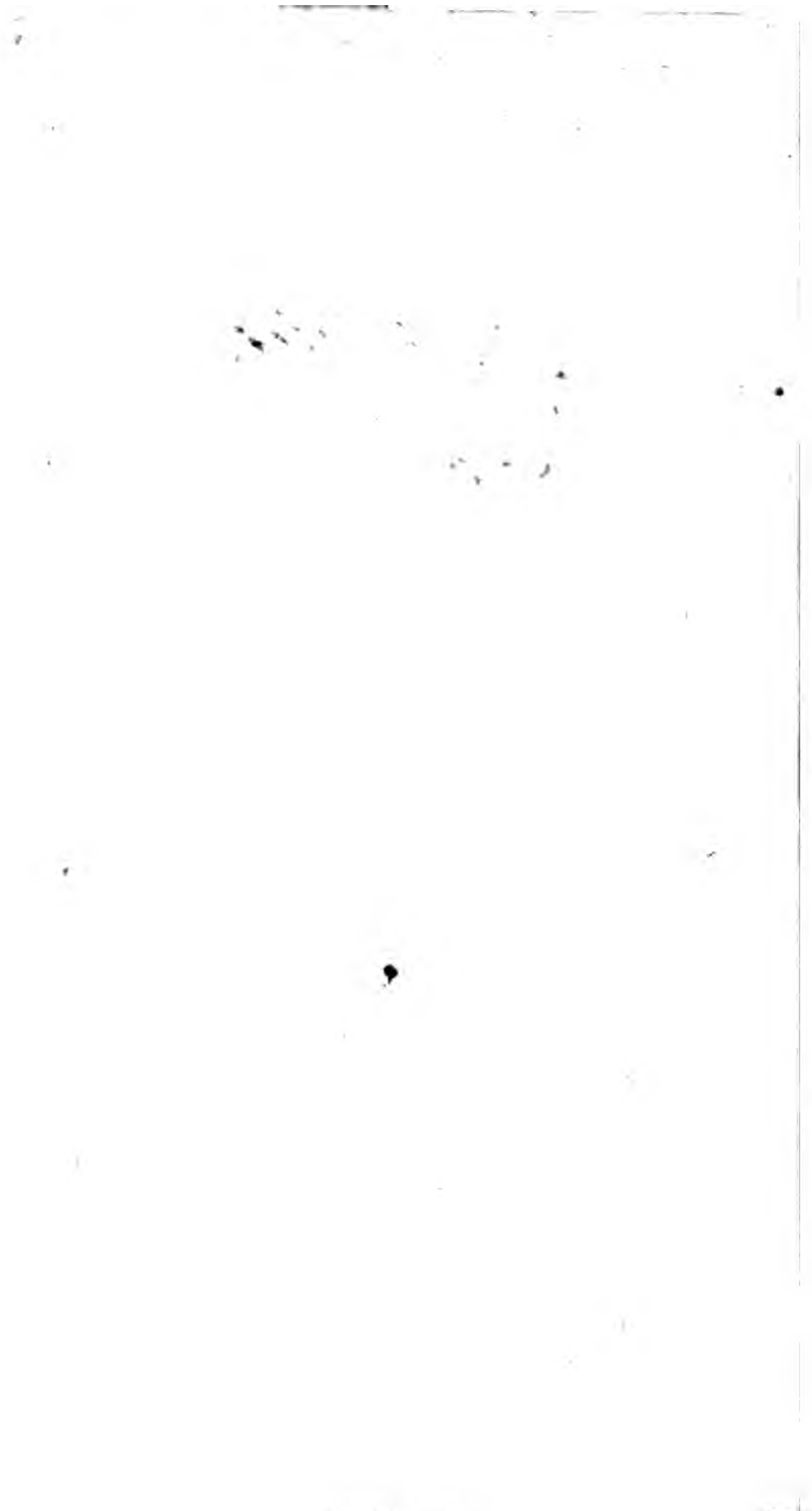


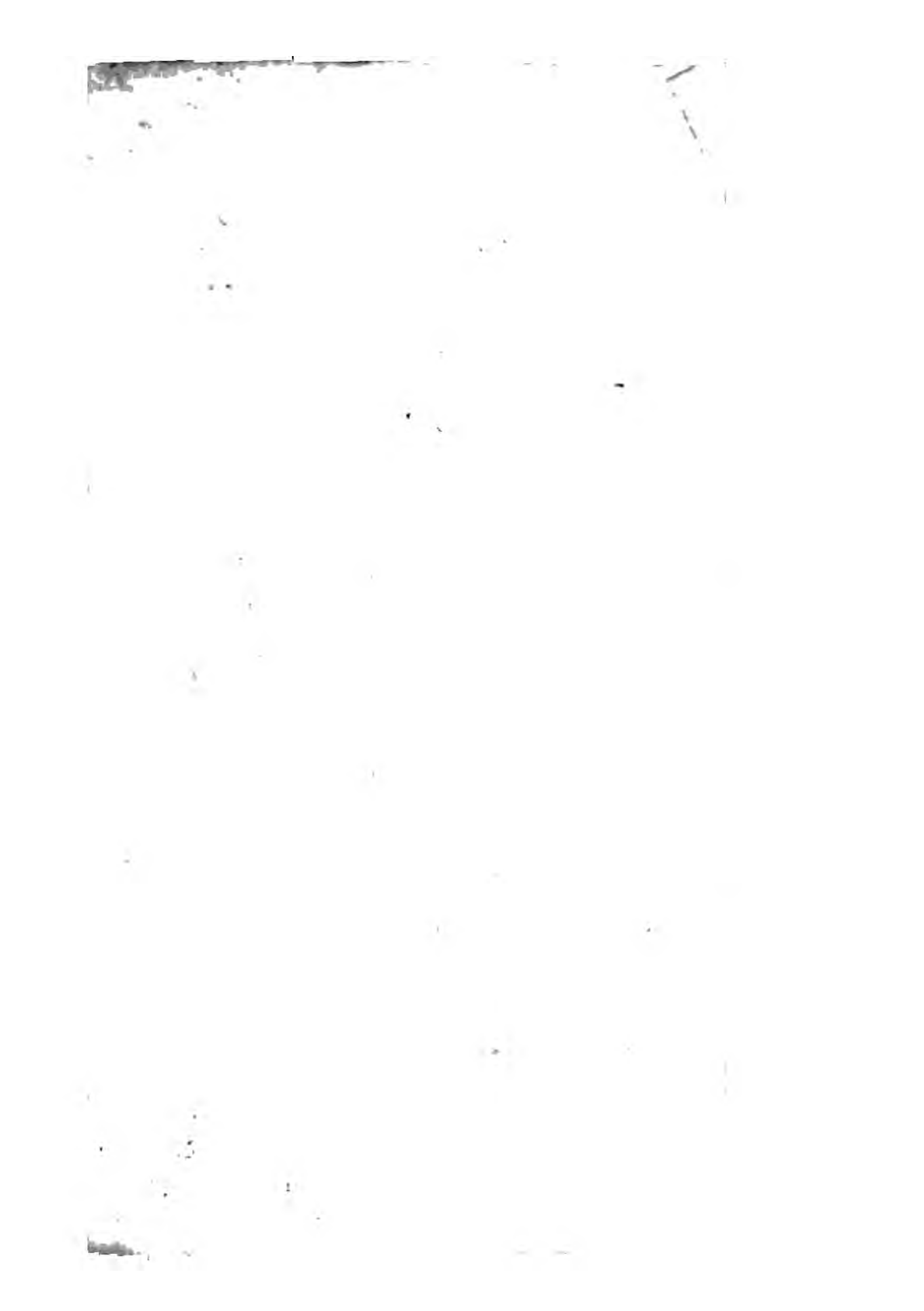
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Anna M. Waller.

1876











W. G. Kneller sculp.

EDMUND SPENCER.

T H E
W O R K S
O F
S P E N S E R.
I N
S I X V O L U M E S.
W I T H

A GLOSSARY Explaining the Old and
Obscure Words.

To which is prefix'd the Life of the Author,
and an Essay on Allegorical Poetry,
By Mr. H U G H E S.

VOLUME *the* F I R S T.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER,
in the *Strand*.

M D C C L.

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25. NOV. 1916
OXFORD



To the Right Honourable

John Lord Sommers,

Baron of Evesham.

MY LORD,

AN Editor of the Works of a dead Author ought to consider himself as a kind of Executor of his Will; which he should endeavour to perform with the same Care, and, in every Circumstance, after the same manner he believes the Author himself

wou'd have done, if living. For this Reason I cannot think I have acquitted myself of what is necessary towards placing the Writings of our Celebrated SPENSER in the most advantageous Light, till I have address'd them to Your Lordship, by whom they have always been particularly esteem'd. And I am zealous in making known so honourable a Distinction, of the same Consequence to his Fame now, which is the After-Life of Poets, as the Friendship of the admir'd SIDNEY was to his Reception at his first Appearance.

Having done this Justice to my Author, I am at a loss to excuse my own imperfect Endeavours in some of the following Sheets; and I am now sensible I might have spar'd saying any
thing

DEDICATION. ▼

thing more to convince every one that there are very great Beauties in his Writings, after I had publish'd Your Lordship's Approbation of them.

It was your Lordship's encouraging a beautiful Edition of *Paradise Lost*, that first brought that incomparable Poem to be generally known and esteem'd. The Arts can have no Means to acknowledg the great Debt they owe You, but what will at the same time increase it. Poetry, and its Sister-Art Painting, are both happy in your Lordship's Protection; nor cou'd any thing be more fortunate to their noblest Performances, than to have had the accurate and undisputed Judgment of a Lord SOMMERS to recommend them.

vi DEDICATION.

Yet these are but inferior Instances of an extensive Knowledg, which has always with the same Authority prescrib'd to the Counsels of the Wise, as to the Improvements of the Polite. How much, my Lord, is every *Englishman* indebted to You, that You have not confin'd your great Talents to the Cultivation of Literature, and the Ornamental Parts of Life? Nothing less than a generous Love to Your Country, and a Zeal for the Cause of Liberty, cou'd have overcome in You that natural Taste of Study and Privacy, which, if too far indulg'd, might have lost us the Abilities of one of the greatest Statesmen the Age has produc'd. By his Majesty's happy Accession to the Throne, the Nation is now put into Possession of a wise
and

DEDICATION. vii

and just Settlement, which Your Lordship had a more than common Share in procuring to us. You have liv'd, my Lord, to see those Laws establish'd in a lasting Security, which You so long explain'd with the most approv'd Judgment and Equity, and have guarded by the most steady Conduct. And tho it is always your Choice, as it is your Motto, to be RATHER USEFUL THAN CONSPICUOUS; yet give me leave, my Lord, for the Reputation and Gratitude of my Country, to say, That, even in your greatest Retirement, you can never be wholly hid from the Eyes of a People, to whom you have done so much good.

I will detain Your Lordship no longer, than to assure you that I am
proud

viii DEDICATION.

proud of this Opportunity of declaring
the Veneration I have of your great
Capacity, so beneficially employ'd for
the Publick, and of the many valuable
Qualities which adorn your private
Character. I am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

most Obedient,

and most Devoted

Humble Servant,

JOHN HUGHES.



T H E
L I F E
O F

Mr. EDMUND SPENSER.

AS the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth* is one of the most shining Parts of our History, and an Age of which *Englishmen* are accusom'd to speak with a particular Pride and Delight; it is remarkable for having been fruitful in Eminent Genius's of very different kinds. Among the *Romans* the Age of *Augustus* is observ'd to have produc'd the finest Wits, but the preceding one the greatest Men. But this was a Period of Time distinguish'd for both; and, by a wonderful Conjunction, we find Learning and Arms, Wisdom and Polite Arts arising to the greatest Heights together.

In this happy Reign flourish'd EDMUND SPENSER, the most Eminent of our Poets till that time, unless we except *Chaucer*, who was in some respects his Master and Original. The Accounts of his Birth and Family are but obscure and imperfect; and it has happen'd to him, as to
many

many other Men of Wit and Learning, to be much better known by his Works than by the History of his Life. He was born in *London*, and had his Education at *Pembroke-Hall* in *Cambridge*. Tho in the Dedications of one or two of his Poems, we find him claiming Affinity with some Persons of Distinction, yet his Fortune and Interest seem at his first setting out to have been very inconsiderable: For after he had continu'd in the College for some time, and laid that Foundation of Learning, which, join'd to his natural Genius, qualify'd him for rising to so great an Excellency afterwards, he stood for a Fellowship, in Competition with Mr. *Andrews*, afterwards Bishop of *Winchester*, but without Success. This Disappointment, together with the Narrowness of his Circumstances, forc'd him from the University. And we find him next taking up his Residence with some Friends in the North, where he fell in Love with his *Rosalind*, whom he so finely celebrates in his Pastoral Poems, and of whose Cruelty he has written such pathetic Complaints.

As Poetry is frequently the Offspring of Love and Retirement, it is probable his Genius began first to distinguish itself about this time; for the *Shepherd's Calendar*, which is so full of his unprosperous Passion for *Rosalind*, was the first of his Works of any Note. This he address'd, by a short Dedication in Verse, to Sir *Philip Sidney*; concealing himself under the humble Title of *Immerito*. Sir *Philip* was then in the highest Reputation for his Wit, Gallantry, and Polite Accomplishments; and indeed seems to have been
the

the most universally admir'd and belov'd of any one Gentleman of the Age in which he liv'd. As he was himself a very good Writer, and especially excell'd in the fabulous or inventive part of Poetry, it is no wonder he soon became sensible of our Author's Merit. He was one of the first who discover'd it, and recommended it to the Notice of the best Judges of that time; and so long as this great Man liv'd *Spenser* never wanted a judicious Friend and a generous Patron.

After he had staid for some time in the *North*, he was prevail'd upon, by the Advice of some Friends, to quit his Obscurity, and come to *London*, that he might be in the way of Promotion. To this he alludes in his Sixth *Eclogue*, where *Hobbinol* (by which Name is meant his intimate Friend Mr. *Gabriel Harvey*) persuades *Colin* to leave the hilly Country, as a barren and unthriving Solitude, and remove to a better Soil. The first Step he afterwards made towards Preferment, was, as I have said, his Acquaintance with Sir *Philip Sidney*: but whether that Acquaintance began immediately upon his addressing to him the *Shepherd's Calendar*, as to me seems most probable, or some time after, I will not determine. That which makes it somewhat uncertain, is a Story of him which I shall only set down as I find it related, not knowing how far it may appear worthy of Credit. It is said he was a Stranger to Mr. *Sidney* (afterwards Sir *Philip*) when he had begun to write his *Fairy Queen*, and that he took occasion to go to *Leicester House*, and to introduce himself by sending in to Mr. *Sidney* a
Copy

Copy of the Ninth Canto of the First Book of that Poem. Mr. *Sidney* was much surpris'd with the Description of *Despair* in that Canto, and is said to have shewn an unusual kind of Transport on the Discovery of so new and uncommon a Genius. After he had read some Stanza's, he turn'd to his Steward, and bid him give the Person that brought those Verses Fifty Pounds; but upon reading the next Stanza, he order'd the Sum to be doubled. The Steward was no less surpris'd than his Master, and thought it his Duty to make some Delay in executing so sudden and lavish a Bounty; but upon reading one Stanza more, Mr. *Sidney* rais'd his Gratuity to Two Hundred Pounds, and commanded the Steward to give it immediately, lest as he read further, he might be tempted to give away his whole Estate. From this time he admitted the Author to his Acquaintance and Conversation, and prepar'd the way for his being known and receiv'd at Court.

Tho' nothing cou'd have been more happy for him than to be thus introduc'd, yet he did not immediately reap any great Benefit by it. He was indeed created Poet Laureat to Queen *Elizabeth*, but for some time he wore a barren Laurel, and possess'd only the Place without the Pension. The Lord Treasurer *Burleigh* had not, it seems, the same Taste of *Spenser's* Merit with Sir *Philip Sidney*; and, whether out of Neglect, or any particular Resentment, or from whatever Cause, he is said to have intercepted the Queen's Favour to this unfortunate and ingenious Man. As the most

Minds have the quickest Sense of Repulses
from

from the Great and Powerful, who should countenance and protect them, it is no wonder this Misfortune sunk deep into our Author's Spirit, and seems to have dwelt upon him for a great space of his Life. Accordingly we find him in many parts of his Works pouring forth his Heart in Complaints of so hard and undeserv'd a Treatment; which probably would have been less unfortunate to him, if his Noble Patron Sir *Philip Sidney* had not been so much absent from Court, as he was oblig'd to be, by his Employments abroad, and by the share he had in the *Low-Country Wars*.

In the Poem call'd *The Ruins of Time*, which was written some time after *Sidney's* Death, the Author seems to allude to the Discouragement I have mention'd in the following Stanza.

*O Grief of Griefs! O Gall of all good Hearts!
To see that Vertue should despised be
Of such as first were rais'd for Vertue's Parts,
And now broad spreading like an aged Tree,
Let none shoot up that nigh them planted be.
O let not those of whom the Muse is scorn'd,
Alive or dead be by the Muse adorn'd.*

And in the Poem call'd *The Tears of the Muses*, in the Speech of *Calliope*, these Lines are apply'd to Persons of Quality and Estates, who are reproach'd for their total Disregard of Learning.

*Their great Revenues all in sumptuous Pride
They spend, that nought to Learning they may
spare;*

*And the rich Fee which Poets wont divide,
Now Parasites and Sycophants do share.*

But it is said that the Lord Treasurer, who perhaps at first only neglected *Spenser*, conceiv'd afterwards a Hatred of him for some Reflections, which he apprehended were made on him in his *Mother Hubberd's Tale*. In this Poem the Author has indeed in the most lively manner painted out the Misfortune of Dependence on Court-Favour. The Lines which follow are, among others, very remarkable.

*Full little knowest thou that hast not try'd,
What Hell it is, in suing long to bide,
To lose good Days, that might be better spent,
To waste long Nights in pensive Discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on Hope, to pine with Fear and Sorrow ;
To have thy Prince's Grace, yet want her Peers ;
To have thy asking, yet wait many Years ;
To fret thy Soul with Crosses and with Cares,
To eat thy Heart thro Comfortless Despairs ;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.*

This, as it was very much the Author's Case, might probably be the particular passage in that Poem which gave Offence; for even the Sighs of a miserable Man are sometimes relented as an Affront by him that is the occasion of them.

At the end of the Sixth Book of the *Fairy Queen*, the Author plainly alludes to this Misfortune;

fortune; where speaking of *Detraction*, describ'd as a Monster, he concludes with the following Stanza.

*Ne may this homely Verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venomous Despite,
More than my former Writs, all were they
cleanest
From blameful Blot, and free from all that
Wite
With which some wicked Tongues did it back-
bite,
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.*

I think I ought not here to omit a little Story, which seems founded on the Grievance I have mention'd, and is related by some, as a Matter of Fact commonly reported at that time. It is said the Queen, upon his presenting some Poems to her, order'd him a Gratuity of an Hundred Pounds; but that the Lord Treasurer *Burleigh* objecting to it, said, with some Scorn of the Poet, *What! all this for a Song?* The Queen reply'd, ——— *Then give him what is Reason.* *Spenser* waited for some time, but had the Mortification to find himself disappointed of the Queen's intended Bounty. Upon this, he took a proper Opportunity to present a Paper to *Queen Elizabeth* in the manner of a Petition.

in which he reminded her of the Orders she had given, in the following Lines.

*I was promis'd on a time
To have Reason for my Rhime;
From that time unto this Season,
I receiv'd nor Rhime nor Reason.*

This Paper produc'd the desir'd Effect; and the Queen, not without some Reproof of the Treasurer, immediately directed the Payment of the Hundred Pounds she had first order'd.

But tho' our Author had no better Interest with the Lord Treasurer, yet we find him, some time after his Appearance at Court, in considerable Esteem with the most eminent Men of that time. In the Year 1579, he was sent abroad by the Earl of *Leicester*, as appears by a Copy of *Latin Verses* dated from *Leicester-House*, and address'd to his Friend Mr. *Harvey*: But in what Service he was employ'd, is uncertain. The most considerable Step he afterwards made into Business, was upon the Lord *Grey of Wilton's* being chosen Deputy of *Ireland*, to whom Mr. *Spenser* was recommended as Secretary. This drew him over into another Kingdom, and settled him for some time in a Scene of Life very different from what he had known before. There is no doubt but he discharg'd his Employment with very good Skill and Capacity, as may appear by his *Discourse on the State of Ireland*; in which there are many solid and judicious Remarks, that shew him no less qualify'd for Business of the State,
than

than for the Entertainments of the Muses. His Life now seem'd to be freed from the Difficulties which had hitherto perplex'd it, and his Services to the Crown were rewarded by a Grant from Queen *Elizabeth* of 3000 Acres of Land in the County of *Cork*. His House was in *Kilcolman*; and the River *Mulla*, which he has more than once so beautifully introduc'd in his Poems, ran thro his Grounds.

It was about this time that he contracted an intimate Friendship with the great and learned Sir *Walter Raleigh*, who was then a Captain under the Lord *Grey*. The Poem call'd, *Colin Clout's come home again*, in which Sir *Walter* is describ'd under the Name of *the Shepherd of the Ocean*, is a beautiful Memorial of this Friendship, which took its Rise from a Likeness of Taste in the Polite Arts, and is agreeably describ'd by our Author, after the Pastoral manner, in the following Lines.

— I sate, 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 chanc'd to find me out,
 Whether allured with my Pipe's Delight,
 Whose pleasing Sound ysbrilled 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 that I made,
 He found himself full greatly pleas'd at it.
 Yet, æmuling my Pipe, he took in hand
 My Pipe, before that æmuled of many,
 And plaid thereon, for well that Skill he cou'd,
 Himself as skilful in that Art as any.*

Sir *Walter* did him some Services afterwards at Court; and by his means *Queen Elizabeth* became more particularly acquainted than before with our Author's Writings.

He was here a more successful Lover than when he courted *Rosalind*. The Collection of his *Sonnets* are a kind of short History of the Progress of a new Amour, which we find ended in Marriage, and gave occasion to an excellent *Epithalamium*, which no one could so well write as himself.

In this pleasant Situation he finish'd his celebrated Poem of the *Fairy Queen*, which was begun and continu'd at different Intervals of Time; and of which he at first publish'd only the Three first Books. To these were added Three more in a following Edition; but the Six last Books (excepting the Two Canto's of *Mutability*) were unfortunately lost by his Servant, whom he had in haste sent before him into *England*. For tho he pass'd his Life for some time very serenely here, yet a Train of Misfortunes still pursu'd him; and in the Rebellion of the Earl of *Desmond*, he was slay'd and depriv'd of his Estate. This forc'd

forc'd him to return to *England*, where his Afflictions were doubled by the want of his best Friend, the brave Sir *Philip Sidney*, who dy'd some Years before of the Wounds he had receiv'd in an Action near *Zutphen* in the *Netherlands*.

Spenser surviv'd his beloved Patron about twelve Years, but seems to have spent the latter part of that time with much Grief of Heart, under the Disappointment of a broken Fortune. It is remarkable that he dy'd the same Year with his powerful Enemy the Lord *Burleigh*, which was in 1598. He was bury'd in *Westminster* Abby, near the famous *Geoffry Chaucer*, as he had desir'd. His Obsequies were attended by the Poets of that Time, and others, who pay'd the last Honours to his Memory. Several Copies of Verses were thrown after him into his Grave; and his Monument was erected at the Charge of the famous *Robert Devereux*, the unfortunate Earl of *Essex*; the Stone of which it is made, is much broken and defac'd: the Inscription on it is as follows.

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

It is observable that this differs from *Camden's* Account of his Death, who says it was in 1598.

in the Forty First Year of the Queen's Reign. **But** this Epitaph is, I doubt, yet less to be depended upon for the time of our Author's Birth, in which there must have been a very gross Mistake. **It is** by no means probable that he was born so early as 1510, if we judg only by so remarkable a Circumstance as that of his standing for a Fellowship in Competition with Mr. *Andrews*, who was not born till 1555. Besides, if this Account of his Birth were true, he must have been above sixty Years old when he first publish'd his *Shepherd's Calendar*, an Age not the most proper for Love-Poetry; and in his seventieth Year, when he enter'd into Business under the Lord *Grey*, who was created Deputy of *Ireland* in 1580. For these Reasons, I think, we may certainly conclude, either that this Inscription is false, by the Error of the Carver, which may seem the more probable, because the Spelling likewise is very bad even for that time; or that it was put in some time afterwards, when the Monument perhaps was repair'd, and is wholly different from the Original one; which indeed is mention'd by Dr. *Fuller*, and others *, to have been in *Latin*. In a little *Latin* Treatise, describing the Monuments of *Westminster* in the Year 1600, publish'd, as is suppos'd, by Mr. *Cambden*, I find the following Account of it.

Edmundus Spenser, Londinensis, Anglicorum Poetarum nostri seculi facile Princeps, quod ejus poe-

* Vid. *Kepe's Monumenta Westmonast.*

mata, faventibus Musis & victuro Genio conscripta, comprobant. Obiit immatura morte, Anno salutis 1598, & prope Galfredum Chaucerum conditur, qui fœlicissime Poesin Anglicis Literis primus illustravit. In quem hæc scripta sunt Epitaphia.

- “ *Hic prope Chaucerum situs est Spenseri, illi*
 “ *Proximus ingenio, proximus ut tumulo.*
 “ *Hic prope Chaucerum Spensere Poeta Poetam*
 “ *Conderis, & versu quam tumulo propior;*
 “ *Anglica, te vivo, vixit plausetq; Poesis;*
 “ *Nunc moritura timet, te moriente, mori.”*

The Absurdity of supposing our Author born in 1510, appears yet further by the Expression *immatura morte*, which is here us'd, and cou'd not have been very proper, if apply'd to a Man who had dy'd at eighty eight Years of Age. *Winstanley* and some others have transcrib'd this whole Passage as his Epitaph, not considering that the Prose is only an Eulogy on him, and not a Monumental Inscription. The Reader will likewise observe that the Verses are two distinct Epitaphs; of which, the first and second Couplets are but the same Thought differently express'd. In the last Couplet it is not improbable the Author might have in his eye those celebrated Lines written by Cardinal *Bembo* on *Raphael d'Urbis*.

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

I wish I cou'd give the Publick a more perfect Account of a Man whose Works have so

justly recommended him to the Esteem of all the Lovers of *English* Poetry. Besides those Pieces of his which have been preserv'd, we find he had written several others, of which we can now only trace out the Titles. Among these, the most considerable were *Nine Comedies*, in Imitation of the Comedies of his admir'd *Ariosto*, inscrib'd with the Names of the Nine Muses. The rest, which are mention'd in his Letters, and those of his Friends, are his *Dying Pelicane*, his *Pageants*, *Stemmata Dudleyana*, *The Canticles Paraphras'd*, *Ecclesiastes*, *Seven Psalms*, *Hours of our Lord*, *Sacrifice of a Sinner*, *Purgatory*, *A Sennight's Slumber*, *The Court of Cupid*, and *The Hell of Lovers*. It is likewise said he had written a Treatise in Prose, call'd *The English Poet*. As for the *Epithalamion Thamesis*, and his *Dreams*, both mention'd by himself in one of his Letters, I cannot but think they are still preserv'd, tho' under different Names. It appears from what is said of the *Dreams* by his Friend Mr. *Harvey*, that they were an Imitation of *Petrarch's Visions*; and it is therefore probable, they are the same which were afterwards publish'd under the several Titles of *Visions of the World's Vanity*, *Bellay's Visions*, *Petrarch's Visions*, &c. And tho' by one of his Letters we find our Author had form'd the Plan of a Poem, call'd *Epithalamion Thamesis*, and design'd, after a Fashion then newly introduc'd, to have written it in *English Hexameters*; yet whoever observes the Account he gives of it there, and compares it with the Eleventh Canto of the Fourth Book of the *Fairy Queen*, will see reason


reason to believe, that he suspended his first Thought, and wrought it afterwards into that beautiful Episode of *the Marriage of the Thames and the Medway*, which is so great an Ornament to that Book. And this will appear yet the more probable, if it be consider'd that, with all its Beauty, that Episode is no essential Part of the Poem, but is rather an Excrecence or a Digression from it.

I find no Account of the Family which *Spenser* left behind him, only that, in the few Particulars of his Life prefix'd to the last Folio Edition of his Works, it is said that his Great Grandson *Hugolin Spenser*, after the Return of King *Charles* the Second, was restor'd by the *Court of Claims* to so much of the Lands as cou'd be found to have been his Ancestors: whether this were true or not, I cannot determine; but I think I ought not to omit mentioning another very remarkable Passage, of which I can give the Reader much better Assurance; That a Person came over from *Ireland*, in King *William's* Reign, to solicit the same Affair, and brought with him Letters of Recommendation as a Descendent of *Spenser*. His Name procur'd him a favourable Reception; and he apply'd himself particularly to Mr. *Congreve*, by whom he was generously recommended to the Favour of the late Earl of *Hallifax*, who was then at the Head of the Treasury; and by that means he obtain'd his Suit. This Man was somewhat advanc'd in Years, and might be the same mention'd before,
who

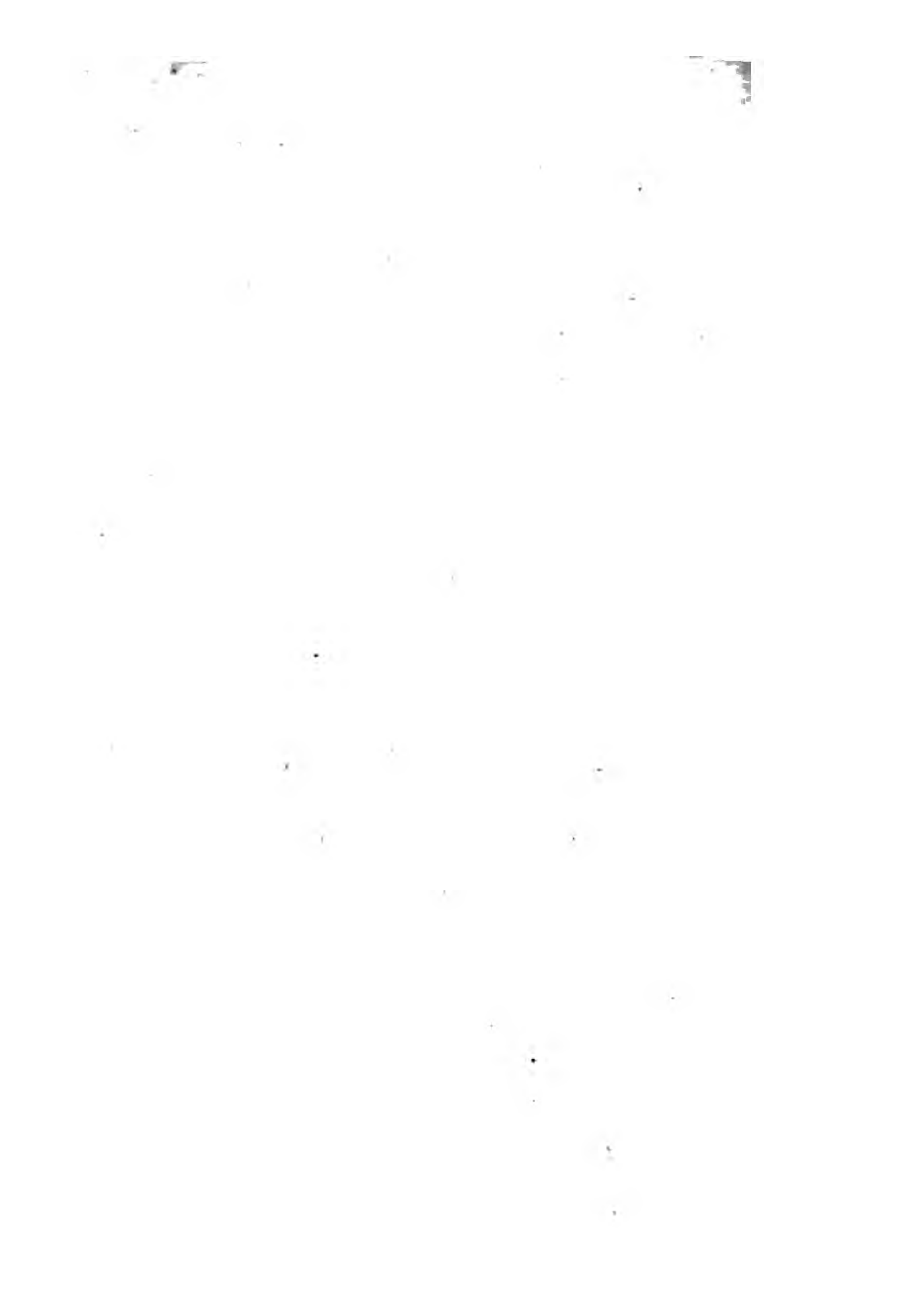
who had possibly recover'd only some part of the Estate at first, or had been disturb'd in the Possession of it. He could give no Account of the Works of his Ancestor, which are wanting, and which are therefore in all Probability irrecoverably lost.

The End of SPENSER's Life.





HERE LIES EXPECTING THE SECOND
COMING OF OUR SAVIOUR CHRIST
JESUS) THE BODY OF EDMUND SPENSER
THE PRINCE OF POETS IN HIS TIME
WHOSE DIVINE SPIRIT NEEDS NO
OTHER WITNESSE THAN THE WORKS
WHICH HE LEFT BEHIND HIM.
HE WAS BORN IN LONDON
IN THE YEAR 1510 AND
DIED IN THE YEAR
1596.





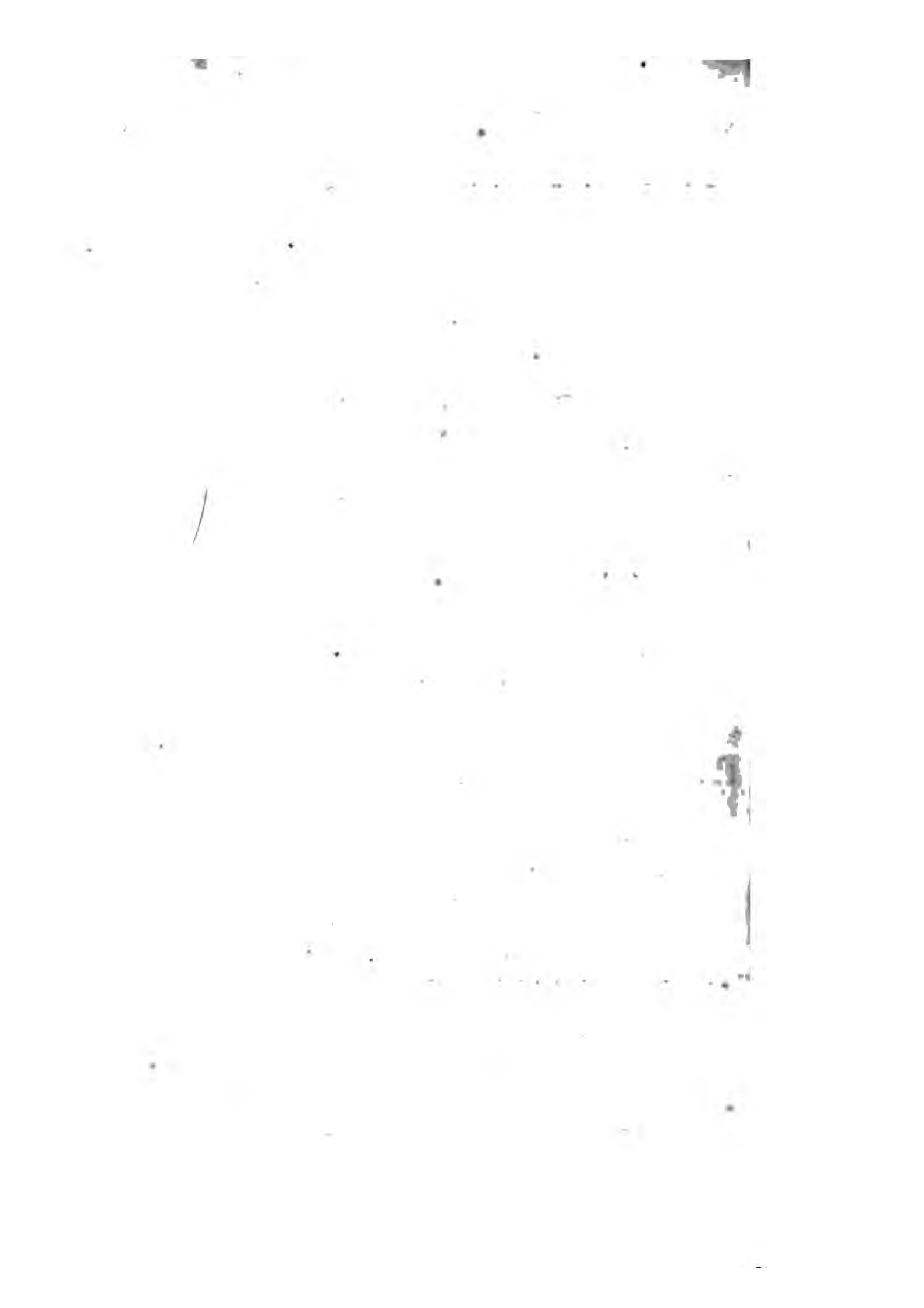
A N
E S S A Y
O N
Allegorical Poetry.

W I T H
REMARKS *on the* WRITINGS *of*
S P E N S E R.



VOL. I.

C





A N
E S S A Y
O N

Allegorical Poetry, &c.

IT is a Misfortune, as Mr. *Waller* observes, which attends the Writers of *English* Poetry, that they can hardly expect their Works should last long in a Tongue which is daily changing; that whilst they are new, Envy is apt to prevail against them; and as that wears off, our Language itself fails. Our Poets therefore, he says, shou'd imitate judicious Statuaries, that choose the most durable Materials, and shou'd carve in *Latin* or *Greek*, if they wou'd have their Labours preserv'd for ever.

Notwithstanding the Disadvantage he has mention'd, we have two Ancient *English* Poets, *Chaucer* and *Spenser*, who may perhaps be rec-

kon'd as Exceptions to this Remark. These seem to have taken deep Root, like old *British* Oaks, and to flourish in defiance of all the Injuries of Time and Weather. The former is indeed much more obsolete in his Stile than the latter; but it is owing to an extraordinary native Strength in both, that they have been able thus far to survive amidst the Changes of our Tongue, and seem rather likely, among the Curious at least, to preserve the Knowledg of our Ancient Language, than to be in danger of being destroy'd with it, and bury'd under its Ruins.

The *Spenser's* Affection to his Master *Chaucer* led him in many things to copy after him, yet those who have read both will easily observe that these two Genius's were of a very different kind. *Chaucer* excell'd in his Characters; *Spenser* in his Descriptions. The first study'd Humour, was an excellent Satirist, and a lively but rough Painter of the Manners of that rude Age in which he liv'd: The latter was of the serious Turn, had an exalted and elegant Mind, a warm and boundless Fancy, and was an admirable Imager of Virtues and Vices, which was his particular Talent. The Embellishments of Description are rich and lavish in him beyond Comparifon: and as this is the most striking part of Poetry, especially to young Readers, I take it to be the Reason that he has been the Father of more Poets among us, than any other of our Writers; Poetry being first kindled in the Imagination, which *Spenser* writes to, more than any one, and the Season of Youth being the most susceptible of the Impression. It will
not

not seem strange therefore that *Cowley*, as himself tells us, first caught his Flame by reading *Spenser*; that our great *Milton* own'd him for his Original, as *Mr. Dryden* assures us; and that *Dryden* study'd him, and has bestow'd more frequent Commendations on him, than on any other *English* Poet.

The most known and celebrated of his Works, tho' I will not say the most perfect, is the *Fairy Queen*. It is conceiv'd, wrought up, and colour'd with a stronger Fancy, and discovers more the particular Genius of *Spenser*, than any of his other Writings. The Author, in a Letter to *Sir Walter Raleigh*, having call'd this Poem, *a continu'd Allegory, or dark Conceit*, it may not be improper to offer some Remarks on Allegorical Poetry in general; by which the Beauties of this Work may more easily be discover'd by ordinary Readers. I must at the same time beg the Indulgence of those who are conversant with Critical Discourses, to what I shall here propose; this being a Subject something out of the way, and not expressly treated upon by those who have laid down Rules for the Art of Poetry.

An Allegory is a Fable or Story, in which, under imaginary Persons or Things, is shadow'd some real Action or instructive Moral; or, as I think it is somewhere very shortly defin'd by *Plutarch*, it is that *in which one thing is related, and another thing is understood*. It is a kind of Poetical Picture, or Hieroglyphick, which by its apt Resemblance conveys Instruction to the Mind by an Analogy to the Senses; and so amuses the Fancy,

whilst it informs the Understanding. Every Allegory has therefore two Senses, the Literal and the Mystical; the literal Sense is like a Dream or Vision, of which the mystical Sense is the true Meaning or Interpretation.

This will be more clearly apprehended, by considering, that as a Simile is but a more extended Metaphor, so an Allegory is a kind of continu'd Simile, or an Assemblage of Similitudes drawn out at full length. Thus, when it is said, That *Death is the Offspring of Sin*, this is a Metaphor, to signify that the former is produc'd by the latter, as a Child is brought into the World by its Parent. Again, to compare Death to a meager and ghastly Apparition, starting out of the Ground, moving towards the Spectator with a menacing Air, and shaking in his Hand a bloody Dart, is a Representation of the Terrors which attend that great Enemy to Human Nature. But let the Reader observe, in *Milton's Paradise Lost*, with what exquisite Fancy and Skill this common Metaphor and Simile, and the Moral contain'd in them, are extended and wrought up into one of the most beautiful Allegories in our Language.

The Resemblance which has been so often observ'd in general between Poetry and Painting, is yet more particular in Allegory; which, as I said before, is a kind of Picture in Poetry. *Horace* has in one of his Odes pathetically describ'd the ruinous Condition of his Country after the Civil Wars, and the Hazard of its being involv'd in new Dissensions, by the Emblem of a Ship shatter'd with Storms, and driven into Port with broken

ken Masts, torn Sails, and disabled Rigging, and in danger of being forc'd by new Storms out to Sea again. There is nothing said in the whole Ode but what is literally applicable to a Ship; but it is generally agreed, that the Thing signify'd is the *Roman* State. Thus *Rubens*, who had a good Allegorical Genius in Painting, has, in his famous Work of the *Luxemburg* Gallery, figur'd the Government of *France*, on *Lewis* the Thirteenth's arriving at Age, by a Galley. The King stands at the Helm; *Mary of Medicis*, the Queen Mother and Regent, puts the Rudder in his Hand; Justice, Fortitude, Religion, and Publick Faith, are seated at the Oars; and other Virtues have their proper Employments in managing the Sails and Tackle.

By this general Description of Allegory, it may easily be conceiv'd that in Works of this kind there is a large Field open to Invention, which among the Ancients was universally look'd upon to be the principal Part of Poetry. The Power of raising Images or Resemblances of things, giving them Life and Action, and presenting them as it were before the Eyes, was thought to have something in it like Creation: And it was probably for this fabling Part, that the first Authors of such Works were call'd *Poets* or *Makers*, as the Word signifies, and as it is literally translated and used by *Spenser*; tho the learned *Gerard Vossius* * is of opinion, that it was rather for the framing their Verses. However, by this Art of Fiction or

* *De Arte Poetica*, Cap. 3. §. 16.

Allegory, more than by the Structure of their Numbers, or what we now call *Verseification*, the Poets were distinguish'd from Historians and Philosophers; tho the latter sometimes invaded the Province of the Poet, and deliver'd their Doctrines likewise in Allegories or Parables. And this, when they did not purposely make them obscure, in order to conceal them from the common People, was a plain Indication that they thought there was an Advantage in such Methods of conveying Instruction to the Mind; and that they serv'd for the more effectual engaging the Attention of the Hearers, and for leaving deeper Impressions on their Memories.

Plutarch, in one of his Discourses, gives a very good Reason for the use of Fiction in Poetry, because *Truth of itself is rigid and austere, and cannot be moulded into such agreeable Forms as Fiction can.* “ For neither the Numbers, says he, nor
 “ the ranging of the Words, nor the Elevation
 “ and Elegance of the Stile, have so many Graces
 “ as the artful Contrivance and Disposition of the
 “ Fable.” For this Reason, as he relates it after *Plato*, when the Wise *Socrates* himself was prompted by a particular Impulse to the writing of Verses, being by his constant Employment in the Study of Truth, a Stranger to the Art of inventing, he chose for his Subject the Fables of *Æsop*; not thinking, says *Plutarch*, *That any thing cou'd be Poetry which was void of Fiction.* The same Author makes use of a Comparison in another place, which I think may be most properly apply'd to Historical Poetry in particular: That as *Grapes*

on a Vine are cover'd by the Leaves which grow about them, so under the pleasant Narrations and Fictions of the Poets, there are couch'd many useful Morals and Doctrines.

It is for this reason, that is to say, in regard to the moral Sense, that Allegory has a liberty indulg'd to it beyond any other sort of Writing whatsoever; that it often assembles things of the most contrary kinds in Nature, and supposes even Impossibilities; as that a Golden Bough shou'd grow among the common Branches of a Tree, as *Virgil* has describ'd it in the Sixth Book of his *Æneis*. Allegory is indeed the *Fairy Land* of Poetry, peopled by Imagination; its Inhabitants are so many Apparitions; its Woods, Caves, wild Beasts, Rivers, Mountains and Palaces, are produc'd by a kind of magical Power, and are all visionary and typical; and it abounds in such Licences as wou'd be shocking and monstrous, if the Mind did not attend to the mystick Sense contain'd under them. Thus in the Fables of *Æsop*, which are some of the most ancient Allegories extant, the Author gives Reason and Speech to Beasts, Insects and Plants; and by that means covertly instructs Mankind in the most important Incidents and Concerns of their Lives.

I am not insensible that the word *Allegory* has been sometimes us'd in a larger Sense than that to which I may seem here to have restrain'd it, and has been apply'd indifferently to any Poem which contains a cover'd Moral, tho the Story or Fable carries nothing in it that appears visionary or romantick. It may be necessary ther

to distinguish Allegory into the two following kinds.

The first is that in which the Story is fram'd of real or historical Persons, and probable or possible Actions; by which however some other Persons and Actions are typify'd or represented. In this sense the whole *Æneis* of *Virgil* may be said to be an Allegory, if we consider *Æneas* as representing *Augustus Cæsar*, and his conducting the Remains of his Countrymen from the Ruins of *Troy*, to a new Settlement in *Italy*, as emblematical of *Augustus's* modelling a new Government out of the Ruins of the Aristocracy, and establishing the *Romans* after the Confusion of the Civil War, in a peaceable and flourishing Condition. It does not, I think, appear that *Homer* had any such Design in his Poems, or that he meant to delineate his Cotemporaries or their Actions under the chief Characters and Adventures of the *Trojan War*. And tho' the Allusion I have mention'd in *Virgil* is a Circumstance, which the Author has finely contriv'd to be coincident to the general Frame of his Story, yet he has avoided the making it plain and particular, and has thrown it off in so many Instances from a direct Application, that his Poem is perfect without it. This then, for distinction, should, I think, rather be call'd a Parallel than an Allegory; at least in Allegories, fram'd after this manner, the literal Sense is sufficient to satisfy the Reader, tho' he should look no further; and without being consider'd as emblematical of some other Persons or Action, may of itself exhibit very useful Morals and Instructions.

Thus

Thus the Morals which may be drawn from the *Æneis* are equally noble and instructive, whether we suppose the real Hero to be *Æneas* or *Augustus Cæsar*.

The second kind of Allegory, and which, I think, may more properly challenge the Name, is that in which the Fable or Story consists for the most part of fictitious Persons or Beings, Creatures of the Poet's Brain, and Actions surprising, and without the Bounds of Probability or Nature. In Works of this kind, it is impossible for the Reader to rest in the literal Sense, but he is of necessity driven to seek for another Meaning under these wild Types and Shadows. This Grotesque Invention claims, as I have observ'd, a Licence peculiar to itself, and is what I wou'd be understood in this Discourse more particularly to mean by the word Allegory. Thus *Milton* has describ'd it in his Poem call'd *Il Penseroso*, where he alludes to the Squire's Tale in *Chaucer*:

*Or call up him that left half told
The Story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Cambal and of Algarife,
And who had Canace to Wife;
That own'd the virtuous Ring and Glass,
And of the wondrous Horse of Brass,
On which the Tartar King did ride;
And if ought else great Bards beside
In sage and solemn Tunes have sung
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung,
Of Forests and Enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the Ear.*

It may be proper to give an Instance or two, by which the Distinction of this last kind of Allegory may more plainly appear.

The Story of *Circe* in the *Odyssseys* is an Allegorical Fable, of which there are perhaps more Copies and Imitations than of any other whatever. Her offering a Cup, fill'd with intoxicating Liquor, to her Guests; her mingling Poison with their Food, and then by magical Arts turning them into the Shapes of Swine; and *Ulysses* resisting her Charms by the Virtue of an Herb call'd *Moly*, which he had receiv'd from the God *Mercury*, and restoring his Companions to their true Persons, are all Fictions of the last kind I have mention'd. The Person of the Goddess is likewise fictitious, and out of the Circle of the *Grecian* Divinities; and the Adventures are not to be understood but in a mystical Sense. The Episode of *Calypso*, tho somewhat of the same kind, approaches nearer to Nature and Probability: But the Story of *Dido* in the *Æneis*, tho copy'd from the *Circe* and *Calypso*, and form'd on the same Moral, namely, to represent a Hero obstructed by the Allurements of Pleasure, and at last breaking from them; and tho *Mercury* likewise assists in it to dissolve the Charm, yet is not necessarily to be look'd upon as an Allegory; the Fable does not appear merely imaginary or emblematical: the Persons are natural, and, excepting the Distance of Time which the Criticks have noted between the real *Æneis* and *Dido*, (a Circumstance which *Virgil*, not being bound to Historical Truth, wilfully neglected) there is nothing which might
not

not really have happen'd. *Ariosto's Alcina*, and the *Armida of Tasso*, are Copies from the same Original: These again are plainly Allegorical. The whole literal Sense of the latter is a kind of Vision, or a Scene of Imagination, and is every where transparent, to shew the moral Sense which is under it. The Bower of Bliss, in the Second Book of the *Fairy Queen*, is in like manner a Copy from *Tasso*; but the Ornaments of Description, which *Spenser* has transplanted out of the *Italian Poem*, are more proper in his Work, which was design'd to be wholly Allegorical, than in an Epick Poem, which is superior in its Nature to such lavish Embellishments. There is another Copy of the *Circe*, in the Dramatick way, in a Mask, by our famous *Milton*; the whole Plan of which is Allegorical, and is written with a very Poetical Spirit on the same Moral, tho with different Characters.

I have here instanc'd in one of the most ancient and best-imagin'd Allegories extant. *Scylla*, *Charybdis*, and the *Sirens*, in the same Poem, are of the same Nature, and are Creatures purely Allegorical: But the *Harpies* in *Virgil*, which disturb'd *Aeneas* and his Followers at their Banquet, as they do not seem to exhibit any certain Moral, may probably have been thrown in by the Poet only as an Omen, and to raise what is commonly call'd *the Wonderful*; which is a Property as essential to Epick Poetry, as Probability. *Homer's* giving Speech to the River *Xanthus* in the *Iliad*, and to the Horses of *Achilles*, seem to be Inventions of the same kind, and might be design'd to

fill the Reader with Astonishment and Concern, and with an Apprehension of the Greatness of an Occasion, which by a bold Fiction of the Poet is suppos'd to have produc'd such extraordinary Effects.

As Allegory sometimes, for the sake of the moral Sense couch'd under its Fictions, gives speech to Brutes, and sometimes introduces Creatures which are out of Nature, as Goblins, Chimæra's, Fairies, and the like; so it frequently gives Life to Virtues and Vices, Passions and Diseases, to natural and moral Qualities; and represents them acting as divine, human, or infernal Persons. A very ingenious Writer calls these Characters *shadowy Beings* *, and has with good reason censur'd the employing them in just Epick Poems: of this kind are Sin and Death, which I mention'd before in *Milton*; and Fame in *Virgil*. We find likewise a large Groupe of these shadowy Figures plac'd in the Sixth Book of the *Æneis*, at the Entrance into the infernal Regions; but as they are only shewn there, and have no share in the Action of the Poem, the Description of them is a fine Allegory, and extremely proper to the Place where they appear.

Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisq; in Faucibus Orci
Luētus & ultrices posuere cubilia *Curæ*,
 Pallentesq; habitant *Morbi*, tristisq; *Senectus*,
 Et *Metus*, & malesuada *Fames*, ac turpis *Ægestas*,
 Terribiles visu *Formæ*; *Lethumq;* *Labosq;*

* *Speclator*, Vol. IV. N^o 273.

Tum confanguineus Lethi Sopor, & mala Mentis
Gaudia, Mortiferumq; adverso in limite Bellum
Ferreiq; Eumenidum Thalami, & Discordia de
mens,

Vipereum crinem vittis innixa cruentis.

In medio ramos annosq; brachia pandit

Ulmus opaca, ingens; quam sedem Somnia vulgo
Vana tenere ferunt, foliisq; sub omnibus hærent.

*Just in the Gate, and in the Jaws of Hell
Revengeful Cares, and sullen Sorrows dwell,
And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted Rage;
Here Toils and Death, and Death's Half Brother,
Sleep,*

Forms terrible to view, their Centry keep;

With anxious Pleasures of a guilty Mind;

Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind:

The Furies Iron Beds, and Strife that shakes

Her hissing Tresses, and unfolds her Snakes.

Full in the midst of this infernal Road

An Elm displays its dusky Arms abroad;

The God of Sleep here hides his heavy Head,

And empty Dreams on every Leaf are spread.

Dryden.

As Persons of this imaginary Life are to be excluded from any share of Action in Epick Poems, they are yet less to be endur'd in the Drama; yet we find they have sometimes made their Appearance on the antient Stage. Thus in a Tragedy of *Æschylus*, *Strength* is introduc'd assisting *Vulcan* to bind *Prometheus* to a Rock; and in one

of *Euripides*, *Death* comes to the House of *Admetus* to demand *Alceſtis*, who had offer'd herſelf to die to ſave her Husband's Life. But what I have here ſaid of Epick and Dramatick Poems does not extend to ſuch Writings, the very Frame and Model of which is deſign'd to be Allegorical; in which therefore, as I ſaid before, ſuch unſubſtantial and ſymbolical Actors may be very properly admitted.

Every Book of the *Fairy Queen* is fruitful of theſe viſionary Beings, which are invented and drawn with a ſurpriſing Strength of Imagination. I ſhall produce but one Inſtance here, which the Reader may compare with that juſt mention'd in *Virgil*, to which it is no way inferior: It is in the Second Book, where *Mammon* conducts *Guyon* thro a Cave under Ground to ſhew him his Treafure.

*At length they came into a larger Space,
That ſtretch'd itſelf into an ample Plain,
Thro which a beaten broad High-way did trace,
That ſtraight did lead to Pluto's griſly Reign;
By that Way's ſide there ſat infernal Pain,
And ſaſt beſide him ſat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an Iron Whip did ſtrain,
The other brandiſhed a bloody Knife,
And both did gnaw their Teeth, and both did threaten
Life.*

*On th' other ſide in one Conſort there ſate
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Deſpight,
Diſloyal Treason, and Heart-burning Hate;*

But

*But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter Lips did bite;
And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,
And found no Place where safe he shroud him
might.*

*Lamenting Sorrow did in Darkness lie,
And Shame his ugly Face did hide from living Eye.*

*And over them sad Horror, with grim Hue,
Did always soar, beating his Iron Wings;
And after him Owls and Night-Ravens flew,
The hateful Messengers of heavy things,
Of Death and Dolour telling sad Tidings;
Whilst sad Celeno, sitting on a Clift,
A Song of Bale and bitter Sorrow sings,
That Heart of Flint asunder would have rift;
Which having ended, after him she flieth swift.*

All these before the Gates of Pluto lay, &c.

The Posture of Jealousy, and the Motion of Fear in this Description, are particularly fine. These are Instances of Allegorical Persons, which are shewn only in one transient View. The Reader will every where meet with others in this Author, which are employ'd in the Action of the Poem, and which need not be mention'd here.

Having thus endeavour'd to give a general Idea of what is meant by Allegory in Poetry, and shewn what kind of Persons are frequently employ'd in it; I shall proceed to mention some Properties which seem requisite in all well invent'ed Fables of this kind.

There is no doubt, but Men of Critical Learning, if they had thought fit, might have given us Rules about Allegorical Writing, as they have done about Epick, and other kinds of Poetry; but they have rather chosen to let this Forest remain wild, as if they thought there was something in the Nature of the Soil, which cou'd not so well be restrain'd and cultivated in Inclosures. What Sir *William Temple* observes about Rules in general, may perhaps be more particularly applicable to this; that *they may possibly hinder some from being very bad Poets, but are not capable of making any very good one.* Notwithstanding this, they are useful to help our Observation in distinguishing the Beauties and the Blemishes, in such Works as have been already produc'd. I shall therefore beg leave to mention four Qualities, which I think are essential to every good Allegory: the three first of which relate to the Fable, and the last to the Moral.

The first is, that it be lively, and surprizing. The Fable, or literal Sense, being that which most immediately offers itself to the Reader's Observation, must have this Property, in order to raise and entertain his Curiosity. As there is therefore more Invention employ'd in a Work of this kind, than in meer Narration, or Description, or in general Amplifications on any Subject, it consequently requires a more than ordinary Heat of Fancy in its first Production. If the Fable, on the contrary, is flat, spiritless, or barren of Invention, the Reader's Imagination is not nor his Attention engag'd, tho the In-

struction

struction convey'd under it be ever so useful or important.

The second Qualification I shall mention is Elegance, or a beautiful Propriety, and Aptness in the Fable to the Subject on which it is employ'd. By this Quality the Invention of the Poet is restrain'd from taking too great a Compass, or losing itself in a Confusion of ill-sorted Ideas; such Representations as that mention'd by *Horace*, of *Dolphins in a Wood*, or *Boars in the Sea*, being fit only to surprize the Imagination, without pleasing the Judgment. The same Moral may likewise be express'd in different Fables, all of which may be lively and full of Spirit, yet not equally elegant; as various Dresses may be made for the same Body, yet not equally becoming. As it therefore requires a Heat of Fancy to raise Images and Resemblances, it requires a good Taste to distinguish and range them, and to choose the most proper and beautiful, where there appears an almost distracting Variety. I may compare this to *Aeneas* searching in the Wood for the Golden Bough; he was at a loss where to lay his Hand, till his Mother's Doves, descending in his sight, flew before him, and perch'd on the Tree where it was to be found.

Another essential Property is, That the Fable be every where consistent with itself. As licentious as Allegorical Fiction may seem in some Respects, it is nevertheless subject to this Restraint. The Poet is indeed at liberty in choosing his Story, and inventing his Persons; but after he has introduc'd them, he is oblig'd to sustain them:

proper Characters, as well as in more regular kinds of Writing. It is difficult to give particular Rules under this Head; it may suffice to say that this wild Nature is however subject to an Oeconomy proper to itself, and tho it may sometimes seem extravagant, ought never to be absurd. Most of the Allegories in the *Fairy Queen* are agreeable to this Rule; but in one of his other Poems, the Author has manifestly transgress'd it: the Poem I mean, is that which is call'd *Prothalamion*. In this, the two Brides are figur'd by two beautiful Swans sailing down the River *Tbames*. The Allegory breaks before the Reader is prepar'd for it; and we see them, at their landing, in their true Shapes, without knowing how this sudden Change is effected. If this had been only a Simile, the Poet might have dropp'd it at pleasure; but as it is an Allegory, he ought to have made it of a piece, or to have invented some probable means of coming out of it.

The last Property I shall mention, is, That the Allegory be clear and intelligible: the Fable being design'd only to clothe and adorn the Moral, but not to hide it, should methinks resemble the Draperies we admire in some of the antient Statues; in which the Folds are not too many, nor too thick, but so judiciously order'd, that the Shape and Beauty of the Limbs may be seen thro them.

It must be confess'd, that many of the antient Fables appear to us at this Distance of Time very perplex'd and dark; and if they had any Moral at all, it is so closely couch'd, that it is
 very

very difficult to discover it. Whoever reads the Lord Bacon's *Wisdom of the Antients*, will be convinc'd of this. He has employ'd a more than ordinary Penetration to decypher the most known Traditions in the Heathen Mythology; but his Interpretations are often far fetch'd, and so much at random, that the Reader can have no Assurance of their Truth. It is not to be doubted that a great part of these Fables were Allegorical, but others might have been Stories design'd only to amuse, or to practise upon the Credulity of the Vulgar; or the Doctrines they contain'd might be purposely clouded, to conceal them from common Knowledge. But tho, as I hinted in the former part of this Discourse, this may have been a Reason among Philosophers, it ought not to be admitted among Poets. An Allegory, which is not clear, is a Riddle, and the Sense of it lies at the Mercy of every fanciful Interpreter.

Tho the Epick Poets, as I have shewn, have sprinkled some Allegories thro their Poems, yet it wou'd be absurd to endeavour to understand them every where in a mystical Sense. We are told of one *Metrodorus Lampfacenus*, whose Works are lost, that turn'd the whole Writings of *Homer* into an Allegory: it was doubtless by some such means that the Principles of all Arts and Sciences whatever were discover'd in that single Author; for nothing can escape an Expositor, who proceeds in his Operations like *Rosycrucian*, and brings with him the Gold he pretends to find.

It is surprising that *Tasso*, whose *Jerusalem* was, at the time when he wrote, the best Plan of

an Epick Poem after *Virgil*, shou'd be possess'd with this Affectation, and shou'd not believe his Work perfect till he had turn'd it into a Mystery. I cannot help thinking that *the Allegory*, as it is call'd, which he has printed with it, looks as if it were invented after the Poem was finish'd. He tells us, that the Christian Army represents Man; the City of *Jerusalem*, Civil Happiness; *Godfrey*, the Understanding; *Rinaldo* and *Tancred*, the other Powers of the Soul; and that the Body is typify'd by the common Soldiers; with a great deal more that carries in it a strong Cast of Enthusiasm. He is indeed much more intelligible, when he explains the Flowers, the Fountains, the Nymphs, and the musical Instruments, to figure to us sensual Pleasures, under the false Appearance of Good: But for the rest, I appeal to any one who is acquainted with that Poem, whether he wou'd ever have discover'd these Mysteries, if the Poet had not let him into them; or whether even after this, he can keep them long in his Mind while he is reading it.

Spenser's Conduct is much more reasonable; as he design'd his Poem upon the Plan of the Vertues by which he has entitl'd his several Books, he scarce ever loses sight of this Design, but has almost every where taken care to let it appear. *Sir William Temple* indeed censures this as a Fault, and says, That tho his Flights of Fancy were very noble and high, yet his Moral lay so bare, that it lost the Effect: But I confess I do not understand this. A Moral which is not clear, is in my Apprehension next to no Moral at all.

It

It wou'd be easy to enumerate other Properties, which are various, according to the different kinds of Allegory, or its different Degrees of Perfection. Sometimes we are surpris'd with an uncommon Moral, which ennobles the Fable that conveys it; and at other times we meet with a known and obvious Truth, plac'd in some new and beautiful Point of Light, and made surprising by the Fiction under which it is exhibited. I have thought it sufficient to touch upon such Properties only as seem to be the most essential; and perhaps many more might be reduc'd under one or other of these general Heads.

I might here give Examples of this noble and antient kind of Writing, out of the Books of Holy Writ, and especially the *Jewish* Prophets, in which we find a Spirit of Poetry surprisingly sublime and majestick: But these are obvious to every one's reading. The East seems indeed to have been principally the Region of these figurative and emblematical Writings. Sir *John Chardin* in his Travels has given us a Translation of several Pieces of modern *Persian* Poetry; which shew that there are Traces of the same Genius remaining among the present Inhabitants of those Countries. But, not to prolong this Discourse, I shall only add one Instance of a very antient Allegory, which has all the Properties in it I have mention'd: I mean that in *Xenophon*, of the Choice of *Hercules* when he is courted by Virtue and Pleasure, which is said to have been the Invention of *Prodicus*. This Fable is full of Spirit and Elegance; the Characters are finely drawn, and

consistent; and the Moral is clear. I shall not need to say any thing more of it, but refer the Reader to the Second Volume of the *Tatler*, where he will find it very beautifully translated.

After what has been said, it must be confess'd, that, excepting *Spenser*, there are few extraordinary Instances of this kind of Writing among the Moderns. The great Mines of Invention have been open'd long ago, and little new Ore seems to have been discover'd or brought to light by latter Ages. With us the Art of framing Fables, Apologues and Allegories, which was so frequent among the Writers of Antiquity, seems to be, like the Art of Painting upon Glass, but little practis'd, and in a great measure lost. Our Colours are not so rich and transparent, and are either so ill prepar'd, or so unskilfully laid on, that they often sully the Light which is to pass thro them, rather than agreeably tincture and beautify it. *Boccalini* must be reckon'd one of the chief modern Masters of Allegory; yet his Fables are often flat and ill chosen, and his Invention seems to have been rather fruitful than elegant. I cannot however conclude this Essay on Allegory without observing, that we have had the satisfaction to see this kind of Writing very lately reviv'd by an excellent Genius among ourselves, in the true Spirit of the Antients. I need only mention the Visions in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, by Mr. *Addison*, to convince every one of this. The Table of Fame, the Vision of Justice; that of the different Pursuits of Love, Ambition,

Ambition, and Avarice; the Vision of *Mirza*, and several others; and especially that admirable Fable of the two Families of Pain and Pleasure, which are all imagin'd, and writ with the greatest Strength and Delicacy, may give the Reader an Idea more than any thing I can say of the Perfection to which this kind of Writing is capable of being rais'd. We have likewise in the Second Volume of the *Guardian* a very good Example given us by the same Hand, of an Allegory, in the particular manner of *Spenser*.





REMARKS ON THE FAIRY QUEEN.

BY what has been offer'd in the foregoing Discourse on *Allegorical Poetry*, we may be able, not only to discover many Beauties in the *Fairy Queen*, but likewise to excuse some of its Irregularities. The chief Merit of this Poem consists in that surprising Vein of fabulous Invention, which runs thro' it, and enriches it every where with Imagery and Descriptions more than we meet with in any other modern Poem. The Author seems to be possess'd of a kind of Poetical Magick; and the Figures he calls up to our View rise so thick upon us, that we are at once pleas'd and distracted by the exhaustless Variety of them; so that his Faults may in a manner be imputed to his Excellencies: His Abundance betrays him into Excess, and his Judgment is overborne by the Torrent of his Imagination.

That which seems the most liable to Exception in this Work, is the Model of it, and the Choice the Author has made of so romantick a Story

Story. The several Books appear rather like so many several Poems, than one entire Fable: Each of them has its peculiar Knight, and is independent of the rest; and tho some of the Persons make their Appearance in different Books, yet this has very little Effect in connecting them. Prince *Arthur* is indeed the principal Person, and has therefore a share given him in every Legend; but his Part is not considerable enough in any one of them: He appears and vanishes again like a Spirit; and we lose sight of him too soon, to consider him as the Hero of the Poem.

These are the most obvious Defects in the Fable of the *Fairy Queen*. The want of Unity in the Story makes it difficult for the Reader to carry it in his Mind, and distracts too much his Attention to the several Parts of it; and indeed the whole Frame of it wou'd appear monstrous, if it were to be examin'd by the Rules of Epick Poetry, as they have been drawn from the Practice of *Homer* and *Virgil*. But as it is plain the Author never design'd it by those Rules, I think ought rather to be consider'd as a Poem of a particular kind, describing in a Series of Allegorical Adventures or Episodes the most noted Virtues and Vices: to compare it therefore with the Models of Antiquity, wou'd be like drawing a Parallel between the *Roman* and the *Gothick* Architecture. In the first there is doubtless a more natural Grandeur and Simplicity: in the latter, we find great Mixtures of Beauty and Barbarism, yet assisted by the Invention of a Variety of inferior Ornaments; and tho the former

more majestick in the whole, the latter may be very surprizing and agreeable in its Parts.

It may seem strange indeed, since *Spenser* appears to have been well acquainted with the best Writers of Antiquity, that he has not imitated them in the Structure of his Story. Two Reasons may be given for this: The first is, That at the time when he wrote, the *Italian* Poets, whom he has chiefly imitated, and who were the first Revivers of this Art among the Moderns, were in the highest vogue, and were universally read and admir'd. But the chief Reason was probably, that he chose to frame his Fable after a Model which might give the greatest Scope to that Range of Fancy which was so remarkably his Talent. There is a Bent in Nature, which is apt to determine Men that particular way in which they are most capable of excelling; and tho it is certain he might have form'd a better Plan, it is to be question'd whether he cou'd have executed any other so well.

It is probably for the same reason, that among the *Italian* Poets, he rather follow'd *Ariosto*, whom he found more agreeable to his Genius, than *Tasso*, who had form'd a better Plan, and from whom he has only borrow'd some particular Ornaments; yet it is but Justice to say, that his Plan is much more regular than that of *Ariosto*. In the *Orlando Furioso*, we every where meet with an exuberant Invention, join'd with great Liveliness and Facility of Description, yet debas'd by frequent Mixtures of the comick Genius, as well as many shocking Indecorums. Besides, in the
Huddle

Huddle and Distraction of the Adventures, we are for the most part only amus'd with extravagant Stories, without being instructed in any Moral. On the other hand, *Spenser's Fable*, tho' often wild, is, as I have observ'd, emblematical: And this may very much excuse likewise that Air of Romance in which he has follow'd the *Italian Author*. The perpetual Stories of Knights, Giants, Castles, and Enchantments, and all that Train of Legendary Adventures; wou'd indeed appear very trifling, if *Spenser* had not found a way to turn them all into Allegory, or if a less masterly Hand had fill'd up his Draught. But it is surprizing to observe how much the Strength of the Painting is superior to the Design. It ought to be consider'd too, that at the time when our Author wrote, the Remains of the old *Gothick Chivalry* were not quite abolish'd: It was not many Years before, that the famous Earl of *Surry*, remarkable for his Wit and Poetry in the Reign of King *Henry the Eighth*, took a romantick Journey to *Florence*, the Place of his Mistress's Birth, and publish'd there a Challenge against all Nations in Defence of her Beauty. Juits and Turnaments were held in *England* in the Time of Queen *Elizabeth*. Sir *Philip Sidney* tilted at one of these Entertainments, which was made for the *French Ambassador*, when the Treaty of Marriage was on foot with the Duke of *Anjou*: and some of our Historians have given us a very particular and formal Account of Preparations, by marking out Lists, and appointing Judges, for a Trial by Combat,

in the same Reign, which was to have decided the Title to a considerable Estate; and in which the whole Ceremony was perfectly agreeable to the fabulous Descriptions in Books of Knight-Errantry. This might render his Story more familiar to his first Readers; tho Knights in Armour, and Ladies Errant are as antiquated Figures to us, as the Court of that time wou'd appear, if we cou'd see them now in their Ruffs and Far-dingales.

There are two other Objections to the Plan of the *Fairy Queen*, which, I confess, I am more at a loss to answer. I need not, I think, be scrupulous in mentioning freely the Defects of a Poem, which, tho it was never suppos'd to be perfect, has always been allow'd to be admirable.

The first is, that the Scene is laid in *Fairy-Land*, and the chief Actors are *Fairies*. The Reader may see their imaginary Race and History in the Second Book, at the end of the Tenth Canto: but if he is not prepar'd before-hand, he may expect to find them acting agreeably to the common Stories and Traditions about such fancy'd Beings. Thus *Shakespear*, who has introduc'd them in his *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, has made them speak and act in a manner perfectly adapted to their suppos'd Characters; but the *Fairies* in this Poem are not distinguish'd from other Persons. There is this Misfortune likewise attends the Choice of such Actors, that having been accusom'd to conceive of them in a diminutive way, we find it difficult to raise our Ideas,
and

and to imagine a *Fairy* encountering with a Monster or a Giant. *Homer* has pursu'd a contrary Method, and represented his Heroes above the Size and Strength of ordinary Men; and it is certain that the Actions of the *Iliad* wou'd have appear'd but ill proportion'd to the Characters, if we were to have imagin'd them all perform'd by Pygmies.

But as the Actors our Author has chosen, are only fancy'd Beings, he might possibly think himself at liberty to give them what Stature, Customs and Manners he pleas'd. I will not say he was in the right in this: but it is plain that by the literal Sense of *Fairy-Land*, he only design'd an *Utopia*, an imaginary Place; and by his *Fairies*, Persons of whom he might invent any Action proper to human Kind, without being restrain'd, as he must have been, if he had chosen a real Scene and historical Characters. As for the mystical Sense, it appears both by the Work itself, and by the Author's * Explanation of it, that his *Fairy Land* is *England*, and his *Fairy Queen*, *Queen Elizabeth*; at whose Command the Adventure of every Legend is suppos'd to be undertaken.

The other Objection is, that having chosen an historical Person, *Prince Arthur*, for his principal Hero; who is no *Fairy*, yet is mingled with them: he has not however represented any part of his History. He appears here indeed only in his Minority, and performs his Exercises in

* Vid. *Letter to Sir W. Raleigh.*

Fairy Land, as a private Gentleman: but we might at least have expected, that the fabulous Accounts of him, and of his Victories over the Saxons, shou'd have been work'd into some beautiful Vision or Prophecy: and I cannot think *Spenser* wou'd wholly omit this, but am apt to believe he had done it in some of the following Books which were lost.

In the moral Introductions to every Book, many of which have a great Propriety and Elegance, the Author has follow'd the Example of *Ariosto*. I will only beg leave to point out some of the principal Beauties in each Book, which may yet more particularly discover the Genius of the Author.

If we consider the First Book as an entire Work of itself, we shall find it to be no irregular Contrivance: There is one principal Action, which is compleated in the Twelfth Canto; and the several Incidents or Episodes are proper, as they tend either to obstruct or promote it. The same may be said of some other of the following Books, tho I think they are not so regular as this. The Author has shewn Judgment in making his Knight of the *Red-Cross*, or *St. George*, no perfect Character; without which, many of the Incidents cou'd not have been represented. The Character of *Una*, or *Truth*, is very properly oppos'd by those of *Dueffa*, or *Falshood*, and *Archimago*, or *Fraud*. *Spenser's* particular manner, which (if it may be allow'd) I wou'd call his Homer-like Genius, immediately shews itself in
the

the Figure of *Error*, who is drawn as a Monster, and that of *Hypocrisy*, as a Hermit. The Description of the former of these, in the mix'd Shape of a Woman and Serpent, surrounded with her Offspring, and especially that Circumstance of their creeping into her Mouth on the sudden Light which glanced upon them from the Knight's Armour, incline one to think that our Great *Milton* had it in his eye when he wrote his famous Episode of Sin and Death. The Artifices of *Archimago* and *Duessá*, to separate the Knight from *Una*, are well invented, and intermingled with beautiful Strokes of Poetry; particularly in that Episode where the Magician sends one of his Spirits to fetch a false Dream from the House of *Morpheus*:

*Amid the Bowels of the Earth full sleep
And low, where dawning Day does never peep,
His Dwelling is——*

Mr. *Rhimer*, as I remember, has, by way of Comparison, collected from most of the antient and modern Poets, the finest Descriptions of the Night; among all which, he gives the Preference to the *English* Poets: This of *Morpheus*, or Sleep, being a Poetical Subject of the same kind, might be subjected to a like Trial; and the Reader may particularly compare it with that in the Eleventh Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*; to which, I believe, he will not think it inferior.

The miraculous Incident of a Tree shedding Drops of Blood, and a Voice speaking for

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Trunk of it, is borrow'd from that of *Polidorus* in the Third Book of *Virgil's Æneis*. *Ariosto* and *Tasso* have both cop'yd the same Story, tho' in a different manner. It was impossible that the modern Poets, who have run so much into the Taste of Romance, should let a Fiction of this kind escape their Imitation.

The Adventures which befall *Una*, after she is forsaken by the Knight; her coming to the House of *Abessa*, or *Superstition*; the Consternation occasion'd by that Visit; her Reception among the Savages; and her civilizing them, are all very fine Emblems. The Education of *Satyrane*, a young Satyr, is describ'd on this Occasion with an agreeable Wildness of Fancy.

But there is one Episode in this Book, which I cannot but particularly admire; I mean that in the Fifth Canto, where *Duessa* the Witch seeks the Assistance of *Night*, to convey the Body of the wounded *Pagan* to be cured by *Æsculapius* in the Regions below. The Author here rises above himself, and is got into a Track of imitating the Antients, different from the greatest part of his Poem. The Speech in which *Duessa* addresses *Night*, is wonderfully great, and stained with that impious Flattery, which is the Character of *Falshood*, who is the Speaker:

*O thou most antient Grandmother of all,
More old than Jove, whom thou at first didst breed,
Or that Great House of Gods Celestial,
Which was't begot in Dæmogorgon's Hall,
And saw'st the Secrets of the World unmade!*

As

As *Duessa* came away hastily on this Expedition, and forgot to put off the Shape of Truth, which she had assum'd a little before, *Night* does not know her: This Circumstance, and the Discovery afterwards, when she owns her for her Daughter, are finely emblematical. The Images of *Horror* are rais'd in a very masterly manner; *Night* takes the Witch into her Chariot; and being arriv'd where the Body lay, they alight.

*And all the while she stood upon the Ground,
The wakeful Dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unusual Sound
With which her Iron Wheels did them affray,
And her dark grisly Look them much dismay.
The Messenger of Death, the ghastly Owl,
With dreary Shrieks did also her bewray,
And hungry Wolves continually did howl
At her abhorred Face, so filthy and so foul.*

They steal away the Body, and carry it down thro the Cave *Avernus*, to the Realms of *Pluto*. What Strength of Painting is there in the following Lines!

— On every side them stood
The trembling Ghosts, with sad amazed Mood
Chattring their Iron Teeth, and staring wide
With stony Eyes; and all the hellish Brood
Of Fiends infernal flock'd on every side
To gaze on earthly Wight, that with the Night
durst ride.

Longinus commending a Description in *Euripides* of *Phaeton's* Journey thro the Heavens, in which the Turnings and Windings are mark'd out in a very lively manner, says, That the Soul of the Poet seems to mount the Chariot with him, and to share all his Dangers. The Reader will find himself in a like manner transported throughout this whole Episode; which shews that it has in it the Force and Spirit of the most sublime Poetry.

The first Appearance of Prince *Arthur* in this Book is represented to great Advantage, and gives occasion to a very finish'd Description of a martial Figure. How sprightly is that Image and Simile in the following Lines!

*Upon the Top of all his lofty Crest
A Bunch of Hairs, discolour'd diversly
With sprinkled Pearl, and Gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seem'd to dance for Jollity,
Like to an Almond-Tree ymounted high
On Top of green Selinis all alone,
With Blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender Locks do tremble every one
At every little Blast that under Heav'n is blown.*

I must not omit mentioning the House of *Pride*, and that of *Holiness*, which are beautiful Allegories in different Parts of this Book. In the former of these there is a minute Circumstance which is very artificial; for the Reader may observe, that the six Counsellors which attend *Pride* in her Progress, and ride on the Beasts which draw her Chariot, are plac'd in that Order in which the

Vices

Vices they represent, naturally produce and follow each other. In the Dungeon among the Captives of *Pride*, the Poet has represented *Nebuchadnezzar*, *Cræsus*, *Antiochus*, *Alexander*, and several other eminent Persons, in Circumstances of the utmost Ignominy. The Moral is truly noble; for upon the sight of so many illustrious Slaves, the Knight hastens from the Place, and makes his Escape.

The Description of *Despair* in the Ninth Canto, is that which is said to have been taken notice of by Sir *Philip Sidney*. But I think the Speech of *Despair*, in which the distemper'd Reasonings, that are apt to agitate the Heart of a Man abandon'd to this Passion, are so pathetically represented, is much superior to the Description.

Among the Allegories in the Tenth Canto, it is impossible not to distinguish that venerable Figure of Contemplation, in his Hermitage on the Top of a Hill, represented as an old Man almost wasted away in Study :

*With snowy Locks adown his Shoulders spread,
As hoary Frost with Spangles doth attire
The mossy Branches of an Oak half dead.*

The Knight and his Companion enquire of him :

*Is not from hence the way that leadeth right
To that most glorious House that glistereth bright
With burning Stars and ever living Fire?*

This is extremely noble, as well as the old Man's shewing him from the Top of the Hill

heavenly *Jerusalem*; which was proper to animate the Hero against the Combat, in which he is presently after engag'd: His Success in that Combat, and his marrying *Una*, are a very just Conclusion of this Book, and of its chief Allegory.

It wou'd be easy to point out many Instances, besides those I have mention'd, of the Beauties in this Book; yet these few will give the Reader a Taste of that Poetical Spirit and Genius for Allegory, which every where shine in this Author. It wou'd be endless to take notice of the more minute Beauties of his Epithets, his Figures, and his Similes, which occur in almost every Page. I shall only mention one or two as a Specimen. That Image of *Strength*, in striking a Club into the Ground, which is illustrated by the following Simile, is very great.

*As when Almighty Jove, in wrathful Mood
To wreak the Guilt of mortal Sins is bent,
Hurls forth his thundring Dart with deadly Food,
Enroll'd in Flames and smouldring Dreariment,
Thro riven Clouds and molten Firmament
The fierce three-forked Engine making way,
Both lofty Tow'rs and highest Trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry Passage stay,
And shooting in the Earth, casts up a Mount of Clay.*

*His boistrous Club so bury'd in the Ground,
He could not rearen up again, &c.*

As also that of a Giant's fall,

That

*That down he tumbled as an aged Tree,
High growing on the Top of rocky Clift;
Whose Heart-Strings with keen Steel nigh be-
we:*

*The mighty Trunk, half rent with ragged Rift,
Doth roll adown the Rocks, and fall with fearful
Drift.*

These are such Passages as we may imagine our excellent *Milton* to have study'd in this Author. And here by the way it is remarkable that as *Spenser* abounds with such Thoughts as are truly sublime, so he is almost every where free from the Mixture of little Conceits, and that low Affectation of Wit which so much infected both our Verse and Prose afterwards; and from which scarce any Writer of his own Time, besides himself, was free.

I shall shorten my Remarks on the following Books: yet the Beauties in them rise so thick, that I must not pass them by without mentioning some. The Second Legend is fram'd on the Vertue of *Temperance*, which gives the Author opportunity to lay out in Description all the most luxurious Images of Pleasure, Riches and Riot which are oppos'd to it, and consequently makes it one of the most Poetical Books of this whole Work. Sir *Guyon* is the Hero, and the Poet has given him Sobriety in the Habit of a Palmer, for his Guide and Counsellor; as *Homer* has suppos'd *Minerva* or *Wisdom* in the Shape of *Mentor* to attend *Telemachus* in his Travels, when he is seek-
ing

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ing out his Father *Ulysses*. That shining Description of *Belphebe*, as a Huntress, like *Venus* in *Virgil* appearing to her Son *Aeneas*, is design'd as a Compliment on Queen *Elizabeth*, and is therefore wrought up with the most finish'd Beauty. Her Speech in praise of that true Glory, which is only attain'd by Labour and Study, is not only extremely proper to the Subject of this Book, but admirable, if we consider it as the Sense of that Princess, and as a short Character of so active and glorious a Reign;

*Abroad in Arms, at Home in studious kind,
Who seeks with painful Toil, shall Honour soonest
find.*

*In Woods, in Waves, in Wars she went to dwell,
And will be found with Peril and with Pain,
Ne can the Man that moulds in idle Cell
Unto her happy Mansion attain:
Before her Gate High God did Sweat ordain,
And wakeful Watches ever to abide:
But easy is the Way, and Passage plain
To Pleasure's Palace, it may soon be spy'd,
And Day and Night her Doors to all stand open
wide.*

Such Passages as these kindle in the Mind a generous Emulation, and are an Honour to the Art of Poetry, which ought always to recommend worthy Sentiments. The Reader may see in the Sixth Canto a Character quite opposite to this, in *Idleness*; who draws Sir *Guyon* for a
while

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while from his Guide, and lays him asleep in her Island. Her Song with which she charms him into a Slumber,

*Behold, O Man! that toilsom Pains dost take,
The Flowers, the Fields, and all that pleasant
grows;*

is very artfully adapted to the Occasion; and is a Contrast to that Speech of *Belphebe*, I have just quoted.

The Episode of *Mammon*, who in the Palmer's Absence leads Sir *Guyon* into his Cave, and tempts him with a Survey of his Riches, very properly diversifies the Entertainment in this Book; and gives occasion to a noble Speech against Riches, and the mischievous Effects of them. I have, in the Discourse on Allegory, taken notice of the Fiends and Spectres, which are plac'd in Crouds at the Entrance to this Place. The Author supposes the House of Riches to lie almost contiguous to Hell; and the Guard he sets upon it, expresses a very just Moral.

*Before the Door sat self-consuming Care,
Day and Night keeping wary Watch and Ward.*

The Light which is let into this Place,

*Such is a Lamp, whose Life doth fade away;
Or as the Moon, cloathed with cloudy Night:*

The Smokinels of it, and the Slaves of *Mammon* working at an hundred Furnaces, are all describ'd

in the most lively manner: as their sudden looking at Sir *Guyon* is a Circumstance very naturally represented. The Walks thro which *Mammon* afterwards leads the Knight, are agreeably vary'd. The Description of *Ambition*, and of the Garden of *Proserpine*, are good Allegories; and Sir *Guyon's* falling into a Swoon on his coming into the open Air, gives occasion to a fine Machine of the Appearance of an heavenly Spirit in the next Canto; by whose Assistance he is restor'd to the Palmer.

I cannot think the Poet so successful in his Description of the House of *Temperance*; in which the Allegory seems to be debas'd by a Mixture of too many low Images, as *Diet*, *Concoction*, *Digestion*, and the like; which are represented as Persons. But the Allegorical Description of *Memory*, which follows soon after, is very good.

The *Ninth* Canto, in which the Author has made an Abridgment of the old *British* History, is a very amusing Digression; but might have been more artfully introduc'd. *Homer* or *Virgil* wou'd not have suffer'd the Action of the Poem to stand still whilst the Hero had been reading over a Book; but wou'd have put the History into the Mouth of some proper Person to relate it. But I have already said, that this Work is not to be examin'd by the strict Rules of Epick Poetry.

The last Canto of this Second Book being design'd to shew the utmost Trial of the Vertue of *Temperance*, abounds with the most pleasurable Ideas and Representations which the Fancy of a Poet cou'd assemble together; but from the
fifty

fifty eighth Stanza to the end, it is for the most part copy'd, and many whole Stanza's translated, from the famous Episode of *Armida* in *Tasso*. The Reader may observe, that the *Italian* Genius for Luxury appears very much in the Descriptions of the Garden, the Fountain, and the Nymphs; which however are finely amplify'd and improv'd by our *English* Poet. I shall give but one Instance in the following celebrated Stanza; which, to gratify the Curiosity of those who may be willing to compare the Copy with the Original, I shall set down in *Italian*.

*Vezzosi Augelli, infra le verdi fronde,
Temprano a prova lascivette Note;
Mormora l' Aura, e fa le foglie e l'onde
Garrir, che variamente ella percote.
Quando taccion gli Augelli, Alto risponde;
Quando cantan gli Augei, piu lieve scote.
Sia caso o d' arte, hor accompagna, ed hora
Alterna i versi lor la Musica ora.*

Spenser has two Stanza's on this Thought; the last of which only is an Imitation of *Tasso*, but with finer Turns of the Verse: which are so artificial, that he seems to make the Musick he describes.

*Estsoons they heard a most delicious Sound
Of all that mote delight a dainty Ear;
Such as at once might not on living Ground,
Save in this Paradise be heard elsewhere:*

Right

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Right hard it was for Wight which did it bear,
To read what manner Musick that mote be,
For all that pleasing is to living Ear
Was there consorted in one Harmony;
Birds, Voices, Instruments, Winds, Waters, all
agree.

*The joyous Birds, shrouded in chearful Shade,
Their Notes unto the Voice attempred sweet;
Th' angelical, soft trembling Voices made
To th' Instruments divine Responce meet;
The silver-sounding Instruments did meet
With the base Murmur of the Water's Fall;
The Water's Fall, with Difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the Wind did call;
The gentle warbling Wind low answered to all.*

Sir Guyon and the Palmer, rescuing the Youth who was held Captive by *Acrasia* in this delightful Mansion, resembles that of the two Warriors recovering *Rinaldo* from the Charms of *Armida* in the *Italian Poem*.

In the Third Book, the Character of *Britomartis*, a Lady errant, who is the Heroine, and performs the chief Adventure, resembles *Ariosto's Bradamante*, and *Tasso's Clorinda*; as they are all Copies of the *Camilla* in *Virgil*.

Among the chief Beauties in this Book, we may reckon that Episode in which *Britomartis* goes to the Cave of *Merlin*, and is entertain'd with a prophetic Account of her future Marriage and Offspring. This Thought is remotely taken
taken

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taken from *Virgil*, but more immediately from *Ariosto*; who has represented *Bradamante* on the like occasion making a Visit to the Tomb of *Merlin*; which he is forc'd for that purpose to suppose to be in *Gaul*: where she sees in like manner, in a Vision, the Heroes and Captains who were to be her Descendents.

The Story of *Marinel*, and that of the Birth of *Belphebe* and *Amoret*, in which the manner of *Ovid* is well imitated, are very amusing. That Complaint against *Night*, at the end of the Fourth Canto,

*Night, thou foul Mother of Annoyance sad,
Sister of heavy Death, and Nurse of Woe, &c.*

tho it were only consider'd as detach'd from the rest, might be esteem'd a very fine Piece of Poetry. But there is nothing more entertaining in this whole Book, than the Prospect of the Gardens of *Adonis*, which is vary'd from the *Bower of Bliss* in the former Book, by an agreeable Mixture of Philosophical Fable. The Figure of Time walking in this Garden, spoiling the Beauty of it, and cutting down the Flowers, is a very fine and significant Allegory.

I cannot so much commend the Story of *the Squire of Dames*, and the Intrigue between *Paridel* and *Hellenore*: These Passages favour too much of the coarse and comick Mixtures in *Ariosto*. But that Image of *Jealousy*, at the end of the tenth Canto, grown to a Savage, throwing himself into a Cave, and lying there without ever shutting
one

one Eye, under a craggy Clift just threatning to fall, is strongly conceiv'd, and very poetical. There is likewise a great Variety of Fancy in drawing up and distinguishing, by their proper Emblems, the Visionary Persons in the Masque of *Cupid*, which is one of the chief Embellishments of this Book.

In the Story of *Cambel* and *Canace*, in the Fourth Book, the Author has taken the Rise of his Invention from the *Squire's Tale* in *Chaucer*, the greatest part of which was lost. The Battel of *Cambel* with the three Brethren, and the sudden parting of it by that beautiful Machine of the Appearance of *Concord*; who by a Touch of her Wand charms down the Fury of the Warriors, and converts them into Friends; is one of the most shining Passages in this Legend. We may add to this the Fiction concerning the Girdle of *Florimel*, which is a good Allegory; as also the Description of *Atè*, or *Discord*: That of *Care*, working like a Smith, and living amidst the perpetual Noise of Hammers; and especially the Temple of *Venus*, which is adorn'd with a great Variety of Fancy. The Prayer of a Lover in this Temple, which begins,

Great Venus, Queen of Beauty and of Grace,

is taken from *Lucretius's* Invocation of the same Goddess in the beginning of his Poem, and may be reckon'd one of the most elegant Translations in our Language. The Continuation of the Fable

ble of *Marinel*, tho not so strictly to the Subject of this Legend, gives occasion to the Poet to introduce that admirable Episode of *the Marriage of the Thames and the Medway*; with the Train of the Sea Gods, Nymphs, and Rivers, and especially those of *England and Ireland*, that were present at the Ceremony: all which are describ'd with a surprising Variety, and with very agreeable Mixtures of Geography; among which *Spenser* has not forgot to mention his *Mulla*, the River which ran thro his own Grounds.

Besides the general Morals and Allegories in the *Fairy Queen*, there are some parallel Passages and Characters, which, as I have said, were design'd to allude to particular Actions and Persons; yet no part is so full of them as the Fifth Book, which being fram'd on the Vertue of *Justice*, is a kind of figurative Representation of *Queen Elizabeth's* Reign. Here we meet with her again, under the Name of *Mercilla*; we see her sending Relief to *Belge*, or the *Netherlands*, and reducing the tyrannical Power of *Geryoneo*, or *Spain*. Her Court and Attendants are drawn with a Majesty suitable to her Character. The Reader will easily perceive that the Trial of the Queen of *Scots* is shadow'd in the Ninth Canto: but the Poet has avoided the Catastrophe of her Death, and has artfully touch'd on the Queen's Reluctance and Tenderness in that Affair; by which he has turn'd the Compliment on her Justice, into another on her Mercy.

Talus with his Iron Flail, who attends *Arthegal*, is a bold Allegorical Figure, to signify Execution of Justice.

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The next Book, which is the Sixth, is on the Subject of *Courtesy*. I shall not prolong this Discourse to trace out particular Passages in it, but only mention that remarkable one in the Tenth Canto; where the Author has introduc'd himself under the Person of *Colin Clout*. That Vein of Pastoral which runs thro this part of the Work, is indeed different from the rest of the Poem. But *Tasso*, in a more regular Plan, has mingled the Pastoral Taste with the Heroick, in his Representation of *Erminia* among the Shepherds. The Picture which *Spenser* has here given us of his Mistress, dancing among the Graces, is a very agreeable one, and discovers all the Skill of the Painter, assisted by the Passion of the Lover.

Tho the remaining Six Books, which were to have compleated this beautiful and moral Poem, are lost; we have a noble Fragment of them preserv'd in the Two Cantos of *Mutability*; This is, in my Opinion, the most sublime and best-invented Allegory in the whole Work. The Fable of *Arlo-Hill*, and of the River *Molanna*, which is a Digression on this Occasion, has all the Beauty we admire in the *Metamorphoses* of *Ovid*. But the Pedegree of *Mutability*, who is represented as a Giantess; her Progress from the Earth to the Circle of the Moon; the Commotion she raises there, by endeavouring to remove that Planet from the Sky; and the Shadow, which is cast, during the Attempt, on the Inhabitants of the Earth, are greatly imagin'd. We find several Strains of Invention in this Fable, which might appear

appear not unworthy even of *Homer* himself. *Jupiter* is alarm'd, and sends *Mercury* to know the Reason of this Strife, and to bring the Offender before him. How *Homer*-like are those Lines, after he has concluded his Speech among the Gods?

*So having said he ceast, and with his Brow,
His black Eye-Brow, whose doomsful 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.*

And afterwards:

————— *With that he shook
His Nestar-dew'd Locks, with which the Skies,
And all the World beneath for Terror quook,
And est his burning Lewin-Bron'd in hand he took.*

The Simile likewise, in which the Gods are represented looking on *Mutability* with Surprise,

————— *Like a sort of Steers,
'Mongst whom some Beast, of strange and foreign
Race,
Unwares is chanc'd, far straying from his Peers;*

is very much in the Simplicity of that old Father of Heroick Poetry. *Mutability* appeals from *Jupiter* to *Nature*, before whom she obtains a Hearing. The Poet on this Occasion, has with a most abundant Fancy drawn out to a Review

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the Four Seasons, the Months, Day and Night, the Hours, Life and Death; *Change* asserts her Dominion over them all, and over the Heavens themselves. All Creatures are represented looking up in the Face of Nature, in expectation of the Sentence. The Conclusion is great, and contains a noble Moral; That tho all things are vary'd and shift their Forms, they do not perish, but return to their first Beings; and that *Mutability* only shall be at last entirely destroy'd, and the time shall come in which *Change shall be no more.*

I have not yet said any thing concerning *Spenser's* Versification; in which, tho he is not always equal to himself, it may be affirm'd, that he is superior to all his Cotemporaries, and even to those that follow'd him for some time, except *Fairfax*, the applauded Translator of *Tasso*. In this he commendably study'd the *Italians*, and must be allow'd to have been a great Improver of our *English* Numbers: Before his time, Musick seems to have been so much a Stranger to our Poetry, that, excepting the Earl of *Surry's* Lyrics, we have very few Examples of Verses that had any tolerable Cadence. In *Chaucer* there is so little of this, that many of his Lines are not even restrain'd to a certain Number of Syllables. Instances of this loose Verse are likewise to be found in our Author, but it is only in such Places where he has purposely imitated *Chaucer*, as in the second Eclogue, and some others. This great Defect of Harmony put the Wits in Queen
Elizabeth's

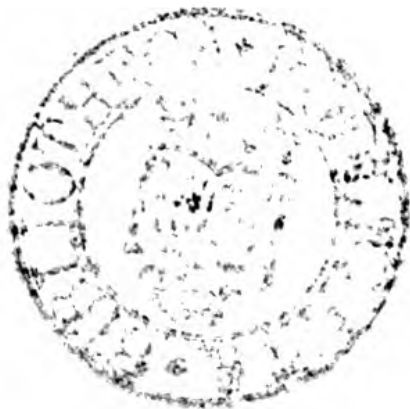
Elizabeth's Reign upon a Design of totally changing our Numbers, not only by banishing Rhime, but by new moulding our Language into the Feet and Measures of the *Latin* Poetry. Sir *Philip Sidney* was at the Head of this Project, and has accordingly given us some Hexameter and Pentameter Verses in his *Arcadia*. But the Experiment soon fail'd; and tho our Author, by some Passages in his Letters to Mr. *Harvey*, seems not to have disapprov'd it, yet it does not appear by those Poems of his, which are preserv'd, that he gave it any Authority by his Example.

As to the Stanza in which the *Fairy Queen* is written, tho the Author cannot be commended for his Choice of it, yet it is much more harmonious in its kind than the Heroick Verse of that Age. It is almost the same with what the *Italians* call their *Ottave Rime*, which is us'd both by *Ariosto* and *Tasso*, but improv'd by *Spenser*, with the Addition of a Line more in the Close, of the Length of our Alexandrines. The Defect of it, in long or narrative Poems, is apparent. The same Measure, closed always by a full Stop, in the same Place, by which every Stanza is made as it were a distinct Paragraph, grows tiresom by continual Repetition, and frequently breaks the Sense, when it ought to be carry'd on without Interruption. With this Exception, the Reader will however find it harmonious, full of well-sounding Epithets, and of such elegant Turns on
G 2 the

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the Thought and Words, that *Dryden* * himself owns he learn'd these Graces of Verse chiefly from our Author; and does not scruple to say, that in this Particular *only Virgil surpass'd him among the Romans, and only Mr. Waller among the English.*

* *Dedication to Juvenal.*



R E.



R E M A R K S

O N T H E

Shepherd's Calendar, &c.

IN the Remarks on the *Fairy Queen*, I have chiefly consider'd our Author as an Allegorical Writer; and his Poem as fram'd after a Model of a particular kind. In some of his other Writings, we find more Regularity, tho less Invention. There seems to be the same difference between the *Fairy Queen* and the *Shepherd's Calendar*, as between a Royal Palace and a little Country Seat. The first strikes the Eye with more Magnificence; but the latter may perhaps give the greatest Pleasure. In this Work the Author has not been misled by the *Italians*; tho *Tasso's Aminta* might have been at least of as good Authority to him in the Pastoral, as *Ariosto* in the greater kind of Poetry. But *Spenser* rather chose to follow Nature itself, and to paint the Life and Sentiments of Shepherds after a more simple and unaffected manner.

The two things which seem the most essential to Pastoral, are Love, and the Images of a Coun-

try Life: and to represent these, our Author had little more to do, than to examine his own Heart, and to copy the Scene about him; for at the time when he wrote the *Shepherd's Calendar*, he was a passionate Lover of his *Rosalind*: and it appears that the greatest part of it, if not the whole, was compos'd in the Country on his first leaving the University; and before he had engag'd in Business, or fill'd his Mind with the Thoughts of Preferment in a Life at Court. Perhaps too there is a certain Age most proper for Pastoral Writing; and tho the same Genius shou'd arise afterwards to greater Excellencies, it may grow less capable of this. Accordingly in the Poem call'd *Colin Clout's come home again*, which was written a considerable time after, we find him less a Shepherd than at first: He had then been drawn out of his Retirement, had appear'd at Court, and been engag'd in an Employment which brought him into a Variety of Business and Acquaintance, and gave him a quite different Set of Ideas. And tho this Poem is not without its Beauties; yet what I wou'd here observe is, that in the Pastoral Kind it is not so simple and unmix'd, and consequently not so perfect as the *Eclogues*, of which I have perhaps given the Reason.

But I am sensible that what I have mention'd as a Beauty in *Spenser's* Pastorals, will not seem so to all Readers; and that the Simplicity which appears in them may be thought to have too much the *Merum Rus*. If our Author has err'd in
 e has at least err'd on the right hand. The
 true

true Model of Pastoral Writing seems indeed not to be yet fix'd by the Criticks; and there is room for the best Judges to differ in their Opinions about it: Those who wou'd argue for the Simplicity of Pastoral, may say, That the very Idea of this kind of Writing is the Representation of a Life of Retirement and Innocence, made agreeable by all those Pleasures and Amusements, which the Fields, the Woods, and the various Seasons of the Year afford to Men, who live according to the first Dictates of Nature, and without the artificial Cares and Refinements, which Wealth, Luxury, and Ambition, by multiplying both our Wants and Enjoyments, have introduc'd among the Rich and the Polite: That therefore as the Images, Similies, and Allusions are to be drawn from the Scene; so the Sentiments and Expressions ought no where to taste of the City, or the Court, but to have such a kind of plain Elegance only, as may appear proper to the Life and Characters of the Persons introduc'd in such Poems: That this Simplicity, skilfully drawn, will make the Picture more natural, and consequently more pleasing: That even the low Images in such a Representation are amusing, as they contribute to deceive the Reader, and make him fancy himself really in such a Place, and among such Persons as are describ'd; the Pleasure in this case being like that express'd by *Milton* of one walking out into the Fields;

———*Who long in populous Cities pent,
Where Houses thick, and Sewers annoy*

*Forth issuing on a Summer's Morn to breathe
 Among the pleasant Villages and Farms
 Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives Delight;
 The Smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine,
 Or Dairy, each rural Sight, each rural Smell.*

This indeed seems to be the true Reason of the Entertainment which Pastoral Poetry gives to its Readers: for as Mankind is departed from the Simplicity, as well as the Innocence, of a State of Nature, and is immers'd in Cares and Pursuits of a very different kind; it is a wonderful Amusement to the Imagination, to be sometimes transported, as it were, out of modern Life, and to wander in these pleasant Scenes which the Pastoral Poets provide for us, and in which we are apt to fancy ourselves reinstated for a time in our first Innocence and Happiness.

Those who argue against the strict Simplicity of Pastoral Writing, think there is something too low in the Characters and Sentiments of mere Shepherds, to support this kind of Poetry, if not rais'd and improv'd by the Assistance of Art; or at least that we ought to distinguish between what is simple, and what is rustick, and take care that while we represent Shepherds, we do not make them Clowns: That it is a mistake to imagine that the Life of Shepherds is incapable of any Refinement, or that their Sentiments may not sometimes rise above the Country. To justify this, they tell us, that we conceive too low an Idea of this kind of Life, by taking it from that of modern Shepherds, who are the meanest
 and

and poorest sort of People among us. But in the first Ages of the World it was otherwise; that Persons of Rank and Dignity honour'd this Employment; that Shepherds were the Owners of their own Flocks; and that *David* was once a Shepherd, who became afterwards a King, and was himself too the most sublime of Poets. Those who argue for the first kind of Pastoral, recommend *Theocritus* as the best Model; and those who are for the latter, think that *Virgil*, by raising it to a higher Pitch, has improv'd it. I shall not determine this Controversy, but only observe, that the Pastorals of *Spenser* are of the former kind.

It is for the same Reason that the Language of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, which is design'd to be rural, is older than that of his other Poems. Sir *Philip Sidney* however, tho he commends this Work in his *Apology for Poetry*, censures the Rusticity of the Stile as an Affectation not to be allow'd. The Author's profess'd Veneration for *Chaucer* partly led him into this; yet there is a difference among the Pastorals, and the Reader will observe, that the Language of the Fifth and Eighth is more obsolete than that of some others; the reason of which might be, that the Design of those two Eclogues being Allegorical Satire, he chose a more antiquated Dress, as more proper to his Purpose. But however faulty he may be in the Excess of this, it is certain that a sprinkling of the rural Phrase, as it humours the ^{Scene} and Characters, has a very great Beauty in rural Poetry; and of this any one may be

by reading the Pastorals of Mr. *Philips*, which are written with great Delicacy of Taste, in the very Spirit and Manner of *Spenser*.

Having said that *Spenser* has mingled Satire in some of his Eclogues. I know not whether this may not be another Objection to them: it may be doubted whether any thing of this kind shou'd be admitted to disturb the Tranquillity and Pleasure which shou'd every where reign in Pastoral Poems; or at least nothing shou'd be introduc'd more than the light and pleasant Galleries of Contentions of Shepherds about their Flocks, their Mistresses, or their Skill in piping and singing. I cannot wholly justify my Author in this, yet must say that the Excellency of the Moral in those Pastorals does in a great measure excuse his transgressing the strict Rules of Criticism. Besides, as he design'd under an Allegory to censure the vicious Lives of bad Priests, and to expose their Usurpation of Pomp and Dominion, nothing cou'd be more proper to this purpose than the Allegory he has chosen; the Author of our Holy Religion having himself dignify'd the Parable of a good Shepherd; and the natural Innocence, Simplicity, Vigilance, and Freedom from Ambition, which are the Characters of that kind of Life, being a very good Contrast to the Vices and Luxury, and to that Degeneracy from their first Pattern, which the Poet wou'd there reprehend.

I have already mention'd the Poem call'd, *Colin Clout's come home again*; which, tho not so perfectly Pastoral as the *Shepherd's Calendar*, is not very agreeable and amusing. In this Piece
the

the Author has taken occasion to celebrate the reigning Wits and Beauties of that Age; but Time has blended them both in that common Obscurity, that we can trace out but few of them by their true Names. The Reader will perceive, that by the *Shepherd of the Ocean* is meant Sir *Walter Raleigh*; who, as I have said in the Life of the Author, was newly become *Spenser's* Friend, and was at that time rising into great Favour at Court. The Name of *Cynthia*, given to Queen *Elizabeth*, is the same under which *Raleigh* himself had celebrated her in a Poem commended more than once by our Author. By *Astrophel* is meant Sir *Philip Sidney*, who dy'd about four Years before this Poem was written; by *Urania*, his Sister, the Countess of *Pembroke*; by *Stella*, the Lady *Rich*, whom *Sidney* himself has celebrated in his Poems; and by *Mansilia*, the Marchioness of *Northampton*: Mr. *Daniel*, the Poet and Historian, is mention'd by his own Name; as also *William Alabaster*, the Author of a Poem call'd *Eliseis*, on which *Spenser* has bestow'd such unparallel'd Praises, that I wish I cou'd give the Reader any further Information about it, than only that this Person is likewise mention'd by *Anthony a Wood* in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, who says he left a *Latin* Poem, under that Title, unfinish'd at his Death; but I do not find it has ever been publish'd.

In the Poem call'd *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, we have a Specimen of our Author's Genius in
Satire,

Satire, a Talent he very seldom exercis'd. This Fable is after the old manner of *Chaucer*, of whom it is an excellent Imitation; and perhaps the antiquated Stile has no ill Effect in improving the Humour of the Story. The Morality of it is admirable. Every one will observe that Keeness of Wit with which he has represented the Arts of ill Courtiers. In the Description of a good Courtier, which is so finely set off by the contrary Characters, it is believ'd the Author had in his View Sir *Philip Sidney*, of whom this seems to be a very just as well as beautiful Picture.

There are several other Pieces of our Author which appear not unworthy of the same Genius, especially that admirable *Epithalamion* on his own Marriage; his *Hymns*; his *Daphnaida*; and his *Elegies on Sir Philip Sidney*: but these I shall leave to the Reader's own Observation, and only say something of the *Sonnets*, a Species of Poetry so entirely diffus'd, that it seems to be scarce known among us at this time. Here again we find our Author copying the *Italians*. The *Sonnet* consists generally of one Thought, and that always turn'd in a single Stanza, of fourteen Lines, of the Length of our Heroicks, the Rhime being interchang'd alternately; and in this it differs from the *Canzone*, which are not confin'd to any Number of Lines or Stanza's. The famous *Petrarch* is the Original of this kind of little Odes, and has fill'd a whole Book with them in honour of his *Laura*, with whom he was in Love,

as himself tells us *, for twenty one Years; and whose Death he lamented, with the same Zeal, for ten Years afterwards. The uncommon Ardor of his Passion, as well as the Fineness of his Wit and Language, establish'd him the Master of Love-Poetry among the Moderns. Accordingly we find his Manner of Writing copy'd soon after by the Wits of *Spain, France, and England*; and the *Sonnet* grown so much into fashion, that *Sidney* himself, who had written a great Number on his beloved *Stella*, has pleasantly rally'd his Contemporaries in the following one; which for the Sprightliness of it, and the beautiful Turn in the Close, the Reader may not be displeas'd to find here inserted.

*You that do search for ev'ry purling Stream,
Which from the Root of old Parnassus flows,
And ev'ry Flower, not sweet perhaps, which grows
Near thereabouts, into your Poems wring;
You that do Dictionaries Method bring
Into your Rhimes, running in ratling Rows,
You that poor Petrarch's long-deceased Woes
With new-born Sighs and Wit disguised sing,
You take wrong Ways; those far-fetch'd Helps be
such
As do bewray a Want of inward Touch,*

* *Tennemi amor anni vent'uno ardendo
Lieto nel foco, e nel duol pien di speme;
Poi che Madonna, e'l mio cor seco insieme
Saltro al Ciel, dieci altri anni piangendo. &c.*

Sonetto 313.

*And sure at length stol'n Goods do come to light.
But if, both for your Love and Skill, your Name
You seek to nurse at the full Breasts of Fame,
Stella behold, and then begin t' indite.*

I have the rather set down the foregoing Lines, because the Thought they are turn'd upon is likewise the Rule for this kind of Writings, which are only recommended by their natural Tenderness, Simplicity and Correctness. Most of *Spenser's Sonnets* have this Beauty. *Milton* has writ some, both in *Italian* and *English*, and is, I think, the last who has given us any Example of them in our own Language.

As for the Poem call'd *Britain's Ida*, tho it has formerly appear'd with our Author's Works, and is therefore now reprinted, I am apt to believe, notwithstanding the Opinion of its first Publisher, that it is not *Spenser's*.

I shall only add a few Words concerning the Edition, in which these several Pieces now appear. It is hoped the Reader will find it much more correct than some former Editions. The *Shepherd's Calendar* had been so extremely corrupted, that it is now in a manner wholly restor'd. Care has been taken not only to collect every thing of this Author which has appear'd before, and to preserve the Text entire, but to follow likewise, for the most part, the old Spelling. This may be thought too strict and precise; yet there was a Reason for it, not only to shew the true State
of

of our Language, as *Spenser* wrote it, but to keep the exact Sense, which wou'd sometimes be chang'd by the Variation of a Syllable or a Letter. It must be own'd however that *Spenser* himself is irregular in this, and often writes the same Word differently, especially at the end of a Line; where, according to the Practice of that Age, he frequently alters the Spelling for the sake of the Rhime, and even sometimes only to make the Rhime appear more exact to the Eye of the Reader. In this, the old Editions are not every where follow'd; but when the Sense is render'd obscure by such Alterations, the Words are restor'd to their proper Orthography.

The *Glossary*, which is here added, contains the greatest part of the old or obscure Words; some of which, for the Satisfaction of the Curious, are illustrated by their Etymologies. Yet I must observe, that in this way of explaining the Language of an Author, there is need of great Caution; for Words are often vary'd by Time from their original Sense, as Tides from the Sea wear away their first Tincture by the Length of their Course, and by mingling with the fresh Waters that fall in with them. *Spenser's* old Words are of a mix'd Derivation, from the *Latin, Saxon, Runick, French* and *German* Languages; many of these he receiv'd from *Chaucer*; and many others are of his own making. He likewise uses the same Word in different Senses; so that it wou'd not be sufficient to explain him by the help of Dictionaries only, without permitting him to

be his own Interpreter. The liberty he has taken is indeed very great, and the *Poetical Licences*, such as lengthning or contracting Words, by the adding or dropping a Syllable (a Practice he seems to have learn'd from the *Italians*) wou'd be unpardonable in a Writer of less Merit. Yet, with all its Imperfections, it must be said, that his Diction is, for the most part, strong, significant and harmonious; and much more sublime and beautiful than that of any *English* Poet, who had written before him.





A
G L O S S A R Y

Explaining the

OLD *and* OBSCURE *Words*

I N

S P E N S E R ' s W O R K S .

[*N. B. Lat. stands for Latin, Fr. French, Ital. Italian, Sax. Saxon.*]

A.



Bear, to bear, carry, demcan.

Abet, to vindicate.

Abraid, recover'd, rais'd out of, awaked.

Abusion, Deceit, Abuse.

Aby, to abide, suffer, or endure. Dear aby,
pay dear for.

Accloy, to cloy, fill up.

Accoied, daunted.

Accoil'd, standing in a Circle.

H 3

Accrued, *collected, flowing together.*

Adaw, *sometimes signifies to abate.*

Adaw'd, *aw'd.*

Adore, *for adorn.* Fairy Queen, B. 4. Can. II. Stan. 46.

Adrad or Adred, *affrighted.*

Advizement, *Counsel, Advice.*

Affrap, (*from the French, frapper*) *to strike.*

Affray, *Terror, Tumult; to frighten.* (Fr.)

Affy, *to betroth.*

Aghast, *affrighted, astonish'd.*

Aggrate, *to gratify, to please.*

Aggrize, *to astonish, or to give abhorrence.* (Sax.)

Aglets, (*Fr. Aguiette*) *Points.*

Aguisse, *to put on an Appearance.*

Aguis'd, *set forth, adorn'd, seeming; as well aguis'd,*
i. e. of good guise, well-seeming.

Albe, *albo'.*

Aleg, (*Fr. allegier*) *to alleviate, lighten.*

Alegeance, *Mitigation.*

Algates, *nevertheless; sometimes it signifies by all means,*
wholly or ever.

All, *sometimes us'd for albo.*

Alla Turchesca, *in the Turkish Manner.*

Als, *for also.*

Amate, *to distress, terrify, subdue.*

Amears'd, *fined.*

Amenage, *manage.*

Amenaunce, *Carriage, Behaviour.*

Amis, *Apparel.*

Apay, *to requite, satisfy.*

Appal, *to fail, terrify.*

Appeach, *to accuse.*

Arear, *backwards; a lagging, or backward Pace.*

Aread or areed, *to advise, appoint, to tell or to guess.*
(Sax.)

areeds, *Advices, Discourses,*

Arew,

- Arew**, *in a Row.*
Arraught, *reach'd, snatch'd, seiz'd.*
Arret, *sometimes signifies Decree.*
Ascaunce, *awry.*
Aslake, *to appease.*
Affay, *(from assail) attack.*
Aston'd or astound, *astonish'd.*
Affoiled, *absolv'd, discharg'd, try'd.*
Affot, *to besot, deceive, make a fool of.*
Astert, *to startle.*
Atone, *(i. e. at one) together.*
Attach'd, *seiz'd.*
Atween, *between.*
Avail, *(a Noun) Price, Value, Equivalent.*
Avale, *(a Verb) to lower or bring down, or to descend. (Fr.)*
Avaunting, *for advancing.*
Avengement, *Revenge.*
Avise, *(Fr. aviser) to behold, or observe, to be sensible of.*
Aumail'd, *enamell'd. (Fr.)*
Avour, *(from the Fr. avouer) Confession.*
Awhape, *to astonish, terrify.*
Ay, *ever.*
Aygulets, *Points. (Fr.)*

B.

- B** **Afful'd**, *baffled, beat.*
Bale, *Sorrow, Misfortune; it originally signifies Burden.*
Baleful, *sorrowful, unfortunate, full of Harm.*
Barbs, *Bosses or Ornaments in the Trappings of a Horse.*
Barbed, *embossed.*
Barbican, *an outer Gate, or Porch, or a Watch-Tower.*
Basen, *as, Big Looks basen wide (Mother Hubbard's Tale, p. 1190.) i. e. extended as with Wonder.*
Basted, *sowed, wrought.*
Bate, *did beat.*

Bauldrick, a Belt; **Bauldrick of the Heavens, the Zodiack,**
in which are the twelve Signs.

Bay, to bark. *In one place, viz. Fairy Queen, Book I.
 Canto 7. Stanza 3. Spenser uses it to signify to bathe,
 cherish or foment, perhaps from the German baben,
 which has the same Signification.*

**Bead-men, praying Men, i. e. Persons separated to De-
 votion.**

Beath'd in Fire, barden'd in the Fire.

Beauperes, Companions, Equals.

Beavy, a Company.

Bed for bid, to pray.

Bedight, dress'd, adorn'd.

Behest, Command.

**Behight or behote, call'd, named; and sometimes bid, pro-
 mis'd, gave.**

Bell-Accoil, fair Reception. (Fr.)

Bellamour, Lover.

Belamy, Friend.

**Beldame, formerly signify'd the same as Dame now, an
 Appellation of Respect to Women of ordinary Rank.**

Belgards, (from the Fr. belles Regards) beautiful Looks.

**Bellibone, (Shepherd's Calendar, p. 1061.) fair Maid; a
 Compound of the Fr. belle & bonne, i. e. fair and good.**

Bends, Bars plac'd cross ways.

Benempt, bequeath'd, named.

**Bent, (from bend) is sometimes put for yielding or com-
 plying.**

Bents, (a German Word) Bulrushes.

Bere, sometimes signifies Weight, Pressure or Bearing.

**Beseen, as Courtesy well beseen, i. e. Courtesy bearing a
 good Aspect, handsom Treatment.**

Besprint, or besprent, besprinkled.

**Bestad, beset, oppress'd; ill bestad, ill beset, or put into an
 ill Condition.**

Beteem, deliver,

Betight,

- Betight, *betide, befall.*
 Bickerment, *Strife.*
 Bilive, *forthwith, immediately.*
 Blatant-Beast, *Detraction represented as a Monster.*
 Blent, *for blended, mingled; sometimes blent signifies blinded.*
 Bles; Spenser has us'd this Word to signify the waving or brandishing of a Sword, *Fairy Queen, Book 1. Canto 5. Stanza 6.*
 Blin, *to cease. (Sax.)*
 Blift or blest, *(Fr. blessé) wounded.*
 Bloosm, *for Blossom.*
 Bolts, *Arrows.*
 Bond, *for bound.*
 Boonibel, *a fair Maid. Vide Bellibone.*
 Boon, *(Sax. Bene) sometimes signifies Prayer.*
 Boot, *to avail.*
 Bootless, *unavailing, unprofitable.*
 Bord, *Fest.*
 Bord, *(a Verb) to accost; from the Fr. aborder, to approach.*
 Bordragings, *(Fairy Queen, Book 2. Canto 10. Stanza 63.) this seems to be a made Word, to signify Incurfions, or ravaging the Borders.*
 Borrel, *rude, clownish.*
 Borrow, *Pledge, Surety, Debt.*
 Bos of a Shield, *the convex or rais'd part.*
 Boughts, *Circular Folds or Windings.*
 Bourn, *Torrent. (Sax.)*
 Brac'd or brast, *burst.*
 Brade, *for broad.*
 Brag, *proudly.*
 Brand, *sometimes signifies a Firebrand, and is sometimes us'd by Spenser for a Sword, from the old Runick*
 Brandur, *a Sword; from whence perhaps is deriv'd the Word brandish.*
 Bransles, *(Fr.) Brawls, a sort of Tune.*

lxxxvi A G L O S S A R Y.

Breem or breme, *fierce, fiercely.*

Bren, *burn.*

Brent, *burnt.*

Brocage, (*Mother Hubbard's Tale*, p. 1194.) *Pimping.*

Brond. *Vid. Brand.*

Brondiron, *Sword.*

Buffe, *a Blow.*

Bug, *Bug-bear.*

Burgeon, *to spring or shoot out. (Fr.)*

Buskets, (*a Diminutive*) *little Bushes.*

Buxom, *yielding. (Sax.)*

Bynempt, *named.*

C.

CAitiff or Caitive, (*Lat. Captivus*) *Slave or Captive.*

Camus, *a thin Gown.*

Canon, *Rule, Ruling.*

Cark, *Care. (Sax.)*

Carl, *a Clown. (Sax.)*

Carol, *to sing Songs of Joy.*

Carven, *to cut.*

Causen, (*Fr. causer*) *to argue or debate.*

Certes, *certainly.*

Chaffred, *sold, exchang'd.*

Chair, *chary or charily.*

Chamfred, *bent, crooked.*

Chauf, *Heat, Wrath. (Fr.)*

Check-laton, *a sort of checker'd Stuff.*

Check-mate, (*Shepherd's Calendar, December*) *Defeat, Overtbrow; a Word borrow'd from the Game of Chess.*

Cheer, *Countenance, Aspect, Health, Temper.*

Chevalry, *an old Fr. Word signifying Knighthood, deriv'd originally from Chevalier, an Horseman.*

Chevalrous, *knightly.*

Chevifaunce, *Achievement, Performance; sometimes it signifies Acquisition.*

Cleped

- Cleped, (*Sax. clepian, to call*) called, named.
 Complot, *Plot*.
 Combrous, *cumberfome*.
 Con, *to learn, to know*.
 Concreve, (*from the Lat. concrefco*) to grow together.
 Congè, *Leave. (Fr.)*
 Conn'd, *learn'd*.
 Conteck, *Contention, Strife*.
 Convenable, *agreeable. (Fr.)*
 Corb, *crooked*.
 Corbs, *an Ornament in Architecture*.
 Coronal, *Crown, Garland*.
 Coffet, *a Lamb brought up without the Ewe*.
 Cotes, *Sheep-folds*.
 Covetife, *Covetoufnefs*.
 Coul'd, *as coul'd his Good to all, i. e. difpens'd his Bounty;*
perhaps from the Fr. couler, to fream.
 Count, *Account; of count, i. e. of Account or Value.*
 Counterfeifance, *counterfeiting*.
 Cour'd, *for cover'd*.
 Couth, (*from ken or con*) to know or be skilful in.
 Cragg, *Neck*.
 Crake, *to crack or boaft*.
 Craven, *Coward, or cowardly*.
 Credence, *Belief*.
 Crumental, *Purfe*.
 Culter, *a Plough-share*.
 Culver, (*a Sax. Word*) *Dove, Pigeon*:

D.

DA N, *an old Title fignifying Master, like the Spanifh Don.*

Darraign or darreigne, *to attempt or challenge (as it is us'd in Chaucer) or to prepare for Fight; from daren dare, or from the Fr. d'arranger, to draw up or in order.*

lxxxviii A G L O S S A R Y.

- Dearnly, *earnestly*.
 Dearling, *Darling*.
 Decrew'd, *decreas'd*.
 Deemen, *deem, suppose*.
 Defeafance, *defeating*.
 Deffly, *finely or nimbly*.
 Delices, (*Fr.*) *Delights, from the Lat. Deliciæ*.
 Dell or Delve, *Pit, or Hole in the Ground*.
 Demean, *for Demeanour; sometimes it signifies to debate*.
 Derring-do, *bold Deeds, Manhood, Chivalry*.
 Dempt, *deemed, thought*.
 Depeinten, *painted*.
 Describe, *describe*.
 Defs, *Seat*.
 Devifeful, *full of Invention or Contrivance*.
 Devoir, *Duty. (Fr.)*
 Diapafe, *a Word borrow'd from Diapafon in Musick, which signifies the most perfect Harmony*.
 Dight or dite, *to make ready, dress, adorn. (Sax.)*
 Dirk, *dark, or to darken*.
 Difavaunce, *to withdraw*.
 Difafe, *for Uneafinefs*.
 Difcure, *for difcover*.
 Difcufs'd, (*Fairy Queen, Book 3. Canto 1. Stanza 48.*)
fhaken off; Lat. difcuffus.
 Difloin'd, *remote*.
 Difple, *to difcipline*.
 Difpredden, (*a made Word*) *spread*.
 Difpurveyance, *want of Provision*.
 Diftraught, *drawn; sometimes it signifies diftracted or confufed*.
 Doen, *done, made, or to make. Doen to die, i. e. made to die, put to death*.
 Dool, *Dole, or Dolour, (Lat. Dolor) Pain, Grief*.
 Doolous, *painful, or full of Grief*.
 Doolous, *put off*.
 Doolous, *put on*.
 Dortours,

Dortours, (*Fr.*) *Dormitories, Lodgings for Monks.*

Doughty, *valiant, stout.*

Drad, for *Dread, to be fear'd.* (*Sax.*)

Drapets, (*Fr.*) *Linen Clotbes.*

Drear, *Sorrow.*

Dreary, *mournful.*

Drent, *drown'd.*

Dreriment, *Sorrowfulness.*

Drowsy-hed, *Drowsiness.*

Durefs (*Fr.*) *Confinement, Imprisonment.*

E.

EATH, *easy.* (*Sax.*)

Earst, *formerly, awhile ago.*

Eke, *also; sometimes it is a Verb, and signifies to augment or increase.*

Est, *after, again.*

Eftsoons, *quickly.*

Eld, *Old Age.* (*Sax.*)

Elfs, *Fairies, from the Sax. Ælfenne, which signifies Spirits.*

Elfin, *the Adjective of Elf; as Elfin Knight, i. e. Fairy Knight.*

Embrave, (*a made Word*) *to make brave or fine, to dress.*

Embay, *to cherish, foment, or bathe.*

Emboss, *this Word in one place (viz. Fairy Queen, Book 3.*

Canto 1. Stanza 64.) seems deriv'd from the Lat. imbuere, to stain or imbrue; and so signifies to dip their Hands in the Spoil, or take Possession of it.

Emboft, *cover'd, overlaid; a Word borrow'd from rais'd Works in Architecture or Carving. In one place (Fairy Queen, Book 3. Canto 12. Stanza 17.) it seems to signify pursued.*

Eme, *an Uncle by the Mother's Side.* (*Sax.*)

Empare, *impair, weaken.*

Empeach, (*from the Fr. empecher*) *to hinder.*

Empight, *fix'd, placed.*

- Emprise, Enterprife, Undertaking.** (Fr.)
Enaunter, *left that.*
Encheafon, (Old Fr.) *Occasion, Accident.*
Endofs, (Colin Clout, p. 1137.) *for endorse ; to write or engrave upon.*
Endur'd, barden'd (Lat. *induro.*)
Enfouldred Smoke, (*Fairy Queen, Book 1. Canto 11. Stanza 40.*) *i. e. Smoke mix'd with Flames, and thrown out like Lightning ; from the Fr. fouldroyer, to dart Thunderbolts, or to blast with Lightning.*
Engorged, *sicking in one's Throat.*
Engraffed, ingrafted, implanted.
Enhaunc'd, rais'd.
Enfample, Example.
Enseems, (*Fairy Queen, Book 4. Canto 11. Stanza 35.*) *a made Word, signifying to breed, perhaps from en or in, and the Fr. semer, to sow Seed.*
Entail, (Ital. *Intaglia*) *Engraving.*
Enterdeal, Mediation.
Enterprife, *sometimes signifies to give Reception to any one.*
Entertake, *to entertain.*
Eschew, avoid.
Esloin, (*from the Fr. esloigner*) *to withdraw to a distance.*
Essoin, excuse.
Ewftes, Lizards.
Excheat, Accident ; or a Property fallen to one in anything.
Extirpe, (Lat. *extirpare*) *to root out.*
Extreat, Extraction.
Eyne, Eyes.
Eyas Hawk, a Term in Falconry, signifying a young Hawk newly fledg'd, and fit for Flight.

F.

F A D E, *is sometimes us'd by Spenser, and others for vanish. Thus Shakespear—It faded at the crowning of the Cock. Hamlet.*

Falsed

- Falsed his Blows, *i. e. made Feints, or false Blows to deceive his Enemy.*
- Fare, *to go.*
- Fay, *Faith, Truth; sometimes it signifies Fairy.*
- Faytor, *Doer; false Faytor, a Deceiver.*
- Fearen, *to frighten.*
- Fœulent (*Lat.*) *foul, full of Dregs.*
- Feer, *Companion.*
- Fell, (*Lat.*) *Gall.*
- Ferm, *as fleshy Ferm, F. Queen, B. 3. C. 5. St. 23. i. e. fleshy Prison, perhaps from the Fr. fermer, to lock up.*
- Fiaunt, *Warrant.*
- Flatling, *flat.*
- Flight, *Arrow.*
- Flit, *to fluctuate, to be in motion.*
- Flouretts, (*a Diminutive*) *Blossoms, or little Flowers.*
- Foemen, *Foes.*
- Foil, (*Lat. Folium*) *Leaf; Golden Foil, Leaf-Gold.*
- Foin'd, *push'd.*
- Fon, *Fool.*
- Fone, *Foes.*
- Fond, *for found.*
- Fordo, *undo.*
- Fordone, *undone.*
- Forehent, *seiz'd, caught hold of.*
- Forefay, *renounce.*
- Forefaid, *forbid.*
- Foreby, *before and near to any Place.*
- Forethink, *to repine, or be concern'd at any thing.*
- Forlore, *put by poetick Licence for Forlorn.*
- Forlorn, (*Sax.*) *lost, abandon'd, in a desperate Condition.*
- Forray, *to forage, to prey upon; sometimes it is a Noun, and signifies Forage or Foraging.*
- Forwolk, *wear'y'd, over-labour'd.*
- Forwat, *exhausted with Sweat.*
- Fortilage, *Fort.*

Forworn, much worn.

Foster, for Forester.

Fouldring, (Fr.) thundering, blasting with Lightning.

Foyson, Plenty.

Franklin, a Person of a liberal Condition or Behaviour, a Freeman or Gentleman.

Frannion, one of too free or loose Behaviour.

Fray, to frighten.

Frenne, Stranger.

Frize, sometimes put for freeze.

Frowy, musty.

G.

GAGE, Pledge. (Fr.)

Galage, a Wooden Shoe, from the Fr. Galoche.

Gan, for began.

Garrs, causes; as garrs thee greet (*Shepherd's Calendar*)
i. e. makes thee weep or complain.

Gazement, gazing.

Gear, Furniture, Equipage, Dress.

Geason, perplexing.

Gelt, Gold.

Gent, for gentle.

German, Brother, or near Kinsman.

Gests, (Lat. Gestæ) Deeds, Actions, Exploits.

Giambeux, (Fr. Jambes) Legs.

Giusts and Turnaments, an old manner of single Combat
on Horseback with Spears and Swords.

Glade, an opening in a Wood.

Glaive, Sword. (Fr.)

Glitterand, glittering; a Participle us'd by Chaucer and
the old Poets.

Glee, (Sax.) Gladness.

Glenne, a Country Hamlet or Borough.

mode, (*Fairy Queen, Book 4. Canto 4. Stanza 23.*) signi-
glanc'd, or is writ by poetick Licence for glowed.

Gnarre,

- Gnarre, (*a made Word*) to snarl or bark.
 Gondelay, (*Ital. Gondola*) Boat.
 Goodlihead, Goodness.
 Gorge, (*Fr.*) Throat.
 Grail, is sometimes us'd for Gravel.
 Greave, for Grove.
 Gree, (*from the Fr. Gré.*) Liking, Satisfaction, Pleasure;
 as with goodly Gree (*Fr. à bon Gré*) with Complacency
 or Delight. Sometimes Gree is us'd for Degree.
 Greet, to exclaim, cry out, complain.
 Griefful, full of Grief.
 Grippe, signifies one that snatches any thing greedily, or a
 griping Miser.
 Groom, Shepberd, Herdsman.
 Guerdon, (*Fr.*) Reward, Prize.
 Guilen, to beguile or deceive.
 Guileful, deceitful,
 Guise, Form, Habit, Condition.
 Gyre, (*Lat. Gyros*) a Circle, Ring; a turning round.

H.

- H**Abergeon, a piece of Armour covering the Head and
 Shoulders.
 Hable, (*Lat. habilis*) apt, nimble.
 Had-ywift, a made Word of Humour us'd by the Author
 in Mother Hubberd's Tale, to signify Preferment at
 Court; perhaps from wift (or thought) I had it.
 Halfendeal, half, a Compound Word; en deal (*from the
 Sax. Dæl*) signifies in Partition.
 Hallidom, Holy Dame; as by my Hallidom, an Oath by
 the Virgin Mary.
 Han, for have.
 Haqueton, a Piece of Armour.
 Harbrough, Harbour.
 Hardiment or Hardyhead, Hardiness, Boldness, Daring.
 Harrow, to lay waste, to destroy.

Harrow! (*an Interjection*) *Alas!* an old Word from Chaucer; Haro is a Form of Exclamation anciently us'd in Normandy to call for Help, or to raise the Hue and Cry.

Hask, signifies a Wicker Basket to carry Fish; Shepherd's Calendar, November, in Fishes Hask, i. e. in the Sign Pisces.

Haught, put by poetical Licence for baughty.

Heben, (*Lat. Hebenum*) Ebony.

Hem, them.

Hend, to bold, or to take bold of; in Colin Clout, p. 1128. hend is put for bemm'd or surrounded.

Hent, seiz'd, caught bold of.

Hersal, for Rebearsal.

Hery or herie, to praise or celebrate. (*Sax.*)

Hest or Heast, Command, Precept.

Heydeguies, a sort of Country Dances.

Hidder and Shidder, He and She.

Hie, to go, to hasten.

Hight, (*Sax.*) is nam'd or call'd.

Hilding, a Term of Reproach abbreviated from Hinderling, which signifies degenerate.

Hood, Condition, State: This Word is often us'd in Compounds, as Knight-Hood, Priest-Hood, Widow-Hood, &c.

Hore or Hoar, white; sometimes it signifies squalid, filthy, rough.

Hot or Hote, (*from hight*) was call'd or nam'd. Hote sometimes signifies did name, or make mention of.

Hove, for beave.

Houling Fire, Sacramental Fire, us'd in a religious Ceremony. Husel in Sax. signifies the Eucharist.

Humblefs, Humility.

Hurlen forth, rush forth.

Hurling, thrusting; sometimes it signifies skirmishing.

I.

Javel (*p.* 1191.) *seems to signify a Slandering Fellow.*

Idless, Idleness.

Impe, *Child or Offspring, from the Sax. impan, to graft or plant.*

Impeach, *is sometimes us'd by Spenser in the Sense of the Fr. empecher, to hinder.*

Incontinent, (*Lat. incontinenter*) *instantly.*

Ingate, *Entrance.*

Intendiment, (*Fr.*) *Understanding.*

Intuse, *Bruise. (Lat.)*

Jouissance, } *Rejoicing, Diversion. (Fr.)*

Joyance, }

Ire, (*Lat. Ira*) *Anger.*

K.

K E E P, *Custody or Charge; to take Keep, to take Charge of, to look after any thing.*

Keight, *caught.*

Kenn, *to know, to spy, or discover.*

Kerns, *an Irish Word signifying Countrymen or Boors.*

Kest, *for cast.*

Kefars, *Cæsars, Emperors.*

Kestrel, *a sort of Hawk of the baser Breed.*

Kidst, *dost know.*

Kilt, *for kill'd.*

Kirtle, *a Woman's Gown.*

Kon'd (*for ken'd*) *knew.*

L.

L A D, *for led.*

Laid, *taint.*

Latched, *caught.*

Lay or Lea, *a Field, a Piece of Land, or Meadow.*

Leach, (*Sax. Læce*) *Physician.*

Leasing,

- Leasing, *Lye*; from the Sax. Lease, *false*.
 Ledden, *Language*. (Sax.)
 Leef, *willing*.
 Leer or lear, *Doctrine, Learning from the Sax.* Ieran, to teach.
 Leese, *lost*.
 Leman, (from the Fr. L'amant) *Lover, Mistress*.
 L'Envoy, (Fr.) *the Epilogue after a Copy of Verses*.
 Lenger, *longer*.
 Lest, *listen*.
 Lever, (Sax.) *rather*.
 Levin, *Lightning*.
 Levin-Brond, *Thunderbolt*.
 Libbard, *Leopard*.
 Lich, *like*.
 Lief, *beloved* (Sax. Leof signifies dear) Liefest Life, i. e. dearest Love.
 Lig, or liggen, to lie.
 Lilled out his Tongue, for loll'd out, &c.
 Limiter, (Mother Hubbard's Tale) *one that goes about selling Indulgences. Vid. Skinner's Etymologicon, &c.*
 Lin, to lean, give way (Sax. Hlynan) sometimes it signifies to cease, or give over.
 Lived mortally, i. e. lived among Mortals.
 Livelihood, *Liveliness, Livelihood*.
 Loord; as lazy Loord, *idle Fellow*.
 Lope, *leaped*.
 Lore or lorn, *lost*; Sax. lorian signifies to perish, to be lost.
 Lorel, } a Lyar, Cheat, a loose Fellow.
 Lofel, }
 Lout, to bow or bend; a Word us'd by Chaucer.
 Lover or Looover, a Chimney, or opening in the Roof of a Cottage.
 Lowness, *Laziness*.
 Lustiness, *Vigour*.
 Lustiness, i. e. not lusty) *weak*.

Lyeke, *like*.

Lythe, *soft*.

M.

M A G E, (*Lat. Magus*) *Magician, Enchanter.*

Mahoune, *Mabomet*; by Mahoune, by *Mabomet*,
a *Saracen Oarb.*

Make, (*a Noun*) a *Mate, Consort*; from the *Sax. Maca.*

Make, (*a Verb*) to *compose Verses*; a *literal Translation of*
the Greek *ποιεῖν*, whence our English *Word Poet.*

Malefices, *evil Deeds.*

Malengine, *evil Artifice or Stratagem.*

Maltalent, *Ill-will.*

Martelled, (*Fr.*) *hammer'd, beat.*

Mated, *conquer'd, subdu'd.*

Maugre, (*Fr. Malgré*) *in spite of.*

Mazer, a *Wooden Bowl.*

Meare, (*Sax. Mera*) *Boundary.*

Medle, *to mingle.*

Medled or medlyed, *mingled.*

Meed, *Reward, Prize.*

Ment or meint, *mingled.*

Mell, (*Fr. mesler*) *to intermeddle.*

Merciabile, *merciful.*

Mesprise, *Scorn.* (*Fr.*)

Mickle, *Much.*

Mieve, *for move.*

Minish'd, *for diminish'd.*

Miniments, *Toys.*

Mirk, *dark, obscure.*

Mirksome, *obscure, filthy.*

Miscreated, *created amiss, ill-begotten.*

Miscreant, *originally signifies Infidel, or one of a wrong*
Belief.

Misdone, *for misdo, i. e. to do amiss.*

Misfare, *Misfortune.*

Misleek.

Mislike, *Dislike.*

Mister; *as Mister Wight, Kind of Person; Mister Malady, Kind of Malady.*

Mistereth not, *needs not.*

Misween, *to misjudge.*

Mochel, *much.*

Mold-warps, *Moles.*

Morion, (*Fr.*) *Headpiece, Helmet.*

Mott, *did mete or measure.*

Mountenance, *the Amount of any thing, Quantity, Distance.*

Muchel, *much.*

Mured up, *closed up.*

N.

[N. B. *The Letter N is often added by Spenser at the End of a Word (sometimes to lengthen it a Syllable) as Eyen, Eyes, Skyen, Skies, &c. and especially in Verbs; as viewen, to view, doen, to do, &c. in which he follows the old Saxon Termination.*]

NAR, *near or nearer.*

Nas, *has not.*

Nathemore, *not the more.*

Nathless, *not the less, or nevertbeless.*

Ne, *nor.*

Needments, *Necessaries.*

Nempt, *named.*

Net, *clean. (Fr.)*

Newell, *Novelty.*

Nill, *will not.*

Nimblefs, *Nimbleness.*

Noul, (*Sax.*) *the Crown of the Head.*

Noul'd, *would not.*

to nurse.

Nurse; sometimes it signifies that which is

Noyance,

Noyance, *Harm.*

Noy'd, *annoy'd or hurt.*

Noyous, *hurtful or baleful.*

O.

O Ver-craw, *to crow over, to insult.*

Over-hent, *overtook.*

Overgraft, *overgrown with Grass.*

Overwent, *overwhelm'd.*

Ought, *owned.*

Out-well, *flow out, yield out, discharge.*

Owches, *Bosses, or Buttons of Gold.*

P.

P Ais'd, *for pois'd.*

Palfrey, *a Horse; most commonly it signifies such Horses as are kept for Women.*

Pall, (*Lat. Pallium*) *a Robe.*

Palmer, *Pilgrim. Those who return'd from the Holy War were first call'd so, because they bore Branches or Staves of Palm-trees in their Hands, as a Signal that they had fought against the Infidels in the Holy-Land.*

Pannikell, *Skull, Crown of the Head.*

Paragon, (*Fr.*) *Example, Pattern, Precedent, Comparison; sometimes it signifies Companion, as Fairy Queen, Book 3. Canto 10. Stanza 35.*

Paravaunt, (*Fr.*) *by chance.*

Parbreak, *Vomit.*

Peark, *brisk.*

Peaze, (*for Poise*) *Weight.*

Peece, *is sometimes us'd for a Place of Strength, a Fort, or Post.*

Peregal, *equal.*

Persent, *piercing; in one Place, viz. Fairy Queen, Book Canto 9. Stanza 20. it is us'd for pierced.*

Perdie, (*Fr. par Dieu*) *an old Oath.*

C

A G L O S S A R Y.

- Pheer, Companion.**
Pight, pitched, placed, fix'd.
Pill, to rob, to pillage.
Pionings, Works of Pioneers.
Plain, to complain.
Plaint, Complaint.
Pleasance, Pleasure.
Plight, Circumstances, Condition.
Poinant, sharp, piercing.
Point, as armed to point, i. e. armed compleatly.
Portrefs, a Prayer-Book, or Pocket-Book of Devotion; from
the Fr. porter, to carry.
Portaunce, Behaviour; from the Fr. se porter, to behave
one's self.
Pouffe, Pease.
Prease, Crowd.
Preacing, crowding.
Pricking on the Plain, i. e. riding on the Plain. Milton
has borrow'd this Word from Spenser:

————— Before each Van
Prick forth the airy Knights, &c.
Paradise Lost, Book 2.

- Prief, Proof.**
Prieve, to prove.
Prow, valiant, prowest most valiant; from whence Prow-
es, Valour.
Proyn'd, pruned.
Puissance, (Fr.) Power, Might.
Puissant, (Fr.) powerful, mighty.
Pursted, flourish'd with a Needle; from the Fr. pourfiler.

Q.

- Q**Uaid, *subdu'd (a made Word, perhaps, instead of*
quail'd or quell'd.)
Quail, to languish.

Quaint,

Quaint, nice, curious.

Queint, quenched.

Queem or queam, please. (Sax.)

Quell, sometimes us'd by Spenser for die, Cwellan in Saxon signifies to kill.

Quest, Exploit.

Quich, to stir.

Quight or quite, to deliver, to free.

Quite, to requite.

Quited, requited, return'd.

Quook, did quake.

R.

R A D, for did read, or guess'd.

Rail, to run along.

Rain, for reign.

Raft, rent, tore.

Ramp, to paw, or to fly out like a mad Horse,

rather, early.

Reached, did reach.

Ray, for array.

Reed or Reed, a Proverb, Doctrine, or Prophecy,

Reed or reed, sometimes signifies to advise, and sometimes to guess or divine.

Rave, to bereave, or take away violently.

Rebut, rebound, recoil, repel. (Fr.)

Reckless, careless. In Mother Hubbard's Tale, p. 1197.

This Word seems improperly us'd, and is either put by a Licence of the Writer for reflex, or proceed wrong in all the Copies.

Reck, to reckon, account.

Recover'd, recover'd.

Reckant, out of Hope, untrusting, cowardly; from re, which sometimes a Negative, and cant, inclining.

Reale, (Fr.) is real, to give way.

Reare, to rearer, to rear.

o L. I.

Reeks, for reckons.

Rest, bereft, depriv'd.

Relate, sometimes signifies to bring back again, or restore.

Reliven, to live again.

Renns, for runs.

Renvers'd, overturn'd. (Fr.)

Remercy'd, thank'd. (Fr.)

Replevy, to redeem a Pledge.

Resiant, Resident.

Retrait, (Ital. Ritratto) Picture, Portrait.

Reverse, (Lat. revertere) to return.

Revest, to clothe again.

Rew, (for rue) to grieve, or pity.

Ribauld, a debauch'd Fellow.

Rife, frequent.

Riotise, Riot, Debauchery.

Riven, rent, split, torn.

Ronts, young Bullocks.

Rosiere, (Fr.) Rose-Tree.

Royne, (Fr. ronger) to bite, or gnaw.

Rue, (sometimes Spenser writes it rew) to grieve, pity.

Ruth, Pity.

S.

S Alew'd, saluted.

Sam, for same; sometimes it signifies together.

Samite, Satin.

Scarmoges, Skirmishes.

Scath, (Sax.) Harm, Mischief.

Scrine, (Lat. Scrinium) Coffin, Chest.

'Sdeign, for Disdain.

Sear, dry, consumed.

Seely, silly.

Selcouth, uncommon; a Compound of Seld and couth, i. e. seldom known.

Sell, Saddle; perhaps from the Lat. Sella, a Seat.

Semblaunt

- Semblaunt or Semblance, *Resemblance, Appearance.*
 Seneschal, *a President, Governor, or Steward.*
 Sew, *to follow.*
 Sheen, *Shining, Brightness.*
 Shend, *to disgrace, to spoil.*
 Shot in Years, *advanc'd in Years.*
 Shrift or Shrivng, *Confession.*
 Shright, *shrick'd; sometimes it is a Noun, and signifies a*
shrieking, or crying out.
 Shrilling, *for shrill.*
 Sib, *of kin.*
 Sich, *for such.*
 Siege, *(Fr.) Seat.*
 Sike, *such.*
 Siker, *sure, surely.*
 Sikerness, *(i. e. Sureness) Safety.*
 Simplefs, *Simplicity.*
 Sin, *for since.*
 Singults, *(Lat.) Sighs.*
 Sith, *(a Contraction of two Words, viz.) since that.*
 Sithence or Sithness, *seeing that, or since; which last Word*
is the Contraction of Sithence.
 Sithes, *Times. (Sax.)*
 Sneb, *to snub, or check.*
 Snubbs, *Knots in Wood.*
 Sold, *Hire, Pay.*
 Soote, *sweet, or sweetly.*
 Sooth, *true, or Truth, an old Sax. Word; from whence it*
deriv'd Sooth-saying.
 Soothly or soothlich, *truly.*
 Sovenance, *Remembrance. (Fr.)*
 Spalles, *Shoulders, a Contraction of the Fr. Espaules.*
 Spar, *the Bar of a Gate.*
 Sper or spar the Gate, *fasten the Gate.*
 Sperst, *for dispers'd.*
 Spill, *to spoil, corrupt, destroy.*

Spire, (*Lat.* *spiro*) to breathe.

Springal, a Youth.

Squire (*Fairy-Queen, Book 2. Canto 1. Stanza 58.*) put for Square, for the sake of Rhime.

Stadle, Staff.

Stales, Tricks; Stala in *Sax.* signifies Theft.

Stank, weary, or faint.

Star-read, Doctrines of the Stars, Astronomy.

Stean, for Stone.

Stent, for flint.

Sterve, die;—Do Men in Bale to sterve (*Fairy-Queen, Book 2. Canto 6. Stanza 34.*) i. e. make Men to die in Sorrow.

Steven, (*Sax.*) Sound, Noise.

Stole, (*Lat.* *Stola*) a Robe.

Stound, Hour, Time, Season; sometimes it signifies Misfortune, as ill Stound, like the *Fr.* Malheur.

Stound, for stunn'd.

Stour or Stower, Trouble, Misfortune, Attack, Fit,

Strene, for Strain, Race, Descent.

Sty, to soar, to ascend.

Subverft, overthrow.

Surbett, wearied.

Surquedry, Pride, Presumption. The literal Sense of this Word is Over-thinking, from the old *Fr.* Surcuider, a Compound of Sur, above, and cuider, to think.

Swelt, burn'd, consum'd with Heat; from whence comes our Sultry, i. e. Sweltry; sometimes it signifies to swoon, faint away, or die.

Swerve, to wander.

Swink, Labour. (*Sax.*)

T.

TEDE, (*Lat.* *Teda*) a Torch.

Teen, Trouble, Mischief; it is used also by Spenser as a Verb, and signifies to excite, or provoke to do a thing.

Thewes,

- Thewes, (*Sax.*) *Qualities, Manners, Customs.*
 Thewed, *manner'd; as well thewed, well manner'd.*
 Thilk, *this, that.*
 Tho, *then; the Sax. is Thonne.*
 Thralled, *enslaved.*
 Thralls, *Slaves.*
 Thrilling or thrillant, *piercing.*
 Tickle, *ticklish, slippery.*
 Tide, *Time; a tide, for awhile.*
 Tides, *Seasons.*
 Tight, *tied.*
 Tine (*a Noun*) for *Teen, Trouble.*
 Tine, (*a Verb*) to *rage, or smart.*
 Tined, (*Fairy Queen, Book 4. Canto 11. Stanza 36.*) *fought.*
 Tort, (*Fr.*) *Wrong.*
 Tortious, *full of Wrong.*
 Totty, *dizzy, tottering.*
 Tramels, *Nets.*
 Transmew, *transform.*
 Treachour or Treachetour, *Traitor.*
 Tread, *Footing, Path.*
 Treague, *Agreement, or Intrigue.*
 Treen, *of a Tree; as treen Mould, i. e. The Mould or Shape of a Tree.*
 Troad or trode, (*of tread*) *Footing.*
 Turnament, *a sort of single Combat on Horseback, and commonly with Lances; call'd so from the frequent turning of their Horses in the Engagement.*
 Twiten, *to blame.*

U.

- V**ADED, *gone; Lat. vado, to go.*
 Vantage, *Profit, Advantage.*
 Ventail, *that part of the Helmet which is made to lift up.*
 Venteth into the Wind, *snuffs the Wind.*
 Vetchy Bed, (*Shepherd's Calendar*) *Bed of Pisse-straw.*

Vild, *vile.*

Virelays, *a sort of Songs.*

Visnomy, *Physiognomy, Visage, Aspect.*

Umbriere, *the Visor of the Helmet.*

Uneath, *difficult, scarcely, with difficulty; sometimes it signifies almost.*

Uncouth, *odd, deform'd, strange; it is of Saxon Derivation, and originally signifies unknown.*

Under-fong, (*Sax.*) *to take in hand, to attempt, to betray.*

Undight, *loosen'd, unty'd.*

Unhele, *to uncover, to expose to view.*

Unken'd, *not known.*

Unkempt, (*Lat. incomptus*) *unadorn'd.*

Unlich, *us'd by poetical Licence for unlike.*

Unsoot, *unsweet.*

Unwares to Wight, *unknown to any body.*

Unweeting, *unknowing, unawares.*

Unwift, *unknown, not thought of.*

Upbrays, *Upbraidings, Reproaches.*

W.

WAGE, *sometimes signifies the same as Gage or Pledge.*

War, *worse.*

Ware, *wary, cautious.*

Wareless, *stupify'd.*

War-hable, *apt for War, a Compound of War and hable, (Lat. habilis) apt, nimble.*

Warray, *to disturb, or make War upon.*

War-old, *old in War, or Strife.*

Watchet, *pale, blue.*

Wawes (*Fairy Queen, Book 2. Canto 12. Stanza 4.*) *put, for the sake of Rhime, for Waves, or perhaps for Woes.*

Wayment, *to bewail; a Compound of Waye or Woe, and lament.*

Weal-away, *alas!*

Ween

Ween or weenen, *to think, to be of Opinion.*

Weet, *to know; to weeten, to wit.*

Weetless, *unknowing.*

West, *waved, avoided; sometimes it signifies wasted.*

West, *(a Noun) a Stray, any thing that wanders and is lost.*

Weld, *to move, to wield, to govern.*

Welk, *to set, decrease, wither.*

Welkin, *Sky.*

Well, *to spring, or flow.*

Welter, *to wallow.*

Wend, *(Sax. Wendan) to turn.*

Went, *Going, Course.*

Wex, *to wax, to grow, to become.*

Whereas, *in our old Writers signifies no more than where.*

Whilom, *e'er-while, formerly, or in a while.*

Wight, *Creature, Person.*

Wightly, *quickly.*

Wimble, *(an Adjective) shifting to and fro.*

Wimpled, *folded over like a Veil.*

Wife, *Guise, Appearance.*

Wist, *thought or knew; from the Sax. Wistan, or the Germ. Wissen, to know.*

Wite, *(a Noun) Blame, Reproach; from the Sax. Witan, to blame, or accuse.*

Wite or witen, *(a Verb) to blame.*

Woe begon, *overwhelm'd with Sorrow.*

Won or wonne, *(a Verb) to dwell, or frequent, from the Sax. Wunian, or the Germ. Wonen, of the same Signification.*

Wonne or Wonning, *(a Noun) Dwelling.*

Wood, *mad.*

Wote, *to know, to be sensible of.*

Woxen, *for wax'd.*

Wreakful, *revengeful.*

Wrizled, *wrinkled.*

Wroken, *wreaked, reveng'd.*

[N. B. The

Y.

[N. B. *The Letter Y is frequently placed in the beginning of a Word by Spenser, to lengthen it a Syllable.*]

YBENT, *bent, inclin'd, addicted.*

Yblent, *blinded.*

Ybrent, *burnt.*

Yclad, *clad, clothed.*

Ycleped, *called, named.*

Ydrad, *feared, dreaded.*

Yede or yead, *to go.*

Yeoman, *sometimes signifies Servant.*

Yeven, *given.*

Yfere, *together. (Sax.)*

Ygo, *gone.*

Ylike, *for alike.*

Ymolt, *melted.*

Yod or yode, *(Præter Tense of yede) went.*

Yold, *yielded.*

Yond, *beyond; from the Monster yond, (Fairy-Queen, Book 3. Canto 7. Stanza 26.) i. e. from beyond the Monster.*

Yore, *as of yore, formerly.*

Youngh, *Youth.*

Ypent, *pent up, or folded like Sheep.*

Ypight, *placed.*

Yrapt, *rapt in an Extasy.*

Yroke, *ywraken or ywroken, wreak'd, reveng'd.*

Ysame, *together.*

Yshend, *to spoil, to disgrace.*

Ywis or Iwis, *to my own Knowledge.*





A

LETTER *of the* AUTHOR

Explaining his DESIGN, in the

POEM of the *Fairy-Queen.*

*To the Right Noble and Valorous Sir Walter
Raleigh, Kt. Lord Warden of the Stanneries,
and her Majesty's Lieutenant of the County
of Cornwall.*

S I R,

KNOWING how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this Book of mine, which I have entituled *The Fairy-Queen*, being a continu'd Allegory, or dark Conceit; I have thought good, as well for avoiding of jealous Opinions and Misconstructions, as also for your better Light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded) to discover unto you the general Intention and Meaning, which in the whole Course thereof I have fashion'd without expressing of any particular Purposes or By-Accidents therein occasion'd. The general End therefore of all the Book, is to fashion a Gentleman, or Noble Person, in vertuous and gentle Discipline. Which for that I conceiv'd should be most plausible and pleasing, being colour'd with an Historical Fiction, the which the most part of Men delight to read; rather for Variety of Matter, than for Profit of the Ensamble: I chose the
the

the History of King *Artbur* as most fit, for the Excellency of his Person; being made famous by many Mens former Works, and also furthest from the Danger of Envy and Suspicion of present Time: In which I have follow'd all the antique Poets Historical. First, *Homer*, who in the Persons of *Agamemnon* and *Ulysses*, hath ensampled a good Governor and a vertuous Man; the one in his *Ilias*, the other in his *Odysses*: Then *Virgil*, whose like Intention was to do in the Person of *Æneas*: After him, *Ariosto* comprised them both in his *Orlando*: And lately, *Tasso* dissever'd them again, and form'd both Parts in two Persons; namely, that part which they, in Philosophy, call *Etbice*, or Vertues of a private Man, colour'd in his *Rinaldo*; the other nam'd *Politice*, in his *Godfredo*. By ensample of which excellent Poets, I labour to pourtraict in *Artbur*, before he was King, the Image of a brave Knight, perfected in the twelve private Moral Vertues, as *Aristotle* hath devis'd; the which is the purpose of these first twelve Books: which, if I find to be well accepted, I may be, perhaps, encourag'd to frame the other part of Politick Vertues in his Person, after that he came to be King.

To some, I know this Method will seem displeasent; which had rather have good Discipline deliver'd plainly in way of Precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, than thus cloudily enwrap'd in Allegorical Devices. But such, me seem, should be satisfy'd with the Use of these Days, seeing all things accounted by their Shows, and nothing esteem'd of, that is not delightful and pleasing to common Sense. For this Cause is *Xenophon* prefer'd before *Plato*; for that the one, in the exquisite Depth of his Judgment, form'd a Commonwealth, such as it should be; but the other, in the Person of *Cyrus* and the *Persians*, fashion'd a Government, such as might best be: So much more profitable and gracious is Doctrine by Ensamble, than by Rule. So have I labour'd to do, in the Person of *Artbur*; whom, I conceive, after his long Education by *Timon* (to whom he was, by *Merlin*, deliver'd to be brought up, so soon as he was of the Lady *Igrayne*) to have seen, in a Dream or Vision, the *Fairy-Queen*; with whose excellent Beauty ravish'd,

vis'd, he awaking, resolv'd to seek her out : And so being by *Merlin* arm'd, and by *Timon* thorowly instructed, he went to seek her forth in *Fairy-Land*. In that *Fairy-Queen*, I mean *Glory* in my general Intention ; but in my particular, I conceive, the most excellent and glorious Person of our Sovereign, the *Queen*, and her Kingdom in *Fairy-Land*. And yet, in some places else, I do otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two Persons, the one of a most Royal *Queen* or *Empress*, the other of a most vertuous and beautiful *Lady* ; this latter part, in some places, I do express in *Belphebe* : fashioning her Name according to your own excellent Conceit of *Cynthia* ; *Phæbe* and *Cynthia* being both Names of *Diana*. So in the Person of Prince *Arthur*, I set forth *Magnificence* in particular : which Vertue, for that (according to *Aristotle*, and the rest) it is the Perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all ; therefore, in the whole course, I mention the Deeds of *Arthur* applicable to that Vertue, which I write of in that Book. But of the twelve other vertues, I make twelve other Knights the Patrons, for the more variety of the History : Of which these three Books contain three. The first, of the Knight of the *Red-cross* ; in whom I express *Holiness* : The second, of Sir *Guyon* ; in whom I set forth *Temperance* : The Third, of *Britomartis*, a *Lady Knight* ; in whom I picture *Chastity*. But because the beginning of the whole Work seemeth abrupt, and as depending upon other Antecedents, it needs that ye know the Occasion of these three Knights several Adventures. For the Method of a Poet Historical, is not such of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of Affairs orderly as they were done, accounting as well the Times as the Actions ; but a Poet thrusteth into the midst, even where it most concerneth him ; and there recurring to the Things forepast, and divining of Things to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all. The beginning therefore of my History, if it were to be told by an Historiographer, should be in the twelfth Book, which is the last ; where I devise, that the *Fairy-Queen* kept her annual Feast twelve Days : Upon which twelve several Days, the Occasions of the twelve several Adventures hapned ; which being undertaken by twelve several Knights, are in these twelve Books severally handled and discoursed.

The

The first was this : In the beginning of the Feast, there presented himself a tall clownish young Man ; who falling before the *Queen of Fairys*, desired a Boon (as the manner then was) which, during the Feast, she might not refuse : which was, that he might have the Atchievement of any Adventure, which, during that Feast, should happen. That being granted, he rested himself on the Floor, unfit, through his Rusticity, for a better Place. Soon after entred a fair Lady in mourning Weeds, riding on a white Afs, with a Dwarf behind her, leading a warlike Steed, that bore the Armour of a Knight, and his Spear in the Dwarf's Hand. She falling before the *Queen of Fairys*, complained, That her Father and Mother, an ancient King and Queen, had been by an huge Dragon, many Years, shut up in a brazen Castle ; who thence suffer'd them not to issue : and therefore besought the *Fairy-Queen* to assign her some one of her Knights to take on him that Exploit. Presently that clownish Person upstarting, desired that Adventure : whereat the Queen much wondering, and the Lady much gain-saying, yet he earnestly importuned his Desire. In the end, the Lady told him, Unless that Armour which she brought, would serve him (that is, the Armour of a Christian Man, specify'd by *St. Paul, Epbes. v.*) that he could not succeed in that Enterprize : which being forthwith put upon him, with due Furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest Man in all that Company, and was well liked of the Lady. And estsoons taking on him Knighthood, and mounting on that strange Courser, he went forth with her on that Adventure : Where beginneth the first Book, *viz.*

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

The second day there came in a Palmer, bearing an Infant, with bloody Hands ; whose Parents he complained, to have been slain by an Enchantress, called *Acrasia* ; and therefore craved of the *Fairy-Queen*, to appoint him some Knight to perform that Adventure : which being assigned to Sir *Guyon*, he presently went forth with that same Palmer. This is the beginning of the second Book, and the whole thereof. The third Day there came in a Groom, who

who complained before the *Fairy-Queen*, that a vile Enchanter, called *Busirane*, had in hand a most fair Lady, called *Ameretta*; whom he kept in most grievous Torment, because she would not yield him the Pleasure of her Body. Whereupon Sir *Scudamore*, the Lover of that Lady, presently took on him that Adventure. But being unable to perform it, by reason of the hard Enchantments, after long Sorrow, in the end met with *Britomartis*, who succour'd him, and rescued his Love.

But by occasion hereof, many other Adventures are intermeddled, but rather as Accidents, than Intendments: As, the Love of *Britomart*, the Overthrow of *Marinell*, the Misery of *Florimell*, the Vertuousness of *Belphebe*, the Lasciviousness of *Hellenora*, and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I have briefly over-run, to direct your Understanding to the Well-head of the History; that from thence gathering the whole Intention of the Conceit, ye may, as in a handful, gripe all the Discourse; which otherwise may haply seem tedious and confused. So humbly craving the continuance of your honourable Favour towards me, and the eternal Establishment of your Happiness, I humbly take leave.

23 January,
1589.

Your most humbly affectionate,

Edmund Spenser.



VERSES *to the* AUTHOR
 OF THE
 FAIRY-QUEEN.

A VISION upon this Conceit of the
Fairy-Queen.

Methought I saw the Grave where *Laura* lay,
 Within that Temple, where the Vestal Flame
 Was wont to burn; and passing by that way,
 To see that bury'd Dust of living Fame,
 Whose Tomb fair Love, and fairer Vertue kept,
 All suddenly I saw the *Fairy-Queen*:
 At whose Approach, the Soul of *Petrarch* wept,
 And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen,
 For they this Queen attended; in whose steed
 Oblivion laid him down on *Laura's* Herse:
 Hereat the hardest Stones were seen to bleed,
 And Groves of buried Ghosts the Heavens did perse.
 Where *Homer's* Spright did tremble all for Grief,
 And curst th' access of that celestial Thief.

Another of the same.

THE Praise of meaner Wits this Work like Profit brings,
 As doth the Cuckoo's Song delight, when *Philomela*
 sings.

If thou hast formed right true Vertue's Face herein;
 Vertue her self can best discern, to whom they written bin.

If

Verses to the Author.

7

If thou hast Beauty prais'd, let her sole Looks Divine
Judge if ought therein be amiss, and mend it by her eyne.
If Chastity want ought, or Temperance her due,
Behold her Princely Mind aright, and write thy Queen anew.
Mean while she shall perceive, how far her Vertues sore
Above the reach of all that live, or such as wrote of yore;
And thereby will excuse and favour thy Good-will,
Whose Vertue cannot be exprest, but by an Angel's Quill.
Of me no Lines are lov'd, nor Letters are of Price,
Of all which speak our *English* Tongue, but those of thy
Device.

W. R.

To the learned Shepherd.

Colin, I see by thy new-taken Task,
Some sacred Fury hath enricht thy Brains,
That leads thy Muse in haughty Verse to mask,
And loath the Lays that 'long to lowly Swains.
That lifts thy Notes from Shepherds unto Kings,
So like the lively Lark that mounting sings.

Thy lovely *Rosalind* seems now forlorn,
And all thy gentle Flocks forgotten quight:
Thy changed Heart now holds thy Pipes in scorn,
Those pretty Pipes that did thy Mates delight;
Those trusty Mates, that loved thee so well,
Whom thou gav'st Mirth, as they gave thee the Bell.

Yet as thou erst with thy sweet Roundelays,
Didst stir to glee our Lads in homely Bowers:
So moughtst thou now in these refined Lays,
Delight the dainty Ears of higher Powers.
And so mought they in their deep scanning Skill,
Allow and grace our *Colin's* flowing Quill.

And fair befall that *Fairy-Queen* of thine,
In whose fair Eyes, Love link'd with Vertue sits:
Enfusing by those Beauties Fires Divine,
Such high Conceits into thy humble Wits,

As raised hath poor Pastors oaten Reeds,
From rustick Tunes, to chaunt heroick Deeds.

So mought thy *Red-Cross Knight*, with happy hand,
Victorious be in that fair Island's right,
Which thou doost veil in Type of *Fairy-Land*,
Elyza's blessed Field, that *Albion* hight.
That shields her Friends, and wars her mighty Foes ;
Yet still with People, Peace, and Plenty flows.

But (jolly Shepherd) though with pleasing Stile,
Thou feast the Humour of that Courtly Train ;
Let not Conceit thy settled Sense beguile,
Ne daunted be through Envy or Disdain.
Subject thy Doom to her Empyring Spright,
From whence thy Muse, and all the World takes light.
Hobbynoll.

FAIR *Thamis'* Stream, that from *Lud's* stately Town,
Runst, paying Tribute to the Ocean Seas,
Let all thy Nymphs and Sirens of Renown
Be silent, while this *Briton Orpheus* play :
Near thy sweet Banks, there lives that sacred Crown,
Whose Hand strows Palm and never-dying Bayes ;
Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring soun,
Present her with this worthy Poet's Praise.
For he hath taught high Drifts in Shepherds Weeds,
And deep Conceits now sings in *Fairies* Deeds. *R. S.*

GRave Muses, march in Triumph and with Praises,
Our Goddesses here hath given you leave to land ;
And bids this rare Dispenser of your Graces,
Bow down his Brow unto her sacred Hand.
Desert finds due in that most princely Doom,
In whose sweet Breast are all the Muses bred :
So did that great *Augustus* erst in *Rome*,
With Leaves of Fame, adorn his Poet's hed.
Fair be the Guerdon of your *Fairy-Queen*,
Of the fairest that the World hath seen.

H. B.

WHEN

WHEN stout *Achilles* heard of *Helen's* Rape,
 And what Revenge the States of *Greece* devis'd ;
 Thinking, by sleight, the fatal Wars to 'scape,
 In Woman's Weeds himself he then disguis'd :
 But this Device *Ulysses* soon did spy,
 And brought him forth, the Chance of War to try.

When *Spenser* saw the Fame was spred so large,
 Through *Fairy-Land*, of their renowned Queen ;
 Loth that his Muse should take so great a Charge,
 As in such haughty matter to be seen ;
 To seem a Shepherd, then he made his Choice :
 But *Sidney* heard him sing, and knew his Voice.

And as *Ulysses* brought fair *Thetis'* Son
 From his retired Life, to menage Arms ;
 So *Spenser* was by *Sidney's* Speeches won,
 To blaze her Fame, not fearing future Harms :
 For well he knew, his Muse would soon be tired
 In her high Praise, that all the World admired.

Yet as *Achilles* in those warlike Frays,
 Did win the Palm from all the *Grecian* Peers :
 So *Spenser* now, to his immortal Praise,
 Hath won the Laurel quite from all his seers.
 What though his Task exceed a humane Wit,
 He is excus'd, sith *Sidney* thought it fit.

W. L.

TO look upon a Work of rare Device,
 The which a Workman setteth out to view,
 And not to yield it the deserved Price
 That unto such a Workmanship is due,
 Doth either prove the Judgment to be naught,
 Or else doth shew a Mind with Envy fraught.

To labour to commend a piece of Work,
 Which no Man goes about to discommend,
 Would raise a jealous Doubt, that there did lurk
 Some secret Doubt, whereto the Praise did tend

Verses to the Author.

For when Men know the Goodness of the Wine,
 'Tis needless for the Host to have a Sign.

Thus then to shew my Judgment to be such
 As can discern, of Colours black and white,
 Als to free my Mind from Envies tuch,
 That never gives to any Man his right ;
 I here pronounce this Workmanship is such,
 As that no Pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a Garland at the Dore,
 Not for to shew the goodness of the Ware :
 But such hath been the Custom heretofore,
 And Customs very hardly broken are.
 And when your Taste shall tell you this is true,
 Then look you give your Host his utmost Due.

Ignote.

VERSES of the AUTHOR, with his
Fairy-Queen, to several Persons of
Quality.

*To the Right Honourable Sir Christopher Hat-
ton, Lord High Chancellor of England, &c.*

THose prudent Heads, that with their Counsels wise
Whilom the Pillars of th' Earth did sustain,
And taught ambitious *Rome* to tyrannise,
And in the Neck of all the World to reign,
Oft from those grave Affairs were wont abstain,
With the sweet Lady Muses for to play :
So *Ennius*, the elder *Africane*,
So *Maro* oft did *Cæsar's* Cares allay.
So you, great Lord, that with your Counsel sway
The burden of this Kingdom mightily ;
With like delights sometimes may eke delay
The rugged Brow of careful Policy :
And to these idle Rimes lend little space,
Which for their Titles sake may find more grace.

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

TO you, right Noble Lord, whose careful Bre
To menage of most grave Affairs is ben'
And on whose mighty Shoulders most doth
The burden of this Kingdom's Governme
As the wide Compass of the Firmament

On *Atlas* mighty Shoulders is upstaid ;
 Unfitly I these idle Rimes present,
 The Labour of lost Time, and Wit unstaid.
 Yet if their deeper Sense be inly waid,
 And the dim Veil, with which from common View
 Their fairer Parts are hid, aside be laid ;
 Perhaps not vain they may appear to you.
 Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receive,
 And wipe their Faults out of your Censure grave.

*To the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxen-
 ford, Lord High Chamberlain of England.*

R Eceive, most noble Lord, in gentle gree,
 The unripe Fruit of an unready Wit :
 Which, by thy Countenance, doth crave to be
 Defended from foul Envy's poysonous Bit.
 Which so to do may thee right well besit,
 Sith th' antique Glory of thine Ancestry
 Under a shady Veil is therein writ,
 And eke thine own long-living Memory ;
 Succeeding them in true Nobility :
 And also for the love, which thou doost bear
 To th' *Heliconian* Imps, and they to thee ;
 They unto thee, and thou to them most dear :
 Dear as thou art unto thy self, so Love
 That loves and honours thee, as doth behove.

*To the Right Honourable the Earl of
 Northumberland.*

T HE sacred Muses have made always Clame,
 To be the Nurses of Nobility,
 And Registers of everlasting Fame,
 To all that Arms profess and Chevalry.
 Whom by like Right the noble Progeny,
 Whom which them succeed in Fame and Worth, are tyde
 To embrace

T'embrace the Service of sweet Poetry,
By whose Endeavours they are glorified;
And eke from all, of whom it is envied,
To patronize the Author of their Praise,
Which gives them Life, that else would soon have dyed,
And crowns their Ashes with immortal Baies.
To thee therefore, right noble Lord, I send
This Present of my Pains, it to defend.

*To the Right Honourable the Earl of
Cumberland.*

Redoubted Lord, in whose courageous Mind,
The Flowre of Chevalry, now blooming fair,
Doth promise Fruit, worthy the noble Kind,
Which of their praises have left you the Heir;
To you this humble Present I prepare,
For love of Vertue and of Martial Praise.
To which, though nobly ye inclined are,
Als goodly well ye shew'd in late Assaies,
Yet brave Ensamble of long passed Daies,
In which true Honour ye may fashion'd see,
To like desire of Honour may ye raise,
And fill your Mind with Magnanimitee.
Receive it, Lord, therefore as it was ment,
For honour of your Name, and high Descent.

*To the most Honourable and Excellent Lord,
the Earl of Essex, Great Master of the
Horse to her Highness, and Knight of the
Noble Order of the Garter, &c.*

Magnifick Lord, whose Vertues excellent
Do merit a most famous Poet's Wit,
To be thy living Praises Instrument;
Yet do not sdeign, to let thy Name be writ
In this base Poem for thee far unfit.

Nought is thy Worth disparaged thereby :
 But when my Muse, whose Feathers, nothing flit,
 Do yet but flag, and lowly learn to fly,
 With bolder Wing, shall dare aloft to fly
 To the last Praises of this *Fairy-Queen* ;
 Then shall it make more famous Memory
 Of thine Heroick Parts, such as they been.
 Till then, vouchsafe thy noble Countenance
 To these first Labours needed furtherance.

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

R Eceive, most noble Lord, a simple Taste
 Of the wild Fruit, which salvage Soyl hath bred ;
 Which being, through long Wars, left almost waste,
 With brutish Barbarism is overspred :
 And in so fair a Land, as may be red,
 Not one *Parnassus*, nor one *Helicon*
 Left for sweet Muses to be harboured,
 But where thy self hast thy brave Mansion ;
 There, indeed, dwell fair Graces many one,
 And gentle Nymphs, delights of learned Wits ;
 And in thy Person, without Paragone,
 All goodly Bounty, and true Honour fits.
 Such therefore, as that wasted Soyl doth yield,
 Receive, dear Lord, in worth, the Fruit of barren Field.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Ch. How-
 ard, Lord High Admiral of England,
 Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter,
 and one of her Majesty's Privy-Council, &c.*

A ND ye, brave Lord, whose goodly Personage,
 And noble Deeds, each other garnishing,
 Make you Ensamble to the present Age,
 Of the old Heroes, whose famous Ofspring

The antique Poets wont so much to sing,
In this same Pageant have a worthy Place;
Sith those huge Castles of *Castilian* King,
That vainly threatned Kingdoms to displace,
Like flying Doves ye did before you chace:
And that proud People, woxen Insolent,
Through many Victories, didst first deface:
Thy Praises everlasting Monument
Is in this Verse engraven semblably,
That it may live to all Posterity.

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

Renowned Lord, that for your Worthiness,
And noble Deeds, have your deserved Place;
High in the Favour of that Emperess,
The World's sole Glory, and her Sex's Grace,
Here eke of right have you a worthy Place;
Both for your nearness to that *Fairy-Queen*,
And for your own high Merit in like case:
Of which, apparent Proof was to be seen,
When that tumultuous Rage, and fearful Deen
Of Northern Rebels ye did pacifie,
And their disloyal Powre defaced cleen,
The Record of enduring Memory.
Live, Lord, for ever, in this lasting Verse,
That all Posterity thy Honour may rehearse.

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

MOST noble Lord, the Pillar of my Life,
And Patron of my Muses pupillage,
Through whose large Bounty poured on me rife,
In the first Season of my feeble Age,

I now do live, bound yours by Vassalage :
 Sith nothing ever may redeem, nor reave
 Out of your endless Debt, so sure a Gage ;
 Vouchsafe in Worth, this small Gift to receive,
 Which in your noble Hands for Pledge I leave,
 Of all the rest, that I am tyed t' account ;
 Rude Rimes, the which a rustick Muse did weave
 In savage Soyl, far from *Parnasso* Mount,
 And roughly wrought in an unlearned Loom :
 The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favourable Doom.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord of Buck-
 hurst, one of her Majesty's Privy-Council.*

I N vain I think, (Right Honourable Lord)
 By this rude Rime, to memorize thy Name ;
 Whose learned Muse hath writ her own Record
 In golden Verse, worthy immortal Fame :
 Thou much more fit (were Leisure to the same)
 Thy gracious Sovereign's Praises to compile,
 And her Imperial Majesty to frame
 In lofty Numbers and heroick Stile.
 But sith thou maist not so, give leave awhile
 To baser Wit, his Power therein to spend ;
 Whose gross Defaults thy dainty Pen may file,
 And unadvised Oversight amend.
 But evermore vouchsafe it to maintain
 Against vile *Zoylus*' Backbitings vain.

*To the Right Honourable Sir Fr. Walsing-
 ham, Knight, Principal Secretary to Her
 Majesty, and of her Honourable Privy-
 Council.*

T H A T *Mantuan* Poet's incompared Spirit,
 Whose Garland now is set in highest place,
 Had not *Mecænas*, for his worthy Merit,

It first advaunc't to great *Augustus*' grace,
Might long (perhaps) have lien in Silence base,
Ne been so much admir'd of later Age.
This lowly Muse, that learns like steps to trace,
Flies for like aid unto your Patronage,
That are the great *Mecænas* of this Age;
As well to all that civil Arts profess,
As those that are inspir'd with Martial Rage,
And craves Protection of her Feebleness:
Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her raise
In bigger Tunes to sound your living Praise.

*To the Right Noble Lord and most Valiant
Captain, Sir John Norris, Knight, Lord
President of Mounster.*

WHOEVER gave more honourable prize
To the sweet Muse, than did the Martial Crew;
That their brave Deeds she might immortalize
In her shrill Tromp, and sound their Praises dew?
Who then ought more to favour her, than you
Most noble Lord, the Honour of this Age,
And Precedent of all that Arms-ensue?
Whose warlike Prowess, and manly Courage,
Tempred with Reason, and Advizement sage,
Hath fill'd sad *Belgia* with victorious Spoil,
In *France* and *Ireland* left a famous Gage,
And lately shak't the *Lusitanian* Soil.
Sith then each where thou hast dispreed thy Fame,
Love him, that hath eternized your Name.

*To the Noble and Valorous Knight Sir Walter
Raleigh, Lord Warden of the Stanneries,
and Lieutenant of Cornwall.*

TO thee that art the Summer's Nightingale,
Thy soveraign Goddesses most dear Delight,
Why do I send this rustick Madrigale,

Thay may thy tuneful Ear unseason quite?
 Thou only fit this Argument to write,
 In whose high Thoughts Pleasure hath built her Bowre,
 And dainty Love learn'd sweetly to indite.
 My Rimes I know unsavory and sowre,
 To taste the Streams, that like a golden showre
 Flow from thy fruitful Head, of thy Loves praise,
 Fitter perhaps to thunder martial Stowre,
 When so thee list thy lofty Muse to raise:
 Yet till that thou thy Poem wilt make known,
 Let thy fair *Cinthia's* Praises be thus rudely shown.

*To the Right Honourable and most Vertuous
 Lady, the Countess of Pembroke.*

Remembrance of that most Heroick Spirit,
 The Heavens Pride, the Glory of our Days;
 Which now triumpheth through immortal Merit
 Of his brave Vertues, crown'd with lasting Bays
 Of heavenly Blis and everlasting Praise;
 Who first my Muse did list out of the Flore,
 To sing his sweet Delights in lowly Lays;
 Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore
 His goodly Image, living evermore
 In the divine Resemblance of your Face;
 Which with your Vertues ye embellish more,
 And native Beauty deck with heavenly Grace:
 For his, and for your own especial sake,
 Vouchsafe from him this Token in good worth to take.

*To the most Vertuous and Beautiful Lady,
 the Lady Carew.*

NE may I without blot of endless Blame,
 You, fairest Lady, leave out of this place,
 But with remembrance of your gracious Name,
 Wherewith that courtly Garland most ye grace,
 And deck the World, adorn these Verses base:

Not that these few Lines can in them comprise
Those glorious Ornaments of heavenly Grace,
Wherewith ye triumph over feeble Eyes,
And in subdued Hearts do tyrannize.

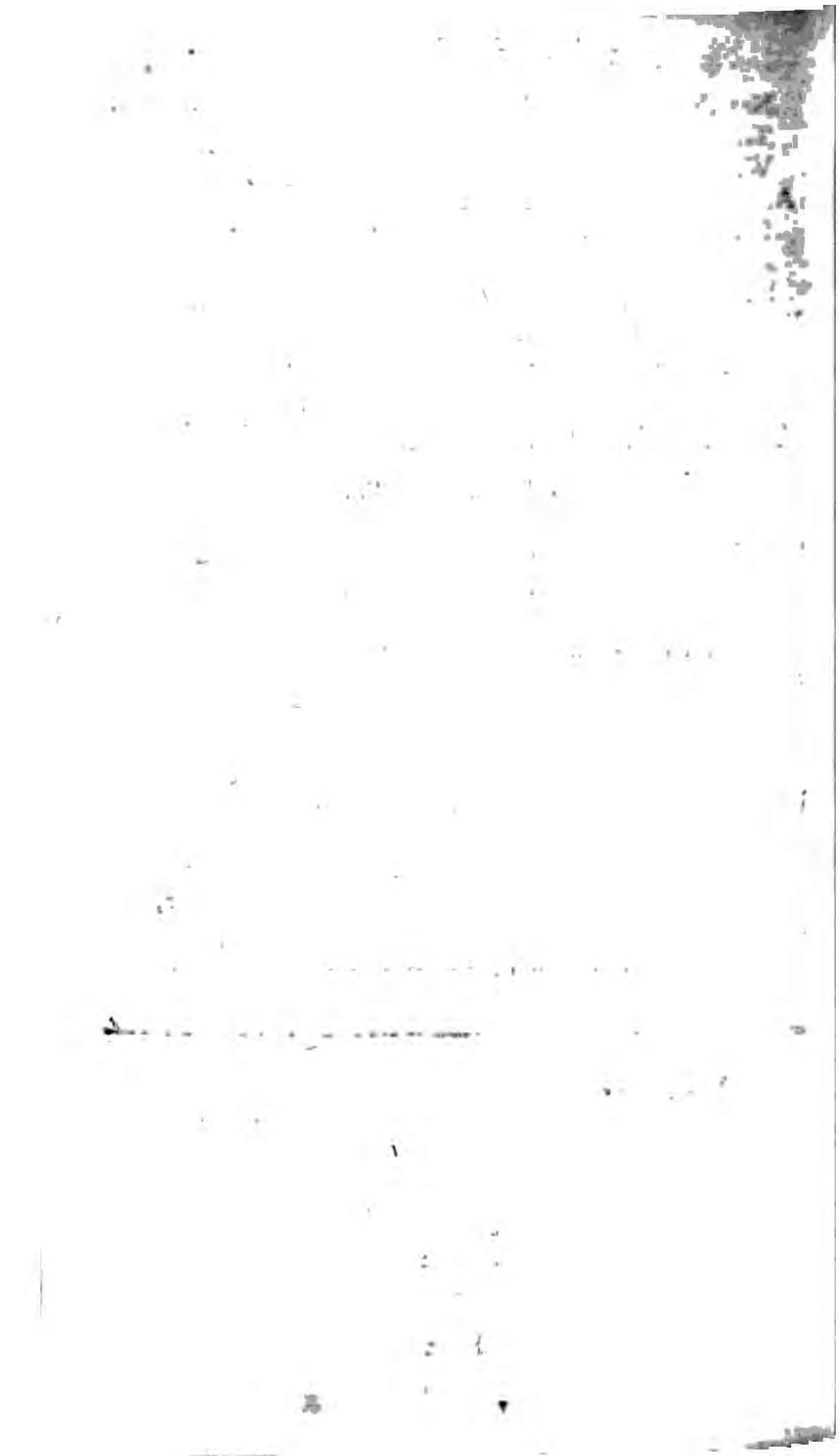
For thereunto doth need a golden Quill,
And silver Leaves, them rightly to devise,
But to make humble Present of good will :
Which, when as timely means it purchase may,
In ampler wise it self will forth display.

*To all the Gracious and Beautiful Ladies
in the Court.*

THE * *Cbian* Painter, when he was requir'd
To pourtraict *Venus* in her perfect hiew,
(To make his Work more absolute) desir'd
Of all the fairest Maids to have the View.
Much more me needs (to draw the semblant true
Of Beauty's Queen, the World's sole Wonderment)
To sharp my Sense with sundry Beauties view,
And steal from each some part of Ornament.
If all the World to seek I overwent,
A fairer Crew yet no where could I see,
Than that brave Court doth to mine eye present ;
That the World's Pride seems gathered there to be,
Of each a part I stole by cunning Theft :
Forgive it me, fair Dames, sith less ye have not left.

* *Apelles.*







THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
FAIRY-QUEEN:

CONTAINING

The Legend of the Knight of the Red-Cross,
or of Holiness.

I.



O, I the Man, whose Muse whilom did mask,
As time her taught, in lowly Shepherds
weeds,
Am now enforc'd a far unfitter Task,
For Trumpets stern to change mine Oaten
Reeds.

And sing of Knights, and Ladies gentle Deeds;
Whose Praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too mean, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon 'broad, amongst her learned Throng:
Fierce Warres, and faithful Loves, shall moralize n

II.

Help then, O holy Virgin, chief of nine,
 Thy weaker Novice to perform thy Will:
 Lay forth out of thine everlasting Scrine
 The antique Rolls, which there lie hidden still,
 Of Fairy Knights, and fairest *Tanaquill*,
 Whom that most noble *Briton* Prince so long
 Sought through the World, and suffer'd so much Ill,
 That I must rue his undeserved Wrong:
 O! help thou my weak Wit, and sharpen my dull Tongue.

III.

And thou, most dreaded Imp of highest *Jove*,
 Fair *Venus*' Son, that with thy cruel Dart
 At that good Knight so cunningly didst rove,
 That glorious Fire it kindled in his Heart;
 Lay now thy deadly Heben Bowe apart,
 And with thy Mother mild come to mine ayd:
 Come both, and with you bring triumphant *Mart*,
 In Loves and gentle Jollities array'd,
 After his murderous Spoiles and bloody Rage allay'd.

IV.

And with them eke, O Goddess heavenly bright,
 Mirrour of Grace and Majesty Divine,
 Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose Light
 Like *Phæbus*' Lamp throughout the World doth shine,
 Shed thy fair Beames into my feeble Eyne,
 And raise my Thoughts, too humble, and too vile,
 To think of that too glorious Type of thine,
 The Argument of mine afflicted Stile:
 The which to hear, vouchsafe, O dearest Dread, a-while.





C A N T O I.

*The Patron of true Holiness
Foul Error doth defeat:
Hypocrisy him to entrap,
Doth to his Home entreat.*

I.

A Gentle Knight was pricking on the Plain,
Yclad in mightie Arms and silver Shield,
Wherein old dints of deep Wounds did remain,
The cruel Marks of many a bloodie Field;
Yet Arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry Steed did chide his foming Bit;
As, much disdainig to the Curb to yield:
Full jolly Knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,
As one for Knightly Giusts and fierce Encounters fit,

II.

But on his Breast a bloody Cross he bore,
The dear Remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious Badge he wore,
And dead (as living) ever him ador'd:
Upon his Shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraign Hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithful true he was in Deed and Word;
But of his Cheere did seem too solemn sad:
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III.

Upon a great Adventure he was bond,
That greatest *Gloriana* to him gave,
That greatest glorious Queen of *Fairy Lond*,
To win him worship, and her Grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode, his Heart did earn
To prove his Puissance in Battle brave
Upon his Foe, and his new Force to learn;
Upon his Foe, a Dragon horrible and stearn.

IV.

IV.

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

V.

So pure an Innocent, as that same Lamb,
 She was in Life and every vertuous Lore,
 And by Descent from Royall Lynage came
 Of ancient Kings and Queens, that had of yore
 Their Scepters stretcht from East to Western Shore,
 And all the World in their Subjection held;
 Till that infernal Fiend with foul uprore
 Forewasted all their Land, and them expel'd:
 Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

VI.

Behind her farr away a Dwarf did lag,
 That lazie seem'd in being ever last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her Bag
 Of Needments at his Back. Thus as they pass,
 The Day with Clouds was suddain overcast,
 And angry *Jove* an hideous Storm of Rain
 Did pour into his Leman's Lap so fast,
 That every Wight to shroud it did constrain,
 And this fair Couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

VII.

Enforc't to seek some Covert nigh at hand,
 A shadie Grove not farr away they spide,
 That promis'd Aid the Tempest to withstand:
 Whose lofty Trees, yclad with Summer's Pride,
 Did spread so broad, they Heaven's Light did hide,
 Nor perceable with power of any Starr:
 And all within were Paths and Alleys wide,
 With footing worne, and leading inward farr:
 Fair Harbour, that them seems; so in they entred are.

VIII.

VIII.

And forth they pass, with Pleasure forward led,
Joying to hear the Birds sweet Harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the Tempest dread,
Seem'd in their Song to scorn the cruel Sky.
Much can they praise the Trees so straight and high,
The sailing Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The Vine-prop Elm, the Poplar never dry,
The builder Oak, sole King of Forests all,
The Aspine good for Staves, the Cypress Funeral.

IX.

The laurel, Meed of mighty Conquerors
And Poets sage, the Firr that weepeth still,
The Willow, worn of forlorn Paramours,
The Eugh, obedient to the Bender's will,
The Birch for Shafts, the Sallow for the Mill,
The Mirrhe, sweet bleeding in the bitter Wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful Olive, and the Platane round,
The Carver Holme, the Maple seldom inward sound.

X.

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

XI.

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some End they find or in or out,
That Path they take, that beaten seem'd most bare,
And like to lead the Labyrinth about;
Which when by Track they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow Cave,
Amid the thickest Woods. The Champion stout
Eftsoons dismounted from his Courser brave,
And to the Dwarf awhile his needless Spear he

XII.

Be well aware, quoth then that Lady mild,
 Lest sudden Mischief ye too rash provoke :
 The Danger hid, the Place unknown and wild,
 Breeds dreadful Doubts : Oft Fire is without Smoke,
 Peril without show : therefore your hardy stroke,
 Sir Knight, with-hold, till further trial made.
 Ah Lady (said he) Shame were to revoke
 The forward footing for an hidden Shade :
 Vertue gives her self Light, through Darknes for to wade.

XIII.

Yea, but (quoth she) the Peril of this Place
 I better wot than you, tho now too late,
 To wish you back return with foul Disgrace ;
 Yet Wisdom warns, whilst Foot is in the Gate,
 To stay the Step, ere forced to retreat.
 This is the wandring Wood, this *Error's Den*,
 A Monster vile, whom God and Man does hate :
 Therefore I read, beware. Fly, fly (quoth then
 The fearful Dwarf) this is no place for living Men.

XIV.

But full of Fire and greedy Hardiment,
 The youthful Knight could not for ought be staid,
 But forth unto the darksome Hole he went,
 And looked in : His glistring Armour made
 A little glooming Light, much like a Shade,
 By which he saw the ugly Monster plain,
 Half like a Serpent horribly displaid,
 But th' other half did Woman's Shape retain,
 Most loathsom, filthy, foul, and full of vile Disdain.

XV.

And as she lay upon the dirty Ground,
 Her huge long Tail her Den all overspred,
 Yet was in Knots and many Boughtes upwound,
 Pointed with mortal Sting. Of her there bred
 A thousand young ones, which she daily fed,
 Sucking upon her poisonous Dugs, each one
 Of sundry Shapes, yet all ill favoured :
 Soon as that uncouth Light upon them shone,
 In her Mouth they crept, and sudden all were gone.

XVI.

XVI.

Their Dam upstart, out of her Den effraide,
 And rushed forth, hurling her hideous Tail
 About her cursed Head ; whose Folds display'd,
 Were stretch'd now forth at length without Entrail,
 She look'd about, and seeing one in Mail
 Armed to point, sought back to turn again ;
 For Light she hated as the deadly bale.
 Ay wont in desert Darkness to remain,
 Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plain.

XVII.

Which when the valiant Elf perceiv'd, he leapt
 As Lion fierce upon the flying Prey,
 And with his trenchant Blade her boldly kept
 From turning back, and forced her to stay :
 Therewith enrag'd, she loudly 'gan to bray,
 And turning fierce, her speckled Tail advanc'd,
 Threatning her angry Sting, him to dismay :
 Who naught aghast, his mighty Hand enhaunst :
 The stroke down from her Head unto her Shoulder glaunst.

XVIII.

Much daunted with that Dint, her Sense was daz'd,
 Yet kindling Rage, her self she gathered round,
 And all at once her beastly Body rais'd
 With doubled Forces high above the Ground :
 Tho wrapping up her wreathed Stern around,
 Lept fierce upon his Shield, and her huge Train
 All suddenly about his Body wound,
 That Hand or Foot to stir he strove in vain :
 God help the Man so wrapt in *Error's* endless Train.

XIX.

His Lady sad, to see his sore constraint,
 Cry'd out, Now, now, Sir Knight, shew what ye be,
 Add Faith upon your Force, and be not faint :
 Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.
 That when he heard, in great perplexity,
 His Gall did grate for Grief and high Disdain,
 And knitting all his Force got one Hand free,
 Wherewith he grip'd her Gorge with so great Pain,
 That soon to loose her wicked Bands did her constrain.

XX.

XX.

Therewith she spew'd out of her filthy Maw
 A flood of Poison horrible and black,
 Full of great Lumps of Flesh and Gobbets raw,
 Which stunk so vildly, that it forc'd him slack
 His grasping hold, and from her turn him back :
 Her Vomit full of Books and Papers was,
 With loathly Frogs and Toads, which Eyes did lack,
 And creeping, sought way in the weedy Grass :
 Her filthy Parbreake all the Place defiled has.

XXI.

As when old Father *Nilus* 'gins to swell
 With timely Pride above th' *Ægyptian* Vale,
 His fatty Waves do fertile Slime outwell,
 And overflow each Plain and lowly Dale :
 But when his later Ebb 'gins to avail,
 Huge heaps of Mud he leaves, wherein there breed
 Ten thousand kinds of Creatures, partly Male
 And partly Female, of his fruitful Seed ;
 Such ugly monstrous Shapes elsewhere may no Man read.

XXII.

The same so sore annoyed has the Knight,
 That well nigh choaked with the deadly stink,
 His Furces fail, ne can no longer fight :
 Whose Courage when the Fiend perceiv'd to shrink,
 She poured forth out of her hellish Sink
 Her fruitful cursed Spawn of Serpents small,
 Deformed Monsters, foul, and black as Ink ;
 Which swarming all about his Legs did crawll,
 And him encumbred sore, but could not hurt at all.

XXIII.

As gentle Shepherd in sweet Even-tide,
 When ruddy *Phæbus* 'gins to welk in West,
 High on a Hill, his Flock to vewen wide,
 Marks which do bite their hasty Supper best ;
 A Cloud of combrous Gnats do him molest,
 All striving to infix their feeble Stings,
 That from their noyance he no where can rest,
 But with his clownish Hands their tender Wings
 He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their Murmurings.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Thus ill bestedd, and fearful more of Shame
 Than of the certain Peril he stood in,
 Half furious unto his Foe he came,
 Resolv'd in mind all suddenly to win,
 Or soon to lose, before he once would lin ;
 And strook at her with more than manly Force,
 That from her Body, full of filthy Sin,
 He raft her hateful Head without Remorse ;
 A stream of cole black Blood forth gushed from her Corse.

XXV.

Her scatter'd Brood, soon as their Parent dear
 They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
 Groaning full deadly, all with troublous fear,
 Gathered themselves about her Body round,
 Weening their wonted Entrance to have found
 At her wide Mouth : but being there withstood,
 They flocked all about her bleeding Wound,
 And sucked up their dying Mother's Blood,
 Making her Death their Life, and eke her Hurt their Good.

XXVI.

That detestable fight him much amaz'd,
 To see th' unkindly Imps of Heaven accurst,
 Devour their Dam ; on whom while so he gaz'd,
 Having all satisfy'd their bloody Thirst,
 Their Bellies swoln he saw with fulness burst,
 And Bowels gushing forth : well worthy end
 Of such as drunk her Life, the which them nurs'd.
 Now needeth him no longer Labour spend, [tend.
 His Foes have slain themselves, with whom he should con-

XXVII.

His Lady seeing all that chaunst, from far,
 Approach'd in haste to greet his Victory,
 And said, Fair Knight, born under happy Star,
 Who see your vanquish'd Foes before you ly,
 Well worthy be you of that Armory,
 Wherein ye have great Glory won this day,
 And prov'd your strength on a strong Enemy,
 Your first Adventure : many such I pray,
 And henceforth ever wish, that like succeed it may.

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
 An aged Sire, in long black Weeds yclad,
 His Feet all bare, his Beard all hoary Gray,
 And by his Belt his Book he hanging had ;
 Sober he seem'd, and very fagely sad,
 And to the Ground his Eyes were lowly bent,
 Simple in shew, and void of Malice bad,
 And all the way he prayed, as he went,
 And often knock'd his Breast, as one that did repent.

XXX.

He fair the Knight saluted, louting low,
 Who fair him quited, as that courteous was :
 And after asked him, if he did know
 Of strange Adventures, which abroad did pass.
 Ah my dear Son (quoth he) how should, alas !
 Silly old Man, that lives in hidden Cell,
 Bidding his Beads all day for his Trespas,
 Tydings of War and worldly Trouble tell ?
 With holy Father fits not with such things to mell,

XXXI.

But if of Danger which herèby doth dwell,
 And homebred Evil ye desire to hear,
 Of a strange Man I can you Tydings tell,
 That wasteth all this Country far and near.
 Of such (said he) I chiefly do inquere,
 And shall you well reward to shew the Place,
 In which that wicked Wight his Days doth wear :
 For to all Knighthood it is foul Disgrace,
 That such a cursed Creature lives so long a space,

XXXII.

Far hence (quoth he) in wastful Wilderness
 His Dwelling is, by which no living Wight
 May ever pass, but thorough great Distress.
 Now (said the Lady) draweth toward Night,
 And well I wote, that of your later Fight
 Ye all for wearied be : for what so strong,
 But wanting Rest, will also want of Might ?
 The Sun that measures Heaven all day long,
 At Night doth bait his Steeds the Ocean Waves among.

XXXIII.

Then with the Sun take, Sir, your timely Rest,
 And with new Day new Work at once begin:
 Untroubled Night, they say, gives Counsel best.
 Right well, Sir Knight, ye have advised bin,
 (Quoth then that aged Man) ; the way to win
 Is wisely to advise : Now Day is spent,
 Therefore with me ye may take up your Inn
 For this same Night. The Knight was well content :
 So with that godly Father to his Home they went.

XXXIV.

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
 Down in a Dale, hard by a Forests side,
 Far from resort of People, that did pass
 In Travel to and fro : a little wide
 There was an holy Chappel edify'd,
 Wherein the Hermit duely wont to say
 His holy things each Morn and Even-tyde :
 Thereby a Chrystal Stream did gently play,
 Which from a sacred Fountain welled forth alway.

XXXV.

Arrived there, the little House they fill,
 Ne look for Entertainment where none was :
 Rest is their Feast, and all things at their will :
 The noblest mind the best Contentment has.
 With fair Discourse the Evening so they pass ;
 For that old Man of pleasing Words had store,
 And well could file his Tongue as smooth as Glass ;
 He told of Saints and Popes, and evermore
 He strow'd an *Ave-Mary* after and before,

XXXVI.

The drooping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
 And the sad Humour loading their Eye-lids,
 As Messenger of *Morpheus* on them cast
 Sweet slumbring Dew, the which to sleep them bids
 Unto their Lodgings then his Guests he ridds :
 Where when all drown'd in deadly sleep he finds,
 He to his Study goes, and there amidst
 His Magick Books and Arts of fundry kinds,
 He seeks out mighty Charms to trouble sleepy Minds.

XXXVII.

Then chusing out few Words most horrible,
 (Let none them read) thereof did Verses frame,
 With which, and other Spells like terrible,
 He bad awake black *Pluto's* griesly Dame,
 And cursed Heaven, and spake reproachful Shame
 Of highest God, the Lord of Life and Light ;
 A bold bad Man, that dar'd to call by Name
 Great *Gorgon*, Prince of Darknes and dead Night,
 At which *Cocytus* quakes, and *Styx* is put to flight.

XXXVIII.

And forth he call'd, out of deep Darknes dread,
 Legions of Sprights, the which like little Flies
 Fluttring about his ever-damned Head,
 Await whereto their Service he applies,
 To aid his Friends, or fray his Enemies :
 Of those he chose out two, the falsest two,
 And fittest for to forge true-seeming Lyes ;
 The one of them he gave a Message to,
 The other by himself staid other Work to do.

XXXIX.

He making speedy way through sperfed Air,
 And through the World of Waters wide and deep,
 To *Morpheus'* House doth hastily repair.
 Amid the Bowels of the Earth full steep,
 And low, where dawning Day doth never peep,
 His dwelling is ; there *Tetbys* his wet Bed
 Doth ever wash, and *Cynthia* still doth steep
 In silver Dew his ever drooping Head,
 While sad Night over him her Mantle black doth spread.

XL.

Whose double Gates he findeth locked fast,
 The one fair fram'd of burnish'd Ivory,
 The other all with Silver over-cast;
 And wakeful Dogs before them far do lie,
 Watching to banish Care their Enemy;
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleep.
 By them the Sprite doth pass in quietly,
 And unto *Morpheus* comes, whom drowned deep,
 In drowsy Fit he finds; of nothing he takes keep.

XLI.

And more, to lull him in his Slumber soft,
 A trickling Stream from high Rock tumbling down,
 And ever drizzling Rain upon the Loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring Wind, much like the Sound
 Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a Swoon:
 No other Noise, nor Peoples troublous Cries,
 As still are wont t'annoy the walled Town,
 Might there be heard: But careless Quiet lies,
 Wrapt in eternal Silence, far from Enemies,

XLII.

The Messenger approaching, to him spake,
 But his waste words return'd to him in vain:
 So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake,
 Then rudely he him thrust, and push'd with Pain,
 Whereat he 'gan to stretch: but he again
 Shook him so hard, that forced him to speak.
 As one then in a Dream, whose dryer Brain
 Is tost with troubled Sights and Fancies weak,
 He mumbled soft, but would not all his Silence break.

XLIII.

The Sprite then 'gan more boldly him to wake,
 And threatned unto him the dreaded Name
 Of *Hecate*; whereat he 'gan to quake.
 And lifting up his lumpish Head, with blame,
 Half angry, asked him, For what he came.
 Hither (quoth he) me *Archimago* sent,
 He that the stubborn Sprites can wisely tame,
 He bids thee to him send, for his intent,
 A fit false Dream, that can delude the Sleepers

XLIV.

The God obey'd, and calling forth straight-way
 A diverse Dream out of his Prison dark,
 Deliver'd it to him, and down did lay
 His heavy Head, devoid of careful cark,
 Whose Senses all were straight benumb'd and stark,
 He back returning by the Ivory Door,
 Remounted up as light as chearful Lark,
 And on his little Wings the Dream he bore
 In haste unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

XLV.

Who all this while with Charms and hidden Arts,
 Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
 And fram'd of liquid Air her tender parts
 So lively, and so like in all Mens fight,
 That weaker Sense it could have ravish'd quite:
 The Maker's self, for all his wondrous Wit,
 Was nigh beguiled with so goodly fight:
 Her all in white he clad, and over it
 Cast a black Stole, most like to seem for *Una* fit.

XLVI.

Now when that idle Dream was to him brought,
 Unto that Elfin Knight he bade him fly,
 Where he slept soundly void of evil Thought,
 And with false shews abuse his fantasy,
 In sort as he him schooled privily:
 And that new Creature borne without her Dew
 Full of the Maker's Guile, with Usage fly
 He taught to imitate that Lady true,
 Whose semblance she did carry under feigned hue.

XLVII.

Thus well instructed, to their work they haste,
 And coming where the Knight in slumber lay,
 The one upon his hardy Head him plac'd,
 And made him dream of Loves and lustful Play,
 That nigh his manly Heart did melt away,
 Bathed in wanton Blifs and wicked Joy:
 Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
 And to him plain'd, how that false winged Boy
 Her chaste Heart had subdu'd, to learn Dame Pleasure's Toy.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

And she herself, of Beauty sovereign Queen,
 Fair *Venus*, seem'd unto his Bed to bring
 Her, whom he waking evermore did ween
 To be the chafest Flower that ay did spring
 On earthly Braunch, the Daughter of a King,
 Now a loose Leman to vile Service bound:
 And eke the *Graces* seemed all to sing
Hymen Is Hymen, dancing all around,
 Whilst freshest *Flora* her with Ivy Garland crown'd.

XLIX.

In this great Passion of unwonted Lust,
 Or wonted Fear of doing ought amiss,
 He started up, as seeming to mistrust
 Some secret Ill, or hidden Foe of his:
 Lo there before his Face his Lady is,
 Under black Stole hiding her baited Hook,
 And as half blushing, offer'd him to kifs,
 With gentle Blandishment and lovely Look,
 Most like that Virgin true, which for her Knight him took,

L.

All clean dismay'd to see so uncouth sight,
 And half enraged at her shameless guise,
 He thought t'have slain her in his fierce despight:
 But hasty Heat tempering with sufferance wise,
 He staid his Hand, and 'gan himself advise
 To prove his Sense, and tempt her feigned Truth.
 Wringing her Hands in Womens piteous wife,
 Tho can she weep, to stir up gentle ruth,
 Both for her noble Blood, and for her tender Youth.

LI.

And said, Ah, Sir, my Liege Lord and my Love,
 Shall I accuse the hidden cruel Fate,
 And mighty Causes wrought in Heaven above,
 Or the blind God that doth me thus amate,
 For hoped love to win me certain Hate!
 Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die,
 Die is my Due: yet rue my wretched State
 You, whom my hard avenging Destiny
 Hath made Judg of my Life or Death indiffer

LII.

Your own dear sake forc'd me at first to leave
 My Father's Kingdom : there she stop'd with Tears ;
 Her swollen Heart or Speech seem'd to bereave,
 And then again begun : My weaker Years
 Captiv'd to Fortune and frail worldly Fears,
 Fly to your Faith for Succour and sure Aid :
 Let me not die in Languor and long Tears.
 Why Dame (quoth he) what hath he thus dismay'd ?
 What frays ye, that were wont to comfort me afraid ?

LIII.

Love of your self, she said, and dear Constraint
 Let me not sleep, but waste the weary Night
 In secret Anguish and unpitied Plaint,
 Whiles you in careless Sleep are drowned quite,
 Her doubtful Words made that redoubted Knight
 Suspect her Truth : Yet since no' Untruth he knew,
 Her fauning Love, with foul disdainful Spite,
 He would not shend, but said, Dear Dame I rew,
 That for my sake unknown such Grief unto you grew.

LIV.

Affure your self it fell not all to ground ;
 For all so dear as Life is to my Heart,
 I deem your Love, and hold me to you bound ;
 Ne let vain Fears procure your needless Smart,
 Where cause is none, but to your Rest depart.
 Not all content, yet seem'd she to appease
 Her mournful Plaints, beguiled of her Art,
 And fed with Words that could not chuse but please,
 So sliding softly forth, she turn'd as to her Ease.

LV.

Long after lay he musing at her Mood,
 Much griev'd to think that gentle Dame so light,
 For whose Defence he was to shed his Blood.
 At last dull weariness of former Fight
 Having yrock'd asleep his irksome Spright,
 That troublous Dream 'gan freshly toss his Brain,
 With Bowers, and Beds, and Ladies dear Delight :
 But when he saw his Labour all was vain,
 With that misformed Spright he back return'd again.



C A N T O II.

*The guileful great Enchaunter parts
The Red-cross Knight from Truth:
Into whose stead fair Falshood steps,
And works him woful Ruth.*

I.

BY this the Northern Waggoner had set
His sevenfold Tame behind the stedfast Star,
That was in Ocean Waves yet never wet,
But firm is fix'd, and sendeth Light from far
To all, that in the wide Deep wandering are:
And chearful Chaunticleer, with his Note shrill,
Had warned once, that *Phæbus'* fiery Carr
In haste was climbing up the Eastern Hill,
Full envious that Night so long his Room did fill.

II.

When those accursed Messengers of Hell,
That feigning Dream, and that fair forged Spright
Came to their wicked Master, and 'gan tell
Their bootless Pains, and ill succeeding Night:
Who all in Rage to see his skilful Might
Deluded so, 'gan threaten hellish Pain
And sad *Proserpine's* Wrath, them to affright.
But when he saw his Threatning was but vain,
He cast about, and search'd his baleful Books again.

III.

Eftsoons he took that miscreated Fair,
And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
A seeming Body of the subtile Air,
Like a young Squire, in Loves and Lusty-hed
His wanton Days that ever loosely led,
Without regard of Arms and dreaded Fight:
Those two he took, and in a secret Bed,
Cover'd with Darknes and misdeeming Night,
Them both together laid, to joy in vain Delight.

IV.

IV.

Forthwith he runs with feigned faithful haſt
 Unto his Gueſt, who after troublous Sights
 And Dreams, 'gan now to take more ſound Repaſt ;
 Whom ſuddenly he wakes with fearful Frights,
 As one aghaſt with Feends or damned Sprights,
 And to him calls ; Riſe, riſe, unhappy Swain,
 That here weſt old in Sleep, whiles wicked Wights
 Have knit themſelves in *Venus'* ſhameful Chain ;
 Come ſee, where your falſe Lady doth her Honour ſtain.

V.

All in amaze he ſuddenly up-ſtart
 With Sword in Hand, and with the old Man went ;
 Who ſoon him brought into a ſecret part,
 Where that falſe Couple were full cloſely ment
 In wanton Luſt and leud Embracement :
 Which when he ſaw, he burnt with jealous Fire,
 The Eye of Reaſon was with Rage yblent,
 And would have ſlain them in his furious Ire,
 But hardly was reſtrained of that aged Sire.

VI.

Returning to his Bed in Torment great,
 And bitter Anguiſh of his guilty fight,
 He could not reſt, but did his ſtout Heart eaſe,
 And waſte his inward Gall with deep Deſpight,
 Irkſom of Life, and too long lingring Night.
 At laſt fair *Hesperus* in higheſt Sky
 Had ſpent his Lamp, and brought forth dawning Light,
 Then up he roſe, and clad him haſtily ;
 The Dwarf him brought his Steed, ſo both away do fly.

VII.

Now when the roſy-finger'd Morning fair,
 Weary of aged *Tytbon's* ſaffron Bed,
 Had ſpred her purple Robe through dewy Air,
 And the high Hills *Titan* diſcovered,
 The Royal Virgin ſhook off drowſy-hed,
 And riſing forth out of her baſer Bower,
 Look'd for her Knight, who far away was fled,
 And for her Dwarf, that wont to wait each Hour ;
 Then 'gan ſhe wail and weep, to ſee that woful flower.

VIII.

VIII.

And after him she rode with so much speed,
 As her slow Beast could make ; but all in vain :
 For him so far had borne his light-foot Steed,
 Pricked with Wrath and fiery fierce Disdain,
 That him to follow was but fruitless Pain ;
 Yet she her weary Limbs would never rest,
 But every Hill and Dale, each Wood and Plain
 Did search, sore grieved in her gentle Breast,
 He so ungently left her, whom she loved best.

IX.

But subtle *Archimago* when his Guests
 He saw divided into double Parts,
 And *Una* wandering in Woods and Forests,
 Th' end of his drift ; he prais'd his devilish Arts,
 That had such Might over true-meaning Hearts ;
 Yet rests not so, but other means doth make,
 How he may work unto her further Smarts :
 For her he hated as the hissing Snake,
 And in her many Troubles did most pleasure take.

X.

He then devis'd himself how to disguise ;
 For by his mighty Science he could take
 As many Forms and Shapes in seeming wise,
 As ever *Proteus* to himself could make :
 Sometime a Fowl, sometime a Fish in Lake,
 Now like a Fox, now like a Dragon fell,
 That of himself he oft for fear would quake,
 And oft would fly away. O who can tell
 The hidden Power of Herbs, and Might of magick Spell ?

XI.

But now seem'd best, the Person to put on
 Of that good Knight, his late beguiled Guest :
 In mighty Arms he was yclad anon,
 And silver Shield ; upon his Coward Breast
 A bloody Cross, and on his craven Crest
 A bunch of Hairs discolour'd diversly :
 Full jolly Knight he seem'd, and well address'd,
 And when he sat upon his Courser free,
 Saint *George* himself ye would have deemed him to :

XII.

But he, the Knight, whose semblaunt he did bear,
 The true saint *George* was wandred far away,
 Still flying from his Thoughts and jealous Fear;
 Will was his Guide, and Grief led him astray.
 At last him chaunst to meet upon the way
 A faithless *Sarazin* all arm'd to point,
 In whose great Shield was writ, with Letters gay,
Sans Foy: Full large of Limb and every Joint
 He was, and cared not for God or Man a point.

XIII.

He had a fair Companion of his way,
 A goodly Lady clad in scarlet Red,
 Purpled with Gold and Pearl of rich assay
 And like a *Persian*, Mitre on her Head
 She wore, with Crowns and Owches garnished,
 The which her lavish Lovers to her gave;
 Her wanton Palfrey all was overspred
 With tinsel Trappings, woven like a Wave,
 Whose Bridle rung with golden Bells and Bosses brave.

XIV.

With fair disport and courting dalliance
 She entertain'd her Lover all the way:
 But when she saw the Knight his Spear advance,
 She soon left off her Mirth and wanton Play,
 And bad her Knight address him to the Fray:
 His Foe was nigh at hand. He prick'd with Pride,
 And hope to win his Lady's Heart that day,
 Forth spurred fast; adown his Courser's side
 The red Blood trickling stain'd the way, as he did ride.

XV.

The Knight of the *Red-cross* when him he spy'd,
 Spurring so hot with Rage dispiteous,
 Gan fairly couch his Spear, and towards ride:
 Soon meet they both, both fell and furious,
 That daunted with their Forces hideous,
 Their Steeds do stagger, and amazed stand;
 And eke themselves too rudely rigorous,
 Astonied with the stroke of their own Hand,
 Rebut, and each to other yieldeth Land.

XVI.

XVI.

As when two Rams, stirr'd with ambitious Pride,
Fight for the Rule of the rich fleeced Flock,
Their horned Fronts so fierce on either side
Do meet, that, with the Terror of the Shock
Astonied, both stand senseless as a Block,
Forgetful of the hanging Victory;
So stood these Twain, unmoved as a Rock,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken Reliques of their former Cruelty.

XVII.

The *Sarazin*, sore daunted with the Buff,
Snatcheth his Sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quitteth Cuff with Cuff;
Each th' others equal Puissance envies,
And through their Iron sides with Cruelties
Does seek to pierce: repining Courage yields
No Foot to Foe. The flashing Fire flies,
As from a Forge, out of their burning Shields,
And streams of purple Blood new dye the verdant Fields.

XVIII.

Curse on that Cross (quoth then the *Sarazin*)
That keeps thy Body from the bitter fit;
Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
Had not that Charm from thee forewarned it:
But yet I warn thee now assured fit,
And hide thy Head. Therewith upon his Crest
With Rigour so outrageous he smit,
That a large share it hew'd out of the rest,
And glauncing down his Shield, from Blame him fairly blest.

XIX.

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping Spark
Of native Vertue 'gan estfoons revive,
And at his haughty Helmet making Mark,
So hugely struck, that it the Steel did rive,
And cleft his Head. He tumbling down alive,
With bloody Mouth his Mother Earth did kiss,
Greeting his Grave: his grudging Ghost did strive
With the frail Flesh; at last it flitted is,
Whither the Souls do fly, of Men that live amiss.

XX.

The Lady, when she saw her Champion fall,
 Like the old Ruins of a broken Tower,
 Staid not to wail his woful Funeral,
 But from him fled away with all her Power ;
 Who after her as hastily 'gan scower,
 Bidding the Dwarf with him to bring away
 The *Sarazin's* Shield, sign of the Conqueror.
 Her soon he overtook, and bad to stay,
 For present cause was none of Dread her to dismay.

XXI.

She turning back with rueful Countenance,
 Cry'd, Mercy, Mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
 On filly Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
 And to your mighty Will. Her Humbleffe low
 In so rich Weeds and seeming glorious show,
 Did much emmove his stout heroick Heart,
 And said, Dear Dame, your sudden Overthrow
 Much rueth me ; but now put fear apart,
 And tell, both who ye be, and who that took your part.

XXII.

Melting in Tears, then 'gan she thus lament ;
 The wretched Woman, whom unhappy Hour
 Hath now made thrall to your Commandement,
 Before that angry Heavens list to lower,
 And Fortune false betray'd me to thy Power,
 Was, (O what now availeth that I was !)
 Born the sole Daughter of an Emperor,
 He that the wide West under his Rule has,
 And high hath set his Throne, where *Tiberis* doth pass.

XXIII.

He in the first Flower of my freshest Age,
 Betrothed me unto the only Heir
 Of a most mighty King, most rich and sage ;
 Was never Prince so faithful and so fair,
 Was never Prince so meek and debonair :
 But e're my hoped day of Spoufal shone,
 My dearest Lord fell from high Honour's stair,
 Into the hands of his accursed Fone,
 Cruelly was slain, that shall I ever mone.

XXIV.

XXIV.

His blessed Body spoil'd of lively Breath,
 Was afterward, I know not how convey'd,
 And from me hid : of whose most innocent Death,
 When Tydings came to me, unhappy Maid,
 O how great Sorrow my sad Soul assay'd !
 Then forth I went his woful Corse to find,
 And many Years throughout the World I stray'd
 A Virgin Widow, whose deep-wounded Mind
 With Love, long time did languish as the stricken Hind.

XXV.

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

XXVI.

In this sad plight, friendless, unfortunate,
 Now miserable I *Fidessa* dwell,
 Craving of you in pity of my State,
 To do none ill, if please ye not do well,
 He in great Passion all this while did dwell,
 More busying his quick Eyes, her Face to view,
 Than his dull Ears, to hear what she did tell ;
 And said, Fair Lady, Heart of Flint would rewe
 The undeserved Woes and Sorrows which ye shew.

XXVII.

Henceforth in safe Assurance may ye rest,
 Having both found a new Friend you to aid,
 And lost an old Foe, that did you molest :
 Better new Friend than an old Foe is said.
 With change of Chear the seeming simple Maid
 Let fall her eyne, as shamefac'd, to the Earth,
 And yielding soft, in that she nought gain-said ;
 So forth they rode, he feigning seemly Mirth,
 And she coy Looks : so Dainty, they say, maketh Dearth

XXVIII.

Long time they thus together travelled,
 Till weary of their way, they came at last,
 Where grew two goodly Trees, that fair did spread
 Their Arms abroad, with grey Moss over-cast;
 And their green Leaves trembling with every Blast,
 Made a calm Shadow far in compass round:
 The fearful Shepherd often there aghast
 Under them never sat, ne wont there found
 His merry oten Pipe, but shun'd th' unlucky Ground.

XXIX.

But this good Knight soon as he them 'gan spy,
 For the cool Shade him thither hast'ly got:
 For golden *Phæbus*, now that mounted high,
 From fiery Wheels of his fair Chariot
 Hurl'd his Beam so scorching cruel hot,
 That living Creature mote it not abide;
 And his new Lady it endured not.
 There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
 From the fierce Heat, and rest their weary Limbs a tide.

XXX.

Fair seemly Pleasance each to other makes,
 With goodly purposes there as they fit:
 And in his falsed Fancy he her takes
 To be the fairest Wight, that lived yet;
 Which to express, he bends his gentle Wit,
 And thinking of those Branches green to frame
 A Garland for her dainty Forehead fit,
 He pluck'd a Bough; out of whose Rift there came
 Small drops of gory Blood, that trickled down the same.

XXXI.

Therewith a piteous yelling Voice was heard,
 Crying, O spare with guilty Hands to tear
 My tender Sides in this rough Rynd embard;
 But fly, ah fly far hence away, for fear
 Lest to you hap, that happned to me here,
 And to this wretched Lady, my dear Love;
 O too dear love, Love bought with Death too dear!
 Aston'd he stood, and up his Hair did hove,
 With that sudden Horror could no Member move.

XXXII.

XXXII.

At last, when as the dreadful Passion
 Was over past, and Manhood well awake,
 Yet musing at the strange Occasion,
 And doubting much his Sense, he thus bespake :
 What Voice of damned Ghost from *Limbo* Lake,
 Or guileful Spright wandring in empty Air,
 Both which frail Men do oftentimes mistake,
 Sends to my doubtful Ears these Speeches rare,
 And rueful Plaints, me bidding guiltless Blood to spare ?

XXXIII.

Then groaning deep, nor damned Ghost, quoth he,
 Nor guileful Spright to thee these words doth speak ;
 But once a Man, *Fradubio*, now a Tree ;
 Wretched Man, wretched Tree ! whose Nature weak,
 A cruel Witch her curfed Will to wreak,
 Hath thus transform'd, and plac'd in open Plains,
 Where *Boreas* doth blow full bitter bleak,
 And scorching Sun does dry my secret Veins :
 For tho a Tree I seem, yet Cold and Heat me pains.

XXXIV.

Say on *Fradubio* then, or Man, or Tree ;
 Quoth then the Knight, by whose mischievous Arts
 Art thou mishap'd thus, as now I see ?
 He oft finds Med'cine, who his Grief imparts ;
 But double Griefs afflict concealing Hearts,
 As raging Flames who striveth to suppress.
 The Author then (said he) of all my Smarts,
 Is one *Duessa*, a false Sorceress,
 That many errant Knights hath brought to wretchedness.

XXXV.

In prime of youthly Years, when Courage hot
 The fire of Love and Joy of Chevalree
 First kindled in my Breast, it was my Lot
 To love this gentle Lady, whom ye see ;
 Now not a Lady, but a seeming Tree ;
 With whom as once I rode accompany'd,
 Me chanced of a Knight encountred be,
 That had a like fair Lady by his side,
 Like a fair Lady, but did foul *Duessa* hide.

XXXVI.

Whose forged Beauty he did take in hand,
 All other Dames to have exceeded far ;
 In defence of mine did likewise stand ;
 Mine, that did then shine as the Morning-Star :
 So both to Battle fierce arraunged are,
 In which his harder Fortune was to fall
 Under my Spear ; such is the dye of War :
 His Lady, left as a Prize martial,
 Did yield her comely Person to be at my Call.

XXXVII.

So doubly lov'd of Ladies unlike fair,
 Th' one seeming such, the other such indeed,
 One day in Doubt I cast for to compare,
 Whether in Beauty's Glory did exceed :
 A rosy Garland was the Victor's Meed ;
 Both seem'd to win, and both seem'd won to be,
 So hard the Discord was to be agreed.
Fralissa was as fair, as fair mote be,
 And ever false *Duess*a seem'd as fair as she.

XXXVIII.

The wicked Witch now seeing all this while
 The doubtful Ballance equally to sway,
 What not by Right, she cast to win by Guile,
 And by her hellish Science rais'd straightway
 A foggy Mist that overcast the day,
 And a dull Blast, that breathing on her Face,
 Dimmed her former Beauties shining Ray,
 And with foul ugly Form did her disgrace :
 Then was she fair alone, when none was fair in place.

XXXIX.

Then cry'd she out, Fye, fye, deformed Wight,
 Whose borrow'd Beauty now appeareth plain
 To have before bewitched all Mens fight ;
 O leave her soon, or let her soon be slain.
 Her loathly Visage viewing with Disdain,
 Eftsoons I thought her such, as she me told,
 And would have kill'd her ; but with feigned Pain,
 The false Witch did my wrathful Hand with-hold ;
 her, where she now is turn'd to tre-on Mould.

XL.

Then forth I took *Duessa* for my Dame,
 And in the Witch unweening joy'd long time,
 Ne ever wist, but that she was the same,
 Till on a Day (that day is every Prime,
 When Witches wont do Penance for their Crime)
 I chaunst to see her in her proper Hew,
 Bathing her self in Origane and Thyme :
 A filthy foul old Woman I did view,
 That ever to have touch'd her, I did deadly rew.

XLI.

Her neather Parts mishapen, monstrous,
 Were hid in Water, that I could not see,
 But they did seem more foul and hideous,
 Than Woman's Shape Man would believe to be.
 Then forth from her most beastly Company
 I 'gan refrain, in Mind to slip away,
 Soon as appear'd safe Opportunity :
 For Danger great, if not assur'd Decay
 I saw before mine Eyes, if I were known to stray.

XLII.

The devilish Hag by chaunges of my Chear
 Perceiv'd my Thought, and drown'd in sleepy Night,
 With wicked Herbs and Ointments did besmear
 My Body all, through Charms and Magick Might,
 That all my Senses were bereaved quite :
 Then brought she me into this desert Waste,
 And by my wretched Lover's side me pight,
 Where now inclos'd in wooden Walls full fast,
 Banish'd from living Wights, our weary Days we waste.

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

XLIV.

The false *Duess*a, now *Fidessa* hight,
 Heard how in vain *Fradubio* did lament,
 And knew well all was true. But the good Knight,
 Full of sad Fear and ghastly Dreriment,
 When all this Speech the living Tree had spent,
 The bleeding Bough did thrust into the Ground,
 That from the Blood he might be innocent,
 And with fresh Clay did close the wooden Wound:
 Then turning to his Lady, dead with Fear her found.

XLV.

Her seeming dead he found with feigned Fear,
 As all unweeting of that well she knew,
 And pain'd himself with busy Care to rear
 Her out of careless Swoone. Her Eye-lids blew
 And dimmed sight with pale and deadly Hew,
 At last she up 'gan lift: with trembling chear
 Her up he took, too simple and too true,
 And oft her kiss'd. At length all passed fear,
 He set her on her Steed, and forward forth did bear.





CANTO III.

*Forsaken Truth long seeks her Love,
And makes the Lion mild,
Marrs blind Devotion's Mart, and falls
In hand of Leachour wild.*

I.

NOUGHT is there under Heav'n's wide hollownes
That moves more dear Compassion of Mind,
Than Beauty brought t' unworthy Wretchedness
Through Envy's Snares or Fortune's Freaks unkind:
I, whether lately through her Brightness blind,
Or through Allegiance and fast Fealty,
Which I do owe unto all Woman-kind,
Feel my Heart pierc'd with so great Agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

II.

And now it is empassioned so deep,
For fairest *Una's* sake, of whom I sing,
That my frail Eyes these Lines with Tears do steep,
To think how she through guileful handeling,
Though true as touch, though Daughter of a King,
Though fair as ever living Wight was fair,
Though nor in Word nor Deed ill meriting,
Is from her Knight divorced in Despair,
And her due Loves deriv'd to that vile Witch's share.

III.

Yet she, most faithful Lady, all this while
Forsaken, woful, solitary Maid,
Far from all People's press, as in exile,
In Wilderness and wastful Deserts stray'd,
To seek her Knight; who, subtilly betray'd,
Through that late Vision, which th' Enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandon'd. She of nought afraid,
Through Woods and Wastness wide him daily fought;
Yet wished Tydings none of him unto her brought.

IV.

IV.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
 From her unhasly Beast she did alight,
 And on the Grass her dainty Limbs did lay
 In secret Shadow, far from all Mens sight:
 From her fair Head her Fillet she undight,
 And laid her Stole aside. Her Angel's Face,
 As the great Eye of Heaven shined bright,
 And made a Sun-shine in the shady place;
 Did never mortal Eye behold such heavenly Grace.

V.

It fortun'd out of the thickest Wood
 A ramping Lion rushed suddenly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage Blood.
 Soon as the Royal Virgin he did spy,
 With gaping Mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have at once devour'd her tender Corse:
 But to the Prey when as he drew more nigh,
 His bloody Rage assuaged with Remorse,
 And with the sight amaz'd, forgot his furious force.

VI.

Instead thereof he kiss'd her weary Feet,
 And lick'd her lilly Hands with fauning Tongue,
 As he her wronged Innocence did weet,
 O! how can Beauty master the most strong,
 And simple Truth subdue avenging Wrong!
 Whose yielded Pride, and proud Submission,
 Sill dreading Death, when she had marked long,
 Her Heart 'gan melt in great Compassion,
 And drizzling Tears did shed for pure Affection.

VII.

The Lion, Lord of every Beast in Field,
 Quoth she, his princely Puissance doth abate,
 And mighty Proud to humble Weak does yield,
 Forgetful of the hungry Rage, which late
 Him prick'd, in pity of my sad Estate:
 But he my Lion, and my noble Lord,
 How does he find in cruel Heart to hate
 that him lov'd, and ever most ador'd,
 of my Life? Why hath he me abhor'd?

VIII.

VIII.

Redounding Tears did choke th' end of her Plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour Wood ;
And sad to see her sorrowful Constraint,
The kingly Beast upon her gazing stood ;
With pity calm'd, down fell his angry Mood.
At last, in close Heart shutting up her Pain,
Arose the Virgin born of heavenly Brood,
And to her snowy Palfrey got again,
To seek her strayed Champion, if she might attain.

IX.

The Lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste Person, and a faithful Mate
Of her sad Troubles and Misfortunes hard :
Still when she slept, she kept both Watch and Ward :
And when she wak'd, he waited diligent,
With humble Service to her Will prepar'd :
From her fair Eyes he took Commaundement,
And ever by her Looks conceived her Intent.

X.

Long she thus travelled through Desarts wide,
By which she thought her wandring Knight should pass,
Yet never shew of living Wight espy'd ;
Till that at length she found the trodden Grass,
In which the Track of People's Footing was,
Under the steep foot of a Mountain hore :
The same she follows, till at last she has
A Damsel spy'd, slow footing her before,
That on her Shoulders sad a Pot of Water bore.

XI.

To whom approching, she to her 'gan call,
To weet, if Dwelling-place were nigh at hand ;
But the rude Wench her answer'd nought at all,
She could not hear, nor speak, nor understand ;
Till seeing by her side the Lion stand,
With suddain fear her Pitcher down she threw,
And fled away : For never in that Land
Face of fair Lady she before did view,
And that dread Lion's Look her cast in deadly hew.

XII.

XII.

Full fast she fled, ne ever look'd behind,
 As if her Life upon the Wager lay ;
 And home she came, whereas her Mother blind
 Sate in eternal Night : nought could she say ;
 But suddain catching hold, did her dismay
 With quaking Hands, and other signs of Fear :
 Who full of ghastly Fright and cold Affray,
 'Gan shut the Door. By this arrived there
 Dame *Una*, weary Dame, and entrance did requere.

XIII.

Which when none yielded, her unruly Page
 With his rude Claws the Wicket open rent,
 And let her in ; where of his cruel Rage
 Nigh dead with Fear, and faint Astonishment,
 She found them both in darksome Corner pent ;
 Where that old Woman day and night did pray
 Upon her Beads devoutly penitent ;
 Nine hundred *Pater-Nosters* every day,
 And thrice nine hundred *Ave's* she was wont to say.

XIV.

And to augment her painful Penance more,
 Thrice every Week in Ashes she did sit,
 And next her wrinkled Skin rough Sackcloth wore,
 And thrice three times did fast from any bit :
 But now for fear her Beads she did forget.
 Whose needles dread for to remove away,
 Fair *Una* fram'd Words and Count'nance fit :
 Which hardly done, at length she 'gan them pray,
 That in their Cottage small, that Night she rest her may.

XV.

The day is spent, and cometh drowsy Night,
 When every Creature shrowded is in sleep ;
 Sad *Una* down her lays in weary plight,
 And at her feet the Lion watch doth keep :
 Instead of Rest, she does lament, and weep
 For the late Loss of her dear loved Knight,
 And sighs and groans, and evermore does steep
 Her tender Breast in bitter Tears all Night ;
 She thinks too long, and often looks for Light.

XVI.

XVI.

Now when *Aldeboran* was mounted high
 Above the shiny *Cassiopeia's* Chair,
 And all in deadly sleep did drowned lie,
 One knocked at the Door, and in would fare;
 He knocked fast, and often curs'd, and sware,
 That ready Entrance was not at his call:
 For on his Back a heavy Load he bare
 Of nightly Stealths, and Pillage several,
 Which he had got abroad by Purchase criminal.

XVII.

He was to weet a stout and sturdy Thief,
 Wont to rob Churches of their Ornaments,
 And poor Mens Boxes of their due Relief,
 Which given was to them for good Intents:
 The holy Saints of their rich Vestiments
 He did disrobe, when all Men careless slept,
 And spoil'd the Priests of their Habiliments,
 Whiles none the holy things in safety kept;
 Then he by cunning sleights in at the Window crept.

XVIII.

And all that he by Right or Wrong could find,
 Unto this House he brought, and did bestow
 Upon the Daughter of this Woman blind,
Abeffa, Daughter of *Corceca* slow,
 With whom he Whoredom us'd, that few did know,
 And fed her fat with Feast of Offerings,
 And Plenty, which in all the Land did grow:
 Ne spared he to give her Gold and Rings,
 And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

XIX.

Thus, long the Door with Rage and Threats he bet,
 Yet of those fearful Women none durst rise.
 The Lion frayed them, him in to let:
 He would no longer stay him to advise,
 But open breaks the Door in furious wise,
 And entring is; when that disdainful Beast
 Encountring fierce, him suddain doth surprize,
 And seizing cruel Claws on trembling Breast,
 Under his Lordly Foot him proudly hath supprest.

XX.

Him booteth not resist, nor Succour call,
 His bleeding Heart is in the Venger's Hand,
 Who straight him rent in thousand pieces small,
 And quite dismembred hath: The thirsty Land
 Drunk up his Life; his Corse left on the strand.
 His fearful Friends wear out the woful Night,
 Ne dare to weep, nor seem to understand
 The heavy Hap which on them is alight,
 Afraid, left to themselves the like mishappen might.

XXI.

Now when broad Day the World discovered has,
 Up *Una* rose, up rose the Lion eke,
 And on their former Journey forward pass,
 In ways unknown, her wandring Night to seek,
 With Pains for passing that long wandring *Greek*,
 That far his Love refused Deity;
 Such were the Labours of this Lady meek,
 Still seeking him, that from her still did fly,
 Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened night.

XXII.

Soon as she parted thence, the fearful Twain,
 That blind old Woman and her Daughter dear,
 Came forth, and finding *Kirkrapine* there slain,
 For Anguish great they 'gan to rend their Heir,
 And beat their Breasts, and naked Flesh to tear.
 And when they both had wept and wail'd their fill,
 Then forth they ran like two amazed Deer,
 Half mad through Malice, and revenging Will,
 To follow her, that was the causer of their Ill.

XXIII.

Whom overtaking, they 'gan loudly bray,
 With hollow Howling, and lamenting Cry,
 Shamefully at her railing all the way,
 And her accusing of Dishonesty,
 That was the Flower of Faith and Chastity;
 And still amidst her railing, she did pray,
 That Plagues, and Mischiefs, and long Misery
 Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
 And that in endless Error she might ever stray.

XXIV.

But when she saw her Prayers nought prevail,
 She back returned with some Labour lost ;
 And in the way, as she did weep and wail,
 A Knight her met in mighty Arms emboss'd,
 Yet Knight was not for all his bragging boast.
 But subtile *Archimago*, that *Una* sought
 By Trains into new Troubles to have tofs'd :
 Of that old Woman Tydings he besought,
 If that of such a Lady she could tellen ought.

XXV.

There-with she 'gan her Passion to renew,
 And cry, and curse, and rail, and rend her Hair,
 Saying, That Harlot she too lately knew,
 That caus'd her shed so many a bitter Tear,
 And so forth told the Story of her Fear :
 Much seem'd he to moan her hapless Chance,
 And after, for that Lady did inquire :
 Which being taught, he forward 'gan advance
 His fair enchanted Steed, and eke his charmed Launce.

XXVI.

Ere long he came where *Una* travel'd slow,
 And that wild Champion waiting her beside :
 Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not show
 Himself too nigh at hand, but turned wide
 Unto an Hill ; from whence when she him spy'd,
 By his like seeming Shield, her Knight by name
 She ween'd it was, and towards him 'gan ride :
 Approching nigh, she wist it was the same,
 And with fair fearful humbleesse towards him she came.

XXVII.

And weeping said, Ah my long lacked Lord,
 Where have you been thus long out of my sight ?
 Much feared I to have been quite abhor'd,
 Or ought have done, that ye displeas'n might,
 That should as death unto my dear Heart light :
 For since mine Eye your joyous fight did miss,
 My cheerful Day is turn'd to cheerless Night,
 And eke my Night of Death the Shadow is ;
 But welcome now my Light, and shining Lamp of Bliss.

XXVIII.

He thereto meeting, said, my dearest Dame,
 Far be it from your Thought, and from my Will,
 To think that Knighthood I so much should shame,
 As you to leave, that have me loved still,
 And chose in *Fairy Court* of mere good-will,
 Where noblest Knights were to be found on Earth :
 The Earth shall sooner leave her kindly Skill
 To bring forth Fruit, and make eternal Dearth,
 Than I leave you, my Lief, yborn of heavenly Birth.

XXIX.

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

XXX.

His lovely words her seem'd due Recompence
 Of all her passed Pains : one loving Hour
 For many Years of Sorrow can dispense ;
 A Dram of Sweet is worth a Pound of Sour :
 She has forgot, how many a woful flower
 For him she late endur'd ; she speaks no more
 Of past : true is, that true Love hath no Power
 To looken back ; his Eyes be fix'd before :
 Before her stands her Knight, for whom she toil'd so sore.

XXXI.

Much like, as when the beaten Mariner,
 That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
 Oft soust in swelling *Tethys'* saltish Tear,
 And long time having tann'd his tawney Hide,
 With blustering Breath of Heaven, that none can bide,
 And scorching Flames of fierce *Orion's* hound ;
 Soon as the Port from far he has espy'd,

 Whistle merrily doth sound,

 owns with Cups ; his Mates him pledg around.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Such Joy made *Una*, when her Knight she found ;
 And eke th' Enchaunter joyous seem'd no less
 Than the glad Merchant, that does view from ground
 His Ship far come from watry Wilderness ;
 He hurles out Vows, and *Neptune* oft doth bless :
 So forth they past, and all the way they spent
 Discourfing of her dreadful late Distrefs,
 In which he ask'd her, what the Lion ment :
 Who told her all that fell in Journey as she went.

XXXIII.

They had not ridden far, when they might see
 One pricking towards them with hasty heat,
 Full strongly arm'd, and on a Courfer free
 That through his fierceness foamed all with Sweat,
 And the sharp Iron did for Anger eat,
 When his hot Rider spur'd his chauffed Side ;
 His Look was stern, and seem'd still to threat
 Cruel Revenge, which he in Heart did hide,
 And on his Shield *Sans-loy* in bloody Lines was dy'd.

XXXIV.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle Pair,
 And saw the Red-cross, which the Knight did bear,
 He burnt in Fire, and 'gan eftsoons prepare
 Himself in Battle with his couched Spear.
 Loth was that other, and did faint through fear
 To taste th' untryed Dint of deadly Steel ;
 But yet his Lady did so well him chear,
 That hope of new good hap he 'gan to feel ;
 So bent his Spear, and spurn'd his Horse with iron Heel.

XXXV.

But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce,
 And full of Wrath, that with his sharp-head Spear
 Through vainly crossed Shield he quite did pierce ;
 And had his staggering Steed not shrunk for fear,
 Through Shield and Body eke he should him bear :
 Yet so great was the puiffance of his Push,
 That from his Saddle quite he did him bear :
 He tumbling rudely down to Ground did rush,
 And from his gored Wound a Well of Blood did gush.

XXXVI.

Dismounting lightly from his lofty Steed,
 He to him leapt, in mind to reave his Life,
 And proudly said, Lo there the worthy Meed
 Of him that slew *Sans-foy* with bloody Knife:
 Henceforth his Ghost, freed from repining Strife,
 In peace may passen over *Letbe* Lake,
 When mourning Altars, purg'd with Enemies Life,
 The black infernal Furies does aslake:
 Life from *Sans-foy* thou took'st, *Sans-loy* shall from thee take.

XXXVII.

There-with in haste his Helmet 'gan unlace,
 Till *Una* cry'd, O hold that heavy Hand,
 Dear Sir, whatever that thou be in place:
 Enough is, that thy Foe doth vanquish'd stand
 Now at thy mercy; Mercy not withstand:
 For he is one the truest Knight alive,
 Though conquer'd now he lie on lowly Land;
 And whilst him Fortune favour'd, Fair did thrive
 In bloody Field: therefore of Life him not deprive.

XXXVIII.

Her piteous words might not abate his Rage:
 But rudely rending up his Helmet, would
 Have slain him straight: but when he sees his Age,
 And hoary Head of *Archimago* old,
 His hasty Hand he doth amazed hold,
 And half ashamed, wondred at the sight:
 For, the old Man well knew he, tho' untold,
 In Charms and Magick to have wondrous Might,
 Ne ever wont in Field, ne in round Lists to fight.

XXXIX.

And said, Why *Archimago*, luckless Sire!
 What do I see? What hard mishap is this,
 That hath thee hither brought to taste mine Ire?
 Or thine the Fault, or mine the Error is,
 Instead of Foe, to wound my Friend amiss?
 He answer'd nought, but in a Traunce still lay,
 And on those guileful dazed Eyes of his
 The Cloud of Death did sit. Which doen away,
 He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay:

XL.

But to the Virgin comes, who all this while
 Amazed stands, her self so mock'd to see
 By him, who has the Guerdon of his Guile,
 For so misfeigning her true Knight to be :
 Yet is she now in more perplexity,
 Left in the Hand of that same Paynim bold,
 From whom her booteth not at all to flie :
 Who, by her cleanly Garment catching hold,
 Her from her Palfrey pluck'd, her Visage to behold.

XLI.

But her fierce Servant, full of kingly Awe
 And high Disdain, when as his sovereign Dame
 So rudely handled by her Foe he saw,
 With gaping Jaws full greedy at him came,
 And ramping on his Shield, did ween the same
 Have rest away with his sharp rending Claws :
 But he was stout, and Lust did now inflame
 His Courage more, that from his griping Paws
 He hath his Shield redeem'd, and forth his Sword he draws.

XLII.

O then too weak and feeble was the Force
 Of salvage Beast, his Puissance to withstand ;
 For he was strong, and of so mighty Corse,
 As ever wielded Spear in warlike Hand,
 And Feats of Arms did wisely understand.
 Eftsoons he pierced through his chauffed Chest
 With thrilling Point of deadly Iron Brand,
 And launc'd his Lordly Heart ; with Death oppress'd,
 He roar'd aloud, whiles Life forsook his stubborn Breast.

XLIII.

Who now is left to keep the forlorn Maid
 From raging Spoil of lawless Victor's Will ?
 Her faithful Guard remov'd, her Hope dismay'd,
 Her self a yielded Prey to save or spill.
 He now Lord of the Field, his Pride to fill,
 With foul Reproaches, and disdainful Spight
 Her vilely entertains, and (will or nill)
 Bears her away upon his Courser light :
 Her Prayers nought prevail, his Rage is more of

XLIV.

And all the way, with great lamenting Pain,
And piteous Plaints she filleth his dull Ears,
That stony Heart could riven have in twain,
And all the way she wets with flowing Tears :
But he, enrag'd with Rancor, nothing hears.
Her servile Beast yet would not leave her so,
But follows her far off, ne ought he fears
To be partaker of her wandring Woe ;
More mild in beastly Kind, than that her beastly Foe.





CANTO IV.

To sinful House of Pride, *Duessā*
 Guides the faithful Knight:
 Where, Brother's Death to wreak, Sans-joy
 Doth challenge him to fight.

I.

YOUNG Knight, whatever that dost Arms profess,
 And thro long Labours huntest after Fame,
 Beware of Fraud, beware of Fickleness,
 In Choice and Change of thy dear loved Dame;
 Lest thou of her believe too lightly blame,
 And rash misweening do thy Heart remove:
 For unto Knight there is no greater Shame,
 Than Lightness and Inconstancy in Love;
 That doth this *Red-cross* Knight's ensample plainly prove.

II.

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

III.

Great Troops of People travell'd thitherward
 Both Day and Night, of each Degree and Place;
 But few returned; having 'scaped hard,
 With baleful Beggary, or foul Disgrace,
 Which ever after, in most wretched Case,
 Like loathsome Lazars, by the Hedges lay.
 Thither *Duessā* bade him bend his Pace:
 For she is weary of the toilsom way,
 And also nigh consumed is the lingring Day.

IV.

IV.

A stately Palace built of squared Brick,
 Which cunningly was without Mortar laid,
 Whose Walls were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
 And golden Foil all over them displaid ;
 That purest Sky with Brightness they dismaid :
 High lifted up were many lofty Towers,
 And goodly Galleries far overlaid,
 Full of fair Windows, and delightful Bowers ;
 And on the top a Dial told the timely Hours.

V.

It was a goodly Heap for to behold,
 And spake the Praises of the Workman's Wit ;
 But full great Pity, that so fair a Mold
 Did on so weak Foundation ever sit :
 For on a sandy Hill, that still did flit,
 And fall away, it mounted was full high,
 That every Breath of Heaven shaked it ;
 And all the hinder Parts, that few could spy,
 Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

VI.

Arrived there, they passed in forth right ;
 For still, to all, the Gates stood open wide ;
 Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
 Call'd *Malvenu*, who entrance none deny'd :
 Thence to the Hall, which was on every side
 With rich Array and costly Arras dight,
 Infinite sorts of People did abide,
 There waiting long, to win the wished Sight
 Of her, that was the Lady of that Palace bright.

VII.

By them they pass, all gazing on them round,
 And to the Presence mount ; whose glorious View
 Their frail amazed Senses did confound :
 In living Princes Court none ever knew
 Such endless Riches, and so sumptuous Shew ;
 Ne *Persia*' self, the Nurse of Pompous Pride,
 Like ever saw. And there a noble Crew
 Of Lords and Ladies stood on every side,
 Which with their Presence fair the Place much beautify'd.

VIII.

VIII.

High above all, a Cloth of State was spread,
 And a rich Throne, as bright as sunny Day,
 On which there sat most brave embellished
 With Royal Robes and gorgeous Array,
 A Maiden Queen, that shone as *Titan's* Ray,
 In glistering Gold, and peerless precious Stone:
 Yet her bright blazing Beauty did assay
 To dim the Brightness of her glorious Throne,
 As envying her self, that too exceeding shone.

IX.

Exceeding shone, like *Phæbus'* fairest Child,
 That did presume his Father's fiery Wain,
 And flaming Mouths of Steeds unwonted wild,
 Through highest Heaven with weaker hand to rein;
 Proud of such Glory and Advancement vain,
 While flashing Beams do daze his feeble Eye,
 He leaves the Welkin-way most beaten plain,
 And wrapt with whirling Wheels, enflames the Skye,
 With Fire not made to burn, but fairly for to shine.

X.

So proud she shined in her Princely State,
 Looking to Heaven; for Earth she did disdain,
 And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
 Lo! underneath her scornful Feet, was lain
 A dreadful Dragon with an hideous Train:
 And in her Hand she held a Mirrour bright,
 Wherein her Face she often viewed feign,
 And in her self-lov'd semblance took delight,
 For she was wondrous fair, as any living Wight.

XI.

Of griesly *Pluto* she the Daughter was,
 And sad *Proserpina* the Queen of Hell;
 Yet did she think her peerless Worth to pass
 That Parentage, with Pride so did she swell:
 And thundring *Jove*, that high in Heaven doth dwell,
 And wield the World, she claimed for her Sire,
 Or if that any else did *Jove* excel:
 For to the highest she did still aspire,
 Or, if ought higher were than that, did it desire.

XII.

And proud *Lucifera* Men did her call,
 That made her self a Queen, and crown'd to be;
 Yet rightful Kingdom she had none at all,
 Ne Heritage of native Sovereignty,
 But did usurp with Wrong and Tyranny
 Upon the Scepter, which she now did hold:
 Ne rul'd her Realms with Laws, but Policy,
 And strong Advizement of six Wizards old,
 That with their Counsels bad her Kingdom did uphold.

XIII.

Soon as the Elfin Knight in Presence came,
 And false *Duess*a, seeming Lady fair,
 A gentle Usher, *Vanity* by name,
 Made room, and Passage for them did prepare:
 So goodly brought them to the lowest Stair
 Of her high Throne; where they, on humble Kneec
 Making Obeisance, did the Cause declare,
 Why they were come, her Royal State to see,
 To prove the wide Report of her great Majesty.

XIV.

With lofty Eyes, half loth to look so low;
 She thanked them in her disdainful wise,
 Ne other Grace vouchsafed them to show,
 Of Princess worthy, scarce them bad arise.
 Her Lords and Ladies all this while devise
 Themselves to setten forth to Straungers sight:
 Some frounce their curled Hair in courtly guise,
 Some pranke their Ruffes, and others trimly dight
 Their gay Attire: each others greater Pride does spight.

XV.

Goodly they all that Knight do entertain,
 Right glad with him to have increas'd their Crew:
 But to *Duess*' each one himself did pain
 All Kindness and fair Courtesy to shew;
 For in that Court whilome her well they knew:
 The stout Fairy 'mongst the middest Croud,
 All their Glory vain in knightly view,
 At Princes too exceeding proud,
 Knight no better Countenance allow'd.

XVI.

XVI.

Suddain upriseth from her stately Place
 The royal Dame, and for her Coach doth call:
 All hurlen forth, and she with Princely pace,
 As fair *Aurora* in her purple Pall,
 Out of the East the dawning Day doth call.
 So forth she comes: her Brightness broad doth blaze;
 The heaps of People thronging in the Hall,
 Do ride each other, upon her to gaze:
 Her glorious Glitter and Light doth all Mens Eyes amaze.

XVII.

So forth she comes, and to her Coach does climb,
 Adorned all with Gold and Garlands gay,
 That seem'd as fresh as *Flora* in her Prime;
 And strove to match, in royal rich Array,
 Great *Juno's* golden Chair, the which they say
 The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
 To *Jove's* high House, through Heavens brass-paved way,
 Drawn of fair Peacocks, that excel in Pride,
 And full of *Argus'* Eyes their Tails dispredden wide.

XVIII.

But this was drawn of six unequal Beasts,
 On which her six sage Counsellors did ride,
 Taught to obey their bestial Beheasts,
 With like Conditions to their kinds apply'd:
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guide,
 Was sluggish *Idleness*, the Nurse of Sin;
 Upon a slothful *Ass* he chose to ride,
 Array'd in Habit black, and amis thin,
 Like to an holy Monk, the Service to begin.

XIX.

And in his Hand his Portests still he bare,
 That much was worn, but therein little read:
 For of Devotion he had little care,
 Still drown'd in Sleep, and most of his days dead;
 Scarce could he once uphold his heavy Head,
 To looken whether it were Night or Day.
 May seem the Wain was very evil led,
 When such an one had guiding of the way,
 That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

XX.

From worldly Cares himself he did esloin,
 And greatly shunned manly Exercise ;
 For every Work he challenged Essoin,
 For Contemplation sake : yet otherwise,
 His Life he led in lawless Riotise ;
 By which he grew to grievous Malady :
 For, in his lustless Limbs through evil Guise
 A shaking Fever reign'd continually :
 Such one was *Idleness*, first of this Company.

XXI.

And by his side rode loathsome *Gluttony*,
 Deformed Creature, on a filthy Swine,
 His Belly was up-blown with Luxury,
 And eke with Fatness swollen were his eyne :
 And like a Crane, his Neck was long and fine,
 With which he swallowed up excessive Feast,
 For want whereof poor People oft did pine :
 And all the way, most like a brutish Beast,
 He spewed up his Gorge, that all did him detest.

XXII.

In green Vine Leaves he was right fitly clad,
 For other Clothes he could not wear for Heat :
 And on his Head an Ivy Garland had,
 From under which fast trickled down the Sweat :
 Still as he rode, he some-what still did eat,
 And in his Hand did bear a Bouzing-Can,
 Of which he supt so oft, that on his Seat
 His drunken Corse he scarce upholden can ;
 In Shape and Life, more like a Monster than a Man.

XXIII.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
 And eke unable once to stir or go,
 Not meet to be of Counsel to a King,
 Whose Mind in Meat and Drink was drowned so,
 That from his Friend he seldom knew his Foe :

All of Diseases was his Carcase blue,
 Dry Dropsy through his Flesh did flow :
 His mis-diet daily greater grew :
 As *Gluttony*, the second of that Crew,

XXIV.

And next to him rode lustful *Lecbery*
 Upon a bearded Goat, whose rugged Hair
 And whally Eyes (the sign of Jealousy)
 Was like the Person self, whom he did bear:
 Who rough, and black, and filthy did appear,
 Unseemly Man to please fair Ladies Eye;
 Yet he, of Ladies oft was loved dear,
 When fairer Faces were bid standen by:
 O! who does know the bent of Womens fantasy?

XXV.

In a green Gown he clothed was full fair,
 Which underneath did hide his Filthiness,
 And in his Hand a burning Heart he bare,
 Full of vain Follies and new-fangleness:
 For he was false, and fraught with Fickleness,
 And learned had to love with secret Looks,
 And well could daunce and sing with ruefulness,
 And Fortunes tell, and read in loving Books,
 And thousand other ways to bait his fleshly Hooks.

XXVI.

Inconstant Man that loved all he saw,
 And lusted after all that he did love;
 Ne would his looser Life be ty'd to Law,
 But joy'd weak Womens Hearts to tempt and prove,
 If from their loyal Loves he might them move;
 Which Lewdness fill'd him with reproachful Pain
 Of that foul Evil which all Men reprove
 That rots the Marrow, and consumes the Brain:
 Such one was *Letchery*, the third of all this Train.

XXVII.

And greedy *Avarice* by him did ride,
 Upon a Camel loaden all with Gold;
 Two iron Coffers hung on either side,
 With precious Metal, full as they might hold,
 And in his Lap an heap of Coin he told:
 For of his wicked Pelf his God he made,
 And unto Hell himself for Money sold;
 Accursed Usury was all his Trade,
 And right and wrong ylike in equal Ballance weigh'd.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

His Life was nigh unto Death's Door yplac'd,
 And thread-bare Coat and cobled Shoes he ware,
 Ne scarce good Morfel all his Life did taste,
 But both from Back and Belly still did spare,
 To fill his Bags, and Riches to compare:
 Yet Child ne Kinsman living had he none
 To leave them to; but thorough daily Care
 To get, and nightly Fear to lose his own,
 He led a wretched Life unto himself unknown.

XXIX.

Most wretched Wight, whom nothing might suffice,
 Whose greedy Lust did lack in greatest Store,
 Whose Need had end, but no end Covetise,
 Whose Wealth was Want, whose Plenty made him poor,
 Who had enough, yet wished ever more:
 A vile Disease, and eke in Foot and Hand
 A grievous Gout tormented him full sore,
 That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand:
 Such one was *Avarice*, the fourth of this fair Band.

XXX.

And next to him malicious *Envy* rode
 Upon a ravenous Wolf, and still did chew
 Between his cankred Teeth a venemous Tode,
 That all the Poison ran about his Jaw;
 But inwardly he chewed his own Maw
 At Neighbour's Wealth, that made him ever sad;
 For Death it was, when any good he saw,
 And wept, that cause of Weeping none he had:
 But when he heard of Harm, he waxed wondrous glad.

XXXI.

All in a Kirtle of discolour'd Say
 He clothed was, y painted full of Eyes;
 And in his Bosom secretly there lay
 An hateful Snake, the which his Tail upties
 In many Folds, and mortal Sting implies.
 Still as he rode, he gnash'd his Teeth, to see
 Heaps of Gold with griple Covetise,
 And at the great Felicity
Envy, and his own Company.

XXXII.

XXXII.

He hated all good Works and vertuous Deeds,
 And him no less, that any like did use;
 And who with gracious Bread the Hungry feeds,
 His Alms, for want of Faith, he doth accuse;
 So every Good to Bad he doth abuse:
 And eke the Verse of famous Poet's Wit
 He does backbite, and spightful Poison spues
 From leprous Mouth, on all that ever writ:
 Such one vile *Envy* was, that fifth in Row did sit.

XXXIII.

And him besides rides fierce revenging *Wrath*,
 Upon a Lion, loth for to be led;
 And in his Hand a burning Brond he hath,
 The which he brandisheth about his Head;
 His Eyes did hurle forth Sparkles fiery red,
 And stared stern on all that him beheld,
 As Ashes pale of hew and seeming dead;
 And on his Dagger still his Hand he held;
 Trembling through hasty Rage, when Choler in him swell'de

XXXIV.

His ruffin Raiment all was stain'd with Blood
 Which he had spilt, and all to Rags yrent,
 Through unadvised Rashness woxen wood;
 For of his Hands he had no Government,
 Ne car'd for Blood in his avengement:
 But when the furious Fit was overpast,
 His cruel Facts he often would repent;
 Yet wilful Man he never would forecast,
 How many Mischiefs should ensue his heedless haste;

XXXV,

Full many Mischiefs follow cruel *Wrath*;
 Abhorred Bloodshed and tumultuous Strife,
 Unmanly Murder, and unthrifty Scath,
 Bitter Despight, with Rancour's rusty Knife,
 And fretting Grief the Enemy of Life;
 All these, and many Evils moe haunt Ire,
 The swelling Spleen, and Phrenzy raging rife,
 The shaking Palsey, and St. *Frauncis'* Fire:
 Such one was *Wrath*, the last of this ungodly Tire.

XXXVI.

And after all, upon the Waggon Beam
 Rode *Satan*, with a smarting Whip in hand,
 With which he forward lash'd the lazy Team,
 So oft as *Sloth* still in the Mire did stand.
 Huge Routs of People did about them band,
 Shouting for Joy ; and still before their way
 A foggy Mist had cover'd all the Land ;
 And underneath their Feet, all scatter'd lay
 Dead Skulls and Bones of Men, whose Life had gone astray.

XXXVII.

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
 To take the solace of the open Air,
 And in fresh flowring Fields themselves to sport.
 Emongst the rest rode that false Lady fair,
 The fowl *Duessa*, next unto the Chair
 Of proud *Lucifera*, as one o' th' Train :
 But that good Night would not so high repair,
 Himself estraunging from their joyance vain,
 Whose Fellowship seem'd far unfit for warlike Swain.

XXXVIII.

So having solaced themselves a space,
 With pleasaunce of the breathing Fields yfed,
 They back returned to the Princely Place ;
 Whereas an errant Knight in Arms yced,
 And heath'nish Shield, wherein with Letters red
 Was writ *Sans-joy*, they new arrived find :
 Enflam'd with Fury and fierce Hardy-hed,
 He seem'd in Heart to harbour Thoughts unkind,
 And nourish bloody Vengeance in his bitter Mind.

XXXIX.

Who when the shamed Shield of slain *Sans-foy*
 He spy'd with that same Fairy Champion's Page,
 Bewraying him, that did of late destroy
 His eldest Brother, burning all with Rage
 He to him leapt, and that same envious gage
 Of Victor's Glory from him snatch'd away :
 But th' Elfin Knight, which ought that warlike wage,
 Disdain to lose the Meed he won in Fray,
 And him rencountering fierce, rescu'd the noble Prey.

XL.

Therewith they 'gan to hurtlen greedily.
 Redoubted Battail ready to darrain,
 And clash their Shields, and shake their Swords on high,
 That with their stir they troubled all the Train;
 Till that great Queen upon eternal Pain
 Of high Displeasure that enfewen might,
 Commaunded them their Fury to refrain,
 And if that either to that Shield had right,
 In equal Lifts they should the Morrow next it fight.

XLI.

Ah dearest Dame (quoth then the Paynim bold)
 Pardon the Error of enraged Wight,
 Whom great Grief made forget the Reins to hold
 Of Reason's Rule, to see this recreant Knight,
 No Knight, but Treachour full of false Despight
 And shameful Treason, who through Guile hath slain
 The prowest Knight that ever Field did Fight,
 Even stout *Sans-foy* (O! who can then refrain?)
 Whose Shield he bears re'nverst, the more to heap Disdain,

XLII.

And to augment the Glory of his Guile,
 His dearest Love the fair *Fidessa* loe
 Is there possessed of the Traitour vile,
 Who reaps the Harvest sowed by his Foe,
 Sowed in bloody Field, and bought with Woe:
 That Brother's Hand shall dearly well requight,
 So be, O Queen, you equal Favour show,
 Him little answer'd th' angry Elfin Knight;
 He never meant with Words, but Swords, to plead his Right,

XLIII.

But threw his Gauntlet as a sacred Pledge,
 His Cause in Combat the next day to try:
 So been they parted both, with Hearts on edge,
 To be aveng'd each on his Enemy.
 That Night they pass in Joy and Jollity,
 Feasting and Courting both in Bower and Hall;
 For Steward was excessive *Gluttony*,
 That of his Plenty poured forth to all;
 Which doen, the Chamberlain *Sloth* did to rest them call.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Now when as darksome Night had all display'd
 Her cole-black Curtain over brightest Sky,
 The warlike Youths on dainty Couches laid,
 Did chace away sweet Sleep from sluggish Eye,
 To muse on means of hoped Victory.
 But when as *Morpheus* had with laden Mace
 Arrested all that courtly Company,
 Up-rose *Duessa* from her Resting-place,
 And to the Paynim's Lodging comes with silent Pace.

XLV.

Whom broad awake she finds, in troublous fit,
 Fore-casting how his Foe he might annoy,
 And him amoves with Speeches seeming fit :
 Ah dear *Sans-joy*, next dearest to *Sans-foy*,
 Cause of my new Grief, Cause of my new Joy,
 Joyous to see his Image in mine Eye,
 And griev'd to think how Foe did him destroy,
 That was the Flower of Grace and Chevalry ;
 Lo, his *Fidessa*, to thy secret Faith I fly.

XLVI.

With gentle words he 'gan her fairly greet,
 And bade say on the Secret of her Heart,
 Then fighting soft, I learn that little Sweet
 Oft tempred is, (quoth he) with muchel Smart :
 For, since my Breast was launc'd with lovely Dart
 Of dear *Sans-foy*, I never joyed Hour,
 But in eternal Woes my weaker Heart
 Have wasted, loving him with all my Power,
 And for his sake have felt full many an heavy Stower.

XLVII.

At last, when Perils all I weened past,
 And hop'd to reap the Crop of all my Care,
 Into new Woes unweeting I was cast
 By this false Faytor, who unworthy ware
 His worthy Shield, whom he with guileful Snare
 Had slew, and brought to shameful Grave.

And away with him he bare,
 He hath kept in darksome Cave,
 I not yield, that to *Sans-foy* I gave.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

But since fair Sun hath spers'd that lowring Cloud,
 And to my loathed Life now shews some Light,
 Under your Beams I will me safely shroud,
 From dreaded Storm of his disdainful Spight :
 To you th' Inheritance belongs by Right
 Of Brother's praise, to you eke 'longs his Love ;
 Let not his Love, let not his restless Spright
 Be unreveng'd, that calls to you above
 From wandring *Stygian* Shores, where it doth endless move.

XLIX.

Thereto said he, Fair Dame, be nought dismay'd
 For Sorrows past ; their Grief is with them gone :
 Ne yet of present Peril be affraid ;
 For needless Fear did never vantage none,
 And helpless Hap it booteth not to mone,
 Dead is *Sans-foy*, his vital Pains are past,
 Though grieved Ghost for Vengeance deep doth grone :
 He lives, that shall him pay his Duties last,
 And guilty Elfin Blood shall sacrifice in haste.

L.

O ! but I fear the fickle Freaks (quoth she)
 Of Fortune false, and odds of Arms in Field.
 Why Dame (quoth he) what odds can ever be,
 Where both do fight alike, to win, or yield ?
 Yea, but (quoth she) he bears a charmed Shield,
 And eke enchanted Arms, that none can pierce,
 Ne none can wound the Man that does them wield
 Charm'd or Enchanted (answered he then fierce)
 I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherse.

LI.

But fair *Fidessa*, sithence Fortune's Guile,
 Or Enemy's Power hath now captived you,
 Return from whence ye came, and rest awhile
 Till Morrow next, that I the Elf subdue,
 And with *Sans-foy's* dead Dowry you endue.
 Ay me, that is a double Death (she said)
 With proud Foes fight my Sorrow to renew :
 Where ever yet I be, my secret Aid
 Shall follow you. So passing forth, she him obey'd.



C A N T O V.

*The faithful Knight in equal Field
Subdues his faithless Foe:
Whom false Duesſa ſaves, and for
His Cure to Hell does go.*

I.

THE noble Heart, that harbours vertuous Thought,
And is with child of glorious great Intent,
Can never reſt, until it forth have brought
Th' eternal Brood of Glory excellent:
Such reſtleſs Paſſion did all Night torment
The flaming Courage of that Fairy Knight,
Deviſing how that doughty Turnament
With greateſt Honour he atchieven might;
Still did he wake, and ſtill did watch for dawning Light.

II.

At laſt, the golden Oriental Gate
Of greateſt Heaven 'gan to open fair,
And *Phœbus* freſh, as Bridegroom to his Mate,
Came dauncing forth, ſhaking his dewy Hair:
And hurles his gliſtring Beams through gloomy Air.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, ſtraightway
He ſtarted up, and did himſelf prepare,
In Sun-bright Arms, and battailous array:
For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

III.

And forth he comes into the common Hall,
Where early wait him many a gazing Eye,
To weet what end to ſtranger Knights may fall.
There many Minſtrels maken Melody,
To drive away the dull Melancholy,
And many Bards, that to the trembling Chord
Can tune their timely Voices cunningly,
And many Chroniclers that can record
Old Loves, and Wars for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

IV.

IV.

Soon after comes the cruel *Sarazin*,
 In woven Mail all armed warily,
 And sternly looks at him, who not a pin
 Does care for Look of living Creature's Eye.
 They bring them Wines of *Greece*, and *Araby*,
 And dainty Spices fetch'd from furthest *Ind'*,
 To kindle heat of Courage privily :
 And in the Wine a solemn Oath they bind
 T' observe the sacred Laws of Arms that are assign'd.

V.

At last forth comes that far renowned Queen,
 With royal Pomp and Princely Majesty ;
 She is ybrought unto a paled Green,
 And placed under stately Canopy,
 The warlike Feats of both those Knights to see,
 On th' other side, in all Mens open view
Duessa placed is, and on a Tree
Sans-foy his Shield is hang'd with bloody Hue :
 Both those the Lawrel Garlands to the Victor due.

VI.

A shrilling Trumpet founded from on high,
 And unto Battle bade themselves address :
 Their shining Shields about their Wrists they tie,
 And burning Blades about their Heads do blefs,
 The Instruments of Wrath and Heaviness ;
 With greedy Force Each other doth assail,
 And strike so fiercely that they do impress
 Deep-dinted Furrows in the battred Mail,
 The iron Walls to ward their Blows are weak and frail.

VII.

The *Sarazin* was stout, and wondrous strong,
 And heaped Blows like iron Hammers great :
 For, after Blood and Vengeance he did long.
 The Knight was fierce, and full of youthly Heat ;
 And doubled strokes, like dreaded Thunders threat :
 For, all for Praise and Honour he did fight.
 Both striken strike, and beaten both do beat,
 That from their Shields forth flieth fiery Light
 And Helmets hewen deep, shew Marks of eit

VIII.

So th' one for Wrong, the other strives for Right:
 As when a Griffon, seized of his Prey,
 A Dragon fierce encountreth in his flight,
 Through widest Air making his ydle way,
 That would his rightful Ravine rend away:
 With hideous Horror both together smite,
 And souce so sore that they the Heavens affray.
 The wise Soothsayer, seeing so sad fight,
 Th' amazed Vulgar tells of Wars and mortal Fight.

IX.

So th' one for Wrong, the other strives for Right,
 And each to deadly Shame would drive his Foe;
 The cruel Steel so greedily doth bite
 In tender Flesh, that streams of Blood down flow,
 With which the Arms that earst so bright did show,
 Into a pure Vermillion now are dy'd.
 Great ruth in all the Gazers hearts did grow,
 Seeing the gored Wounds to gape so wide,
 That Victory they dare not wish to either side.

X.

At last, the Paynim chaunft to cast his Eye,
 His suddain Eye, flaming with wrathful Fire,
 Upon his Brother's Shield, which hung thereby:
 Therewith redoubled was his raging Ire,
 And said, Ah wretched Son of woful Sire,
 Dooft thou sit wailing by black *Stygian* Lake,
 Whilst here thy Shield is hang'd for Victor's hire,
 And sluggish German dooft thy Forces flake,
 To after-send his Foe, that him may overtake?

XI.

Go caitive Elf, him quickly overtake,
 And soon redeem from his long wandring Woe;
 Go guilty Ghost, to him my Message make,
 That I his Shield have quit from dying Foe.
 There-with upon his Crest he strook him so,
 That twice he reeled, ready twice to fall;
 End of the doubtful Battle deemed tho
 The lookers on, and loud to him 'gan call
He Dueffa, Thine the Shield, and I, and all.

XII.

XII.

Soon as the Fairy heard his Lady speak,
 Out of his swooning Dream he 'gan awake,
 And quickning Faith that earst was woxen weak,
 The creeping deadly Cold away did shake :
 Tho mov'd with Wrath, and Shame, and Lady's sake,
 Of all at once he cast aveng'd to be,
 And with so' exceeding Fury at him strake,
 That forced him to stoop upon his Knee ;
 Had he not stooped so, he should have cloven be.

XIII.

And to him said, Go now proud Miscreant,
 Thy self thy Message do to German dear ;
 Alone he wandring, thee too long doth want :
 Go say, his Foe thy Shield with his doth bear.
 There with his heavy Hand he high 'gan rear,
 Him to have slain ; when lo, a darksome Cloud
 Upon him fell : he no where doth appear,
 But vanish'd is. The Elf him calls aloud,
 But answer none receives : the Darkness him does shroud.

XIV.

In haste *Duessä* from her Place arose,
 And to him running said, O prowest Knight,
 That ever Lady to her Love did chose,
 Let now abate the Terror of your Might,
 And quench the Flame of furious Despight,
 And bloody Vengeance : Lo, th' infernal Powers,
 Covering your Foe with Cloud of deadly Night,
 Have borne him hence to *Pluto's* baleful Bowers ;
 The Conquest yours, I yours, the Shield and Glory yours.

XV.

Not all so satisfy'd, with greedy Eye
 He sought all round about, his thirsty Blade
 To bathe in Blood of faithless Enemy ;
 Who all that while lay hid in secret Shade :
 He stands amazed, how he thence should fade.
 At last the Trumpets, Triumph sound on high,
 And running Heralds humble Homage made,
 Greeting him goodly with new Victory,
 And to him brought the Shield, the Cause of Enmity.

XVI.

Where-with he goeth to that sovereign Queen;
 And falling her before on lowly Knee,
 To her makes Present of his Service seen:
 Which she accepts, with thanks, and goodly gree,
 Greatly advancing his gay Chevalry.
 So marcheth home, and by her takes the Knight,
 Whom all the People follow with great glee,
 Shouting, and clapping all their Hands on height,
 That all the Air it fills, and flies to heaven bright.

XVII.

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous Bed;
 Where many skilful Leaches him abide,
 To salve his Hurts, that yet still freshly bled:
 In Wine and Oil they wash his Woundes wide,
 And softly 'gan embalm on every side.
 And all the while, most heavenly Melody
 About the Bed sweet Musick did divide,
 Him to beguile of Grief and Agony:
 And all the while *Duessä* wept full bitterly.

XVIII.

As when a weary Traveller, that strays
 By muddy Shore of broad seven-mouthed *Nile*,
 Unweeting of the perilous wandring ways,
 Doth meet a cruel crafty Crocodile,
 Which in false Grief hiding his harmful Guile,
 Doth weep full sore, and sheddeth tender Tears:
 The foolish Man, that pities all this while
 His mournful Plight, is swallow'd up unwares,
 Forgetful of his own, that minds another's Cares.

XIX.

So wept *Duessä* until Even-tide,
 That shining Lamps in *Jove's* high House were light:
 Then forth she rose, ne longer would abide,
 But comes unto the Place, where th' Heathen Knight
 In slumbring Swoon nigh void of vital Spright,
 Lay cover'd with inchaunted Cloud all day:
 Whom when she found, as she him left in Plight
 To wail his woeful Case she would not stay,
 But to the Eastern Coast of Heaven makes speedy way.

XX.

Where grievedly *Night*, with Visage deadly sad,
 That *Phebus*' cheerful Face durst never view,
 And in a foul black pitchy Mantle clad,
 She finds forth coming from her darksome Mew,
 Where she all day did hide her hated Hew ;
 Before the Door her iron Chariot stood,
 Already harnessed for Journey new ;
 And cole-black Steeds yborn of hellish Brood,
 That on their rusty Bits did champ, as they were wood.

XXI.

Who when she saw *Duess*a sunny bright,
 Adorn'd with Gold and Jewels shining clear,
 She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
 And th' unacquainted Light began to fear :
 (For never did such Brightness there appear)
 And would have back retired to her Cave,
 Until the Witch's Speech she 'gan to hear,
 Saying, Yet O thou dreaded Dame, I crave
 Abide, till I have told the Message which I have.

XXII.

She stay'd, and forth *Duess*a 'gan proceed,
 O thou most antient Grandmother of all,
 More old than *Jove*, whom thou at first didst breed,
 Or that great House of Gods Celestial,
 Which wast begot in *Dæmogorgon*'s Hall,
 And saw'st the Secrets of the World unmade ;
 Why suffredst thou thy Nephews dear to fall
 With Elfin Sword, most shamefully betray'd ?
 Lo, where the stout *Sans-joy* doth sleep in deadly Shade.

XXIII.

And, him before, I saw with bitter Eyes
 The bold *Sans-foy* shrink underneath his Spear ;
 And now the Prey of Fowls in Field he lies,
 Nor wail'd of Friends, nor laid on groaning Bier,
 That whileom was to me too dearly dear.
 O! what of Gods then boots it to be born,
 If old *Aveugle*'s Sons so evil hear ?
 Or who shall not great *Nightes* Children scorn,
 When two of three her Nephews are so foul forlorn ?

XXIV.

Up then, up dreary Dame, of Darkness Queen,
 Go gather up the Reliques of thy Race,
 Or else go them avenge, and let be seen
 That dreaded *Night* in brightest Day hath place,
 And can the Children of fair *Light* deface.
 Her feeling Speeches some Compassion mov'd
 In Heart, and Change in that great Mother's Face ;
 Yet pity in her Heart was never prov'd
 Till then : for evermore she hated, never lov'd.

XXV.

And said, Dear Daughter, rightly may I rue
 The fall of famous Children born of me,
 And good Successes, which their Foes ensue ;
 But who can turn the Stream of Destiny,
 Or break the Chain of strong Necessity,
 Which fast is ty'd to *Jove's* eternal Seat ?
 The Sons of *Day* he favoureth, I see,
 And by my Ruins thinks to make them Great :
 To make one Great by others Loss, is bad excheat.

XXVI.

Yet shall they not escape so freely all ;
 For some shall pay the Price of others Guilt :
 And he the Man that made *Sans-foy* to fall,
 Shall with his own Blood price that he hath spilt.
 But what art thou' that tell'st of Nephews kilt ?
 I that do seem not I, *Duessá* am,
 (Quoth she) however now in Garments gilt,
 And gorgeous Gold array'd I to thee came ;
Duessá I, the Daughter of Deceit and Shame.

XXVII.

Then bowing down her aged Back, she kist
 The wicked Witch ; saying, In that fair Face
 The false resemblance of Deceit, I wist,
 Did closely lurk ; yet so true-seeming Grace
 It carried, that I scarce in darksome Place
 Could it discern, though I the Mother be
 Of Falshood, and Root of *Duessá's* Race.

Some Child, whom I have long'd to see,
 I have seen unwares : Lo, now I go with thee.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Then to her iron Waggon she betakes,
 And with her bears the foul well-favour'd Witch :
 Through mirksome Air her ready way she makes.
 Her twyfold Teme (of which, two black as Pitch,
 And two were brown, yet each to each unlich)
 Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp,
 Unless she chaunc'd their stubborn Mouths to twitch :
 Then, foaming Tarre, their Bridles they would champ,
 And trampling the fine Element, would fiercely ramp.

XXIX.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
 Unto the Place whereat the Paynim lay,
 Devoid of outward Sense and native Strength,
 Cover'd with charmed Cloud from view of Day,
 And sight of Men, since his late luckless Fray.
 His cruel Wounds, with cruddy Blood congeal'd,
 They binden up so wisely as they may,
 And handle softly, till they can be heal'd ;
 To lay him in her Chariot, close in Night conceal'd.

XXX.

And all the while she stood upon the Ground,
 The wakeful Dogs did never cease to bay,
 As giving warning of th' unwonted Sound,
 With which her iron Wheels did them affray,
 And her dark griesly Look them much dismay.
 The Messenger of Death, the ghastly Owl,
 With dreary Shrieks did also her bewray ;
 And hungry Wolves continually did howl.
 At her abhorred Face, so filthy and so foul.

XXXI.

Thence turning back in silence soft they stole,
 And brought the heavy Corse with easy pace,
 To yawning Gulf of deep *Avernus*' Hole.
 By that same Hole, an Entrance, dark and base
 With Smoke and Sulphur hiding all the Place,
 Descends to Hell : there Creature never past,
 That back returned without heavenly Grace ;
 But dreadful *Furies*, which their Chains have brac'd,
 And damned Sprights sent forth to make ill Men aghast.

XXXII.

By that same way the direful Dames do drive
 Their mournful Chariot, fill'd with rusty Blood,
 And down to *Pluto's* House are come bilive :
 Which passing through, on every side them stood
 The trembling Ghosts with sad amazed Mood,
 Chattering their iron Teeth, and staring wide
 With stony Eyes ; and all the hellish Brood
 Of Fiends infernal flock'd on every side,
 To gaze on earthly Wight, that with the Night durst ride.

XXXIII.

They pass the bitter Waves of *Acheron*,
 Where many Souls sit wailing wofully,
 And come to fiery Flood of *Pblegeton*,
 Whereas the damned Ghosts in Torments fry,
 And with sharp shrilling Shrieks do bootless cry,
 Cursing high *Jove*, the which them thither sent.
 The House of endless Pain is built thereby,
 In which ten thousand sorts of Punishment
 The cursed Creatures do eternally torment.

XXXIV.

Before the Threshold, dreadful *Cerberus*,
 His three deformed Heads did lay along,
 Curled with thousand Adders venemous,
 And lolled forth his bloody flaming Tongue :
 At them he 'gan to rear his Bristles strong,
 And felly gnarre, until Day's Enemy
 Did him appease ; then down his Tail he hong,
 And suffer'd them to passen quietly :
 For she in Hell and Heaven had power equally.

XXXV.

There was *Ixion* turned on a Wheel,
 For daring tempt the Queen of Heaven to sin ;
 And *Sisyphus* an huge round Stone did reel
 Against an Hill, ne might from Labour lin :
 There thirsty *Tantalus* hung by the Chin ;
 And *Tityus* fed a Vulture on his Maw ;
Typhæus' Joints were stretched on a Gin,
Lucifer condemned to endless Sloth by Law,
 His Sisters Water in leak Vessels draw.

XXXVI.

They all beholding worldly Wights in place,
 Leave off their Work, unmindful of their Smart,
 To gaze on them ; who forth by them do pace,
 Till they be come unto the furthest part :
 Where was a Cave ywrought by wondrous Art,
 Deep, dark, uneasy, doleful, comfortless,
 In which sad *Æsculapius* far apart
 Emprison'd was in Chains remediless,
 For that *Hippolitus*' rent Corse he did redress.

XXXVII.

Hippolitus a jolly Huntsman was,
 That went in Chariot chace the foaming Boar ;
 He all his Peers in Beauty did surpass,
 But Ladies Love, as loss of time forbore :
 His wanton Step-Dame loved him the more,
 But when she saw her offer'd Sweets refus'd,
 Her Love she turn'd to Hate, and him before
 His Father fierce, of Treason false accus'd,
 And with her jealous Terms, his open Ears abus'd.

XXXVIII.

Who, all in Rage, his Sea-God Sire besought,
 Some curst Vengeance on his Son to cast :
 From surging Gulf two Monsters straight were brought,
 With Dread whereof his chaceing Steeds aghast,
 Both Chariot swift and Huntsman overcast.
 His goodly Corps on ragged Clifts yrent,
 Was quite dismembred, and his Members chaste
 Scatter'd on every Mountain, as he went,
 That of *Hippolitus* was left no Monument.

XXXIX.

His cruel Step-Dame seeing what was done,
 Her wicked Days with wretched Knife did end
 In Death avowing th' Innocence of her Son.
 Which hearing, his rash Sire began to rend
 His Hair, and hasty Tongue, that did offend :
 Who gathering up the Relicks of his Smart
 By *Dian*'s means, who was *Hippolyt*'s Friend
 Them brought to *Æsculape*, that by his A
 Did heal them all again, and joined every p

XL.

Such wondrous Science in Man's Wit to reign,
 When *Jove* aviz'd, that could the Dead revive,
 And Fates expir'd could renew again,
 Of endless Life he might him not deprive,
 But unto Hell did thrust him down alive,
 With flashing Thunderbolt ywounded fore:
 Where long remaining, he did always strive
 Himself with Salves to Health for to restore,
 And flake the heavenly Fire, that raged evermore.

XLI.

There antient Night arriving, did alight
 From her high weary Wain, and in her arms
 To *Æsculapius* brought the wounded Knight:
 Whom having softly disarray'd of Arms,
 Tho' gan to him discover all his Harms,
 Beseeching him with Prayer, and with Praise,
 If either Salves, or Oils, or Herbs, or Charms,
 A fordone Wight from Door of Death mote raise,
 He would at her Request prolong her Nephew's Days.

XLII.

Ah Dame! (quoth he) thou temptest me in vain,
 To dare the thing which daily yet I rue,
 And the old Cause of my continued Pain
 With like Attempt to like end to renew.
 Is not enough, that thrust from Heaven due,
 Here endless Penance for one Fault I pay,
 But that redoubled Crime with Vengeance new
 Thou biddest me to eeke? Can *Night* defray [Day?
 The Wrath of thundring *Jove*, that rules both Night and

XLIII.

Not so (quoth she) but sith that Heaven's King
 From Hope of Heaven hath thee excluded quight,
 Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing,
 And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
 Now in the Power of everlasting *Night*?
 Go to then, O thou far renowned Son
 Of great *Apollo*, shew thy famous Might
 In Medicine, that else hath to thee won
 Great Pains, and greater Praise, both never to be done.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Her Words prevail'd: And then the learned Leach
 His cunning Hand 'gan to his Wound to lay,
 And all things else, the which his art did teach:
 Which having seen, from thence arose away
 The Mother of dread Darknes, and let stay
Aveugle's son there in the Leach's Cure;
 And back returning took her wonted way,
 To run her timely Race, whilst *Pbaebus* pure
 In Western Waves his weary Waggon did recure.

XLV.

The false *Duess*a leaving noyous Night,
 Return'd to stately Palace of Dame Pride;
 Where when she came, she found the Fairy Night
 Departed thence, albe his Woundes wide,
 Not throughly heal'd, unready were to ride.
 Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
 For on a Day his wary dwarf had spy'd,
 Where in a dungeon deep huge Numbers lay,
 Of captive wretched Thralls, that wailed Night and Day.

XLVI.

A rueful Sight, as could be seen with Eye;
 Of whom he learned had in secret wise
 The hidden Cause of their Captivity,
 How mortgaging their Lives to *Covetise*,
 Through wasteful Pride and wanton Riotise,
 They were by Law of that proud Tyranness
 Provok'd with *Wrath*, and *Envy's* false Surmise,
 Condemned to that Dungeon merciless,
 Where they should live in Woe, and die in Wretchedness.

XLVIII.

There was that great proud King of *Babylon*,
 That would compel all Nations to adore
 And him as only God to call upon,
 Till through Celestial Doom thrown out of door,
 Into an Ox he was transform'd of yore:
 There also was King *Cræsus*, that enhaunst
 His Heart too high thro' his great Riches Store;
 And proud *Antiochus*, the which advaunc'd
 His sursed Hand 'gainst God, and on his Altars daunc'd.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

And them long time before, great *Nimrod* was,
 That first the World with Sword and Fire warraid ;
 And after him, old *Ninus* far did pass
 In Princely Pomp, of all the World obey'd ;
 There also was that mighty Monarch laid
 Low under all, yet above all in Pride,
 That Name of native Sire did foul upbraid
 And would as *Ammon's* Son be magnify'd,
 Till scorn'd of God and Man, a shameful Death he dy'd.

XLIX.

All these together in one Heap were thrown,
 Like Carcases of Beasts in Butcher's Stall.
 And in another Corner wide were strown
 The antique Ruins of the *Romans* Fall :
 Great *Romulus* the Grandfire of them all,
 Proud *Tarquin*, and too lordly *Lentulus*,
 Stout *Scipio*, and stubborn *Hannibal*,
 Ambitious *Sylla*, and stern *Marius*,
 High *Cæsar*, great *Pompey*, and fierce *Antonius*.

L.

Amongst these mighty Men were Women mix'd,
 Proud Women, vain, forgetful of their Yoke :
 The bold *Semiramis*, whose Sides transfix'd
 With Son's own blade, her foul Reproaches spoke ;
 Fair *Sthenobæa*, that her self did choke
 With wilful Cord, for wanting of her Will ;
 High-minded *Cleopatra*, that with Stroke
 Of *Aspes* Sting her self did stoutly kill :
 And thousands more the like, that did that Dungeon fill.

LI.

Besides the endless Routs of wretched Thralls,
 Which thither were assembled day by day,
 From all the World after their woful Falls,
 Thro' wicked Pride, and wasted Wealth's Decay.
 But most of all, which in the Dungeon lay,
 Fell from high Princes Courts, or Ladies Bowers,
 Were they in idle Pomp, or wanton Play,
 Had had their Goods, and thriftless Hours,
 Thrown themselves into these heavy Stowres.

LII.

LII.

Whose Case when as the chearful Dwarf had told,
 And made Ensamble of their mournful Sight
 Unto his Maister, he no longer would
 There dwell in peril of like painful plight,
 But early rose, and e'er that dawning Light
 Discovered had the World to Heaven wide,
 He by a privy Postern took his Flight,
 That of no envious Eyes he mote be spy'd :
 For doubtless Death ensu'd, if any him descry'd.

LIII.

Scarce could he footing find in that foul way,
 For many Corfes, like a great Lay-stall
 Of murder'd Men, which therein strowed lay,
 Without remorse, or decent Funeral :
 Which all through that great Princess' Pride did fall,
 And came to shameful end. And them beside
 Forth riding underneath the Castle Wall,
 A Dunghill of dead Carcases he spy'd,
 The dreadful Spectacle of that sad House of *Pride*.





C A N T O VI.

*From lawless Lust by wondrous Grace
Fair Una is releast:
Whom salvage Nation does adore,
And learns her wise Bebeast.*

I.

AS when a Ship, that flies fair under Sail,
As hidden Rock escaped hath unwares,
That lay in wait her Wrack for to bewail,
The Mariner yet half amazed stares
At peril past, and yet in doubt, ne dares
To joy at his fool-hardy Oversight:
So doubly is distress'd 'twixt Joy and Cares
The dreadless Courage of this Elfin Knight,
Having escap'd so sad Ensamples in his fight.

II.

Yet sad he was that his too hasty Speed
The fair *Duess'* had forc'd him leave behind;
And yet more sad, that *Una* his dear Dreed
Her Truth had stain'd with Treason so unkind;
Yet Crime in her could never Creature find,
But for his Love, and for her own self-sake,
She wander'd had from one to other *Ind'*,
Him for to seek, ne ever would forsake,
Till her unwares the fierce *Sans-loy* did overtake.

III.

Who, after *Archimago's* foul Defeat,
Led her away into a Forest wild,
And turning wrathful Fire to lustful Heat,
With beastly Sin thought her to have defil'd,
And made the Vassal of his Pleasures vild.
Yet first he cast by Treaty, and by Trains,
Her to persuade, that stubborn Port to yield:
For greater Conquest of hard Love he gains,
That works it to his will, than he that it constrains.

IV.

IV.

With fawning Words he courted her awhile,
 And looking lovely, and oft sighing sore,
 Her constant Heart did tempt with divers Guile :
 But Words, and Looks, and Sighs, she did abhor,
 As Rock of Diamond, stedfast evermore.
 Yet for to feed his fiery lustful Eye,
 He snatch'd the Veil, that hung her Face before ;
 Then 'gan her Beauty shine, as brightest Sky,
 And burnt his beastly Heart t'efforce her Chastity.

V.

So when he saw his flatt'ring Arts to fail,
 And subtile Engines beat from Battery,
 With greedy force he 'gan the Fort assail,
 Whereof he ween'd possessed soon to be,
 And with rich Spoil of ransack'd Chastity.
 Ah Heavens ! that do this hideous Act behold,
 And heavenly Virgin thus outraged see,
 How can ye Vengeance just so long with-hold,
 And hurle not flashing Flames upon that Paynim bold ?

VI.

The piteous Maiden, careful, comfortless,
 Does throw out thrilling Shrieks, and shrieking Cries,
 The last vain help of Womens great Distress,
 And with loud Plaints importuneth the Skies,
 That molten Stars do drop like weeping Eyes :
 And *Phebus* flying so most shameful sight,
 His blushing Face in foggy Cloud implies,
 And hides for Shame. What Wit of mortal Wight
 Can now devise to quit a Thrall from such a Plight ?

VII.

Eternal Providence, exceeding Thought,
 Where none appears, can make her self a way ;
 A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
 From Lion's Claws to pluck the griped Prey.
 Her shrill Out-cries and Shrieks so loud bid bray,
 That all the Woods and Forests did resound ;
 A Troop of *Fauns* and *Satyrs* far away
 Within the Wood were dauncing in a Round,
 Whiles old *Sylvanus* slept in shady Arbour sound :

VIII.

Who, when they heard that piteous strained Voice,
 In haste forsook their rural Merriment,
 And ran towards the far rebounded Noise,
 To weet what Wight so loudly did lament.
 Unto the Place they come incontinent :
 Whom when the raging *Sarazin* espy'd
 A rude, mishapen, monstrous Rabblement,
 Whose like he never saw, he durst not bide,
 But got his ready Steed, and fast away 'gan ride.

IX.

The wild Wood-Goods arrived in the Place,
 There find the Virgin doleful desolate,
 With ruffled Raiments, and fair blubbred Face,
 As her outrageous Foe had left her late,
 And trembling yet through fear of former hate :
 All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
 And 'gin to pity her unhappy State ;
 All stand astonied at her Beauty bright,
 In their rude Eyes unworthy of so woful Plight.

X.

She more amaz'd in double Dread doth dwell ;
 And every tender part for fear doth shake :
 As when a greedy Wolf through Hunger fell
 A filly Lamb far from the Flock does take,
 Of whom he means his bloody Feast to make,
 A Lion spies fast running towards him,
 The innocent Prey in haste he does forsake,
 Which quit from Death, yet quakes in every Limb
 With change of Fear, to see the Lion look so grim.

XI.

Such fearful fit assay'd her trembling Heart,
 Ne Word to speak, ne Joint to move she had :
 The salvage Nation feel her secret smart,
 And read her Sorrow in her Count'nance sad ;
 Their frowning Foreheads with rough horns yclad,
 And rustick Horror all aside do lay,
 And gently grinning, shew a semblance glad
 To comfort her, and Fear to put away,
 Forward bent Knees teach her humbly to obey.

XII.

XII.

The doubtful Damsel dare not yet commit
 Her single Person to their barbarous Truth ;
 But still through Fear and Hope amaz'd does sit,
 Late learn'd what Harm to hasty Trust ensu'th :
 They, in Compassion of her tender Youth,
 And Wonder of her Beauty sovereign,
 Are won with Pity and unwonted Ruth,
 And all prostrate upon the lowly Plain,
 Do kiss her Feet, and fawn on her with Count'nance feign.

XIII.

Their Hearts she guesseth by their humble Guise,
 And yields her to extremity of Time ;
 So from the Ground she fearless doth arise,
 And walketh forth without suspect of Crime :
 Thy all, as glad as Birds of joyous Prime,
 Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
 Shouting, and singing all a Shepherd's Rime,
 And with green Branches frowning all the Ground,
 Do worship her, as Queen, with Olive Garland crown'd.

XIV.

And all the way their merry Pipes they sound,
 That all the woods with double Echo ring,
 And with their horned Feet do wear the Ground,
 Leaping like wanton Kids in pleasant Spring.
 So towards old *Sylvanus* they her bring ;
 Who, with the Noise awaked, cometh out
 To weet the Cause, his weak Steps governing,
 And aged Limbs on Cypress Stadle stout,
 And with an Ivy Twine his Waste is girt about.

XV.

Far off he wonders, what them makes so glad,
 If *Bacchus'* merry Fruit they did invent,
 Or *Cybel's* frantick Rites have made them mad :
 They drawing nigh, unto their God present
 That Flower of Faith and Beauty excellent.
 The God himself, viewing that Mirror rare,
 Stood long amaz'd, and burnt in his intent ;
 His own fair *Driope* now he thinks not fair.
 And *Pholoe* foul, when her to this he doth

XVI.

The Wood-born People fall before her flat,
 And worship her as Goddess of the Wood;
 And old *Sylvanus*' self bethinks not, what
 To think of Wight so fair, but gazing stood,
 In doubt to deem her born of earthly Brood;
 Sometimes Dame *Venus* self he seems to see;
 But *Venus* never had so sober Mood:
 Sometimes *Diana* he her takes to be,
 But misleth Bow, and Shafts, and Buskins to her Knee.

XVII.

By viewing her he 'ginneth to revive
 His antient Love, and dearest *Cyparisse*,
 And calls to mind his Pourtraiture alive,
 How fair he was, and yet not fair to this,
 And how he flew with glauncing Dart amiss
 A gentle Hind, the which the lovely Boy
 Did love as Life, above all worldly Bliss;
 For Grief whereof the Lad nould after joy,
 But pin'd away in Anguish and self-will'd Annoy.

XVIII.

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

XIX.

Glad of such Luck, the luckless lucky Maid
 Did her content to please their feeble Eyes,
 And long time with that salvage People stay'd,
 To gather Breath in many Miseries.
 During which time, her gentle Wit she plies
 To teach them Truth, which worship'd her in vain,
 And made her th' Image of Idolatries;
 But when their bootless Zeal she did restrain
 From her own Worship, they her As would worship fain.

XX.

XX.

It fortun'd a noble warlike Knight
 By just Occasion to that Forest came,
 To seek his Kindred and the Linage right,
 From whence he took his well deserved Name :
 He had in Arms abroad won muchel Fame,
 And fill'd far Hands with Glory of his Might,
 Plain, faithful, true, and Enemy of Shame,
 And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right,
 But in vain-glorious Frays he little did delight.

XXI.

A Satyr's Son yborn in Forest wild,
 By strange Adventure as it did betide,
 And there begotten of a Lady mild,
 Fair *Tbyamis*, the Daughter of *Labryde*,
 That was in sacred Bands of Wedlock ty'd
 To *Tberion*, a loose unruly Swain ;
 Who had more joy to range the Forest wide,
 And chafe the salvage Beast with busy Pain,
 Than serve his Lady's Love, and waste in Pleasures vain,

XXII.

The forlorn Maid did with Love's longing burn,
 And could not lack her Lover's Company ;
 But to the Wood she goes, to serve her turn,
 And seek her Spouse, that from her still does fly,
 And follows other Game and Venery :
 A Satyr chaunc'd her wandring for to find,
 And kindling Coals of Lust in brutish Eye,
 The loyal links of Wedlock did unbind,
 And made her Person thrall unto his beastly Kind.

XXIII.

So long in secret Cabin there he held
 Her captive to his sensual Desire,
 Till that with timely Fruit her Belly swell'd,
 And bore a Boy unto that salvage Sire :
 Then home he suffer'd her for to retire,
 For Ransom leaving him the late born Child ;
 Whom till to riper Years he 'gan aspire,
 He nourshed up in Life and Manners wild,
 Amongst wild Beasts and Woods, from Laws of Men exil'd.

XXIV.

For all he taught the tender Imp, was but
 To banish Cowardice and bastard Fear ;
 His trembling Hand he would him force to put
 Upon the Lion and the rugged Bear,
 And from the She-Bear's Teats her Whelps to rear ;
 And eke wild roaring Bulls he would him make
 To tame, and ride, their Backs not made to bear ;
 And the Robucks in flight to overtake,
 That every Beast for fear of him did fly and quake.

XXV.

Thereby so fearless, and so fell he grew,
 That his own Sire and Maister of his Guise,
 Did often tremble at his horrid View,
 And oft for dread of Hurt would him advise,
 The angry Beasts not rashly to despise,
 Nor too much to provoke ; for he would learn
 The Lion stoop to him in lowly wise,
 (A Lesson hard) and make the Libbard stern
 Leave roaring, when in Rage he for Revenge did yearn.

XXVI.

And for to make his Power approved more,
 Wild Beasts in iron Yokes he would compel :
 The spotted Panther, and the tusked Boar,
 The Pardel swift, and the Tyger cruel ;
 The Antelope and Wolf, both fierce and fell ;
 And them constrain in equal Teme to draw,
 Such Joy he had, their stubborn Hearts to quell,
 And sturdy Courage tame with dreadful awe.
 That his Beheast they feared, as proud Tyrants Law.

XXVII.

His loving Mother came upon a Day
 Unto the Woods, to see her little Son ;
 And chaunc'd unwares to meet him in the way,
 After his Sports, and cruel Pastime done,
 When after him a Lioness did run,
 That roaring all with Rage, did loud requere
 Her Children dear, whom he away had won ;
 The Lion Whelps she saw how he did bear,
 All in rugged Arms, withouten childish fear.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

The fearful Dame all quaked at the sight,
 And turning back, 'gan fast to fly away,
 Until with Love revok'd from vain Afright,
 She hardly yet persuaded was to stay,
 And then to him these Womanish words 'gan say ;
 Ah *Satyran*, my Darling, and my Joy,
 For love of me leave off this dreadful play :
 To dally thus with Death, is no fit Toy,
 Go find some other Play-fellows, mine own sweet Boy.

XXIX.

In these, and like Delights of bloody Game
 He trained was, till riper Years he raught ;
 And there abode, whilst any Beast of Name
 Walk'd in that Forest, whom he had not taught
 To fear his Force : and then his Courage haught
 Desired of foreign Foemen to be known,
 And far abroad for strange Adventures sought :
 In which his Might was never overthrown,
 But through all Fairy-Lond his famous Worth was blown.

XXX.

Yet evermore it was his manner fair,
 After long Labours and Adventures spent,
 Unto those native Woods for to repair,
 To see his Sire and Offspring auntient.
 And now he thither came for like intent :
 Where he unwares the fairest *Una* found,
 Strange Lady, in so strange habiliment,
 Teaching the *Satyres*, which her sat around,
 True sacred Love, which from her sweet Lips did redound.

XXXI.

He wondred at her Wisdom heavenly rare,
 Whose like in Womens Wit he never knew :
 And when her curteous Deeds he did compare,
 'Gan her admire, and her sad Sorrows rew,
 Blaming of Fortune, which such Troubles threw,
 And joy'd to make proof of her Cruelty
 On gentle Dame, so hurtless, and so true :
 Thenceforth he kept her goodly Company,
 And learn'd her Discipline of Faith and Verity.

XXXII.

But she, all vow'd unto the *Red-cross* Knight,
 His wandring Peril closely did lament,
 Ne in this new Acquaintance could delight,
 But her dear Heart with Anguish did torment,
 And all her Wit in secret Counsels spent,
 How to escape. At last, in privy wise
 To *Satyran* she shewed her intent ;
 Who glad to gain such Favour, 'gan devise,
 How with that pensive Maid he best might thence arise.

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

The better part now of the lingring Day,
 They travell'd had, when as they far espy'd
 A weary Wight forwandring by the way,
 And towards him they 'gan in haste to ride,
 To weet of News, that did abroad betide,
 Or Tidings of her Knight of the *Red-cross*.
 But he them spying, 'gan to turn aside,
 For fear, as seem'd, or for some feigned Loss,
 More greedy they of News, fast towards him do cross.

XXXV.

A silly Man, in simple Weeds forworn,
 And soil'd with Dust of the long dryed way ;
 His Sandals were with toilsome Travel torn,
 And Face all tann'd with scorching sunny Ray,
 As he had travell'd many a Summer's Day,
 Through boiling Sands of *Araby* and *Ind'* ;
 And in his Hand a *Jacob's* Staff, to stay
 His weary Limbs upon : and eke behind,
 Did hang, in which his Needments he did bind.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

The Knight approaching nigh, of him inquir'd
 Tidings of War, and of Adventures new :
 But Wars, nor new Adventures none he heard,
 Then *Una* 'gan to ask, if ought he knew,
 Or heard abroad of that her Champion true,
 That in his Armour bare a Croflet red.
 Aye me, dear Dame (quoth he) well may I rue
 To tell the sad fight, which mine Eyes have read :
 These Eyes did see that Knight both living and eke dead.

XXXVII.

That cruel word her tender Heart so thrill'd,
 That sudden Cold did run through every Vein,
 And stony Horror all her Senses fill'd
 With dying Fit, that down she fell for Pain.
 The Knight her lightly reared up again,
 And comforted with curteous kind Relief ;
 Then won from Death, she bad him tellen plain
 The further Process of her hidden Grief :
 The lesser Pangs can bear, who hath endur'd the chief.

XXXVIII.

Then 'gan the Pilgrim thus : I chaunc'd this Day,
 This fatal Day, that I shall ever rue,
 To see two Knights in Travel on my way
 (A forry fight) arrang'd in Battel new,
 Both breathing Vengeance, both of wrathful Hue :
 My fearful Flesh did tremble at their Strife,
 To see their Blades so greedily imbrue,
 That drunk with Blood, yet thirsted after Life : [Knife.
 What more? the *Red-cross* Knight was slain with *Paynim*

XXXIX.

Ah dearest Lord (quoth she) how might that be,
 And he the stoutest Knight that ever won ?
 Ah dearest Dame (quoth he) how might I see
 The thing that might not be, and yet was done ?
 Where is (said *Satyrene*) that *Paynim's* Son,
 That him of Life, and us of Joy hath rest ?
 Not far away (quoth he) he hence doth wonne
 Foreby a Fountain, where I late him left
 Washing his bloody Wounds, that through

XL.

There-with the Night thence marched forth in haste,
 Whiles *Una* with huge Heaviness opprest,
 Could not for Sorrow follow him so fast ;
 And soon he came, as he the Place had guest,
 Whereas that Pagan proud himself did rest,
 In secret Shadow by a Fountain side ;
 Even he it was, that earst would have suppress'd
 Fair *Una* : whom when *Satyrene* espy'd,
 With foul reproachful Words he boldly him defy'd.

XLI.

And said, Arise thou cursed Miscreant,
 That hast with knightless Guile and treacherous Train,
 Fair Knighthood foully shamed, and doost vaunt
 That good Knight of the *Red-cross* to have slain :
 Arise, and with like Treason now maintain
 Thy guilty Wrong, or else thee guilty yield.
 The *Sarazin* this hearing, rose amain,
 And catching up in haste his three-square Shield,
 And shining Helmet, soon him buckled to the Field.

XLII.

And drawing nigh him, said, Ah misborn Elf,
 In evil Hour thy Foes thee hither sent,
 Another's Wrongs to wreak upon thy self :
 Yet ill thou blamest me, for having blent
 My Name with Guile and traitorous Intent :
 That *Red-cross* Knight, perdie, I never slew ;
 But had he been, where earst his Arms were lent,
 Th' Enchaunter vain his Error should not rue :
 But thou his Error shalt, I hope, now proven true.

XLIII.

There-with they 'gan, both furious and fell,
 To thunder Blows, and fiercely to assail
 Each other bent his Enemy to quell,
 That with their Force they pierc'd both Plate and Mail,
 And made wide Furrows in their Fleashes frail,
 That it would pity any living Eye.

Large floods of Blood adown their Sides did rail :

But floods of Blood could not them satisfy ;

hungred after Death ; both chose to win, or die.

XLIV.

XLIV.

So long they fight, and fell Revenge pursue,
 That fainting each, themselves to breathe let,
 And oft refreshed, Battle oft renew :
 As when two Boars with rankling Malice met,
 Their gory Sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,
 Till breathless, both themselves aside retire,
 Where foaming Wrath, their cruel Tusks they whet,
 And trample th' Earth, the whiles they may respire ;
 Then back to fight again, new breathed and entire.

XLV.

So fiercely, when these Knights had breathed once,
 They 'gan to fight return, increasing more
 Their puissant Force and cruel Rage at once,
 With heaped Strokes, more hugely than before,
 That with their dreary Wounds and bloody Gore
 They both deformed, scarcely could be known,
 By this, sad *Una* fraught with Anguish sore,
 Led with their Noise, which through the Air was thrown,
 Arriv'd, where they in Earth their fruitless Blood had sown.

XLVI.

Whom all so soon as that proud *Sarazin*
 Espy'd, he 'gan revive the Memory
 Of his leud Lusts, and late attempted Sin,
 And left the doubtful Battel hastily,
 To catch her, newly offered to his Eye :
 But *Satyran* with Strokes him turning, stay'd,
 And sternly bade him other Business ply,
 Than hunt the Steps of pure unspotted Maid :
 Where-with he all enrag'd, these bitter Speeches said.

XLVII.

O foolish Fairies Son, what Fury mad
 Hath thee incens'd, to haste thy doleful Fate ?
 Were it not better I that Lady had,
 Than that thou hadst repented it too late ?
 Most senseless Man he, that himself doth hate,
 To love another. Lo ! then, for thine Aid,
 Here take thy Lover's Token on thy Pate.
 So they to fight ; the whiles the Royal Maid
 Fled far away, of that proud *Paynim* sore af:

XLVIII.

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





CANTO VII.

*The Red-cross Knight is Captive made,
By Giant proud oppress'd :
Prince Arthur meets with Una, Greatly
With those News distress'd.*

I.

WHAT Man so wise, that earthly Wit so ware,
As to descry the crafty cunning Train,
By which Deceit doth mask in Vizard fair,
And cast her Colours dyed deep in Grain,
To seem like Truth, whose Shape she well can feign,
And fitting Gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltless Man with Guile to entertain ?
Great Mistress of her Art was that false Dame,
The false *Duess*, cloked with *Fidessa's* name.

II.

Who, when returning from the dreary *Night*,
She found not in that perilous House of Pride,
Where she had left the noble *Red-cross* Knight ;
Her hoped Prey ; she would no longer bide,
But forth she went, to seek him far and wide.
Ere long she found whereas he weary fate,
To rest himself, foreby a Fountain side,
Disarmed all of iron-coated Plate,
And by his side his Steed the grassy Forage eat.

III.

He feeds upon the cooling Shade, and bays
His sweaty Forehead in the breathing Wind,
Which through the trembling Leaves full gently plays,
Wherein the chearful Birds of sundry kind
Do chaunt sweet Musick, to delight his Mind :
The Witch approaching, 'gan him fairly greet,
And with Reproach of carelesness unkind
Upbraid, for leaving her in Place unmeet,
With foul Words tempting fair, four Gall with

IV.

Unkindness past, they 'gan of Solace treat,
 And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous Shade,
 Which shielded them against the boiling Heat,
 And with green Boughs decking a gloomy Glade,
 About the Fountain, like a Garland made;
 Whose bubbling Wave did ever freshly well,
 Ne ever would through fervent Summer fade:
 The sacred Nymph, which therein went to dwell,
 Was out of *Dian's* Favour, as it then befel.

V.

The cause was this: One day when *Pbaebe* fair
 With all her Band was following the Chace,
 This Nymph, quite tir'd with Heat of scorching Air,
 Sat down to rest in midst of the Race.
 The Goddesses wroth, 'gan foully her disgrace,
 And bade the Waters, which from her did flow,
 Be such as she her self was then in place.
 Thenceforth her Waters waxed dull and slow,
 And all that drunk thereof, did faint and feeble grow.

VI.

Hereof this gentle Knight unweeting was,
 And lying down upon the sandy Grail,
 Drunk of the Stream, as clear as crystal Glass:
 Eftsoons his manly Forces 'gan to fail,
 And mighty Strong was turn'd to feeble Frail.
 His changed Powers at first themselves not felt,
 Till crudled cold his Courage 'gan assail,
 And cheerful Blood in Faintness chill did melt,
 Which like a Fever-fit through all his Body swelt.

VII.

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
 Pour'd out in Looseness on the grassy Ground,
 Both careless of his Health, and of his Fame:
 Till at the last he heard a dreadful Sound,
 Which through the Wood loud bellowing did rebound,
 That all the Earth for Terror seem'd to shake,
 And Trees did tremble. Th' Elf therewith astound,
 Startled lightly from his looser make,
 Ready Weapons 'gan in hand to take,

VIII.

But ere he could his Armour on him dight,
 Or get his Shield, his monstrous Enemy
 With sturdy Steps came stalking in his fight,
 An hideous Giant, horrible and high,
 That with his Tallness seem'd to threat the Sky :
 The Ground eke groned under him for dread ;
 His living like saw never living Eye,
 Ne durst behold : his Stature did exceed
 The height of three the tallest Sons of mortal Seed.

IX.

The greatest Earth his uncouth Mother was,
 And blustering *Æolus* his boasted Sire,
 Who with his Breath, which through the World doth pass,
 Her hollow Womb did secretly inspire,
 And fill'd her hidden Caves with stormy Ire,
 That she conceiv'd ; and trebling the due time
 In which the Wombs of Women do expire,
 Brought forth this monstrous Masse of earthly Slime,
 Puff'd up with empty Wind, and fill'd with sinful Crime.

X.

So grown great through arrogant Delight
 Of th' high Descent, whereof he was yborn,
 And through Presumption of his matchless Might,
 All other Powers and Knighthood he did scorn.
 Such now he marcheth to this Man forlorn,
 And left to loss : his stalking Steps are staid
 Upon a snaggy Oak, which he had torn
 Out of his Mother's Bowels, and it made
 His mortal Mace, wherewith his Foemen he dismay'd.

XI.

That when the Knight he spy'd, he 'gan advance
 With huge Force and nsupportable Main,
 And towards him with dreadful Fury prounce ;
 Who hapless, and eke hopeless, all in vain
 Did to him pass, sad Battle do darrain ;
 Disarm'd, disgrac'd, and inwardly dismay'd,
 And eke so faint in every Joint and Vein,
 Through that frail Fountain, which him feeble r
 That scarcely could he weeld his bootless single B

XII.

The Giant strook so mainly mercilefs,
 That could have overthrown a stony Tower ;
 And were not heavenly Grace, that did him blefs,
 He had been poudred all, as thin as Flower.
 But he was weary of that deadly stower,
 And lightly leap'd from underneath the Blow :
 Yet so exceeding was the Villain's Power,
 That with the Wind it did him overthrow,
 And all his Senses stoun'd, that still he lay full low.

XIII.

As when that devilish iron Engine wrought
 In deepest Hell, and fram'd by *Furies* Skill,
 With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
 And ram'd with Bullet round, ordain'd to kill,
 Conceiveth Fire, the Heavens it doth fill
 With thundring Noise, and all the Air doth choke,
 That none can breathe, nor see, nor hear at will,
 Through smouldry Cloud of duskish stinking Smoke,
 Thatth' only Breath him daunts, who hath escap'd the Stroke,

XIV.

So daunted when the Giant saw the Knight,
 His heavy Hand he heaved up on high,
 And him to Dust thought to have battred quite,
 Until *Duess*a loud to him 'gan cry ;
 O great *Orgoglio*, greatest under Sky,
 O hold thy mortal Hand for Lady's sake,
 Hold for my sake, and do him not to die ;
 But, vanquish'd, thine eternal Bond-slave make,
 And me thy worthy Meed unto thy Leman take.

XV.

He harkned, and did stay from further Harms,
 To gain so goodly Guerdon, as she spake :
 So willingly she came into his Arms,
 Who her as willingly to grace did take,
 And was possessed of his new-found mate.
 Then up he took the slumbred senseless Corse,
 And ere he could out of his Swoon awake,
 Him to his Castle brought with hasty Force,
 And in a Dungeon deep him threw without Remorse.

XVI.

XVI.

From that day forth *Dueffa* was his Dear,
 And highly honour'd in his haughty Eye ;
 He gave her Gold, and purple Pall to wear,
 And triple Crown set on her Head full high,
 And her endow'd with Royal Majesty :
 Then, for to make her dreaded more of Men,
 And People's Hearts with awful Terror tie,
 A monstrous Beast ybred in filthy Fen
 He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome Den,

XVII.

Such one it was, as that renowned Snake,
 Which great *Alcides* in *Stremona* slew,
 Long fostred in the Filth of *Lerna* Lake,
 Whose many Heads out-budding ever new,
 Did breed him endless Labour to subdue :
 But this same Monster much more ugly was ;
 For seven great Heads out of his Body grew,
 An Iron Breast, and Back of scaly Brass,
 And all embru'd in Blood, his Eyes did shine as Glass.

XVIII.

His Tail was stretched out in wondrous length,
 That to the House of heavenly Gods it raught,
 And with extorted Power, and borrow'd Strength,
 The ever-burning Lamps from thence it brought,
 And proudly threw to ground, as things of nought ;
 And underneath his filthy Feet did tread
 The sacred things, and holy Heasts fore-taught.
 Upon this dreadful Beast with sevenfold Head
 He set the false *Dueffa*, for more Awe and Dread.

XIX.

The woful Dwarf, which saw his Maister's Fall,
 Whiles he had keeping of his grasing Steed,
 And valiant Knight become a Caitive thrall,
 When all was past, took up his forlorn Weed,
 His mighty Armour, missing most at need ;
 His silver Shield, now idle maisterless ;
 His poinant Spear, that many made to bleed,
 The rueful Monuments of Heaviness ;
 And with them all departs, to tell his great Distress.

XX.

He had not travel'd long, when on the way
 He woful Lady (woful *Una*) met,
 Fast flying from the Paynim's greedy Prey,
 Whilst *Satyrané* him from Pursuit did let :
 Who when her Eyes she on the Dwarf had set,
 And saw the signs that deadly Tidings spake,
 She fell to ground for sorrowful Regret,
 And lively Breath her sad Breast did forsake,
 Yet might her piteous Heart be seen to pant and quake.

XXI.

The Messenger of so unhappy News,
 Would fain have died : dead was his Heart within,
 Yet outwardly some little Comfort shews.
 At last recovering Heart, he does begin
 To rub her Temples, and to chauf her Chin,
 And every tender part does tofs and turn :
 So hardly he the flitted Life does win,
 Unto her native Prison to return :
 Then 'gins her grieved Ghost thus to lament and mourn.

XXII.

Ye dreary Instruments of doleful sight,
 That do this deadly Spectacle behold,
 Why do ye longer feed on loathed Light,
 Or liking find to gaze on earthly Mold,
 Sith cruel Fates the careful Threads unfold,
 The which my Life and Love together ty'd ?
 Now let the stony Dart of senseless Cold
 Pierce to my Heart, and pass through every side,
 And let eternal Night so sad sight from me hide.

XXIII.

O lightfom Day, the Lamp of highest *Jove*,
 First made by him, Mens wandring Ways to guide,
 When darkness he in deepest Dungeon drove,
 Henceforth thy hated Face for ever hide,
 And shut up Heaven's Windows shining wide :
 For earthly sight can nought but Sorrow breed,
 Repentance, which shall long abide.

more on Vanity shall feed,
 death, shall have their deadly Meed.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Then down again she fell unto the ground ;
 But he her quickly reared up again :
 Thrice did she sink adown in deadly Swoond,
 And thrice he her reviv'd with busy Pain.
 At last, when Life recover'd had the Rein,
 And over-wrestled his strong Enemy,
 With foltring Tongue, and trembling every Vein,
 Tell on (quoth she) the woful Tragedy,
 The which these Relicks sad present unto mine Eye.

XXV.

Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her Spight,
 And thrilling Sorrow thrown his utmost Dart ;
 Thy sad Tongue cannot tell more heavy Plight
 Than that I feel, and harbour in mine Heart :
 Who hath endur'd the whole, can bear each part.
 If Death it be, it is not the first Wound
 That launced hath my Breast with bleeding Smart.
 Begin, and end the bitter baleful stound ;
 If less than that I fear, more favour I have found.

XXVI.

Then 'gan the Dwarf the whole Discourse declare,
 The subtile Trains of *Archimago* old ;
 The wanton Loves of false *Fidessa* fair,
 Bought with the Blood of vanquish'd *Paynim* bold :
 The wretched Pair transform'd to treen Mold ;
 The House of Pride, and Perils round about ;
 The Combat, which he with *Sans-joy* did hold ;
 The luckless Conflict with the Giant stout,
 Wherein captiv'd, of Life or Death he stood in doubt.

XXVII.

She heard with Patience all unto the end,
 And strove to maister sorrowful assay ;
 Which greater grew, the more she did contend,
 And almost rent her tender Heart in tway ;
 And Love fresh Coals unto her Fire did lay :
 For, greater Love, the greater is the Loss.
 Was never Lady loved dearer day,
 Than she did love the Knight of the *Red-crofs* ;
 For whose dear sake so many Troubles her did tofs.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

At last, when fervent Sorrow slaked was,
 She up arose, resolving him to find
 Alive or dead : and forward forth doth pass,
 All as the Dwarf the way to her assign'd :
 And ever more in constant careful Mind
 She fed her Wound with fresh renewed Bale ;
 Long toss'd with Storms, and beat with bitter Wind,
 High over Hills, and low adown the Dale,
 She wander'd many a Wood, and measur'd many a Vale.

XXIX.

At last, she chanced by good hap to meet
 A goodly Knight, fair marching by the way
 Together with his Squire, arrayed meet :
 His glitterand Armour shined far away,
 Like glauncing Light of *Pæbus'* brightest Ray :
 From top to toe no place appeared bare,
 That deadly dint of Steel endanger may :
 Athwart his Breast a Bauldrick brave he ware, [rare.
 That shin'd like twinkling Stars, with Stones most precious

XXX.

And in the midst thereof, one precious Stone
 Of wondrous Worth, and eke of wondrous Might,
 Shap'd like a Lady's Head, exceeding shone,
 Like *Hesperus* emongst the lesser Lights,
 And strove for to amaze the weaker Sights ;
 Thereby his mortal Blade full comely hong
 In ivory Sheath, ycarv'd with curious flights ;
 Whose Hilts were burnish'd Gold, and Handle strong
 Of mother Pearl, and buckled with a golden Tong.

XXXI.

His haughty Helmet, horrid all with Gold,
 Both glorious Brightness, and great Terror bred ;
 For all the Crest a Dragon did enfold
 With greedy Paws, and over all did spread
 His golden Wings : His dreadful hideous Head
 Close couched on the Bever, seem'd to throw
 From flaming Mouth bright Sparkles fiery red,
 That full of Terror to faint Hearts did show ;
 And scorch'd adown his Back full low.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Upon the top of all his lofty Crest,
 A bunch of Hairs discolour'd diversly,
 With sprinkled Pearl, and Gold full richly dress'd,
 Did shake, and seem'd to daunce for Jollity,
 Like to an Almond-Tree ymounted high
 On top of green *Selinis* all alone,
 With Blossoms brave bedecked daintily ;
 Whose tender Locks do tremble every one
 At every little Breath, that under Heaven is blown.

XXXIII.

His warlike Shield all closely cover'd was,
 Ne'might of mortal Eye be ever seen ;
 Not made of Steel, nor of enduring Brasse,
 Such earthly Metals soon consumed been :
 But all of Diamond perfect pure and clean
 It framed was, one massy entire Mold,
 Hewn out of Adamant Rock with Engines keen,
 That point of Spear it never piercen could,
 Ne dint of direful Sword divide the Substance would.

XXXIV.

The same to Wight he never wont disclose,
 But when as Monsters huge he would dismay,
 Or daunt unequal Armies of his Foes,
 Or when the flying Heavens he would affray ;
 For so exceeding shone his glistring Ray,
 That *Phæbus'* golden Face it did attain,
 As when a Cloud his Beams doth over-lay ;
 And silver *Cynthia* waxed pale and faint,
 As when her Face is stain'd with magick Arts constraint.

XXXV.

Ne magick Arts hereof had any Might,
 Nor bloody Words of bold Enchaunters call ;
 But all that was not such as seem'd in fight
 Before that Shield did fade, and suddain fall :
 And when him list the rascal Routs appall,
 Men into Stones there-with he could transmew,
 And Stones to Dust, and Dust to nought at all ;
 And, when him list the prouder Looks subdue,
 He would them gazing blind, or turn to other hue.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Ne let it seem, that credence this exceeds ;
 For he that made the same, was known right well
 To have done much more admirable Deeds :
 It *Merlin* was, which whilom did excel
 All living Wights in might of magick Spell.
 Both Shield, and Sword, and Armour all he wrought
 For this young Prince, when first to Arms he fell ;
 But when he dy'd, the Fairy-Queen it brought
 To Fairy-Lond, where yet it might be seen, if fought.

XXXVII.

A gentle Youth, his dearly loved Squire,
 His Spear of Heben Wood behind him bare,
 Whole harmful Head, thrice heated in the Fire,
 Had riven many a Breast, with Picke-head square ;
 A goodly Person, and could menage fair
 His stubborn Steed with curbed canon Bit,
 Who under him did trample as the Air,
 And chauf'd, that any on his Back should fit :
 The iron Rowels into frothy Fome he bit.

XXXVIII.

When as this Knight nigh to the Lady drew,
 With lovely court he 'gan her entertain ;
 But when he heard her answers loth, he knew
 Some secret Sorrow did her Heart distraint :
 Which to allay, and calm her storming Pain,
 Fair feeling Words he wisely 'gan display,
 And for her Humour fitting purpose feign,
 To tempt the Cause itself for to bewray ;
 Wherewith emmov'd, these bleeding words she 'gan to say :

XXXIX.

What World's Delight, or Joy of living Speech
 Can Heart, so plung'd in Sea of Sorrows deep,
 And heaped with so huge Misfortunes reach ?
 The careful Cold beginneth for to creep,
 And in my Heart his iron Arrow steep,
 Soon as I think upon my bitter Bale :
 Such helpless Harms it's better hidden keep,
 Than rip up Grief, where it may not avail,
 My last left Comfort is, my Woes to weep and wail.

XL.

Ah Lady dear, quoth then the gentle Knight,
 Well may I ween, your Grief is wondrous great :
 For wondrous great Grief groneth in my Spright,
 Whiles thus I hear you of your Sorrows treat.
 But woful Lady, let me you intreat,
 For to unfold the Anguish of your Heart :
 Mishaps are maistred by advice discreet,
 And Counsel mitigates the greatest Smart ;
 Found never help, who never would his Hurts impart.

XLI.

O! but (quoth she) great Grief will not be told,
 And can more easily be thought, than said.
 Right so (quoth he) but he, that never would,
 Could never: Will to Might gives greatest Aid.
 But Grief (quoth she) does greater grow display'd,
 If then it find not help, and breeds Despair.
 Despair breeds not (quoth he) where Faith is stay'd.
 No Faith so fast (quoth she) but Flesh does 'pair.
 Flesh may empair (quoth he) but Reason can repair.

XLII.

His goodly Reason, and well-guided Speech,
 So deep did settle in her gracious Thought,
 That her perswaded to disclose the Breach,
 Which Love and Fortune in her Heart had wrought,
 And said ; Fair Sir, I hope good Hap hath brought
 You to inquire the Secrets of my Grief,
 Or that your Wisdom will direct my Thought,
 Or that your Prowess can me yield Relief :
 Then hear the Story sad, which I shall tell you brief.

XLIII.

The forlorn Maiden, whom your Eyes have seen
 The Laughing-stock of Fortune's Mockeries,
 Am th' only Daughter of a King and Queen,
 Whose Parents dear, whilst equal Destinies
 Did run about, and their Felicities
 The favourable Heavens did not envy,
 Did spread their Rule through all the Territories
 Which *Phison* and *Euphrates* floweth by,
 And *Gebon's* golden Waves do wash continually :

XLIV.

XLIV.

Till that their cruel cursed Enemy,
 An huge great Dragon horrible in fight,
 Bred in the loathly Lakes of *Tartary*,
 With murderous Ravine, and devouring Might,
 Their Kingdom spoil'd, and Country wasted quite :
 Themselves, for fear into his Jaws to fall,
 He forc'd to Castle strong to take their flight,
 Where fast embarr'd in mighty brazen Wall,
 He has them now four Years besieg'd to make them thrall,

XLV.

Full many Knights adventurous and stout,
 Have enterpris'd that Monster to subdue ;
 From every Coast that Heaven walks about,
 Have thither come the noble Martial Crew,
 That famous hard Atchievements still pursue :
 Yet never any could that Garland win,
 But all still shrunk, and still he greater grew ;
 All they for want of Faith, or Guilt of Sin,
 The piteous Prey of his fierce Cruelty have been.

XLVI.

At last, yled with far reported Praise,
 Which flying Fame throughout the World had spread,
 Of doughty Knights, whom Fairy-Land did raise,
 That noble Order hight of Maiden-head,
 Forth-with to court of *Gloriane* I sped ;
 Of *Gloriane*, great Queen of Glory bright,
 Whose Kingdom's Seat *Cleopolis* is read,
 There to obtain some such redoubted Knight,
 That Parent dear from Tyrant's Power deliver might.

XLVII.

It was my Chance (my Chance was fair and good)
 There for to find a fresh unproved Knight,
 Whose manly Hands imbru'd in guilty Blood
 Had never been, ne ever by his Might
 Had thrown to ground the unregarded Right :
 Yet of his Prowess proof he since hath made
 (I witness am) in many a cruel Fight ;
 The groaning Ghosts of many one dismay'd
 In the bitter Dint of his avenging Blade.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

And ye the forlorn Reliques of his Power,
 His biting Sword and his devouring Spear,
 Which have endured many a dreadful Stower,
 Can speak his Prowess, that did earst you bear,
 And well could rule : now he hath left you here,
 To be the Record of his rueful Loss,
 And of my doleful disadventurous Dear :
 O ! heavy Record of the good *Red-crofs*,
 Where have you left your Lord, that could so well you tofs ?

XLIX.

Well hoped I, and fair beginnings had,
 That he my captive Langour should redeem,
 Till all unweeting, an Enchaunter bad
 His Sense abus'd, and made him to misdeem
 My Loyalty, not such as it did seem :
 That rather Death desire, than such Despight.
 Be judg ye Heavens, that all things right esteem,
 How I him lov'd, and love with all my might ;
 So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

L.

Thenceforth, me desolate he quite forsook,
 To wander where wild Fortune would me lead,
 And other By-ways he himself betook,
 Where never foot of living Wight did tread,
 That brought not back the baleful Body dead :
 In which him chaunced false *Duessja* meet,
 Mine only Foe, mine only deadly Dread,
 Who with her Witchcraft and misseeming Sweet,
 Inveigled him to follow her Desires unmeet.

LI.

At last, by subtle Sleights she him betray'd
 Unto his Foe, a Giant huge and tall,
 Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismay'd,
 Unwares surprized, and with mighty Mall,
 The Monster mercilefs him made to fall,
 Whose Fall did never Foe before behold ;
 And now in darksome Dungeon, wretched Thra'
 Remedilefs, for aye he doth him hold :
 This is my Cause of Grief, more great than :

LII.

Ere she had ended all, she 'gan to faint ;
But he her comforted and fair bespake :
Certes, Madam, ye have great Cause of Plaint,
That stoutest Heart, I ween, could cause to quake ;
But be of cheer, and Comfort to you take :
For, till I have acquit your captive Knight,
Assure your self, I will you not forsake.
His cheerful Words reviv'd her cheerless Spright :
So forth they went, the Dwarf them guiding ever right ;





CANTO VIII.

*Fair Virgin, to redeem her Dear,
Brings Arthur to the Fight:
Who slays that Giant, wounds the Beast,
And strips Duessa quite.*

I.

AY me! how many Perils do enfold
The righteous Man, to make him daily fall?
Were not, that heavenly Grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast Truth acquit him out of all,
Her Love is firm, her Care continual,
So oft as he, through his own foolish Pride,
Or Weakness, is to sinful Bands made thrall:
Else should this *Red-cross* Knight in Bands have dy'd,
For whose Deliv'rance she this Prince doth thither guide.

II.

They sadly travel'd thus, until they came
Nigh to a Castle builded strong and high:
Then cry'd the Dwarf, Lo! yonder is the same,
In which my Lord, my Liege, doth luckless lie,
Thrall to that Giant's hateful Tyranny:
Therefore, dear Sir, your mighty Powers assay.
The noble Knight alighted by and by
From lofty Steed, and bade the Lady stay,
To see what end of Fight should him befall that day.

III.

So with the Squire, th' admirer of his Might,
He marched forth towards that Castle-Wall;
Whose Gates he found fast shut, ne living Wight
To ward the same, nor answer Comer's Call.
Then took the Squire an Horn of Bugle small,
Which hung adown his side in twisted Gold,
And Tassels gay. Wide Wonders over all
Of that same Horn's great Vertues weren told,
Which had approved been in Uses manifold.

U 2

IV.

Was never Wight that heard that shrilling Sound,
 But trembling Fear did feel in every Vein ;
 Three Miles it might be easy heard around,
 And Echoes three answer'd it self again :
 No false Enchantment, nor deceitful Train,
 Might once abide the Terror of that Blast,
 But presently was void and wholly vain :
 No Gate so strong, no Lock so firm and fast,
 But with that piercing Noise flew open quite, or brast.

V.

The same before the Giant's Gate he blew,
 That all the Castle quaked from the Ground,
 And every Door of free-will open flew,
 The Giant self dismayed with that Sound
 (Where he with his *Dueffa* dalliance found)
 In haste came rushing forth from inner Bowers
 With staring Count'nance stern, as one astound,
 And staggering Steps, to weet what suddain Stower
 Had wrought that Horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded Power.

VI.

And after him the proud *Dueffa* came,
 High mounted on her many-headed Beast,
 And every Head with fiery Tongue did flame,
 And every Head was crowned on his Creast,
 And bloody-mouthed with late cruel Feast.
 That when the Knight beheld, his mighty Shield
 Upon his manly Arm he soon address'd,
 And at him fiercely flew, with Courage fill'd,
 And eager Greediness through every Member thrill'd.

VII.

There-with the Giant buckled him to fight,
 Inflam'd with scornful Wrath and high Disdain ;
 And lifting up his dreadful Club on height,
 All arm'd with ragged Snubs and knotty Grain,
 Him thought at first Encounter to have slain.
 But wise and wary was that noble Peer,
 And lightly leaping from so monstrous Main,
 Did fair avoid the Violence him near ;
 It booted nought, to think, such Thunderbolts to bear.

VIII.

VIII.

Ne Shame he thought to shun so hideous might :
 The idle Stroke, enforcing furious way,
 Missing the Mark of his misfaimed Sight,
 Did fall to ground, and with his heavy Sway,
 So deeply dinted in the driven Clay,
 That three yards deep a Furrow up did throw :
 The sad Earth wounded with so fore Assay,
 Did groan full grievous underneath the Blow, [show
 And trembling with strange Fear, did like an Earthquake

IX.

As when almighty *Jove*, in wrathful Mood,
 To wreak the Guilt of mortal Sins is bent,
 Hurls forth his thundring Dart with deadly Feud,
 Enroll'd in Flames, and smouldring Dreariment,
 Thro riven Clouds and molten Firmament ;
 The fierce three-forked Engine making way,
 Both lofty Towers, and highest Trees hath rent,
 And all that might his angry Passage stay,
 And shooting in the Earth, casts up a Mount of Clay.

X.

His boistrous Club, so bury'd in the ground,
 He could not rearen up again so light,
 But that the Knight him at advantage found,
 And whiles he strove his cumbred Club to quight
 Out of the Earth, with Blade all burning bright
 He smote off his left Arm, which like a Block
 Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native Might :
 Large Streams of Blood out of the trunked Stock
 Forth gushed, like fresh-water Stream from riven Rock.

XI.

Dismayed with so desperate deadly Wound,
 And eke impatient of unwonted Pain,
 He loudly bray'd with beastly yelling Sound,
 That all the Fields rebellowed again ;
 As great a Noise, as when in *Cymbrian* Plain
 And Herd of Bulls, whom kindly Rage doth sting,
 Do for the milky Mother's Want complain,
 And fill the Fields with troublous bellowing,
 The neighbour Woods around with hollow murmuring.

XII.

That when his dear *Duessa* heard and saw
 The evil Stound that danger'd her Estate,
 Unto his Aid she hastily did draw
 Her dreadful Beast; who swoln with Blood of late,
 Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous Gate,
 And threaten'd all his Heads like flaming Brands,
 But him the Squire made quickly to retreat,
 Encountring fierce with single Sword in hand,
 And 'twixt him and his Lord did like a Bulwark stand.

XIII.

Then proud *Duessa*, full of wrathful Spight,
 And fierce Disdain to be affronted so,
 Enforc'd her Purple Beast with all her Might
 That stop out of the way to overthrow,
 Scorning the Let of so unequal Foe:
 But nathemore would that courageous Swain
 To her yield Passage, 'gainst his Lord to go,
 But with outrageous Strokes did him restrain,
 And with his Body barr'd the way atwixt them twain.

XIV.

Then took the angry Witch her golden Cup,
 Which still she bore, replete with magick Arts;
 Death and Despair did many thereof sup,
 And secret Poison thro their inward Parts,
 Th' eternal Bale of heavy wounded Hearts:
 Which after Charms and some Enchantments said,
 She lightly sprinkled on his weaker Parts;
 Therewith his sturdy Courage soon was quaid,
 And all his Senses were with sudden Dread dismay'd.

XV.

So down he fell before the cruel Beast,
 Who on his Neck his bloody Claws did seize,
 That Life nigh crush'd out of his panting Breast;
 No Power he had to stir, nor Will to rise.
 That when the careful Knight 'gan well avise,
 He lightly left the Foe with whom he fought,
 And to the Beast 'gan turn his Enterprize;
 For wondrous Anguish in his Heart it wrought,
 To see his loved Squire into such thraldom brought.

XVI.

And high advancing his blood-thirsty Blade,
 Strook one of those deformed Heads so fore,
 That of his puissance proud ensample made ;
 His monstrous Scalp down to his Teeth it tore,
 And that misformed Shape mis-shaped more.
 A Sea of Blood gush'd from the gaping Wound,
 That her gay Garments stain'd with filthy Gore,
 And overflowed all the Field around ;
 That over shoes, in Blood he waded on the ground.

XVII.

Thereat he roared for exceeding Pain,
 That to have heard, great Horror would have bred ;
 And scourging th' empty Air with his long Train,
 Through great Impatience of his grieved Head,
 His gorgeous Rider from her lofty Sted
 Would have cast down, and trod in dirty Mire,
 Had not the Giant soon her succoured ;
 Who, all engag'd with Smart and frantick Ire,
 Came hurtling in full fierce, and forc'd the Knight retire.

XVIII.

The Force, which went in two to be disperst,
 In one alone right Hand he now unites,
 Which is through Rage more strong than both were erst,
 With which his hideous Club aloft he dites,
 And at his Foe with furious Rigour smites,
 That strongest Oak might seem to overthrow :
 The Stroke upon his Shield so heavy lites,
 That to the ground it doubleth him full low,
 What mortal Wight could ever bear so monstrous Blow ?

XIX.

And in his Fall, his Shield that cover'd was,
 Did loose his Veil by Chance, and open flew :
 The Light whereof, that Heaven's Light did pass,
 Such blazing Brightness through the Air it threw,
 That Eye mote not the same endure to view.
 Which when the Giant spy'd with staring Eye,
 He down let fall his Arm, and soft withdrew
 His Weapon huge, that heaved was on high,
 For to have slain the Man, that on the ground did lie.

XX.

And eke the fruitful-headed Beast, amaz'd
 At flashing Beams of that sun-shiny Shield,
 Became stark blind, and all his Senses daz'd,
 That down he tumbled on the dirty Field,
 And seem'd himself as conquered to yield.
 Whom when his Maistress proud perceiv'd to fall,
 Whilst yet his feeble Feet for Faintness reel'd,
 Unto the Giant loudly she 'gan call,
 O help, *Orgoglio*, help, or else we perish all.

XXI.

At her so piteous Cry was much mov'd
 Her Champion stout, and for to aid his Friend,
 Again his wonted angry Weapon prov'd;
 But all in vain: for he has read his end
 In that bright Shield, and all their Forces spend
 Themselves in vain: for, since that glauncing Sight,
 He hath no power to hurt, nor to defend:
 As where th' Almighty's lightning Brond does light,
 It dims the dazed Eyen, and daunts the Senses quight.

XXII.

Whom when the Prince to Battel new address'd,
 And threatning high his dreadful Stroke did see,
 His sparkling Blade about his Head he bless'd,
 And smote off quite his right Leg by the Knee,
 That down he tumbled; as an aged Tree,
 High growing on the top of rocky Clift,
 Whose Heart-strings with keen Steel nigh hewen be,
 The mighty Trunk half rent, with ragged rift
 Doth roll adown the Rocks, and fall with fearful Drift,

XXIII.

Or as a Castle reared high and round,
 By subtle Engines and malicious Slight
 Is undermined from the lowest Ground,
 And her Foundation forc'd, and feeble'd quite,
 At last down falls, and with her heaped height
 Her hasty Ruin does more heavy make,
 And yields it self unto the Victor's Might;
 Such was this Giant's Fall, that seem'd to shake
 The steadfast Globe of Earth, as it for fear did quake.

XXIV.

XXIV.

The Knight, then lightly leaping to the Prey,
 With mortal Steel him smote again so fore,
 That headless his unwieldy Body lay,
 All wallow'd in its own foul bloody Gore,
 Which flowed from his Wounds in wondrous store :
 But soon as Breath out of his Breast did pass,
 That huge great Body which the Giant bore,
 Was vanish'd quite, and of that monstrous Mass
 Was nothing left, but like an empty Bladder was.

XXV.

Whose grievous Fall, when false *Duess'a* spy'd,
 Her golden Cup she cast unto the Ground,
 And crowned Mitre rudely threw aside :
 Such piercing Grief her stubborn Heart did wound,
 That she could not endure that doleful Stound ;
 But leaving all behind her, fled away.
 The light-foot Squire her quickly turn'd around,
 And by hard means enforcing her to stay,
 So brought unto his Lord, as his deserved Prey.

XXVI.

The Royal Virgin, which beheld from far
 In pensive Plight, and sad Perplexity,
 The whole Atchievement of this doubtful War,
 Came running fast to greet his Victory,
 With sober Gladness, and mild Modesty,
 And with sweet joyous Chear him thus bespake :
 Fair Branch of Nobles, Flower of Chevalry,
 That with your Worth the World amazed make,
 How shall I 'quite the Pains ye suffer for my sake?

XXVII.

And you fresh Bud of Vertue springing fast,
 Whom these sad Eyes saw nigh unto Death's door,
 What hath poor Virgin, for such peril past,
 Wherewith you to reward ? Accept therefore
 My simple self, and Service evermore :
 And he that high does sit, and all things see
 With equal Eyes, their Merits to restore,
 Behold what ye this Day have done for me ;
 And what I cannot 'quite, requite with Usury.

XXVIII.

But sith the Heavens, and your fair Handling,
 Have made you Maister of the Field this Day,
 Your Fortune maister eke with governing,
 And well begun, end all so well, I pray,
 Ne let that wicked Woman scape away ;
 For she it is that did my Lord bethrall,
 My dearest Lord, and deep in Dungeon lay,
 Where he his better Days hath wasted all ;
 O hear how piteous he to you for Aid does call !

XXIX.

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squire,
 That scarlet Whore to keepen carefully :
 Whiles he himself with greedy great Desire
 Into the Castle entred forcibly,
 Where living Creature none he did espy.
 Then 'gan he loudly through the House to call :
 But no Man car'd to answer to his Cry.
 There reign'd a solemn Silence over all,
 Nor Voice was heard, nor Wight was seen in Bower or Hall.

XXX.

At last, with creeping crooked Pace forth came
 An old old Man, with Beard as white as Snow,
 That on a Staff his feeble Steps did frame,
 And guide his weary Gate both to and fro :
 For his Eye-sight him failed long ygo :
 And on his Arm a Bunch of Keys he bore,
 The which unused Rust did overgrow ;
 Those were the Keys of every inner Door,
 But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

XXXI.

But very uncouth Sight was to behold
 How he did fashion his untoward Pace :
 For as he forward mov'd his footing old,
 So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled Face :
 Unlike to Men, who ever as they trace,
 Both Feet and Face one way are wont to lead.
 This was the antient Keeper of that Place,
 And Foster-Father of the Giant dead ;
 His Name *Ignaro* did his Nature right arcad.

XXXII.

XXXII.

His reverend Hairs and holy Gravity
 The Knight much honour'd, as befeemed well,
 And gently ask'd, where all the People be.
 Which in that stately Building wont to dwell :
 Who answer'd him full soft, he could not tell.
 Again he ask'd, where that same Knight was laid,
 Whom great *Orgoglio* with his Puissance fell
 Had made his caytive Thrall ; again he said,
 He could not tell : ne ever other Answer made.

XXXIII.

Then added he, which way he in might pass :
 He could not tell, again he answered.
 Thereat the curteous Knight displeas'd was,
 And said, Old Sire, it seems thou hast not read
 How ill it fits with that same silver Head
 In vain to mock, or mock'd in vain to be :
 But if thou be, as thou art pourtrayed
 With Nature's Pen, in Ages grave degree,
 Aread in graver wise, what I demand of thee.

XXXIV.

His Answer likewise was, he could not tell,
 Whose senseless Speech, and doted Ignorance
 Whenas the noble Prince had marked well,
 He guesst his Nature by his Countenance,
 And calm'd his Wrath with goodly Temperance,
 Then to him stepping, from his Arm did reach
 Those Keys, and made himself free Enterance.
 Each Door he open'd without any breach ;
 There was no Bar to stop, nor Foe him to empeach.

XXXV.

There all within full rich array'd he found,
 With royal Arras and resplendent Gold ;
 And did with store of every thing abound,
 That greatest Princes Presence might behold.
 But all the Floor (too filthy to be told)
 With Blood of guiltless Babes, and Innocents true,
 Which there were slain, as Sheep out of the Fold,
 Defiled was, that dreadful was to view,
 And sacred Ashes over it was strowed new,

XXXVI.

And there beside of Marble Stone was built
 An Altar, carv'd with cunning Imagery,
 On which true Christians Blood was often spilt,
 And holy Martyrs often doen to die,
 With cruel Malice and strong Tyranny :
 Whose blessed Sprites from underneath the Stone
 To God for Vengeance cry'd continually,
 And with great Grief were often heard to groan,
 That hardest Heart would bleed, to hear their piteous Moan.

XXXVII.

Through every Room he sought, and every Bower,
 But no where could he find that woful Thrall ;
 At last he came unto an iron Door,
 That fast was lock'd, but Key found not at all
 Emongst that Bunch, to open it withal ;
 But in the same a little Grate was pight,
 Through which he sent his Voice, and loud did call
 With all his Power, to weet if living Wight
 Were housed there within, whom he enlargen might.

XXXVIII.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring Voice
 These piteous Plaints and Dolours did resound ;
 O who is that, which brings me happy Choice
 Of Death, that here lie dying every Stound,
 Yet live perforce in baleful Darknes bound ?
 For now three Moons have changed thrice their Hue,
 And have been thrice hid underneath the Ground,
 Since I the Heaven's chearful Face did view :
 O welcome thou, that dost of Death bring Tidings true.

XXXIX.

Which when that Champion heard, with piercing Point
 Of Pity dear his Heart was thrilled sore,
 And trembling Horror ran through every Joint,
 For ruth of gentle Knight so foul forlore :
 Which shaking off, he rent that iron Door
 With furious Force, and Indignation fell ;
 Where entred in, his Foot could find no Floor,
 But all a deep Descent, as dark as Hell,
 That breathed ever forth a filthy baneful Smell.

XL.

But neither Darknes foul, nor filthy Bands,
 Nor noyous Smell his purpose could with-hold,
 (Entire Affection hated nicer Hands)
 But that with constant Zeal, and Courage bold,
 After long Pains and Labours manifold,
 He found the means that Prisoner up to rear;
 Whose feeble Thighs, unable to uphold
 His pined Corse, him scarce to Light could bear,
 A rueful Spectacle of Death and ghastly Drear.

XLI.

His sad dull Eyes deep sunk in hollow Pits,
 Could not endure th'unwonted Sun to view:
 His bare thin Cheeks for want of better Bits,
 And empty Sides deceived of their Due,
 Could make a stony Heart his hap to rue;
 His rawbone Arms, whose mighty brawned Bowers
 Were wont to rive Steel Plates, and Helmets hew,
 Were clean consum'd, and all his vital Powers
 Decay'd, and all his Flesh shrunk up like wither'd Flowers.

XLII.

Whom when his Lady saw, to him she ran
 With hasty Joy: to see him made her glad,
 And sad to view his Visage pale and wan,
 Who erst in Flowers of freshest Youth was clad.
 Tho when her Well of Tears she wasted had,
 She said, Ah dearest Lord! What evil Star
 On you hath frown'd, and pour'd his Influence bad,
 That of your self ye thus berobbed are,
 And this misseeming Hue your manly Looks doth mar?

XLIII.

But welcome now, my Lord, in Weal or Woe,
 Whose Presence I have lack'd too long aday;
 And fie on Fortune mine avowed Foe,
 Whose wrathful Wreaks themselves do now allay,
 And for these Wrongs shall treble Penance pay
 Of treble Good: Good grows of Evils prier.
 The cheerless Man, when Sorrow did dismay,
 Had no delight to treaten of his Grief;
 As long endured Famine needed more Relief.

XLIV.

Fair Lady, then said that victorious Knight,
 The things that grievous were to do, or bear ;
 Them to renew, I wote, breeds no Delight,
 Best Musick breeds Dislike in loathing Ear:
 But th' only Good, that grows of passed Fear,
 Is to be wise, and ware of like again.
 This Day's Ensamble hath this Lesson dear
 Deep written in my Heart with Iron Pen,
 " That Bliss may not abide in State of mortal Men.

XLV.

Henceforth, Sir Knight, take to you wonted Strength,
 And maister these Mishaps with patient Might ;
 Lo ! where your Foe lies stretch'd in monstrous Length
 And, lo ! that wicked Woman in your Sight,
 The Root of all your Care, and wretched Plight,
 Now in your Power, to let her live, or die.
 To do her die (quoth *Una*) were despight,
 And shame t'avenge so weak an Enemy ;
 But spoil her of her scarlet Robe, and let her fly.

XLVI.

So, as she bade, that Witch they disarray'd,
 And robb'd of royal Robes, and purple Pall,
 And Ornaments that richly were displayed ;
 Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
 Then when they had despoil'd her Tire and Call,
 Such as she was, their Eyes might her behold,
 That her mis-shaped Parts did them appall,
 A loathly, wrinkled Hag, ill-favour'd, old,
 Whose secret Filth, good Manners biddeth not be told.

XLVII.

Her crafty Head was altogether bald,
 And (as in hate of honourable Eld)
 Was over-grown with Scurf and filthy Scald ;
 Her Teeth out of her rotten Gums were fell'd,
 And her sour Breath abominably smell'd ;
 Her dried Dugs, like Bladders lacking wind,
 Lay down, and filthy Matter from them well'd ;
 Her Skin, as rough as Maple Rind,
 That wou'd have loath'd all Womankind.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Her neather Parts, the shame of all her kind,
 My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write :
 But at her Rump she growing had behind
 A Fox's Tail, with Dung all foully dight.
 And eke her Feet most monstrous were in sight :
 For one of them was like an Eagle's Claw,
 With griping Talents arm'd to greedy Fight,
 The other like a Bear's uneven Paw :
 More ugly Shape yet never living Creature saw.

XLIX.

Which when the Knight beheld, amaz'd they were,
 And wonder'd at so foul deformed Wight.
 Such then (said *Una*) as she seemeth here,
 Such is the face of Falshood, such the sight
 Of foul *Duessā*, when her borrowed Light
 Is laid away, and Counterfeisance known.
 Thus when they had the Witch disrobed quite,
 And all her filthy Feature open shown,
 They let her go at will, and wander Ways unknown.

L.

She flying fast from Heaven's hated face,
 And from the World that her discover'd wide,
 Fled to the wasteful Wilderness apace,
 From living Eyes her open shame to hide,
 And lurk'd in Rocks and Caves long unesp'y'd.
 But that fair Crew of Knights, and *Una* fair,
 Did in that Castle afterwards abide,
 To rest themselves, and weary Powers repair,
 Where store they found of all, that dainty was and rare.





CANTO IX.

*His Love and Linage Arthur tells,
The Knights knit friendly Hands:
Sir Trevisan flies from Despair,
Whom Red-cross Knight withstands.*

I.

O Goodly golden Chain, wherewith yfere
The Vertues linked are in lovely wife;
And noble Minds of yore allied were,
In brave pursuit of chevalrous Emprise:
That none did other's Safety despise,
Nor Aid envy to him, in need that stands,
But friendly each did other's Praise devise
How to adyance with favourable Hands, [bands.
As this good Prince redeem'd the Red-cross Knight from

II.

Who when their Powers, impair'd through Labour long,
With due repast they had recured well,
And that weak captive Wight now wexed strong,
Them list no longer there at leisure dwell,
But forward fare, as their Adventures fell:
But e'er they parted, *Una* fair besought
That stranger Knight his Name and Nation tell:
Left so great Good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankless Thought.

III.

Fair Virgin (said the Prince) ye me require
A thing without the Compass of my Wit;
For both the Linage and the certain Sire
From which I sprung, from me are hidden yet.
For all so soon as Life did me admit
Into this World, and shewed Heaven's Light,
From Mother's Pap I taken was unfit,
A Tht deliver'd to a Fairy Knight,

ht in gentle Thewes and Martial Might.

IV.

IV.

Unto old *Timon* he me brought bylive,
 Old *Timon*, who in youthly Years hath been
 In warlike Feats th' expertest Man alive,
 And is the wisest now on Earth I ween;
 His dwelling is low in a Valley green,
 Under the foot of *Rauran* moffie hore,
 From whence the River *Dee*, as Silver clean,
 His tumbling Billows rolls with gentle rore:
 There all my Days he train'd me up in vertuous lore!

V.

Thither the great Magician *Merlin* came,
 As was his use, oft-times to visit me:
 For he had charge my Discipline to frame,
 And Tutor's nouriture to oversee.
 Him oft and oft I ask'd in privity,
 Of what Loins and what Linage I did spring:
 Whose answer bade me still assured be,
 That I was Son and Heir unto a King,
 As time in her just term the Truth to light should bring.

VI.

Well worthy Imp, said then the Lady gent,
 And Pupil fit for such a Tutor's hand.
 But what Adventure, or what high intent
 Hath brought you hither into Fairy-Land?
 Aread, Prince *Arthur*, Crown of Martial Band.
 Full hard it is (quoth he) to read aright
 The course of heavenly Cause, or understand
 The secret meaning of th'eternal Might, [Wight.
 That rules Mens Ways, and rules the Thoughts of living

VII.

For, whether he through fatal deep Foresight
 Me hither sent, for Cause to me unquest,
 Or that fresh bleeding Wound, which Day and Night
 Whilom doth rankle in my riven Breast,
 With forced Fury following his Behest,
 Me hither brought by ways yet never found;
 You to have help'd, I hold my self yet blest'd.
 Ah courteous Knight, (quoth she) what secret Wound
 Could ever find, to grieve the gentlest Heart on ground?

VIII.

Dear Dame (quoth he) you sleeping Sparks awake,
 Which troubled once, into huge Flames will grow,
 Ne ever will their fervent Fury slake,
 Till living Moisture into Smoke doth flow,
 And wasted Life do lie in Ashes low.
 Yet sithence Silence lesseneth not my fire
 (But told, it flames; and hidden, it does glow)
 I will reveal what ye so much desire:
 Ah Love, lay down thy Bow, the whiles I may respire.

IX.

It was in freshest Flower of youthly Years,
 When Courage first does creep in manly Chest;
 Then first the Coal of kindly Heat appears
 To kindle Love in every living Breast:
 But me had warn'd old *Timon's* wife behest,
 Those creeping Flames by Reason to subdue,
 Before their Rage grew to so great unrest,
 As miserable-Lovers use to rue,
 Which still wex old in Woe, whiles Woe still wexeth new.

X.

That idle name of Love, and Lovers Life,
 As Loss of Time, and Vertue's Enemy,
 I ever scorn'd, and joy'd to stir up strife;
 In middest of their mournful Tragedy,
 Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
 And blow the Fire, which them to Ashes Brent:
 Their God himself, griev'd at my Liberty,
 Shot many a dart at me with fierce intent,
 But I them warded all with wary Government.

XI.

But all in vain: no Fort can be so strong,
 Ne fleshly Breast can armed be so sound,
 But will at last be won with Battery long,
 Or unawares at disadvantage found;
 Nothing is sure, that grows on earthly Ground:
 And who most trusts in Arms of fleshly Might,
 And boasts, in Beauty's Chain not to be bound,
 Both soonest fall in disadvantageous Fight,
 Yields his captive Neck to Victor's most despight.

XII.

XII.

Ensample make of him your hapless Joy,
 And of my self now mated, as you see;
 Whose prouder Vaunt, that proud avenging Boy
 Did soon pluck down, and curb'd my Liberty.
 For, on a Day, prick'd forth with Jollity
 Of looser Life, and Heat of Hardiment,
 Ranging the Forest wide on Courser free,
 The Fields, the Floods, the Heavens with one Consent
 Did seem to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

XIII.

Fore-wearied with my Sports, I did alight
 From lofty Steed, and down to sleep me laid:
 The verdant Grass my Couch did goodly dight,
 And Pillow was my Helmet fair display'd:
 Whiles every Sense the Humour sweet embay'd,
 And slumbring soft my Heart did steal away,
 Me seem'd by my Side a Royal Maid
 Her dainty Limbs full softly down did lay:
 So fair a Creature yet saw never sunny day.

XIV.

Most goodly Glee and lovely Blandishment
 She to me made, and bade me love her dear;
 For, dearly sure her Love was to me bent,
 As when a just Time expired should appear.
 But, whether Dreams delude, or true it were,
 Was never Heart so ravish'd with Delight,
 Ne living Man like words did ever hear,
 As she to me deliver'd all that Night;
 And at her parting said, She Queen of Fairies hight.

XV.

When I awoke, and found her place devoid,
 And nought but pressed Grass where she had lyen,
 I sorrowed all so much, as erst I joy'd,
 And washed all her place with watry Eyne.
 From that day forth I lov'd that Face divine;
 From that day forth I cast in careful Mind,
 To seek her out with Labour and long Tine,
 And never vow to rest, till her I find,
 Nine Months I seek in vain, yet ni'll that V

XVI.

Thus as he spake, his Visage waxed pale,
 And change of Hew great Passion did bewray ;
 Yet still he strove to cloak his inward bale,
 And hide the Smoke that did his Fire display,
 Till gentle *Una* thus to him 'gan say :
 O happy Queen of Fairies, that hast found
 'Mongst many, one that with his Prowess may
 Defend thine Honour, and thy Foes confound :
 True Loves are often sown, but seldom grow on ground.

XVII.

Thine, O then said the gentle *Red-cross Knight*,
 Next to that Lady's Love shall be the place,
 O fairest Virgin, full of heavenly Light,
 Whose wondrous Faith, exceeding earthly Race,
 Was firmest fix'd in mine extremest case.
 And you, my Lord, the Patron of my Life,
 Of that great Queen may well gain worthy Grace :
 For, only worthy you, through Prowess prief
 If living Man mote worthy be, to be her Lief.

XVIII.

So, diversly discoursing of their Loves,
 The golden Sun his glistering Head 'gan shew,
 And sad remembrance now the Prince amoves,
 With fresh desire his Voyage to pursue ;
 Als *Una* earn'd her Travel to renew.
 Then those two Knights, fast friendship for to bind,
 And Love establish each to other true,
 Gave goodly Gifts, the signs of grateful Mind,
 And eke the Pledges firm, right Hands together join'd.

XIX.

Prince *Arthur* gave a Box of Diamond sure,
 Embow'd with Gold and gorgeous Ornament,
 Wherein were clos'd few Drops of Liquor pure,
 Of wondrous Worth, and Vertue excellent,
 That any Wound could heal incontinent :
 Which to requite, the *Red-cross Knight* him gave
 A Book, wherein his Saviour's Testament
 Was writ with golden Letters rich and brave :
 Of wondrous Grace, and able Souls to save.

XX.

XX.

Thus been they parted, *Arthur* on his way
 To seek his Love, and th'other for to fight
 With *Una's* Foe, that all her Realm did prey.
 But she now weighing the decayed Plight,
 And shrunken Sinews of her chosen Knight,
 Would not a while her forward Course pursue,
 Ne bring him forth in face of dreadful fight,
 Till he recover'd had his former Hue :
 For, him to be yet weak and weary, well she knew,

XXI.

So as they travel'd, lo, they 'gan espy
 An armed Knight towards them gallop fast,
 That seemed from some feared Foe to fly,
 Or other griesly thing, that him aghast.
 Still as he fled, his Eye was backward cast,
 As if his Fear still follow'd him behind ;
 Als flew his Steed, as he his Bands had brast.
 And with his winged Heels did tread the Wind,
 As he had been a Foal of *Pegasus* his kind.

XXII.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his Head
 To be unarm'd, and curl'd uncombed Hairs
 Upstaring stiff, dismay'd with uncouth dread ;
 Nor drop of Blood in all his Face appears,
 Nor Life in Limb : and to increase his Fears,
 In foul reproach of Knighthood's fair Degree,
 About his Neck an hempen Rope he wears,
 That with his gliftring Arms does ill agree :
 But he of Rope or Arms has now no Memory.

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

XXIV.

He answer'd nought at all; but adding new
 Fear to his first Amazement, staring wide
 With stony Eyes, and heartless hollow Hue,
 Astonish'd stood, as one that had espy'd
 Infernal Furies, with their Chains unty'd.
 Him yet again, and yet again bespake
 The gentle Knight; who nought to him reply'd,
 But trembling every Joint did inly quake,
 And foltring Tongue at last these words seem'd forth to shake,

XXV.

For God's dear Love, Sir Knight, do me not stay;
 For lo, he comes, he comes fast after me.
 Eft looking back, would fain have run away:
 But he him forc'd to stay, and tellen free
 The secret Cause of his Perplexity:
 Yet nathemore by his bold hearty Speech,
 Could his blood-frozen Heart emboldned be;
 But through his Boldness rather Fear did reach:
 Yet forc'd, at last he made through silence suddain Breach.

XXVI.

And am I now in Safety sure (quoth he)
 From him that would have forced me to die?
 And is the point of Death now turn'd from me,
 That I may tell this hapless History?
 Fear nought (quoth he) no danger now is nigh.
 Then shall I you recount a rueful case
 (Said he) the which with this unlucky Eye
 I late beheld; and had not greater Grace
 Me rest from it, had been partaker of the place.

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

From whom returning sad and comfortless,
 As on the way together we did fare,
 We met that Villain (God from him me bless)
 That cursed Wight, from whom I 'scap'd whylear,
 A Man of Hell, that calls, himself *Despair* ;
 Who first us greets, and after fair areeds
 Of Tidings strange, and of Adventures rare :
 So creeping close, as Snake in hidden Weeds,
 Inquireth of our States, and of our knightly Deeds.

XXIX.

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble Hearts
 Emboss'd with Bale, and bitter biting Grief,
 Which Love had launced with his deadly Darts,
 With wounding Words and Terms of foul Reprief,
 He pluck'd from us all hope of due Relief,
 That earst us held in love of lingring Life ;
 Then hopeless, heartless, 'gan the cunning Thief
 Persuade us die, to stint all further Strife :
 To me he lent this Rope, to him a rusty Knife.

XXX.

With which sad Instrument of hasty Death,
 That woful Lover, loathing lenger Light,
 A wide way made to let forth living Breath.
 But I more fearful, or more lucky Wight,
 Dismay'd with that deformed dismal sight,
 Fled fast away, half dead with dying fear ;
 Ne yet assur'd of Life by you, Sir Knight,
 Whose like Infirmitie like chaunce may bear :
 But God you never let his charmed Speeches hear.

XXXI.

How many a Man (said he) with idle Speech
 Be won, to spoil the Castle of his Health ?
 I wote (quoth he) who trial late did teach,
 That like would not for all this worldes Wealth :
 His suble Tongue, like dropping Honey, melt'th
 Into the Heart, and searcheth every Vein,
 That ere one be aware, by secret Stealth
 His Power is rest, and Weakness doth remain
 O! never, Sir, desire to try his guileful Train

XXXII.

Certes (said he) hence shall I never rest,
 Till I that Treachour's Art have heard and try'd ;
 And you, Sir Knight, whose Name mote I request,
 Of Grace do me unto his Cabin guide.
 I that hight *Trevisan*, (quoth he) will ride
 (Against my liking) back, to do you grace :
 But not for Gold nor Glee will I abide
 By you, when ye arrive in that same place ;
 For liefer had I die, than see his deadly Face.

XXXIII.

Ere long they come, where that same wicked Wight
 His dwelling has, low in an hollow Cave,
 Far underneath a craggy Clift ypight,
 Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy Grave,
 That still for Carion Carcasses doth crave :
 On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly Owl,
 Shrieking his baleful Note, which ever drave
 Far from that haunt all other chearful Fowl :
 And all about it wandring Ghosts did wail and howl.

XXXIV.

And all about, old Stocks and Stubs of Trees,
 Whereon nor Fruit, nor Leaf was ever seen,
 Did hang upon the ragged rocky Knees ;
 On which had many Wretches hanged been,
 Whose Carcasses were scattered on the Green,
 And thrown about the Clifts. Arrived there,
 That bare-head Knight, for dread and doleful teen,
 Would fain have fled, ne durst approachen near :
 But th'other forc'd him stay, and comforted in fear.

XXXV.

The darksom Cave they enter, where they find
 That cursed Man, low sitting on the ground,
 Musing full sadly in his fullen Mind ;
 His greazy Locks, long growing and unbound,
 Disordered hung about his Shoulders round,
 And hid his Face ; through which his hollow Eyne
 Look'd deadly dull, and stared as astound ;
 His raw-bone Cheeks, through Penury and Pine,
 Into his Jaws, as he did never dine.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

His Garment, nought but many ragged Clouts,
 With Thorns together pinn'd and patched was,
 The which his naked Sides he wrap'd about:
 And him beside there lay upon the Grass
 A dreary Corse, whose Life away did pass,
 All wallow'd in his own yet luke-warm Blood,
 That from his Wound yet welled fresh, alas;
 In which a rusty Knife fast fixed stood,
 And made an open Passage for the gushing Flood.

XXXVII.

Which piteous Spectacle, approving true
 The woful Tale that *Trevisan* had told,
 When as the gentle *Red-crofs* Knight did view,
 With fiery Zeal he burnt in Courage bold,
 Him to avenge, before his Blood were cold:
 And to the Villian said; Thou damned Wight,
 The Author of this Fact, we here behold,
 What Justice can but judg against thee right,
 With thine own Blood to price his Blood, here shed in fight!

XXXVIII.

What frantick Fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
 Thee, foolish Man, so rash a Doom to give?
 What Justice ever other Judgment taught,
 But he should die, who merits not to live?
 None else to Death this Man despairing drive,
 But his own guilty Mind deserving Death.
 Is then unjust to each his Due to give?
 Or let him die, that loatheth living Breath?
 Or let him die at ease, that liveth here unceath?

XXXIX.

Who travels by the weary wandring way,
 To come unto his wished Home in haste,
 And meets a Flood, that doth his Passage stay,
 Is not great Grace to help him over-past,
 Or free his Feet, that in the Mire stick fast?
 Most envious Man, that grieves at Neighbour's good,
 And fond, that joyest in the Woe thou hast,
 Why wilt not let him pass, that long hath stood
 Upon the Bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the Flood?



XL.

He there does now enjoy eternal Rest,
 And happy Ease, which thou dost want and crave,
 And further from it daily wandereft :
 What if some little Pain the Passage have,
 That makes frail Flesh to fear the bitter Wave?
 Is not short Pain well borne, that brings long Ease,
 And lays the Soul to sleep in quiet Grave!
 Sleep after Toil, Port after stormy Seas,
 Ease after War, Death after Life, does greatly please.

XLI.

The Knight much wondred at his sudden Wit,
 And said: The term of Life is limited;
 Ne may a Man prolong, nor shorten it:
 The Soldier may not move from watchful sted,
 Nor leave his stand, until his Captain bed.
 Who Life did limit by almighty Doom
 (Quoth he) knows best the Terms established;
 And he that points the Centinel his room,
 Doth license him depart at sound of morning Droom.

XLII.

Is not his Deed, what ever thing is done,
 In Heaven and Earth? Did not he all create
 To die again? All ends that was begun;
 Their Times in his eternal Book of Fate
 Are written sure, and have their certain date.
 Who then can strive with strong Necessity,
 That holds the World in his still changing State,
 Or shun the Death ordain'd by Destiny?
 When Hour of Death is come, let none ask whence, nor why,

XLIII.

The longer Life, I wote the greater Sin,
 The greater Sin, the greater Punishment;
 All those great Battles which thou boasts to win,
 Through Strife, and Bloodshed, and Avengement,
 Now prais'd, hereafter dear thou shalt repent:
 For, Life must Life, and Blood must Blood repay.
 Is not enough thy evil Life forespent?
 For he, that once hath missed the right way,
 Further he doth go, the further he doth stray.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Then do no further go, no further fray,
 But here lie down, and to thy Rest betake,
 Th' Ill to prevent, that Life ensuen may :
 For, what hath Life, that may it loved make,
 And gives not rather cause it to forsake ?
 Fear, Sicknes, Age, Loss, Labour, Sorrow, Strife,
 Pain, Hunger, Cold, that makes the Heart to quake ;
 And ever fickle Fortune rageth rife,
 All which, and thousands more, do make a loathsom Life.

XLV.

Thou, wretched Man, of Death hast greatest need,
 If in true Ballance thou wilt weigh thy State ;
 For, never Knight that dared warlike Deed,
 More luckless Disadventures did amate :
 Witness the Dungeon deep, wherein of late
 Thy Life shut up, for Death so oft did call ;
 And though good Luck prolonged hath thy Date,
 Yet Death then would the like Mishaps forestall,
 Into the which hereafter thou mayest happen fall.

XLVI,

Why then dost thou, O Man of Sin, desire
 To draw thy Days forth to their last degree ?
 Is not the measure of thy sinful Hire
 High heaped up with huge Iniquity,
 Against the Day of Wrath, to burden thee ?
 Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
 Thou falsed hast thy Faith with Perjury,
 And sold thy self to serve *Duess* vild,
 With whom in all abuse thou hast thy self defil'd ?

XLVII.

Is not he just, that all this doth behold
 From highest Heaven, and bears an equal Eye ?
 Shall he thy sins up in his Knowledg fold,
 And guilty be of thine Impiety ?
 Is not his Law, Let every Sinner die ?
 Die shall all Flesh ? What then must needs be done.
 Is it not better to do willingly,
 Than linger till the Glas be all out-run ?
 Death is the end of Woes : die soon, O Fa.

XLVIII.

The Knight was much enmov'd with his Speech,
 That as a Sword's point through his Heart did pierce,
 And in his Conscience made a secret Breach,
 Well knowing true, all that he did rehearse,
 And to his fresh remembrance did reverse
 The ugly view of his deformed Crimes,
 That all his manly Powers it did disperse,
 As he were charmed with inchaunted Rimes,
 That oftentimes he quak'd, and fainted oftentimes.

XLIX.

In which amazement, when the Mifcreant
 Perceived him to waver weak and frail,
 While trembling Horror did his Conscience dant,
 And hellish Anguish did his Soul assail;
 To drive him to despair, and quite to quail,
 He shew'd him painted in a Table plain,
 The damned Ghosts, that do in Torments wail,
 And thousand Fiends that do them endless pain
 With Fire and Brimstone, which for ever shall remain.

L.

The sight whereof so throughly him dismay'd,
 That nought but Death before his Eyes he saw,
 And ever burning Wrath before him laid,
 By righteous Sentence of th' Almighty's Law:
 Then 'gan the Villain him to overcrow,
 And brought unto him Swords, Ropes, Poison, Fire,
 And all that might him to Perdition draw;
 And bade him chuse, what Death he would desire:
 For Death was due to him that had provok'd God's Ire.

LI.

But when as none of them he saw him take,
 He to him raught a Dagger sharp and keen,
 And gave it him in Hand: his Hand did quake,
 And tremble like a Leaf of Aspin green,
 And troubled Blood through his pale Face was seen
 To come and go; with Tidings from the Heart,
 As it a running Messenger had been.
 At last resolv'd to work his final Smart,
 He lifted up his Hand, that back again did start.

LII.

Which when as *Una* saw, through every Vein
 The crudled Cold ran to her Well of Life,
 As in a Swoon: but soon reliev'd again,
 Out of his hand she snatch'd the cursed Knife,
 And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
 And to him said; Fie, fie, faint-hearted Knight,
 What meanest thou by this reproachful Strite?
 Is this the Battle, which thou vaunt'st to fight
 With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

LIII.

Come, come away, frail, silly fleshly Wight,
 Ne let vain Words bewitch thy manly Heart,
 Ne devilish Thoughts dismay thy constant Spright:
 In heavenly Mercies hast thou not a part?
 Why should'st thou then despair, that chosen art?
 Where Justice grows, there grows eke greater Grace,
 The which doth quench the Brond of hellish smart,
 And that accurs'd hand-writing doth deface:
 Arise, Sir Knight, arise, and leave this cursed place.

LIV.

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
 Which when the Carl beheld, and saw his Guest
 Would safe depart, for all his subtle sleight,
 He chose an Halter from among the rest,
 And with it hung himself, unbid, unbles'd.
 But Death he could not work himself thereby;
 For thousand times he so himself had dress'd,
 Yet natheless it could not do him die,
 Till he should die his last, that is eternally.





CANTO X.

*Her faithful Knight fair Una brings
To House of Holiness;
Where he is taught Repentance, and
The way to Heavenly Bless.*

I.

WHAT Man is he, that boasts of *fleshy* Might
And vain Assurance of Mortality,
Which all so soon as it doth come to fight
Against spiritual Foes, yields by and by,
Or from the Field most cowardly doth fly ?
Ne let the Man ascribe it to his Skill,
That thorough Grace hath gained Victory.
If any strength we have, it is to Ill :
But all the Good is God's, both Power and eke *Will*.

II.

By that which lately happen'd, *Una* saw
That this her Knight was feeble, and too faint ;
And all his Sinews woxen weak and raw,
Through long Imprisonment, and hard Constraint,
Which he endured in his late Restraint,
That yet he was unfit for bloody Fight :
Therefore to cherish him with Diet's daint,
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

III.

There was an antient House not far away,
Renown'd throughout the World for sacred Lore,
And pure unspotted Life : so well they say
It govern'd was, and guided evermore
Through Wisdom of a Matron grave and hore ;
Whose only Joy was to relieve the Needs
Of wretched Souls, and help the helpless Poor :
All Night she spent in bidding of her Beads,
All the Day in doing good and godly Deeds.

IV.

Dame *Celia* Men did her call, as thought
 From Heaven to come, or thitherto arise,
 The Mother of three Daughters well upbrought
 In goodly Thews, and godly Exercise:
 The eldest two most sober, chaste, and wise,
Fidelia and *Speranza*, Virgins were,
 Tho' spous'd, yet wanting Wedlock's solemnize;
 But fair *Charissa* to a lovely Feer
 Was linked, and by him had many Pledges dear,

V.

Arrived there, the Door they find fast lockt;
 For it was warely watched night and day,
 For fear of many Foes: but when they knockt,
 The Porter open'd unto them straightway.
 He was an aged Sire, all hoary gray,
 With Looks full lowly cast, and Gate full slow,
 Wont on a Staff his feeble Steps to stay,
 Hight *Humilta*. They pass in, stooping low:
 For strait and narrow was the way, which he did show.

VI.

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

VII.

There fairly them receives a gentle Squire,
 Of mild Demeanure, and rare Courtesy,
 Right cleanly clad in comely sad Attire
 In Word and Deed that shew'd great Modesty,
 And knew his Good to all of each degree,
 Hight *Reverence*. He them with Speeches meet
 Does fair entreat; no courting Nicety,
 But simple, true, and eke unfeigned sweet,
 As might become a Squire so great Persons to greet.

VIII.

VIII.

And afterwards them to his Dame he leads,
 That aged Dame, the Lady of the Place :
 Who all this while was busy at her Beads :
 Which done, she up arose with seemly Grace,
 And toward them full matronly did pace.
 Where, when that fairest *Una* she beheld,
 Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly Race,
 Her Heart with Joy unwonted inly swell'd,
 As feeling wondrous Comfort in her weaker Eld.

IX.

And her embracing, said, O happy Earth,
 Whereon thy innocent Feet do ever tread,
 Most vertuous Virgin, born of heavenly Birth,
 That to redeem thy woful Parents Head,
 From Tyrant's Rage, and ever-dying Dread,
 Hast wandred thro the World now long a-day ;
 Yet ceasest not thy weary Soles to lead,
 What Grace hath thee now hither brought this way ?
 Or done thy feeble Feet unweeting hither stray ?

X.

Strange thing it is an errant Knight to see
 Here in this place, or any other Wight,
 That hither turns his Steps. So few there be
 That chuse the narrow Path, to seek the right :
 All keep the broad High-way, and take delight
 With many rather for to go astray,
 And be Partakers of their evil Plight,
 Than with a few to walk the rightest way :
 O foolish Men ! why haste ye to your own Decay ?

XI.

Thy self to see, and tired Limbs to rest,
 O Matron sage (quoth she) I hither came,
 And this good Knight his way with me address,
 Led with thy Praises and broad-blazed Fame,
 That up to Heaven is blown. The antient Dame,
 Him goodly greeted in her modest Guise,
 And entertain'd them both, as best became,
 With all the Court'ries that she could devise,
 Ne wanted ought, to shew her bounteous or wise.

XII.

Thus as they 'gan of fundry things devise,
 Lo! two most goodly Virgins came in place,
 Ylinked arm in arm in lovely wise,
 With Countenance demure, and modest Grace,
 They numbred even Steps, and equal Pace:
 Of which the eldest, that *Fidelia* hight,
 Like sunny Beams threw from her crystal Face,
 That could have daz'd the rash Beholder's Sight,
 And round about her Head did shine like Heaven's Light.

XIII.

She was arrayed all in lilly White,
 And in her right Hand bore a Cup of Gold,
 With Wine and Water fill'd up to the height,
 In which a Serpent did himself enfold,
 That Horror made to all that did behold;
 But she no whit did change her constant Mood:
 And in her other Hand she fast did hold
 A Book, that was both sign'd and seal'd with Blood,
 Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be understood.

XIV.

Her younger Sister, that *Speranza* hight,
 Was clad in blue, that her beseemed well;
 Not all so chearful seemed she of Sight,
 As was her Sister: whether Dread did dwell,
 Or Anguish in her Heart, is hard to tell.
 Upon her Arm a silver Anchor lay,
 Whereon she leaned ever, as besel;
 And ever up to Heav'n as she did pray,
 Her stedfast Eyes were bent, ne swerved other way.

XV.

They seeing *Una*, towards her 'gan wend,
 Who them encounters with like Courtesy;
 Many kind Speeches they between them spend,
 And greatly joy each other for to see:
 Then to the Knight with shamefac'd Modesty,
 They turn themselves, at *Una*'s meek Request,
 And him salute with well-beseeming Glee;
 Who fair them quites, as him beseemed best.
 And goodly 'gan discourse of many a noble Gest.

XVI.

Then *Una* thus : But she your Sister dear,
 The dear *Cbariffa*, where is she become ?
 Or wants she Health; or busy is elsewhere ?
 Ah no, said they, but forth she may not come ;
 For she of late is lightned of her Womb,
 And hath encreas'd the World with one Son more.
 That her to see should be but troublesome.
 Indeed (quoth she) that should be trouble sore,
 But thank'd be God, and her encrease so evermore.

XVII.

Then said the aged *Cælia*, Dear Dame,
 And you, good Sir, I wote that of your Toil,
 And Labours long, thro which ye hither came,
 Ye both forwearied be ; therefore a while
 I read you rest, and to your Bowers recoil.
 Then called she a Groom, that forth him led
 Into a goodly Lodg., and 'gan despoil
 Of puissant Arms, and laid in easy Bed :
 His Name was meek *Obedience* rightfully ared.

XVIII.

Now when their weary Limbs with kindly Rest,
 And Bodies were refresh'd with due Repast,
 Fair *Una* 'gan *Fidelia* fair request
 To have her Knight into her School-house plac'd,
 That of her Heavenly Learning he might taste,
 And hear the Wisdom of her Words Divine.
 She granted, and that Knight so much agrac'd,
 That she him taught celestial Discipline,
 And opened his dull Eyes, that light mote in them shine.

XIX.

And that her sacred Book, with Blood ywrit,
 That none could read, except she did them teach,
 She unto him disclosed every whit,
 And heavenly Documents thereout did preach,
 That weaker Wit of Man could never reach ;
 Of God, of Grace, of Justice, of Free-will,
 That wonder was to hear her goodly Speech :
 For she was able with her Words to kill,
 And give again to Life the Heart that she did thrill.

XX.

And when she list pour out her larger Spright,
 She would command the hasty Sun to stay,
 Or backward turn his Course from Heaven's height;
 Sometimes great Hosts of Men she could dismay:
 Dry-shod to pass, she parts the Floods in tway;
 And eke huge Mountains from their native Seat
 She would command themselves to bear away,
 And throw in raging Sea with roaring Threat.
 Almighty God her gave such Power, and Puissance great

XXI.

The faithful Knight now grew in little space,
 By hearing her, and by her Sister's Lore,
 To such Perfection of all heavenly Grace,
 That wretched World he 'gan for to abhor,
 And mortal Life 'gan loath, as thing forlore.
 Griev'd with Remembrance of his wicked Ways,
 And prick'd with Anguish of his Sins so fore,
 That he desir'd to end his wretched Days:
 So much the Dart of sinful Guilt the Soul dismays,

XXII.

But wise *Speranza* gave him Comfort sweet,
 And taught him how to take assured hold
 Upon her silver Anchor, as was meet;
 Else had his Sins, so great and manifold,
 Made him forget all that *Fidelia* told.
 In this distressed doubtful Agony,
 When him his dearest *Una* did behold,
 Disdaining Life, desiring leave to die,
 She found herself assail'd with great Perplexity.

XXIII.

And came to *Caelia* to declare her Smart:
 Who, well acquainted with that commune Plight,
 Who sinful Horror works in wounded Heart,
 Her wisely comforted all that she might,
 With goodly Counsel and Advise ment right;
 And straightway sent with careful Diligence
 To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight
 In that Disease of grieved Conscience,
 And well could cure the same; his Name was *Patience*.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Who coming to that Soul-diseas'd Knight,
 Could hardly him intreat to tell his Grief :
 Which known, and all that 'noy'd his heavy Spright
 Well-search'd, eftsoons he 'gan apply Relief
 Of Salves and Med'cines, which had passing Prief,
 And thereto-added Words of wondrous Might :
 By which to ease he him recured brief,
 And much assuag'd the Passion of his Plight,
 That he his Pain endur'd, as seeming now more light.

XXV.

But yet the Cause and Root of all his Ill,
 Inward Corruption, and infected Sin,
 Not purg'd nor heal'd, behind remained still,
 And festring sore, did rankle yet within,
 Close creeping 'twixt the Marrow and the Skin.
 Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
 Down in a darksome lonely Place far in,
 Whereas he meant his Corrosives t' apply,
 And with streict Diet tame his stubborn Malady.

XXVI.

In Ashes and Sackcloth he did array
 His dainty Corse, proud Humours to abate,
 And dieted with Fasting every Day,
 The swelling of his Wounds to mitigate,
 And made him pray both early and eke late :
 And ever as superfluous Flesh did rot,
Amendment ready still at hand did wait,
 To pluck it out with Pincers fiery hot,
 That soon in him was left no one corrupted jot.

XXVII.

And bitter *Penance*, with an iron Whip,
 Was wont him once to dis'ple every day ;
 And sharp *Remorse* his Heart did prick and nip,
 That Drops of Blood thence like a Well did play :
 And sad *Repentance* us'd to embay,
 His Body in salt Water smarting fore,
 The filthy Blots of Sin to wash away.
 So in short space they did to Health restore

The Man that would not live, but earst lay at death's door.

XXVIII,

XXVIII.

In which his Torment often was so great,
 That like a Lion he would cry and roar,
 And rend his Flesh, and his own Sinews eat,
 His own dear *Una* hearing evermore
 His rueful Shrieks and Groanings, often tore
 Her guiltless Garments, and her golden Hair,
 For pity of his Pain and Anguish sore ;
 Yet all with Patience wisely she did bear ;
 For well she wist, his Crime could else be never clear.

XXIX.

Whom thus recover'd by wise *Patience*,
 And true *Repentance*, they to *Una* brought :
 Who joyous of his cured Conscience,
 Him dearly kiss'd, and fairly eke besought
 Himself to cherish, and consuming Thought
 To put away out of his careful Breast.
 By this, *Charissa*, late in Child-bed brought,
 Was woxen strong, and left her fruitful Nest ;
 To her fair *Una* brought this unacquainted Guest.

XXX.

She was a Woman in her freshest Age,
 Of wondrous Beauty, and of Bounty rare,
 With goodly Grace and comely Personage,
 That was on Earth not easy to compare ;
 Full of great Love, but *Cupid's* wanton Snare
 As Hell she hated, chaste in Work and Will ;
 Her Neck and Breasts were ever open bare,
 That aye thereof her Babes might suck their fill ;
 The rest was all in yellow Robes arrayed still.

XXXI.

A Multitude of Babes about her hung,
 Playing their Sports, that joy'd her to behold,
 Whom still she fed, whiles they were weak and young,
 But thrust them forth still, as they waxed old :
 And on her Head she wore a Tire of Gold,
 Adorn'd with Gems and Owches wondrous fair,
 Whose passing Price unneath was to be told ;
 And by her side there sate a gentle Pair
 Of turtle Doves, she sitting in an ivory Chair.

XXXII.

The Knight and *Una* entring, fair her greet,
 And bid her joy of that her happy Brood ;
 Who them requites with Court'ies seeming meet,
 And entertains with friendly cheerful Mood.
 Then *Una* her besought to be so good,
 As in her vertuous Rules to school her Knight,
 Now after all his torment well withstood,
 In that sad House of *Penance*, where his Spright
 Had pass'd the Pains of Hell, and long-enduring Night

XXXIII.

She was right joyous of her just Request,
 And taking by the Hand that Fairy's Son,
 'Gan him instruct in every good Behest,
 Of Love and Righteousness, and well to done,
 And Wrath and Hatred warily to shun,
 That drew on Men God's Hatred and his Wrath,
 And many Souls in Dolours had fordone :
 In which, when him she well instructed hath,
 From thence to Heaven she teacheth him the ready Path

XXXIV.

Wherein his weaker wandring Steps to guide,
 An antient Matron she to her does call,
 Whose sober Looks her Wisdom well descry'd ;
 Her Name was *Mercy*, well known over all,
 To be both gracious, and eke liberal :
 To whom the careful Charge of him she gave,
 To lead aright, that he should never fall
 In all his Ways thro this wide Worldes Wave,
 That *Mercy* in the end his righteous Soul might save

XXXV.

The godly Matron by the Hand him bears
 Forth from her Presence, by a narrow Way,
 Scatter'd with bushy Thorns, and ragged Briars,
 Which still before him she remov'd away,
 That nothing might his ready Passage stay :
 And ever when his Feet encombred were,
 Or 'gan to shrink, or from the right to stray,
 She held him fast, and firmly did upbear,
 As careful Nurse her Child from falling oft does rear.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Eftoons unto an holy Hospital,
 That was fore by the way, she did him bring,
 In which seven Bead-men, that had vowed all
 Their Life to Service of high Heaven's King,
 Did spend their Days in doing godly thing:
 Their Gates to all were open evermore,
 That by the weary way were travelling,
 And one fate waiting ever them before,
 To call in Comers-by, that needy were and poor.

XXXVII.

The first of them, that eldest was and best,
 Of all the House had Charge and Government,
 As Guardian and Steward of the rest:
 His Office was to give Entertainment
 And Lodging unto all that came and went;
 Not unto such as could him feast again,
 And double 'quite for that he on them spent,
 But such for want of Harbour did constrain:
 Those for God's sake his Duty was to entertain.

XXXVIII.

The second was an Alm'ner of the Place;
 His Office was the Hungry for to feed,
 And thirsty give to drink, a Work of Grace:
 He fear'd not once himself to be in need,
 Ne car'd to hoard for those, whom he did breed;
 The Grace of God he laid up still in Store,
 Which as a Stock he left unto his Seed;
 He had enough, what need him care for more?
 And had he less, yet some he would give to the Poor.

XXXIX.

The third had of their Wardrobe custody,
 In which were not rich Tires, nor Garments gay,
 The Plumes of Pride, and Wings of Vanity,
 But Clothez meet to keep keen Cold away,
 And naked Nature seemly to array:
 With which, bare wretched Wights he daily clad,
 The Images of God in earthly Clay;
 And if that no spare Clothes to give he had,
 His own Coat he would cut, and it distribute glad.

XL.

The fourth appointed by his Office was,
 Poor Prisoners to relieve with gracious Aid,
 And Captives to redeem with Price of Brasse,
 From Turks and Sarazins, which them had staid;
 And tho' they faulty were, yet well he weigh'd,
 That God to us forgiveth every hour,
 Much more than that why they in Bands were laid;
 And he that harrow'd Hell with heavy Stowr,
 The faulty Souls from thence brought to his heavenly Bowr.

XLI.

The fifth had charge sick Persons to attend,
 And comfort those in point of Death which lay;
 For them most needeth Comfort in the end,
 When Sin, and Hell, and Death do most dismay
 The feeble Soul departing hence away.
 All is but lost, that living we bestow,
 If not well ended at our dying Day.
 O Man! have mind of that last bitter Throw;
 For as the Tree does fall, so lies it ever low.

XLII.

The sixth had charge of them now being dead,
 In seemly sort their Corfes to engrave,
 And deck with dainty Flowers their bridal Bed,
 That to their heavenly Spouse, both sweet and brave,
 They might appear, when he their Souls shall save.
 The wondrous Workmanship of God's own Mould,
 Whose Face he made all Beasts to fear, and gave
 All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
 Ah dearest God me grant, I dead be not defoul'd.

XLIII.

The seventh, now after Death and Burial done,
 Had charge the tender Orphans of the Dead,
 And Widows aid, lest they should be undone:
 In face of Judgment he their Right would plead,
 Ne ought the Power of mighty Men did dread
 In their Defence, nor would for Gold or Fee
 Be won their rightful Causes down to tread:
 And when they stood in most necessity,
 supply their Want, and gave them ever free.

XLIV.

XLIV.

There when the Elfin Knight arrived was,
 The first and chiefest of the Seven, whose care
 Was Guests to welcome, towards him did pass;
 Where, seeing *Mercy*, that his Steps up-bare,
 And always led, to her with Reverence rare
 He humbly louted in meek Lowliness,
 And seemly welcome for her did prepare:
 For, of their Order, she was Patroness,
 Albe *Charissa* were their chiefest Founders.

XLV:

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

XLVI.

Thence forward, by that painful way they pass
 Forth to an Hill that was both steep and high;
 On top whereof, a sacred Chappel was,
 And eke a little Hermitage thereby,
 Wherein an aged holy Man did lie,
 That Day and Night said his Devotion,
 Ne other worldly Business did apply:
 His name was heavenly *Contemplation*;
 Of God and Goodness was his Meditation.

XLVII.

Great Grace that old Man to him given had;
 For God he often saw from Heaven's height.
 All were his earthly Eyen both blunt and bad,
 And through great Age had lost their kindly Sight,
 Yet wondrous quick and pierceant was his Spright,
 As Eagle's Eye, that can behold the Sun.
 That Hill they scale with all their Power and Might,
 That his frail Thighs, nigh weary and fordone,
 'Gan fail; but by her help the top at last he won.

XLVIII.

There they do find that godly aged Sire,
 With snowy Locks adown his Shoulders shed,
 As hoary Frost with Spangles doth attire
 The mossy Branches of an Oak half dead.
 Each Bone might through his Body well be read,
 And every Sinew seen through his long fast:
 For nought he car'd his Carcass long un-fed;
 His Mind was full of spiritual repast,
 And pin'd his Flesh, to keep his Body low and chaste.

XLIX.

Who, when these two approaching he espy'd,
 At their first Presence grew aggrieved sore,
 That forc'd him lay his heavenly Thoughts aside:
 And had he not that Dame respected more,
 Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
 He would not once have moved for the Knight.
 They him saluted standing far afore;
 Who well them greeting, humbly did requite,
 And asked to what end they clomb that tedious Height?

L.

What end (quoth she) should cause us take such pain,
 But that same end, which every living Wight
 Should make his Mark, high Heaven to attain?
 Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
 To that most glorious House, that glistreth bright
 With burning Stars, and ever-living Fire,
 Whereof the Keys are to thy Hand behight
 By wise *Fidelia*? she doth thee require,
 To shew it to this Knight, according his desire.

LI.

Thrice happy Man, said then the Father grave,
 Whose staggering Steps thy steddy Hand doth lead,
 And shews the way his sinful Soul to save:
 Who better can the way to Heaven aread,
 Than thou thy self, that was both born and bred
 In heavenly Throne, where thousand Angels shine?
 Thou doost the Prayers of the righteous Seed
 Present before the Majesty Divine,
 Changing Wrath to Clemency incline.

LII.

Yet sith thou bidst, thy Pleasure shall be done.
 Then come, thou Man of Earth, and see the way
 That never yet was seen of Fairy's Son,
 That never leads the Traveller astray ;
 But, after Labours long, and sad Delay,
 Brings them to joyous Rest and endless Bliss.
 But, first, thou must a season fast and pray,
 Till from her Bands the Spright assoiled is,
 And have her Strength recur'd from frail Infirmities.

LIII.

That done, he leads them to the highest Mount;
 Such one, as that same mighty Man of God,
 That blood-red Billows like a walled Front
 On either side disparted with his Rod,
 Till that his Army dry-foot through them yod,
 Dwelt forty Days upon ; where, writ in Stone
 With bloody Letters by the Hand of God,
 The bitter Doom of Death and baleful Moan
 He did receive, whiles flashing Fire about him shone.

LIV.

Or like that sacred Hill, whose head full high,
 Adorn'd with fruitful Olives all around,
 Is, as it were for endless Memory
 Of that dear Lord, who oft thereon was found,
 For ever with a flowring Garland crown'd :
 Or like that pleasant Mount, that is for ay
 Through famous Poets Verse each where renown'd,
 On which the thrice three learned Ladies play
 Their heavenly Notes, and make full many a lovely Lay.

LV.

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
 A little Path, that was both steep and long,
 Which to a goodly City led his view ;
 Whose Walls and Towers were builded high and strong
 Of Pearl and precious Stone, that earthly Tong
 Cannot describe, not Wit of Man can tell ;
 Too high a Ditty for my simple Song :
 The City of the great King hight it well,
 Wherein eternal Peace and Happiness doth dwell.

LVI.

As he therean stood gazing, he might see
 The blessed Angels to and fro descend
 From highest Heaven, in gladsome Company,
 And with great Joy into that City wend,
 As commonly as Friend doth with his Friend.
 Whereat he wondred much, and 'gan enquire,
 What stately Building durst so high extend
 Her lofty Towers unto the starry Sphere,
 And what unknown Nation there empeopled were;

LVII.

Fair Knight (quoth he) *Hierusalem* that is,
 The new *Hierusalem*, that God has built,
 For those to dwell in that are chosen his;
 His chosen People, purg'd from sinful Guilt,
 With piteous Blood, which cruelly was spilt
 On cursed Tree, of that unspotted Lamb,
 That for the Sins of all the World was kilt:
 Now are they Saints in all that City sam,
 More dear unto their God, than Younglings to their Dam;

LVIII.

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

LIX.

Most true, then said the holy aged Man;
 Yet is *Cleopolis*, for earthly Frame,
 The fairest piece that Eye beholden can:
 And well beseems all Knights of noble Name,
 That covet in th' immortal Book of Fame
 To be eternized, that fame to haunt,
 And doen their Service to that Sovereign Dame,
 Whose Glory does to them for Guerdon graunt:
 Whose heavenly born, and Heaven may justly vaunt.

LX.

And thou fair Imp, sprung out from *English* Race,
 However now accounted Elfin's Son,
 Well worthy dost thy Service for her Grace,
 To aid a Virgin desolate foredone.
 But, when thou famous Victory hast won,
 And high emongst all Knights hast hung thy Shield,
 Thence-forth the Suit of earthly Conquest shun,
 And wash thy Hands from Guilt of bloody Field:
 For, Blood can nought but Sin, and Wars but Sorrows yield.

LXI.

Then seek this Path, that I to thee presage,
 Which after all to Heaven shall thee send;
 Then peaceably thy painful Pilgrimage
 To yonder same *Hierusalem* do bend,
 Where is for thee ordain'd a blessed End:
 For, thou emongst those Saints, whom thou dost see,
 Shalt be a Saint, and thine own Nation's Friend
 And Patron: thou Saint *George* shalt called be,
 Saint *George* of merry *England*, the sign of Victory.

LXII.

Unworthy Wretch (quoth he) of so great Grace,
 How dare I think such Glory to attain?
 These that have it attain'd, were in like case
 (Quoth he) as wretched, and liv'd in like Pain.
 But Deeds of Arms must I at last be fain,
 And Ladies Love to leave, so dearly bought?
 What need of Arms, where Peace doth ay remain
 (Said he) and Battles none are to be fought?
 As for loose Loves they're vain, and vanish into nought.

LXIII.

O! let me not (quoth he) return again
 Back to the World, whose Joys so fruitless are;
 But let me here for aye in Peace remain
 Or straightway on that last long Voyage fare,
 That nothing may my present Hope empare.
 That may not be (said he) ne may'st thou
 Forgo that Royal Maid's bequeathed Care
 Who did her Cause into thy hand committ
 Till from her cursed Foe thou have her fr

LXIV.

Then shall I soon (quoth he) so God me grace,
 Abet that Virgin's Cause disconsolate,
 And shortly back return unto this place,
 To walk this way in Pilgrim's poor Estate,
 But now aread, old Father, why of late
 Didst thou behight me born of *English* Blood,
 Whom all a Fairy's Son doen nominate?
 That word shall I (said he) avouchen good,
 Sith to thee is unknown the Cradle of thy Brood.

LXV.

For well I wote, thou spring'st from antient Race
 Of *Saxon* Kings, that have with mighty Hand
 And many bloody Battles fought in place,
 High rear'd their Royal Throne in *Britain* Land,
 And vanquish'd them, unable to withstand:
 From thence a Fairy thee unweeting rest,
 There as thou steptst in tender swadling Band,
 And her base Elfin Brood there for thee left.
 Such Men do Changelings call, so chang'd by Fairies Theft.

LXVI.

Thence she thee brought into this Fairy-Lond,
 And in an heaped Furrow did thee hide;
 Where, thee a Plough-man all unweeting fond,
 As he his toilsome Team that way did guide,
 And brought thee up in Plough-man's State to 'bide,
 Whereof *Georgos* he thee gave to name;
 Till prick'd with Courage, and thy Force's Pride,
 To Fairy Court thou cam'st to seek for Fame,
 And prove thy puissant Arms, as seems thee best became.

LXVII.

O holy Sire (quoth he) how shall I 'quite
 The many Favours I with thee have found,
 That hast my Name and Nation read aright,
 And taught the way that does to Heaven bound?
 This said, adown he looked to the ground,
 To have return'd, but dazed were his Eyne
 Through passing Brightness, which did quite confound
 feeble Sense, and too exceeding shine.

re Earthly things compar'd to things Divine.

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

At last, when as himself he 'gan to find,
To *Una* back he cast him to retire :
Who him awaited still with pensive Mind.
Great thanks and goodly Meed, to that good Sire,
He thence departing gave for his pains Hire.
So came to *Una*, who him joy'd to see,
And after little rest, 'gan him desire,
Of her Adventure mindful for to be.
So leave they take of *Caelia*, and her Daughters three.





CANTO XI.

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

I.

HIGH time now 'gan it wex for *Una* fair
To think of those her captive Parents dear,
And their forwasted Kingdom to repair:
Whereto when as they now approached near,
With hearty words her Knight she 'gan to chear,
And in her modest manner thus bespake;
Dear Knight, as dear as ever Knight was dear,
That all these Sorrows suffer for my sake,
High Heaven behold the tedious Toil ye for me take.

II.

Now are we come unto my native Soil,
And to the Place where all our Perils dwell;
Here haunts that Fiend, and does his daily Spoil:
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your Foeman fell.
The Spark of noble Courage now awake,
And strive your excellent self to excel;
That shall ye ever more renowned make
Above all Knights on Earth, that Battle undertake.

III.

And pointing forth; Lo! yonder is (said she)
The brazen Tower, in which my Parents dear
For dread of that huge Fiend imprison'd be,
Whom I from far see on the Walls appear,
Whose fight my feeble Soul doth greatly chear:
And on the top of all I do espy
The Watchman waiting, Tidings glad to hear.
That (O my Parents) might I happily
Bring, to ease you of your Misery.

IV.

IV.

With that, they heard a roaring hideous Sound,
 That all the Air with Terror filled wide,
 And seem'd unneath to shake the stedfast ground.
 Eftsoons that dreadful Dragon they espy'd,
 Where stretch'd he lay upon the sunny side
 Of a great Hill, himself like a great Hill.
 But all so soon, as he from far descry'd
 Those gliftring Arms, that Heaven with Light did fill,
 He rous'd himself full blith, and hastned them until.

V

Then bad the Knight this Lady yede aloof,
 And to an Hill her self with-draw aside.
 From whence she might behold that Battel's proof,
 And eke be safe from Danger far descry'd :
 She him obey'd, and turn'd a little wide,
 Now, O thou sacred Muse, most learned Dame,
 Fair Imp of *Phæbus*, and his aged Bride,
 The Nurse of Time, and everlasting Fame,
 That warlike Hands ennoblest with immortal Name :

VI.

O gently come into my feeble Breast,
 Come gently, but not with that mighty Rage,
 Where-with the Martial Troops thou dost infest,
 And Hearts of great Heroes dost enrage,
 That nought their kindled Courage may assuage ;
 Soon as thy dreadful Trump begins to sound,
 The God of War with his fierce Equipage
 Thou dost awake, sleep never he so sound,
 And feared Nations dost with Horror stern astound.

VII.

Fair Goddess lay that furious Fit aside,
 Till I of Wars and bloody *Mars* do sing,
 And *Briton* Fields with *Sarazin* Blood bedy'd,
 'Twixt that great *Fairy-Queen* and *Paynim King*,
 That with their horror Heaven and Earth did ring,
 A work of labour long, and endless praise :
 But, now a while let down that haughty String,
 And to my Tunes thy second Tenor raise,
 That I this Man of God his godly Arms may blaze.

VIII.

By this, the dreadful Beast drew nigh to hand,
 Half flying, and half footing in his haste,
 That with his largeness measured much Land,
 And made wide Shadow under his huge Waste;
 As Mountain doth the Valley over-cast.
 Approaching nigh, he reared high afore
 His Body monstrous, horrible, and vast,
 Which (to increase his wondrous Greatness more)
 Was sworn with Wrath, and Poison, and with bloody Gore.

IX.

And over all with brazen Scales was arm'd,
 Like plated Coat of Steel, so couched near,
 That nought mote pierce, ne might his Corse be harm'd
 With dint of Sword, nor push of pointed Spear;
 Which as an Eagle, seeing Prey appear,
 His airy Plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
 So shaked she, that Horror was to hear:
 For, as the clashing of an Armour bright,
 Such noise his rouzed Scales did send unto the Knight.

X.

His flaggy Wings when forth he did display,
 Were like two Sails, in which the hollow Wind
 Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
 And eke the Pens that did his Pinions bind,
 Were like Main-yards, with flying Canvas lin'd;
 With which, when as him list the Air to beat,
 And there by force unwonted Passage find,
 The Clouds before him fled for Terror great.
 And all the Heavens stood still amazed with his Threat.

XI.

His huge long Tail, wound up in hundred Folds,
 Does over-spread his long Brass-scaly Back:
 Whose wreathed Boughts when ever he unfolds,
 And thick entangled Knots adown does slack;
 Bespotted all with Shields of red and black,
 It sweepeth all the Land behind him far,
 And of three Furlongs does but little lack:
 And at the Point two Stings in-fixed are,
 Deadly sharp, that sharpest Steel exceeden far,

XII.

But Stings, and sharpest Steel, did far exceed,
 The sharpness of his cruel rending Claws:
 Dead was it sure, as sure as Death in deed,
 What-ever thing does touch his ravenous Paws,
 Or what within his reach he ever draws.
 But, his most hideous Head, my Tongue to tell
 Does tremble: for, his deep devouring Jaws
 Wide gaped, like the grisly Mouth of Hell;
 Through which, into his dark abyss all ravin fell.

XIII.

And that more wondrous was, in either Jaw
 Three Ranks of iron Teeth enraged were,
 In which, yet trickling Blood and Gobbets raw
 Of late devoured Bodies did appear,
 That sight thereof bred cold congealed Fear:
 Which to increase, and all at once to kill,
 A Cloud of smothering Smoke and Sulphur fear
 Out of his stinking Gorge forth steemed still,
 That all the Air about with Smoke and Stench did fill.

XIV.

His blazing Eyes, like two bright shining Shields,
 Did burn with Wrath, and sparkled living Fire:
 As two broad Beacons, set in open Fields,
 Send forth their Flames far off to every Shire,
 And warning give, that Enemies conspire,
 With Fire and Sword the Region to invade:
 So flam'd his Eyne with Rage and rancorous Ire:
 But far within, as in a hollow Glade,
 Those glaring Lamps were set, that made a dreadful Shade.

XV.

So dreadfully he towards him did pass,
 Forelifting up aloft his speckled Breast,
 And often bounding on the bruised Grass,
 As for great joyance of his new-come Guest.
 Eftsoons he 'gan advance his haughty Crest,
 As chauffed Boar his Bristles doth uprear,
 And shook his Scales to Battel ready drest;
 That made the *Red-cross* Knight nigh quake for fear
 As bidding bold defiance to his Foeman near.

XVI.

The Knight 'gan fairly Coach his stedy Spear,
 And fiercely ran at him with rigorous Might :
 The pointed Steel arriving rudely there,
 His harder Hide would neither pierce nor bite,
 But glauncing by, forth passed forward right ;
 Yet fore amoved with so puissant Push,
 The wrathful Beast about him turned light,
 And him so rudely passing by, did brush
 With his long Tail, that Horse and Man to ground did rush.

XVII.

Both Horse and Man up lightly rose again,
 And fresh Encounter towards him address'd :
 But th' idle Stroke yet back recoil'd in vain,
 And found no place his deadly Point to rest.
 Exceeding Rage inflam'd the furious Beast,
 To be avenged of so great Despight :
 For, never felt his imperceable Breast
 So wondrous Force from hand of living Wight ;
 Yet had he prov'd the power of many a puissant Knight.

XVIII.

Then with his waving Wings displayed wide,
 Himself up high he lifted from the ground,
 And with strong Flight did forcibly divide
 The yielding Air, which nigh too feeble found
 Her fitting parts, and Element unfound,
 To bear so great a weight: he cutting way
 With his broad Sails, about him soared round ;
 At last, low stouping with unweildy sway,
 Snatch'd up both Horse and Man, to bear them quite away.

XIX.

Long he them bore above the subject Plain,
 So far as Yewen Bow a Shaft may send,
 Till struggling strong, did him at last constrain
 To let them down before his Flightes end.
 As hagar'd Hawk, presuming to contend
 With hardy Fowl, above his able might,
 His weary Pounces all in vain doth spend,
 To trust the Prey, too heavy for his Flight ;
 Which coming down to ground, does free it self by Fight.

XX.

XX.

He so disseized of his griping grofs,
The Knight his thrillant Spear again assay'd
In his brass-plated Body to emboss,
And three Mens Strength unto the Stroke he laid;
Wherewith the stiff Beam quaked, as affraid,
And glauncing from his scaly Neck, did glide
Close under his left Wing, then broad display'd,
The piercing Steel there wrought a Wound full wide,
That with the uncouth Smart the Monster loudly cry'd.

XXI.

He cry'd, as raging Seas are wont to roar,
When wintry Storm his wrathful Wreck does threat,
The rolling Billows beat the ragged Shore,
As they the Earth would shoulder from her Seat;
And greedy Gulf does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour Element in his Revenge:
Then 'gin the blustering Brethren boldly threat,
To move the World from off his stedfast Henge,
And boistrous Battle make, each other to avenge,

XXII.

The steely Head stuck fast still in his Flesh,
Till with his cruel Claws he snatch'd the Wood,
And quite asunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
A gushing River of black goary Blood,
That drowned all the Land whereon he stood;
The Stream thereof would drive a Water-mill.
Trebly augmented was his furious Mood,
With bitter Sense of his deep-rooted Ill,
That Flames of Fire he threw forth from his large Nostril.

XXIII.

The hideous Tail then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble Thighs.
Of the froth-fomy Steed, whose Courage stout,
Striving to loose the Knot, that fast him ties,
Himself in straiter Bands too rash implies,
That to the ground he is perforce constrain'd
To throw his Rider: who can quickly rise
From off the Earth, with dirty Blood distain'd;
For, that reproachful Fall right foully he disdain'd.

XXIV.

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

XXV.

The Knight was wroth to see his Stroke beguil'd,
 And smote again with more outrageous Might ;
 But back again the sparkling Steel recoil'd,
 And left not any Mark where it did light ;
 As if in Adamant Rock it had been pight.
 The Beast impatient of his smarting Wound,
 And of so fierce and forcible Despight,
 Thought with his Wings to fly above the Ground ;
 But his late wounded Wing unserviceable found.

XXVI.

Then full of Grief and Anguish vehement,
 He loudly bray'd, that like was never heard,
 And from his wide devouring Oven sent
 A Flake of Fire, that flashing in his Beard,
 Him all amaz'd, and almost made affeard :
 The scorching Flame fore-fing'd all his Face,
 And thro his Armour all his Body fear'd,
 That he could not endure so cruel Case,
 But thought his Arms to leave, and Helmet to unlace.

XXVII.

Not that great Champion of the antique World,
 Whom famous Poet's Verse so much doth Vaunt,
 And hath for twelve huge Labours high extol'd,
 So many Furies and sharp Fits did haunt,
 When him the poison'd Garment did enchaunt
 With *Centaur's* Blood, and bloody Verses charm'd,
 As did the Knight twelve thousand Dolours daunt,
 When fiery Steel now burnt, that erst him arm'd,
 Erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him harm'd.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Faint, weary, sore, emboyl ed, griev'd, brent
 With Heat, Toil, Wounds, Arms, Smart, and inward Fire,
 That never Man such Mischiefs did torment ;
 Death better were, Death did he oft desire :
 But Death will never come when Needs require,
 Whom so dismay'd, when that his Foe beheld,
 He cast to suffer him no more respire,
 But 'gan his sturdy Stern about to weld,
 And him so strongly strook, that to the ground him feld.

XXIX.

It fortun'd (as fair it then besel)
 Behind his back (unweeting) where he stood,
 Of antient time there was a springing Well,
 From which fast trickled forth a silver Flood,
 Full of great Vertues, and for Med'cine good,
 Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got
 That happy Land, and all with innocent Blood
 Defil'd those sacred Waves, it rightly hot
The Well of Life: ne yet his Vertues had forgot.

XXX.

For unto Life the Dead it could restore,
 And Guilt of sinful Crimes clean wash away ;
 Those that with Sicknes were infected sore,
 It could recure, and aged long Decay
 Renew, as it were born that very Day.
 Both *Silo* this, and *Jordan* did excel,
 And th' *English Bath*, and eke the *German Spaa*,
 Ne can *Cepbise*, nor *Hebrus* match this Well :
 Into the same, the Knight (back overthrowen) fell.

XXXI.

Now 'gan the golden *Phæbus* for to steep
 His fiery Face in Billows of the West,
 And his faint Steeds water'd in Ocean deep,
 Whiles from their journal Labours they did rest ;
 When that infernal Monster, having kest
 His weary Foe into that living Well,
 'Gan high advance his broad discoloured Breast
 Above his wonted pitch, with Countenance
 And clap his iron Wings, as Victor he did dw

XXXII.

Which when his pensive Lady saw from far,
 Great Wee and Sorrow did her Soul assay.
 As weening that, the sad end of the War,
 And 'gan to highest God entirely pray,
 That feared chance from her to turn away ;
 With folded Hands and Knees full lowly bent
 All night she watch'd, ne once adown would lay
 Her dainty Limbs in her sad Dreriment,
 But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

XXXIII.

The morrow next 'gan early to appear,
 That *Titan* rose to run his daily Race ;
 But early ere the morrow next 'gan rear,
 Out of the Sea fair *Titan's* dewy Face,
 Up rose the gentle Virgin from her place,
 And looked all about, if she might spy
 Her loved Knight to move his manly Pace ;
 For she had great doubt of his Safety,
 Since late she saw him fall before his Enemy.

XXXIV.

At last she saw, where he upstarted brave
 Out of the Well, wherein he drenched lay ;
 As Eagle fresh out of the Ocean Wave,
 Where he hath left his Plumes all hoary gray,
 And deck'd himself with Feathers youthly gay,
 Like Eyas Hawk up mounts unto the Skies,
 His newly budded Pinions to assay,
 And marvels at himself, still as he flies :
 So new, this new-born Knight to Battle new did rise.

XXXV.

Whom, when the damned Fiend so fresh did spy,
 No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
 And doubted, whether his late Enemy
 It were, or other new supplied Knight.
 He, now to prove his late renewed Might,
 High brandishing his bright dew-burning Blade,
 Upon his crested Scalpe so fore did smite,
 That to the Skull a yawning Wound it made :
 The deadly Dint his dulled Senses all dismay'd,

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

I wote not, whether the revenging Steel
 Were hardned with that holy Water Dew,
 Wherein he fell, or sharper Edg did feel,
 Or his baptized Hands now greater grew ;
 Or other secret Vertue did ensue ;
 Else, never could the Force of fleshly Arm,
 Ne molten Metal in his Blood embrue :
 For till that Stound could never Wight him harm,
 By Subtilty, nor Slight, nor Might, nor mighty Charm.

XXXVII.

The cruel Wound enraged him so fore,
 That loud he yelled for exceeding Pain ;
 As hundred ramping Lyons seem'd to roar,
 Whom ravenous Hunger did thereto constrain :
 Then 'gan he tofs aloft his stretched Train,
 And therewith scourge the buxom Air so fore,
 That to his Force to yelden it was fain ;
 Ne ought his sturdy Strokes might stand afore,
 That high Trees overthrew, and Rocks in pieces tore,

XXXVIII.

The same advauncing high above his Head,
 With sharp intended Sting so rude him smot,
 That to the Earth him drove, as striken dead ;
 Ne living Wight would have him Life behot :
 The mortal Sting his angry Needle shot
 Quite through his Shield, and in his Shoulder seas'd,
 Where fast it stuck, ne would thereout be got :
 The Grief thereof him wondrous sore diseas'd,
 Ne might his rankling Pain with Patience be appeas'd.

XXXIX.

But yet more mindful of his Honour dear,
 Than of the grievous Smart which him did wring,
 From loathed Soil he 'gan him lightly rear,
 And strove to loose the far infix'd String :
 Which when in vain he tride with struggeling,
 Inflam'd with Wrath, his raging Blade he left,
 And strook so strongly, that the knotty Sting
 Of his huge Tail he quite afunder cleft,
 Five Joints thereof he hew'd, and but the Stump him left.

XL.

Heart cannot think, what Outrage, and what Cries,
 With foul enfoldred Smoak and flashing Fire,
 The Hell-bred Beast threw forth unto the Skies,
 That all was covered with Darkness dire :
 Then fraught with Rancour, and engorged Ire,
 He cast at once him to avenge for all,
 And gath'ring up himself out of the Mire,
 With his uneven Wings did fiercely fall
 Upon his Sun-bright Shield, and grip'd it fast withall.

XLI.

Much was the Man encombred with his Hold,
 In fear to lose his Weapon in his Paw,
 Ne wist yet how his Talants to unfold ;
 Nor harder was from *Cerberus'* greedy Jaw
 To pluck a Bone, than from his cruel Claw
 To reave by Strength the griped Gage away :
 Thrice he assay'd it from his Foot to draw,
 And thrice in vain to draw it did assay ;
 It booted nought to think to rob him of his Prey.

XLII.

Tho when he saw no Power might prevail,
 His trusty Sword he call'd to his last Aid,
 Wherewith he fiercely did his Foe assail,
 And double Blows about him stoutly laid,
 That glauncing Fire out of the Iron plaid ;
 As Sparkles from the Anvile use to fly,
 When heavy Hammers on the Wedge are swaid ;
 Therewith at last he forc'd him to unty
 One of his grasping Feet, him to defend thereby.

XLIII.

The other Foot fast fixed on his Shield,
 Whenas no Strength nor Strokes mote him constrain
 To loose, ne yet the warlike Pledge to yield,
 He smote thereat with all his might and main,
 That nought so wondrous Puissance might sustain :
 Upon the Joint the lucky Steel did light,
 And made such way, that hew'd it quite in twain ;
 The Paw yet missed not his minish'd Might,
 But hung still on the Shield, as it at first was pight.

XLIV.

XLIV.

For Grief thereof, and devilish Despight,
 From his infernal Fournace forth he threw
 Huge Flames, that dimmed all the Heaven's Light,
 Enroll'd in dusky Smoak and Brimstone blue :
 As burning *Ætna* from his boiling Stew
 Doth belch out Flames, and Rocks in pieces broke,
 And ragged Ribs of Mountains molten new,
 Enwrapt in cole-black Clouds and filthy Smoak, [choak.
 That all the Land with Stench, and Heaven with Horres

XLV.

The Heat whereof, and harmful Pestilence,
 So fore him noy'd, that forc'd him to retire
 A little backward for his best Defence,
 To save his Body from the scorching Fire,
 Which he from hellish Entrails did expire.
 It chaunc'd (eternal God that Chaunce did guide)
 As he recoiled backward, in the Mire
 His nigh forwearied feeble Feet did slide,
 And down he fell, with Dread of Shame sore terrifide.

XLVI.

There grew a goodly Tree him fair beside,
 Loaden with Fruit and Apples rosy red,
 As they in pure Vermilion had been dide,
 Whereof great Vertues over all were read ;
 For happy Life to all which thereon fed,
 And Life eke everlasting did befall :
 Great God it planted in that blessed Sted
 With his Almighty Hand, and did it call
The Tree of Life, the Crime of our first Father's Fall.

XLVII.

In all the World like was not to be found,
 Save in that Soil, where all good things did grow,
 And freely sprong out of the fruitful Ground,
 As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
 Till that dread Dragon all did overthrow.
 Another like fair Tree eke grew thereby,
 Whereof whofo did eat, eftsoons did know
 Both Good and Ill : O mournful Memory !
 That Tree through one Man's Fault hath done us all to die.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

North flow'd, as from a Well,
 Balm, most sovereign
 no on the Ground still felt,
 all the fertile Plain,
 had dewed been with timely Rain :
 and long Health that gracious Ointment gave,
 and deadly Wounds could heal, and rear again
 The senseless Corse appointed for the Grave,
 Into that same he fell, which did from Death him save.

XLIX.

For nigh thereto the ever-damned Beast
 Durst not approach, for he was deadly made,
 And all that Life preserved, did detest :
 Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade,
 By this, the drouping Day-light 'gan to fade,
 And yield his room to sad succeeding Night,
 Who with her sable Mantle 'gan to shade
 The Face of Earth, and Ways of living Wight,
 And high her burning Torch set up in Heaven bright.

L.

When gentle *Una* saw the second Fall
 Of her dear Knight, who weary of long Fight
 And faint thro' Loss of Blood, mov'd not at all,
 But lay as in a Dream of deep Delight,
 Besmear'd with precious Balm, whose vertuous Might
 Did heal his Wounds, and scorching Heat allay,
 Again she stricken was with sore Affright,
 And for his Safety 'gan devoutly pray ;
 And watch the noyous Night, and wait for joyous Day.

LI.

The joyous Day 'gan early to appear,
 And fair *Aurora* from the dewy Bed
 Of aged *Tithon* 'gan her self to rear,
 With rosy Cheeks, for Shame as blushing red ;
 Her golden Locks for haste were loosely shed
 About her Ears, when *Una* her did mark
 Climb to her Charet, all with Flowers spred ;
 From Heaven high, to chace the chearless Dark,
 Merry Note her loud salutes the mounting Lark.

LII.

Then freshly up arose the doughty Knight,
 All healed of his Hurts and Wounds;
 And did himself to Battel ready dight,
 Whose early Foe awaiting him beside,
 To have devour'd, so soon as Day he spide,
 When now he saw himself so freshly rear,
 As if late Fight had nought him damnifide,
 He woxe dismaid, and 'gan his Fate to fear;
 Athless, with wonted Rage he him advanccd near.

LIII.

And in his first Encounter, gaping wide,
 He thought attonce him to have swallow'd quight,
 And rush'd upon him with outrageous Pride;
 Who him r'encountring fierce, as Hawk in Flight,
 Perforce rebutted back. The Weapon bright,
 Taking advantage of his open Jaw,
 Ran through his Mouth with so importune Might,
 That deep empierc'd his darksom hollow Maw,
 And back retir'd, his Life-Blood forth withal did draw.

LIV.

So down he fell, and forth his Life did breathe,
 That vanish'd into Smoak and Cloudes swift;
 So down he fell, that th' Earth him underneath
 Did groan, as feeble so great Load to list;
 So down he fell, as an huge rocky Clift,
 Whose false Foundation Waves have wash'd away,
 With dreadful Poise is from the main Land rift,
 And rolling down, great Neptune doth dismay;
 So down he fell, and like an heaped Mountain lay.

LV.

The Knight himself even trembled at his Fall,
 So huge and horrible a Mass it seem'd;
 And his dear Lady, that beheld it all,
 Durst not approach for Dread, which she misdeem'd:
 But yet at last, whenas the direful Fiend
 She saw not stir, off-shaking vain Affright,
 She nigher drew, and saw that joyous End:
 Then God she prais'd, and thank'd her faithful Knight
 That had atchiev'd so great a Conquest by his Might.



C A N T O XII.

*Fair Una to the Redcross Knight
Betrothed is with Joy:
Though false Duessa is to barr,
Her false Sleights doth employ.*

I.

BEhold, I see the Haven nigh at hand,
To which I mean my weary Course to bend ;
Vere the main Shete, and bear up with the Land,
The which afore is fairly to be kend,
And seemeth safe from Storms, that may offend :
There this fair Virgin, weary of her way,
Must landed be, now at her Journey's end ;
There eke my feeble Bark awhile may stay,
Till merry Wind and Weather call her thence away,

II.

Scarcely had *Phæbus*, in the glooming East,
Yet harnessed his fiery-footed Teem,
Ne rear'd above the Earth his flaming Crest,
When the last deadly Smoak aloft did steem,
That Sign of last out-breathed Life did seem,
Unto the Watchman on the Castle-wall ;
Who thereby dead that baleful Beast did deem,
And to his Lord and Lady loud 'gan call,
To tell how he had seen the Dragon's fatal Fall.

III.

Up rose with hasty Joy, and feeble Speed
That aged Sire, the Lord of all that Land,
And looked forth, to weet if true indeed
Those Tidings were, as he did understand :
Which whenas true by trial he out-fond,
He bade to open wide his brazen Gate,
Which long time had been shut, and out of hond
Proclaimed Joy and Peace through all his State ;
And now was their Foe, which them forraied late

IV.

IV.

Then 'gan triumphant Trumpets sound on high,
 That sent to Heaven the ecchoed Report
 Of their new Joy, and happy Victory,
 'Gainst him, that had them long opprest with Tort,
 And fast imprisoned in sieged Fort.
 Then all the People, as in solemn Feast,
 To him assembled with one full Consort,
 Rejoicing at the Fall of that great Beast,
 From whose eternal Bondage now they were releast.

V.

Forth came that ancient Lord and aged Queen,
 Array'd in antique Robes down to the Ground,
 And sad Habiliments right well beseen;
 A noble Crew about them waited round
 Of sage and sober Peers, all gravely gown'd;
 Whom far before did march a goodly Band
 Of tall young Men, all able Arms to sound,
 But now they Laurel Branches bore in hand;
 Glad Sign of Victory and Peace in all their Land.

VI.

Unto that doughty Conquerour they came,
 And him before, themselves prostrating low,
 Their Lord and Patron loud did him proclaim,
 And at his Feet their Laurel Boughs did throw.
 Soon after them, all dauncing on a row
 The comely Virgins came, with Girlands dight,
 As fresh as Flowers in Meadow green do grow,
 When Morning Dew upon their Leaves doth light:
 And in their Hands sweet Tymbrels all upheld on height.

VII.

And them before, the Fry of Children young
 Their wanton Sports and childish Mirth did play,
 And to the Maidens sounding Tymbrels sung
 In well attuned Notes, a joyous Lay,
 And made delightful Musick all the way,
 Until they came where that fair Virgin stood;
 As fair *Diana*, in fresh Summer's Day,
 Beholds her Nymphs, enrang'd in shady Wood,
 Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in crystal Flood:

VIII.

So she beheld those Maidens Merriment
 With chearful View; who, when to her they came,
 Themselves to ground with gracious Humblefs bent,
 And her ador'd by honourable Name,
 Lifting to Heaven her everlasting Fame:
 Then on her Head they set a Girland green,
 And crowned her 'twixt Earnest and 'twixt Game;
 Who in her Self-resemblance well beseen,
 Did seem such as she was, a goodly maiden Queen,

IX.

And after, all the rascal Many ran,
 Heaped together in rude Rabblement,
 To see the Face of that victorious Man,
 Whom all admired, as from Heaven sent,
 And gaz'd upon with gaping Wonderment.
 But, when they came where that dead Dragon lay,
 Stretch'd on the Ground in monstrous large Extent,
 The Sight with idle Fear did them dismay,
 Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

X.

Some fear'd, and fled; some fear'd, and well it feign'd;
 One that would wiser seem than all the rest,
 Warn'd him not touch; for, yet perhaps remain'd
 Some lingring Life within his hollow Brest,
 Or in his Womb might lurk some hidden Nest
 Of many Dragonets, his fruitful Seed:
 Another said, that in his Eyes did rest
 Yet sparkling Fire, and bade thereof take heed;
 Another said, he saw him move his Eyes indeed.

XI.

One Mother, when as her fool-hardy Child
 Did come too near, and with his Talents play,
 Half dead through fear, her little Babe revil'd,
 And to her Gossips 'gan in counsel say;
 How can I tell, but that his Talants may
 Yet scratch my Son, or rend his tender Hand?
 So diversly themselves in vain they fray;
 Some more bold, to measure him nigh stand,
 How many Acres he did spread of Land.

XII.

XII.

Thus flocked all the Folk him round about,
 The whiles that hoary King, with all his Train,
 Being arrived, where that Champion stout
 After his Foe's Defeasance did remain,
 Him goodly greets, and fair does entertain
 With Princely Gifts of Ivory and Gold,
 And thousand Thanks him yields for all his Pain.
 Then, when his Daughter dear he does behold,
 Her dearly doth embrace, and kisseth manifold.

XIII.

And after to his Palace he them brings,
 With Shaumes, and Trumpets, and with Clarions sweet ;
 And all the way the joyous People sings,
 And with their Garments strow the paved Street :
 Whence mounting up, they find Purveyance meet
 Of all that Royal Princes Court became,
 And all the Floor was underneath their Feet
 Bespred with costly Scarlet of great Name,
 On which they lowly sit, and sitting Purpose frame.

XIV.

What needs me tell their Feast and goodly Guise,
 In which was nothing riotous nor vain ?
 What needs of dainty Dishes to devise,
 Of comely Services, or courtly Train ?
 My narrow Leaves cannot in them contain
 The large Discourse of Royal Princes State.
 Yet was their Manner then but bare and plain :
 For th' antique World Excess and Pride did hate ;
 Such proud luxurious Pomp is swollen up but late.

XV.

Then when with Meats and Drinks of every kind
 Their fervent Appetites they quenched had,
 That ancient Lord 'gan fit Occasion find
 Of strange Adventures, and of Perils sad,
 Which in his Travel him befallen had,
 For to demand of his renowned Guest :
 Who then with Utt'rance grave, and Count'nance f
 From point to point, as is before exprest,
 Discours'd his Voyage long, according his Request.

XVI.

Great Pleasure mix'd with pitiful Regard,
 That godly King and Queen did passionate,
 Whiles they his pitiful Adventures heard,
 That oft they did lament his luckless State,
 And often blame the too importune Fate,
 That heap'd on him so many wrathful Wreaks ;
 For never gentle Knight, as he of late,
 So tossed was in Fortune's cruel Freaks ;
 And all the while salt Tears bedew'd the Hearers Checks.

XVII.

Then said that Royal Pere in sober wise ;
 Dear Son, great been the Evils which ye bore
 From first to last, in your late Enterprize,
 That I no'te, whether praise, or pity more :
 For never living Man, (I ween) so fore
 In Sea of deadly Dangers was distrest ;
 But sith now safe ye seized have the Shore,
 And well arrived are (high God be blest)
 Let us devise of Ease, and everlasting Rest.

XVIII.

Ah, dearest Lord, said then that doughty Knight,
 Of Ease or Rest I may not yet devise ;
 For by the Faith which I to Arms have plight,
 I bounden am, straight after this Emprize
 (As that your Daughter can ye well advise)
 Back to return to that great Fairy Queen,
 And her to serve six Years in warlike wise,
 'Gainst that proud Paynim King that works her Teen :
 Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have been.

XIX.

Unhappy falls that hard Necessity
 (Quoth he) the Troubler of my happy Peace,
 And vowed Foe of my Felicity ;
 Ne I against the same can justly preace :
 But sith that Band ye cannot now release,
 Nor doen undo, (for Vows may not be vain)
 Soon as the Term of those six Years shall cease,
 Ye then shall hither back return again,
 To accomplish vow'd betwixt you twain.

XX.

XX.

Which, for my part, I covet to perform,
 In fort as thro' the World I did proclaim,
 That whoſo kill'd that Monster moſt deform,
 And him in hardy Battle overcame,
 Should have mine only Daughter to his Dame,
 And of my Kingdom Heir apparent be :
 Therefore, ſith now to thee pertains the fame,
 By due Deſert of noble Chevalry,
 Both Daughter and eke Kingdom, lo, I yield to thee.

XXI.

Then forth he called that his Daughter fair,
 The faireſt *Un'*, his only Daughter dear,
 His only Daughter, and his only Heir ;
 Who forth proceeding with ſad ſober Chear,
 As bright as doth the Morning Star appear
 Out of the Eaſt, with flaming Locks bedight,
 To tell that dawning Day is drawing near,
 And to the World does bring long-wiſhed Light :
 So fair and freſh that Lady ſhew'd her ſelf in fight.

XXII.

So fair and freſh, as freſheſt Flower in *May* ;
 For ſhe had laid her mournful Stole aſide,
 And, Widow-like, ſad Wimple thrown away,
 Wherewith her heavenly Beauty ſhe did hide,
 Whiles on her weary Journey ſhe did ride ;
 And on her now a Garment ſhe did wear,
 All lilly white, withouten Spot or Pride,
 That ſeem'd like Silk and Silver woven near ;
 But neither Silk nor Silver therein did appear.

XXIII.

The blazing Brightneſs of her Beauty's Beam,
 And glorious Light of her ſunſhiny Face
 To tell, were as to ſtrive againſt the Stream.
 My ragged Rimes are all too rude and baſe,
 Her heavenly Lineaments for to enchace :
 Ne wonder ; for her own dear loved Knight,
 All were ſhe daily with himſelf in place,
 Did wonder much at her ceſtial Sight :
 Oft had he ſeen her fair, but never ſo fair dight,

XXIV.

So fairly dight when she in Presence came,
 She to her Sire made humble Reverence,
 And bowed low, that her right well became,
 And added Grace unto her Excellence :
 Who with great Wisdom and grave Eloquence,
 Thus 'gan to say——But e'er he thus had said,
 With flying Speed, and seeming great Pretence,
 Came running in, much like a Man dismaid,
 A Messenger with Letters, which his Message said.

XXV.

All in the open Hall amazed stood
 At Suddenness of that unwary Sight,
 And wondered at his breathless hasty Mood.
 But he for nought would stay his Passage right,
 Till fast before the King he did alight,
 Where falling flat, great Humblefs he did make,
 And kiss'd the Ground, whereon his Foot was pight ;
 Then to his Hands that Writ he did betake,
 Which he disclosing, read thus, as the Paper spake.

XXVI.

To thee, most mighty King of *Eden* fair,
 Her Greeting sends in these sad Lines address'd,
 The woeful Daughters and forsaken Heir
 Of that great Emperor of all the West ;
 And bids thee be advised for the best,
 E'er thou thy Daughter link in holy Band
 Of Wedlock, to that new unknowen Guest ;
 For he already plighted his right Hand
 Unto another Love, and to another Land.

XXVII.

To me, sad Maid, or rather Widow sad,
 He was affianced long time before,
 And sacred Pledges he both gave, and had,
 False erraunt Knight, infamous, and forswore ;
 Witness the burning Altars, which he swore,
 And guilty Heavens of his bold Perjury ;
 Which though he hath polluted oft, of yore,
 Yet I to them for Judgment just do fly,
 Them conjure t' avenge this shameful Injury.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Therefore, sith mine he is, or free or bond,
 Or false or true, or living or else dead,
 Withhold, O Sovereign Prince, your hasty Hand
 From knitting League with him, I you aread :
 Ne ween my Right with Strength adown to tread,
 Through Weakness of my Widowed, or Woe ;
 For Truth is strong her rightful Cause to plead,
 And shall find Friends, if need requireth so :
 So bids thee well to fare, thy neither Friend nor Foe,

XXIX.

Fidess.

When he these bitter biting Words had read,
 The Tidings strange did him abashed make,
 That still he sate long time astonish'd
 As in great muse, ne word to Creature spake.
 At last, his solemn Silence thus he brake,
 With doubtful Eyes fast fixed on his Guest ;
 Redoubted Knight, that for mine only sake
 Thy Life and Honour late adventurest,
 Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

XXX.

What mean these bloody Vows, and idle Threats,
 Thrown out from womanish impatient Mind ?
 What Heavens ? what Altars ? what enraged Heats
 Here heaped up with Terms of Love unkind,
 My Conscience clear with guilty Bands would bind ?
 High God be witness, that I guiltless am.
 But if your self, Sir Knight, ye faulty find,
 Or wrapped be in Loves of former Dame,
 With Crime do not it cover, but disclose the same.

XXXI.

To whom the Redcross Knight this Answer sent,
 My Lord, my King, be nought hereat dismay'd,
 Till well ye wote by grave Intendment,
 What Woman, and wherefore doth me upbraid
 With Breach of Love, and Loyalty betray'd.
 It was in my Mishaps, as hitherward
 I lately travel'd, that unwares I stray'd
 Out of my way, through Perils strange and
 That Day should fail me, e'er I had them

XXXII.

There did I find, or rather I was found
 Of this false Woman, that *Fidessa* hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on ground
 Most false *Duessa*, royal richly dight,
 That easy was to inveagle weaker Sight :
 Who, by her wicked Arts, and wily Skill,
 Too false and strong for earthly Skill or Might,
 Unwares me wrought unto her wicked Will,
 d to my Foe betray'd, when least I feared Ill.

XXXIII.

Then stepped forth the goodly Royal Maid,
 And on the Ground herself prostrating low,
 With sober Countenance thus to him said ;
 O pardon me, my Sovereign Lord, to show
 The secret Treasons, which of late I know
 To have been wrought by that false Sorceress !
 She only, she it is, that earst did throw
 This gentle Knight into so great Distress,
 at Death him did await in daily Wretchedness.

XXXIV.

And now it seems that she suborned hath
 This crafty Messenger with Letters feign
 To work new Woe and improvided Scath,
 By breaking of the Band betwixt us twain ;
 Wherein she used hath the practick Pain
 Of this false Footman, cloak'd with Simpleness :
 Whom if ye please for to discover plain,
 Ye shall him *Archimago* find, I guess,
 e falsest Man alive, who tries shall find no less.

XXXV.

The King was greatly moved at her Speech,
 And all with sudden Indignation fraight,
 Bade on that Messenger rude Hands to reach.
 Eftsoons the Guard, which on his State did wait,
 Attach'd that Fator false, and bound him strait :
 Who, seeming sorely chauffed at his Band,
 As chained Bear, whom cruel Dogs do bait,
 With idle Force did fain them to withstand,
 ten Semblance made to scape out of their Hand.

XXXVI:

XXXVI.

But they him laid full low in Dungeon deep,
 And bound him Hand and Foot with Iron Chains,
 And with continual Watch did warely keep ;
 Who then would think, that by his subtile Trains
 He could escape foul Death or deadly Pains ?
 Thus when that Prince's Wrath was pacify'd,
 He 'gan renew the late forbidden Banes,
 And to the Knight his Daughter dear he ty'd
 With Sacred Rites, and Vows for ever to abide.

XXXVII.

His own two Hands the Holy Knots did knit,
 That none but Death for ever can divide ;
 His own two Hands, for such a Turn most fit,
 The housling Fire did kindle and provide,
 And Holy Water thereon sprinkled wide ;
 At which, a bushy Teade a Groom did light,
 And sacred Lamp in secret Chamber hide,
 Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
 For fear of evil Fates, but burnen ever bright.

XXXVIII.

Then 'gan they sprinkle all the Posts with Wine,
 And made great Feast, to solemnize that Day ;
 They all perfum'd with Frankincense Divine,
 And precious Odours fetch'd from far away,
 That all the House did sweat with great Array :
 And all the while sweet Musick did apply
 Her curious Skill, the warbling Notes to play,
 To drive away the dull Melancholy ;
 The whiles one sung a Song of Love and Jollity.

XXXIX.

During the which there was an heavenly Noise
 Heard sound through all the Palace pleasantly,
 Like as it had been many an Angel's Voice,
 Singing before th' eternal Majesty,
 In their trinal Triplicities on high ;
 Yet wist no Creature, whence that heavenly Sweet
 Proceeded : yet each one felt secretly
 Himself thereby rest of his Senses meet,
 And ravished with rare Impression in his S

XL.

Great Joy was made that Day of Young and Old,
 And solemn Feast proclaim'd throughout the Land,
 That their exceeding Mirth may not be told :
 Suffice it, here by Signs to understand
 The usual Joys at knitting of Love's Band.
 Thrice happy Man the Knight himself did hold,
 Possessed of his Lady's Heart and Hand ;
 And ever, when his Eye did her behold,
 Her Heart did seem to melt in Pleasures manifold,

XLI.

Her joyous Prefence and sweet Company
 In full Content he there did long enjoy,
 Ne wicked Envy, ne vile Jealousy
 His dear Delights were able to annoy :
 Yet swimming in that Sea of blisful Joy,
 He nought forgot, how he whilom had sworn,
 In case he could that Monstrous Beast destroy,
 Unto his *Fairy-Queen* back to return :
 The which he shortly did, and *Una* left to mourn.

XLII.

Now strike your Sails, ye jolly Mariners ;
 For we be come unto a quiet Rode,
 Where we must land some of our Passengers,
 And light this weary Vessel of her Load,
 Here she awhile may make her safe Abode,
 Till she repaired have her Tackles spent,
 And Wants supply'd. And then again abroad
 On the long Voyage whereto she is bent ;
 Well may she speed, and fairly finish her Intent.

The End of the First Book.





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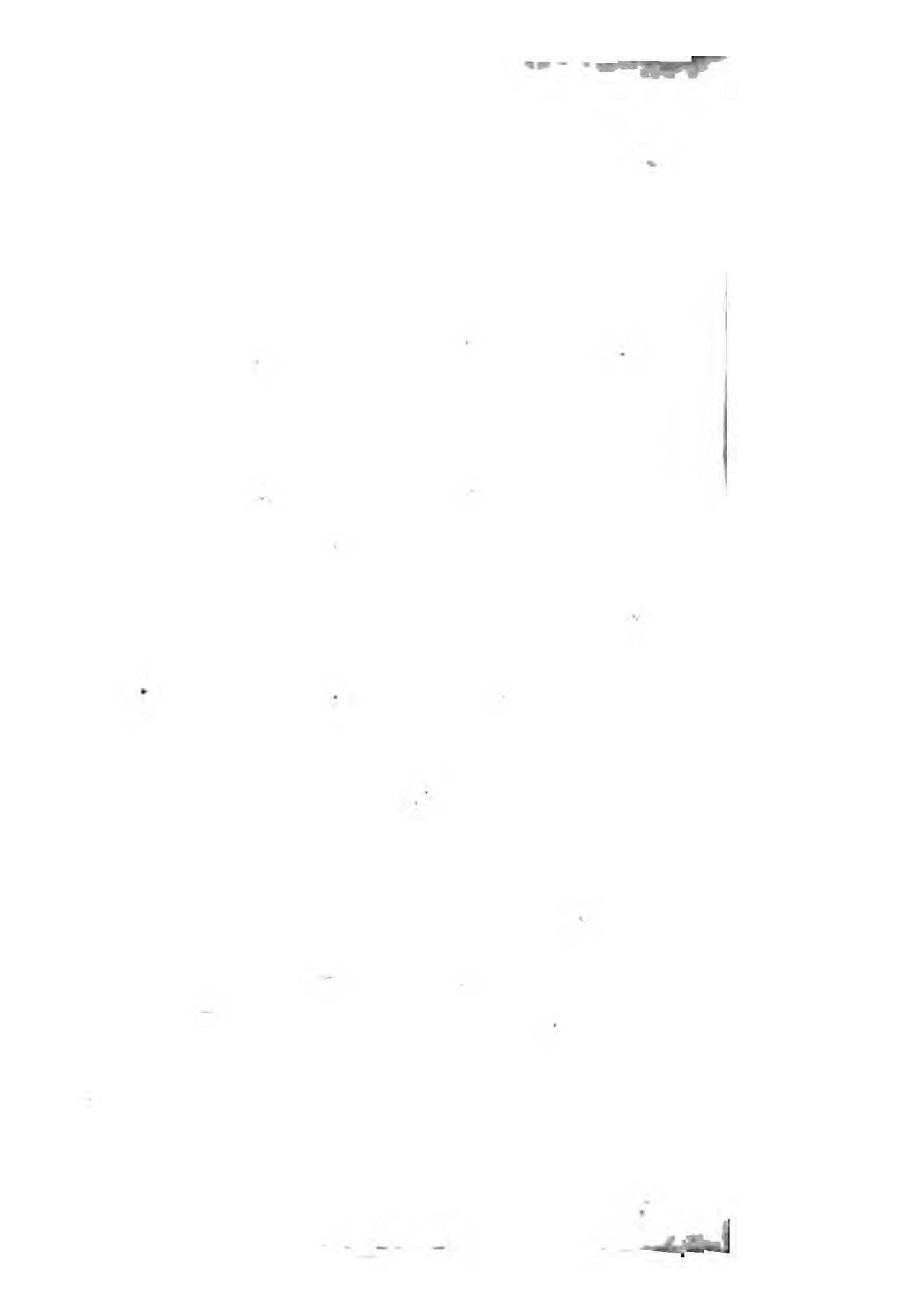
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