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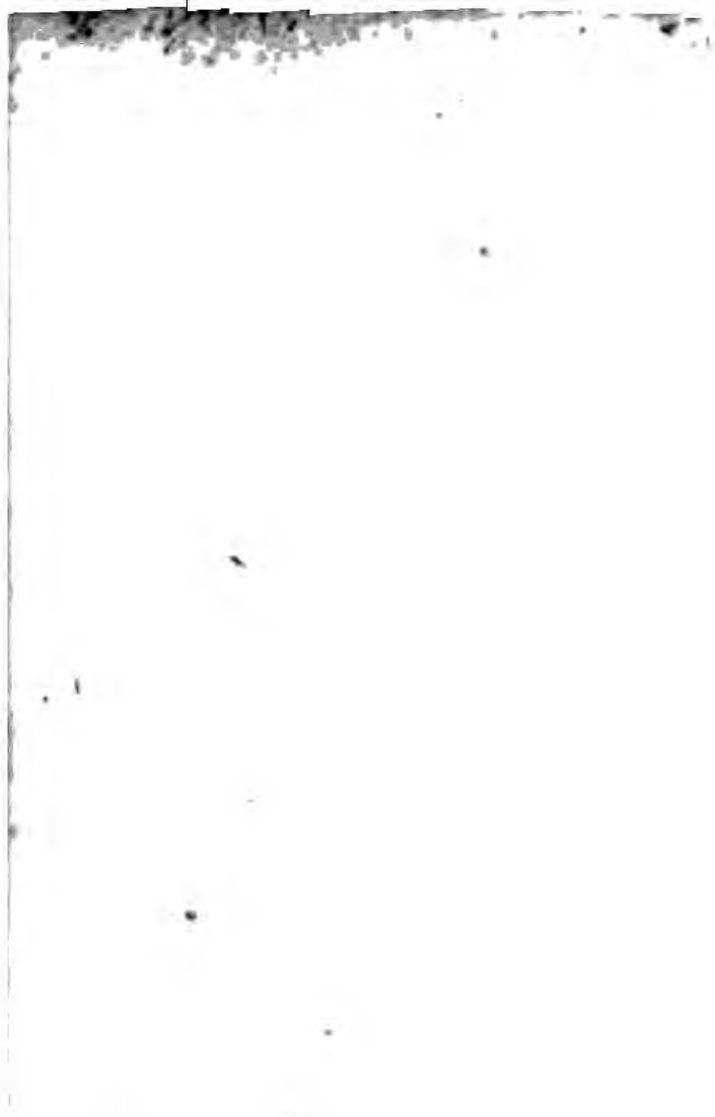
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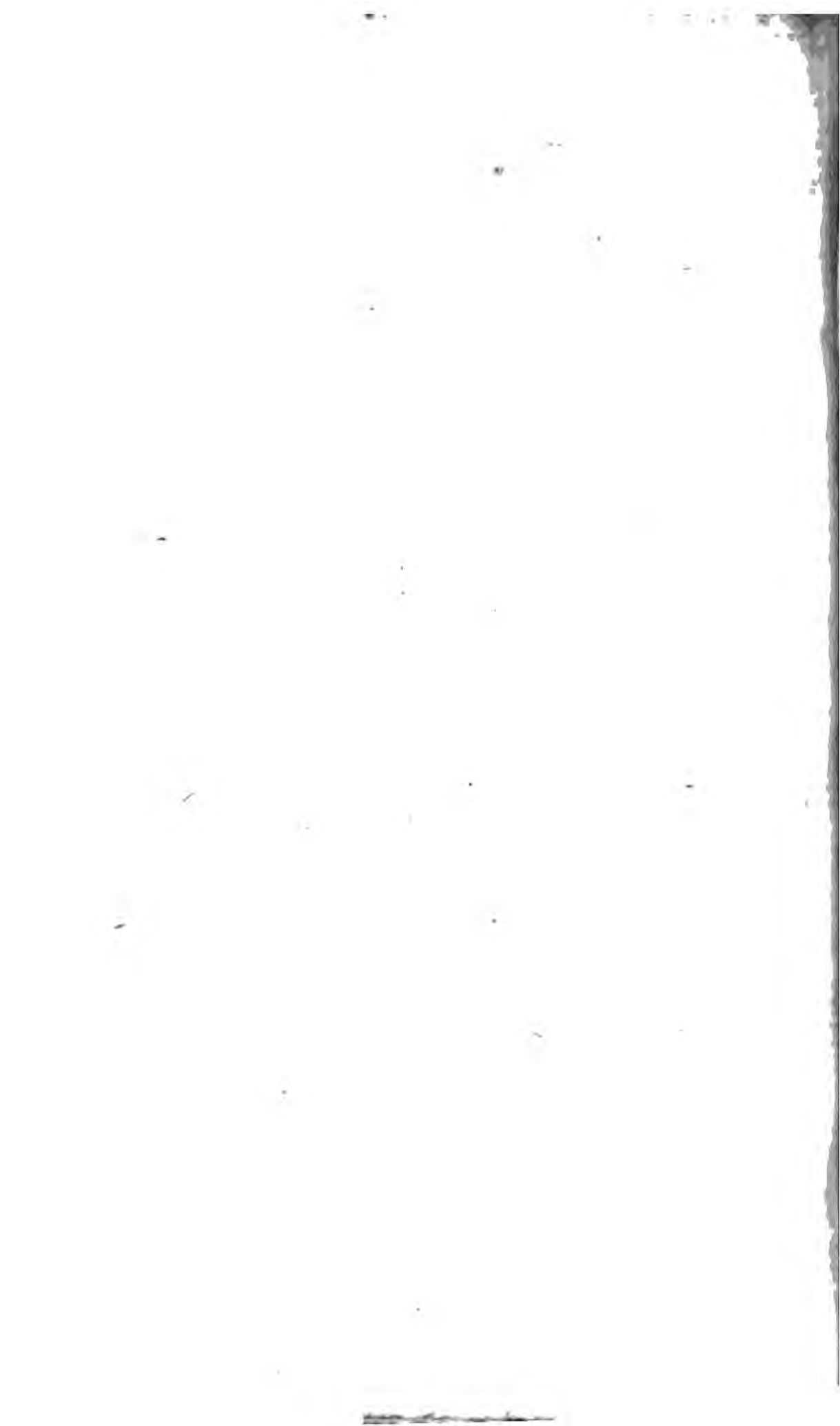
Anna M. Waller

1876

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THE
WORKS
OF
SPENSER.

VOLUME *the* THIRD.

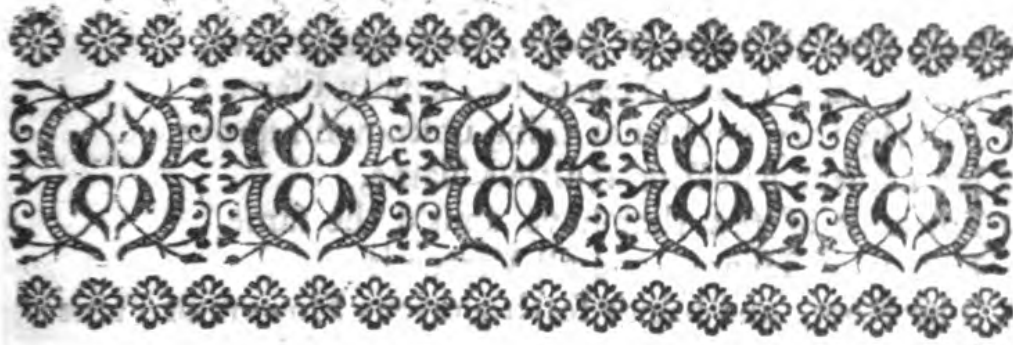


LONDON:

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

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THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
FAIRY-QUEEN:

CONTAINING

The Legend of *Cambel* and *Telamond*,
or of Friendship.

I.

THE rugged Forehead, that with grave Foresight,
Wields Kingdoms Causes, and Affairs of State,
My looser Rimes, I wote, doth sharply wite,
For praising Love as I have done of late,
And magnifying Lovers dear Debate;
By which frail Youth is oft to Folly led,
Thro false Allurement of that pleasing Bait,
That better were in Virtues disciplined,
Than with vain Poems Weeds to have their Fancies fed.

A 2

II.

II.

Such ones ill judg of Love, that cannot love,
 Ne in their frozen Hearts feel kindly Flame :
 For-thy they ought not thing unknown reprove,
 Ne natural Affection faultless blame,
 For fault of few that have abus'd the same.
 For, it of Honour and all Vertue is
 The Root, and brings forth glorious Flowers of Fame
 That crown true Lovers with immortal Blifs ;
 The Meed of them that love, and do not live amifs.

III.

Which whofo list look back to former Ages,
 And call to count the things that then were done,
 Shall find, that all the Works of those wise Sages,
 And brave Exploits which great Heroes won,
 In Love were either ended or begun :
 Witness the Father of Philosophy,
 Which to his *Critias*, shaded oft from Sun,
 Of Love full many Lessons did apply,
 The which these Stoick Censours cannot well deny.

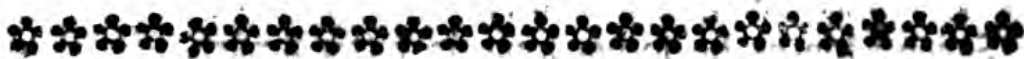
IV.

To such therefore I do not sing at all ;
 But to that sacred Saint my sovereign Queen,
 In whose chaste Breast all Bounty natural,
 And Treasures of true Love enlocked been,
 'Bove all her Sex that ever yet was seen.
 To her I sing of Love, that loveth best,
 And best is lov'd of all alive I ween :
 To her this Song most fitly is adrest,
 The Queen of Love, and Prince of Peace from Heaven blest.

V.

Which that she may the better deign to hear,
 Do thou, dread Infant, *Venus* dearling Dove,
 From her high Spirit chace imperious Fear,
 And Use of awful Majesty remove :
 Instead thereof with Drops of melting Love,
 Dew'd with ambrosial Kisses, by thee gotten
 From thy sweet smiling Mother from above,
 Sprinkle her Heart, and haughty Courage soften,
 That she may heark to Love, and read this Lesson often.

C A N T O



CANTO I.

Fair Britomart saves Amoret :

Dueffa Discord breeds

'Twixt Scudamore and Blandamore :

Their Fight and warlike Deeds.

I.

OF Lovers sad Calamities of old,
Full many piteous Stories do remain ;
But none more piteous ever was ytold,
Than that of *Amoret's* heart-binding Chain,
And this of *Florimel's* unworthy Pain :
The dear Compassion of whose bitter Fit
My softned Heart so sorely doth constrain,
That I with Tears full oft do pity it,
And oftentimes do wish it never had been writ.

II.

For from the time that *Scudamore* her bought
In perilous Fight, she never joyed day ;
A perilous Fight, when he with Force her brought
From twenty Knights, that did him all assay :
Yet fairly well he did them all dismay ;
And with great Glory both the Shield of Love,
And eke the Lady self he brought away :
Whom having wedded, as did him behove,
A new unknowen Mischief did from him remove.

III.

For that same vile Enchaunter *Bufran*,
The very self-same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridal Feast, whilst every Man
Surcharg'd with Wine, were heedless and ill-headed,
All bent to Mirth before the Bride was bedded,
Brought in that Mask of Love which late was shown :
And there the Lady ill of Friends bestedded,
By way of Sport, as oft in Masks is known,
Conveyed quite away to living Wight unknown.

IV.

Seven Months he so her kept in bitter Smart,
 Because his sinful Lust she would not serve,
 Until such time as noble *Britomart*
 Released her, that else was like to starve,
 Thro cruel Knife that her dear Heart did kerve.
 And now she is with her upon the way,
 Marching in lovely wise, that could deserve
 No spot of Blame, tho Spite did oft assay
 To blot her with Dishonour of so fair a Prey.

V.

Yet should it be a pleasant Tale, to tell
 The diverse Usage and Demeanure daint,
 That each to other made, as oft besel.
 For *Amoret* right fearful was and faint,
 Lest she with Blame her Honour should attaint,
 That every Word did tremble as she spake,
 And every Look was coy, and wondrous quaint,
 And every Limb that touched her did quake:
 Yet could she not but courteous Countenance to her make.

VI.

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
 That her Life's Lord, and Patron of her Health,
 Right well deserved, as his dueful Meed,
 Her Love, her Service, and her utmost Wealth.
 All is his justly, that all freely dealth:
 Nathless her Honour, dearer than her Life,
 She sought to save, as thing reserv'd from Stealth;
 Die had she liefer with Enchanter's Knife,
 Than to be false in Love, profess'd a virgin Wife.

VII.

Thereto her Fear was made so much the greater,
 Thro fine Abusion of that *Briton* Maid;
 Who, for to hide her feigned Sex the better,
 And mask her wounded Mind, both did and said
 Full many things so doubtful to be weigh'd,
 That well she wist not what by them to guess:
 For other whiles to her she purpose made
 Of Love, and otherwhiles of Lustfulness,
 That much she fear'd his Mind would grow to some Excess.

VIII.

VIII.

His Will she fear'd ; for him she surely thought
 To be a Man, such as indeed he seem'd :
 And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
 When her from deadly Thraldom he redeem'd,
 For which no Service she too much esteem'd ;
 Yet Dread of Shame, and Doubt of foul Dishonour,
 Made her not yield so much, as due she deem'd.
 Yet *Britomart* attended duly on her,
 As well became a Knight, and did to her all Honour.

IX.

It so befel one Evening, that they came
 Unto a Castle, lodged there to be,
 Where many a Knight, and many a lovely Dame
 Was then assembled, Deeds of Arms to see :
 Amongst all which was none more fair than she,
 That many of them mov'd to eye her fore.
 The Custom of that place was such, that he
 Which had no Love nor Leman there in store,
 Should either win him one, or lie without the Door.

X.

Amongst the rest there was a jolly Knight,
 Who being asked for his Love, avow'd
 That fairest *Amoret* was his by Right,
 And offer'd that to justify aloud.
 The warlike Virgin seeing his so proud
 And boastful Challenge, waxed inly wroth,
 But for the present did her Anger shroud ;
 And said, her Love to lose she was full loth,
 But either he should neither of them have, or both.

XI.

So forth they went, and both together giuffed ;
 But that same Younker soon was overthrown,
 And made repent, that he had rashly lusted
 For thing unlawful, that was not his own :
 Yet since he seemed valiant, tho unknown,
 She that no less was courteous than stout,
 Cast how to salve, that both the Custom shown
 Were kept, and yet that Knight not locked out ;
 That seem'd full hard t' accord two things so far in doubt.

XII.

XII.

The Seneschal was call'd to deem the Right ;
 Whom she requir'd, that first fair *Amoret*
 Might be to her allow'd, as to a Knight,
 That did her win, and free from Challenge set :
 Which straight to her was yielded without Let. (ted,
 Then sith that strange Knight's Love from him was quit-
 She claim'd that to her self as Ladies Debt,
 He as a Knight might justly be admitted :
 So none should be out-shut, sith all of Loves were fitted.

XIII.

With that, her glistering Helmet she unlac'd ;
 Which doft, her golden Locks, that were up-bound
 Still in a Knot, unto her Heels down trac'd,
 And like a filken Veil encompass round
 About her Back and all her Body wound :
 Like as the shining Sky in Summer's Night,
 What time the Days with scorching Heat abound,
 Is crested all with Lines of fiery Light,
 That it prodigious seems in common Peoples sight.

XIV.

Such when those Knights and Ladies all about
 Beheld her, all were with Amazement smit,
 And every one 'gan grow in secret doubt
 Of this and that, according to each Wit.
 Some thought, that some Enchantment feigned it ;
 Some, that *Bellona* in that warlike wise
 To them appear'd, with Shield and Armour fit ;
 Some, that it was a Mask of strange Disguise :
 So diversly each one did sundry Doubts devise.

XV.

But that young Knight, which thro her gentle Deed
 Was to that goodly Fellowship restor'd,
 Ten thousand Thanks did yield her for her Meed,
 And doubly overcomen, her ador'd :
 So did they all their former Strife accord ;
 And eke fair *Amoret*, now freed from Fear,
 More frank Affection did to her afford,
 And to her Bed, which she was wont forbear,
 Now freely drew, and found right safe Assurance there.

XVI.

XVI.

Where, all that Night they of their Loves did treat,
 And hard Adventures 'twixt themselves alone,
 That each the other 'gan with Passion great,
 And grief-ful Pity privately bemoan.
 The morrow next, so soon as *Titan* shone,
 They both up-rose, and to their ways them dight :
 Long wander'd they, yet never met with one
 That to their Wills could them direct aright,
 Or to them Tidings tell, that mote their Hearts delight.

XVII.

Lo ! thus they rode, till at the last they spy'd
 Two armed Knights, that toward them did pace,
 And each of them had riding by his side
 A Lady, seeming in so far a space :
 But Ladies none they were, albe in Face
 And outward Shew fair Semblance they did bear ;
 For under Mask of Beauty and good Grace,
 Vile Treason and foul Falshood hidden were,
 That mote to none but to the wary-wise appear.

XVIII.

The one of them, the false *Dueffa* hight,
 That now had chang'd her former wonted Hue ;
 For she could d'on so many Shapes in fight,
 As ever could Cameleon Colours new ;
 So could she forge all Colours, save the true.
 The other no whit better was than she,
 But that such as she was, she plain did shew ;
 Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might be,
 And daily more offensive unto each degree.

XIX.

Her Name was *Ate*, Mother of Debate,
 And all Dissension, which doth daily grow
 Amongst frail Men, that many a publick State,
 And many a private oft doth overthrow.
 Her, false *Dueffa*, who full well did know ;
 To be most fit to trouble noble Knights
 Which hunt for Honour, raised from below,
 Out of the Dwellings of the damned Sprights,
 Where she in Darkness wastes her cursed Days and Nights.

XX.

XX.

Hard by the Gates of Hell her Dwelling is,
 There whereas all the Plagues and Harms abound,
 Which punish wicked Men, that walk amiss :
 It is a darksome Delve far under ground,
 With Thorns and barren Brakes environ'd round,
 That none the same may easily out-win ;
 Yet many ways to enter may be found,
 But none to issue forth when one is in :
 For Discord harder is to end than to begin.

XXI.

And all within, the riven Walls were hung
 With ragged Monuments of Times fore-past ;
 All which, the sad Effects of Discord sung :
 There were rent Robes, and broken Scepters plac'd,
 Altars defil'd, and holy things defac'd,
 Dishiver'd Spears, and Shields ytorn in twain,
 Great Cities ransack'd, and strong Castles ras'd,
 Nations captived, and huge Armies slain :
 Of all which Ruins there some Relicks did remain.

XXII.

There was the Sign of antique *Babylon*,
 Of fatal *Thebes*, of *Rome* that reigned long,
 Of sacred *Salem*, and sad *Ilion* ;
 For Memory of which, on high there hung
 The golden Apple (cause of all their Wrong)
 For which the three fair Goddesses did strive :
 There also was the Name of *Nimrod* strong,
 Of *Alexander*, and his Princes five,
 Which shar'd to them the Spoils that he had got alive.

XXIII.

And there the Relicks of the drunken Fray,
 The which amongst the *Lapitbees* befel,
 And of the bloody Feast, which sent away
 So many *Centaur*s drunken Souls to Hell,
 That under great *Alcides*' Fury fell :
 And of the dreadful Discord which did drive
 The noble *Argonauts* to Outrage fell,
 That each of Life sought others to deprive,
 All mindless of the Golden-Fleece, which made them strive

XXIV.

XXIV.

And eke of private Persons many moe,
 There were too long a Work to count them all;
 Some, of sworn Friends, that did their Faith forgo;
 Some, of born Brethren, prov'd unnatural;
 Some, of dear Lovers, Foes perpetual:
 Witness their broken Bands there to be seen,
 Their Girlands rent, their Bowers despoiled all;
 The Monuments whereof there biding been,
 As plain as at the first, when they were fresh and green.

XXV.

Such was her House within; but all without,
 The barren Ground was full of wicked Weeds,
 Which she her self had sown all about,
 Now grown great, at first of little Seeds,
 The Seeds of evil Words, and factious Deeds:
 Which when to Ripeness due they grown are,
 Bring forth an infinite Increase, that breeds
 Tumultuous Trouble, and contentious Jar,
 The which most often end in Bloodshed and in War.

XXVI.

And those same cursed Seeds do also serve
 To her for Bread, and yield her living Food:
 For Life it is to her, when others starve
 Thro' mischievous Debate, and deadly Feud,
 That she may suck their Life, and drink their Blood;
 With which she from her Childhood hath been fed:
 For she at first was born of hellish Brood,
 And by infernal Furies nourished,
 That by her monstrous Shape might easily be read.

XXVII.

Her Face most foul and filthy was to see,
 With squinted Eyes contrary ways intended,
 And loathly Mouth, unmeet a Mouth to be,
 That nought but Gall and Venom comprehended,
 And wicked Words, that God and Man offended:
 Her lying Tongue was in two Parts divided,
 And both the Parts did speak, and both contended;
 And as her Tongue, so was her Heart discided,
 That never thought one thing, but doubly still was guided.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
 With matchless Ears deformed and distort,
 Fill'd with false Rumors and seditious Trouble,
 Bred in Assemblies of the vulgar Sort,
 That still are led with every light Report.
 And as her Ears, so eke her Feet were odd,
 And much unlike; th' one long, the other short,
 And both misplac'd; that when th' one forward yode,
 The other back retired, and contrary trode.

XXIX.

Likewise unequal were her Handes twain:
 That one did reach, the other push'd away;
 That one did make, the other marr'd again,
 And sought to bring all things unto Decay;
 Whereby great Riches, gather'd many a day,
 She in short space did often bring to nought,
 And their Possessors often did dismay.
 For all her Study was, and all her Thought,
 How she might overthrow the things that Concord wrought.

XXX.

So much her Malice did her Might surpass,
 That even th' Almighty self she did malign,
 Because to Man so merciful he was,
 And unto all his Creatures so benign,
 Sith she her self was of his Grace indign:
 For all this World's fair Workmanship she try'd,
 Unto his last Confusion to bring,
 And that great golden Chain quite to divide,
 With which it blessed Concord hath together ty'd.

XXXI.

Such was that Hag, which with *Duess*a rode;
 And serving her in her malicious Use,
 To hurt good Knights, was as it were her Baud,
 To sell her borrow'd Beauty to abuse.
 For tho like wither'd Tree, that wanteth Juice,
 She old and crooked were, yet now of late
 As fresh and fragrant as the Flower-de-luce
 She was become, by change of her Estate,
 And made full goodly Joyance to her new-found Mate.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Her Mate he was a jolly youthful Knight,
 That bore great Sway in Arms and Chivalry,
 And was indeed a Man of mickle Might :
 His Name was *Blandamore*, that did descry
 His fickle Mind full of Inconstancy.
 And now himself he fitted had right well,
 With two Companions of like Quality,
 Faithless *Duessa*, and false *Paridel*,
 That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell.

XXXIII.

Now when this Gallant, with his goodly Crew,
 From far espy'd the famous *Britomart*,
 Like Knight adventurous in outward View,
 With his fair Paragon (his Conquests part)
 Approaching nigh, estsoons his wanton Heart
 Was tickled with Delight, and jesting said ;
 Lo there ! Sir *Paridel*, for your Desert,
 Good luck presents you with yond lovely Maid,
 For pity that ye want a Fellow for your Aid.

XXXIV.

By that, the lovely Pair drew nigh to hond :
 Whom when-as *Paridel* more plain beheld,
 Albe in Heart he like Affection found,
 Yet mindful how he late by one was feld,
 That did those Arms and that same Scutcheon weld,
 He had small Lust to buy his Love so dear :
 But answer'd, Sir, him wife I never held,
 That having once escaped Peril near,
 Would afterwards afresh the sleeping Evil rear.

XXXV.

This Knight too late his Manhood and his Might
 I did assay, that me right dearly cost ;
 Ne list I for Revenge provoke new Fight,
 Ne for light Ladies Love, that soon is lost.
 The hot-spur Youth so scorning to be cost,
 Take then to you this Dame of mine, quoth he,
 And I without your Peril or your Cost,
 Will challenge yond same other for my Fee :
 So forth he fiercely prick'd, that one him scarce could see.

XXXVI.

The warlike *Britonefs* her soon address'd,
 And with fuch uncouth Welcome did receive
 Her feigned Paramour, her forced Guest,
 That being forc'd his Saddle soon to leave,
 Himself he did of his new Love deceive :
 And made himself th' Enfample of his Folly.
 Which done, he paffed forth not taking leave,
 And left him now as fad, as whilom jolly,
 Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dally.

XXXVII.

Which when his other Company beheld,
 They to his Succour ran with ready Aid :
 And finding him unable once to weld,
 They reared him on Horfeback, and up-ftay'd,
 Till on his way they had him forth convey'd :
 And all the way with wondrous Grief of Mind
 And Shame, he fhew'd himself to be dismay'd,
 More for the Love which he had left behind,
 Than that which he had to Sir *Paridel* refign'd.

XXXVIII.

Nath'lefs, he forth did march well as he might,
 And made good Semblance to his Company,
 Diffembling his Difafe and evil Plight :
 Till that e'er long they chanced to efpy
 Two other Knights, that towards them did ply
 With speedy Courfe, as bent to charge them new.
 Whom, when as *Blandamore*, approaching nigh,
 Perceiv'd to be fuch as they feem'd in view,
 He was full woe, and 'gan his former Grief renew.

XXXIX.

For th' one of them he perfectly defcry'd
 To be Sir *Scudamore*, by that he bore,
 The God of Love, with Wings displayed wide ;
 Whom mortally he hated evermore,
 Both for his Worth (that all Men did adore)
 And eke becaufe his Love he won by right :
 Which when he thought, it grieved him full fore,
 That through the Bruifes of his former Fight,
 He now unable was to wreak his old Defpight.

XL.

For thy, he thus to *Paridel* bespake ;
 Fair Sir, of Friendship let me now you pray,
 That as I late adventured for your sake,
 The Hurts whereof me now from Battle stay,
 Ye will me now with like good turn repay,
 And justify my Cause on yonder Knight.
 Ah Sir ! said *Paridel* do not dismay
 Your self for this ; my self will for you fight,
 As ye have done for me : the Left Hand rubs the Right.

XLI.

With that, he put his Spurs unto his Steed,
 With Spear in Rest, and toward him did fare,
 Like Shaft out of a Bow preventing Speed.
 But *Scudamore* was shortly well aware
 Of his approach, and 'gan himself prepare
 Him to receive with Entertainment meet,
 So furiously they met, that either bare
 The other down under their Horses Feet,
 That what of them became, themselves did scarcely weet.

XLII.

As when two Billows in the *Irish* Sounds,
 Forcibly driven with contrary Tides,
 Do meet together, each aback rebounds
 With roaring Rage ; and dashing on all sides,
 That filleth all the Sea with Foam, divides
 The doubtful Current into divers ways ;
 So fell those two in spite of both their Prides :
 But *Scudamore* himself did soon up-raise,
 And mounting light, his Foe for lying long upbrays.

XLIII.

Who rolled on an heap, lay still in Swound,
 All careless of his Taunt and bitter Rail :
 Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground,
 Ran hastily, to weet what did him ail.
 Where, finding that the Breath 'gan him to fail,
 With busy Care they strove him to awake,
 And doft his Helmet, and undid his Mail :
 So much they did, that at the last they brake
 His Slumber, yet so mazed, that he nothing spake.

XLIV.

Which when, as *Blandamore* beheld, he said,
 False *Faitour*, *Scudamore*, that hast by sleight
 And foul Advantage this good Knight dismay'd,
 A Knight much better than thy self behight;
 Well falls it thee that I am not in Plight,
 This day, to wreak the Damage by thee done:
 Such is thy wont, that still when any Knight
 Is weakned, then thou dost him over-run;
 So hast thou to thy self false Honour often won.

XLV.

He little answer'd, but in manly Heart
 His mighty Indignation did forbear;
 Which was not yet so secret, but some part
 Thereof did in his frowning Face appear:
 Like as a gloomy Cloud, the which doth bear
 An hideous Storm, is by the Northern blast
 Quite over-blown, yet doth not pass so clear,
 But that it all the Sky doth over-cast
 With Darkness dread, and threatens all the World to waste.

XLVI.

Ah gentle Knight, then false *Duessá* said,
 Why do ye strive for Lady's Love so sore,
 Whose chief Desire is Love and friendly Aid
 'Mongst gentle Knights to nourish evermore?
 Ne be ye wroth, Sir *Scudamore*, therefore,
 That she your Love list love another Knight,
 Ne do your self dislike a whit the more;
 For, Love is free, and led with Self-Delight,
 Ne will enforced be with Maisterdom or Might.

XLVII.

So false *Duessá*: but vile *Ate* thus;
 Both foolish Knights, I can but laugh at both,
 That strive and storm with Stir outrageous,
 For her that each of you alike doth loath,
 And loves another, with whom now she go'th
 In lovely wise, and sleeps, and sports, and plays;
 Whilst both you here with many a cursed Oath,
 Swear she is yours, and stir up bloody Frays,
 To win a Willow-bough, whilst other wears the Bays.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Vile Hag, said *Scudamore*, why dost thou lye?
 And falsly seek'ft a vertuous Wight to shame?
 Fond Knight, said she, the thing that with this Eye
 I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?
 Then tell, quoth *Blandamore*, and fear no blame,
 Tell what thou saw'ft, maulger who-so it hears.
 I saw, quoth she, a stranger Knight, whose Name
 I wote not well, but in his Shield he bears
 (That well I wote) the heads of many broken Spears

XLIX.

I saw him have your *Amoret* at will,
 I saw him kifs, I saw him her embrace,
 I saw him sleep with her all Night his fill,
 All many Nights, and many by in place,
 That present were to testify the case.
 Which when as *Scudamore* did hear, his Heart
 Was thrill'd with inward Grief; as when in Chace
 The *Partbian* strikes a Stag with shivering Dart,
 The Beast astonish'd stands in midst of his Smart.

L.

So stood Sir *Scudamore* when this he heard;
 Ne word he had to speak for great dismay,
 But look'd on *Glauce* grim, who wox affeard
 Of Outrage for the words which she heard say,
 Albe untrue she wist them by assay.
 But *Blandamore*, when-as he did espy,
 His change of Chear, that Anguish did bewray,
 He wox full blith, as he had got thereby,
 And 'gan thereat to triumph without Victory.

LI.

Lo! Recreant, said he, the fruitless end
 Of thy vain Boast, and Spoil of Love misgotten,
 Whereby the Name of Knighthood thou dost shend,
 And all true Lovers with dishonour blotten!
 All things not rooted well, will soon be rotten.
 Fie, fie, false Knight, then false *Duess'a* cry'd,
 Unworthy Life, that Love with Guile hast gotten;
 Be thou, where-ever thou do go or ride,
 Loathed of Ladies all, and of all Knights defy'd.

LII.

But *Scudamore* (for passing great despite)
 Staid not to aunswer, scarcely did refrain,
 But that in all those Knights and Ladies fight,
 He for Revenge had guiltless *Glauce* slain :
 But being past, he thus began amain ;
 False Traytor Squire, false Squire of falsest Knight,
 Why doth mine Hand from thine Avenge abstain,
 Whose Lord hath done my Love this foul despite ?
 Why do I not it wreak on thee, now in my Might ?

LIII.

Discourteous, disloyal *Britomart*,
 Untrue to God, and unto Man unjust,
 What Vengeance due can equal thy Desert,
 That hast with shameful Spot of sinful Lust
 Defil'd the Pledge committed to thy trust ?
 Let ugly Shame and endless Infamy
 Colour thy Name with foul Reproach's Rust ;
 Yet thou false Squire his Fault shalt dear aby,
 And with thy Punishment his Penance shalt supply.

LIV.

The aged Dame him seeing so enrag'd,
 Was dead with Fear ; nathless as need requir'd,
 His flaming Fury sought to have assuag'd
 With sober Words, that Sufferance desir'd,
 Till time the trial of her Truth expir'd :
 And evermore sought *Britomart* to clear.
 But he the more with furious Rage was fir'd,
 And thrice his Hand to kill her did uprear,
 And thrice he drew it back : so did at last forbear.





C A N T O II.

*Blandamore wins false Florimel,
Paridel for her strives;
They are accorded: Agape
Doth lengthen her Sons Lives.*

I.

Firebrand of Hell, first tin'd in *Pheleton*,
By thousand Furies, and from thence out-thrown
Into this World, to work Confusion,
And set it all on fire (by Force unknown)
Is wicked Discord; whose small Sparks, once blown,
None but a God, or God-like Man can slake:
Such as was *Orpheus*, that when Strife was grown
Amongst those famous Imps of *Greece*, did take
His silver Harp in hand, and shortly Friends them make.

II.

Or such as that celestial Psalmist was,
That when the wicked Fiend his Lord tormented,
With heavenly Notes, that did all other pains,
The Outrage of his furious Fit relented.
Such Musick is wise Words with Time concerted,
To moderate stiff Minds, dispos'd to strive:
Such as that prudent *Roman* well invented,
What time his People into parts did rive,
Them reconcil'd again, and to their Homes did drive.

III.

Such us'd wise *Glauce* to that wrathful Knight,
To calm the Tempest of his troubled Thought:
Yet *Blandamore*, with Terms of foul Despite,
And *Paridel* her scorn'd, and set at nought,
As old and crooked, and not good for ought.
Both they unwise, and wareless of the Evil,
That by themselves unto themselves is wrought,
Through that false Witch, and that foul aged Drevil,
The one a Fiend, the other an incarnate Devil.

IV.

IV.

With whom, as they thus rode accompany'd,
 They were encountred of a lusty Knight.
 That had a goodly Lady by his side,
 To whom he made great Dalliance and Delight.
 It was to weet the bold Sir *Ferraugh* hight,
 He that from *Braggadockio* whilom rest
 The snowy *Florimel*, whose Beauty bright
 Made him seem happy for so glorious Theft;
 Yet was it in due Trial but a wandring West,

V.

Which, when as *Blandamore* (whose Fancy light
 Was always flitting, as the wavering Wind,
 After each Beauty that appear'd in sight)
 Beheld, efcsoons it prick'd his wanton Mind
 With Sting of Lust, that Reason's Eye did blind,
 That to Sir *Paridel* these Words he sent:
 Sir Knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
 Since so good Fortune doth to you present
 So fair a Spoil, to make you joyous Merriment?

VI.

But *Paridel*, that had too late a trial,
 Of the bad Issue of his Counsel vain,
 List not to hark, but made this fair denial:
 Last Turn was mine, well proved to my pain;
 This now be yours, God send you better Gain.
 Whose scoffed Words he taking half in Scorn,
 Fiercely forth prick'd his Steed, as in Disdain
 Against that Knight, e'er he could well him turn;
 By means whereof, he hath him lightly over-borne.

VII.

Who, with the sudden Stroke astonish'd fore,
 Upon the Ground awhile in Slumber lay;
 The whiles, his Love away the other bore,
 And shewing her, did *Paridel* upbray:
 Lo! sluggish Knight, the Victor's happy Prey:
 So Fortune friends the Bold. Whom *Paridel*
 Seeing so fair indeed (as he did say)
 His Heart with secret Envy 'gan to swell
 And inly grudg at him, that he had sped so well.

VIII.

VIII.

Nath'less proud Man himself the other deem'd,
 Having so peerless Paragon ygot :
 For, sure the fairest *Florimel* him seem'd,
 To him was fallen for his happy Lot,
 Whose like alive on Earth he weened not :
 Therefore he her did court, did serve, did woo,
 With humblest Suit that he imagine mot,
 And all things did devise, and all things do,
 That might her Love prepare, and Liking win thereto.

IX.

She, in regard thereof, him recompens'd
 With golden Words, and goodly Countenance,
 And such fond Favours sparingly dispens'd :
 Sometimes him blessing with a light Eye-glance,
 And coy Looks tempting with loose Dalliance ;
 Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise,
 That having cast him in a foolish Trance,
 He seem'd brought to Bed in Paradise,
 And prov'd himself most Fool, in what he seem'd most wise.

X.

So great a Mistress of her Art she was,
 And perfectly practis'd in Woman's Craft,
 That though therein himself he thought to pass,
 And by his false Allurements wylie draft,
 Had thousand Women of their Love berast,
 Yet now he was surpriz'd : For, that false Spright,
 Which that same Witch had in this Form engraft,
 Was so expert in every subtle Slight,
 That it could over-reach the wisest earthly Wight.

XI.

Yet he to her did daily Service more,
 And daily more deceived was thereby ;
 Yet *Paridel* him envied therefore,
 As seeming plac'd in sole Felicity :
 So blind is Lust, false Colours to descry.
 But *Ate* soon discovering his desire,
 And finding no fit Opportunity
 To stir up Strife, 'twixt Love, and Spite, and Ire,
 Did privily put Coals unto his secret Fire.

XII.

XII.

By sundry means there-to she prick'd him forth ;
 Now with Remembrance of those spiteful Speeches,
 Now with Opinion of his own more Worth,
 Now with recounting of like former Breaches
 Made in their Friendship, as that Hag him teaches :
 'And ever when his Passion is allay'd,
 She it revives, and new occasion reaches ;
 That on a time, as they together way'd,
 He made him open Challenge, and thus boldly said.

XIII.

Too boastful *Blandamore*, too long I bear
 The open Wrongs thou dost me day by day :
 Well know'st thou, when we Friendship first did swear,
 The Covenant was, That every Spoil or Prey
 Should equally be shar'd betwixt us tway :
 Where is my Part then of this Lady bright,
 Whom to thy self thou takest quite away ?
 Render therefore therein to me my Right,
 Or answer for thy Wrong, as shall fall out in Fight.

XIV.

Exceeding wroth thereat was *Blandamore*,
 And 'gan this bitter Answer to him make ;
 Too foolish *Paridel*, that fairest Flower
 Would'st gather fain, and yet no Pains would'st take :
 But not so easy will I her forsake ;
 This Hand her won, this Hand shall her defend.
 With that, they 'gan their shivering Spears to shake,
 And deadly Points at either's Breast to bend,
 Forgetful each to have been ever other's Friend.

XV.

Their fiery Steeds, with so untamed Force,
 Did bear them both to fell Avenge's end,
 That both their Spears with pitylefs Remorse,
 Through Shield and Mail, and Harbejeon did wend,
 And in their Flesh a griesly Passage rend,
 That with the Fury of their own Affret,
 Each other Horse and Man to ground did send ;
 Where lying still awhile, both did forget
 The perilous present Stound, in which their Lives were set.

XVI.

XVI.

As when two warlike Brigantines at Sea,
 With murderous Weapons arm'd to cruel Fight,
 Do meet together on the watry Lea,
 They stem each other with so fell Despite,
 That with the Shock of their own beedless Might,
 Their wooden Ribs are shaken nigh afunder ;
 They which from Shore behold the dreadful fight
 Of flashing Fire, and hear the Ordnance thunder,
 Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwonted Wonder.

XVII.

At length they both upstart'd in amaze ;
 As Men awak'd rashly out of Dream,
 And round about themselves awhile did gaze,
 Till seeing her, that *Florimel* did seem,
 In doubt to whom she Victory should deem,
 There-with their dulled Sprights they edg'd anew ;
 And drawing both their Swords with Rage extreme,
 Like two mad Mastiffs, each on other flew,
 And Shields did share, and Mails did rash, and Helms did hew.

XVIII.

So furiously each other did assail,
 As if their Souls they would at once have rent
 Out of their Breasts, that streams of Blood did rail
 Adown, as if their Springs of Life were spent ;
 That all the Ground with purple Blood was sprent,
 And all their Armours stain'd with bloody Gore :
 Yet scarcely once to breathe would they relent ;
 So mortal was their Malice and so sore,
 Become of feigned Friendship which they vow'd afore.

XIX.

And that which is for Ladies most befitting,
 To stint all Strife, and foster friendly Peace,
 Was from those Dames so far and so unfitting,
 As that instead of praying them surcease,
 They did much more their Cruelty encrease ;
 Bidding them fight for Honour of their Love,
 And rather die than Lady's Cause release.
 With which vain Terms so much they did them move,
 That both resolv'd the last Extremities to prove.

XX.

There they (I ween) would fight until this day,
 Had not a Squire (even he the Squire of Dames)
 By great Adventure travelled that way ;
 Who seeing both bent to so bloody Games,
 And both of old well knowing by their names,
 Drew nigh, to weet the cause of their Debate :
 And first, laid on those Ladies thousand blames,
 That did not seek t'appease their deadly Hate,
 But glazed on their Harms, not pitying their Estate.

XXI.

And then, those Knights he humbly did beseech
 To stay their Hands, till he awhile had spoken :
 Who look'd a little up at that his Speech,
 Yet would not let their Battle so be broken,
 Both greedy fierce on other to be wroken.
 Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
 And them conjured by some well known Token,
 That they at last, their wrathful Hands let fall,
 Content to hear him speak, and glad to rest withal.

XXII.

First, he desir'd their Cause of Strife to see :
 They said, it was for Love of *Florimel*.
 Ah ! gentle Knights, quoth he, how may that be,
 And she so far astray, as none can tell ?
 Fond Squire, full angry then said *Paridel*,
 Seest not the Lady there before thy Face ?
 He looked back, and her avising well,
 Ween'd, as he said, by that her outward Grace,
 That fairest *Florimel* was present there in place.

XXIII.

Glad Man was he to see that joyous fight
 (For, none alive but joy'd in *Florimel*)
 And lowly to her louting, thus behight :
 Fairest of Fair, that Fairness dost excel,
 This happy day I have to greet you well,
 In which you safe I see, whom thousand late,
 Misdoubted lost through Mischief that besel ;
 Long may you live in Health and happy State.
 She little answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Then, turning to those Knights, he 'gan anew ;
 And you Sir *Blandamore* and *Paridel*,
 That for this Lady present in your view,
 Have rais'd this cruel War and Outrage fell,
 Certes (me seems) be not advised well :
 But rather ought in Friendship for her sake
 To join your force, their Forces to repel
 That seek perforce her from you both to take ;
 And of your gotten Spoil, their own Triumph to make.

XXV.

There-at, Sir *Blandamore* with Count'nance stern,
 All full of Wrath, thus fiercely him bespake ;
 Aread, thou Squire, that I the Man may learn,
 That dare from me think *Florimel* to take.
 Not one, quoth he, but many do partake
 Herein, as thus : It lately so befel,
 That *Saryrane* a Girdle did up-take,
 Well known to appertain to *Florimel* ;
 Which for her sake he wore, as him beseeemed well.

XXVI.

But, when as she herself was lost and gone,
 Full many Knights, that loved her like Dear,
 There-at did greatly grudg, that he alone
 That lost fair Lady's Ornament should wear,
 And 'gan therefore close Spite to him to bear :
 Which he to shun, and stop vile Envy's Sting,
 Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
 A solemn Feast, with publick Turneyng,
 To which all Knights with them their Ladies are to bring,

XXVII.

And of them all, she that is fairest found,
 Shall have that golden Girdle for Reward ;
 And of those Knights who is most stout on ground,
 Shall to that fairest Lady be prefer'd.
 Sith therefore she her self is now your Ward,
 To you that Ornament of hers pertains,
 Against all those that challenge it to guard,
 And save her Honour with your ventrous Pains ;
 That shall you win more Glory, than ye here find Gains.

XXVIII.

When they the reason of his Words had heard,
 They 'gan abate the Rancour of their Rage,
 And with their Honours and their Loves Regard,
 The furious Flames of Malice to assuage.
 Tho, each to other did his Faith engage,
 Like faithful Friends thence-forth to join in one
 With all their Force, and Battle strong to wage
 'Gainst all those Knights, as their professed Fone,
 That challeng'd ought in *Florimel*, save they alone.

XXIX.

So well accorded, forth they rode together
 In friendly sort, that lasted but awhile ;
 And of all old Dislikes they made fair Weather :
 Yet all was forg'd, and spred with golden Foil,
 That under it hid Hate and hollow Guile.
 Ne certes can that Friendship long endure,
 How-ever gay and goodly be the Stile,
 That doth ill Cause or evil End enure :
 For, Vertue is the Band that bindeth Hearts most sure.

XXX.

Thus, as they marched all in close Disguise
 Of feigned Love, they chaunc'd to over-take
 Two Knights, that linked rode in lovely wise,
 As if they secret Counsels did partake ;
 And each not far behind him had his Mate,
 To weet, two Ladies of most goodly Hue,
 That 'twixt themselves did gentle purpose make,
 Unmindful both of that discordful Crew,
 The which with speedy Pace did after them pursue.

XXXI.

Who, as they now approached nigh at hand,
 Deeming them Doubty as they did appear,
 They sent that Squire afore, to understand
 What mote they be : who viewing them more near,
 Returned ready News, that those same were
 Two of the prowest Knights in Fairy Lond ;
 And those two Ladies their two Lovers dear,
 Courageous *Cambel*, and stout *Triamond*,
 With *Canacee* and *Cambine*, link'd in lovely Bond.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Whilom, as antique Stories tellen us,
 Those two were Foes, the fellonest on Ground,
 And Battle made, the dreddest dangerous
 That ever shrilling Trumpet did resound :
 Though now their Acts be no where to be found,
 As that renowned Poet them compil'd,
 With warlike Numbers, and Heroick Sound,
 Dan *Chaucer* (Well of English undefil'd)
 On Fame's eternal Bead-roll worthy to be fil'd,

XXXIII.

But wicked *Time*, that all good Thoughts doth waste,
 And works of noblest Wits to nought out-wear,
 That famous Monument hath quite defac'd,
 And robb'd the World of Treasures endless dear,
 The which mote have enriched all us here.
 O cursed Eld ! the Canker-worm of Writs ;
 How may these Rhymes (so rude as doth appear)
 Hope to endure, with Works of heavenly Wits
 Are quite devour'd, and brought to nought by little Bits.

XXXIV.

Then pardon, O most sacred happy Spirit,
 That I thy Labours lost may thus revive
 And steal from thee the Meed of thy due Merit,
 That none durst ever whilst thou wast alive,
 And being dead, in vain yet many strive :
 Ne dare I like, but through Infusion sweet
 Of thine own Spirit (which doth in me survive)
 I follow here the footing of thy Feet,
 That with thy meaning so I may the rather meet.

XXXV.

Cambello's Sister was fair *Canacee*,
 That was the learnedst Lady in her days,
 Well seen in every Science that mote be,
 And every secret Work of Nature's ways,
 In witty Riddles, and in wise Soothsays,
 In Power of Herbs, and Tunes of Beasts and Birds :
 And (that augmented all her other Praise)
 She modest was in all her Deeds and Words,
 And wondrous chaste of Life, yet lov'd of Knights and Lords.

XXXVI.

Full many Lords, and many Knights her lov'd,
 Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
 Ne ever was with fond Affection mov'd,
 But rul'd her Thoughts with goodly Government,
 For dread of Blame, and Honour's Blemishment :
 And eke unto her Looks a Law she made,
 That none of them once out of Order went ;
 But like to wary Centinels well stay'd,
 Still watch on every side, of secret Foes afraid.

XXXVII.

So much the more as she refus'd to love,
 So much the more she loved was and sought,
 That ofentimes unquiet Strife did move
 Amongst her Lovers, and great Quarrels wrought ;
 That oft for her in bloody Arms they fought :
 Which, when-as *Cambel* (that was stout and wise)
 Perceiv'd would breed great Mischief, he bethought
 How to prevent the Peril that mote rise,
 And turn both him and her to Honour in this wise.

XXXVIII.

One day, when all that Troop of warlike Wooers
 Assembled were, to weet whose she should be ;
 All mighty Men, and dreadful derring Doers
 (The harder it to make them well agree)
 Amongst them all this End he did decree :
 That of them all which Love to her did make,
 They by consent should chuse the stoutest Three,
 That with himself should combat for her sake,
 And of them all, the Victor should his Sister take.

XXXIX.

Bold was the Challenge, as himself was bold,
 And Courage full of haughty Hardiment,
 Approved oft in Perils manifold,
 Which he atchiev'd to his great Ornament :
 But yet his Sister's Skill unto him lent
 Most Confidence and Hope of happy Speed,
 Conceived by a Ring, which she him sent ;
 That 'mongst the many Virtues (which we read)
 Had Power to staunch all Wounds that mortally did bleed.

XL.

Well was that Ring's great Virtue known to all ;
 That Dread thereof, and his redoubted Might,
 Did all that youthly Rout so much appall,
 That none of them durst undertake the Fight :
 More wise they ween'd to make of Love Delight,
 Than Life to hazard for fair Lady's Look ;
 And yet uncertain by such outward fight
 (Though for her sake they all that Peril took)
 Whether she would them love, or in her liking brook.

XLI.

Amongst those Knights, there were three Brethren bold
 (Three bolder Brethren never were yborn)
 Born of one Mother in one happy Mould,
 Born at one Burden in one happy Morn ;
 Thrice happy Mother, and thrice happy Morn,
 That bore three such, three such not to be found :
 Her Name was *Agape*, whose Children werne
 All three as one ; the first, hight *Priamond* ;
 The second, *Diamond*, the youngest, *Triamond*.

XLII.

*Stout *Priamond*, but not so strong to strike ;
 Strong *Diamond*, but not so stout a Knight ;
 But *Triamond* was stout and strong alike ;
 On Horse-back used *Triamond* to fight,
 And *Priamond* on foot had more Delight,
 But Horse and Foot knew *Diamond* to wield :
 With Curtax used *Diamond* to smite,
 And *Triamond* to handle Spear and Shield,
 But Spear and Curtax both us'd *Priamond* in Field.

XLIII.

These three did love each other dearly well,
 And with so firm Affection were ally'd,
 As if but one Soul in them all did dwell,
 Which did her Power into three parts divide ;
 Like three fair Branches budding far and wide,
 That from one Root deriv'd their vital Sap :
 And like that Root that doth her Life divide,
 Their Mother was, and had full blessed Hap,
 These three so noble Babes to bring forth at one clap.

XLIV.

Their Mother was a Fay, and had the Skill
 Of Secret things, and all the Powers of Nature,
 Which she by Art could use unto her Will,
 And to her Service bind each living Creature,
 Through secret Understanding of their Feature.
 There-to she was right fair, when-so her Face
 She list discover, and of goodly Stature ;
 But she (as Fayes are wont) in privy Place
 Did spend her Days, and lov'd in Forests wild to space.

XLV.

There, on a day, a noble youthly Knight,
 Seeking Adventures in the salvage Wood,
 Did by great Fortune get of her the fight,
 As she sat careless by a crystal Flood,
 Combing her golden Locks, as seem'd her good :
 And unawares upon her laying hold,
 That strove in vain him long to have withstood,
 Oppressed her, and there (as it is told) (bold.
 Got these three lovely Babes, that prov'd three Champions

XLVI.

Which she, with her, long fostred in that Wood,
 Till that to ripeness of Man's State they grew :
 Then shewing forth signs of their Father's Blood,
 They loved Arms, and Knighthood did ensue,
 Seeking Adventures where they any knew.
 Which when their Mother saw, she 'gan to doubt
 Their Safety ; lest by searching Dangers new,
 And rash provoking Perils all about,
 Their Days mote be abridged through their Courage stout.

XLVII.

Therefore, 'desirous th' end of all their Days
 To know, and them t'enlarge with long extent,
 By wondrous Skill, and many hidden ways,
 To the three fatal Sisters House she went.
 Far under Ground from Tract of Living went,
 Down in the Bottom of the deep *Abyss*,
 Where *Démogorgon* in dull Darkness pent,
 Far from the View of Gods and Heaven's Bliss,
 The hideous *Chaos* keeps, their dreadful Dwelling is.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

There she them found, all sitting round about,
 The direful Distaff standing in the mid ;
 And with unwearied Fingers drawing out
 The Lines of Life, from living Knowledg hid.
 Sad *Clotbo* held the Rock, the whiles the Thread
 By griesly *Lachesis* was spun with Pain,
 That cruel *Atropos* estsoons undid
 With cursed Knife, cutting the Twist in twain :
 Most wretched Men, whose Days depends on Threds so vain !

XLIX.

She them saluting, there by them sate still,
 Beholding how the Threds of Life they span :
 And when at last she had beheld her fill,
 Trembling in Heart, and looking pale and wan,
 Her cause of coming she to tell began,
 To whom, fierce *Atropos* ; Bold Fay, that durst
 Come see the Secret of the Life of Man,
 Well worthy thou to be of *Jove* accurs'd,
 And eke thy Childrens Threds to be asunder burst.

L.

Where-at she sore afraid, yet her besought
 To grant her Boon, and Rigour to abate,
 That she might see her Childrens Threds forth brought,
 And know the Measure of their utmost Date,
 To them ordained by eternal Fate.
 Which *Clotbo* graunting, shewed her the same :
 That when she saw, it did her much amate,
 To see their Threds so thin, as Spiders frame,
 And eke so short, that seem'd their Ends out shortly came.

LI.

She then began them humbly to intreat
 To draw them longer out, and better twine,
 That so their Lives might be prolonged late.
 But *Lachesis* thereat 'gan to repine,
 And said ; Fond Dame, thou deem'st of things Divine
 As of Human, that they may alted be,
 And chang'd at Pleasure for those Imps of thine :
 Not so ; for, what the Fates do once decree,
 Not all the Gods can change, nor *Jove* himself can free.

LII.

LII.

Then fith, quoth she, the Term of each Man's Life
 For nought may lessen'd nor enlarged be,
 Graunt this, that when ye shred with fatal Knife
 His Line, which is the Eldest of the Three,
 Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
 Eftsoons his Life may pass into the next :
 And when the next shall likewise ended be,
 That both their Lives may likewise be annex'd
 Unto the third, that his may so be trebly wex'd.

LIII.

They graunted it ; and then that careful Fay
 Departed thence with full contented Mind ;
 And coming home, in warlike fresh Array
 Them found all three according to their Kind :
 But unto them what Destiny was assign'd,
 Or how their Lives were eck'd, she did not tell ;
 But evermore, when she fit time could find,
 She warn'd them to tend their Safeties well,
 And love each other dear, whatever them besel.

LIV.

So did they surely during all their Days,
 And never Discord did amongst them fall ;
 Which much augmented all their other Praise.
 And now t' increase Affection natural,
 In Love of *Canacee* they joined all :
 Upon which ground this same great Battle grew
 (Great Matter growing of Beginning small ;)
 The which for length I will not here pursue,
 But rather will reserve it for a Canto new.





C A N T O III.

*The Battle 'twixt three Brethren, with
Cambel for Canacee :
Cambina with true Friendship's Bond
Doth their long Strife agree.*

I.

O Why do wretched Men so much desire
To draw their Days unto the utmost Date,
And do not rather wish them soon expire,
Knowing the Misery of their Estate,
And thousand Perils which them still await,
Tossing them like a Boat amid the Main,
That every Hour they knock at Deaths Gate.
And he that happy seems, and least in pain,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth 'plain.

II.

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vain,
The which in seeking for her Children three
Long Life, thereby did more prolong their Pain :
Yet whilst they lived, none did ever see
More happy Creatures than they seem'd to be,
Nor more ennobled for their Curtesy :
That made them dearly lov'd of each Degree :
Ne more renowned for their Chevalry ;
That made them dreaded much of all Men far and nigh.

III.

These three that hardy Challenge took in hand,
For *Canacee* with *Cambel* for to fight :
The Day was set, that all might understand,
And Pledges pawn'd the same to keep aright,
That (the dearest Day that living Wight
Did ever see upon this World to shine)
So soon as Heaven's Window shewed Light,
These warlike Champions, all in Armour shine,
Assembled were in Field, the Challenge to define.

IV.

The Field with Lifts was all about enclos'd,
 To bar the Press of People far away ;
 And at th' one side six Judges were dispos'd,
 To view and deem the Deeds of Arms that day :
 And on the other side, in fresh Array,
 Fair *Canacee* upon a stately Stage
 Was set, to see the Fortune of that Fray,
 And to be seen, as his most worthy Wage,
 That could her purchase with his Life's adventur'd Gage.

V.

Then entred *Cambel* first into the Lift,
 With stately Steps, and fearless Countenance,
 As if the Conquest his he surely wist.
 Soon after, did the Brethren three advance
 In brave Array, and goodly Amenance,
 With Scutchins gilt, and Banners broad display'd :
 And marching thrice in warlike Ordinance,
 Thrice louted lowly to the noble Maid,
 The whiles shrill Trumpets and loud Clarions sweetly play'd.

VI.

Which doen, the doubty Challenger came forth,
 All arm'd to point his Challenge to abet ;
 'Gainst whom, Sir *Priamond*, with equal Worth,
 And equal Arms himself did forward set.
 A Trumpet blew, they both together met,
 With dreadful Force, and furious Intent,
 Careless of Peril in their fierce Affret,
 As if that Life to lose they had forelent,
 And cared not to spare, that should be shortly spent.

VII.

Right practick was Sir *Priamond* in Fight,
 And throughly skill'd in use of Shield and Spear ;
 Ne less approved was *Cambello's* Might,
 Ne less his Skill in Weapons did appear,
 That hard it was to ween which harder were.
 Full many mighty Strokes on either side
 Were sent, that seemed Death in them to bear :
 But they were both so watchful and well ey'd,
 That they avoided were, and vainly by did slide.

VIII.

VIII.

Yet one of many was so strongly bent
 By *Priamond*, that with unlucky Glaunce,
 Through *Cambel's* Shoulder it unwarely went,
 That forced him his Shield to disadvantage :
 Much was he grieved with that graceless Chaunce ;
 Yet from the Wound no Drop of Blood there fell,
 But wondrous Pain, that did the more enhance
 His haughty Courage to Avengement fell : (swell.
 Smart daunts not mighty Hearts, but makes them more to

IX.

With that, his poinant Spear he fierce aventred,
 With doubled Force close underneath his Shield,
 That through the Mayles into his Thigh it entred,
 And there arresting, ready way did yield ;
 For Blood to gush forth on the grassy Field ;
 That he for Pain himself not right up-rear,
 But to and fro, in great Amazement reel'd,
 Like an old Oak, whose Pith and Sap is seare,
 At Puff of every Storm doth stagger here and there.

X.

Whom so dismay'd when *Cambel* had espy'd,
 Again he drove at him with double Might,
 That nought mote stay the Steel, till in his Side
 The mortal Point most cruelly empight
 Where fast infix'd, whilst he sought by flight
 It forth to rest, the Staff asunder brake,
 And left the Head behind : With which Despite
 He all enrag'd, his shivering Spear did shake,
 And charging him afresh, thus felly him bespake.

XI.

Lo ! Faitour, there thy Meed unto thee take,
 The Meed of thy Mischallenge and Abet :
 Not for thine own, but for thy Sister's sake,
 Have I thus long thy Life unto thee let ;
 But to forbear, doth not forgive the Debt.
 The wicked Weapon heard his wrathful Vow ;
 And passing forth with furious Affret,
 Pierc'd through his Bever quite into his Brow,
 That with the Force it backward forced him to bow.

XII.

XII.

There-with afunder in the midft it braft,
 And in his hand nought but the Troncheon left :
 The other half behind yet fticking faft,
 Out of his Head-piece *Cambel* fiercely reft :
 And with fuch Fury back at him it heft,
 That making way unto his deareft Life,
 His Weafand-pipe it through his Gorget cleft :
 Thence Streams of purple Blood, iffuing rife,
 Let forth his weary Ghof, and made an end of Strife.

XIII.

His weary Ghof, affoil'd from flefhly Band,
 Did not (as others wont) directly fly
 Unto her Reft in *Pluto's* grieftly Land :
 Ne into Air did vanifh prefently,
 Ne changed was into a Star in Sky :
 But through Traduction was eftfoons deriv'd,
 Like as his Mother pray'd the Deftiny,
 Into his other Brethren, that furviv'd :
 In whom he liv'd anew, of former Life depriv'd.

XIV.

Whom, when on ground his Brother next beheld,
 Though fad and forry for fo heavy fight.
 Yet leave unto his Sorrow did not yield :
 But rather ftir'd to Vengeance and Defpite,
 Through fecret feeling of his generous Spright,
 Rufh'd fiercely forth, the Battle to renew,
 As in Reverfion of his Brother's Right ;
 And challenging the Virgin as his due.
 His Foe was foon address'd : the Trumpets frefhly blew.

XV.

With that, they both together fiercely met,
 As if that each meant other to devour ;
 And with their Axes both fo forely bet,
 That neither Plate nor Mail, where-as their Power
 They felt, could once fuftain the hideous Stower,
 But rived were, like rotten Wood afunder,
 Whilft through their Rifts the ruddy Blood did fhower,
 And Fire did fafh, like Lightning after Tunder,
 That fill'd the Lookers on at once with Ruth and Wonder.

XVI.

As when two Tigers prick'd with Hunger's Rage,
 Have by good Fortune found some Beasts fresh Spoil,
 On which they ween their Famine to assuage,
 And gain a feastful Guerdon of their Toil;
 Both falling out, do stir up strife-ful Broil,
 And cruel Battle 'twixt themselves do make.
 Whiles neither lets the other touch the Soil,
 But either 'sdains with other to partake;
 So cruelly these Knights strove for that Lady's sake.

XVII.

Full many Strokes, that mortally were meant,
 The whiles were interchanged 'twixt them two;
 Yet they were all with so good Wariment
 Or warded, or avoided and let go,
 That still the Life stood fearless of her Foe:
 Till *Diamond*, disdain'g long Delay
 Of doubtful Fortune wavering to and fro,
 Resolv'd to end it one or other way;
 And heav'd his murderous Axe at him with mighty Sway.

XVIII.

The dreadful Stroke, in case it had arriv'd
 Where it was meant (so deadly was it meant)
 The Soul had sure out of his Body riv'd,
 And stinted all the Strife incontinent.
 But *Cambel's* Fate that Fortune did prevent:
 For, seeing it at hand, he swerv'd aside,
 And so gave way unto his fell Intent:
 Who, missing of the Mark which he had ey'd,
 Was with the Force nigh feld, whilst his right Foot did slide.

XIX.

As when a Vulture, greedy of his Prey,
 Through Hunger long, that Heart to him doth lend,
 Strikes at an Heron with all his Body's Sway,
 That from his Force seems nought may it defend;
 The wary Fowl, that spies him toward bend,
 His dreadful Souse avoids, it shunning light,
 And maketh him his Wing in vain to spend;
 That with the Weight of his own wieldless Might,
 He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recovereth Flight.

XX.

Which fair Adventure, when *Cambello* spy'd,
 Full lightly, e'er himself he could recover,
 From Danger's Dread to ward his naked Side,
 He 'gan let drive at him with all his Power,
 And with his Axe him smote in evil Hour,
 That from his Shoulders quite his Head he reft ;
 The headless Trunk, as heedless of that Stower,
 Stood still awhile, and his fast Footing kept,
 Till feeling Life to fail, it fell, and deadly slept.

XXI.

They, which that piteous Spectacle beheld,
 Were much amaz'd the headless Trunk to see
 Stand up so long, and Weapon vain to wield,
 Unweeting of the Fates Divine Decree,
 For Life's Succession in those Brethren three.
 For, notwithstanding that one Soul was reft,
 Yet had the Body not dismembred be,
 It would have lived, and revived est ;
 But finding no fit Seat, the Life-less Court is left.

XXII.

It left ; but that same Soul which therein dwelt,
 Strait entring into *Triamond*, him fill'd
 With double Life and Grief ; which when he felt,
 As one whose inner Parts had been ythrill'd
 With point of Steel, that close his Heart-blood spill'd,
 He lightly leapt out of his place of Rest,
 And rushing forth into the empty Field,
 Against *Cambello* fiercely him addrest ;
 Who, him affronting, soon to fight was ready prest.

XXIII.

Well mote ye wonder, how that noble Knight,
 After he had so often wounded been,
 Could stand on foot, now to renew the Fight.
 But had ye then him forth advauncing seen,
 Some new-born Wight ye would him surely ween :
 So fresh he seemed, and so fierce in sight ;
 Like as a Snake, whom weary Winter's Teen
 Hath worn to nought, now feeling Sommer's Might,
 Casts off his ragged Skin, and freshly doth him dight.

XXIV.

XXIV.

All was thro Virtue of the Ring he wore,
 The which not only did not from him let
 One drop of Blood to fall, but did restore
 His weakned Powers and dulled Spirits whet,
 Thro working of the Stone therein yset.
 Else how could one of equal Might with most,
 Against so many no less mighty met,
 Once think to match three such on equal Cost?
 Three such as able were to match a puissant Host.

XXV.

Yet nought thereof was *Triamond* adred,
 Ne desperate of glorious Victory,
 But sharply him assail'd, and sore bested
 With heaps of Strokes, which he at him let fly,
 As thick as Hail forth poured from the Sky:
 He strook, he soust, he foin'd, he hew'd, he lash'd,
 And did his iron Brond so fast apply,
 That from the same the fiery Sparkles flash'd,
 As fast as Water-sprinkles 'gainst a Rock are dash'd.

XXVI.

Much was *Cambello* daunted with his Blows:
 So thick they fell, and forcibly were sent,
 That he was forc'd (from Danger of the Throws)
 Back to retire, and somewhat to relent,
 Till th' Heat of his fierce Fury he had spent:
 Which when for want of Breath 'gan to abate,
 He then afresh, with new Encouragement,
 Did him assail, and mightily amate,
 As fast as forward earst, now backward to retreat.

XXVII.

Like as the Tide that comes from th' Ocean Main,
 Flows up the *Sbenan* with contrary Force,
 And over-ruling him in his own Reign,
 Drives back the Current of his kindly Course,
 And makes it seem to have some other Source:
 But when the Flood is spent, then back again
 His borrow'd Waters forc'd to re-disburse,
 He sends the Sea his own with double Gain,
 And Tribute eke withal, as to his Sovereign.

XVIII.

XXVIII.

Thus did the Battle vary to and fro,
 With diverse Fortune doubtful to be deem'd :
 Now this the better had, now had his Foe ;
 Then he half vanquish'd, then the other seem'd ;
 Yet Victors both themselves always esteem'd.
 And all the while the disentrail'd Blood
 Adown their Sides like little Rivers stream'd ;
 That with the wasting of his vital Flood,
 Sir *Triamond* at last, full faint and feeble stood.

XXIX.

But *Cambel* still more strong and greater grew,
 Ne felt his Blood to waste, ne Powers emperish'd,
 Thro that Rings Virtue, that with Vigour new,
 Still whenas he enfeebled was, him cherish'd,
 And all his Wounds, and all his Bruises guarish'd
 Like as a wither'd Tree, thro Husband's Toil,
 Is often seen full freshly to have flourish'd,
 And fruitful Apples to have borne awhile,
 As fresh as when it first was planted in the Soil.

XXX.

Thro which Advantage, in his Strength he rose,
 And smote the other with so wondrous Might,
 That thro the Scam, which did his Hauberk close,
 Into his Throat and Life it pierced quite,
 That down he fell, as dead in all Mens sight :
 Yet dead he was not, yet he sure did die,
 As all Men do that lose the living Spright ;
 So did one Soul out of his Body fly
 Unto her native Home, from mortal Misery.

XXXI.

But natheless, whilst all the Lookers on,
 Him dead behight, as he to all appear'd,
 All unawares he started up anon,
 As one that had out of a Dream been rear'd,
 And fresh assail'd his Foe ; who half appear'd
 Of th' uncouth Sight, as he some Ghost had seen,
 Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle Sward ;
 Till having often by him stricken been,
 He forced was to strike, and save himself from Teen.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
 As one in fear the *Stygian* Gods t'offend,
 Ne follow'd on so fast, but rather fought
 Himself to save, and Danger to defend,
 Than Life and Labour both in vain to spend.
 Which *Triamond* perceiving, weened sure
 He 'gan to faint, towards the Battle's end,
 And that he should not long on foot endure;
 A Sign which did to him the Victory assure.

XXXIII.

Whereof full blithe, estfoons his mighty Hand
 He heav'd on high, in mind with that same Blow
 To make an end of all that did withstand:
 Which *Cambel* seeing come, was nothing slow
 Himself to save, from that so deadly Throw;
 And at that instant reaching forth his Sword
 Close underneath his Shield, that scarce did show,
 Strook him, as he his Hand to strike up-rear'd,
 In th' Armpit full, that thro both Sides the Wound appear'd.

XXXIV.

Yet still that direful Stroke kept on his way,
 And falling heavy on *Cambello's* Crest,
 Strook him so hugely, that in Swoon he lay,
 And in his Head an hideous Wound imprest:
 And sure, had it not happily found rest
 Upon the Brim of his broad plated Shield,
 It would have cleft his Brain down to his Breast.
 So both at once fell dead upon the Field,
 And each to other seem'd the Victory to yield.

XXXV.

Which when-as all the Lookers on beheld,
 They weened sure the War was at an end,
 And Judges rose, and Marshals of the Field
 Broke up the Lists, their Arms away to rend;
 And *Canacee* 'gan wail her dearest Friend.
 All suddenly they both upstart light,
 The one out of the Swoon, which him did blend,
 The other breathing now another Spright;
 And fiercely each assailing, 'gan afresh to fight.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Long while they then continu'd in that wise,
 As if but then the Battle had begun :
 Strokes, Wounds, Wards, Weapons, all they did despise,
 Ne either car'd to ward, or Peril shun,
 Desirous both to have the Battle done ;
 Ne either cared Life to save or spill,
 Ne which of them did win, ne which were won :
 So weary, both of fighting had their Fill,
 That Life it self seem'd loathsom, and long Safety ill.

XXXVII.

Whilst thus the Case in doubtful Ballance hong,
 Unsure to whether Side it would incline,
 And all Mens Eyes and Hearts, which there among
 Stood gazing, filled were with rueful Tine,
 And secret Fear to see their fatal Fine ;
 All suddenly they heard a troublous Noise,
 That seem'd some perlous Tumult to design,
 Confus'd with Womens Cries, and Shouts of Boys,
 Such as the troubled Theatres oft-times annoys.

XXXVIII.

Thereat the Champions both stood still a space,
 To weeten what that sudden Clamour meant ;
 Lo ! where they spy'd with speedy whirling Pace,
 One in a Chariot of strange Furniment,
 Towards them driving like a Storm out sent.
 The Chariot decked was in wondrous wise,
 With Gold and many a gorgeous Ornament,
 After the *Persian* Monarch's antique Guise,
 Such as a Maker's self could best by Art devise.

XXXIX.

And drawn it was (that Wonder is to tell)
 Of two grim Lions, taken from the Wood,
 In which their Power all others did excel ;
 Now made forget their former cruel Mood,
 T'obey their Rider's Hest, as seem'd good.
 And therein sat a Lady passing fair
 And bright, that seem'd born of Angel's Brood,
 And with her Beauty, Bounty did compare,
 Whether of them in her should have the greater Share.

XL.

Therein she learned was in Magick Lear,
 And all the Arts that subtile Wits discover,
 Having therein been trained many a year.
 And well instructed by the Fay her Mother,
 That in the same she far excell'd all other.
 Who understanding by her mighty Art,
 Of th' evil Plight, in which her dearest Brother
 Now stood, came forth in haste to take his part,
 And pacify'd the Strife, which caus'd so deadly Smart.

XLI.

And as she passed thro th' unruly Prefs
 Of People, thronging thick her to behold,
 Her angry Team breaking their Bonds of Peace,
 Great Heaps of them, like Sheep in narrow Fold,
 For Haste did over-run, in Dust enroll'd ;
 That thorough rude Confusion of the Rout,
 Some fearing shriek'd, some being harmed howl'd,
 Some laugh'd for Sport, some did for Wonder shout.
 And some that would seem wise, their Wonder turn'd to

XLII.

(Doubt.

In her right Hand a Rod of Peace she bore,
 About the which two Serpents weren wound,
 Entrailed mutually in lovely Lore,
 And by the Tails together firmly bound ;
 And both were with one Olive Garland crown'd,
 Like to the Rod which *Maia's* Son doth wield,
 Wherewith the hellish Fiends he doth confound.
 And in her other Hand a Cup she held,
 The which was with *Nepenthe* to the Brim up-fill'd.

XLIII.

Nepenthe is a Drink of sovereign Grace,
 Devized by the Gods, for to assuage
 Heart's Grief, and bitter Gall away to chace,
 Which stirs up Anguish and contentious Rage :
 Instead thereof, sweet Peace and quiet Age
 It doth establish in the troubled Mind.
 Few Men, but such as sober are and sage,
 Are by the Gods to drink thereof assign'd ;
 But such as drink, eternal Happiness do find.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Such famous Men, such Worthies of the Earth,
 As *Jove* will have advaunced to the Sky,
 And there made Gods, tho' born of mortal Birth,
 For their high Merits and great Dignity,
 Are wont, before they may to Heaven fly,
 To drink hereof; whereby all Cares forepast
 Are wash'd away quite from their Memory.
 So did those old Heroes hereof taste,
 Before that they in Bliss amongst the Gods were plac'd.

XLV.

Much more of Price, and of more gracious Power
 Is this, than that same Water of *Arden*,
 The which *Rinaldo* drunk in happy hour,
 Described by that famous *Tuscan* Pen;
 For that had Might to change the Hearts of Men
 From Love to Hate, a Change of evil Choice:
 But this doth Hatred make in Love to bren,
 And heavy Heart with Comfort doth rejoice,
 Who would not to this Vertue rather yield his Voice?

XLVI.

At last, arriving by the *Liffes* side,
 She with her Rod did softly smite the Rail;
 Which strait flew ope, and gave her way to ride.
 Eftsoons out of her Coach she 'gan avail,
 And pacing fairly forth did bid, All hail,
 First to her Brother, whom she loved dear,
 That so to see him made her Heart to quail;
 And next to *Cambel*, whose sad rueful Chear
 Made her to change her Hue, and hidden Love t'appear.

XLVII.

They lightly her requit (for small Delight
 They had as then her long to entertain)
 And est them turned both again to fight.
 Which when she saw, down on the bloody Plain
 Her self she threw, and Tears 'gan shed amain;
 Amongst her Tears immixing Prayers meek,
 And (with her Prayers, Reasons to restrain
 From bloody Strife, and blessed Peace to seek)
 By all that unto them was dear, did them beseeke.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

But when-as all might nought with them prevail.
 She smote them lightly with her powerful Wand.
 Then suddenly, as if their Hearts did fail,
 Their wrathful Blades down fell out of their Hand,
 And they like Men astonish'd still did stand.
 Thus whilst their Minds were doubtfully distraught
 And mighty Spirits bound with mightier Band,
 Her golden Cup to them for Drink she raught,
 Whereof full glad for Thirst, each drunk an hearty Draught.

XLIX.

Of which so soon as they once tasted had
 (Wonder it is that sudden Change to see)
 Instead of Strokes, each other kissed glad,
 And lovely haulst from Fear of Treason free,
 And plighted Hands for ever Friends to be.
 When all Men saw this sudden Change of things,
 So mortal Foes so friendly to agree,
 For passing Joy, which so great Marvel brings,
 They all 'gan shout aloud, that all the Heaven rings.

L.

All which, when gentle *Canacee* beheld,
 In haste she from her lofty Chair descended,
 To weet what sudden Tidings was befell'd :
 Where when she saw that cruel War so ended,
 And deadly Foes so faithfully affriended,
 In lovely wise she 'gan that Lady greet,
 Which had so great Dismay so well amended ;
 And entertaining her, with Court'ies meet,
 Profess'd to her true Friendship and Affection sweet.

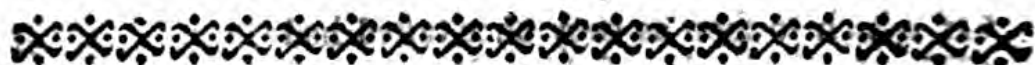
LI.

Thus when they all accorded-goodly were,
 The Trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
 Thence to depart with Glee and gladfom Chear.
 Those warlike Champions both together chose,
 Homeward to march, themselves there to repose :
 And wise *Cambina*, taking by her Side
 Fair *Canacee* as fresh as Morning-Rose,
 Unto her Coach remounting, home did ride.
 Admir'd of all the People, and much glorify'd.

LII.

LII.

Where making joyous Feasts, their Days they spent
 In perfect Love, devoid of hateful Strife,
 Ally'd with Bands of mutual Couplement ;
 For *Triamond* had *Canacee* to Wife,
 With whom he led a long and happy Life ;
 And *Cambel* took *Cambina* to his Fere,
 The which as Life were each to other lief.
 So all alike did love, and loved were,
 That since their Days such Lovers were not found elsewhere.



CANTO IV.

*Satyrane makes a Turneyment
 For Love of Florimel :
 Britomart wins the Prize from all ;
 And Arthegal doth quell.*

I.

IT often falls (as here it earst befel)
 That mortal Foes do turn to faithful Friends ;
 And Friends profess'd, are chang'd to Foe-men fell ;
 The Cause of both, of both their Minds depends
 And th' End of both, likewise of both their Ends.
 For Enmity, that of no Ill proceeds,
 But of Occasion, with th' Occasion ends ;
 And Friendship, which a faint Affection breeds
 Without regard of Good, dies like ill-grounded Seeds.

II.

That well (me seems) appears, by that of late
 'Twixt *Cambel* and Sir *Triamond* befel :
 As als by this, that now a new Debate
 Stir'd up 'twixt *Blandamore* and *Paridel*,
 Therwhich by course befals me here to tell :
 Who, having those two other Knights espy'd
 Marching afore, as ye remember well,
 Sent forth their Squire to have them both descry'd,
 And eke those masked Ladies riding them beside.

III.

III.

Who, back returning, told as he had seen,
 That they were doubtly Knights of dreaded Name ;
 And those two Ladies, their two Loves unseen ;
 And therefore wish'd them without Blot or Blame,
 To let them pass at will, for Dread of Shame,
 But *Blandamore*, full of vainglorious Spright,
 And rather stir'd by his discordful Dame,
 Upon them gladly would have prov'd his Might,
 But that he yet was sore of his late luckless Fight.

IV.

Yet nigh approaching, he them foul bespake,
 Disgracing them, himself thereby to grace,
 As was his wont ; so weening way to make
 To Ladies Love, where-so he came in place,
 And with leud Terms their Lovers to deface.
 Whose sharp Provokement them incens'd so fore,
 That both were bent t'avenge his Usage base,
 And 'gan their Shields address themselves afore :
 For evil Deeds may better than bad Words be bore.

V.

But fair *Cambina*, with Persuasions mild,
 Did mitigate the Fierceness of their Mode,
 That for the present they were reconcil'd,
 And 'gan to treat of Deeds of Arms abroad,
 And strange Adventures all the way they rode :
 Amongst the which they told, as then besel,
 Of that great Turney, which was blaz'd abroad
 For that rich Girdle of fair *Florimel*,
 The Prize of her, which did in Beauty most excel.

VI.

To which Folk-mote they all with one Consent,
 Sith each of them his Lady had him by,
 Whose Beauty each of them thought excellent,
 Agreed to travel, and their Fortunes try.
 So as they pass'd forth, they did espy
 One in bright Arms with ready Spear in rest,
 That toward them his Course seem'd to apply,
 'Gainst whom Sir *Paridel* himself address'd,
 Him weening, e'er him nigh approach'd, to have represent'd.

VII.

Which th' other seeing, 'gan his Course relent,
 And vaunted Spear eitfoons to disadvantage,
 As if he nought but Peace and Pleasure meant,
 Now faine into their Fellowship by chance ;
 Whereat they shewed courteous Countenance.
 So as he rode with them accompany'd,
 His roving Eye did on the Lady glance,
 Which *Blandamore* had riding by his Side :
 Whom sure he ween'd, that he somewhere tofore had ey'd.

VIII.

It was to weet, that snowy *Florimel*,
 Which *Ferrau* late from *Braggadocchio* won ;
 Whom he now seeing, her remember'd well,
 How having rest her from the Witch's Son,
 He soon her lost : whereof he now begun
 To challenge her anew, as his own Prize,
 Whom formerly he had in Battle won,
 And proffer made by Force her to reprise :
 Which scornful Offer *Blandamore* 'gan soon despise.

IX.

And said, Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady claim,
 Whom he that hath were loth to lose so light,
 (For so to lose a Lady were great Shame)
 Ye shall her win, as I have done in Fight :
 And, lo ! she shall be placed here in sight,
 Together with this Hag beside her set,
 That whofo wins her, may her have by right :
 But he shall have the Hag that is ybet,
 And with her always ride, till he another get.

X.

That Offer pleased all the Company,
 So *Florimel* with *Ate* forth was brought ;
 At which they all 'gan laugh full merrily :
 But *Braggadocchio* said, he never thought,
 For such an Hag that seemed worse than nought
 His Person to imperil so in Fight.
 But if to match that Lady they had sought,
 Another like, that were like fair and bright,
 His Life he then would spend to justify his Right.

XI.

At which his vain Excuse they all 'gan smile,
 As scorning his unmanly Cowardise :
 And *Florimel* him foully 'gan revile,
 That for her sake refus'd to enterprise
 The Battel, offer'd in so knightly wise.
 And *Ate* eke provok'd him privily,
 With Love of her, and Shame of such Mesprise.
 But nought he car'd for Friend or Enemy,
 For in base Mind nor Friendship dwells nor Enmity.

XII.

But *Cambel* thus did shut up all in jest,
 Brave Knights and Ladies, certes ye do wrong,
 To stir up Strife, when most us needeth Rest,
 That we may us reserve both fresh and strong,
 Against the Turnament which is not long ;
 When whofo list to fight, may fight his Fill :
 Till then your Challenges ye may prolong ;
 And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
 Whether shall have the Hag, or hold the Lady still :

XIII.

They all agreed : so turning all to Game,
 And pleasant Bord, they past forth on their way.
 And all that while, wherefo they rode or came,
 That masked Mock-knight was their Sport and Play.
 Till that at length upon th' appointed Day,
 Unto the Place of Turnament they came ;
 Where they before them found in fresh Array
 Many a brave Knight, and many a dainty Dame
 Assembled, for to get the Honour of that Game.

XIV.

There this fair Crew arriving, did divide
 Themselves asunder : *Blandamore* with those
 Of his, on th' one ; the rest on th' other side.
 But boastful *Braggadocchio* rather chose,
 For Glory vain their Fellowship to lose,
 That Men on him the more might gaze alone.
 The rest themselves in Troops did else dispose,
 Like as it seem'd best to every one ;
 The Knights in Couples march'd, with Ladies link'd attone.

XV.

Then first of all forth came Sir *Satyrane*,
 Bearing that precious Relique in an Ark
 Of Gold, that bad Eyes might it not profane :
 Which drawing softly forth out of the dark,
 He open shew'd, that all Men it mote mark ;
 A gorgeous Girdle, curiously emboss'd
 With Pearl and precious Stone, worth many a Mark ;
 Yet did the Workmanship far pass the Cost :
 It was the same, which lately *Florimel* had lost.

XVI.

That same aloft he hong in open View,
 To be the Prize of Beauty and of Might ;
 The which estsoons discover'd, to it drew
 The Eyes of all, allur'd with close Delight,
 And Hearts quite robbed with so glorious Sight,
 That all Men threw out Vows and Wishes vain.
 Thrice happy Lady, and thrice happy Knight,
 Them seem'd, that could so goodly Riches gain,
 So worthy of the Peril, worthy of the Pain.

XVII.

Then took the bold Sir *Satyrane* in hand
 An huge great Spear, such as he wont to wield,
 And 'vancing forth from all the other Band
 Of Knights, address'd his Maiden-headed Shield,
 Shewing himself all ready for the Field.
 'Gainst whom, there singled from the other side
 A Paynim Knight, that well in Arms was skill'd,
 And had in many a Battel oft been try'd,
 Hight *Bruncbeval* the bold, who fiercely forth did ride.

XVIII.

So furiously they both together met,
 That neither could the other's Force sustain.
 As two fierce Bulls, that strive the Rule to get
 Of all the Herd, meet with so hideous main,
 That both rebutted, tumble on the Plain :
 So these two Champions to the Ground were feld,
 Where in amaze they both did long remain,
 And in their Hands their idle Troncheons held,
 Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

XIX.

XIX.

Which when the noble *Ferramont* espy'd,
 He pricked forth in aid of *Satyrane* ;
 And him against, Sir *Blandamore* did ride
 With all the Strength and Stiffness that he can.
 But the more strong and stily that he ran,
 So much more sorely to the Ground he fell,
 That on a Heap were tumbled Horse and Man.
 Unto whose Rescue forth rode *Paridel* ;
 But him likewise with that same Spear he eke did quell.

XX.

Which *Braggachio* seeing, had no will
 To hasten greatly to his Party's Aid,
 Albe his turn were next ; but stood there still,
 As one that seemed doubtful or dismay'd.
 But *Triamond*, half wroth to see him staid,
 Sternly stept forth, and raught away his Spear,
 With which so sore he *Ferramont* assay'd,
 That Horse and Man to ground he quite did bear.
 That neither could in haste themselves again uprear.

XXI.

Which to avenge, Sir *Devon* him did dight,
 But with no better Fortune than the rest ;
 For him likewise he quickly down did smite :
 And after him, Sir *Douglas* him address'd,
 And after him, Sir *Palimord* forth press'd :
 But none of them against his Strokes could stand ;
 But all the more, the more his Praise increas'd.
 For either they were left upon the Land,
 Or went away sore wounded of his hapless Hand.

XXII.

And now by this, Sir *Satyrane* abraid
 Out of the Swoun, in which too long he lay ;
 And looking round about, like one dismay'd,
 When as he saw the merciless Affray,
 Which doughty *Triamond* had wrought that Day,
 Unto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
 His mighty Heart did also rend in tway,
 For very Gall, that rather wholly dead
 Himself he wish'd have been, than in so bad a stead.



XXIII.

Eftsoons he 'gan to gather up around
 His Weapons, which lay scatter'd all abroad;
 And as it fell, his Steed he ready found.
 On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,
 Like Spark of Fire, that from the Anvil glode,
 There where he saw the valiant *Triamond*
 Chafing, and laying on them heavy Load,
 That none his Force were able to withstond,
 So dreadful were his Strokes, so deadly was his Hond.

XXIV.

With that, at him his beam-like Spear he aim'd,
 And thereto all his Power and Might apply'd:
 The wicked Steel for Mischief first ordain'd,
 And hawing now Misfortune got for Guide,
 Staid not, till it arrived in his Side,
 And therein made a very grievly Wound,
 That Streams of Blood his Armour all bedy'd.
 Much was he daunted with that direful Stound,
 That scarce he him upheld from falling in a Swound.

XXV.

Yet as he might, himself he soft withdrew
 Out of the Field, that none perceiv'd it plain.
 Then 'gan the part of Challengers anew
 To range the Field, and Victor-like to reign,
 That none against them Battel durst maintain.
 By that, the gloomy Evening on them fell,
 That forced them from fighting to refrain,
 And Trumpets Sound to cease did them compell;
 So *Satyrane* that Day was judg'd to bear the Bell.

XXVI.

The Morrow next the Turney 'gan anew,
 And with the first the hardy *Satyrane*
 Appear'd in place, with all his noble Crew:
 On th' other side, full many a warlike Swain
 Assembled were, that glorious Prize to gain.
 But 'mongst them all, was not Sir *Triamond*,
 Unable he new Battel to darrain,
 Thro Grievance of his late received Wound,
 That doubly did him grieve, when-so himself he found.

XXVII.

XXVII.

Which *Cambel* seeing, tho he could not salve,
 Ne done undo, yet for to salve his name,
 And purchase Honour in his Friends behalve,
 This goodly Counterfesaunce he did frame.
 The Shield and Arms well known to be the same,
 Which *Triamond* had worn, unwares to Wight,
 And to his Friend unwist, for doubt of Blame,
 If he mis-did ; he on himself did dight,
 That none could him discern, and so went forth to fight.

XXVIII.

There *Satyrane*, Lord of the Field, he found,
 Triumphant in great Joy and Jollity ;
 'Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground ;
 That much he 'gan his Glory to envy,
 And cast t' avenge his Friends Indignity.
 A mighty Spear estsoons at him he bent ;
 Who seeing him come on so furiously,
 Met him mid-way with equal Hardiment,
 That forcibly to ground they both together went.

XXIX.

They up again themselves 'gan lightly rear,
 And to their tried Swords themselves betake ;
 With which they wrought such wondrous Marvels there,
 That all the rest it did amazed make,
 Ne any dar'd their Peril to partake ;
 Now cuffing close, now chafing to and fro,
 Now hurtling round, advantage for to take :
 As two wild Boars together grappling go,
 Chaufing and foaming Choler, each against his Foe.

XXX.

So as they cours'd, and turney'd here and there,
 It chaunc'd Sir *Satyrane* his Steed at last,
 Whether thro foundring or thro sudden Fear,
 To stumble, that his Rider nigh he cast ;
 Which Vantage *Cambel* did pursue so fast,
 That e'er himself he had recover'd well,
 So sore he sours'd him on the compass'd Creast,
 That forced him to leave his lofty Sell,
 And rudely tumbling down under his Horse-feet fell.

XXXI.

Lightly *Cambello* leapt down from his Steed,
 For to have rent his Shield and Arms away,
 That whilom wont to be the Victor's Meed :
 When all unwares he felt an hideous Sway
 Of many Swords that Load on him did lay.
 An hundred Knights had him enclosed round,
 To rescue *Satyrene* out of his Prey ;
 All which at once huge Strokes on him did pound,
 In hope to take him Prisoner, where he stood on ground.

XXXII.

He with their Multitude was nought dismay'd,
 But with stout Courage turn'd upon them all,
 And with his Brondiron round about him lay'd ;
 Of which he dealt large Alms, as did befall :
 Like as a Lion that by chaunce doth fall,
 Into the Hunter's Toil, doth rage and roar,
 In royal Heart disdaining to be thrall ;
 But all in vain ; for what might one do more ?
 They have him taken Captive, tho it grieve him sore.

XXXIII.

Whereof when News to *Triamond* was brought,
 There as he lay, his Wound he soon forgot ;
 And starting up, straight for his Armour sought :
 In vain he sought ; for there he found it not ;
Cambello it away before had got :
Cambello's Arms therefore he on him threw,
 And lightly issu'd forth to take his lot.
 There he in Troop found all that warlike Crew,
 Leading his Friend away, full sorry to his View.

XXXIV.

Into the thickest of that knightly Press
 He thrust, and smote down all that was between,
 Carry'd with fervent Zeal ; ne did he cease,
 Till that he came where he had *Cambel* seen,
 Like captive Thrall two other Knights atween,
 There he amongst them cruel Havock makes ;
 That they which lead him, soon enforced been
 To let him loose to save their proper Stakes :
 Who being freed, from one a Weapon fiercely takes.

XXXV.

XXXV.

With that he drives at them with dreadful-Might,
 Both in Remembrance of his Friend's late Harm,
 And in Revengement of his own Despight;
 So both together give a new Alarm,
 As if but now the Battle waxed warm.
 As when two greedy Wolves do break by Force
 Into an Herd, far from the Husband Farm,
 They spoil and ravin without all Remorse;
 So did these two, thro all the Field, their Foes enforce.

XXXVI.

Fiercely they follow'd on their bold Emprize,
 Till Trumpets Sound did warn them all to rest;
 Then all with one Consent did yield the Prize
 To *Triamond* and *Cambel* as the best,
 But *Triamond* to *Cambel* it releas'd,
 And *Cambel* it to *Triamond* transfer'd;
 Each labouring t' advance the other's Gest,
 And make his Praise before his own prefer'd:
 So that the Doom was to another day defer'd.

XXXVII.

The last day came, when all those Knights again
 Assembled were, their Deeds of Arms to shew.
 Full many Deeds that day were shewed plain:
 But *Satyran* 'bove all the other Crew,
 His wondrous Worth declar'd in all Mens view;
 For from the first he to the last endur'd;
 And tho some while Fortune from him withdrew,
 Yet evermore his Honour he recur'd,
 And with unweary'd Power his Party still assur'd.

XXXVIII.

Ne was there Knight that ever thought of Arms,
 But that his utmost Prowess there made known,
 That by their many Wounds, and careles Harms,
 By shiver'd Spears, and Swords all under frown,
 By scatter'd Shields was easy to be shown.
 There might ye see loose Steeds at random run,
 Whose luckless Riders late were overthrown;
 And Squires make haste to help their Lords fordone:
 But still the Knights of Maidenhead the better won.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

Till that there enter'd on the other side
 A Stranger Knight, from whence no Man could read,
 In quaint Disguise, full hard to be descry'd ;
 For all his Armour was like salvage Weed,
 With woody Mofs bedight, and all his Steed
 With oaken Leaves attrap'd, that seemed fit
 For salvage Wight, and thereto well agreed
 His Word, which on his ragged Shield was writ,
Salvageffe sans Finesse, shewing secret Wit.

XL.

He at his first in-coming, charg'd his Spear
 At him that first appeared in his sight :
 That was to weet, the stout Sir *Sangliere*,
 Who well was known to be a valiant Knight,
 Approved of in many a perlous Fight.
 Him at the first Encounter down he smote,
 And over-bore beyond his Crouper quite,
 And after him another Knight, that hote
 Sir *Brianor* so sore, that none him Life behote.

XLI.

Then e'er his Hand he rear'd, he overthrew
 Seven Knights, one after other as they came :
 And when his Spear was brust, his Sword he drew,
 The Instrument of Wrath, and with the same
 Far'd like a Lion in his bloody Game ;
 Hewing, and flashing Shields, and Helmets bright,
 And beating down whatever nigh him came ;
 That every one 'gan shun his dreadful Sight,
 No less than Death it self in dangerous Affright.

XLII.

Much wonder'd all Men, what or whence he came,
 That did amongst the Troops so tyrannize ;
 And each of other 'gan enquire his Name.
 But when they could not learn it by no wise,
 Most answerable to his wild Disguise
 It seemed, him to term the salvage Knight.
 But certes his right Name was otherwise,
 Tho known to few, that *Arthegal* he hight,
 The doughtiest Knight that liv'd that day, and most of Might.

XLIII.

XLIII.

Thus was *Sir Satyrane*, with all his Band,
 By his sole Manhood and Atchivement stout
 Dismay'd, that none of them in Field durst stand,
 But beaten were, and chased all about.
 So he continu'd all that day throughout,
 Till Evening, that the Sun 'gan downward bend.
 Then rushed forth out of the thickest Rout
 A Stranger Knight, that did his Glory shend :
 So nought may be esteemed happy till the end.

XLIV.

He at his Entrance charg'd his powerful Spear
 At *Artbegal*, in midst of his Pride ;
 And therewith smote him on his Umbriere
 So sore, that tumbling back, he down did slide
 Over his Horse's Tail above a fride ;
 Whence little lust he had to rise again.
 Which *Cambel* seeing, much the same envy'd,
 And ran at him with all his might and main ;
 But shortly was likewise seen lying on the Plain.

XLV.

Whereat full inly wroth was *Triamond*,
 And cast t' avenge the Shame done to his Friend ;
 But by his Friend, himself eke soon he fond
 In no less need of Help, than him he ween'd.
 All which when *Blandamore*, from end to end
 Beheld, he wox therewith displeas'd sore,
 And thought in mind it shortly to amend :
 His Spear he feuter'd, and at him it bore ;
 But with no better Fortune than the rest afore.

XLVI.

Full many others at him likewise ran :
 But all of them likewise dismounted were.
 Ne certes wonder ; for no Power of Man
 Could bide the Force of that enchanted Spear,
 The which this famous *Britomart* did bear ;
 With which she wondrous Deeds of Arms atchiev'd,
 And overthrew whatever came her near,
 That all those Stranger Knights full sore agriev'd,
 And that late weaker Band of Challengers reliev'd.

XLVII.

XLVII.

Like as in Summer's-day, when raging Heat
 Doth burn the Earth, and boiled Rivers dry,
 That all brute Beasts forc'd to refrain from Meat,
 Do hunt for Shade, where shrouded they may lie,
 And missing it, fain from themselves to fly ;
 All Travellers tormented are with Pain :
 A watry Cloud doth overcast the Sky,
 And poureth forth a sudden Shower of Rain,
 That all the wretched World recomforteth again.

XLVIII.

So did the warlike *Britomart* restore
 The Prize to Knights of Maidenhead that day
 (Which else was like to have been lost) and bore
 The Praise of Prowess from them all away.
 Then shrilling Trumpets loudly 'gan to bray,
 And bad them leave their Labours and long Toil,
 To joyous Feast and other gentle Play,
 Where Beauty's Prize should win that precious Spoil :
 Where I with Sound of Trump will also rest awhile.





CANTO V.

*The Ladies for the Girdle strive
Of famous Florimel.
Scudamore, coming to Care's House,
Doth Sleep from him expel.*

I.

IT hath been thro all Ages ever seen,
That with the Prize of Arms and Chevalry,
The Prize of Beauty still hath joined been ;
And that for Reasons special Privity :
For either doth on other much rely.
For he me seems most fit the Fair to serve,
That can her best defend from Villany ;
And she most fit his Service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her Faith will never swerve.

II.

So fitly now here cometh next in place,
After the Proof of Prowess ended well,
The Controverse of Beauty's sovereign Grace ;
In which to her that doth the most excel,
Shall fall the Girdle of fair *Florimel* :
That many wish to win for Glory vain,
And not for vertuous Use, which some do tell
That glorious Belt did in it self contain,
Which Ladies ought to love, and seek for to obtain.

III.

That Girdle gave the Vertue of chaste Love,
And Wivehood true, to all that did it bear ;
But whosoever contrary doth prove,
Might not the same about her Middle wear,
But it would loose, or else asunder tear.
Whilom it was (as Fairies wont report)
Dame *Venus*' Girdle, by her 'steemed dear,
What time she us'd to live in wively fort ;
But laid aside, when so she us'd her looser Sport.

IV.

IV.

Her Husband *Vulcan*, whilom for her sake,
 When first he loved her with Heart entire,
 This precious Ornament they say did make,
 And wrought in *Lemno* with unquenched Fire;
 And afterwards did for her Love's first Hire,
 Give it to her for ever to remain,
 Therewith to bind lascivious Desire,
 And loose Affections streightly to restrain;
 Which Vertue it for ever after did retain.

V.

The same one day, (when she her self dispos'd
 To visit her beloved Paramour,
 The God of War,) she from her Middle loos'd,
 And left behind her in her secret Bower,
 On *Acidalian* Mount, where many an hour
 She with the pleasant *Graces* wont to play.
 There *Florimel*, in her first Age's Flower,
 Was foster'd by those *Graces* (as they say)
 And brought with her from thence that goodly Belt away.

VI.

That goodly Belt was *Cestus* hight by Name,
 And as her Life by her esteemed dear.
 No wonder then, if that to win the same
 So many Ladies fought, as shall appear;
 For peerless she was thought, that did it bear.
 And now by this, their Feast all being ended,
 The Judges, which thereto selected were,
 Into the Martian Field adown descended,
 To deem this doubtful Case, for which they all contended.

VII.

But first was question made, which of those Knights
 That lately turney'd, had the Wager won:
 There was it judged by those worthy Wights,
 That *Satyrane* the first day best had done:
 For he last ended, having first begun.
 The second was to *Triamond* behight,
 For that he sav'd the Victor from sordone:
 For *Cambel* Victor was in all Mens fight,
 Till by mishap he in his Foe-mens hand did light.

VIII.

VIII.

The third Day's Prize unto that Stranger Knight,
Whom all Men term'd Knight of the Hebene Spear,
To *Britomart* was given by good right ;
For that with puissant Stroke she down did bear
The *Salvage* Knight, that Victor was whileare,
And all the rest, which had the best afore,
And to the last unconquer'd did appear ;
For last is deemed best. To her therefore
The fairest Lady was adjudg'd for Paramour.

IX.

But thereat greatly grudged *Artbegal*,
And much repin'd, that both of Victor's Mæd,
And eke of Honour she did him forestal.
Yet mote he not withstand what was decreed ;
But inly thought of that despightful Deed
Fit time t' await avenged for to be.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
The next ensu'd the Paragon to see
Of Beauty's Praise, and yield the Fairest her due Fee.

X.

Then first *Cambello* brought unto their View
His fair *Cambina*, cover'd with a Veil ;
Which being once withdrawn, most perfect Hue
And passing Beauty did estsoons reveal,
That able was weak Hearts away to steal.
Next did Sir *Triamond*, unto their sight,
The Face of his dear *Canacee* unheal ;
Whose Beauty's Beam estsoons did shine so bright,
That daz'd the Eyes of all, as with exceeding Light.

XI.

And after her did *Paridel* produce
His false *Duessá*, that she might be seen ;
Who with her forged Beauty did seduce
The Hearts of some, that fairest her did ween ;
As diverse Wits affected diverse been.
Then did Sir *Ferramont* unto them shew
His *Lucida*, that was full fair and sheen :
And after these an hundred Ladies moe
Appear'd in place, the which each other did out-go.

XII.

All which who-so dare think for to enchace,
 Him needeth sure a golden Pen, I ween,
 To tell the Feature of each goodly Face.
 For since the Day that they created been,
 So many heavenly Faces were not seen
 Assembled in one Place : ne he that thought
 For *Cbian* Folk to pourtraict Beauty's Queen,
 By View of all the fairest to him brought,
 So many fair did see, as here he might have fought.

XIII.

At last, the most redoubted *Britoness*,
 Her lovely *Amoret* did open shew ;
 Whose Face discover'd, plainly did express
 The heavenly Pourtraict of bright Angels Hue.
 Well weened all, which her that time did view,
 That she should surely bear the Bell away,
 Till *Blandamore*, who thought he had the true
 And very *Florimel*, did her display :
 The Sight of whom once seen, did all the rest dismay.

XIV.

For all afore that seemed fair and bright,
 Now base and contemptible did appear,
 Compar'd to her, that shone as *Pbebe's* Light
 Amongst the lesser Stars in Evening clear.
 All that her saw with Wonder ravish'd were,
 And ween'd no mortal Creature she should be,
 But some celestial Shape, that Flesh did bear :
 Yet all were glad there *Florimel* to see ;
 Yet thought that *Florimel* was not so fair as she.

XV.

As guileful Goldsmith, that by secret Skill,
 With golden Foil doth finely over-spread
 Some baser Metal, which commend he will
 Unto the Vulgar for good Gold insted,
 He much more goodly Gloss thereon doth shed,
 To hide his Falshood, than if it were true :
 So hard this Idol was to be ared,
 That *Florimel* her self, in all Mens View,
 She seem'd to pass : so forged things do fairest shew.

XVI.

XVI.

Then was that golden Belt, by doom of all,
 Graunted to her, as to the fairest Dame.
 Which being brought, about her Middle small
 They thought to gird, as best it her became ;
 But by no means they could it thereto frame.
 For ever as they fastned it, it loos'd
 And fell away, as feeling secret blame.
 Full oft about her Waist she it enclos'd ;
 And it as oft was from about her Waste disclos'd.

XVII.

That all Men wondred at the uncouth sight,
 And each one thought, as to their Fancies came,
 But she herself did think it done for spight,
 And touched was with secret Wrath and Shame
 Therewith, as thing devis'd her to defame.
 Then many other Ladies likewise try'd,
 About their tender Loins to knit the same ;
 But it would not on none of them abide,
 But when they thought it fast, estsoons it was unty'd.

XVIII.

Which when that scornful *Squire of Dames* did view,
 He loudly 'gan to laugh and thus to jest ;
 Alas ! for pity that so fair a Crew,
 As like cannot be seen from East to West,
 Cannot find one this Girdle to invest !
 Fie on the Man, that did it first invent,
 To shame us all with this, *ungirt, unblest* :
 Let never Lady to his Love assent,
 That hath this day so many so unmanly shent.

XIX.

Thereat all Knights 'gan laugh, and Ladies loure ;
 Till that at last the gentle *Amoret*
 Likewise assay'd, to prove that Girdle's Power ;
 And having it about her middle set,
 Did find it fit, withouten Breach or Let.
 Whereat the rest 'gan greatly to envy :
 But *Florimel* exceedingly did fret,
 And snatching from her Hand half angrily
 The Belt again, about her Body 'gan it tie.

XX.

Yet nathemore would it her Body fit ;
 Yet nathelss to her, as her due Right,
 It yielded was by them, that judged it :
 And she her self adjudged to the Knight,
 That bore the Hebene Spear, as won in Fight.
 But *Britomart* would not thereto assent,
 Ne her own *Amoret* forgo so light,
 For that strange Dame, whose Beauty's Wonderment
 She less esteem'd, than th' other's vertuous Government.

XXI.

Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
 They were full glad, in hopes themselves to get her :
 Yet at her Choice they all did greatly muse.
 But after that, the Judges did arret her
 Unto the second best, that lov'd her better ;
 That was the *Salvage* Knight : but he was gone
 In great Displeasure, that he could not get her.
 Then was she judged *Triamond* his own ;
 But *Triamond* lov'd *Canacee*, and other none.

XXII.

Tho unto *Satyrane* she was adjudg'd,
 Who was right glad to gain so goodly Meed :
 But *Blandamore* thereat full greatly grudg'd,
 And little prais'd his Labours evil speed,
 That for to win the Saddle, lost the Steed.
 Ne less thereat did *Paridel* complain,
 And though t' appeal from that which was decreed,
 To single Combat with Sir *Satyrane* :
 Thereto him *Ate* stir'd, new Discord to maintain.

XXIII.

And eke with these, full many other Knights
 She thro her wicked Working did incense,
 Her to demaund, and challenge as their Rights,
 Deserved for their Perils Recompence.
 Amongst the rest, with boastful vain Pretence,
 Stept *Braggadocchio* forth, and as his Thrall
 Her claim'd, by him in Battel won long since :
 Whereto her self he did to witness call ;
 Who being ask'd accordingly, confessed all.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Thereat exceeding wroth was *Satyrane* ;
 And wroth with *Satyrane* was *Blandamore* ;
 And wroth with *Blandamore* was *Eriwan* ;
 And at them both Sir *Paridel* did lour.
 So all together stir'd up strifeful Stour,
 And ready were new Battel to darrain.
 Each one profess'd to be her Paramour,
 And vow'd with Spear and Shield it to maintain ;
 Ne Judge's Power, ne Reason's Rule mote them restrain.

XXV.

Which troublous Stir, when *Satyrane* aviz'd,
 He 'gan to cast how to appease the same ;
 And to accord them all, this means deviz'd :
 First in the midst to set that fairest Dame,
 To whom each one his Challenge should disclaim,
 And he himself his Right would eke release :
 Then look to whom she voluntary came,
 He should without Disturbance her possess :
 Sweet is the Love that comes along with Willingness.

XXVI.

They all agreed : and then that snowy Maid
 Was in the middest plac'd among them all ;
 All on her gazing wish'd, and vow'd, and pray'd,
 And to the Queen of Beauty close did call,
 That she unto their Portion might befall.
 Then when she long had look'd upon each one,
 As tho she wished to have pleased them all,
 At last to *Braggadocchio*' self alone
 She came of her accord, in spite of all his Fone.

XXVII.

Which when they all beheld, they chaf'd and rag'd,
 And wox nigh mad for very Heart's Despight,
 That from Revenge their Wills they scarce assuag'd ;
 Some thought from him her to have rest by Might ;
 Some Proffer made with him for her to fight.
 But he nought car'd for all that they could say :
 For he their Words as Wind esteemed light.
 Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
 But secretly from thence that Night her bore away.

XXVIII.

They which remain'd, so soon as they perceiv'd
 That she was gone, departed thence with Speed,
 And follow'd them, in mind her to have reav'd
 From Wight unworthy of so noble Meed :
 In which Pursuit how each one did succeed,
 Shall else be told in order, as it fell.
 But now of *Britomart* it here doth need
 The hard Adventures and strange Haps to tell ;
 Since with the rest she went not after *Florimel*.

XXIX.

For soon as she them saw to Discord set,
 Her list no longer in that place abide ;
 But taking with her lovely *Amoret*,
 Upon her first Adventure forth did ride,
 To seek her Love, making blind Love her Guide.
 Unlucky Maid, to seek her Enemy !
 Unlucky Maid, to seek him far and wide,
 Whom, when he was unto her self most nigh,
 She thro his late Disguisement could him not descry.

XXX.

So much the more her Grief, the more her Toil :
 Yet neither Toil nor Grief she once did spare,
 In seeking him, that should her Pain affoil ;
 Whereto great Comfort in her sad Misfare
 Was *Amoret*, Companion of her Care :
 Who likewise sought her Lover long mis-went,
 The gentle *Scudamore*, whose Heart whileare
 That strifeful Hag with jealous Discontent
 Had fill'd, that he to fell Revenge was fully bent.

XXXI.

Bent to revenge on blameless *Britomart*
 The Crime, which cursed *Ate* kindled earst,
 The which like Thorns did prick his jealous Heart,
 And thro his Soul like poisoned Arrow pierc'd,
 That by no Reason it might be revers'd,
 For ought that *Glauce* could, or do, or say.
 For ay, the more that she the same rehears'd,
 The more it gaul'd, and griev'd him Night and Day,
 That nought but dire Revenge his Anger mote defray.

XXXII.

XXXII.

So as they travelled, the drooping Night,
 Cover'd with cloudy Storm and bitter Shower,
 That dreadful seem'd to every living Wight,
 Upon them fell, before her timely Hour ;
 That forced them to seek some covert Bower,
 Where they might hide their Heads in quiet Rest,
 And shroud their Persons from that stormy Stour.
 Not far away, not meet for any Guest,
 They spy'd a little Cottage, like some poor Man's Nest.

XXXIII.

Under a steep Hill's Side it placed was,
 There where the moulder'd Earth had cav'd the Bank ;
 And fast beside a little Brook did pass
 Of muddy Water, that like puddle stank ;
 By which few crooked Sallows grew in rank :
 Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the Sound
 Of many iron Hammers beating rank,
 And answering their weary Turns around,
 That seem'd some Blacksmith dwelt in that desert Ground.

XXXIV.

There entring in, they found the Goodman self,
 Full busily unto his Work ybent ;
 Who was to weet, a wretched wearish Elf,
 With hollow Eyes and raw-bone Cheeks forspent,
 As if he had in Prison long been pent :
 Full black and griesly did his Face appear,
 Besmear'd with Smoke that nigh his Eye-sight blent ;
 With rugged Beard, and hoary shagged Hair,
 The which he never went to comb, or comely shear.

XXXV.

Rude was his Garment, and to Rags all rent,
 Ne better had he, ne for better car'd :
 With blister'd Hands emongst the Cinders brent,
 And Fingers filthy, with long Nails unpar'd,
 Right fit to rend the Food, on which he far'd.
 His Name was *Care* ; a Blacksmith by his Trade,
 That neither Day nor Night from working spar'd,
 But to small purpose iron Wedges made ;
 Those be unquiet Thoughts, that careful Minds invade.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

In which his Work he had fix Servants prefs'd,
 About the Anvil standing evermore,
 With huge great Hammers, that did never rest
 From heaping Strokes, which thereon soufed sore :
 All six, strong Grooms, but one than other more ;
 For by degrees they all were disagreed ;
 So likewise did the Hammers which they bore,
 Like Bells in Greatness orderly succeed,
 That he which was the last, the first did far exceed.

XXXVII.

He like a monstrous Giant seem'd in fight,
 Far passing *Bronteus*, or *Pyracmon* great,
 The which in *Lipari* do day and night
 Frame Thunderbolts for *Jove's* avengeful Threat.
 So dreadfully he did the Anvil beat,
 That seem'd to Dust he shortly would it drive :
 So huge his Hammer, and so fierce his Heat,
 That seem'd a Rock of Diamond it could rive,
 And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list strive.

XXXVIII.

Sir *Scudamore* there entring, much admir'd
 The Manner of their Work and weary Pain ;
 And having long beheld, at last enquir'd
 The Cause and End thereof : but all in vain ;
 For they for nought would from their Work refrain,
 Ne let his Speeches come unto their ear.
 And eke the breathful Bellows blew amain,
 Like to the Northern Wind, that none could hear :
 Those *Pensiveness* did move ; and *Sigs* the Bellows were.

XXXIX.

Which when that Warrior saw, he said no more,
 But in his Armour laid him down to rest :
 To rest, he laid him down upon the Floor,
 (Whilom for ventrous Knights the Bedding best)
 And thought his weary Limbs to have redress'd.
 And that old aged Dame, his faithful Squire,
 Her feeble Joints laid eke adown to rest ;
 That needed much her weak Age to desire,
 After so long a Travel, which them both did tire.

XL.

There lay Sir *Scudamore*, long while expecting
 When gentle Sleep his heavy Eyes would close ;
 Oft changing fides, and oft new place electing,
 Where better seem'd he mote himself repose ;
 And oft in Wrath he thence again uprofe ;
 And oft in Wrath he laid him down again.
 But wherefoere he did himself dispose,
 He by no means could wished Ease obtain :
 So every Place seem'd painful, and each Changing vain.

XLI.

And evermore, when he to sleep did think,
 The Hammer's sound his Senses did molest ;
 And evermore, when he began to wink,
 The Bellows Noise disturb'd his quiet Rest,
 Ne suffred Sleep to settle in his Breast :
 And all the Night the Dogs did bark and howl
 About the House, at scent of Stranger Guest ;
 And now the crowing Cock, and now the Owl
 Loud shrieking, him afflicted to the very Soul.

XLII.

And if by Fortune any little Nap
 Upon his heavy Eye-lids chaunc'd to fall,
 Eftsoons one of those Villains him did rap
 Upon his Head-piece with his yron Mall ;
 That he was soon awaked therewithall,
 And lightly started up as one afraid ;
 Or as if one him suddenly did call.
 So oftentimes he out of Sleep abray'd,
 And then lay musing long, on that him ill apay'd.

XLIII.

So long he mused, and so long he lay,
 That at the last his weary Sprite oppress'd
 With fleshly Weakness, which no Creature may
 Long time resist, gave place to kindly Rest,
 That all his Senses did full soon arrest :
 Yet in his soundest Sleep, his daily Fear
 His idle Brain 'gan busily molest,
 And made him dream those two disloyal were :
 The things that Day most minds, at Night do most appear.

XLIV.

XLIV.

With that, the wicked Carle, the Master Smith,
 A Pair of red-hot iron Tongs did take
 Out of the burning Cinders, and therewith
 Under his Side him nipt; that forc'd to wake,
 He felt his Heart for very Pain to quake,
 And started up avenged for to be
 On him, the which his quiet Slumber brake:
 Yet looking round about him none could see;
 Yet did the Smart remain, tho he himself did flee.

XLV.

In such Disquiet and heart-fretting Pain,
 He all that Night, that too long Night did pass.
 And now the Day out of the Ocean Main
 Began to peep above this earthly Mass,
 With pearly Dew sprinkling the morning Grass:
 Then up he rose like heavy Lump of Lead;
 That in his Face, as in a Looking-glass,
 The Signs of Anguish one mote plainly read,
 And guess the Man to be dismay'd with jealous Dread.

XLVI.

Unto his lofty Steed he clombe anone,
 And forth upon his former Voyage far'd,
 And with him eke that aged Squire attone;
 Who, whatsoever Peril was prepar'd,
 Both equal Pains, and equal Peril shar'd:
 The End whereof and dangerous Event,
 Shall for another Canticle be spar'd.
 But here my weary Teem nigh over-spent,
 Shall breathe it self awhile, after so long a went.





CANTO VI.

*Both Scudamore and Arthegal
Do fight with Britomart:
He sees her Face, doth fall in Love,
And soon from her depart.*

I.

WHAT equal Torment to the Grief of Mind,
And pining Anguish hid in gentle Heart,
That inly feeds it self with Thoughts unkind,
And nourisheth her own consuming Smart?
What Medicine can any Leech's Art
Yield such a Sore, that doth her Grievance hide,
And will to none her Malady impart?
Such was the Wound that *Scudamore* did gride:
For which, *Dan Phæbus*' self cannot a Salve provide.

II.

Who, having left that restless House of Care,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Fall of Melancholy, and sad Misfare,
Thro Mis-conceit; all unawares espy'd
An armed Knight under a Forest side,
Sitting in Shade beside his grazing Steed;
Who soon as them approaching he descry'd,
'Gan towards them to prick with eager Speed,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischievous Deed,

III.

Which *Scudamore* perceiving, forth issu'd
To have rencounter'd him in equal Race;
But soon as th' other, nigh approaching, view'd
The Arms he bore, his Spear he 'gan abase,
And void his Course: at which so sudden Case
He wonder'd much. But th' other thus 'gan say;
Ah! gentle *Scudamore*, unto your Grace
I me submit, and of you Pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespassed this Day.

IV.

IV.

Whereto, thus *Scudamore*; Small Harm it were
 For any Knight, upon a ventrous Knight
 Without Displeasance for to prove his Spear.
 But read you Sir, sith ye my Name have hight,
 What is your own? that I mote you requite.
 Certes, said he, ye mote as now excuse
 Me from discovering you my Name aright:
 For time yet serves that I the same refuse,
 But call ye me the *Salvage Knight*, as others use.

V.

Then this Sir *Salvage Knight*, quoth he, areed;
 Or do you here within this Forest wonne?
 (That seemeth well to answer to your weed)
 Or have ye it for some Occasion done?
 That rather seems, sith knowen Arms ye shun.
 This other day, said he, a Stranger Knight
 Shame and Dishonour hath unto me done;
 On whom I wait to wreak that foul Despight,
 Whenever he this way shall pass by day or night.

VI.

Shame be his Meed, quoth he, that meaneth Shame:
 But what is he, by whom ye shamed were?
 A Stranger Knight, said he, unknown by Name,
 But known by Fame, and by an Hebene Spear,
 With which, he all that met him, down did bear.
 He in an open Turney lately held,
 From me the Honour of that Game did rear;
 And having me, all weary erst, down feld,
 The fairest Lady rest, and ever since with-held.

VII.

When *Scudamore* heard mention of that Spear,
 He wist right well, that it was *Britomart*,
 The which from him his fairest Love did bear.
 Tho' gan he swell in every inner Part,
 For fell Despight, and gnaw his jealous Heart,
 That thus he sharply said; Now by my Head,
 Yet is not this the first unknighly Part,
 Which that same Knight, whom by his Launce I read,
 Hath done to noble Knights, that many makes him dread.

VIII.

VIII.

For lately he my Love hath from me rest,
 And eke defiled with foul Villany
 The sacred Pledge, which in his Faith was left,
 In shame of Knighthood and Fidelity ;
 The which e'er long full dear he shall aby.
 And if to that Avenge by you decreed
 This Hand may help, or Succour ought supply,
 It shall not fail, when-so ye shall it need.
 So both to wreak their Wraths on *Britomart* agreed.

IX.

While thus they communed, lo far away
 A Knight soft riding towards them they spy'd,
 Attir'd in foreign Arms and strange Array :
 Whom when they nigh approach'd, they plain defy'd
 To be the same, for whom they did abide.
 Said then Sir *Scudamore*, Sir *Salvage* Knight,
 Let me this crave, sith first I was defy'd,
 That first I may that Wrong to him requite :
 And if I hap to fail, you shall recure my Right.

X.

Which being yielded, he his threatful Spear
 'Gan fewer, and against her fiercely ran.
 Who soon as she him saw approaching near
 With so fell Rage, her self she lightly 'gan
 To dight, to welcome him, well as she can :
 But entertain'd him in so rude a wife,
 That to the ground she smote both Horse and Man ;
 Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
 But on their common Harms together did devise.

XI.

But *Artbegal*, beholding his Mischaunce,
 New Matter added to his former Fire ;
 And est aventring his steel-headed Launce,
 Against her rode, full of dispiteous Ire,
 That nought but Spoil and Vengeance did require.
 But to himself his felonous Intent
 Returning, disappointed his Desire,
 Whiles unawares his Saddle he forwent,
 And found himself on ground in great Amazement.

XII.

Lightly he started up out of that Stound ;
 And snatching forth his direful deadly Blade,
 Did leap to her, as doth an eager Hound
 Thrust to an Hind within some covert Glade,
 Whom without Peril he cannot invade.
 With such fell Greediness he her assail'd,
 That tho she mounted were, yet he her made
 To give him ground (so much his Force prevail'd)
 And shun his mighty Strokes, 'gainst which no Arms avail'd.

XIII.

So as they coursed here and there, it chaunc'd,
 That in her wheeling round, behind her Crest
 So sorely he her strook, that thence it glaunc'd
 Adown her Back, the which it fairly blest
 From foul Mischaunce ; ne did it ever rest,
 Till on her Horse's hinder Parts it fell ;
 Where biting deep, so deadly it impress'd,
 That quite it chin'd his Back behind the Sell,
 And to alight on foot her algates did compel.

XIV.

Like as the lightning Brond from riven Sky,
 Thrown out by angry *Jove* in his Vengeance,
 With dreadful Force falls on some Steeple high ;
 Which battring, down it on the Church doth glaunce,
 And tears it with all terrible Mischaunce.
 Yet she no whit dismay'd, her Steed forlook,
 And casting from her that enchaunted Lance,
 Unto her Sword and Shield her soon betook ;
 And therewithal at him right furiously she strook.

XV.

So furiously she strook in her first Heat,
 Whiles with long Fight on foot he breathless was,
 That she him forced backward to retreat,
 And yield unto her Weapon way to pass :
 Whose raging Rigour neither Steel nor Brass
 Could stay, but to the tender Flesh it went,
 And pour'd the purple Blood forth on the Grass ;
 That all his Mail yriv'd, and Plates yrent,
 Shew'd all his Body bare unto the cruel Dent.

XVI.

XVI.

At length, when-as he saw her hasty Heat
 Abate, and panting Breath begin to fail,
 He thro long Sufferance growing now more great,
 Rose in his Strength, and 'gan her fresh assail,
 Heaping huge Strokes, as thick as Shower of Hail,
 And lashing dreadfully at every Part,
 As if he thought her Soul to disentrail.
 Ah! cruel Hand, and thrice more cruel Heart,
 That work'st such Wreck on her, to whom thou dearest art.

XVII.

What iron Courage ever could endure,
 To work such Outrage on so fair a Creature?
 And in his Madness think with Hands impure
 To spoil so goodly Workmanship of Nature,
 The Maker self resembling in her Feature?
 Certes, some hellish Fury, or some Fiend
 This Mischief fram'd, for their first Love's Defeature,
 To bathe their Hands in Blood of dearest Friend,
 Thereby to make their Love's Beginning, their Live's End.

XVIII.

Thus long they trac'd, and travers'd to and fro,
 Sometimes pursuing, and sometimes pursu'd,
 Still as advantage they espy'd thereto:
 But toward th' end, Sir *Artbegal* renew'd
 His Strength still more, but she still more decrew'd.
 At last, his luckless Hand he heav'd on high,
 Having his Forces all in one accru'd;
 And therewith strook at her so hideously,
 That seem'd nought but Death mote be her Destiny.

XIX.

The wicked Stroke upon her Helmet chaunc'd,
 And with the Force, which in it self it bore,
 Her Ventail shar'd away, and thence forth glaunc'd
 Adown in vain, ne harm'd her any more.
 With that, her Angel's Face (unseen afore)
 Like to the ruddy Morn appear'd in fight,
 Dewed with silver Drops, thro sweating fore;
 But somewhat redder than beseem'd aright,
 Thro toilsom Heat, and Labour of her weary Fight.

XX.

And round about the same, her yellow Hair
 Having thro stirring loos'd their wonted Band,
 Like to a golden Border did appear,
 Framed in Goldsmith's Forge with cunning Hand :
 Yet Goldsmith's Cunning could not understand
 To frame such subtle Wire, so shiny clear.
 For it did glister like the golden Sand,
 The which *Pactolus* with his Waters sheer,
 Throws forth upon the Rivage round about him near.

XXI.

And as his Hand he up again did rear,
 Thinking to work on her his utmost Wrack,
 His powerless Arm benumb'd with secret Fear,
 From his revengeful Purpose shrunk aback ;
 And cruel Sword out of his Fingers slack
 Fell down to ground, as if the Steel had Sense,
 And felt some Ruth, or Sense his Hand did lack :
 Or both of them did think, Obedience
 To do to so divine a Beauty's Excellence.

XXII.

And he himself, long gazing thereupon,
 At last fell humbly down upon his Knee,
 And of his Wonder made Religion,
 Weening some heavenly Goddess he did see,
 Or else unweeting what it else might be ;
 And Pardon her besought his Error frail,
 That had done Outrage in so high degree :
 Whilst trembling Horror did his Sense assail,
 And made each Member quake, and manly Heart to quail.

XXIII.

Nath'less, she full of Wrath for that late Stroke,
 All that long while up-held her wrathful Hand,
 With fell Intent, on him to been yroke,
 And looking stern, still over him did stand,
 Threatning to strike, unless he would withstand :
 And bade him rise, or surely he should die.
 But die or live, for nought he would up-stand,
 But of her Pardon pray'd more earnestly,
 Or wreak on him her Will for so great Injury.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Which when-as *Scudamore*, who now abray'd,
Beheld, whereas he stood not far aside,
He was therewith right wondrously dismay'd :
And drawing nigh, when-as he plain descry'd
That peerless Pattern of Dame Nature's Pride,
And heavenly Image of Perfection,
He blest himself, as one fore terrify'd ;
And turning his Fear to faint Devotion,
Did worship her as some celestial Vision.

XXV.

But *Glauce*, seeing all that chanced there,
Well weeting how their Error to assail,
Full glad of so good End, to them drew near,
And her salw'd with seemly Bel-Accoil,
Joyous to see her safe after long Toil.
Then her besought, as she to her was dear,
To graunt unto those Warriors truce awhile ;
Which yielded, they their Bevers up did rear,
And shew'd themselves to her, such as indeed they were.

XXVI.

When *Britomart*, with sharp avizeful Eye,
Beheld the lovely Face of *Artbegal*,
Temper'd with Sternness and stout Majesty,
She 'gan estfoons it to her Mind to call,
To be the same which in her Father's Hall
Long since in that enchanted Glass she saw.
Therewith her wrathful Courage 'gan appall,
And haughty Spirits meekly to adaw,
That her enhaunced Hand she down 'gan soft withdraw.

XXVII.

Yet she it forc'd to have again up-held,
As feigning Choler, which was turn'd to Cold :
But ever when his Visage she beheld,
Her Hand fell down, and would no longer hold
The wrathful Weapon 'gainst his Count'nance bold.
But when in vain to fight she oft assay'd,
She arm'd her Tongue, and thought at him to scold ;
Nath'less her Tongue not to her Will obey'd, (said.
But brought forth Speeches mild, when she would have mis-

XXVIII.

But *Scudamore*, now woxen inly glad,
 That all his jealous Fear he false had found,
 And how that Hag his Love abused had
 With Breach of Faith, and Loyalty unfound,
 The which long time his griev'd Heart did wound,
 Her thus bespake ; Certes, Sir *Artbegal*,
 I joy to see you lout so low on ground,
 And now become to live a Lady's Thrall,
 That whilom in your Mind-wont to despise them all.

XXIX.

Soon as she heard the Name of *Artbegal*,
 Her Heart did leap, and all her Heart-strings tremble,
 For sudden Joy, and secret Fear withall,
 And all her vital Powers with Motion nimble,
 To succour it, themselves 'gan there assemble ;
 That by the swift Recourse of flushing Blood
 Right plain appear'd, tho she it would dissemble,
 And feigned still her former angry Mood,
 Thinking to hide the Depth by troubling of the Flood.

XXX.

When *Glauce* thus 'gan wisely all up-knit ;
 Ye gentle Knights, whom Fortune here hath brought
 To be Spectators of this uncouth Fit,
 Which secret Fate hath in this Lady wrought,
 Against the Course of Kind ; ne marvel nought,
 Ne henceforth fear the thing that hitherto
 Hath troubled both your Minds with idle Thought,
 Fearing lest she your Loves away should wooe ;
 Feared in vain, sith means ye see there wants thereto.

XXXI.

And you Sir *Artbegal*, the salvage Knight,
 Henceforth may not disdain, that Woman's Hand
 Hath conquer'd you anew in second Fight :
 For whilom they have conquer'd Sea and Land,
 And Heaven it self, that nought may them withstand.
 Ne henceforth be rebellious unto Love,
 That is the Crown of Knighthood, and the Band
 Of noble Minds derived from above :
 Which, being knit with Vertue, never will remove.

XXXII.

XXXII.

And you fair Lady Knight, my dearest Dame,
 Relent the Rigour of your wrathful Will,
 Whose Fire were better turn'd to other Flame ;
 And wiping out Remembrance of all Ill,
 Graunt him your Grace ; but so that he fulfil
 The Penance, which ye shall to him impart :
 For Lover's Heaven must pass by Sorrow's Hell.
 Thereat full inly blushed *Britomart* :
 But *Arbegal*, close smiling, joy'd in secret Heart.

XXXIII.

Yet durst he not make Love so suddenly,
 Ne think th' Affection of her Heart to draw
 From one to other so quite contrary :
 Besides, her modest Countenance he saw
 So goodly grave, and full of princely Awe,
 That it his ranging Fancy did refrain,
 And looser Thoughts to lawful Bounds with-draw ;
 Whereby the Passion grew more fierce and fain,
 Like to a stubborn Steed whom strong Hand would restrain.

XXXIV.

But *Scudamore*, whose Heart 'twixt doubtful Fear
 And feeble Hope hung all this while suspense,
 Desiring of his *Amoret* to hear
 Some gladful News and sure Intelligence,
 Her thus bespake ; But, Sir, without Offence
 Mote I request you Tidings of my Love,
 My *Amoret*, sith you her freed from thence,
 Where she captived long, great Woes did prove ;
 That where ye left, I may her seek, as doth behove.

XXXV.

To whom thus *Britomart* ; Certes, Sir Knight,
 What is of her become, or whither rest,
 I cannot unto you aread aright.
 For from that time I from Enchaunter's Theft
 Her freed, in which ye her all hopeless left,
 I her preserv'd from Peril and from Fear,
 And evermore from Villany her kept :
 Ne ever was there Wight to me more dear
 Than she, ne unto whom I more true Love did bear

XXXVI.

Till on a day, as thro a Defart wild
 We travelled, both weary of the way,
 We did alight, and fate in Shadow mild ;
 Where fearless I to sleep me down did lay.
 But when-as I did out of Sleep abray,
 I found her not, where I her left whileare,
 But thought she wandred was, or gone astray.
 I call'd her loud, I fought her far and near ;
 But no where could her find, nor Tidings of her hear.

XXXVII.

When *Scudamore* those heavy Tidings heard,
 His Heart was thrill'd with point of deadly Fear ;
 Ne in his Face or Blood or Life appear'd,
 But senseless stood, like to a mazed Steer,
 That yet of mortal Stroke the Stound doth bear :
 Till *Glauce* thus ; Fair Sir, be nought dismay'd
 With needless Dread, till Certainty ye hear :
 For yet she may be safe, tho somewhat fray'd ;
 It's best to hope the best, tho of the worst afraid.

XXXVIII.

Nath'less, he hardly of her chearful Speech
 Did Comfort take, or in his troubled Sight
 Shew'd Change of better Chear : so sore a Breach
 That sudden News had made into his Spright ;
 Till *Britomart* him fairly thus behight ;
 Great cause of Sorrow, certes Sir ye have :
 But Comfort take ; for by this Heaven's Light
 I vow, you dead or living not to leave,
 Till I her find, and wreak on him that her did reave.

XXXIX.

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was.
 So Peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
 They took their Steeds, and forward thence did pass
 Unto some Resting-place which mote befall ;
 All being guided by Sir *Arthegal*.
 Where goodly Solace was unto them made,
 And daily feasting both in Bower and Hall,
 Until that they their Wounds well healed had,
 And weary Limbs recur'd, after late Usage bad.

XL.

In all which time, Sir *Arbegal* made way
 Unto the Love of noble *Britomart* :
 And with meek Service and much Suit did lay
 Continual Siege unto her gentle Heart ;
 Which being whilom launc'd with lovely Dart,
 More eath was new Impression to receive,
 However she her pain'd with womanish Art
 To hide her Wound, that none might it perceive :
 Vain is the Art that seeks it self for to deceive.

XLI.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
 With fair Entreaty and sweet Blandishment,
 That at the length unto a Bay he brought her,
 So as she to his Speeches was content
 To lend an Ear, and softly to relent :
 At last, thro many Vows which forth he pour'd,
 And many Oaths, she yielded her Consent
 To be his Love, and take him for her Lord,
 Till they with Marriage meet might finish that accord.

XLII.

Tho when they had long time there taken Rest,
 Sir *Arbegal* (who all this while was bound
 Upon an hard Adventure yet in quest)
 Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
 To follow that, which he did long propound ;
 And unto her his Congee came to take.
 But her therewith full fore displeas'd he found,
 And loth to leave her late betrothed Mate ;
 Her dearest Love full loth so shortly to forsake.

XLIII.

Yet he with strong Persuasions her assuag'd,
 And won her Will to suffer him depart ;
 For which his Faith with her he fast engag'd,
 And thousand Vows from bottom of his Heart,
 That all so soon as he by Wit or Art
 Could that atchieve, whereto he did aspire,
 He unto her would speedily revert :
 No longer Space thereto he did desire,
 But till the horned Moon three Courses did expire.

XLIV.

XLIV.

With which she for the present was appeas'd,
 And yielded Leave, however malecontent
 She inly were, and in her Mind displeas'd.
 So early on the morrow next he went
 Forth on his way, to which he was ybent ;
 Ne Wight him to attend, or way to guide,
 As whilom was the Custom antient
 'Mongst Knights, when on Adventures they did ride,
 Save that she algates him awhile accompany'd.

XLV.

And by the way, she fundry Purpose found
 Of this or that, the time for to delay,
 And of the Perils whereto he was bound,
 The Fear whereof seem'd much her to affray :
 But all she did was but to wear out Day.
 Full oftentimes she Leave of him did take ;
 And est again deviz'd somewhat to say,
 Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make :
 So loth she was his Company for to forsake.

XLVI.

At last, when all her Speeches she had spent,
 And new Occasion fail'd her more to find,
 She left him to his Fortune's Government,
 And back returned with right heavy Mind,
 To *Scudamore*, whom she had left behind :
 With whom she went to seek fair *Amoret*,
 Her second Care, tho in another kind ;
 For Vertue's only sake (which doth beget
 True Love and faithful Friendship) she by her did set.

XLVII.

Back to that desert Forest they retir'd,
 Where sorry *Britomart* had lost her late ;
 There they her sought, and every where enquir'd,
 Where they might Tidings get of her Estate :
 Yet found they none. But by what hapless Fate,
 Or hard Misfortune she was thence convey'd,
 And stoln away from her beloved Mate,
 Were long to tell ; therefore I here will stay
 Until another Tide, that I it finish may.

C A N T O



C A N T O VII.

Amoret, rap'd by greedy Lust,
 Belphebe saves from Dread:
 The Squire her loves, and being blam'd,
 His Days in Dole doth lead.

I.

G R E A T God of Love, that with thy cruel Darts
 Dost conquer greatest Conquerors on ground,
 And set'st thy Kingdom in the captive Hearts
 Of Kings and Cæsars to thy Service bound,
 What Glory, or what Guerdon hast thou found
 In feeble Ladies tyranning so fore ;
 And adding Anguish to the bitter Wound,
 With which their Lives thou launcedst long afore,
 By heaping Storms of Trouble on them daily more ?

II.

So whilom didst thou to fair *Florimel*,
 And so unto the noble *Britomart* :
 So dost thou now to her, of whom I tell,
 The lovely *Amoret* ; whose gentle Heart
 Thou martyrest with Sorrow and with Smart,
 In salvage Forests, and in Desarts wide,
 With Bears and Tygers taking heavy part,
 Withouten Comfort, and withouten Guide ;
 That pity is to hear the Perils which she try'd.

III.

So soon as she, with that brave *Britoness*,
 Had left that Turneyment for Beauty's Prize,
 They travel'd long ; that now for Weariness,
 Both of the way and warlike Exercise,
 Both thro a Forest riding, did devise
 T' alight, and rest their weary Limbs awhile.
 There heavy Sleep the Eye-lids did surprize
 Of *Britomart* after long tedious Toil,
 That did her passed Pains in quiet Rest assoil.

IV.

The whiles fair *Amoret* (of nought affeard)
 Walk'd thro the Wood for Pleasure, or for Need ;
 When suddenly behind her back she heard
 One rushing forth out of the thickest Weed :
 That e'er she back could turn to taken heed,
 Had unawares her snatched up from Ground.
 Feebly she shriek'd ; but so feebly indeed,
 That *Britomart* heard not the shrilling Sound,
 There where thro weary Travel she lay sleeping sound.

V.

It was to weet, a wild and salvage Man ;
 Yet was no Man, but only like in Shape,
 And eke in Stature higher by a Span,
 All over-grown with Hair, that could awhape
 An hardy Heart ; and his wide Mouth did gape
 With huge great Teeth, like to a tusked Boar :
 For he liv'd all on Ravin and on Rape
 Of Men and Beasts ; and fed on fleshly Gore,
 The Sign whereof yet stain'd his bloody Lips afore.

VI.

His neather Lip was not like Man nor Beast,
 But like a wide deep Poke, down hanging low,
 In which he wont the Relicks of his Feast
 And cruel Spoil, which he had spar'd, to stow :
 And over it his huge great Nose did grow,
 Full dreadfully empurpled all with Blood ;
 And down both Sides, two wide long Ears did glow,
 And raught down to his Waste, when up he stood,
 More great than th' Ears of Elephants by *Indus*' Flood.

VII.

His Waste was with a Wreath of Ivy green
 Engirt about, ne other Garment wore :
 For all his Hair was like a Garment seen ;
 And in his Hand a tall young Oak he bore,
 Whose knotty Snags were sharpen'd all afore,
 And beath'd in Fire for Steel to be in sted.
 But whence he was, or of what Womb ybore,
 Of Beasts, or of the Earth, I have not read :
 But certes was with Milk of Wolves and Tygers fed.

VIII.

This ugly Creature in his Arms her snatch'd,
 And thro the Forest bore her quite away,
 With Briars and Bushes all to rent and scratch'd;
 Ne Care he had, ne Pity of the Prey,
 Which many a Knight had fought so many a day.
 He stay'd not, but in his Arms her bearing,
 Ran till he came to th' end of all his way,
 Unto his Cave, far from all People's hearing,
 And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fearing.

IX.

For she (dear Lady) all the way was dead,
 Whilst he in Arms her bore; but when she felt
 Her self down sours'd, she waked out of Dread
 Strait into Grief, that her dear Heart nigh swelt,
 And est 'gan into tender Tears to melt.
 Then when she look'd about, and nothing found
 But Darknes and drad Horrour where she dwelt,
 She almost fell again into a Swound;
 Ne wist whether above she were, or under ground.

X.

With that, she heard some one close by her side
 Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the Pain
 Her tender Heart in pieces would divide:
 Which she long listning, softly ask'd again
 What mister Wight it was that so did plain?
 To whom thus answer'd was: Ah! wretched Wight,
 That seeks to know another's Grief in vain,
 Unweeting of thine own like hapless Plight:
 Self to forget to mind another, is ore-sight.

XI.

Ay me! said she, where am I, or with whom?
 Emong the Living, or emong the Dead?
 What shall of me, unhappy Maid! become?
 Shall Death be th' end, or ought else worse, aread.
 Unhappy Maid! then answer'd she, whose Dread
 Untry'd, is less than when thou shalt it try:
 Death is to him that wretched Life doth lead,
 Both Grace and Gain; but he in Hell doth lie,
 That lives a loathed Life, and wishing cannot die.

XII.

This dismal Day hath thee a Caitive made,
 And Vassal to the vilest Wretch alive ;
 Whose cursed Usage and ungodly Trade
 The Heavens abhor, and into Darkness drive :
 For on the Spoil of Women he doth live,
 Whose Bodies chaste, whenever in his pow'r
 He may them catch, unable to gain-strive,
 He with his shameful Lust doth first deflow'r,
 And afterwards themselves doth cruelly devour.

XIII.

Now twenty Days (by which the Sons of Men
 Divide their Works) have past thro Heaven sheen,
 Since I was brought into this doleful Den ;
 During which space, these fory Eyes have seen
 Seven Women by him slain, and eaten clean,
 And now no more for him but I alone,
 And this old Woman here remaining been,
 Till thou cam'st hither to augment our Moan ;
 And of us three, to morrow he will sure eat one.

XIV.

Ah ! dreadful Tidings which thou dost declare,
 Quoth she, of all that ever hath been known :
 Full many great Calamities and rare
 This feeble Breast endured hath, but none
 Equal to this, wherever I have gone.
 But what are you, whom like unlucky Lot
 Hath link'd with me in the same Chain attone ?
 To tell, quoth she, that which ye see, needs not ;
 A woeful wretched Maid, of God and Man forgot.

XV.

But what I was, it irks me to rehearse ;
 Daughter unto a Lord of high Degree,
 That joy'd in happy Peace, till Fates perverse
 With guileful Love did secretly agree,
 To overthrow my State and Dignity.
 It was my Lot to love a gentle Swain,
 Yet was he but a Squire of low Degree ;
 Yet was he meet, unless mine Eye did fain,
 By any Lady's Side for Leman to have lain,

XVI.

XVI.

But for his Meannesse and Disparagement,
 My Sire (who me too dearly well did love)
 Unto my Choice by no means would assent,
 But often did my Folly foul reprove.
 Yet nothing could my fixed Mind remove,
 But whether will'd or nill'd Friend or Foe,
 I me resolv'd the utmost End to prove ;
 And rather than my Love abandon so,
 Both Sire, and Friends, and all for ever to forgo.

XVII.

Thenceforth I sought by secret means to work
 Time to my Will ; and from his wrathful Sight
 To hide th' Intent, which in my Heart did lurk,
 Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
 So on a day, unweeting unto Wight,
 I with that Squire agreed away to flit,
 And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,
 Within a Grove appointed him to meet ;
 To which I boldly came upon my feeble Feet.

XVIII.

But ah ! unhappy Hour me thither brought :
 For in that place, where I him thought to find,
 There was I found, contrary to my Thought,
 Of this accursed Carle of hellish kind ;
 The Shame of Men, and Plague of Woman-kind :
 Who trussing me, as Eagle doth his Prey,
 Me hither brought with him, as swift as Wind,
 Where yet untouched till this present day,
 I rest his wretched Thrall, the sad *Æmylia*.

XIX.

Ah ! sad *Æmylia*, then said *Amoret*,
 Thy rueful Plight I pity as mine own.
 But read to me, by what Devise or Wit,
 Hast thou in all this time, from him unknown,
 Thine Honour sav'd, tho into Thraldom thrown ?
 Thro Help, quoth she, of this old Woman here
 I have so done, as she to me hath shown :
 For ever when he burnt in lustful Fire,
 She in my stead supply'd his bestial Desire.

XX.

Thus of their Evils as they did discourse,
 And each did other much bewail and moan ;
 Lo ! where the Villain self, their Sorrow's Source,
 Came to the Cave ; and rolling thence the Stone,
 Which went to stop the Mouth thereof, that none
 Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in ;
 And spreading over all the Floor alone,
 'Gan dight himself unto his wonted Sin :
 Which ended, then his bloody Banquet should begin.

XXI.

Which, when-as fearful *Amoret* perceiv'd,
 She staid not th' utmost End thereof to try,
 But like a gasty Gelt, whose Wits are reav'd,
 Ran forth in haste with hideous Outcry,
 For Horrour of his shameful Villany ;
 But after her full lightly he up-rose,
 And her pursu'd as fast as she did fly :
 Full fast she flies, and far afore him goes,
 Ne feels the Thorns and Thickets prick her tender Toes.

XXII.

Nor Hedg, nor Ditch, nor Hill, nor Dale she stays,
 But overleaps them all, like Roebuck light,
 And thro the Thickets makes her nighest ways ;
 And evermore, when with regardful Sight
 She looking back, espies that grieisly Wight
 Approaching nigh, she 'gins to mend her Pace,
 And makes her Fear a Spur to haste her Flight :
 More swift than *Myrrb'* or *Daphne* in her Race,
 Or any of the *Tbracian* Nymphs in salvage Chace.

XXIII.

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long ;
 Ne living Aid for her on Earth appears,
 But if the Heavens help to redress her Wrong,
 Moved with Pity of her plenteous Tears.
 It fortun'd *Belphaebe* with her Peers
 The woody Nymphs, and with that lovely Boy,
 Was hunting then the Libbards and the Bears
 In these wild Woods, as was her wonted Joy,
 To banish Sloth, that oft doth noble Minds annoy.

XXIV.

XXIV.

It so befel (as oft it falls in Chace)
 That each of them from other fundred were,
 And that same gentle Squire arriv'd in place
 Where this same cursed Caitive did appear,
 Pursuing that fair Lady full of Fear:
 And now he her quite over-taken had,
 And now he her away with him did bear
 Under his Arm, as seeming wondrous glad,
 That by his grinning Laughter mote far off be rad.

XXV.

Which drery Sight the gentle Squire espying,
 Doth haste to cross him by the nearest way,
 Led with that woeful Lady's piteous crying,
 And him assails with all the Might he may:
 Yet will not he the lovely Spoil down lay,
 But with his craggy Club in his right Hand,
 Defends himself, and saves his gotten Prey.
 Yet had it been right hard him to withstand,
 But that he was full light and nimble on the Land.

XXVI.

There-to the Villain used Craft in Fight;
 For ever when the Squire his Javelin shook,
 He held the Lady forth before him right,
 And with her Body, as a Buckler, broke
 The Puissance of his intended Stroke.
 And if it chaunc'd (as needs it must in Fight)
 Whilst he on him was greedy to be wroke,
 That any little Blow on her did light,
 Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great Delight.

XXVII.

Which subtile Slight did him encumber much,
 And made him oft, when he would strike, forbear;
 For hardly could he come the Carle to touch,
 But that he her must hurt, or hazard near:
 Yet he his Hand so carefully did bear,
 That at the last he did himself attain,
 And therein left the Pike-head of his Spear.
 A Stream of cole-black Blood thence gush'd amain,
 That all her silken Garments did with Blood bestain.

XXVIII.

With that, he threw her rudely on the Floor,
 And laying both his Hands upon his Glave,
 With dreadful Strokes let drive at him so sore,
 That forc'd him fly aback, himself to save:
 Yet he there-with so felly still did rave,
 That scarce the Squire his Hand could once up-rear,
 But (for Advantage) ground unto him gave,
 Tracing and traversing, now here, now there;
 For bootless thing it was to think such Blows to bear.

XXIX.

Whilst thus in Battel they embusy'd were,
Belphebe (raunging in that Forest wide)
 The hideous Noise of their huge Strokes did hear,
 And drew there-to, making her Ear her Guide.
 Whom when that Thief approaching nigh espy'd,
 With Bow in hand, and Arrows ready bent,
 He by his former Combat would not bide,
 But fled away, with ghastly Dreriment,
 Well knowing her to be his Death's sole Instrument.

XXX.

Whom seeing fly, she speedily pursu'd
 With winged Feet, as nimble as the Wind;
 And ever in her Bow she ready shew'd
 The Arrow, to his deadly Mark design'd:
 As when *Latona's* Daughter, cruel kind,
 In Vengement of her Mother's great Disgrace,
 With fell Despight her cruel Arrows tin'd
 'Gainst woeful *Niobe's* unhappy Race,
 That all the Gods did moan her miserable Case.

XXXI.

So well she sped her, and so fast she venter'd,
 That e'er unto his hellish Den he raught,
 Even as he ready was there to have enter'd,
 She sent an Arrow forth with mighty Draught,
 That in the very Door him over-caught,
 And in his Nape arriving, thro it thrill'd
 His greedy Throat, there-with in two distraught,
 That all his vital Spirits thereby spill'd,
 And all his hairy Breast with gory Blood was fill'd.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Whom, when on ground she groveling saw to roll,
 She ran in haste his Life to have bereft :
 But e'er she could him reach, the sinful Soul,
 Having his carion Corse quite senseless left,
 Was fled to Hell, furcharg'd with Spoil and Theft.
 Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
 And oft admir'd his monstrous Shape, and est
 His mighty Limbs, whilst all with filthy Blood
 The Place there overflown, seem'd like a sudden Flood.

XXXIII.

Thence-forth she past into his dreadful Den,
 Where nought but darksom Dreriness she found,
 Ne Creature saw, but harkned now and then
 Some little Whisp'ring, and soft groaning Sound.
 With that, she ask'd, what Ghosts there under ground
 Lay hid in Horrour of eternal Night ?
 And bade them, if so be they were not bound,
 To come and shew themselves before the Light,
 Now freed from Fear and Danger of that dismal Wight.

XXXIV.

Then forth the sad *Æmylia* issu'd,
 Yet trembling every Joint through former Fear ;
 And after her the Hag, there with her mew'd,
 A foul and loathsom Creature did appear ;
 A Leman fit for such a Lover dear.
 That mov'd *Belphebe* her no less to hate,
 Than for to rue the other's heavy Chear ;
 Of whom she 'gan enquire of her Estate :
 Who all to her at large, as happen'd, did relate.

XXXV.

Thence she them brought, toward the Place where late
 She left the gentle Squire with *Amoret* :
 There she him found by that new lovely Mate,
 Who lay the whiles in Swoun, full sadly set,
 From her fair Eyes wiping the dewy wet,
 Which softly still'd, and kissing them atween,
 And handling soft the Hurts which she did get.
 For of that Carle she sorely bruis'd had been,
 Als of his own rash Hand one Wound was to be seen.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Which when she saw, with sudden glauncing Eye,
 Her noble Heart with sight thereof was fill'd
 With deep Disdain, and great Indignity,
 That in her Wrath she thought them both have thrill'd
 With that self Arrow, which the Carle had kill'd:
 Yet held her wrathful Hand from Vengeance sore,
 But drawing nigh, e'er he her well beheld;
 Is this the Faith? she said, and said no more,
 But turn'd her Face, and fled away for evermore.

XXXVII.

He, seeing her depart, arose up light,
 Right sore agrieved at her sharp Reproof,
 And follow'd fast: but when he came in sight,
 He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloof,
 For Dread of her Displeasure's utmost Proof.
 And evermore, when he did Grace entreat,
 And framed Speeches fit for his Behoof,
 Her mortal Arrows she at him did threat,
 And forc'd him back with foul Dishonour to retreat:

XXXVIII.

At last, when long he follow'd had in vain,
 Yet found no Ease of Grief, nor Hope of Grace,
 Unto those Woods he turned back again,
 Full of sad Anguish, and in heavy Case:
 And finding there fit solitary Place
 For woeful Wight, chose out a gloomy Glade,
 Where hardly Eye mote see bright Heaven's Face
 For mossy Trees, which cover'd all with Shade
 And sad Melancholy: there he his Cabin made.

XXXIX.

His wonted war-like Weapons all he broke,
 And threw away, with vow to use no more,
 Ne thenceforth ever strike in Battel Stroke,
 Ne ever word to speak to Woman more;
 But in that Wilderness (of Men forlore,
 And of the wicked World forgotten quite)
 His hard Mishap in Dolour to deplore,
 And waste his wretched Days in woeful Plight;
 So on himself to wreak his Folly's own Despight.

XL.

And eke his Garment, to be thereto meet,
 He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
 And his fair Locks, that wont with Ointment sweet
 To be embalm'd, and sweat out dainty Dew,
 He let to grow, and griesly to concrew,
 Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and carelessly unshed;
 That in short time his Face they over-grew,
 And over all his Shoulders did dispred,
 That who he whilom was, uneth was to be read.

XLI.

There he continu'd in this careful Plight,
 Wretchedly wearing out his youthly Years,
 Thro wilful Penury consumed quite,
 That like a pined Ghost he soon appears.
 For other Food than that wild Forest bears,
 Ne other Drink there did he never taste
 Than running Water, temper'd with his Tears,
 The more his weaken'd body so to waste:
 That out of all Mens Knowledge he was worn at last.

XLII.

For on a day (by Fortune as it fell)
 His own dear Lord Prince *Arthur* came that way,
 Seeking Adventures where he mote hear tell;
 And as he thro the wandring Wood did stray,
 Having espy'd this Cabin far away,
 He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne:
 Weening therein some holy Hermit lay,
 That did Refort of sinful People shun;
 Or else some Wood-man shrouded there from scorching Sun.

XLIII.

Arriving there, he found this wretched Man,
 Spending his Days in Dolour and Despair;
 And thro long fasting woxen pale and wan,
 All over-grown with rude and rugged Hair;
 That albeit his own dear Squire he were,
 Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all;
 But like strange Wight, whom he had seen no where,
 Saluting him, 'gan into Speech to fall,
 And Pity much his Plight, that liv'd like out-cast Thrall.

XLIV.

XLIV.

But to his Speech he answered no whit,
 But stood still mute, as if he had been dumb,
 Ne Sign of Sense did shew, ne common Wit,
 As one with Grief and Anguish over-come,
 And unto every thing did answer Mum :
 And ever when the Prince unto him spake,
 He louted lowly, as did him become,
 And humble Homage did unto him make,
 Midst Sorrow shewing joyous Semblance for his sake.

XLV.

At which his uncouth Guise and Usage quaint,
 The Prince did wonder much, yet could not guess
 The Cause of that his sorrowful Constraint ;
 Yet ween'd by secret Signs of Manliness,
 Which close appear'd in that rude Brutishness,
 That he whilom some gentle Swain had been,
 Train'd up in Feats of Arms and Knightliness ;
 Which he observ'd, by that he him had seen
 To wield his naked Sword, and try the Edges keen,

XLVI.

And eke by that he saw on every Tree,
 How he the Name of one engraven had,
 Which likely was his liefest Love to be,
 For whom he now so sorely was bestad ;
 Which was by him *BELPHOEBE* rightly rad.
 Yet who was that *Belphebe*, he ne wist ;
 Yet saw he often how he wexed glad,
 When he it heard, and how the Ground he kiss'd,
 Wherein it written was, and how himself he bliss.

XLVII.

Tho when he long had marked his Demeanor,
 And saw that all he said and did, was vain,
 Ne ought mote make him change his wonted Tenor,
 Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his Pain,
 He left him there in Langour to remain,
 Till time for him should Remedy provide,
 And him restore to former Grace again.
 Which, for it is too long here to abide,
 I will defer the End until another Tide.

CANTO



C A N T O VIII.

*The gentle Squire recovers Grace ;
Slauder her Guests doth stain :
Corflambo chaseth Placidus,
And is by Arthur slain.*

I.

WELL said the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this,
Which to this gentle Squire did happen late ;
That the Displeasure of the Mighty is
Than Death it self more drad and desperate :
For nought the same may calm, ne mitigate,
Till Time the Tempest do thereof delay
With Suff'rance soft, which Rigour can abate,
And have the stern Remembrance wip'd away
Of bitter Thoughts, which deep therein infix'd lay,

II.

Like as it fell to this unhappy Boy,
Whose tender Heart the fair *Belphaebe* had
With one stern Look so daunted, that no Joy
In all his Life, which afterwards he had,
He ever tasted ; but with Penance sad,
And pensivè Sorrow, pin'd and wore away,
Ne ever laugh'd, ne once shew'd Countenance glad,
But always wept and wailed night and day ;
As blasted Blosm thro Heat doth languish and decay.

III.

Till on a day (as in his wonted wise
His Dole he made) there chaunc'd a Turtle-Dove
To come, where he his Dolours did devise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest Love ;
Which Loss her made like Passion also prove.
Who seeing his sad Plight, her tender Heart
With dear Compassion deeply did emmove,
That she 'gan moan his undeserved Smart,
And with her doleful Accent bear with him a part,

IV.

IV.

She sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
 Her mournful Notes full piteously did frame,
 And thereof made a lamentable Lay,
 So sensibly compil'd, that in the same
 Him seemed oft he heard his own right Name.
 With that, he forth would pour so plenteous Tears,
 And beat his Breast unworthy of such Blame,
 And knock his Head, and rend his rugged Hairs,
 That could have pierc'd the Hearts of Tygers and of Bears.

V.

Thus long this gentle Bird to him did use,
 Withouten Dread of Peril to repair
 Unto his Wonne; and with her mournful Muse
 Him to recomfort in his greatest Care,
 That much did ease his Mourning and Misfare:
 And every day, for Guerdon of her Song,
 He part of his small Feast to her would share;
 That at the last, of all his Woe and Wrong
 Companion she became, and so continu'd long.

VI.

Upon a day, as she him sat beside,
 By chance he certain Miniments forth drew,
 Which yet with him as Reliques did abide
 Of all the Bounty, which *Belphebe* threw
 On him, whilst goodly Grace she did him shew:
 Amongst the rest, a Jewel rich he found,
 That was a Ruby of Right perfect Hue,
 Shap'd like a Heart, yet bleeding of the Wound,
 And with a little golden Chain about it bound.

VII.

The same he took, and with a Ribband new
 (In which his Lady's Colours were) did bind
 About the Turtle's Neck, that with the View
 Did greatly solace his engrieved Mind.
 All unawares the Bird, when she did find
 Her self so deck'd, her nimble Wings display'd,
 And flew away as lightly as the Wind:
 Which sudden Accident him much dismay'd,
 And looking after long, did mark which way she stray'd.

VIII.

VIII.

But when as long he looked had in vain,
 Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
 His weary Eye return'd to him again,
 Full of Discomfort and disquiet Plight,
 That both his Jewel he had lost so light,
 And eke his dear Companion of his Care.
 But that sweet Bird departing, flew forth right
 Thro the wide Region of the wasteful Air,
 Until she came where wonned his *Belphebe* fair.

IX.

There found she her (as then it did betide)
 Sitting in covert Shade of Arbours sweet,
 After late weary Toil, which she had try'd
 In salvage Chace, to rest as seem'd her meet.
 There she alighting, fell before her feet,
 And 'gan to her, her mournful Plaint to make,
 As was her wont: thinking to let her weet
 The great tormenting grief, that for her sake
 Her gentle Squire thro her Displeasure did partake.

X.

She her beholding with attentive Eye,
 At length did mark about her purple Breast
 That precious Jewel, which she formerly
 Had known right well, with colour'd Ribband dres'd:
 There-with she rose in haste, and her address'd
 With ready hand it to have rest away.
 But the swift Bird obey'd not her behest,
 But swarv'd aside, and there again did stay;
 She follow'd her, and thought again it to assay.

XI.

And ever when she nigh approach'd, the Dove
 Would flit a little forward, and then stay
 Till she drew near, and then again remove;
 So tempting her still to pursue the Prey,
 And still from her escaping soft away:
 Till that at length into that Forest wide
 She drew her far, and led with slow Delay.
 In th' end, she her unto that place did guide,
 Where-as that woeful Man in Languor did abide.

XII.

Eftsoons she flew unto his fearless Hand,
 And there a piteous Ditty new deviz'd,
 As if she would have made him understand,
 His Sorrow's Cause to be of her despis'd.
 Whom when she saw in wretched Weeds disguis'd,
 With heary Glib deform'd, and meager Face,
 Like Ghost late risen from his Grave agriz'd,
 She knew him not, but pitied much his Case,
 And wish'd it were in her to do him any Grace.

XIII.

He her beholding, at her feet down fell,
 And kiss'd the Ground on which her Sole did tread,
 And wash'd the same with Water, which did well
 From his moist Eyes, and like two Streams proceed ;
 Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
 What mister Wight he was, or what he meant :
 But as one daunted with her Presence dread,
 Only few rueful Looks unto her sent,
 As Messengers of his true Meaning and Intent.

XIV.

Yet nathemore, his Meaning she ared
 But wonder'd much at his so selcouth Case ;
 And by his Person's secret Seemlihed
 Well ween'd, that he had been some Man of Place,
 Before Misfortune did his Hue deface :
 That being mov'd with Ruth, she thus bespake ;
 Ah ! woeful Man, what Heaven's hard Disgrace,
 Or Wrath of cruel Wight on thee ywrake,
 Or self-disliked Life, doth thee thus wretched make ?

XV.

If Heaven, then none may it redress or blame,
 Sith to his Power we all are subject born :
 If wrathful Wight, then foul Rebuke and Shame
 Be theirs, that have so cruel thee forlorn :
 But if thro inward Grief, or wilful Scorn,
 Of Life it be, then better do advise.
 For he whose Days in wilful Woe are worn,
 The Grace of his Creator doth despise,
 That will not use his Gifts for thankless Nigardise.

XVI.

XVI.

When-so he heard her say, eftsoons he brake
 His sudden Silence, which he long had pent,
 And sighing inly deep, her thus bespake ;
 Then have they all themselves against me bent :
 For Heav'n (first Author of my Languishment)
 Envyng my too great Felicity,
 Did closely with a cruel one consent,
 To cloud my Days in doleful Misery,
 And make me loath this Life, still longing for to die.

XVII.

Ne any but your self, O dearest Dred !
 Hath done this Wrong ; to wreak on worthless Wight
 Your high Displeasure, thro misdeeming bred :
 That when your Pleasure is to deem aright,
 Ye may redress, and me restore to Light.
 Which sorry Words, her mighty Heart did mate
 With mild Regard, to see his rueful Plight,
 That her in-burning Wrath she 'gan abate,
 And him receiv'd again to former Favour's state.

XVIII.

In which he long time afterwards did lead
 An happy Life, with Grace and good Accord ;
 Fearless of Fortune's Change, or Envy's Dread,
 And eke all mindless of his own dear Lord
 The noble Prince, who never heard one word
 Of Tidings, what did unto him betide,
 Or what good Fortune did to him afford ;
 But thro the endless World did wander wide,
 Him seeking evermore, yet no where him descry'd.

XIX.

Till on a day, as thro that Wood he rode,
 He chaunc'd to come where those two Ladies late,
Æmylia and *Amoret* abode,
 Both in full sad and sorrowful Estate ;
 The one right feeble, thro the evil Rate
 Of Food, which in her Durefs she had found :
 The other, almost dead and desperate
 Thro her late Hurts, and thro that hapless Wound,
 With which the Squire, in her Defence, her fore astound.

XX.

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rue
 The evil Case in which those Ladies lay ;
 But most was moved at the piteous View
 Of *Amoret*, so near unto decay,
 That her great Danger did him much dismay.
 Eftsoons that precious Liquor forth he drew,
 Which he in store about him kept alway,
 And with few Drops thereof did softly dew
 Her Wounds, that unto Strength restor'd her soon anew.

XXI.

Tho when they both recover'd were right well,
 He 'gan of them enquire, what evil Guide
 Them thither brought ; and how their Harms besel.
 To whom they told all that did them betide,
 And how from Thraldom vile they were untide
 Of that same wicked Carle, by Virgin's Hond ;
 Whose bloody Corse they shew'd him there beside,
 And eke his Cave, in which they both were bond :
 At which he wonder'd much, when all those Signs he fond.

XXII.

And evermore he greatly did desire
 To know, what Virgin did them thence unbind ;
 And oft of them did earnestly enquire,
 Where was her Wonne, and how he mote her find.
 But when-as nought according to his Mind
 He could out-learn, he them from Ground did rear
 (No Service loathsom to a gentle Kind)
 And on his warlike Beast them both did bear,
 Himself by them on foot, to succour them from Fear.

XXIII.

So when that Forest they had passed well,
 A little Cottage far away they spy'd,
 To which they drew, e'er Night upon them fell ;
 And entring in, found none therein abide,
 But one old Woman sitting there beside,
 Upon the Ground in ragged rude Attire,
 With filthy Locks about her scatter'd wide,
 Gnawing her Nails for Felness, and for Ire,
 And there-out sucking Venom to her Parts entire.

XXIV.

XXIV.

A foul and loathly Creature sure in Sight,
 And in Conditions to be loath'd no less :
 For she was stuf't with Rancour and Despight
 Up to the Throat ; that oft with Bitterness
 It forth would break, and gush in great Excess,
 Pouring out Streams of Poison and of Gall,
 'Gainst all that Truth or Vertue do profess ;
 Whom she with Leafings leudly did miscall,
 And wickedly back-bite : Her Name Men *Slaunder* call.

XXV.

Her Nature is, all Goodness to abuse,
 And causeless Crimes continually to frame :
 With which she guiltless Persons may accuse,
 And steal away the Crown of their good Name :
 Ne ever Knight so bold, ne ever Dame
 So chaste and loyal liv'd, but she would strive
 With forged Cause them falsely to defame ;
 Ne ever thing so well was doen alive,
 But she with Blame would blot, and of due Praise deprive.

XXVI.

Her Words were not as common Words are meant,
 T' express the Meaning of the inward Mind ;
 But noisom Breath, and poisonous Spirit sent
 From inward Parts, with canker'd Malice lin'd,
 And breathed forth with Blast of bitter Wind ;
 Which, passing thro the Ears, would pierce the Heart,
 And wound the Soul it self with Grief unkind :
 For like the Stings of Asps, that kill with Smart,
 Her spiteful Words did prick, and wound the inner Part.

XXVII.

Such was that Hag, unmeet to host such Guests,
 Whom greatest Prince's Court would welcome fain ;
 But Need (that answers not to all Requests)
 Bade them not look for better Entertain ;
 And eke that Age despis'd Niceness vain,
 Enur'd to Hardness and to homely Fare,
 Which them to warlike Discipline did train,
 And manly Limbs endur'd with little Care,
 Against all hard Mishaps, and fortuneless Misfare.

XXVIII.

Then all that Evening (welcomed with cold
 And chearless Hunger) they together spent :
 Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did scold
 And rail at them with grudgful Discontent,
 For lodging there without her own Consent ;
 Yet they endured all with Patience mild,
 And unto rest themselves all only lent,
 Regardless of that Quean so base and vild,
 To be unjustly blam'd, and bitterly revil'd.

XXIX.

Here well I ween, when-as these Rimes be read
 With Mis-regard, that some rash-witted Wight,
 Whose looser Thought will lightly be misled,
 These gentle Ladies will misdeem too light,
 For thus conversing with this noble Knight ;
 Sith now-a-days such Temperance is rare
 And hard to find, that Heat of youthful Spright
 For ought will from his greedy Pleasure spare,
 More hard for hungry Steed t'abstain from pleasant Lare.

XXX.

But antique Age, yet in the Infancy
 Of Time, did live then like an Innocent,
 In simple Truth and blameless Chastity,
 Ne then of Guile had made experiment ;
 But void of vile and treacherous Intent,
 Held Vertue for it self in sovereign Awe :
 Then loyal Love had royal Regiment,
 And each unto his Lust did make a Law,
 From all forbidden things his Liking to withdraw.

XXXI.

The Lion there did with the Lamb consort,
 And eke the Dove sate by the Faulcon's side ;
 Ne each of other feared Fraud or Tort,
 But did in safe Security abide,
 Withouten Peril of the stronger Pride :
 But when the World woxe old, it woxe warre old
 (Whereof it hight) and having shortly try'd
 The Trains of Wit, in Wickedness woxe bold,
 And dared of all Sins the Secrets to unfold.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Then Beauty, which was made to represent
 The great Creator's own Resemblance bright,
 Unto Abuse of lawless Lust was lent,
 And made the Bait of bestial Delight :
 Then fair grew foul, and foul grew fair in sight ;
 And that which went to vanquish God and Man,
 Was made the Vassal of the Victor's Might ;
 Then did her glorious Flower wax dead and wan,
 Despis'd and trodden down of all that over-ran.

XXXIII.

And now it is so utterly decay'd,
 That any Bud thereof doth scarce remain ;
 But if few Plants (preserv'd through heavenly Aid)
 In Prince's Court do hap to sprout again,
 Dew'd with her Drops of Bounty sovereign,
 Which from that goodly glorious Flower proceed,
 Sprung of the auntient Stock of Prince's Strain,
 Now th' only Remnant of that royal Breed,
 Whose noble Kind at first was sure of heavenly Seed.

XXXIV.

The soon as Day discover'd Heaven's Face,
 To sinful Men with Darkness over-dight,
 This gentle Crew 'gan from their Eye-lids chace
 The drousy Humour of the dampish Night,
 And did themselves unto their Journey dight.
 So forth they yode, and forward softly pac'd,
 That them to view had been an uncouth Sight ;
 How all the way the Prince on Foot-pace trac'd,
 The Ladies both on Horse, together fast embrac'd.

XXXV.

Soon as they thence departed were afore,
 That shameful Hag (the Slaunder of her Sex)
 Them follow'd fast, and them reviled sore,
 Him calling Thief, them Whores ; that much did vex
 His noble Heart : thereto she did annex
 False Crimes and Facts, such as they never meant,
 That those two Ladies much asham'd did wax :
 The more did she pursue her leud Intent,
 And rail'd and rag'd, till she had all her Poison spent.

XXXVI.



XXXVI.

At last, when they were pass'd out of fight,
 Yet she did not her spiteful Speech forbear,
 But after them did bark, and still back-bite,
 Tho' there were none her hateful Words to hear:
 Like as a Cur doth felly bite and tear
 The Stone, which pass'd Stranger at him threw;
 So she them seeing past the reach of Ear,
 Against the Stones and Trees did rail anew,
 Till she had dull'd the Sting, which in her Tongue's end

XXXVII.

(grew.

They, passing forth, kept on their ready way,
 With easy Steps so soft as Foot could stride,
 Both for great Feeblers, which did oft assay
 Fair *Amoret*, that scarcely she could ride;
 And eke thro' heavy Arms, which sore annoy'd
 The Prince on foot, not wonted so to fare:
 Whose stiddy Hand was fain his Steed to guide,
 And all the way from trotting hard to spare,
 So was his Toil the more, the more that was his Care.

XXXVIII.

At length they spy'd, where towards them with speed
 A Squire came galloping, as he would fly;
 Bearing a little Dwarf before his Steed,
 That all the way full loud for Aid did cry,
 That seem'd his Shrieks would rend the brazen Sky:
 Whom after did a mighty Man pursue,
 Riding upon a Dromedare on high,
 Of Stature huge, and horrible of Hue,
 That would have maz'd a Man his dreadful Face to view.

XXXIX.

For from his fearful Eyes two fiery Beams,
 More sharp than Points of Needles did proceed,
 Shooting forth far away two flaming Streams,
 Full of sad Power, that poisonous Bale did breed,
 To all, that on him look'd without good heed,
 And secretly his Enemies did slay:
 Like as the Basilisk, of Serpent's Seed,
 From powerful Eyes close Venom doth convey
 Into the Looker's Heart, and killeth far away.

XL.

XL.

He all the way did rage at that same Squire,
 And after him full many Threatnings threw,
 With Curses vain in his avengeful Ire :
 But none of them (so fast away he flew)
 Him over-took, before he came in view.
 Where, when he saw the Prince in Armour bright,
 He call'd to him aloud, his Case to rue,
 And rescue him thro Succour of his Might,
 From that his cruel Foe, that him pursu'd in fight.

XLI.

Eftsoons the Prince took down those Ladies twain
 From lofty Steed, and mounting in their stead,
 Came to that Squire, yet trembling every Vein :
 Of whom he 'gan enquire his Cause of Dread :
 Who, as he 'gan the same to him ahead,
 Lo! hard behind his back his Foe was press'd,
 With dreadful Weapon aimed at his Head ;
 That unto Death had doen him unredress'd,
 Had not the noble Prince his ready Stroke repress'd.

XLII.

Who, thrusting boldly 'twixt him and the Blow,
 The Burden of the deadly Brunt did bear
 Upon his Shield ; which lightly he did throw
 Over his Head, before the Harm came near.
 Nath'less, it fell with so despiteous Drear
 And heavy Sway, that hard unto his Crown
 The Shield it drove, and did the Covering rear :
 Therewith both Squire and Dwarf did tumble down
 Unto the Earth, and lay long while in senseless Swoun.

XLIII.

Whereat, the Prince full wroth, his strong right Hand
 In full Avengement heaved up on high,
 And strook the Pagan with his steely Brand
 So fore, that to his Saddle-bow thereby
 He bowed low, and so awhile did lie :
 And sure, had not his massy Iron Mace
 Betwixt him and his Hurt been happily,
 It would have cleft him to the girding Place :
 Yet as it was, it did astonish him long space.

XLIV.

XLIV.

But when he to himself return'd again,
 All full of Rage he 'gan to curse and swear ;
 And vow by *Maboune* that he should be slain.
 With that, his murderous Mace he up did rear,
 That seem'd nought the Soufe thereof could bear.
 And therewith smote at him with all his Might.
 But e'er that it to him approached near,
 The royal Child, with ready quick Fore-fight,
 Did shun the Proof thereof, and it avoided light.

XLV.

But e'er his Hand he could recure again,
 To ward his Body from the baleful Stound,
 He smote at him with all his might and main
 So furiously, that e'er he wist, he found
 His Head before him tumbling on the ground.
 The whiles his babbling Tongue did yet blaspheme
 And curse his God, that did him so confound ;
 The whiles his Life ran forth in bloody Stream,
 His Soul descended down into the *Stygian* Rea'm.

XLVI.

Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe full glad
 To see his Foe breathe out his Spright in vain :
 But that same Dwarf right sorry seem'd and sad,
 And howl'd aloud to see his Lord there slain,
 And rent his Hair, and scratch'd his Face for pain.
 Then 'gan the Prince at leisure to enquire
 Of all the Accident, there hapned plain,
 And what he was, whose Eyes did flame with Fire :
 All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

XLVII.

This mighty Man, quoth he, whom you have slain,
 Of an huge Giantes whilom was bred ;
 And by his Strength, Rule to himself did gain
 Of many Nations into Thraldom led,
 And mighty Kingdoms of his Force adred ;
 Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloody Fight,
 Ne Hosts of Men with Banners brode dispred,
 But by the Power of his infectious Sight,
 With which he killed all that came within his Might.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Ne was he ever vanquished afore,
 But ever vanquish'd all with whom he fought;
 Ne was there Man so strong but he down bore,
 Ne Woman yet so fair, but he her brought
 Unto his Bay, and captived her Thought.
 For most of Strength and Beauty his Desire
 Was Spoil to make, and waste them unto nought,
 By casting secret Flakes of lustful Fire
 From his false Eyes, into their Hearts and Parts entire.

XLIX.

Therefore *Corflambo* was he call'd aright,
 Tho nameless there his Body now doth lie,
 Yet hath he left one Daughter, that is hight
 The fair *Pæana*; who seems outwardly
 So fair, as ever yet saw living Eye:
 And were her Vertue like her Beauty bright,
 She were as fair as any under Sky.
 But (ah!) she given is to vain Delight,
 And eke too loose of Life, and eke of Love too light.

L.

So as it fell, there was a gentle Squire,
 That lov'd a Lady of high Parentage;
 But for his mean Degree might not aspire
 To match so high: her Friends with Counsel sage,
 Dissuaded her from such a Disparage.
 But she, whose Heart to Love was wholly lent,
 Out of his Hands could not redeem her Gage,
 But firmly following her first Intent,
 Resolv'd with him to wend, 'gainst all her Friends Consent.

LI.

So 'twixt themselves they 'pointed Time and Place:
 To which, when he according did repair,
 An hard Mishap and disadventrous Case
 Him chaunc'd; instead of his *Æmylia* fair,
 This Giant's Son, that lies there on the Laire
 An headless Heap, him unawares there caught;
 And all dismay'd thro merciless Despair,
 Him wretched Thrall unto his Dungeon brought,
 Where he remains, of all unsuccour'd and unsought.

LII.

LII.

This Giant's Daughter came upon a day
 Unto the Prison in her joyous Glee,
 To view the Thralls which there in Bondage lay :
 Amongst the rest she chanced there to see
 This lovely Swain, the Squire of low degree ;
 To whom she did her Liking lightly cast,
 And wooed him her Paramour to be :
 From day to day she woo'd and pray'd him fast,
 And for his Love, him promis'd Liberty at last.

LIII.

He, tho' affide unto a former Love,
 To whom his Faith he firmly meant to hold,
 Yet seeing not how thence he mote remove,
 But by that means, which Fortune did unfold,
 Her graunted Love, but with Affection cold,
 To win her Grace his Liberty to get.
 Yet she him still detains in captive Hold ;
 Fearing lest if she should him freely set,
 He would her shortly leave, and former Love forget.

LIV.

Yet so much Favour she to him hath hight
 Above the rest, that he sometimes may space
 And walk about her Gardens of Delight,
 Having a Keeper still with him in place ;
 Which Keeper is this Dwarf, her Darling base,
 To whom the Keys of every Prison-door
 By her committed be, of special Grace,
 And at his Will may whom he list restore,
 And whom he list reserve, to be afflicted more.

LV.

Whereof when Tidings came unto mine Ear
 (Full inly sorry for the fervent Zeal,
 Which I to him as to my Soul did bear)
 I thither went ; where I did long conceal
 My self, till that the Dwarf did me reveal,
 And told his Dame, her Squire of low degree
 Did secretly out of her Prison steal ;
 For me he did mistake that Squire to be :
 For never two so like did living Creature see.

LVI.

LVI.

Then was I taken, and before her brought :
 Who, thro the Likeness of my outward Hue,
 Being likewise beguiled in her Thought,
 'Gan blame me much for being so untrue,
 To seek by Flight her Fellowship t'eschew,
 That lov'd me dear, as dearest thing alive.
 Thence she commaunded me to Prison new ;
 Whereof I glad, did not gain-say nor strive,
 But suffer'd that same Dwarf me to her Dungeon drive.

LVII.

There did I find mine only faithful Friend
 In heavy Plight and sad Perplexity ;
 Whereof I sorry, yet my self did bend,
 Him to recomfort with my Company.
 But him the more agriev'd I found thereby :
 For all his Joy, he said, in that Distress,
 Was mine and his *Æmylia's* Liberty.
Æmylia well he lov'd, as I mote guess ;
 Yet greater Love to me than her he did profess.

LVIII.

But I with better Reason him aviz'd,
 And shew'd him, how thro Error and Misthought
 Of our like Persons eath to be disguiz'd,
 Or his Exchange, or Freedom might be wrought.
 Whereto full loth was he, ne would for ought
 Consent that I, who stood all fearless free,
 Should wilfully be into Thraldom brought,
 Till Fortune did perforce it so decree :
 Yet over-rul'd at last, he did to me agree.

LIX.

The morrow next, about the wonted hour,
 The Dwarf call'd at the Door of *Amyas*,
 To come forth-with unto his Lady's Bower.
 Instead of whom, forth came I *Placidus*,
 And undiscerned, forth with him did pass.
 There, with great Joyance, and with gladfom Glee,
 Of fair *Pæana* I received was,
 And oft embrac'd, as if that I were he,
 And with kind Words accoy'd, vowing great Love to me.

LX.

Which I, that was not bent to former Love,
 As was my Friend, that had her long refus'd,
 Did well accept, as well it did behove,
 And to the present Need it wisely us'd.
 My former Hardness, first I fair excus'd;
 And after promis'd large Amends to make.
 With such smooth Terms her Error I abus'd,
 To my Friend's good, more than for mine own sake,
 For whose sole Liberty I Love and Life did stake.

LXI.

Thenceforth I found more Favour at her hand;
 That to her Dwarf, which had me in his Charge,
 She bade to lighten my too heavy Band,
 And graunt more Scope to me to walk at large.
 So on a day, as by the flowry Marge
 Of a fresh Stream I with that Elf did play,
 Finding no means how I might us enlarge,
 But if that Dwarf I could with me convey,
 I lightly snatch'd him up, and with me bore away.

LXII.

Thereat he shriek'd aloud, that with his Cry
 The Tyrant self came forth with yelling Bray,
 And me pursu'd; but nathemore would I
 Forgo the Purchase of my gotten Prey,
 But have perforce him hither brought away.
 Thus as they talked, lo! where nigh at hand
 Those Ladies two (yet doubtful thro Dismay)
 In Presence came, desirous t' understand
 Tidings of all which there had hapned on the Land.

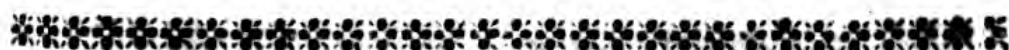
LXIII.

Where, soon as sad *Æmylia* did espy
 Her captive Lover's Friend, young *Placidus*;
 All mindless of her wanted Modesty,
 She to him ran, and him with strait Embrace
 Enfolded, And lives yet *Amyas*?
 He lives, quoth he, and his *Æmylia* loves.
 Then less, said she, by all the Woe I pass,
 With which my weaker Patience Fortune proves.
 But what Mishap thus long him from my self removes?

LXIV.

LXIV.

Then 'gan he all this Story to renew,
 And tell the Course of his Captivity ;
 That her dear Heart full deeply made to rue,
 And sigh full sore to hear the Misery,
 In which so long he merciless did lie.
 Then after many Tears and Sorrows spent,
 She dear besought the Prince of Remedy :
 Who thereto did with ready Will consent,
 And well perform'd, as shall appear by his Event.



CANTO IX.

*The Squire of low Degree, releas'd,
 Pœana takes to Wife :
 Britomart fights with many Knights,
 Prince Arthur stints their Strife.*

I.

HARD is the Doubt, and difficult to deem,
 When all three kinds of Love together meet,
 And do dispart the Heart with Pow'r extreme,
 Whether shall weigh the Ballance down ; to weet,
 The dear Affection unto Kindred sweet,
 Or raging Fire of Love to Woman-kind,
 Or Zeal of Friends combin'd with Vertues meet.
 But of them all, the Band of virtuous Mind
 Me seems the gentle Heart should most assured bind.

II.

For natural Affection soon doth cease,
 And quenched is with Cupid's greater Flame :
 But faithful Friendship doth them both supersede,
 And them with maistring Discipline doth tame,
 Thro Thoughts aspiring to eternal Fame.
 For as the Soul doth rule the earthly Mass,
 And all the Service of the Body frame ;
 So Love of Soul doth Love of Body pass,
 No less than perfect Gold surmounts the meanest Brass.

III.

All which who list by Trial to assay,
 Shall in this Story find approved plain ;
 In which this Squire's true Friendship more did sway,
 Than either Care of Parents could refrain,
 Or Love of fairest Lady could constrain.
 For tho *Pæana* were as fair as Morn,
 Yet did this trusty Squire with proud Disdain,
 For his Friend's sake her offer'd Favours scorn,
 And she her self her Sire, of whom she was yborn.

IV.

Now after that Prince *Arthur* graunted had,
 To yield strong Succour to that gentle Swain,
 Who now long time had lyen in Prison sad,
 He 'gan advise how best he mcte darrain
 That Enterprize, for greatest Glory's Gain.
 That headless Tyrant's Trunk he rear'd from ground,
 And having ympt the Head to it again,
 Upon his usual Beast it firmly bound,
 And made it so to ride, as it alive was found.

V.

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and laid
 Before the Rider, as he captive were,
 And made his Dwarf (tho with unwilling Aid)
 To guide the Beast, that did his Master bear,
 Till to his Castle they approached near.
 Whom, when the Watch, that kept continual Ward,
 Saw coming home ; all void of doubtful Fear,
 He running down, the Gate to him unbar'd ;
 Whom strait the Prince ensuing, in together far'd.

VI.

There he did find in her delicious Bow'r,
 The fair *Pæana* playing on a Rote,
 Complaining of her cruel Paramour,
 And singing all her Sorrow to the Note,
 As she had learned readily by rote ;
 That with the Sweetness of her rare Delight,
 The Prince half rapt, began on her to dote :
 Till better him bethinking of the Right,
 He her unwares attach'd, and captive held by might.

VII.

VII.

Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceiv'd
 Her own dear Sire, she call'd to him for Aid.
 But when of him no Answer she perceiv'd,
 But saw him senseless by the Squire up-staid,
 She weened well, that then she was betray'd:
 Then 'gan she loudly cry, and weep and waile,
 And that same Squire of Treason to upbraid.
 But all in vain, her Plaints might not prevaile.
 Ne none there was to rescue her, ne none to baile.

VIII.

Then took he that same Dwarf, and him compel'd
 To open unto him the Prison-door,
 And forth to bring those Thralls which there he held
 Thenceforth were brought to him about a score
 Of Knights and Squires to him unknown afore:
 All which he did from bitter Bondage free,
 And unto former Liberty restore.
 Amongst the rest, that Squire of low degree
 Came forth full weak and and wan, not like himself to be.

IX.

Whom soon as fair *Æmylia* beheld,
 And *Placidus*, they both unto him ran,
 And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
 Striving to comfort him all that they can,
 And kissing oft his Visage pale and wan:
 That fair *Pæana* them beholding both,
 'Gan both envy and bitterly to ban;
 Through jealous Passion weeping inly wroth,
 To see the Sight perforce, that both her Eyes were loth.

X.

But when awhile they had together been,
 And diversly conferred of their Case;
 She, though full oft she both of them had seen
 Asunder, yet not ever in one Place,
 Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
 Which was the captive Squire she lov'd so dear,
 Deceived through great likeness of their Face.
 For they so like in Person did appear,
 That she unceath discerned, whether whether were.

XI.

And eke the Prince, when as he them aviz'd,
 Their like Resemblance much admired there,
 And maz'd how Nature had so well disguiz'd
 Her Work, and counterfeit herself so near,
 As if that by one Pattern seen somewhere,
 She had them made a Paragone to be ;
 Or, whether it through Skill, or Error were.
 Thus gazing long, at them much wondred he,
 So did the other Knights and Squires, which them did see.

XII.

Then 'gan they ransack that same Castle strong,
 In which he found great store of hoorded Treasure ;
 The which, that Tyrant gather'd had by Wrong
 And tortious Pow'r, without respect or measure.
 Upon all which the *Briton* Prince made seisure,
 And afterwards continu'd there awhile,
 To rest himself, and solace in soft Pleasure
 Those weaker Ladies after weary Toil ;
 To whom he did divide Part of his purchas'd Spoil.

XIII.

And for more Joy, that captive Lady fair,
 The fair *Pæana* he enlarged free ;
 And by the rest did set in sumptuous Chair,
 To feast and frolick ; nathemore would she
 Shew gladsome Countenance nor pleasant Glee ;
 But grieved was for Loss both of her Sire,
 And eke of Lordship, with both Land and Fee ;
 But most she touched was with Grief entire,
 For loss of her new Love, the Hope of her Desire.

XIV.

But her the Prince, through his well-wonted Grace,
 To better Terms of Mildness did intreat,
 From that foul Rudeness, which did her deface ;
 And that same bitter Cor'sive, which did eat
 Her tender Heart, and made refrain from Meat,
 He with good Thews and Speeches well apply'd,
 Did mollify, and calm her raging Heat.
 For though she were most fair, and goodly dide,
 Yet she it all did mar with Cruelty and Pride.

XV.

XV.

And for to shut up all in friendly Love,
 Sith Love was first the ground of all her Grief,
 That trusty Squire he wisely well did move
 Not to despise that Dame, which lov'd him lief;
 Till he had made of her some better prief,
 But to accept her to his wedded Wife.
 Thereto he offer'd for to make him chief
 Of all her Land and Lordship during Life:
 He yielded, and her took; so stinted all their Strife.

XVI.

From that day forth, in Peace and joyous Blifs,
 They liv'd together long without Debate:
 Ne private Jar, ne Spite of Enemis
 Could shake the safe assurance of their state.
 And she whom Nature did so fair create,
 That she mote match the fairest of her days,
 Yet with leud Loves and Lust intemperate
 Had it defac'd; thenceforth reform'd her ways,
 That all men much admir'd her Change, and spake her Praise.

XVII.

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compil'd
 These Pairs of Friends in Peace and settled Rest;
 Himself, whose Mind did travail as with child
 Of his old Love, conceiv'd in secret Breast,
 Resolved to pursue his former Guest:
 And taking leave of all, with him did bear
 Fair *Amoret*, whom Fortune by bequest
 Had left in his Protection whileare,
 Exchanged out of one into another Fear.

XVIII.

Fear of her Safety did her not constrain:
 For, well she wist now in a mighty Hond,
 Her Person late in Peril, did remain,
 Who able was, all Dangers to withstond.
 But now in fear of Shame she more did stond,
 Seeing herself all soly succourless,
 Left in the Victor's Power, like Vassal bond:
 Whose Will her Weakness could no way repress,
 In case his burning Lust should break into excess.

XIX.

But cause of Fear sure had she none at all
 Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
 The Course of loose Affection to forestall,
 And lawless Lust to rule with Reason's Lore;
 That all the while he by his side her bore,
 She was as safe as in a Sanctuary.
 Thus many Miles they two together wore,
 To seek their Loves dispersed diversly,
 Yet neither shew'd to other their Hearts Privity.

XX.

At length they came, whereas a Troop of Knights
 They saw together skirmishing, as seem'd:
 Six they were all, all full of fell Despight;
 But four of them the Battel best beseem'd,
 That which of them was best, mote not be deem'd.
 Those four were they, from whom false *Florimel*
 By *Braggadocio* lately was redeem'd;
 To weet, stern *Druon*, and leud *Claribel*,
 Love-lavish *Blandamore*, and lustful *Paridel*.

XXI.

Druon's Delight was all in single Life,
 And unto Ladies Love would lend no leisure:
 The more was *Claribel* enraged rife
 With fervent Flames, and loved out of measure:
 So eke lov'd *Blandamore*, but yet at pleasure
 Would change his Liking, and new Lemans prove:
 But *Paridel* of Love did make no Treasure,
 But lusted after all that him did move.
 So diversly these four disposed were to love.

XXII.

But those two other, which beside them stood,
 Were *Britomart*, and gentle *Scudamore*,
 Who all the while beheld their wrathful Mood,
 And wondred at their implacable Stour,
 Whose like they never saw till that same hour:
 So dreadful Strokes each did at other drive,
 And laid on load with all their Might and Pow'r,
 As if that every Dint the Ghost would rive
 Out of their wretched Corfes, and their Lives deprive:

XXIII.

XXIII.

As when *Dan Æolus* in great displeasure,
 For loss of his dear Love by *Neptune* hent,
 Sends forth the Winds out of his hidden Treasure,
 Upon the Sea to wreak his fell Intent ;
 They breaking forth with rude Unruliment,
 From all four Parts of Heaven do rage full sore,
 And tofs the Deeps and tear the Firmament,
 And all the World confound with wide Uprore,
 As if instead thereof, they *Chaos* would restore.

XXIV.

Cause of their Discord, and so fell Debate,
 Was for the Love of that same snowy Maid,
 Whom they had lost in Turneyment of late ;
 And seeking long, to weet which way she straid,
 Met here together : where, through leud Upbraid
 Of *Ate* and *Duessä*, they fell out ;
 And each one taking part in other's aid,
 This cruel Conflict raised there-about,
 Whose dangerous Success depended yet in doubt.

XXV.

For sometimes *Paridel* and *Blandamore*
 The better had, and bet the others back ;
 Eftsoons the others did the Field recoure,
 And on their Foes did work full cruel wrack :
 Yet neither would their fiend-like Fury slack,
 But evermore their Malice did augment ;
 Till that uneach they forced were, for lack
 Of Breath, their raging Rigour to relent,
 And rest themselves, for to recover Spirits spent.

XXVI.

There 'gan they change their sides, and new parts take :
 For *Paridel* did take to *Druon's* side,
 For old despight, which now forth newly brake
 'Gainst *Blandamore*, whom always he envy'd :
 And *Blandamore* to *Claribel* rely'd.
 So all afresh gan former Fight renew :
 As when two Barks, this carried with the Tide,
 That with the Wind, contrary Courses sue,
 If Wind and Tide do change, their Courses change ane

XXVII.

Thence-forth, they much more furiously gan fare,
 As if but then the Battel had begun ;
 Ne Helmets bright, ne Hawberks strong did spare,
 That through the Clifts the vermeil Blood out spun,
 And all adown their riven Sides did run.
 Such mortal Malice, wonder was to see
 In Friends profest, and so great Out-rage done :
 But sooth is said, and try'd in each degree,
 Faint Friends when they fall out, most cruel Foe-men be.

XXVIII.

Thus they long while continued in fight,
 Till *Scudamore*, and that same *Briton Maid*,
 By Fortune in that Place did chance to light :
 Whom soon as they with wrathful Eye bewraide,
 They 'gan remember of the foul Up-braid,
 The which that *Britoness* had to them done,
 In that late Turney for the snowy Maid ;
 Where she had them both shamefully fordone,
 And eke the famous Prize of Beauty from them won.

XXIX.

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh Desire
 Of fell Revenge, in their malicious Mood,
 They from themselves 'gan turn their furious Ire,
 And cruel Blades yet steeming with hot Blood,
 Against those two let drive, as they were wood :
 Who wondring much as that so sudden Fit,
 Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstood ;
 Ne yielded foot, ne once aback did flit,
 But being doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

XXX.

The war-like Dame was on her part assaid
 Of *Claribel* and *Blandamore* attone ;
 And *Paridel* and *Druon* fiercely laid
 At *Scudamore*, both his professed Fone.
 Four charged two, and two surcharged one :
 Yet did those two themselves so bravely bear,
 That th' other little gained by the lone,
 But with their own repayed duly were,
 And Usury withal : such Gain was gotten dear.

XXXI.

XXXI.

Full often-times did *Britomart* assay
 To speak to them, and some *Empar lance* move ;
 But they for nought their cruel *Hands* would stay,
 Ne lend an *Ear* to ought that might behove.
 As when an eager *Mastiff* once doth prove
 The *Taste* of *Blood* of some engored *Beast*,
 No *Words* may rate, nor *Rigour* him remove
 From greedy hold of that his bloody *Feast* :
 So little did they hearken to her sweet *Beheast*.

XXXII.

Whom when the *Briton* *Prince* afar beheld,
 With odds of so unequal *Match* oppress'd,
 His mighty *Heart* with *Indignation* swell'd,
 And inward *Grudge* fill'd his heroick *Breast* :
 Eftsoones himself he to their aid address'd.
 And thrusting fierce into the thickest *Prease*,
 Divided them, however loth to rest,
 And would them fain from *Battel* to surcease,
 With gentle words persuading them to friendly *Peace*.

XXXIII.

But they so far from *Peace* or *Patience* were,
 That all at once at him 'gan fiercely fly,
 And lay on load, as they him down would bear ;
 Like to a *Storm*, which hovers under *Sky*
 Long here and there, and round about doth ply,
 At length breaks down in *Rain*, and *Hail*, and *Sleet*,
 First, from one *Coast*, till nought thereof be dry ;
 And then another till that likewise fleet ;
 And so from side to side, till all the *World* it weet.

XXXIV.

But now their *Forces* greatly were decay'd,
 The *Prince* yet being fresh untouch'd afore ;
 Who them with *Speeches* mild 'gan first dissuade
 From such foul *Outrage*, and them long forbore :
 Till seeing them thro *Suffrance* heartned more,
 Himself he bent their *furies* to abate ;
 And laid at them so sharply and so fore,
 That shortly them*compelled to retreat,
 And being brought in danger, to relent too late.

XXXV.

But now his Courage being throughly fir'd,
 He meant to make them know their Folly's Prife,
 Had not those two him instantly desir'd
 T' assuage his Wrath, and pardon their Mesprise.
 At whose Request he gan himself advise
 To stay his hand, and of a Truce to treat
 In milder Terms, as list them to devise:
 'Mongst which, the cause of their so cruel Heat
 He did them ask, who all that passed 'gan repeat:

XXXVI.

And told at large how that same errant Knight,
 To weet fair *Britomart*, them late had foil'd
 In open Turney, and by wrongful Fight,
 Both of their publick Praise had them despoil'd,
 And also of their private Loves beguil'd;
 Of two, full hard to read the harder Theft.
 But she that wrongful Challenge soon assoil'd,
 And shew'd that she had not that Lady rest
 (As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking left.

XXXVII.

To whom, the Prince thus goodly well reply'd;
 Certes, Sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame,
 To rip up Wrong, that Battel once hath try'd;
 Wherein the Honour both of Arms ye shame,
 And eke the Love of Ladies foul defame:
 To whom the World this Franchise ever yielded,
 That of their Loves choice they might Freedom claim,
 And in that Right, should by all Knights be shielded,
 'Gainst which me seems this War ye wrongfully have wielded.

XXXVIII.

And yet, quoth she, a greater Wrong remains:
 For, I thereby my former Love have lost;
 Whom seeking ever since with endless pains,
 Hath me much Sorrow and much Travel cost:
 Aye me! to see that gentle Maid so tost.
 But *Scudamore*, then sighing deep, thus said;
 Certes, her Loss ought me to sorrow most
 Whose right she is, where-ever she be stray'd,
 Through many Perils won, and many Fortunes waide.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

For, from the first that I her Love profess,
 Unto this hour, this present luckless hour,
 I never joyed Happiness nor Rest ;
 But, thus turmoil'd from one to other Stour,
 I waste my Life, and do my Days devour
 In wretched Anguish and incessant Woe,
 Passing the measure of my feeble Pow'r ;
 That living thus, a Wretch, and loving so,
 I neither can my Love, ne yet my Life forego.

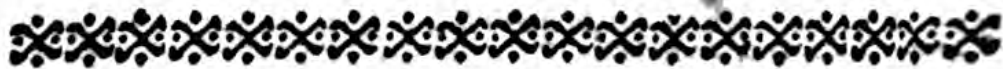
XL.

Then good Sir *Claribel* him thus bespake ;
 Now were it not Sir *Scudamore* to you
 Dislikeful Pain, so sad a task to take,
 Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle Crew
 In now so well accorded all anew,
 That as we ride together on our way,
 Ye will recount to us in order due
 All that Adventure, which ye did assay
 For that fair Lady's Love : past Perils well apay.

XLI.

So 'gan the rest him likewise to require ;
 But *Britomart* did him importune hard,
 To take on him that pain : whose great Desire
 He glad to satisfy, himself prepar'd
 To tell through what Misfortune he had far'd,
 In that Atchievement, as to him besel,
 And all those Dangers unto them declar'd :
 Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
 Comprised be, I will them in another tell.





CANTO X.

*Scudamore doth his Conquest tell,
Of virtuous Amoret:
Great Venus' Temple is describ'd,
And Lover's Life forth set.*

I.

TRUE he it said, what-ever Man it said,
That Love with Gall and Hony doth abound:
But if the one be with the other weigh'd,
For every Dram of Hony therein found,
A Pound of Gall doth over it redound.
That I too true by trial have approv'd:
For, since the day that first with deadly Wound
Hy Heart was launc'd and learned to have lov'd,
I never joyed hour, but still with Care was mov'd.

II.

And yet such Grace is given them from above,
That all the Cares and Evil which they meet,
May nought at all their settled Minds remove,
But seem 'gainst common Sense to them most sweet:
As boasting in their Martyrdom unmeet.
So all that ever yet I have endur'd,
I count as nought, and tread down under feet,
Sith of my Love at length I rest assur'd,
That to Disloyalty she will not be allur'd.

III.

Long were to tell the Travel and long Toil,
Through which this Shield of Love I late have won,
And purchas'd this peerless Beauty's Spoil,
That harder may be ended, than begun.
But since ye so desire, your Will be done.
Then hark, ye gentle Knights and Ladies free,
My hard Mishaps, that ye may learn to shun;
For, though sweet Love to conquer glorious be,
Yet is the Pain thereof much greater than the Fee.

IV.

IV.

What Time the Fame of this renowned Prize
 Flew first abroad, and all Mens Ears possess,
 I having Arms then taken, 'gan advise
 To win me Honour by some noble Gest,
 And purchase me some place among the best.
 I boldly thought (so young Mens thoughts are bold)
 That this same brave Emprize for me did rest,
 And that both Shield and She whom I behold,
 Might be my lucky Lot: sith all by Lot we hold.

V.

So, on that hard Adventure forth I went,
 And to the place of peril shortly came:
 That was a Temple fair and auncient,
 Which of great Mother *Venus* bare the name,
 And far renowned through exceeding Fame;
 Much more than that, which was in *Paphos* built,
 Or that in *Cyprus*, both long since this same,
 Though all the Pillours of the one were gilt,
 And all the other's Pavement were with Ivory spilt.

VI.

And it was seated in an Island strong,
 Abounding all with Delices most rare,
 And wall'd by Nature 'gainst Invaders Wrong.
 That none mote have access, nor inward fare,
 But by one way, that Passage did prepare.
 It was a Bridge ybuilt in goodly wise,
 With curious Corbs, and Pendants graven fair,
 And (arched all with Porches) did arise
 On stately Pillours, fram'd after the *Dorick* Guise.

VII.

And for Defence thereof, on th' other end
 There reared was a Castle fair and strong,
 That warded all which in or out did wend,
 And flanked both the Bridge's Sides along,
 'Gainst all that would it fain to force or wrong.
 And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights;
 All twenty try'd in War's Experience long;
 Whose office was, against all manner Wights,
 By all means to maintain that Castle's antient Rights.

VIII.

Before that Castle was an open Plain,
 And in the midst thereof a Pillour plac'd ;
 On which this Shield, of many fought in vain,
 The Shield of Love, whose Guerdon me hath grac'd,
 Was hang'd on high, with golden Ribbands lac'd ;
 And in the marble Stone was written this,
 With golden Letters goodly well enchac'd,
Blessed the Man that well can use his Bliss :
Whose-ever be the Shield, fair Amoret be his.

IX.

Which when I read, my Heart did inly yearn,
 And pant with hope of that Adventure's hap :
 Ne stay'd further news thereof to learn,
 But with my Spear upon the Shield did rap,
 That all the Castle ringed with the clap.
 Strait forth issu'd a Knight all arm'd to proof,
 And bravely mounted to his most mishap ;
 Who, staying nought to question from aloof,
 Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunst from his Horse's Hoof.

X.

Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
 And by good fortune shortly him unseated.
 Eftsoons out sprung two more of equal mould ;
 But I them both with equal hap defeated :
 So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
 And left them groaning there upon the Plain.
 Then preacing to the Pillour, I repeated
 The read thereof for Guerdon of my Pain,
 And taking down the Shield, with me did it retain.

XI.

So forth without Impediment I past,
 Till to the Bridge's outer Gate I came :
 The which I found sure lock'd and chained fast.
 I knock'd, but no man answer'd me by Name ;
 I call'd, but no Man answer'd to my claim.
 Yet I persever'd still to knock and call ;
 Till at the last I spide within the same,
 Where one stood peeping through a Crevis small ;
 To whom I call'd aloud, half angry therewithal.

XII.

XII.

That was, to weet, the Porter of the Place.
 Unto whose Trust the Charge thereof was lent :
 His Name was *Doubt*, that had a double Face,
 Th' one forward looking, the other backward bent,
 Therein resembling *Janus* auncient,
 Which had in Charge the Ingate of the Year :
 And evermore his Eyes about him went,
 As if some proved Peril he did fear,
 Or did mis-doubt some Ill, whose Cause did not appear.

XIII.

On th' one side he, on th' other sate *Delay*,
 Behind the Gate, that none her might espy ;
 Whose manner was all Passengers to stay,
 And entertain with her Occasions sly ;
 Thro which some lost great Hope unheedily,
 Which never they recover might again ;
 And others quite excluded forth, did lie
 Long languishing there in unpitied Pain,
 And seeking often Entrance afterwards in vain.

XIV.

Me when-as he had privily espy'd,
 Bearing the Shield which I had conquer'd late,
 He ken'd it strait, and to me open'd wide :
 So in I past, and strait he clos'd the Gate.
 But being in, *Delay* in close Await
 Caught hold on me, and thought my Steps to stay,
 Feigning full many a fond Excuse to prate,
 And Time to steal, the Treasure of Man's Day ;
 Whose smallest Minute lost, no Riches render may.

XV.

But by no means my way I would forslow,
 For ought that ever she could do or say ;
 But from my lofty Steed dismounting low,
 Past forth on foot, beholding all the way
 The goodly Works, and stones of rich Assay,
 Cast into sundry Shapes by wondrous Skill,
 (That like on Earth no where I reckon may)
 And underneath, the River rolling still
 With Murmur soft, that seem'd to serve the Workman's

(Will.

XVI.

XVI.

Thenceforth I passed to the second Gate,
 The *Gate of good Desert*, whose goodly Pride
 And costly Frame, were long here to relate.
 The same to all stood always open wide :
 But in the Porch did evermore abide
 An hideous Giant, dreadful to behold,
 That stopt the Entrance with his spacious Stride,
 And with the Terrour of his Count'nance bold
 Full many did affray, that else fain enter would.

XVII.

His Name was *Danger*, dreaded over all,
 Who day and night did watch and duely ward,
 From fearful Cowards, Entrance to forstall,
 And faint-hearted Fools, whom Shew of Peril hard
 Could terrify from Fortunes fair Award :
 For oftentimes faint Hearts, at first espial
 Of his grim Face, were from approaching scar'd ;
 Unworthy they of Grace, whom one Denial
 Excludes from fairest Hope, withouten further Trial.

XVIII.

Yet many doughty Warriors, often try'd
 In greater Perils to be stout and bold,
 Durst not the Sternness of his Look abide ;
 But soon as they his Count'nance did behold,
 Began to faint, and feel their Courage cold.
 Again, some other, that in hard Assays
 Were Cowards known, and little count did hold,
 Either thro Gifts, or Guile, or such like ways,
 Crept in by stooping low, or stealing of the Keys.

XIX.

But I, tho meanest Man of many moe,
 Yet much disdainung unto him to lout,
 Or creep between his Legs, so in to go,
 Resolv'd him to assault with Manhood stout,
 And either beat him in, or drive him out.
 Eftsoons advauncing that enchanted Shield,
 With all my Might I 'gan to lay about :
 Which when he saw, the Glaive which he did wield
 forth-with t'avale, and way unto me yield.

XX.

XX.

So, as I enter'd, I did backward look,
 For fear of Harm, that might lie hidden there;
 And lo! his Hind-parts (whereof heed I took)
 Much more deformed fearful ugly were,
 Than all his former Parts did e'er appear.
 For Hatred, Murder, Treason, and Despight,
 With many more, lay in Ambushment there,
 Awaiting to entrap the wareless Wight,
 Which did not them prevent with vigilant Fore-sight.

XXI.

Thus having past all Peril, I was come
 Within the Compass of that Island's Space;
 The which did seem unto my simple Doom,
 The only pleasant and delightful Place,
 That ever troden was of Footing's Trace.
 For all that Nature by her Mother Wit
 Could frame in Earth, and form of Substance base,
 Was there; and all that Nature did omit,
 Art (playing second Nature's Part) supplied it.

XXII.

No Tree, that is of count, in Green-wood grows,
 From lowest Juniper to Cedar tall;
 No Flow'r in Field, that dainty Odour throws,
 And decks his Branch with Blossoms over all;
 But there was planted, or grew natural:
 Nor Sense of Man so coy and curious nice,
 But there mote find to please it self withal;
 Nor Heart could wish for any quaint Device,
 But there it present was, and did frail Sense entice.

XXIII.

In such luxurious Plenty of all Pleasure,
 It seem'd a second Paradise I ghes,
 So lavishly enrich'd with Nature's Treasure,
 That if the happy Souls, which do possess
 Th' *Elysian* Fields, and live in lasting Bless,
 Should happen this with living Eye to see,
 They soon would loath their lesser Happiness,
 And wish to Life return'd again to be,
 That in this joyous Place they mote have Joyance free.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Fresh Shadows, fit to shroud from sunny Ray ;
 Fair Lawnds, to take the Sun in Season due ;
 Sweet Springs, in which a thousand Nymphs did play ;
 Soft rumbling Brooks, that gentle Slumber drew ;
 High reared Mounts, the Lands about to view ;
 Low-looking Dales, disloign'd from common Gaze ;
 Delightful Bow'rs, to solace Lovers true ;
 False Labyrinths, fond Runners Eyes to daze :
 All which, by Nature made, did Nature's self amaze.

XXV.

And all without were Walks and Alleys dight
 With divers Trees, enrang'd in even Ranks ;
 And here and there were pleasant Arbors pight,
 And shady Seats, and sundry flowring Banks,
 To sit and rest the Walkers weary Shanks :
 And therein thousand Pairs of Lovers walk'd,
 Praising their God, and yielding him great Thanks,
 Ne ever ought but of their true Loves talk'd,
 Ne ever for Rebuke or Blame of any balk'd.

XXVI.

All these together by themselves did sport
 Their spotless Pleasures, and sweet Loves content.
 But far away from these, another sort
 Of Lovers linked in true Heart's Consent ;
 Which loved not as these, for like intent,
 But on chaste Vertue grounded their Desire,
 Far from all Fraud, or feigned Blandishment ;
 Which in their Spirits kindling zealous Fire,
 Brave Thoughts and noble Deeds did evermore inspire.

XXVII.

Such were great *Hercules*, and *Hylas* dear ;
 True *Jonathan*, and *David* trusty try'd ;
 Stout *Ibeseus*, and *Peritbous* his Fear ;
Pylades, and *Orestes* by his side ;
 Mild *Titus*, and *Gesippus* without Pride ;
Damon and *Pythias*, whom Death could not sever :
 All these, and all that ever had been ty'd
 In Bands of Friendship, there did live for ever :
 Whose Lives, although decay'd, yet Loves decayed never.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Which, when-as I, that never tasted Bliss,
 Nor happy Hour, beheld with gazeful Eye,
 I thought there was none other Heaven than this ;
 And 'gan their endless Happiness envy,
 That being free from Fear and Jealousy,
 Might frankly there their Love's Desire possess ;
 Whilst I, through Pains and perious Jeopardy,
 Was forc'd to seek my Life's dear Patroness : (tress.
 Much dearer be the Things, which come through hard Dis-

XXIX.

Yet all those Sights, and all that else I saw,
 Might not my Steps with-hold, but that forth-right
 Unto that purpos'd Place I did me draw,
 Whereas my Love was lodged day and night :
 The Temple of great *Venus*, that is hight
 The Queen of Beauty, and of Love the Mother,
 There worshipp'd of every living Wight ;
 Whose goodly Workmanship far past all other
 That ever were on Earth, all were they set together.

XXX.

Not that same famous Temple of *Diane*,
 Whose Height all *Ephesus* did over-see,
 And which all *Asia* sought with Vows profane,
 One of the World's seven Wonders said to be,
 Might match with this by many a degree :
 Nor that, which that wise King of *Jewry* fram'd,
 With endless Cost, to be th' Almighty's See ;
 Nor all that else through all the World is nam'd
 To all the Heathen Gods, might like to this be claim'd,

XXXI.

I, much admiring that so goodly Frame
 Unto the Porch approach'd, which open stood ;
 But therein sat an amiable Dame,
 That seem'd to be of very sober Mood,
 And in her Semblant shew'd great Womanhood :
 Strange was her Tire ; for on her Head a Crown
 She wore, much like unto a *Danish* Hood,
 Poulder'd with Pearl and Stone ; and all her Gown
 Enwoven was with Gold, that raught full low adown.

XXXII.

XXXII.

On either side of her two young Men stood,
 Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
 Yet were they Brethren both of half the Blood,
 Begotten by two Fathers of one Mother,
 Though of contrary Natures each to other:
 The one of them hight *Love*, the other *Hate*.
Hate was the elder, *Love* the younger Brother;
 Yet was the younger stronger in his State
 Than th' elder, and him maister'd still in all Debate.

XXXIII.

Nath'less, that Dame so well them temper'd both,
 That she them forced Hand to join in Hand,
 Albe that *Hatred* was thereto full loth,
 And turn'd his Face away, as he did stand,
 Unwilling to behold that lovely Band,
 Yet she was of such Grace and vertuous Might,
 That her Commaundment he could not withstand,
 But bit his Lip for felonous Despight,
 And gnash'd his iron Tusks at that displeasing Sight.

XXXIV.

Concord she cleeped was in common Reed,
 Mother of blessed *Peace*, and *Friendship* true;
 They both her Twins, both born of heavenly Seed,
 And she herself likewise divinely grew;
 The which right well her Works divine did shew:
 For Strength, and Wealth, and Happiness she lends,
 And Strife, and War, and Anger does subdue;
 Of little much, of Foes she maketh Friends,
 And to afflicted Minds sweet Rest and Quiet sends.

XXXV.

By her the Heav'n is in his Course contain'd,
 And all the World in State unmoved stands,
 As their Almighty Maker first ordain'd,
 And bound them with inviolable Bands;
 Else would the Waters overflow the Lands,
 And Fire devour the Air, and Hell them quite,
 But that she holds them with her blessed Hands:
 She is the Nurse of Pleasure and Delight,
 And unto *Venus*' Grace the Gate doth open right.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

By her I entring, half dismayed was ;
 But she in gentle wise me entertain'd,
 And 'twixt her self and Love did let me pass ;
 But *Hatred* would my Entrance have restrain'd,
 And with his Club me threatned to have brain'd,
 Had not the Lady, with her pow'ful Speech,
 Him from his wicked Will uneth restrain'd ;
 And th' other eke his Malice did impeach,
 Till I was throughly past the Peril of his Reach.

XXXVII.

Into the inmost Temple thus I came,
 Which fuming all with Frankincense I found,
 And Odours rising from the Altars Flame.
 Upon an hundred Marble Pillors round,
 The Roof up high was reared from the Ground,
 All deck'd with Crowns, and Chains, and Girlonds gay,
 And thousand precious Gifts worth many a Pound,
 The which sad Lovers for their Vows did pay ;
 And all the Ground was strow'd with Flowers as fresh as *May*.

XXXVIII.

An hundred Altars round about were set,
 All flaming with their Sacrifice's Fire,
 That with the Steam thereof the Temple swet,
 Which, roll'd in Clouds, to Heaven did aspire,
 And in them bore true Lovers Vows entire :
 And eke an hundred brasen Cauldrons bright,
 To bathe in Joy and amorous Desire,
 Every of which was to a Damsel hight ;
 For all the Priests were Damsels, in soft Linen dight.

XXXIX.

Right in the midst the Goddess' self did stand,
 Upon an Altar of some costly Mass,
 Whose Substance was uneth to understand :
 For neither precious Stone, nor dureful Brass,
 Nor shining Gold, nor mouldring Clay it was ;
 But much more rare and precious to esteem,
 Pure in Aspect, and like to crystal Glass,
 Yet Glass was not, if one did rightly deem ;
 But being fair and brickle, likest Glass did seem.

XL.

But it in Shape and Beauty did excel
 All other Idols which th' Heathen adore,
 Far passing that, which by surpassing Skill
Pbidias did make in *Papbos* Isle of yore,
 With which that wretched *Greek* that Life forlore,
 Did fall in love : yet this much fairer shin'd,
 But cover'd with a slender Veil afore ;
 And both her Feet and Legs together twin'd
 Were with a Snake, whose Head and Tail were fast combin'd.

XLI.

The Cause why she was cover'd with a Veil,
 Was hard to know, for that her Priests the same
 From People's Knowledge labour'd to conceal.
 But sooth it was not fure for womanish Shame,
 Nor any Blemish which the Work mote blame ;
 But for (they say) she hath both Kinds in one,
 Both Male and Female, both under one Name :
 She Sire and Mother is her self alone ;
 Begets, and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

XLII.

And all about her Neck and Shoulders flew
 A Flock of little Loves, and Sports, and Joys,
 With nimble Wings of Gold and purple Hue ;
 Whose Shapes seem'd not like to terrestrial Boys,
 But like to Angels playing heavenly Toys :
 The whilst their elder Brother was away,
Cupid, their eldest Brother ; he enjoys
 The wide Kingdom of Love with lordly Sway,
 And to his Law compels all Creatures to obey.

XLIII.

And all about her Altar, scatter'd lay
 Great sorts of Lovers piteously complaining ;
 Some of their Loss, some of their Love's Delay,
 Some of their Pride, some Paragons disdainning,
 Some fearing Fraud, some fraudulently feigning,
 As every one had cause of Good or Ill.
 Amongst the rest, some one through Love's constraining
 Tormented fore, could not contain it still,
 But thus brake forth, that all the Temple it did fill :

XLIV.

XLIV.

Great *Venus*, Queen of Beauty and of Grace,
 The Joy of Gods and Men, that under Sky
 Dost fairest shine, and most adorn thy Place,
 That with thy smiling Look dost pacify
 The raging Seas, and mak'st the Storms to fly:
 Thee Goddess, thee the Winds, the Clouds do fear,
 And when thou spred'st thy Mantle forth on high,
 The Waters play, and pleasant Lands appear,
 And Heavens laugh, and all the World shews joyous Chear.

XLV.

Then doth the *Dædale* Earth throw forth to thee
 Out of her fruitful Lap abundant Flow'rs;
 And then all living Wights, soon as they see
 The Spring break forth out of his lusty Bow'rs,
 They all do learn to play the Paramours:
 First do the merry Birds, thy pretty Pages,
 Privily pricked with thy lustful Pow'rs,
 Chirp loud to thee out of their leafy Cages,
 And thee, their Mother, call to cool their kindly Rages.

XLVI.

Then do the salvage Beasts begin to play
 Their pleasant Frisks, and loath their wonted Food:
 The Lions roar, the Tygers loudly bray,
 The raging Bulls rebellow through the Wood,
 And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepest Flood,
 To come where thou dost draw them with Desire.
 So all things else, that nourish vital Blood,
 Soon as with Fury thou dost them inspire,
 In Generation seek to quench their inward Fire.

XLVII.

So all the World by thee at first was made,
 And daily yet thou dost the same repair:
 Ne ought on Earth that merry is and glad,
 Ne ought on Earth that lovely is and fair,
 But thou the same for Pleasure didst prepare.
 Thou art the Root of all that joyous is,
 Great God of Men and Women, Queen of th' Air,
 Mother of Laughter, and Well-spring of Blifs;
 O graunt that of my Love at last I may not miss.

XLVIII.

So did he say : but I with Murmur soft,
 That none might hear the Sorrow of my Heart,
 Yet inly groaning deep, and sighing oft,
 Besought her to grant Ease unto my Smart,
 And to my Wound her gracious Help impart.
 Whilst thus I spake, behold with happy Eye
 I spy'd, where at the Idol's Feet apart
 A Bevy of fair Damsels close did lie,
 Waiting when-as the Anthem should be sung on high.

XLIX.

The first of them did seem of riper Years,
 And graver Countenance than all the rest ;
 Yet all the rest were eke her equal Peers,
 Yet unto her obeyed all the best ;
 Her Name was *Womanhood*, that she exprest
 By her sad Semblant and Demeanure wise :
 For stedfast still her Eyes did fixed rest,
 Ne rov'd at random after Gazer's Guise,
 Whose 'luring Baits oft-times do heedless Hearts entice.

L.

And next to her fate goodly *Shamefastness* ;
 Ne ever durst her Eyes from ground up-rear,
 Ne ever once did look up from her Des,
 As if some Blame of Evil she did fear,
 That in her Cheeks made Roses oft appear :
 And her against sweet *Cbearfulness* was plac'd,
 Whose Eyes like twinkling Stars in Evening clear,
 Were deck'd with Smiles, that all sad Humours chac'd.
 And darted forth Delights, the which her goodly grac'd.

LI.

And next to her fate sober *Modesty*,
 Holding her Hand upon her gentle Heart ;
 And her against fate comely *Courtesy*,
 That unto every Person knew her Part ;
 And her before was seated over-thwart
 Soft *Silence*, and submiss *Obedience*,
 Both link'd together never to dispart,
 Both Gifts of God not gotten but from thence,
 Both Girlands of his Saints against their Foes Offence.

LII.

LII.

Thus fate they all around in seemly rate :
 And in the midst of them a goodly Maid,
 Even in the Lap of *Womanhood* there fate,
 The which was all in lilly White array'd,
 With silver Streams amongst the Linen stray'd ;
 Like to the Morn, when first her shining Face
 Hath to the gloomy World it self bewray'd :
 That same was fairest *Amoret* in place,
 Shining with Beauty's Light, and heavenly Vertue's Grace.

LIII.

Whom soon as I beheld, my Heart 'gan throb,
 And wade in Doubt what best were to be done :
 For Sacrilege me seem'd the Church to rob ;
 And Folly seem'd to leave the thing undone,
 Which with so strong Attempt I had begun.
 Tho, shaking off all Doubt and shamefac'd Fear,
 Which Lady's Love I heard had never won
 'Mongst Men of Worth, I to her stepped near,
 And by the lilly Hand her labour'd up to rear.

LIV.

Thereat that formost Matron me did blame,
 And sharp rebuke, for being over-bold ;
 Saying it was to Knight unseemly Shame,
 Upon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
 That unto *Venus*' Services was sold.
 To whom I thus ; Nay but it fitteth best,
 For *Cupid*'s Man with *Venus*' Maid to hold ;
 For ill your Goddess' Services are drest
 By Virgins, and her Sacrifices let to rest.

LV.

With that my Shield I forth to her did show,
 Which all that while I closely had conceal'd ;
 On which when *Cupid*, with his killing Bow
 And cruel Shafts emblason'd she beheld,
 At sight thereof she was with Terror quell'd,
 And said no more : but I which all that while,
 The Pledge of Faith, her Hand engaged held,
 Like wary Hind within the weedy Soil,
 For no Intreaty would forgo so glorious Spoil.

M 2

LVI.

LVI.

And evermore upon the Goddess' Face
 Mine Eye was fix'd, for fear of her Offence :
 Whom when I saw with amiable Grace
 To laugh on me, and favour my Pretence,
 I was embolden'd with more Confidence ;
 And nought for Niceness, nor for Envy sparing,
 In presence of them all forth led her thence,
 All looking on, and like astonish'd staring,
 Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.

LVII.

She often pray'd, and often me besought,
 Sometime with tender Tears to let her go,
 Sometime with witching Smiles : but yet for nought,
 That ever she to me could say or do,
 Could she her wished Freedom from me woo ;
 But forth I led her through the Temple-gate,
 By which I hardly past with much ado :
 But that same Lady which me friended late
 In Entrance, did me also friend in my Retreat.

LVIII.

No less did *Danger* threaten me with Dread,
 When-as he saw me, maugre all his Pow'r,
 That glorious Spoil of Beauty with me lead,
 Than *Cerberus*, when *Orpheus* did recour
 His Lemman from the *Stygian* Prince's Bow'r ;
 But evermore my Shield did me defend,
 Against the Storm of every dreadful Stour :
 Thus safely with my Love I thence did wend.
 So ended he his Tale, where I this Canto end.





CANTO XI.

*Marinel's former Wound is heal'd,
He comes to Proteus' Hall,
Where Thamis doth the Medway wed,
And feasts the Sea-Gods all.*

I.

BUT ah for Pity! that I have thus long
Left a fair Lady languishing in Pain:
Now weal-away, that I have done such Wrong,
To let fair *Florimel* in Bands remain,
In Bands of Love, and in sad Thraldom's Chain;
From which, unless some heavenly Power her free
By Miracle, not yet appearing plain,
She lenger yet is like captiv'd to be:
That ev'n to think thereof, it inly pities me.

II.

Here need you to remember how erewhile
Unlovely *Proteus*, missing to his Mind
That Virgin's Love to win by Wit or Wile,
Her threw into a Dungeon deep and blind,
And there in Chains her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his Bent to draw:
For when-as neither Gifts nor Graces kind,
Her constant Mind could move at all he saw,
He thought her to compel by Cruelty and Awe.

III.

Deep in the Bottom of an huge great Rock
The Dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither iron Bars, nor brazen Lock
Did need to guard from Force, or secret Theft
Of all her Lovers, which would her have rest.
For wall'd it was with Waves, which rag'd and roar'd
As they the Cliff in pieces would have cleft:
Besides, ten thousand Monsters foul abhor'd
Did wait about it, gaping griesly, all begor'd.

IV.

And in the midst thereof did Horror dwell,
 And Darknes drad, that never viewed Day;
 Like to the baleful House of lowest Hell,
 In which old *Styx* her aged Bones alway
 (Old *Styx*, the Grandame of the Gods) doth lay.
 There did this luckless Maid three Months abide,
 Ne ever Evening saw, ne Morning's Ray,
 Ne ever from the Day the Night descry'd,
 But thought it all one Night, that did no Hours divide.

V.

And all this was for Love of *Marinel*,
 Who her despis'd (ah! who would her despise?)
 And Womens Love did from his Heart expel.
 And all those Joys that weak Mankind entice.
 Nath'less, his Pride full dearly he did prize;
 For of a Woman's Hand it was ywroke,
 That of the Wound he yet in Languor lies,
 Ne can be cured of that cruel Stroke
 Which *Britomart* him gave, when he did her provoke.

VI.

Yet far and near the Nymph his Mother sought,
 And many Salves did to his Sore apply,
 And many Herbs did use: but when-as nought
 She saw could ease his rankling Malady,
 At last, to *Tryphon* she for Help did hie
 (This *Tryphon* is the Sea-gods Surgeon hight)
 Whom she besought to find some Remedy:
 And for his Pains, a Whistle him behight,
 That of a Fishes Shell was wrought with rare Delight.

VII.

So well that Leach did hark to her Request,
 And did so well employ his careful Pain,
 That in short space his Hurts he had redrest,
 And him restor'd to healthful State again:
 In which he long time after did remain
 There with the Nymph his Mother, like her Thrall;
 Who fore against his Will did him retain,
 For fear of Peril, which to him mote fall,
 Through his too ventrous Prowess proved over all.

VIII.

VIII.

It fortun'd then, a solemn Feast was there
 To all the Sea-gods, and their fruitful Seed,
 In Honour of the Spousals, which then were
 Betwixt the *Medway* and the *Tbames* agreed.
 Long had the *Tbames* (as we in Records read)
 Before that Day her wooed to his Bed ;
 But the proud Nymph would for no worldly Meed,
 Nor no Entreaty to his Love be led ;
 Till now at last relenting, she to him was wed.

IX.

So both agreed, that this their bridal Feast
 Should for the Gods in *Proteus*' House be made ;
 To which they all repair'd, both most and least,
 As well which in the mighty Ocean trade,
 As that in Rivers swim, or Brooks do wade.
 All which, not if an hundred Tongues to tell,
 And hundred Mouths, and Voice of Brass I had,
 And endless Memory, that mote excel,
 In order as they came, could I recount them well.

X.

Help therefore, O thou sacred Imp of *Jove* !
 The Nourling of Dame *Memory* his Dear,
 To whom those Rolls, laid up in Heaven above,
 And Records of Antiquity appear,
 To which no Wit of Man may comen near ;
 Help me to tell the Names of all those Floods,
 And all those Nymphs, which then assembled were
 To that great Banquet of the watry Gods,
 And all their sundry Kinds, and all their hid Abodes.

XI.

First came great *Neptune*, with his three-fork'd Mace,
 That rules the Seas, and makes them rise or fall ;
 His dewy Locks did drop with Brine apace,
 Under his Diadem Imperial :
 And by his side, his Queen with Coronall,
 Fair *Amphitrite*, most divinely fair,
 Whose ivory Shoulders weren cover'd all,
 As with a Robe, with her own silver Hair ;
 And deck'd with Pearls, which th' *Indian* Seas for her prepare.

XII.

XII.

These marched far afore the other Crew ;
 And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his Trumpet shrill before them blew,
 For goodly Triumph and great Jollyment,
 That made the Rocks to roar, as they were rent.
 And after them the royal Issue came,
 Which of them sprung by lineal Descent :
 First, the Sea-gods, which to themselves do claim
 The Power to rule the Billows, and the Waves to tame.

XIII.

Phorcys, the Father of that fatal Brood,
 By whom those old Heroes won such Fame ;
 And *Glaucus*, that wise Soothsays understood ;
 And tragick *Ino's* Son, the which became
 A God of Seas through his mad Mother's Blame,
 Now hight *Palemon*, and is Sailor's Friend :
 Great *Brontes* and *Astræus*, that did shame
 Himself with Incest of his Kin unken'd ;
 And huge *Orion*, that doth Tempests still portend.

XIV.

The rich *Cteatus*, and *Eurytus* long,
Neleus and *Pelias*, lovely Brethren both ;
 Mighty *Chrysaor*, and *Caicus* strong ;
Eurypulus, that calms the Waters wroth ;
 And fair *Euphaemus*, that upon them go'th
 As on the Ground, without Dismay or Dread :
 Fierce *Eryx*, and *Alebius*, that know'th
 The Water's Depth, and doth their Bottom tread ;
 And sad *Asopus*, comely with his hoary Head.

XV.

There also some most famous Founders were
 Of puissant Nations, which the World possess'd ;
 Yet Sons of *Neptune*, now assembled here :
 Auncient *Ogyges*, even th' auncientest,
 And *Inacbus*, renown'd above the rest ;
Phœnix, and *Aon*, and *Pelasgus* old,
 Great *Belus*, *Phœax*, and *Agenor*, best ;
 And mighty *Albion*, Father of the bold
 And warlike People, which the *Britain* Islands hold.

XVI.

XVI.

For, *Albion* the Son of *Neptune* was ;
 Who for the proof of his great Puissance,
 Out of his *Albion* did on dry-foot pass
 Into old *Gaul*, that now is cleeped *France*,
 To fight with *Hercules*, that did advance
 To vanquish all the World with matchless Might ;
 And there his mortal Part by great mischance
 Was slain : but that which is th' immortal Spright,
 Lives still ; and to this Feast with *Neptune's* Seed was dight.

XVII.

But what do I their Names seek to rehearse,
 Which all the World have with their Issue fill'd ?
 How can they all in this so narrow Verse
 Contained be, and in small compass held ?
 Let them record them, that are better skill'd,
 And know the Monuments of passed Times :
 Only what needeth, shall be here fulfill'd,
 T' expresse some part of that great Equipage,
 Which from great *Neptune* do derive their Parentage.

XVIII.

Next, came the aged *Ocean*, and his Dame
 Old *Tetbys*, th' oldest two of all the rest ;
 For, all the rest, of those two Parents came,
 Which afterward both Sea and Land possess :
 Of all which, *Nereus*, th' eldest and the best,
 Did first proceed, than which none more upright,
 Ne more sincere in Word and Deed profess ;
 Most void of Guile, most free from foul Despight,
 Doing himself, and teaching others to do right.

XIX.

Thereto he was expert in Prophecies,
 And could the Ledden of the Gods unfold ;
 Through which, when *Paris* brought his famous Prize,
 The fair *Tindarid* Lass, he him foretold,
 That her all *Greece* with many a Champion bold
 Should fetch again, and finally destroy
 Proud *Priam's* Town. So wise is *Nereus* old,
 And so well skill'd ; nath'less he takes great joy
 Oft-times among the wanton Nymphs to sport and toy.

XX.

XX.

And after him the famous Rivers came,
 Which do the Earth enrich and beautify :
 The fertile *Nile*, which Creatures new doth frame ;
 Long *Rhodanus*, whose Source springs from the Sky ;
 Fair *Ister*, flowing from the Mountains high ;
 Divine *Scamander*, purpled yet with Blood
 Of *Greeks* and *Trojans*, which therein did die ;
Paflolus, glistening with his golden Flood,
 And *Tigris* fierce, whose Streams of none may be withstood.

XXI.

Great *Ganges*, and immortal *Euphrates*,
 Deep *Indus*, and *Meander* intricate,
 Slow *Peneus*, and tempestuous *Phasides*,
 Swift *Rbene*, and *Alpheus* still immaculate :
Oraxes, feared for great *Cyrus*' Fate ;
Tybris, renowned for the *Romans* Fame,
 Rich *Oranochy*, though but knowen late ;
 And that huge River, which doth bear his name
 Of warlike *Amazons*, which do possess the same.

XXII.

Joy on those warlike Women, which so long
 Can from all Men so rich a Kingdom hold ;
 And shame on you, O Men, which boast your strong
 And valiant Hearts, in Thoughts less hard and bold,
 Yet quail in Conquest of that Land of Gold.
 But this to you, O *Britons*, most pertains,
 To whom the Right hereof it self hath sold ;
 The which, for sparing little cost or pains,
 Lose so immortal Glory, and so endless Gains.

XXIII.

Then was there heard a most celestial Sound
 Of dainty Musick, which did next ensue
 Before the Spouse : that was *Arion* crown'd ;
 Who playing on his Harp, unto him drew
 The Ears and Hearts of all that goodly Crew,
 That even yet the *Dolphin*, which him bore
 Thro the *Ægean* Seas from *Pirates* view,
 Stood still by him astonish'd at his Lore,
 And all the raging Seas for joy forgot to roar.

XXIV.

XXIV.

So went he playing on the watry Plain,
 Soon after whom the lovely Bridegroom came,
 The noble *Thames*, with all his goodly Train;
 But him before there went, as best became,
 His auncient Parents, namely th' auncient *Thame*.
 But much more aged was his Wife than he,
 The *Ouze*, whom Men do *Isis* rightly name;
 Full weak and crooked Creature seemed she,
 And almost blind thro Eld, that scarce her way could see.

XXV.

Therefore on either side she was sustain'd
 Of two small Grooms, which by their Name were hight
 The *Cburne*, and *Charwell*, two small Streams, which
 Them'elves her footing to direct aright, (pain'd
 Which failed oft through faint and feeble Plight:
 But *Thame* was stronger, and of better stay,
 Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
 With Head all hoary, and his Beard all gray,
 Dewed with silver Drops, that trickled down away.

XXVI.

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoop afore
 With bowed Back, by reason of the Load,
 And auncient heavy Burden, which he bore
 Of that fair City, wherein make aboard
 So many learned Impes, that shoot abroad,
 And with their Branches spread all *Britany*,
 No less than do her elder Sister's Brood.
 Joy to you both, ye double Nursery
 Of Arts: but *Oxford* thine doth *Thame* most glorify.

XXVII.

But he their Son full fresh and jolly was,
 All decked in a Robe of watchet hew,
 On which the Waves, glittering like Chrystal Glafs,
 So cunningly enwoven were, that few
 Could wenen, whether they were false or true;
 And on his Head like to a Coronet
 He wore, that seemed strange to common view,
 In which were many Towers and Castles set,
 That it encompass'd round as with a golden Fret.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Like as the Mother of the Gods, they say,
 In her great iron Chariot wents to ride,
 When to *Jove's* Palace she doth take her way;
 Old *Cybele*, array'd with pompous Pride,
 Wearing a Diadem embattled wide
 With hundred Turrets, like a Turribant:
 With such an one was *Thamis* beautify'd;
 That was to weet, the famous *Troynovant*,
 In which her Kingdom's Throne is chiefly resiant.

XXIX.

And round about him many a pretty Page
 Attended duly, ready to obey;
 All little Rivers, which owe Vassalage
 To him, as to their Lord, and Tribute pay:
 The chaulky *Kenet*, and the *Tbetis* grey,
 The morish *Cole*, and the soft-sliding *Brean*,
 The wanton *Lee*, that oft doth lose his way,
 And the still *Darent*, in whose Waters clean
 Ten thousand Fishes play, and deck his pleasant Stream.

XXX.

Then came his Neighbour Floods, which nigh him dwell,
 And water all the *English* Soil throughout;
 They all on him this day attended well,
 And with meet Service waited him about;
 Ne one disdain'd low to him to lout:
 No not the stately *Severn* grudg'd at all,
 Ne storming *Humber*, though he looked stout;
 But both him honour'd as their Principal,
 And let their swelling Waters low before him fall.

XXXI.

There was the speedy *Tamar*, which divides
 The *Cornish*, and the *Devonish* Confines;
 Through both whose Borders swiftly down it glides,
 And meeting *Plim*, to *Plimouth* thence declines:
 And *Dart*, nigh choak'd with Sands of tinny Mines.
 But *Avon* marched in more stately Path,
 Proud of his Adamants, with which he shines
 And glisters wide, as als of wondrous *Batb*,
 And *Brislow* fair, which on his Waves he builded hath.

XXXII.

XXXII.

And there came *Stoure* with terrible Aspect,
 Bearing his six deformed Heads on high,
 That doth his Course through *Blandford* Plains direct,
 And washeth *Winborne* Meades in Season dry.
 Next him, went *Wylibourne* with passage sly ;
 That of his Wiliness his Name doth take,
 And of himself doth name the Shire thereby :
 And *Mole*, that like a nousling Mole doth make
 His way still under ground, till *Thamis* he o'ertake.

XXXIII.

Then came the *Rother*, decked all with Woods
 Like a Wood-God, and flowing fast to *Rby* :
 And *Sture*, that parteth with his pleasant Floods
 The Eastern *Saxons* from the Southern nigh,
 And *Clare*, and *Harwich* both doth beautify :
 Him follow'd *Yar*, soft washing *Norwich* Wall,
 And with him brought a Present joyfully
 Of his own Fish unto their Festival,
 Whose like none else could shew, the which they Ruffins call.

XXXIV.

Next these, the plenteous *Ouse* came far from Land,
 By many a City and by many a Town,
 And many Rivers, taking under hand
 Into his Waters, as he passeth down,
 The *Cle*, the *Were*, the *Guant*, the *Sture*, the *Roune*.
 Thence doth by *Huntingdon* and *Cambridge* flit,
 My Mother *Cambridge*, whom as with a Crown
 He doth adorn, and is adorn'd of it
 With many a gentle Muse, and many a learned Wit.

XXXV.

And after him the fatal *Welland* went,
 That if old Sawes prove true (which God forbid)
 Shall drown all *Holland* with his Excrement,
 And shall see *Stamford*, though now homely hid,
 Then shine in Learning more than ever did
Cambridge or *Oxford*, *England's* goodly Beams.
 And next to him the *Nene* down softly slid ;
 And bounteous *Trent*, that in himself enfeams
 Both thirty sorts of Fish, and thirty sundry Streams.

XXXVI.

Next these came *Tyne*, along whose stony Bank
That *Roman* Monarch built a brazen Wall,
Which mote the feebled *Britons* strongly flank
Against the *Picts*, that swarmed over all,
Which yet thereof *Gualsever* they do call :
And *Twede* the Limit betwixt *Logris* Land
And *Albany* ; and *Eden* though but small,
Yet often stain'd with Blood of many a Band
Of *Scots* and *English* both, that tined on his Strand,

XXXVII.

Then came those six sad Brethren, like forlorn,
That whilome were (as antique Fathers tell)
Six valiant Knights, of one fair Nymph yborn,
Which did in noble Deeds of Arms excel,
And wonned there, where now *York* People dwell ;
Still *Ure*, swift *Werfe*, and *Oxe* the most of Migh
High *Swale*, unquiet *Nyde*, and troublous *Skell*,
All whom a *Scythian* King, that *Humber* hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the River drowned quite.

XXXVIII.

But past not long, ere *Brutus*' warlike Son,
Locrinus, them aveng'd, and the same date
Which the proud *Humber* unto them had done,
By equal Doom repay'd on his own Pate :
For, in the self-same River, where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him again ;
And nam'd the River of his wretched Fate.
Whose bad Condition yet it doth retain,
Oft tossed with his Storms, which therein still remain.

XXXIX.

These after, came the stony shallow *Lane*,
That to old *Loncaster* his name doth lend ;
And following *Dee*, which *Britons* long ygone
Did call divine, that doth by *Chester* tend ;
And *Conway*, which out of his Stream doth send
Plenty of Pearls to deck his Dames withal ;
And *Lindus*, that his Pikes doth most commend,
Of which the ancient *Lincoln* Men do call :
All these together marched toward *Proteus*' Hall.

XL.

Ne thence the *Irish* Rivers absent were,
 Sith no less famous than the rest they be,
 And join in Neighbourhood of Kingdom near,
 Why should they not likewise in Love agree,
 And joy likewise this solemn Day to see?
 They saw it all, and present were in place;
 Though I them all according their degree,
 Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden Race,
 Nor read the salvage Countries, thorough which they pass.

XLI.

There was the *Liffie*, rolling down the *Lea*,
 The sandy *Slane*, the stony *Aubrian*,
 The spacious *Sbenan* spreading like a Sea,
 The pleasant *Boyne*, the fishy fruitful *Ban*,
 Swift *Auniduff*, which of the *English*-man
 Is call'd *Blackwater*, and the *Liffar* deep,
 Sad *Trowis*, that once his People over-ran,
 Strong *Allo*, tombling from *Slewlogher* steep,
 And *Mulla* mine, whose Waves I whilom taught to weep.

XLII.

And there the three renowned Brethren were,
 Which that great Giant *Blomius* begot
 Of the fair Nymph *Rheusa* wandring there,
 One day, as she to shun the Season hot,
 Under *Slewbloome* in shady Grove was got,
 This Giant found her, and by force deflowr'd:
 Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
 These three fair Sons, which being thence forth pour'd
 In three great Rivers ran, and many Countries scour'd.

XLIII.

The first the gentle *Shure*, that making way
 By sweet *Clonmel*, adorns rich *Waterford*;
 The next, the stubborn *Newre*, whose Waters grey
 By fair *Kilkenny* and *Rossepointe* board;
 The third, the goodly *Barow*, which doth hoard
 Great Heaps of Salmons in his deep Bosom:
 All which long sundred, do at last accord
 To join in one, e'er to the Sea they come,
 So flowing all from one, all one at last become.

XLIV.

There also was the wide embayed *Mayre*,
 The pleasant *Bandon*, crown'd with many a Wood,
 The spreading *Lee*, that like an Island fair
 Encloseth *Corke* with his divided Flood ;
 And baleful *Oure*, late stain'd with *English* Blood :
 With many more, whose Names no Tongue can tell.
 All which that day in order seemly good
 Did on the *Thames* attend, and waited well
 To do their dueful Service, as to them befel.

XLV.

Then came the Bride, the lovely *Medway* came,
 Clad in a Vesture of unknowen Geare,
 And uncouth Fashion, yet her well became ;
 That seem'd like Silver, sprinkled here and there
 With glittering Spangs, that did like Stars appear,
 And wav'd upon, like water Chamelot,
 To hide the Metal, which yet every where
 Bewray'd itself, to let Men plainly wot,
 It was no mortal Work, that seem'd and yet was not.

XLVI.

Her goodly Locks adown her Back did flow
 Unto her Wasse, with Flow'rs bescattered,
 The which ambrosial Odours forth did throw
 To all about, and all her Shoulders spred
 As a new Spring : and likewise on her Head
 A Chapelet of sundry Flow'rs she wore,
 From under which the dewy Humour shed,
 Did trickle down her Hair, like to the hore
 Congealed little Drops, which do the Morn adore.

XLVII.

On her, two pretty Handmaids did attend,
 One call'd the *Tbeise*, the other call'd the *Crane* ;
 Which on her waited, things amifs to mend,
 And both behind up-held her spreading Train ;
 Under the which, her Feet appeared plain,
 Her silver Feet, fair wash'd against this day :
 And her before there paced Pages twain,
 Both clad in Colours like, and like Array,
 The *Doune* and eke the *Fritb*, both which prepar'd her way.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

And after these the Sea-Nymphs marched all,
 All goodly Damzels, deck'd with long green Hair,
 Whom of their Sire *Nereides* Men call,
 All which the Ocean's Daughter to him bare ;
 The gray-ey'd *Doris* : all which, fifty are ;
 All which she there on her attending had.
 Swift *Proto*, mild *Eucrate*, *Tbetis* fair,
 Soft *Spio*, sweet *Endore*, *Sao* sad,
 Light *Doto*, wanton *Glauce*, and *Galene* glad ;

XLIX.

White-handed *Eunica*, proud *Dinamene*,
 Joyous *Thalia*, goodly *Amphitrite*,
 Lovely *Pasithee*, kind *Eulimene*,
 Light-foot *Cymotboe*, and sweet *Melite*,
 Fairest *Pberusa*, *Phao* lilly white,
 Wondred *Agave*, *Poris*, and *Nesæa*,
 With *Erato* that doth in Love delight,
 And *Panopæ*, and wise *Protomedæa*,
 And snow-neck'd *Doris*, and milk-white *Galatbæa* ;

L.

Speedy *Hippothoe*, and chaste *Actæa*,
 Large *Lisianassa*, and *Pronæa* sage,
Evagore, and light *Pontoporea*,
 And she, that with her least word can assuage
 The surging Seas, when they do forest rage,
Cymodoce, and stout *Autonoe*,
 And *Neso*, and *Eione* well in Age,
 And seeming still to smile, *Glaucanome*,
 And she that hight of many Hefts, *Polynome* ;

LI.

Fresh *Alimeda*, deck'd with Garland green ;
Hyponeo, with salt bedewed Wrefts :
Laomedia, like the Crystal sheen ;
Liagore, much prais'd for wise Behests ;
 And *Psamatbe*, for her broad snowy Breasts ;
Cymo, *Eupompe*, and *Themiste* just ;
 And she that Vertue loves and Vice detests,
Everna, and *Menippe* true in Trust,
 And *Nemertea* learned well to rule her Lust.

LII.

All these the Daughters of old *Nereus* were,
 Which have the Sea in charge to them assign'd,
 To rule his Tides, and Surges to up-rear,
 To bring forth Storms, or fast them to up-bind,
 And Sailor save from Wrecks of wrathful Wind.
 And yet besides, three thousand more there were
 Of th' Ocean's Seed, but *Jove's* and *Phæbus'* Kind;
 The which in Floods and Fountains do appear,
 And all Mankind do nourish with their Waters clear.

LIII.

The which, more eath it were for mortal Wight,
 To tell the Sands, or count the Stars on high,
 Or ought more hard, than think to reckon right.
 But well I wote, that these which I descry,
 Were present at this great Solemnity:
 And there amongst the rest, the Mother was
 Of luckless *Marinel*, *Cymodoce*,
 Which, for my Muse herself now tired has,
 Unto another Canto I will over-pafs.



C A N T O XII.

*Marin' for Love of Florimel,
 In Languor wastes his Life:
 The Nymph, his Mother, getteth her,
 And gives to him for Wife.*

I.

O What an endless Work have I in hand,
 To count the Sea's abundant Progeny!
 Whose fruitful Seed far passeth those in Land,
 And also those which wonne in th' azure Sky.
 For, much more eath to tell the Stars on high,
 Albe they endless seem in estimation,
 Than to recount the Sea's Posterity;
 So fertile be the Floods in Generation,
 So huge their Numbers, and so numberless their Nation.

II.

Therefore the antique Wizards well invented,
 That *Venus* of the foamy Sea was bred ;
 For that the Seas by her are most augmented :
 Witness th' exceeding Fry, which there are fed,
 And wondrous Shoals, which may of none be read.
 Then blame me not, if I have err'd in 'count
 Of Gods, of Nymphs, of Rivers yet unread :
 For though their Numbers do much more surmount,
 Yet all those same were there, which earst I did recount.

III.

All those were there, and many other more,
 Whose Names and Nations were too long to tell.
 That *Proteus'* House they fill'd e'en to the Door ;
 Yet were they all in order, as besel,
 According their Degrees, disposed well.
 Amongst the rest, was fair *Cymodoce*,
 The Mother of unlucky *Marinel*,
 Who thither with her came, to learn and see
 The manner of the Gods when they at Banquet be.

IV.

But for he was half mortal, being bred
 Of mortal Sire, though of immortal Womb,
 He might not with immortal Food be fed,
 Ne with th' eternal Gods to Banquet come ;
 But walk'd abroad, and round about did roam,
 To view the Building of that uncouth Place,
 That seem'd unlike unto his earthly Home :
 Where, as he to and fro by chance did trace,
 There unto him betid a disadventrous Case,

V.

Under the Hanging of an hideous Cliff,
 He heard the lamentable Voice of one,
 That piteously complain'd her careful Grief,
 Which never she before disclos'd to none,
 But to her self her Sorrow did bemoan.
 So feelingly her Case she did complain,
 That Ruth it moved in the rocky Stone,
 And made it seem to feel her grievous Pain,
 And oft to groan with Billows beating from the Main.

VI.



VI.

Though vain I see my Sorrows to unfold,
 And count my Cares, when none is nigh to hear;
 Yet hoping, Grief may lessen being told,
 I will them tell, though unto no Man near:
 For Heaven, that unto all lends equal Ear,
 Is far from hearing of my heavy Plight;
 And lowest Hell, to which I lie most near,
 Cares not what Evils hap to wretched Wight;
 And greedy Seas do in the Spoil of Life delight.

VII.

Yet lo! the Seas I see by often beating,
 Do pierce the Rocks, and hardest Marble wears;
 But his hard rocky Heart for no entreating
 Will yield; but when my piteous Plaints he hears,
 Is hardned more with my abundant Tears.
 Yet though he never list to me relent,
 But let me waste in Woe my wretched Years,
 Yet will I never of my Love repent,
 But joy that for his sake I suffer Prisonment.

VIII.

And when my weary Ghost, with Grief out-worn,
 By timely Death shall win her wished Rest,
 Let then this Plaint unto his Ears be borne,
 That Blame it is to him, that Arms profess'd,
 To let her die, whom he might have redress'd.
 There did she pause, inforced to give place
 Unto the Passion, that her Heart oppress'd.
 And after she had wept and wail'd a space,
 She 'gan afresh thus to renew her wretched Case:

IX.

Ye Gods of Seas, if any Gods at all
 Have care of Right, or ruth of Wretches Wrong,
 By one or other way, me woeful Thrall,
 Deliver hence out of this Dungeon strong,
 In which I daily dying am too long.
 And if ye deem me Death, for loving one
 That loves not me, then do it not prolong,
 But let me die and end my Days attone,
 And let him live unlov'd, or love himself alone.

X.

But if that Life ye unto me decree,
 Then let me live as Lovers ought to do,
 And of my Life's dear Love beloved be :
 And if he should thro Pride your Doom undo,
 Do you by Durefs him compel thereto,
 And in this Prifon put him here with me ;
 One Prifon fitteft is to hold us two :
 So had I rather to be thrall than free ;
 Such Thraldom or fuch Freedom let it furely be.

XI.

But O vain Judgment, and Conditions vain,
 The which the Prifoner points unto the Free !
 The whiles I him condemn, and deem his Pain,
 He where he lift goes loofe, and laughs at me :
 So ever loofe, fo ever happy be.
 But where fo loofe or happy that thou art,
 Know *Marinel* that all this is for thee.
 With that ſhe wept and wail'd, as if her Heart
 Would quite have burft through great Aboundance of her

XII.

(Smart,

All which Complaint, when *Marinel* had heard,
 And underftood the Caufe of all her Care
 To come of him, for uſing her fo hard,
 His ſtubborn Heart, that never felt Miſfare,
 Was touch'd with ſoft Remorſe and Pity rare ;
 That even for Grief of Mind he oft did groan,
 And inly wiſh, that in his power it were
 Her to redreſs : but ſince he means found none,
 He could no more but her great Miſery bemoan.

XIII.

Thus whiſt his ſtony Heart with tender ruth
 Was touch'd, and mighty Courage mollifide,
 Dame *Venus*' Son that tameth ſtubborn Youth
 With iron Bit, and maketh him abide,
 Till like a Victor on his Back he ride,
 Into his Mouth his maiſtring Bridle threw,
 That made him ſtoop, till he did him beſtride :
 Then 'gan he make him tread his Steps anew,
 And learn to love, by learning Lovers Pains to rue.

XIV.

XIV.

Now 'gan he in his grieved Mind devise,
 How from that Dungeon he might her enlarge ;
 Some while he thought, by fair and humble wife
 To *Proteus*' self to sue for her Discharge,
 But then he fear'd his Mother's former Charge
 'Gainst Women's Love, long given him in vain :
 Then 'gan he think, perforce with Sword and Targe
 Her forth to fetch, and *Proteus* to constrain :
 But soon he 'gan such Folly to forthink again.

XV.

Then did he cast to steal her thence away,
 And with him bear, where none of her might know.
 But all in vain : for why he found no way
 To enter in, or issue forth below ;
 For all about that Rock the Sea did flow.
 And though unto his Will she given were,
 Yet without Ship or Boat her thence to row,
 He wist not how her thence away to bear ;
 And Danger well he wist long to continue there.

XVI.

At last, when-as no means he could invent,
 Back to himself he 'gan return the Blame,
 That was the Author of her Punishment ;
 And with vile Curses, and reproachful Shame,
 To damn himself by every evil Name,
 And deem unworthy or of Love or Life,
 That had despis'd so chaste and fair a Dame,
 Which him had sought through Trouble and long Strife ;
 Yet had refus'd a God that her had sought to Wife.

XVII.

In this sad Plight he walked here and there,
 And roamed round about the Rock in vain,
 As he had lost himself, he wist not where ;
 Oft listning if he mote her hear again ;
 And still bemoaning her unworthy Pain :
 Like as an Hind, whose Calf is fal'n unwares
 Into some Pit, where she him hears complain,
 An hundred times about the Pit-side fares,
 Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved Cares.

XVIII.

And now by this, the Feast was throughly ended,
 And every one 'gan homeward to resort :
 Which seeing, *Marinel* was sore offended,
 That his Departure thence should be so short,
 And leave his Love in that sea-walled Fort,
 Yet durst he not his Mother disobey ;
 But her attending in full seemly sort,
 Did march amongst the many all the way ;
 And all the way did inly mourn, like one astray.

XIX.

Being returned to his Mother's Bow'r,
 In solitary Silence far from Wight,
 He 'gan record the lamentable Stow'r,
 In which his wretched Love lay day and night,
 For his dear sake, that ill deserv'd that Plight :
 The Thought whereof empierc'd his Heart so deep,
 That of no worldly thing he took delight ;
 Ne daily Food did take, ne nightly Sleep,
 But pin'd, and mourn'd, and languish'd, and alone did weep.

XX.

That in short space his wonted chearful Hue
 'Gan fade, and lively Spirits deaded quite :
 His Cheek-bones raw, and Eye-pits hollow grew,
 And brawny Arms had lost their knowen Might,
 That nothing like himself he seem'd in sight.
 E'er long, so weak of Limb, and sick of Love
 He woxe, that lenger he n'ote stand upright,
 But to his Bed was brought, and laid above,
 Like rueful Ghost, unable once to stir or move.

XXI.

Which when his Mother saw, she in her Mind
 Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to ween :
 Ne could by Search nor any means out-find
 The secret Cause and Nature of his Teen,
 Whereby she might apply some Medicine ;
 But weeping day and night did him attend,
 And mourn'd to see her Loss before her Eyne :
 Which griev'd her more, that she it could not mend ;
 To see an helpless Evil, double Grief doth lend.

XXII.

XXII.

Nought could she read the Root of his Disease,
 Ne ween what mister Malady it is,
 Whereby to seek some means it to appease.
 Most did she think, but most she thought amis,
 That that same former fatal Wound of his
 Whileare by *Tryphon* was not throughly heal'd,
 But closely rankled under th' Orifice:
 Least did she think, that which he most conceal'd,
 That Love it was, which in his Heart lay unreveal'd.

XXIII.

Therefore to *Tryphon* she again doth haste,
 And him doth chide as false and fraudulent,
 That fail'd the Trust which she in him had plac'd,
 To cure her Son, as he his Faith had lent:
 Who now was fal'n into new Languishment
 Of his old Hurt, which was not throughly cur'd.
 So back he came unto her Patient;
 Where searching every Part, her well assur'd,
 That it was no old Sore, which his new Pain procur'd;

XXIV.

But that it was some other Malady,
 Or Grief unknown, which he could not discern:
 So left he her withouten Remedy.
 Then 'gan her Heart to faint, and quake and yern,
 And inly troubled was, the Truth to learn.
 Unto himself she came, and him besought,
 Now with fair Speeches, now with Threatnings stern,
 If ought lay hidden in his griev'd Thought,
 It to reveal: who still her answer'd, there was nought.

XXV.

Nath'less she rested not so satisfy'd:
 But leaving watry Gods, as booting nought,
 Unto the shiny Heaven in haste she hy'd,
 And thence *Apollo*, King of Leaches, brought.
Apollo came; who soon as he had sought
 Through his Disease, did by and by out-find,
 That he did languish of some inward Thought,
 The which afflicted his engrieved Mind;
 Which Love he read to be, that leads each living

Kind.
XXVI.

XXVI.

Which when he had unto his Mother told,
 She 'gan thereat to fret, and greatly grieve.
 And coming to her Son, 'gan first to scold,
 And chide at him, that made her misbelieve:
 But afterwards she 'gan him soft to shrieve,
 And woo with fair Intreaty to disclose
 Which of the Nymphs his Heart so fore did mieve;
 For sure she ween'd it was some one of those,
 Which he had lately seen, that for his Love he chose.

XXVII.

Now less she feared that same fatal Read,
 That warned him of Women's Love beware;
 Which being meant of mortal Creature's Seed,
 For Love of Nymphs she thought she need not care,
 But promis'd him, whatever Wight she were,
 That she her Love to him would shortly gain.
 So he her told: but soon as she did hear
 That *Florimel* it was which wrought his Pain,
 She 'gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every Vein.

XXVIII.

Yet since she saw the fraight Extremity,
 In which his Life unluckily was laid,
 It was no time to scan the Prophecy,
 Whether old *Proteus* true or false had said,
 That his Decay should happen by a Maid.
 It's late in Death of Danger to advise,
 Or Love forbid him, that is Life deny'd:
 But rather 'gan in troubled Mind devise,
 How she that Lady's Liberty might enterprise.

XXIX.

To *Proteus*' self to sue, she thought it vain,
 Who was the Root and Worker of her Woe:
 Nor unto any meaner to complain,
 But unto great King *Neptune*'s self did go,
 And on her Knee before him falling low,
 Made humble Suit unto his Majesty,
 To grant to Her her Son's Life, which his Foe
 A cruel Tyrant had presumptuously
 By wicked Doom condemn'd, a wretched Death to die.

XXX.

To whom God *Neptune* softly smiling, thus ;
 Daughter, me seems of double Wrong ye 'plain,
 'Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us :
 For Death t' award I ween'd did appertain
 To none, but to the Sea's sole Sovereign.
 Read therefore who it is which this hath wrought,
 And for what Cause ; the Truth discover plain :
 For never Wight so evil did or thought,
 But would some rightful Cause pretend, tho rightly nought.

XXXI.

To whom she answer'd ; Then it is by Name
Proteus, that hath ordain'd my Son to die ;
 For that a Waift, the which by Fortune came
 Upon your Seas, he claim'd as Property :
 And yet not his, nor his in Equity,
 But yours the Waift by high Prerogative.
 Therefore I humbly crave your Majesty,
 It to replevy, and my Son reprieve :
 So shall you by one Gift save all us three alive.

XXXII.

He graunted it : and straight his Warrant made,
 Under the Sea-god's Seal authentical,
 Commanding *Proteus* straight t' enlarge the Maid,
 Which wandring on his Seas imperial
 He lately took, and sithence kept as Thrall.
 Which she receiving with meet Thankfulness,
 Departed straight to *Proteus* therewithal :
 Who reading it with inward Loathfulness,
 Was grieved to restore the Pledge he did possess.

XXXIII.

Yet durst he not the Warrant to withstand,
 But unto her deliver'd *Florimel*.
 Whom she receiving by the lilly Hand,
 Admir'd her Beauty much, as she mote well,
 For she all living Creatures did excel ;
 And was right joyous that she gotten had
 So fair a Wife for her Son *Marinel*.
 So home with her she straight the Virgin lad,
 And shewed her to him, then being sore bestad.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

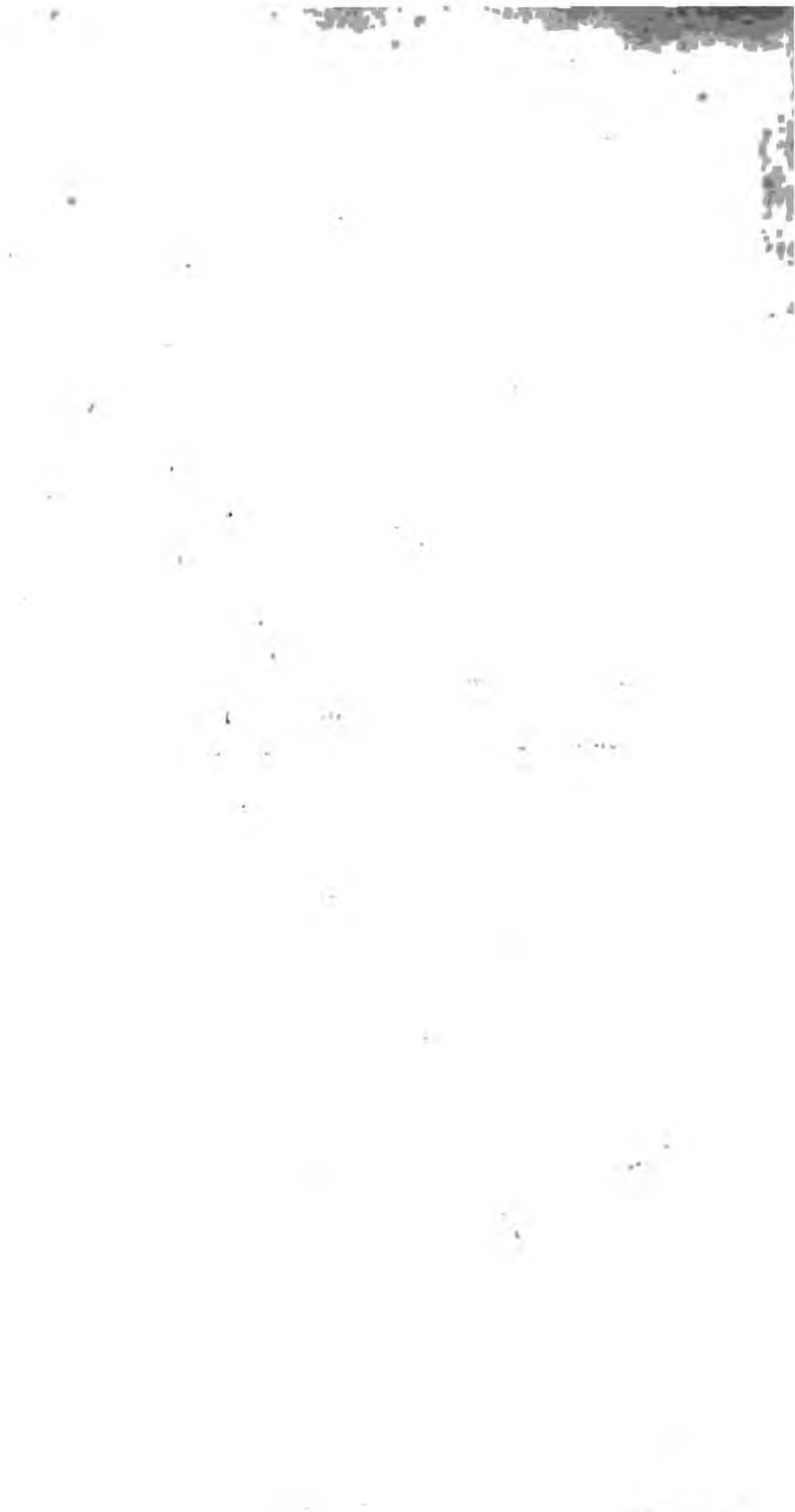
Who soon as he beheld that Angel's Face,
 Adorn'd with all divine Perfection,
 His cheared Heart estfoons away 'gan chace
 Sad Death, revived with her sweet Inspection,
 And feeble Spirit inly felt Refection :
 As wither'd Weed through cruel Winter's Time,
 That feels the Warmth of sunny Beam's Reflection,
 Lifts up his Head, that did before decline,
 And 'gins to spread his Leaf before the fair Sunshine.

XXXV.

Right so himself did *Marinel* up-rear,
 When he in place his dearest Love did spy ;
 And though his Limbs could not his Body bear,
 Ne former Strength return so suddenly,
 Yet chearful Signs he shewed outwardly.
 Ne less was she in secret Heart affected,
 But that she masked it with Modesty,
 For fear she should of Lightness be detected :
 Which to another Place I leave to be perfected.

The End of the Fourth Book.







THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF THE
FAIRY-QUEEN:

CONTAINING

The Legend of *Arthegal*, or of Justice.

I.

SO oft as I, with State of present time,
The Image of the antique World compare,
When-as Man's Age was in his freshest Prime,
And the first Blossom of fair Vertue bare;
Such odds I find 'twixt those, and these which are,
As that, through long Continuance of his Course,
Me seems the World is run quite out of square,
From the first Point of his appointed Source,
And being once amiss, grows daily worse and worse.

O 3

II.

II.

For from the golden Age, that first was nam'd,
 It's now as earst become a stony one ;
 And Men themselves, the which at first were fram'd
 Of earthly Mould, and form'd of Flesh and Bone,
 Are now transformed into hardest Stone ;
 Such as behind their Backs (so backward bred)
 Were thrown by *Pyrrba* and *Deucalion* :
 And if than those may any worse be read,
 They into that e'er long will be degenerated.

III.

Let none then blame me, if in Discipline
 Of Vertue and of civil Use's Lore,
 I do not form them to the common Line
 Of present Days, which are corrupted sore ;
 But to the antique Use, which was of yore,
 When Good was only for it self desir'd,
 And all Men sought their own, and none no more ;
 When Justice was not for most Meed out-hir'd,
 But simple Truth did reign, and was of all admir'd.

IV.

For that which all Men then did Vertue call,
 Is now call'd Vice ; and that which Vice was hight,
 Is now hight Vertue, and so us'd of all :
 Right now is Wrong, and Wrong that was is Right,
 As all things else in time are changed quite.
 Ne wonder ; for the Heavens Revolution
 Is wandred far from where it first was pight,
 And so do make contrary Constitution
 Of all this lower World, toward his Dissolution.

V.

For who so list into the Heavens look,
 And search the Courses of the rolling Sphears,
 Shall find that from the Point, where they first took
 Their setting forth, in these few thousand Years
 They all are wander'd much ; that plain appears.
 For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and *Helle* from their Stepdame's Fears,
 Hath now forgot, where he was plac'd of yore,
 And shoulder'd hath the Bull, which fair *Europa* bore.

VI.

VI.

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent Horn
So hardly butted those two Twins of *Jove*,
That they have crush'd the Crab, and quite him borne
Into the great *Nemean* Lion's Grove.
So now all range, and do at random rove
Out of their proper Places far away ;
And all this World with them amiss do move,
And all his Creatures from their Course astray,
Till they arrive at their last ruinous Decay.

VII.

Ne is that same great glorious Lamp of Light,
That doth enlumine all those lesser Fires,
In better case, ne keeps his Course more right,
But is miscarry'd with the other Sphears.
For since the Term of fourteen hundred Years
That learned *Ptolemy* his Height did take,
He is declined from that Mark of theirs,
Nigh thirty Minutes, to the Southern Lake ;
That makes me fear in time he will us quite forsake.

VIII.

And if to those *Egyptian* Wizards old,
Which in Star-read were wont have best Insight,
Faith may be given, it is by them told,
That since the time they first took the Sun's Height,
Four times his Place he shifted hath in sight,
And twice hath risen, where he now doth west,
And wested twice, where he ought rise aright.
But most is *Mars* amiss of all the rest,
And next to him old *Saturn*, that was wont be best.

IX.

For during *Saturn*'s antient Reign, it's said,
That all the World with Goodness did abound ;
All loved Vertue, no Man was affraid
Of Force, ne Fraud in Wight was to be found :
No War was known, no dreadful Trumpet's Sound,
Peace universal reign'd 'mongst Men and Beasts,
And all things freely grew out of the Ground :
Justice sate high ador'd with solemn Feasts,
And to all People did divide her dread Becheasts.

X.

Most sacred Vertue she of all the rest,
 Resembling God in his Imperial Might;
 Whose sovereign Pow'r is herein most express'd,
 That both to Good and Bad he dealeth right,
 And all his Works with Justice hath bedight.
 That Pow'r he also doth to Princes lend,
 And makes them like himself in glorious Sight,
 To sit in his own Seat, his Cause to end,
 And rule his People right, as he doth recommend.

XI.

Dread sovereign Goddess, that dost highest sit
 In Seat of Judgment, in th' Almighty's stead,
 And with magnifick Might and wondrous Wit
 Dost to thy People righteous Doom aread,
 That furthest Nations fills with awful Dread;
 Pardon the Boldness of thy basest Thrall,
 That dare discourse of so divine a read,
 As thy great Justice praised over all;
 The Instrument whereof lo here thy *Artbegal*.





CANTO I.

Arthegal, *train'd in Justice' Lore,*
 Irena's *Quest pursu'd:*
 He doth *avenge on Sanglier*
 His *Lady's Blood embru'd.*

I.

THough Vertue then were held in highest Price,
 In those old times, of which I do entreat,
 Yet then likewise the wicked Seed of Vice
 Began to spring; which shortly grew full great,
 And with their Boughs the gentle Plants did beat.
 But evermore some of the vertuous Race
 Rose up, inspired with heroic Heat,
 That cropt the Branches of the Cyen base,
 And with strong Hand their fruitful Rankness did deface.

II.

Such first was *Bacchus*, that with furious Might
 All th' *East*, before untam'd, did over-run,
 And Wrong repressed, and establish'd Right,
 Which lawless Men had formerly foredone.
 Their Justice first her princely Rule begun.
 Next, *Hercules* his like Ensamble shew'd,
 Who all the *West* with equal Conquest won,
 And monstrous Tyrants with his Club subdu'd:
 The Club of Justice drad, with kingly Pow'r endu'd.

III.

And such was he, of whom I have to tell,
 The Champion of true Justice, *Arthegal*:
 Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
 An hard Adventure, which did then befall,
 Into redoubted Peril forth did call;
 That was, to succour a distressed Dame,
 Whom a strong Tyrant did unjustly thrall.
 And from the Heritage, which she did claim,
 Did with strong Hand withhold: *Grantorto* was his Name.

IV.

IV.

Wherefore the Lady, which *Irena* hight,
 Did to the *Fairy Queen* her way address;
 To whom complaining her afflicted Plight,
 She her besought of gracious Redress.
 That sovereign Queen, that mighty Emperess,
 Whose Glory is to aid all Suppliants poor,
 And of weak Princes to be Patroness,
 Chose *Artbegal* to Right her to restore;
 For that to her he seem'd best skill'd in righteous Lore.

V.

For *Artbegal* in Justice was up-brought
 Even from the Cradle of his Infancy,
 And all the Depth of rightful Doom was taught
 By fair *Astræa*, with great Industry,
 Whilst here on Earth she lived mortally.
 For till the World from his Perfection fell
 Into all Filth and foul Iniquity,
Astræa here 'mongst earthly Men did dwell,
 And in the Rules of Justice them instructed well.

VI.

Whiles through the World she walked in this sort,
 Upon a day she found this gentle Child,
 Amongst his Peers playing his childish Sport:
 Whom seeing fit, and with no Crime defil'd,
 She did allure with Gifts and Speeches mild,
 To wend with her. So thence him far she brought
 Into a Cave from Company exil'd,
 In which she nursed him, till Years he raught,
 And all the Discipline of Justice there him taught.

VII.

There she him taught to weigh both Right and Wrong
 In equal Ballance with due Recompence,
 And Equity to measure out along,
 According to the Line of Conscience,
 When-so it needs with Rigour to dispense.
 Of all the which, for want there of Mankind,
 She caused him to make Experience
 Upon wild Beasts, which she in Woods did find,
 With wrongful Pow'r oppressing others of their Kind.

VIII.

VIII.

Thus she him trained, and thus she him taught
 In all the Skill of deeming Wrong and Right,
 Until the Ripeness of Man's Years he raught ;
 That even wild Beasts did fear his awful Sight,
 And Men admir'd his over-ruling Might :
 Ne any liv'd on ground, that durst withstand
 His dreadful Heaft, much less him match in Fight,
 Or 'bide the Horrour of his wreakful Hand,
 When-so he list in Wrath list up his steely Brand.

IX.

Which steely Brand, to make him dreaded more,
 She gave unto him, gotten by her Slight
 And earnest Search, where it was kept in store
 In *Jove's* eternal House, unwist of Wight,
 Since he himself it us'd in that great Fight
 Against the *Titans*, that whilom rebell'd
 'Gainst highest Heaven ; *Cbrysaor* it was hight ;
Cbrysaor, that all other Swords excell'd, (quell'd.
 Well prov'd in that same Day, when *Jove* those Giants

X.

For of most perfect Metal it was made,
 Temper'd with Adamant amongst the same,
 And garnish'd all with Gold upon the Blade
 In goodly wise, whereof it took his Name,
 And was of no less Vertue, than of Fame.
 For there no Substance was so firm and hard,
 But it would pierce or cleave, where-so it came ;
 Ne any Armour could his Dint out-ward,
 But wheresoever it did light, it throughly shar'd.

XI.

Now when the World with Sin 'gan to abound,
Astræa loathing lenger here to space
 'Mongst wicked Men, in whom no Truth she found,
 Return'd to Heaven, whence she deriv'd her Race ;
 Where she hath now an everlasting Place
 'Mongst those twelve Signs, which nightly we do see
 The Heaven's bright-shining Baudrike to enchace ;
 And is the *Virgin*, sixth in her Degree :
 And next herself, her righteous Ballance hanging be.

XII.

XII.

But when she parted hence, she left her Groom
 An yron Man, which did on her attend
 Always, to execute her stedfast Doom,
 And willed him with *Artbegal* to wend,
 And do whatever thing he did intend.
 His Name was *Talus*, made of yron Mould,
 Immovable, resistless, without end ;
 Who, in his Hand, an yron Flail did hold,
 With which he thresh'd out Falshood, and did truth unfold.

XIII.

He now went with him in this new Inquest,
 Him for to aid, if Aid he chaunc'd to need,
 Against that cruel Tyrant, which opprefs'd
 The fair *Irena* with his foul Misdeed ;
 And kept the Crown in which she should succeed.
 And now together on their way they bin,
 When-as they saw a Squire in squallid Weed,
 Lamenting fore his sorrowful sad Tine,
 With many bitter Tears shed from his blubber'd Eyne.

XIV.

To whom as they approached, they espy'd
 A sorry Sight, as ever seen with Eye ;
 An headless Lady lying him beside,
 In her own Blood all wallow'd woefully,
 That her gay Clothes did in Discolour dye.
 Much was he moved at that rueful Sight,
 And flam'd with Zeal of Vengeance inwardly ;
 He ask'd, who had that Dame so foully dight ;
 Or whether his own Hand, or whether other Wight ?

XV.

Ah ! woe is me, and weal-away, quoth he,
 Bursting forth Tears, like Springs out of a Bank,
 That ever I this dismal Day did see :
 Full far was I from thinking such a Prank ;
 Yet little Loss it were, and mickle Thank,
 If I should grant that I have done the same,
 That I mote drink the Cup whereof she drank :
 But that I should die guilty of the Blame,
 The which another did, who now is fled with Shame.

XVI.

Who was it then, said *Arthegal*, that wrought?
 And why? do it declare unto me true.
 A Knight, said he, if Knight he may be thought,
 That did his Hand in Lady's Blood embrue,
 And for no Cause, but as I shall you shew.
 This day as I in Solace fate hereby
 With a fair Love, whose Loss I now do rue,
 There came this Knight, having in Company
 This luckless Lady, which now here doth headless lie.

XVII.

He, whether mine seem'd fairer in his Eye,
 Or that he, wexed weary of his own,
 Would change with me; but I did it deny:
 So did the Ladies both, as may be known.
 But he, whose Spirit was with Pride up-blown,
 Would not so rest contented with his Right,
 But having from his Courser her down-thrown,
 From me rest mine away by lawless Might,
 And on his Steed her set, to bear her out of sight.

XVIII.

Which when his Lady saw, she follow'd fast,
 And on him catching hold, 'gan loud to cry
 Not so to leave her, nor away to cast,
 But rather of his Hand besought to die.
 With that, his Sword he drew all wrathfully,
 And at one Stroke cropt off her Head with Scorn,
 In that same place, whereas it now doth lie:
 So he my Love away with him hath borne,
 And left me here, both his and mine own Love to mourn.

XIX.

Aread, said he, which way then did he make?
 And by what Marks may he be known again?
 To hope, quoth he, him soon to overtake,
 That hence so long departed, is but vain:
 But yet he pricked over yonder Plain;
 And as I marked, bore upon his Shield,
 By which it's easy him to know again,
 A broken Sword within a bloody Field:
 Expressing well his Nature which the same did wield.

XX.

No sooner said, but straight he after sent
 His yron Page, who him pursu'd so light,
 As that it seem'd above the Ground he went :
 For he was swift as Swallow in her Flight,
 And strong as Lion in his lordly Might.
 It was not long before he overtook
 Sir *Sanglier* (so cleped was that Knight)
 Whom at the first he guesfed by his Look,
 And by the other Marks, which off his Shield he took.

XXI.

He bade him stay, and back with him retire ;
 Who full of Scorn to be commanded so,
 The Lady to alight did eft require,
 Whilst he reformed that uncivil Foe :
 And straight at him with all his Force did go.
 Who mov'd no more therewith, than when a Rock
 Is lightly striken with some Stone's throw ;
 But to him leaping, lent him such a knock,
 That on the Ground he laid him like a senseless Block.

XXII.

But e'er he could himself recure again,
 Him in his Iron Paw he seized had ;
 That when he wak'd out of his wareless Pain,
 He found himself, unwist, so ill bestad,
 That Limb he could not wag. Thence he him lad,
 Bound like a Beast appointed to the Stall :
 The Sight whereof the Lady sore adrad,
 And fain'd to fly for fear of being Thrall ;
 But he her quickly stay'd, and forc'd to wend withall.

XXIII.

When to the Place they came, where *Arthegal*
 By that same careful Squire did them abide,
 He gently 'gan him to demaund of all
 That did betwixt him and that Squire betide.
 Who with stern Count'nance and indignant Pride
 Did answer, that of all he guiltless stood,
 And his Accuser thereupon defy'd :
 For neither he did shed that Lady's Blood,
 Nor took away his Love, but his own proper Good.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Well did the Squire perceive himself too weak,
 To answer his Defiance in the Field,
 And rather chose his Challenge off to break,
 Than to approve his Right with Spear and Shield;
 And rather guilty chose himself to yield.
 But *Arthegal* by Signs perceiving plain,
 That he it was not, which that Lady kill'd,
 But that strange Knight, the fairer Love to gain,
 Did cast about by Sleight the Truth thereout to strain;

XXV.

And said, Now sure this doubtful Cause's Right
 Can hardly but by Sacrament be try'd,
 Or else by Ordele, or by bloody Fight;
 That ill perhaps mote fall to either side.
 But if ye please, that I your Cause decide,
 Perhaps I may all further Quarrel end,
 So ye will swear my Judgment to abide.
 Thereto they both did frankly condescend,
 And to his Doom with listful Ears did both attend.

XXVI.

Sith then, said he, ye both the dead deny,
 And both the living Lady claim your Right,
 Let both the Dead and Living equally
 Divided be betwixt you here in Sight,
 And each of either take his Share aright.
 But look who does dissent from this my Read,
 He for a Twelvemonth's Day shall in despite
 Bear for his Penance that same Lady's Head;
 To witness to the World, that she by him is dead.

XXVII.

Well pleased with that Doom was *Sangliere*,
 And offer'd straight the Lady to be slain.
 But that same Squire, to whom she was most dear,
 When-as he saw she should be cut in twain,
 Did yield, she rather should with him remain
 Alive, than to himself be shared dead:
 And rather than his Love should suffer Pain,
 He chose with Shame to bear that Lady's Head.
 True Love despiseth Shame, when Life is call'd in Dread.

XXVIII.

Whom when so willing *Artbegal* perceiv'd ;
 No so, thou Squire, he said, but thine I deem
 The living Lady, which from thee he reav'd :
 For worthy thou of her dost rightly seem.
 And you, Sir Knight, that love so light esteem,
 As that ye would for little leave the same,
 Take here your own, that doth you best beseem,
 And with it bear the Burden of Defame ;
 Your own dead Lady's Head, to tell abroad your Shame.

XXIX.

But *Sangliere* disdain'd much his Doom,
 And sternly 'gan repine at his Beheast ;
 Ne would for ought obey, as did become,
 To bear that Lady's Head before his Breast :
 Untill that *Talus* had his Pride repress'd,
 And forced him, maulgre, it up to rear.
 Who, when he saw it bootless to resist,
 He took it up, and thence with him did bear,
 As rated Spaniel takes his Burden up for fear.

XXX.

Much did that Squire Sir *Artbegal* adore
 For his great Justice, held in high regard ;
 And (as his Squire) him offer'd evermore
 To serve, for want of other meet Reward,
 And wend with him on his Adventure hard.
 But he thereto would by no means consent ;
 But leaving him, forth on his Journey far'd :
 Ne Wight with him but only *Talus* went ;
 They two enough t'encounter an whole Regiment.





C A N T O I I.

*Arthegal bears of Florimel,
Does with the Pagan fight,
Him slays, drowns Lady Munera,
Does rase her Castle quite.*

I.

NOught is more honourable to a Knight,
Ne better doth beseem brave Chevalry,
Than to defend the Feeble in their Right,
And Wrong redrefs in such as wend awry.
Whilom those great Heroes got thereby
Their greatest Glory for their rightful Deeds,
And Place deserved with the Gods on high.
Herein the Nobles of this Knight exceeds,
Who now to Perils great for Justice sake proceeds.

II.

To which as he now was upon the way,
He chaunc'd to meet a Dwarf in hasty Course;
Whom he requir'd his forward Haste to stay,
Till he of Tidings mote with him discourse.
Loth was the Dwarf, yet did he stay perforce,
And 'gan of sundry News his Store to tell,
As to his Memory they had recourse:
But chiefly of the fairest *Florimel*,
How she was found again, and spous'd to *Marinel*.

III.

For this was *Dony*, *Florimel's* own Dwarf;
Whom having lost (as ye have heard whileare)
And finding in the way the scatter'd Scarf,
The Fortune of her Life long time did fear.
But of her Health when *Arthegal* did hear,
And safe Return, he was full inly glad;
And ask'd him where, and when her bridal Chear
Should be solemniz'd: for if time he had,
He would be there, and Honour to her Spousal add.

IV.

Within three Days, quoth he, as I do hear,
 It will be at the Castle of the *Strond* ;
 What time, if nought me let, I will be there
 To do her Service, so as I am bond.
 But in my way a little here beyond,
 A cursed cruel *Sarazin* doth wonne,
 That keeps a Bridge's Passage by strong Hond,
 And many errant Knights hath there fordone ;
 That makes all Men for fear that Passage for to shun.

V.

What mister Wight, quoth he, and how far hence
 Is he, that doth to Travellers such Harms ?
 He is, said he, a Man of great Defence ;
 Expert in Battel and in Deeds of Arms ;
 And more embolden'd by the wicked Charms,
 With which his Daughter doth him still support ;
 Having great Lordships got and goodly Farms.
 Through strong Oppression of his Power extort ;
 By which he still them holds, and keeps with strong Effort.

VI.

And daily he his Wrongs encreaseth more ;
 For never Wight he lets to pass that way
 Over his Bridge, albe he rich or poor,
 But he him makes his Passage-penny pay :
 Else he doth hold him back, or beat away.
 Thereto he hath a Groom of evil Guise,
 Whose Scalp is bare, that Bondage doth bewray,
 Which polls and pills the poor in piteous wise ;
 But he himself upon the Rich doth tyrannize.

VII.

His Name is hight *Pollente*, rightly so,
 For that he is so puissant and strong,
 That with his Pow'r he all doth over-go,
 And makes them subject to his mighty Wrong ;
 And some by Slight he eke doth underfong.
 For on a Bridge he custometh to fight,
 Which is but narrow, but exceeding long ;
 And in the same are many Trap-falls pight,
 Through which the Rider down doth fall through Over-fight.

VIII.

VIII.

And underneath the same a River flows,
 That is both swift and dangerous deep withall ;
 Into the which whom-so he overthrows,
 All destitute of Help, doth headlong fall :
 But he himself, through Practise usual,
 Leaps forth into the Flood, and there assays
 His Foe, confused through his sudden Fall,
 That Horse and Man he equally dismays,
 And either both them drowns, or traiterously slays.

IX.

Then doth he take the Spoil of them at will,
 And to his Daughter brings, that dwells thereby :
 Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
 The Coffers of her wicked Treasury ;
 Which she with Wrongs hath heaped up so high,
 That many Princes she in Wealth exceeds,
 And purchas'd all the Country lying nigh
 With the Revenue of her plenteous Meeds ;
 Her Name is *Munera*, agreeing with her Deeds.

X.

There-to she is full fair, and rich attir'd,
 With golden Hands and silver Feet beside,
 That many Lords have her to Wife desir'd :
 But she them all despiseth for great Pride.
 Now by my Life, said he, and God to Guide,
 None other way will I this day betake,
 But by that Bridge, whereas he doth abide :
 Therefore me thither lead. No more he spake,
 But thitherward forth-right his ready way did make.

XI.

Unto the Place he came within a-while,
 Where on the Bridge he ready armed saw
 The *Sarazin*, awaiting for some Spoil.
 Who as they to the Passage 'gan to draw,
 A Villain to them came with Skull all raw,
 That Passage-money did of them require,
 According to the Custom of their Law.
 To whom he answer'd wroth, Lo! there thy Hire!
 And with that Word him strook, that straight he did expire.

XII.

XII.

Which, when the *Pagan* saw, he wexed wroth,
 And straight himself unto the Fight address'd ;
 Ne was Sir *Artbegal* behind : so both
 Together ran with ready Spears in Rest.
 Right in the midst, whereas they Breast to Breast
 Should meet, a Trap was letten down to fall
 Into the Flood : straight lept the Carle unblest,
 Well weening that his Foe was fal'n withall :
 But he was well aware, and leap'd before his fall.

XIII.

There being both together in the Flood,
 They each at other tyrannously flew ;
 Ne ought the Water cooled their hot Blood,
 But rather in them kindled Choler new.
 But there the Paynim, who that Use well knew
 To fight in Water, great Advantage had,
 That oftentimes him nigh he over-threw :
 And eke the Courser, whereupon he rad,
 Could swim like to a Fish, whiles he his Back bestrad.

XIV.

Which Odds when-as Sir *Artbegal* espy'd,
 He saw no way, but close with him in haste ;
 And to him driving strongly down the Tide,
 Upon his iron Collar griped fast,
 That with the Straint, his Wesand nigh he brast.
 There they together strove and struggled long,
 Either the other from his Steed to cast ;
 Ne ever *Artbegal* his Griple strong
 For any thing would slack, but still upon him hong.

XV.

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met,
 In the wide Champian of the Ocean Plain,
 With cruel Chauf their Courages they whet,
 The Maisterdom of each by force to gain,
 And dreadful Battel 'twixt them do darrain :
 They snuff, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they roar,
 That all the Sea (disturbed with their Train)
 Doth fry with Foam above the Surges hore :
 Such was betwixt these two the troublesome Uproar.

XVI.

XVI.

So *Artbegal*, at length, him forc'd forsake
 His Horse's Back, for dread of being drown'd,
 And to his handy Swimming him betake ;
 Eftsoons himself he from his Hold unbound,
 And then no odds at all in him he found :
 For *Artbegal* in swimming skilful was,
 And durst the Depth of any Water found.
 So ought each Knight, that Use of Peril has,
 In swimming be expert, through Water's Force to pass.

XVII.

Then very doubtful was the War's Event,
 Uncertain whether had the better side :
 For both were skill'd in that Experiment,
 And both in Arms well train'd and thoroughly try'd.
 But *Artbegal* was better breath'd beside,
 And towards th' end grew greater in his Might,
 That his faint Foe no longer could abide
 His Puissance, ne bear himself upright,
 But from the Water to the Land betook his Flight.

XVIII.

But *Artbegal* pursu'd him still so near,
 With bright Chrysaor in his cruel Hand,
 That as his Head he 'gan a little rear,
 Above the Brink, to tread upon the Land,
 He smote it off, that tumbling on the Strand,
 It bit the Earth for very fell despight,
 And gnashed with his Teeth, as if he band
 High God, whose Goodness he despaired quite,
 Or curs'd the Hand, which did that Vengeance on him digh

XIX.

His Corps was carry'd down along the Lee,
 Whose Waters with his filthy Blood it stain'd :
 But his blasphemous Head, that all might see,
 He pitch'd upon a Pole on high ordain'd ;
 Where many Years it afterwards remain'd,
 To be a Mirror to all mighty Men,
 In whose right Hands great Power is contain'd,
 That none of them the Feeble over-ren,
 But always do their Pow'r within just Compass pen.

XX.

That done, unto the Castle he did wend,
 In which the Paynim's Daughter did abide,
 Guarded of many which did her defend :
 Of whom he Entrance sought, but was deny'd,
 And with reproachful Blasphemy defy'd,
 Beaten with Stones down from the Battlement,
 That he was forced to withdraw aside ;
 And bade his Servant *Talus* to invent
 Which way he enter might, without Endangerment,

XXI.

Eftsoons his Page drew to the Castle-gate,
 And with his iron Flail at it let fly,
 That all the Warders it did sore amate,
 The which e'er-while spake so reproachfully,
 And made them stoup, that looked earst so high.
 Yet still he bet and bounc'd upon the Door,
 And thundred Strokes thereon so hideously,
 That all the Piece he shaked from the Floor,
 And filled all the House with Fear and great Uproar.

XXII.

With noise thereof, the Lady forth appear'd
 Upon the Castle-wall ; and when she saw
 The dangerous State in which she stood, she fear'd
 The sad Effect of her near Overthrow ;
 And 'gan intreat that iron Man below,
 To cease his Outrage, and him fair besought,
 Sith neither Force of Stones, which they did throw,
 Nor Pow'r of Charms, which she against him wrought,
 Might otherwise prevail, or make him cease for ought.

XXIII.

But when-as yet she saw him to proceed,
 Unmov'd with Prayers, or with piteous Thought,
 She meant him to corrupt with goodly Meed ;
 And caus'd great Sacks, with endless Riches fraught,
 Unto the Battlement to be up-brought,
 And poured forth over the Castle-wall,
 That she might win some time (though dearly bought)
 Whilst he to gathering of the Gold did fall.

But he was nothing mov'd, nor tempted therewithall ;

XXIV.

XXIV.

But still continu'd his Assault the more,
 And laid on Load with his huge iron Flail,
 That at the length he has yrent the Door,
 And made way for his Maister to assail.
 Who being enter'd, nought did then avail
 For Wight, against his Pow'r themselves to rear:
 Each one did fly; their Hearts began to fail,
 And hid themselves in Corners here and there;
 And eke their Dame, half dead, did hide her self for fear.

XXV.

Long they her fought, yet no where could they find her,
 That sure they ween'd she was escap'd away:
 But *Talus*, that could like a Lime-hound wind her,
 And all things secret wisely could bewray,
 At length found out, whereas she hidden lay
 Under an Heap of Gold. Thence he her drew
 By the fair Locks, and foully did array,
 Withouten Pity of her goodly Hue,
 That *Artbegal* himself her seemless Plight did rue.

XXVI.

Yet for no Pity would he change the Course
 Of Justice, which in *Talus*' Hand did lie;
 Who rudely hal'd her forth without Remorse,
 Still holding up her suppliant Hands on high,
 And kneeling at his Feet submissively.
 But he her suppliant Hands, those Hands of Gold,
 And eke her Feet, those Feet of silver Dye
 (Which sought Unrighteousness, and Justice sold)
 Chopt off; and nail'd on high, that all might them behold.

XXVII.

Her self then took he by the slender Waste,
 In vain loud crying, and into the Flood
 Over the Castle-wall adown her cast,
 And there her drowned in the dirty Mud:
 But the Stream wash'd away her guilty Blood.
 Thereafter all that mucky Pelf he took,
 The Spoil of People's evil-gotten Good,
 The which her Sire had scrap'd by hook and crook,
 And burning all to Ashes, pour'd it down the Brook.

XXVII.

XXVIII.

And lastly, all that Castle quite he ras'd,
 Even from the Sole of his Foundation,
 And all the hewen Stones thereof defac'd,
 That there mote be no hope of Reparation,
 Nor Memory thereof to any Nation.
 All which when *Talus* throughly had perform'd,
 Sir *Artbegal* undid the evil Fashion,
 And wicked Customs of that Bridge reform'd.
 Which done, unto his former Journey he return'd.

XXIX.

In which they measur'd mickle weary way,
 Till that at length nigh to the Sea they drew;
 By which as they did travel on a day,
 They saw before them, far as they could view,
 Full many People gather'd in a Crew;
 Whose great Assembly they did much admire,
 For never there the like Resort they knew.
 So towards them they coasted, to enquire
 What thing so many Nations met, did there desire.

XXX.

There they beheld a mighty Giant stand
 Upon a Rock, and holding forth on high
 An huge great Pair of Ballance in his Hand,
 With which he boasted in his Surquedry,
 That all the World he would weigh equally,
 If ought he had the same to counterpoise:
 For want whereof he weighed Vanity,
 And fill'd his Ballance full of idle Toys;
 Yet was admired much of Fools, Women, and Boys.

XXXI.

He said, that he would all the Earth up-take,
 And all the Sea, divided each from either:
 So would he of the Fire one Ballance make,
 And one of th' Air, without or Wind or Weather:
 Then would he ballance Heaven and Hell together,
 And all that did within them all contain;
 Of all whose Weight he would not miss a Feather.
 And look what Surplus did of each remain,
 He would to his own part restore the same again.

XXXII.

XXXII.

For why, he said, they all unequal were,
 And had encroached upon other's Share ;
 Like as the Sea (which plain he shewed there)
 Had worne the Earth : so did the Fire the Air ;
 So all the rest did other's Parts empair :
 And so were Realms and Nations run awry.
 All which he undertook for to repair,
 In sort as they were formed auintiently ;
 And all things would reduce unto Equality.

XXXIII.

Therefore the Vulgar did about him flock,
 And cluster thick unto his Leasings vain ;
 Like foolish Flies about an Honey-Crock,
 In hope by him great Benefit to gain,
 And uncontrolled Freedom to obtain.
 All which, when *Artbegal* did see and hear,
 How he mis-led the simple People's Train,
 In 'stainful wise he drew unto him near,
 And thus unto him spake, without regard or fear ;

XXXIV.

Thou that presum'st to weigh the World a-new,
 And all things to an Equal to restore,
 Instead of Right, meseems great Wrong dost shew,
 And far above thy Force's Pitch to soar.
 For e'er thou limit what is less or more
 In every thing, thou oughtest first to know
 What was the Poise of every Part of yore :
 And look then how much it doth overflow,
 Or fail thereof, so much is more than just I trow.

XXXV.

For at the first they all created were
 In goodly measure, by their Maker's Might ;
 And weighed out in Ballances so near,
 That not a Dram was missing of their Right.
 The Earth was in the middle Centre pight,
 In which it doth immoveable abide,
 Hem'd in with Waters, like a Wall in sight ;
 And they with Air, that not a Drop can slide :
 All which the Heav'ns contain, and in their Courses guide.

XXXVI.

Such heav'nly Justice doth among them reign,
 That every one do know their certain Bound,
 In which they do these many Years remain ;
 And 'mongst them all no Change hath yet been found,
 But if thou now should'st weigh them new in Pound,
 We are not sure they would so long remain :
 All Change is perilous, and all Chaunce unsound.
 Therefore leave off to weigh them all again,
 Till we may be assur'd they shall their Course retain.

XXXVII.

Thou foolish Elf, said then the Giant wroth,
 Seest not how badly all things present be,
 And each Estate quite out of order go'th ?
 The Sea it self dost thou not plainly see
 Encroach upon the Land there under thee ;
 And th' Earth it self how daily it's increas'd,
 By all that dying to it turned be ?
 Were it not good that Wrong were then surceas'd,
 And from the most, that some were given to the least ?

XXXVIII.

Therefore I will throw down these Mountains high,
 And make them level with the lowly Plain :
 These towring Rocks, which reach unto the Sky,
 I will thrust down into the deepest Main,
 And as they were, them equalize again,
 Tyrants, that make Men subject to their Law,
 I will suppress, that they no more may reign ;
 And Lordings curb, that Commons over-awe ;
 And all the Wealth of rich Men, to the Poor will draw.

XXXIX.

Of things unseen how canst thou deem aright,
 Then answered the righteous *Artbegal*,
 Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight ?
 What though the Sea with Waves continual
 Do eat the Earth, it is no more at all ;
 Ne is the Earth the less, or loseth ought :
 For whatsoever from one place doth fall,
 Is with the Tide unto another brought :
 For there is nothing lost, that may be found, if sought.

XL.

Likewise the Earth is not augmented more,
 By all that dying into it do fade.
 For of the Earth they formed were of yore ;
 However gay their Blossom or their Blade
 Do flourish now, they into Dust shall vade.
 What Wrong then is it, if that when they die,
 They turn to that whereof they first were made ?
 All in the Pow'r of their great Maker lie :
 All Creatures must obey the Voice of the most High.

XLI.

They live, they die, like as he doth ordain,
 Ne ever any asketh reason why :
 The Hills do not the lowly Dales disdain :
 The Dales do not the lofty Hills envy.
 He maketh Kings to sit in Sovereignty ;
 He maketh Subjects to their Pow'r obey ;
 He pulleth down, he setteth up on high ;
 He gives to this, from that he takes away ;
 For all we have is his : what he list do, he may.

XLII.

Whatever thing is done, by him is done,
 Ne any may his mighty Will withstand :
 Ne any may his sovereign Power shun,
 Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast Band.
 In vain therefore dost thou now take in hand,
 To call to 'count, or weigh his Works anew,
 Whose Counsel's Depth thou canst not understand,
 Sith of things subject to thy daily View
 Thou dost not know the Causes, nor their Courses due,

XLIII.

For take thy Ballance (if thou be so wise)
 And weigh the Wind that under Heav'n doth blow ;
 Or weigh the Light, that in the *East* doth rise ;
 Or weigh the Thought that from Man's Mind doth flow :
 But if the Weight of these thou canst not show,
 Weigh but one Word which from thy Lips doth fall.
 For how canst thou those greater Secrets know,
 That dost not know the least thing of them all ?
 Ill can he rule the Great, that cannot reach the Small.

XLIV.

Therewith the Giant, much abashed, said,
 That he of little Things made reckoning light ;
 Yet the least Word that ever could be laid
 Within his Ballance, he could weigh aright.
 Which is, said he, more heavy than in Weight,
 The Right or Wrong, the False or else the True ?
 He answered, that he would try it straight :
 So he the Words into his Ballance threw ;
 But straight the winged Words out of his Ballance flew.

XLV.

Wroth wex'd he then, and said, that Words were light,
 Ne would within his Ballance well abide :
 But he could justly weigh the Wrong or Right.
 Well then, said *Artbegal*, let it be try'd ;
 First in one Ballance set the True aside.
 He did so first, and then the False he laid
 In th' other Scale ; but still it down did slide,
 And by no mean could in the Weight be staid :
 For by no means the False will with the Truth be weigh'd.

XLVI.

Now take the Right likewise, said *Artbegale*,
 And counterpoise the same with so much Wrong.
 So first the Right he put into one Scale ;
 And then the Giant strove with Puissance strong
 To fill the other Scale with so much Wrong.
 But all the Wrongs that he therein could lay,
 Might not it poise ; yet did he labour long,
 And swat, and chaust, and proved every way :
 Yet all the Wrongs could not a little Right down lay.

XLVII.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in Rage,
 And almost would his Ballances have broken :
 But *Artbegal* him fairly 'gan assuage,
 And said ; Be not upon thy Ballance wroken :
 For they do nought but Right or Wrong betoken ;
 But in the Mind the Doom of Right must be ;
 And so likewise of Words, the which be spoken,
 The Ear must be the Ballance, to decree
 And judge, whether with Truth or Falshood they agree.

XLVIII

XLVIII.

But set the Truth, and set the Right aside
 (For they with Wrong or Falshood will not fare)
 And put two Wrongs together to be try'd,
 Or else two Falses, of each equal Share ;
 And then together do them both compare :
 For Truth is one, and Right is ever one.
 So did he, and then plain it did appear,
 Whether of them the greater were attone :
 But Right fate in the midst of the Beam alone.

XLIX.

But he the Right from thence did thrust away,
 For it was not the Right which he did seek ;
 But rather strove Extremities to weigh,
 Th' one to diminish, th' other for to eke :
 For of the Mean he greatly did misseek.
 Whom whenso leudly-minded *Talus* found,
 Approaching nigh unto him Cheek by Cheek,
 He shoulder'd him from off the higher Ground,
 And down the Rock him throwing, in the Sea him drown'd.

L.

Like as a Ship, whom cruel Tempest drives
 Upon a Rock with horrible Dismay,
 Her shatter'd Ribs in thousand Pieces rives,
 And spoiling all her Gears and goodly Ray.
 Does make her self Misfortune's piteous Prey :
 So down the Cliff the wretched Giant tumbled ;
 His batter'd Ballances in pieces lay,
 His timber'd Bones all broken rudely rumbled :
 So was the High-aspiring with huge Ruin humbled.

LI.

That when the People, which had thereabout
 Long waited, saw his sudden Desolation,
 They 'gan to gather in tumultuous Rout,
 And mutining, to stir up civil Faction,
 For certain Loss of so great Expectation ;
 For well they hoped to have got great Good,
 And wondrous Riches by his Innovation :
 Therefore resolving to revenge his Blood,
 They rose in Arms, and all in Battel-order stood.

LII.

Which lawless Multitude him coming to
 In warlike wise, when *Artbegal* did view,
 He much was troubled, ne wist what to do.
 For loth he was his noble Hands t'embrue
 In the base Blood of such a rascal Crew :
 And otherwise, if that he should retire,
 He fear'd lest they with Shame would him pursue.
 Therefore he *Talus* to them sent, t' enquire
 The Cause of their Array, and Truce for to desire.

LIII.

But soon as they him nigh approaching spy'd,
 They 'gan with all their Weapons him assay,
 And rudely strook at him on every side :
 Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay.
 But when at them he with his Flail 'gan lay,
 He like a Swarm of Flies them overthrew ;
 Ne any of them durst come in his way,
 But here and there before his Presence flew,
 And hid themselves in Holes and Bushes from his View.

LIV.

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble Flight
 Flown at a Flush of Ducks, foreby the Brook,
 The trembling Fowl dismay'd with dreadful Sight
 Of death, the which them almost overtook,
 Do hide themselves from her astonying Look,
 Amongst the Flags and Covert round about.
 When *Talus* saw they all the Field forsook,
 And none appear'd of all that rascal Rout,
 To *Artbegal* he turn'd, and went with him throughout.



C A N T O III.

*The Spousals of fair Florimel,
Where turney many Knights:
There Braggadochio is uncas'd,
In all the Ladies fights.*

I.

AFTER long Storms and Tempests over-blown,
The Sun at length his joyous Face doth clear ;
So when-as Fortune all her Spight hath shown,
Some blisful Hours at last must needs appear ;
Else would afflicted Wights oft-times despair.
So comes it now to *Florimel* by turn,
After long Sorrows suffered whileare,
In which captiv'd she many Months did mourn,
To taste of Joy, and to wont Pleasures to return.

II.

Who being freed from *Proteus'* cruel Band
By *Marincl*, was unto him affy'd,
And by him brought again to Fairy-Land ;
Where he her spous'd, and made his joyous Bride.
The Time and Place was blazed far and wide ;
And solemn Feasts and Giusts ordain'd therefore :
To which there did resort from every side
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great Store ;
Ne any Knight was absent that brave Courage bore.

III.

To tell the Glory of the Feast that day
The goodly Service, the deviseful Sights,
The Bridegroom's State, the Bride's most rich Array,
The Pride of Ladies, and the Worth of Knights,
The royal Banquets, and the rare Delights,
Were Work fit for an Herald, not for me :
But for so much as to my Lot here lights,
That with this present Treatise doth agree,
True Vertue to advance, shall here recounted be.

IV.

IV.

When all Men had with full Satiety
 Of Meats and Drinks their Appetites suffic'd,
 To Deeds of Arms and Proof of Chevalry
 They 'gan themselves address, full rich aguis'd,
 As each one had his Furnitures devis'd.
 And first of all issu'd Sir *Marinel*,
 And with him six Knights more, which enterpriz'd
 To challenge all in Right of *Florimel*,
 And to maintain, that she all others did excel.

V.

The first of them was hight Sir *Orimont*,
 A noble Knight, and try'd in hard Affays :
 The second had to name Sir *Bellifont*,
 But second unto none in Prowess' Praise ;
 The third was *Brunel*, famous in his Days ;
 The fourth *Ecastor*, of exceeding Might ;
 The fifth *Armeddan*, skill'd in lovely Lays ;
 The sixth was *Lansacke*, a redoubted Knight :
 All six well seen in Arms, and prov'd in many a Fight.

VI.

And them against came all that list to giust,
 From every Coast, and Country under Sun :
 None was debarr'd, but all had leave that lust,
 The Trumpets found ; then all together run :
 Full many Deeds of Arms that day were done,
 And many Knights unhors'd, and many wounded,
 As Fortune fell ; yet little lost or won :
 But all that day the greatest Praise redounded
 To *Marinel*, whose Name the Heralds loud resounded.

VII.

The second Day, so soon as morrow Light
 Appear'd in Heav'n, into the Field they came,
 And there all day continu'd cruel Fight,
 With diverse Fortune fit for such a Game,
 In which all strove with Peril to win Fame.
 Yet whether side was Victor, no'te be guest :
 But at the last, the Trumpets did proclaim
 That *Marinel* that day deserved best.
 So they disparted were, and all Men went to rest.

VIII.

VIII.

The third Day came, that should due Trial lend
 Of all the rest, and then this warlike Crew
 Together met, of all to make an end.
 There *Marinel* great Deeds of Arms did shew ;
 And through the thickest like a Lion flew,
 Rashing off Helms, and riving Plates asunder,
 That every one his Danger did eschew :
 So terrible his dreadful Strokes did thunder,
 That all Men stood amaz'd, and at his Might did wonder.

IX.

But what on Earth can always happy stand ?
 The greater Prowess greater Perils find.
 So far he past amongst his En'my's Band,
 That they have him enclosed so behind,
 As by no means he can himself out-wind,
 And now perforce they have him Pris'ner taken ;
 And now they do with captive Bands him bind ;
 And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
 Unless some Succour had in time him overtaken.

X.

It fortun'd, whilst they were thus ill beset,
 Sir *Arthegal* into the Tilt-yard came
 With *Braggadocio*, whom he lately met
 Upon the way, with that his snowy Dame.
 Where, when he understood by common Fame,
 What evil hap to *Marinel* betid,
 He much was mov'd at so unworthy Shame,
 And straight that Boaster pray'd, with whom he rid,
 To change his Shield with him, to be the better hid.

XI.

So forth he went, and soon them over-hent,
 Where they were leading *Marinel* away,
 Whom he assail'd with dreadful Hardiment,
 And forc'd the Burden of their Prize to stay.
 They were an hundred Knights of that Array ;
 Of which th' one half upon himself did set,
 The other stay'd behind to guard the Prey.
 But he e'er long the former fifty bet ;
 And from the other fifty soon the Prisoner fet.

XII.

So back he brought Sir *Marinel* again ;
 Whom having quickly arm'd again anew,
 They both together joined might and main,
 To set afresh on all the other Crew.
 Whom with fore Havock soon they overthrew,
 And chased quite out of the Field, that none
 Against them durst his Head to Peril shew.
 So were they left Lords of the Field alone :
 So *Marinel* by him was rescu'd from his Fone.

XIII.

Which when he had perform'd, he back again
 To *Braggadocio* did his Shield restore :
 Who all this while behind him did remain,
 Keeping there close with him in precious Store
 That his false Lady, as ye heard afore.
 Then did the Trumpets sound, and Judges rose,
 And all these Knights, which that day Armour bore,
 Came to the open Hall, to listen whose
 The Honour of the Prize should be adjudg'd by those.

XIV.

And thither also came in open fight
 Fair *Florimel*, into the common Hall,
 To greet his Guerdon unto every Knight,
 And best to him, to whom the best should fall.
 Then for that Stranger Knight they loud did call,
 To whom that day they should the Girland yield ;
 Who came not forth : but for Sir *Artbegal*
 Came *Braggadocio*, and did shew his Shield,
 Which bore the Sun, broad blazed in a golden Field.

XV.

The Sight whereof did all with Gladness fill :
 So unto him they did addeem the Prize
 Of all that Triumph. Then the Trumpets shrill
 Don *Braggadocio*'s Name resounded thrice :
 So Courage lent a Cloak to Cowardice.
 And then to him came fairest *Florimel*,
 And goodly 'gan to greet his brave Emprise,
 And thousand Thanks him yield, that had so well
 Approv'd that Day, that she all others did excel.

XVI.

XVI.

To whom the Boaster, that all Knights did blot,
 With proud Disdain did scornful Answer make ;
 That what he did that Day, he did it not
 For her, but for his own dear Lady's sake,
 Whom on his Peril he did undertake,
 Both her, and eke all others to excel :
 And farther did uncomely Speeches crake.
 Much did his Words the gentle Lady quell,
 And turn'd aside for Shame to hear what he did tell.

XVII.

Then forth he brought his snowy *Florimel*,
 Whom *Trompart* had in keeping there beside,
 Cover'd from People's Gazement with a Veil.
 Whom when discover'd they had throughly ey'd,
 With great Amazement they were stupefy'd ;
 And said, that surely *Florimel* it was,
 Or if it were not *Florimel* so try'd,
 That *Florimel* her self she then did pass :
 So feeble Skill of perfect things the Vulgar has.

XVIII.

Which when-as *Marinel* beheld likewise,
 He was therewith exceedingly dismay'd ;
 Ne wist he what to think, or to devise :
 But like as one, whom Fiends had made affraid,
 He long astonish'd stood : ne ought he said,
 Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed Eyes
 He gazed still upon that snowy Maid :
 Whom-ever as he did the more avize,
 The more to be true *Florimel* he did surmise.

XIX.

As when two Suns appear in th' azure Sky,
 Mounted in *Phebus'* Charet fiery bright ;
 Both darting forth fair Beams to each Man's Eye,
 And both adorn'd with Lamps of flaming Light ;
 All that behold so strange prodigious Sight,
 Not knowing Nature's Work, nor what to ween,
 Are rapt with Wonder, and with rare Affright :
 So stood Sir *Marinel*, when he had seen
 The Semblant of this false, by his fair Beauty's Queen.

XX.

XX.

All which, when *Artbegal* (who all this while
 Stood in the Press close cover'd) well had view'd,
 And saw that Boaster's Pride and graceless Guile,
 He could no longer bear, but forth issu'd,
 And unto all himself there open shew'd :
 And to the Boaster said ; Thou Losel base,
 That hast with borrow'd Plumes thy self endu'd,
 And other's Worth with Leafings dost deface,
 When they are all restor'd, thou shalt rest in Disgrace.

XXI.

That Shield which thou dost bear, was it indeed
 Which this Day's Honour sav'd to *Marinel* ;
 But not that Arm, nor thou the Man I reed,
 Which didst that Service unto *Florimel*.
 For Proof, shew forth thy Sword, and let it tell
 What Strokes, what dreadful Stour it stir'd this day :
 Or shew the Wounds which unto thee besel ;
 Or shew the Sweat, with which thou diddest sway
 So sharp a Battel, that so many did dismay.

XXII.

But this the Sword, which wrought those cruel Stounds,
 And this the Arm, the which that Shield did bear,
 And these the Signs (so shewed forth his Wounds)
 By which that Glory gotten doth appear.
 As for this Lady which he sheweth here,
 Is not (I wager) *Florimel* at all :
 But some fair Franion, fit for such a Fear,
 That by Misfortune in his Hand did fall :
 For proof whereof, he bade them *Florimel* forth call.

XXIII.

So forth the noble Lady was ybrought,
 Adorn'd with Honour and all comely Grace :
 Where to her bashful Shamefac'dness yrought
 A great Increase in her fair blushing Face ;
 As Roses did with Lillies interlace.
 For of those Words, the which that Boaster threw,
 She inly yet conceived great Disgrace.
 Whom when-as all the People such did view,
 They shouted loud, and Sigs of Gladness all did shew.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
 Like the true Saint beside the Image set ;
 Of both their Beauties to make Paragone,
 And Trial, whether should the Honour get.
 Straightway so soon as both together met,
 Th' enchanted Damsel vanish'd into nought :
 Her snowy Substance melted as with Heat.
 Ne of that goodly Hue remained ought,
 At th' empty Girdle which about her Waste was wrought.

XXV.

As when the Daughter of *Tbaumantes* fair,
 Hath in a watry Cloud displayed wide
 Her goodly Bow, which paints the liquid Air,
 That all Men wonder at her Colours Pride ;
 All suddenly, e'er one can look aside,
 The glorious Picture vanisheth away,
 Ne any token doth thereof abide :
 So did this Lady's goodly Form decay.
 And into nothing go, e'er one could it bewray.

XXVI.

Which whenas all, that present were, beheld,
 They stricken were with great Astonishment ;
 And their faint Hearts with senseless Horror quel'd,
 To see the thing that seem'd so excellent,
 So stolen from their Fancies Wonderment ;
 That what of it became, none understood.
 And *Braggadocio's* self with Dreriment
 So daunted was in his despairing Mood,
 That like a lifeless Corse immovable he stood.

XXVII.

But *Artbegal* that golden Belt up-took,
 The which of all her Spoil was only left ;
 Which was not hers, as many it mistook,
 But *Florimel's* own Girdle, from her rest,
 While she was flying, like a weary West,
 From that foul Monster, which did her compel
 To Perils great ; which he unbuckling est,
 Presented to the fairest *Florimel* :
 Who round about her tender Waste it fitted well.

XXVIII.

Full many Ladies often had assay'd,
 About their Middles that fair Belt to knit ;
 And many a one suppos'd to be a Maid :
 Yet it to none of all their Loins would fit,
 Till *Florimel* about her fastned it.
 Such Pow'r it had, that to no Woman's Waste,
 By any Skill or Labour it would fit,
 Unless that she were continent and chaste,
 But it would loose or break, that many had disgrac'd,

XXIX.

Whilst thus they busied were 'bout *Florimel*,
 And boastful *Braggadocchio* to defame,
 Sir *Guyon* (as by Fortune then besel)
 Forth from the thickest Prease of People came,
 His own good Steed, which he had stoln to claim ;
 And th' one hand seizing on his golden Bit,
 With the other drew his Sword : for, with the same
 He meant the Thief there deadly to have fmit :
 And had he not been held, he nought had fail'd of it.

XXX.

Thereof great hurly-burly moved was
 Throughout the Hall, for that same warlike Horse :
 For, *Braggadocchio* would not let him pass ;
 And *Guyon* would him algates have perforce,
 Or it approve upon his carrion Corse.
 Which troublous Stir when *Arthegal* perceiv'd,
 He nigh them drew, to stay th' Avenger's Force ;
 And 'gan inquire, how was that Steed bereav'd,
 Whether by Might extort, or else by Slight deceiv'd.

XXXI.

Who, all that piteous Story, which besel
 About that woful Couple which were slain,
 And their young bloody Babe to him 'gan tell ;
 With whom whiles he did in the Wood remain,
 His Horse purloined was by subtil Train :
 For which he challenged the Thief to fight.
 But he for nought could him thereto constrain ;
 For, as the Death he hated such Despight,
 And rather had to lose, than try in Arms his Right.

XXXI

XXXII.

Which *Artbegal* well hearing, though no more
 By Law of Arms there need one's Right to try,
 As was the wont of war-like Knights of yore,
 Than that his Foe the Field should him deny :
 Yet further Right by Tokens to descry,
 He ask'd what privy Tokens he did bear.
 If that, said *Guyon*, may you satisfy,
 Within his Mouth a black Spot doth appear,
 Shap'd like a Horse's Shoe, who list to seek it there.

XXXIII.

Whereof to make due Trial, one did take
 The Horse in hand, within his Mouth to look :
 But with his Heels so sorely he him strake,
 That all his Ribs he quite in pieces broke;
 That never word from that day forth he spoke.
 Another that would seem to have more Wit,
 Him by the bright embroidered Head-stall took ;
 But by the Shoulder him so fore he bit,
 That he him maimed quite, and all his Shoulder split.

XXXIV.

Ne he his Mouth would open unto Wight,
 Until that *Guyon's* self unto him spake,
 And called *Brigadore* (so was he hight) :
 Whose Voice so soon as he did undertake,
 Estsoons he stood as still as any stake,
 And suffred all his secret Mark to see :
 And when-as he him nam'd, for joy he brake
 His Bands, and follow'd him with gladful Glee,
 And friskt, and flog aloft, and louted low on Knee.

XXXV.

Thereby Sir *Artbegal* did plain areed,
 That unto him the Horse belong'd, and said ;
 Lo, there Sir *Guyon*, take to you the Seed,
 As he with golden Saddle is array'd :
 And let that Lofel, plainly now display'd,
 Hence fare on foot, till he an Horse have gain'd.
 But the proud Boaster 'gan his Doom upbraid,
 And him revil'd, and rated, and disdain'd,
 That Judgment so unjust against him had ordain'd.

XXXVI.

Much was the Knight incens'd with his leud Word,
 To have revenged that his Villany :
 And thrice did lay his hand upon his Sword,
 To have him slain, or dearly doen aby.
 But *Guyen* did his Choler pacify,
 Saying, Sir Knight, it would Dishonour be
 To you, that are our Judge of Equity,
 To wreak your Wrath on such a Carle as he :
 It's punishment enough, that all his Shame do see.

XXXVII.

So did he mitigate Sir *Arthegal* ;
 But *Talus* by the Back the Boaster hent,
 And drawing him out of the open Hall,
 Upon him did inflict this Punishment :
 First, he his Beard did shave, and foully shent ;
 Then from him rest his Shield, and it r'enverst,
 And blotted out his Arms with Falshood blent,
 And himself baffuld, and his Arms unherst,
 And broke his Sword in twain, and all his Armour spent.

XXXVIII.

The whiles, his guileful Groom was fled away ;
 But vain it was to think from him to fly :
 Who over-taking him, did difarray,
 And all his Face deform'd with Infamy,
 And out of Court him scourged openly.
 So ought all Faytours, that true Knighthood shame,
 And Arms dishonour with base Villany,
 From all brave Knights be banish'd with Defame ;
 For, oft their Leudness blotteth good Deserts with Blame.

XXXIX.

Now, when these Counterfeits were thus uncas'd
 Out of the fore-side of their Forgery,
 And in the sight of all Men clean disgrac'd,
 All 'gan to jest and gibe full merrily
 At the Remembrance of their Knavery :
 Ladies 'gan laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
 To think with how great Vaunt of Bravery
 He them abused, through his subtil Sights,
 And what a glorious Shew he made in all their fights.

XL.

There leave we them in Pleasure and Repast,
 Spending their joyous Days and gladful Nights,
 And taking Usury of time fore-past,
 With all dear Delices and rare Delights,
 Fit for such Ladies, and such lovely Knights :
 And turn we here to this fair Furrow's end
 Our weary Yokes, to gather fresher Sprights,
 That when-as time to *Arthegal* shall tend,
 We on his first Adventure may him forward send.



CANTO IV.

*Arthegal dealeth Right betwixt
 Two Brethren that do strive :
 Saves Terpine from the Gallow-Tree,
 And doth from Death reprieve.*

I.

WHOSO upon himself will take the Skill
 True Justice unto People to divide,
 Had need have mighty Hands, for to fulfil
 That which he doth with righteous Doom decide,
 And for to maister Wrong and puissant Pride.
 For vain it is to deem of things aright,
 And makes Wrong-doers Justice to deride,
 Unless it be perform'd with dreadless Might ;
 For Pow'r is the right Hand of Justice truely hight.

II.

Therefore whilom to Knights of great Emprise,
 The Charge of Justice given was in Trust,
 That they might execute her Judgments wise.
 And with their Might beat down licentious Lust,
 Which proudly did impugn her Sentence just :
 Whereof no brayer Precedent this day
 Remains on Earth, preserv'd from iron Rust
 Of rude Oblivion, and long Time's Decay,
 Than this of *Arthegal*, which here we have to say.

III.

Who having lately left that lovely Pair,
 Enlinked fast in Wedlock's loyal Bond,
 Bold *Marinel* with *Florimel*, the fair,
 With whom great Feast and goodly Glee he found,
 Departed from the Castle of the *Strond*,
 To follow his Adventure's first Intent,
 Which long ago he taken had in bond :
 Ne Wight with him for his Assistance went.
 But that great iron Groom, his Guard and Government.

IV.

With whom as he did pass by the Sea-shore,
 He chaunc'd to come, whereas two comely Squires,
 Both Brethren, whom one Womb together bore,
 But stirred up with different Desires,
 Together strove, and kindled wrathful Fires :
 And them beside two seemly Damsels stood,
 By all means seeking to assuage their Ires,
 Now with fair Words, but Words did little good ;
 Now with sharp Threats, but Threats the more increas'd

V.

(their Mood.

And there before them stood a Coffer strong,
 Fast bound on every side with iron Bands,
 But seeming to have suffer'd mickle Wrong,
 Either by being wreckt upon the Sands,
 Or being carry'd far from foreign Lands :
 Seem'd that for it these Squires at odds did fall,
 And bent against themselves their cruel Hands.
 But evermore those Damsels did forestal
 Their furious Encounter, and their Fierceness pall.

VI.

But firmly fix'd they were, with Dint of Sword,
 And Battel's doubtful Proof, their Rights to try,
 Ne other end their Fury would afford,
 But what to them Fortune would justify.
 So stood they both in readiness thereby,
 To join the Combat with cruel Intent ;
 When *Artbegal*, arriving happily,
 Did stay awhile their greedy Bickerment,
 Till he had questioned the Cause of their Dissent.

VII.

VII.

To whom the elder did this Answer frame ;
 Then weet ye, Sir, that we two Brethren be,
 To whom our Sire, *Milesio* by Name,
 Did equally bequeath his Lands in Fee,
 Two Islands, which ye there before you see
 Not far in Sea ; of which the one appears
 But like a little Mount of small degree ;
 Yet was as great and wide e'er many Years,
 As that same other Isle, that greater Breadth now bears.

VIII.

But Tract of Time, that all things doth decay,
 And this devouring Sea, that nought doth spare,
 The most part of my Land hath wash'd away,
 And thrown it up unto my Brother's Share :
 So his encreas'd, but mine d'd empair.
 Before which time I lov'd, as was my Lot,
 That further Maid, hight *Philtera* the fair,
 With whom a goodly Dow'r I should have got,
 And should have joined been to her in Wedlock's Knot.

IX.

Then did my younger Brother *Amidas*,
 Love that same other Damsel, *Lucy* bright,
 To whom but little Dow'r allotted was :
 Her Vertue was the Dow'r, that did delight ;
 What better Dow'r can to a Dame behight ?
 But now when *Philtr*a saw my Lands decay,
 And former Livel'od fail, she left me quite,
 And to my Brother did elope straightway :
 Who taking her from me, his own Love left astray.

X.

She, seeing then her self forsaken so,
 Through dolorous Despair, which she conceiv'd,
 Into the Sea her self did headlong throw,
 Thinking to have her Grief by Death bereav'd :
 But see how much her Purpose was deceiv'd.
 Whilst thus, amidst the Billows beating of her,
 'Twixt Life and Death, long to and fro she weav'd,
 She chaunc'd unwares to light upon this Coffer,
 Which to her in that Danger Hope of Life did offer.

XI.

XI.

The wretched Maid, that earst desir'd to die,
 When-as the Pain of Death she tasted had,
 And but half seen his ugly Visnomy,
 'Gan to repent that she had been so mad,
 For any Death to change Life, though most bad :
 And catching hold of this Sea-beaten Chest,
 The lucky Pilot of her Passage sad,
 After long tossing in the Seas distress'd,
 Her weary Bark at last upon mine Isle did rest.

XII.

Where I by chance then wandring on the Shore,
 Did her espy, and through my good Endeavour,
 From dreadful Mouth of Death, which threatned fore
 Her to have swallow'd up, did help to save her.
 She then in Recompence of that great Favour,
 Which I on her bestow'd, bestow'd on me
 The Portion of that Good which Fortune gave her,
 Together with herself in Dowry free :
 Both goodly Portions ; but of both, the better she.

XIII.

Yet in this Coffer, which she with her brought,
 Great Treasure thence we did find contain'd ;
 Which as our own we took, and so it thought,
 But this same other Damsel since hath feign'd,
 That to herself that Treasure appertain'd ;
 And that she did transport the same by Sea,
 To bring it to her Husband new ordain'd,
 But suffer'd cruel Shipwreck by the way :
 But whether it be so or no, I cannot say.

XIV.

But whether it indeed be so or no,
 This do I say, that what so Good or Ill
 Or God or Fortune unto me did throw
 (Not wronging any other by my Will)
 I hold mine own, and so will hold it still.
 And though my Land he first did win away,
 And then my Love (though now it little skill)
 Yet my good Luck he shall not likewise prey ;
 But I will it defend, whilst ever that I may.

XV.

So having said, the younger did ensue ;
 Full true it is, what-so about our Land
 My Brother here declared hath to you :
 But not for it this Odds 'twixt us doth stand,
 But for this Treasure thrown upon his Strand ;
 Which well I prove, as shall appear by Trial,
 To be this Maid's, with whom I fastned Hand,
 Known by good Marks, and perfect good Espial :
 Therefore it ought be render'd her without Denial.

XVI.

When they thus ended had, the Knight began ;
 Certes, your Strife were easy to accord,
 Would ye remit it to some righteous Man.
 Unto your self, said they, we give our word,
 To bide what Judgment ye shall us afford.
 Then for Assurance to my Doom to stand,
 Under my foot let each lay down his Sword,
 And then you shall my Sentence understand :
 So each of them laid down his Sword out of his Hand.

XVII.

Then *Artbegal* thus to the younger said ;
 Now tell me, *Amidas*, if that ye may,
 Your Brother's Land, the which the Sea hath laid
 Unto your Part, and pluck'd from his away,
 By what good Right do you with-hold this day ?
 What other Right, quoth he, should you esteem,
 But that the Sea it to my Share did lay ?
 Your Right is good, said he, and so I deem,
 That what the Sea unto you sent, your own should seem.

XVIII.

Then turning to the elder, thus he said ;
 Now, *Bracidas*, let this likewise be shown ;
 Your Brother's Treasure, which from him is stray'd,
 Being the Dowry of his Wife well known,
 By what Right do you claim to be your own ?
 What other Right, quoth he, should you esteem,
 But that the Sea hath it unto me thrown ?
 Your Right is good, said he, and so I deem,
 That what the Sea unto you sent, your own should seem.

XIX.



XIX.

For equal Right in equal Things doth stand ;
 For what the mighty Sea hath once possess'd,
 And plucked quite from all Possessors Hand,
 Whether by Rage of Waves, that never rest,
 Or else by Wreck, that Wretches hath distress'd,
 He may dispose by his imperial Might,
 As Thing at random left, to whom he list.
 So *Amidas*, the Land was yours first hight,
 And so the Treasure yours is, *Bracidas*, by Right.

XX.

When he his Sentence thus pronounced had,
 Both *Amidas* and *Philtra* were displeas'd :
 But *Bracidas* and *Lucy* were right glad,
 And on the Treasure by that Judgment seiz'd.
 So was their Discord by this Doom appeas'd,
 And each one had his Right. Then *Artbegal*
 When-as their sharp Contention he had ceas'd,
 Departed on his way, as did befall,
 To follow his old Quest, the which him forth did call.

XXI.

So as he travelled upon the way,
 He chaunc'd to come, where happily he spy'd
 A Rout of many People far away ;
 To whom his Course he hastily apply'd,
 To weet the Cause of their Assemblance wide.
 To whom when he approached near in fight
 (An uncouth Sight) he plainly then descry'd
 To be a Troop of Women, warlike dight,
 With Weapons in their Hands, as ready for to fight.

XXII.

And in the midst of them he saw a Knight,
 With both his Hands behind him pinion'd hard,
 And round about his Neck an Halter tight,
 As ready for the Gallow-tree prepar'd :
 His Face was cover'd, and his Head was bar'd,
 That who he was, uneth was to descry ;
 And with full heavy Heart with them he far'd,
 Griev'd to the Soul, and groaning inwardly,
 That he of Womens hands so base a Death should die.

XXIII.

XXIII.

But they like Tyrants merciless, the more
 Rejoiced at his miserable Case,
 And him reviled, and reproached sore
 With bitter Taunts, and Terms of vile Disgrace.
 Now when-as *Artbegal*, arriv'd in place,
 Did ask what Cause brought that Man to decay,
 They round about him 'gan to swarm apace,
 Meaning on him their cruel Hands to lay,
 And to have wrought unwares some villanous Assay.

XXIV.

But he was soon aware of their ill Mind,
 And drawing back, deceived their Intent ;
 Yet though himself did shame on Woman-kind
 His mighty Hand to shend, he *Talus* sent
 To wreck on them their Folly's Hardiment :
 Who with few Soufes of his yron Flail,
 Dispersed all their Troop incontinent,
 And sent them home to tell a piteous Tale
 Of their vain Prowess, turned to their proper Bale.

XXV.

But that same wretched Man, ordain'd to die,
 They left behind them, glad to be so quit :
 Him *Talus* took out of Perplexity,
 And Horrour of foul Death for Knight unfit,
 Who more than Loss of Life ydreaded it :
 And him restoring unto living Light,
 So brought unto his Lord, where he did sit,
 Beholding all that womanish weak Fight ;
 Whom soon as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight :

XXVI.

Sir *Terpine*, hapless Man, what make you here ?
 Or have you lost your self, and your Discretion,
 That ever in this wretched Case ye were ?
 Or have ye yielded you to proud Oppression
 Of Women's Pow'r, that boast of Men's Subjection ?
 Or else, what other deadly dismal Day
 Is fal'n on you, by Heaven's hard Direction,
 That ye were run so fondly far astray,
 As for to lead your self unto your own Decay ?

XXVII.

XXVII.

Much was the Man confounded in his Mind,
 Partly with Shame, and partly with Dismay,
 That all astonish'd he himself did find,
 And little had for his Excuse to say,
 But only thus; Most hapless well ye may
 Me justly term, that to this Shame am brought,
 And made the Scorn of Knighthood this same day:
 But who can 'scape, what his own Fate hath wrought?
 The Work of Heaven's Will surpasseth human Thought.

XXVIII.

Right true: but faulty Men use oftentimes
 To attribute their Folly unto Fate,
 And lay on Heav'n the Guilt of their own Crimes.
 But tell, Sir *Terpine*, ne let you amate
 Your Misery, how fell ye in this State.
 Then sith ye needs, quoth he, will know my Shame,
 And all the ill which chaunc'd to me of late,
 I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
 In hope ye will not turn Misfortune to my Blame.

XXIX.

Being desirous (as all Knights are wont)
 Through hard Adventures Deeds of Arms to try,
 And after Fame and Honour for to hunt,
 I heard Report that far abroad did fly,
 That a proud *Amazon* did late defy
 All the brave Knights that hold of Maidenhead,
 And unto them wrought all the Villany
 That she could forge in her malicious Head,
 Which some hath put to Shame, and many done be dead.

XXX.

The Cause, they say, of this her cruel Hate,
 Is for the sake of *Bellodant* the bold,
 To whom she bore most fervent Love of late,
 And wooed him by all the ways she could:
 But when she saw at last, that he ne would
 For ought or nought be won unto her Will,
 She turn'd her Love to Hatred manifold,
 And for his sake, vow'd to do all the ill
 Which she could do to Knights: which now she doth fulfill.

XXXI.

For all those Knights, the which by Force or Guile
 She doth subdue, she foully doth intreat :
 First, she doth them of warlike Arms despoil,
 And clothe in Womens Weeds ; and then with Threat
 Doth them compel to work, to earn their Meat,
 To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring ;
 Ne doth she give them other thing to eat
 But Bread and Water, or like feeble thing,
 Them to disable from Revenge adventuring.

XXXII.

But if through stout Disdain of manly Mind,
 Any her proud Observance will withstand,
 Upon that Gibbet, which is there behind,
 She causeth them be hang'd up out of hand ;
 In which Condition I right now did stand.
 For being overcome by her in Fight,
 And put to that base Service of her Band,
 I rather chose to die in Life's Despight,
 Than lead that shameful Life, unworthy of a Knight.

XXXIII.

How hight that *Amazon* (said *Arthegal*) ?
 And where, and how far hence does she abide ?
 Her Name, quoth he, they *Radigund* do call,
 A Princess of great Pow'r, and greater Pride,
 And Queen of *Amazons*, in Arms well try'd,
 And sundry Battels, which she hath atchiev'd
 With great Success, that her hath glorify'd,
 And made her famous, more than is believ'd :
 Ne would I it have ween'd, had I not late it prier'd.

XXXIV.

Now sure, said he, and by the Faith that I
 To Maidenhead and noble Knighthood owe,
 I will not rest, till I her Might do try,
 And venge the Shame, that she to Knights doth show.
 Therefore Sir *Terpine* from you lightly throw
 This squalid Weed, the Pattern of Despair,
 And wend with me, that ye may see and know,
 How Fortune will your ruin'd Name repair,
 And Knights of Maidenhead, whose Praise she would empair.

XXXV.

With that, like one that hopeles was repriev'd,
 From Deathes Door, at which he lately lay,
 Those yron Fetters, wherewith he was giv'd,
 The Badges of Reproach, he threw away,
 And nimble did him dight to guide the way,
 Unto the Dwelling of that *Amazon*.

Which was from thence not past a Mile or tway;
 A goodly City, and a mighty one,
 The which of her own Name she called *Radegone*.

XXXVI.

Where they arriving, by the Watchman were
 Descried straight; who all the City warn'd,
 How that three warlike Persons did appear,
 Of which the one him seem'd a Knight all arm'd,
 And th' other two well likely to have harm'd.
 Eftsoons the People all to Harness ran,
 And like a sort of Bees in Clusters swarm'd:
 E'er long, their Queen her self, arm'd like a Man,
 Camē forth into the Rout, and them t' array began.

XXXVII.

And now the Knights, being arrived near,
 Did beat upon the Gates to enter in,
 And at the Porter scorning them so few,
 Threw many Threats, if they the Town did win,
 To tear his Flesh in pieces for his Sin.
 Which when-as *Radigund* there coming heard,
 Her Heart for Rage did grate, and Teeth did grin:
 She bad that straight the Gates should be unbarr'd,
 And to them way to make, with Weapons well prepar'd.

XXXVIII.

Soon as the Gates were open to them set,
 They pressed forward, Entrance to have made:
 But in the middle way they were ymet
 With a sharp Show'r of Arrows, which them stay'd,
 And better bad advise, e'er they assay'd
 Unknowen Peril of bold Women's Pride.
 Then all that Rout upon them rudely laid,
 And heaped Strokes so fast on every side,
 Arrows hail'd so thick, that they could not abide.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

But *Radigund* her self, when she espy'd
Sir Terpine, from her direful Doom acquit,
 So cruel Doale amongst her Maids divide,
 'T' avenge that Shame, they did on him commit;
 All suddenly inflam'd with furious Fit,
 Like a fell Lioness at him she flew,
 And on his Head-piece him so fiercely smit,
 That to the Ground him quite she overthrew,
 Dismay'd so with the Stroke, that he no Colours knew.

XL.

Soon as she saw him on the Ground to grovel,
 She lightly to him leap'd; and in his Neck
 Her proud Foot setting, at his Head did level,
 Weening at once her Wrath on him to wreak,
 And his Contempt, that did her Judgment break:
 As when a Bear hath seiz'd her cruel Claws
 Upon the Carcass of some Beast too weak,
 Proudly stands over, and awhile doth pause,
 To hear the piteous Beast pleading her Plaintiff Cause.

XLI.

Whom when-as *Arthegal*, in that Distress
 By chance beheld, he left the bloody Slaughter,
 In which he swam, and ran to his Redress.
 There her assailing fiercely fresh, he raught her
 Such an huge Stroke, that it of Sense distraught her;
 And had she not it warded warily,
 It had depriv'd her Mother of a Daughter:
 Nath'less for all the Pow'r she did apply,
 It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly Eye.

XLII.

Like to an Eagle in his kingly Pride,
 Soaring thro his wide Empire of the Air,
 To weather his broad Sails, by chance hath spy'd
 A Goshawk, which hath seized for her share
 Upon some Fowl, that should her Feast prepare;
 With dreadful Force he flies at her bylive,
 That with his Soufe, which none endure dare,
 Her from the Quarrey he away doth drive,
 And from her griping Pounce the greedy Prey doth rive.

XLIII.

But soon as she her Sense recover'd had,
 She fiercely towards him her self 'gan dight,
 Through vengeful Wrath and 'sdainful Pride half mad;
 For never had she suffer'd such Despight:
 But e'er she could join hand with him to fight,
 Her warlike Maids about her flock'd so fast,
 That they disparted them, maugre their Might,
 And with their Troops did far asunder cast:
 But 'mongst the rest the Fight did until Evening last.

XLIV.

And every while that mighty yron Man,
 With his strange Weapon, never wont in War,
 Them sorely vex'd, and cours'd, and over-ran,
 And broke their Bows, and did their Shooting marr,
 That none of all the many once did dare
 Him to assault, nor once approach him nigh;
 But like a sort of Sheep disperfed far,
 For Dread of their devouring Enemy,
 Through all the Fields and Vallies did before him fly.

XLV.

But when-as Day's fair shiny Beam, yclouded
 With fearful Shadows of deformed Night,
 Warn'd Man and Beast in quiet Rest be shrouded,
 Bold *Radigund* (with Sound of Trump on hight)
 Caus'd all her People to surcrease from Fight;
 And gathering them unto her City's Gate,
 Made them all enter in before her fight,
 And all the wounded, and the weak in State,
 To be conveyed in, e'er she would once retreat.

XLVI.

When thus the Field was voided all away,
 And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight
 (Weary of Toil and Travel of that Day)
 Caus'd his Pavilion to be richly pight
 Before the City-gate, in open fight;
 Where he himself did rest in Safety,
 Together with Sir *Terpine* all that Night:
 But *Talus* us'd in times of Jeopardy
 To keep a nightly Watch for dread of Treachery.

XLVII.

XLVII.

But *Radigund*, full of heart-gnawing Grief,
 For the Rebuke which she sustain'd that day,
 Could take no Rest, ne would receive Relief;
 But tossed in her troublous Mind, what way
 She mote revenge that Blot, which on her lay.
 There she resolv'd her self in single Fight
 To try her Fortune, and his Force assay,
 Rather than see her People spoiled quite,
 As she had seen that day a disaventrous Sight.

XLVIII.

She called forth to her a trusty Maid,
 Whom she thought fittest for that Business,
 Her Name was *Clarind'*, and thus to her said;
 Go Damsel quickly, do thy self address
 To do the Message, which I shall express:
 Go thou unto that Stranger Fairy Knight,
 Who yesterday drove us to such Distress;
 Tell, that to-morrow I with him will fight,
 And try in equal Field, whether hath greater Might.

XLIX.

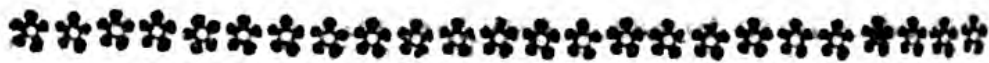
But these Conditions do to him propound,
 That if I vanquish him, he should obey
 My Law, and ever to my Lore be bound;
 And so will I, if me he vanquish may,
 Whatever he shall like to do or say:
 Go straight, and take with thee, to witness it,
 Six of thy Fellows of the best Array,
 And bear with you both Wine and Juncates fit,
 And bid him eat; henceforth he oft shall hungry sit.

L.

The Damsel straight obey'd: and putting all
 In readines, forth to the Town-gate went;
 Where sounding loud a Trumpet from the Wall,
 Unto those warlike Knights she warning sent.
 Then *Talus*, forth issuing from the Tent,
 Unto the Wall his way did fearless take,
 To weeten what that Trumpet's Sounding meant:
 Where that same Damsel loudly him bespake,
 And shew'd, that with his Lord she would Emparlance make.

LI.

So he them fraight conducted to his Lord;
 Who, as he could, them goodly well did greet,
 Till they had told their Message word by word:
 Which he accepting well, as he could weet,
 Them fairly entertain'd with Court'fies meet,
 And gave them Gifts and things of dear Delight;
 So back again they homeward turn'd their Feet.
 But *Artbegal* himself to Rest did dight,
 That he mote fresher be against the next day's Fight.



CANTO V.

*Arthegal fights with Radigund,
 And is subdu'd by Guile:
 He is by her emprisoned,
 But wrought by Clarind's Wile.*

I.

SO soon as Day, forth dawning from the East,
 Night's humid Curtain from the Heavens withdrew,
 And early calling forth both Man and Beast,
 Commanded them their daily Works renew,
 These noble Warriors, mindful to pursue
 The last Day's Purpose of their vowed Fight,
 Themselves thereto prepar'd in Order due;
 The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight;
 And th' *Amazon*, as best it lik'd her self to dight.

II.

All in a Camis light of Purple Silk,
 Woven upon with Silver, subtly wrought,
 And quilted upon Sattin white as Milk,
 Trailed with Ribbands diversly distraught,
 Like as the Workman had their Courses taught;
 Which was short tuck'd for light Motion
 Up to her Ham: but when she list, it raught
 Down to her lowest Heel, and thereupon
 She wore for her Defence a mailed Habergeon.

III.

And on her Legs she painted Buskins wore,
 Basted with Bends of Gold on every side,
 And Mails between, and laced close afore :
 Upon her Thigh her Scimiter was ty'd,
 With an embroider'd Belt of mickle Pride ;
 And on her Shoulder hung her Shield, bedeck'd
 Upon the Boss with Stones, that shined wide,
 As the fair Moon in her most full Aspect,
 That to the Moon it mote be like in each respect.

IV.

So forth she came out of the City-Gate,
 With stately Port and proud Magnificence,
 Guarded with many Damfels, that did wait
 Upon her Person for her sure Defence,
 Playing on Shaums and Trumpets, that from hence
 Their Sound did reach unto the Heaven's Height.
 So forth into the Field she marched thence,
 Where was a rich Pavilion ready pight,
 Her to receive, till time they should begin the Fight.

V.

Then forth came *Artbegal* out of his Tent,
 All arm'd to point, and first the Lists did enter :
 Soon after eke came she, with fell Intent,
 And Countenance fierce, as having fully bent her,
 That Battel's utmost Trial to adventure.
 The Lists were closed fast, to bar the Rout
 From rudely pressing to the middle Center ;
 Which in great Heaps them circled all about,
 Waiting how Fortune would resolve that dangerous Doubt.

VI.

The Trumpets sounded, and the Field began ;
 With bitter Strokes it both began and ended.
 She at the first Encounter on him ran
 With furious Rage, as if she had intended
 Out of his Breast the very Heart have rended :
 But he that had like Tempests often try'd,
 From that first Flaw himself right well defended.
 The more she rag'd, the more he did abide ;
 She hew'd, she foyn'd, she lash'd, she laid on every side.

VII.

VII.

Yet still her Blows he bore, and her forbore,
 Weening at last to win advantage new ;
 Yet still her Cruelty encreased more,
 And though Pow'r fail'd, her Courage did accrue :
 Which failing, he 'gan fiercely her pursue ;
 Like as a Smith that to his cunning Feat
 The stubborn Metal seeketh to subdue,
 Soon as he feels it mollify'd with Heat,
 With his great Iron Sledge doth strongly on it beat.

VIII.

So did Sir *Arbegal* upon her lay,
 As if she had an Iron Anvil been,
 That Flakes of Fire, bright as the sunny Ray,
 Out of her sleely Arms were flashing seen,
 That all on fire ye would her surely ween.
 But with her Shield so well her self she warded,
 From the dread Danger of his Weapon keen,
 That all that while her Life she safely guarded :
 But he that Help from her against her Will discarded.

IX.

For with his trenchant Blade at the next Blow
 Half of her Shield he shared quite away,
 That half her Side it self did naked show,
 And thenceforth unto Danger open'd way.
 Much was she moved with the mighty Sway
 Of that sad Stroke, that half enrag'd she grew,
 And like a greedy Bear unto her Prey,
 With her sharp Scimiter at him she flew,
 That glancing down his Thigh, the Purple Blood forth drew.

X.

Thereat she 'gan to triumph with great Boast,
 And to up-braid that Chance which him mis-fell,
 As if the Prize she gotten had almost,
 With spiteful Speeches, fitting with her well ;
 That his great Heart 'gan inwardly to swell
 With Indignation, at her Vaunting vain,
 And at her strook with Puissance fearful fell ;
 Yet with her Shield she warded it again,
 That shatter'd all to pieces round about the Plain.

XI.

XI.

Having her thus disarmed of her Shield,
 Upon her Helmet he again her strook,
 That down she fell upon the grassy Field,
 In senseless Swoun, as if her Life forsook,
 And Pangs of Death her Spirit overtook.
 Whom when he saw before his Foot prostrated,
 He to her leapt, with deadly dreadful Look,
 And her sunshiny Helmet soon unlac'd,
 Thinking at once both Head and Helmet to have rac'd.

XII.

But when-as he discover'd had her Face,
 He saw his Sense's strange Astonishment,
 A Miracle of Nature's goodly Grace,
 In her fair Visage void of Ornament,
 But bath'd in Blood and Sweat together ment;
 Which, in the Rudeness of that evil Plight,
 Bewray'd the Signs of Feature excellent:
 Like as the Moon in foggy Winter's Night,
 Doth seem to be her self, though darkned be her Light.

XIII.

At sight thereof his cruel minded Heart
 Empierced was with pitiful Regard,
 That his sharp Sword he threw from him apart,
 Cursing his Hand that had that Visage marr'd:
 No Hand so cruel, nor no Heart so hard,
 But Ruth of Beauty will it mollify.
 By this, upstarting from her Swoun, she star'd
 Awhile about her with confused Eye;
 Like one that from his Dream is waked suddenly.

XIV.

Soon as the Knight she there by her did spy,
 Standing with empty Hands all weaponless,
 With fresh Assault upon him she did fly,
 And 'gan renew her former Cruelness:
 And though he still retir'd, yet nathelss
 With huge redoubled Strokes she on him laid;
 And more encreas'd her Outrage merciless,
 The more that he with meek Intreaty pray'd,
 Her wrathful Hand from greedy Vengeance to have stay'd.

XV.

XV.

Like as a Puttock having spy'd in fight
 A gentle Falcon sitting on an Hill,
 Whose other Wing, now made unmeet for Flight,
 Was lately broken by some Fortune ill ;
 The foolish Kite, led with licentious Will,
 Doth beat upon the gentle Bird in vain,
 With many idle Stoups her troubling still :
 Even so did *Radigund* with bootless Pain
 Annoy this noble Knight, and forely him constrain.

XVI.

Nought could he do, but shun the dread Despight
 Of her fierce Wrath, and backward still retire,
 And with his single Shield, well as he might,
 Bear off the Burden of her raging Ire ;
 And evermore he gently did desire,
 To stay her Strokes, and he himself would yield :
 Yet would she heark, ne let him once respire,
 Till he to her deliver'd had his Shield,
 And to her Mercy him submitted in plain Field.

XVII.

So was he overcome, not overcome,
 But to her yielded of his own accord ;
 Yet was he justly damned by the Doom
 Of his own Mouth, that spake so wareless word,
 To be her Thrall, and Service her afford.
 For though that he first victory obtain'd,
 Yet after by abandoning his Sword,
 He wilful lost, that he before attain'd :
 No fairer Conquest, than that with Good-will is gain'd.

XVIII.

Tho with her Sword on him she flatling strook,
 In sign of true Subjection to her Pow'r,
 And as her Vassal him to Thraldom took.
 But *Terpine*, born to a more unhappy hour,
 As he, on whom the luckless Stars did lour,
 She caus'd to be attach'd, and forthwith led
 Unto the Crook t' abide the baleful Stow'r,
 From which he lately had through Rescue fled :
 Where he full shamefully was hanged by the Head.

XIX.

XIX.

But when they thought on *Talus* Hands to lay,
 He with his iron Flail amongst them thunder'd,
 That they were fain to let him 'scape away,
 Glad from his Company to be so sunder'd ;
 Whose Presence all their Troops so much encumber'd,
 That th' Heaps of those, which he did wound and slay,
 Besides the rest dismay'd, might not be number'd :
 Yet all that while he would not once assay
 To rescue his own Lord, but thought it just t' obey.

XX.

Then took the *Amazon* this noble Knight,
 Left to her Will by his own wilful Blame,
 And caused him to be disarmed quite
 Of all the Ornaments of knightly Name,
 With which whilom he gotten had great Fame :
 In stead whereof she made him to be dight
 In Woman's Weeds, that is to Manhood Shame,
 And put before his Lap an Apron white,
 In stead of Curiets, and Bases fit for Fight.

XXI.

So being clad, she brought him from the Field,
 In which he had been trained many a day,
 Into a long large Chamber, which was ciel'd
 With Monuments of many Knights Decay,
 By her subdued in victorious Fray :
 Amongst the which she caus'd his warlike Arms
 Be hang'd on high, that mote his Shame bewray ;
 And broke his Sword, for fear of further Harms,
 With which he went to stir up battelous Alarms.

XXII.

There enter'd in, he round about him saw
 Many brave Knights, whose Names right well he knew,
 There bound t' obey that *Amazon's* proud Law,
 Spinning and carding all in comely rue,
 That his big Heart loath'd so uncomely View.
 But they were forc'd, through Penury and Pine,
 To do those Works, to them appointed due :
 For nought was given them to sup or dine,
 But what their Hands could earn by twisting linnen Twine.

XXIII.

Amongst them all she placed him most low,
 And in his Hand a Distaff to him gave,
 That he thereon should spin both Flax and Towe;
 A fordid Office for a Mind so brave:
 So hard it is to be a Woman's Slave!
 Yet he it took in his own self's Despight,
 And thereto did himself right well behave,
 Her to obey, sith he his Faith had plight,
 Her Vassial to become, if she him won in Fight.

XXIV.

Who had him seen, imagine mote thereby,
 That whilom hath of *Hercules* been told,
 How for *Iola's* sake he did apply
 His mighty Hands, the Distaff vile to hold
 For his huge Club, which had subdu'd of old
 So many Monsters, which the World annoy'd;
 His Lion's Skin chaung'd to a Pall of Gold,
 In which forgetting Wars he only joy'd
 In Combats of sweet Love, and with his Mistress toy'd.

XXV.

Such is the Cruelty of Womenkind,
 When they have shaken off the shamefac'd Band,
 With which wise Nature did them strongly bind,
 T' obey the Heasts of Man's well-ruling Hand,
 That then all Rule and Reason they withstand,
 To purchase a licentious Liberty.
 But vertuous Women wisely understand,
 That they were born to base Humility,
 Unless the Heav'ns them lift to lawful Sovereignty.

XXVI.

Thus there long while continu'd *Artbegal*,
 Serving proud *Radigund* with true Subjection;
 However it his noble Heart did gall,
 T' obey a Woman's tyrannous Direction,
 That might have had of Life or Death Election:
 But having chosen, now he might not change.
 During which time, the warlike *Amazon*,
 Whose wandring Fancy after Lust did range,
 'Gan cast a secret Liking to this Captive strange.

XXVII.

XXVII.

Which long concealing in her covert Breast,
 She chaw'd the Cud of Lovers careful Plight ;
 Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
 Being fast fixed in her wounded Spright,
 But it tormented her both day and night :
 Yet would she not thereto yield free Accord,
 To serve the lowly Vassal of her Might,
 And of her Servant make her sovereign Lord :
 So great her Pride, that she such Baseness much abhor'd,

XXVIII.

So much the greater still her Anguish grew,
 Through stubborn handling of her love-sick Heart ;
 And still the more she strove it to subdue,
 The more she still augmented her own Smart,
 And wider made the Wound of th' hidden Dart.
 At last, when long she struggled had in vain,
 She 'gan to stoop, and her proud Mind convert
 To meek Obedience of Love's mighty Rein,
 And him entreat for Grace, that had procur'd her Pain,

XXIX.

Unto her self in secret she did call
 Her nearest Handmaid, whom she most did trust,
 And to her said ; *Clarinda*, whom of all
 I trust alive, sith I thee foster'd first ;
 Now is the time, that I untimely must
 Thereof make trial in my greatest Need :
 It is so happen'd, that the Heavens unjust,
 Spighting my happy Freedom, have agreed
 To thrall my looser Life, or my last Bale to breed :

XXX.

With that she turn'd her Head, as half abash'd,
 To hide the Blush which in her Visage rose,
 And through her Eyes like sudden Lightning flash'd,
 Decking her Cheek with a vermilion Rose :
 But soon she did her Countenance compose,
 And to her turning, thus began again ;
 This Grief's deep Wound I would to thee disclose,
 Thereto compelled through heart-murdring Pain,
 But Dread of Shame my doubtful Lips doth still restrain.

XXXI.

Ah my dear Dread (said then the faithful Maid)
 Can dread of ought your dreadless Heart with-hold
 That many hath with dread of Death dismay'd,
 And dare even Death's most dreadful Face behold?
 Say on my sovereign Lady, and be bold.
 Doth not your Handmaid's Life at your foot lie?
 Therewith much comforted, she 'gan unfold
 The Cause of her conceived Malady,
 As one that would confess, yet fain would it deny.

XXXII.

Clarind', said she, thou seest yond Fairy Knight,
 Whom not my Valour, but his own brave Mind
 Subjected hath to my unequal Might;
 What Right is it, that he should Thralldom find,
 For lending Life to me a Wretch unkind,
 That for such Good him recompence with Ill?
 Therefore I cast how I may him unbind,
 And by his Freedom get his free Good-will;
 Yet so as bound to me, he may continue still:

XXXIII.

Bound unto me, but not with such hard Bands
 Of strong Compulsion, and straight Violence,
 As now in miserable State he stands;
 But with sweet Love and sure Benevolence,
 Void of malicious Mind, or foul Offence.
 To which if thou canst win him any way,
 Without Discovery of my Thought's Pretence,
 Both goodly Meed of him it purchase may,
 And eke with grateful Service me right well apay.

XXXIV.

Which that thou mayst the better bring to pass,
 Lo here this Ring, which shall thy Warrant be,
 And Token true to old *Eumenias*,
 From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
 That in and out thou mayst have Passage free.
 Go now, *Clarinda*, well thy Wits advise,
 And all thy Forces gather unto thee;
 Armies of lovely Looks, and Speeches wise,
 With which thou canst e'en *Jove* himself to Love entice.

XXXV.

XXXV.

The trusty Maid, conceiving her Intent,
 Did with sure Promise of her good Endeavour,
 Give her great Comfort, and some Heart's Content.
 So from her parting, she thenceforth did labour,
 By all the means she might, to curry Favour,
 With th' Elfin Knight, her Lady's best Beloved ;
 With daily Shew of courteous kind Behaviour,
 Ev'n at the Mark-white of his Heart she rov'd,
 And with wide-glancing Words, one day she thus him prov'd.

XXXVI.

Unhappy Knight, upon whose hopeless State
 Fortune, envying Good, hath felly frown'd,
 And cruel Heav'ns have heap'd an heavy Fate ;
 I rue that thus thy better Days are drown'd
 In sad Despair, and all thy Senses swoun'd
 In stupid Sorrow, sith thy juster Merit
 Might else have with Felicity been crown'd :
 Look up at last, and wake thy dulled Spirit,
 To think how this long Death thou mightest disinherit.

XXXVII.

Much did he marvel at her uncouth Speech,
 Whose hidden Drift he could not well perceive ;
 And 'gan to doubt, lest she him sought t' appeach
 Of Treason, or some guileful Train did weave,
 Through which she might his wretched Life bereave,
 Both which to bar, he with this Answer met her ;
 Fair Damsel, that with Ruth (as I perceive)
 Of my Mishaps, art mov'd to wish me better,
 For such your kind Regard, I can but rest your Debtor.

XXXVIII.

Yet weet ye well, that to a Courage great,
 It is no less befeeming, well to bear
 The Storm of Fortune's Frown, or Heaven's Threat,
 Than in the Sunshine of her Count'nance clear
 Timely to joy, and carry comely Chear.
 For though this Cloud have now me overcast,
 Yet do I not of better Times despair ;
 And though (unlike) they should for ever last,
 Yet in my Truth's Assurance I rest fixed fast.

XXXIX.

But what so stony Mind (she then reply'd)
 But if in his own pow'r Occasion lay,
 Would to his Hope a Window open wide,
 And to his Fortune's help make ready way?
 Unworthy sure, quoth he, of better Day,
 That will not take the Offer of good Hope,
 And eke pursue, if he attain it may.

Which Speeches she applying to the Scope
 Of her Intent, this further Purpose to him shope :

XL.

Then why dost not, thou ill-advised Man,
 Make means to win thy Liberty forlorn,
 And try if thou by fair Entreaty can
 Move *Radigund*? who though she still have worn
 Her Days in War, yet (weet thou) was not born
 Of Bears and Tygers, nor so salvage minded,
 As that, albe all Love of Men she scorn,
 She yet forgets, that she of Men was kindred :
 And sooth oft seen, that proudest Hearts base Love hath

XLI.

(blinded.)

Certes *Clarinda*, not of canker'd Will,
 Said he, nor obstinate disdainful Mind,
 I have forbore this Duty to fulfil :
 For well I may this ween, by that I find,
 That she a Queen, and come of Princely Kind,
 Both worthy is for to be su'd unto,
 Chiefly by him, whose Life her Law doth bind,
 And eke of Pow'r her own Doom to undo,
 And als of Princely Grace to be enclin'd thereto.

XLII.

But want of Means hath been mine only Let
 From seeking Favour, where it doth abound ;
 Which if I might by your good Office get,
 I to your self should rest for ever bound,
 And ready to deserve what Grace I found.
 She feeling him thus bite upon the Bait,
 Yet doubting lest his Hold was but unsound,
 And not well fasten'd, would not strike him strait,
 But drew him on with Hope, fit leisure to await.

XLIII.

XLIII.

But foolish Maid, whiles heedless of the Hook,
 She thus oft-times was beating off and on,
 Through slippery Footing, fell into the Brook,
 And there was caught to her Confusion.
 For seeking thus to salve the *Amazon*,
 She wounded was with her Deceit's own Dart,
 And 'gan thenceforth to cast Affection,
 Conceived close in her beguiled Heart,
 To *Artbegal*, through pity of his causeless Smart.

XLIV.

Yet durst she not disclose her Fancy's Wound,
 Ne to himself, for doubt of being 'sdain'd,
 Ne yet to any other Wight on ground,
 For fear her Mistress should have Knowledge gain'd,
 But to her self it secretly retain'd,
 Within the Closet of her covert Breast :
 The more thereby her tender Heart was pain'd.
 Yet to await fit time she weened best,
 And fairly did dissemble her sad Thoughts Unrest.

XLV.

One day her Lady, calling her apart,
 'Gan to demaund of her some Tidings good,
 Touching her Love's Success, her lingring Smart.
 Therewith she 'gan at first to change her Mood,
 As one adaw'd, and half confused stood ;
 But quickly she it over-past, so soon
 As she her Face had wip'd, to fresh her Blood :
 Tho, 'gan she tell her all that she had done,
 And all the ways she sought his Love for to have won :

XLVI.

But said, that he was obstinate and stern,
 Scorning her Offers and Conditions vain ;
 Nē would be taught with any Terms to learn
 So fond a Lesson, as to love again.
 Die rather would he in penurious Pain,
 And his abridged Days in Dolour waste,
 Than his Foe's Love or Liking entertain :
 His Resolution was both first and last,
 His Body was her Thrall, his Heart was freely plac'd.

XLVII.

Which when the cruel *Amazon* perceiv'd,
 She 'gan to storm, and rage, and rend her Gall,
 For very fell Despight, which she conceiv'd
 To be so scorned of a base-born Thrall,
 Whose Life did lie in her least Eye-lid's Fall ;
 Of which she vow'd with many a curst Threat,
 That she therefore would him e'er long forestal.
 Nathless, when calmed was her furious Heat,
 She chang'd that threatful Mood, and mildly 'gan entreat.

XLVIII.

What now is left, *Clarinda* ? what remains,
 That we may compass this our Enterprize ?
 Great Shame to lose so long employed Pains ;
 And greater Shame t' abide so great Misprize,
 With which he dares our Offers thus despise.
 Yet that his Guilt the greater may appear,
 And more my gracious Mercy by this wize,
 I will awhile with his first Folly bear,
 Till thou have try'd again, and tempted him more near.

XLIX.

Say and do all that may thereto prevail ;
 Leave nought unpromis'd that may him persuade ;
 Life, Freedom, Grace, and Gifts of great Avail,
 With which the Gods themselves are milder made :
 Thereto add Art, e'en Womens witty Trade,
 The Art of mighty Words, that Men can charm ;
 With which in case thou canst him not invade,
 Let him feel Hardness of thy heavy Arm : (Harm.
 Who will not stoop with Good, shall be made stoop with
 L.

Some of his Diet do from him withdraw ;
 For I him find to be too proudly fed :
 Give him more Labour, and with streighter Law,
 That he with Work may be forwearied.
 Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen Bed,
 That may pull down the Courage of his Pride ;
 And lay upon him, for his greater Dread,
 Cold iron Chains, with which let him be ty'd ;
 And let, whatever he desires, be him deny'd,

LI.

When thou haft all this done, then bring me News
 Of his Demean : thenceforth not like a Lover,
 But like a Rebel stout I will him use.
 For I resolve this Siege not to give over,
 Till I the Conquest of my Will recover.
 So she departed full of Grief and 'sdain,
 Which inly did to great Impatience move her.
 But the false Maiden shortly turn'd again
 Unto the Prifon, where her Heart did thrall remain.

LII.

There all her fubtle Nets she did unfold,
 And all the Engins of her Wit display ;
 In which she meant him wareless to enfold,
 And of his Innocence to make her Prey,
 So cunningly she wrought her Craft's Affay,
 That both her Lady, and her felf withall,
 And eke the Knight at once she did betray :
 But moft the Knight, whom she with guileful Call.
 Did caft for to allure, into her Trap to fall.

LIII.

As a bad Nurse, which feigning to receive
 In her own Mouth the Food, meant for her Child,
 Withholds it to her felf, and doth deceive
 The Infant, fo for want of Nourture spoil'd :
 E'en fo *Clarinda* her own Dame beguil'd,
 And turn'd the Trust, which was in her affy'd,
 To feeding of her private Fire, which boil'd
 Her inward Breast, and in her Entrails fry'd,
 The more that she it fought to cover and to hide.

LIV.

For coming to this Knight, she Purpose feign'd,
 How earnest Suit she earft for him had made
 Unto her Queen, his Freedom to have gain'd ;
 But by no means could her thereto persuade :
 But that instead thereof, she sternly bade
 His Misery to be augmented more,
 And many iron Bands on him to lade.
 All which nath'less she for his Love forbore :
 So praying him t' accept her Service evermore.

LV.

LV.

And more than that, she promis'd that she would,
 In case she might find Favour in his Eye,
 Devize how to enlarge him out of Hold.
 The Fairy glad to gain his Liberty,
 'Gan yield great Thanks for such her Courtesy ;
 And with fair Words (fit for the Time and Place)
 To feed the Humour of her Malady,
 Promis'd, if she would free him from that Case,
 He would, by all good means he might, deserve such Grace.

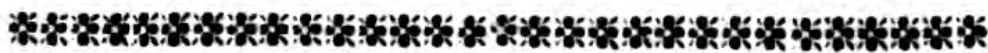
LVI.

So daily he fair Semblant did her shew,
 Yet never meant he in his noble Mind,
 To his own absent Love to be untrue :
 Ne ever did deceitful *Clarind'* find
 In her false Heart, his Bondage to unbind ;
 But rather how she mote him faster tie.
 Therefore unto her Mistress most unkind
 She daily told, her Love he did defy ;
 And him she told, her Dame his Freedom did deny.

LVII.

Yet thus much Friendship she to him did show,
 That his scarce Diet somewhat was amended,
 And his Work lessen'd, that his Love mote grow :
 Yet to her Dame him still she discommended,
 That she with him mote be the more offended.
 Thus he long while in Thraldom there remain'd,
 Of both beloved well, but little friended ;
 Until his own true Love his Freedom gain'd,
 Which in another Canto will be best contain'd.





CANTO VI.

*Talus brings News to Britomart,
Of Arthegal's Mishap:
She goes to seek him, Dolon meets,
Who seeks her to entrap.*

I.

SOME Men, I wote, will deem in *Artbegal*
Great Weakness, and report of him much Ill,
For yielding so himself a wretched Thrall,
To th' insolent Command of Womens Will;
That all his former Praise doth foully spill.
But he the Man, that say or do so dare,
Be well advis'd, that he stand stedfast still:
For never yet was Wight so well aware,
But he at first or last was trapt in Womens Snare.

II.

Yet in the Straightness of that captive State,
This gentle Knight himself so well behav'd,
That notwithstanding all the subtil Bait,
With which those *Amazons* his Love still crav'd,
To his own Love his Loyalty he sav'd:
Whose Character in th' Adamantine Mould
Of his true Heart so firmly was engrav'd,
That no new Love's Impression ever could
Bereave it thence: such Blot his Honour blemish should.

III.

Yet his own Love, the noble *Britomart*,
Scarce so conceived in her jealous Thought,
What time sad Tidings of his baleful Smart
In Woman's Bondage, *Talus* to her brought;
Brought in untimely Hour, e'er it was sought.
For after that the utmost Date, assign'd
For his Return, she waited had for nought,
She 'gan to cast in her misdoubtful Mind
A thousand Fears, that Love-sick Fancies feign to find.

IV.

IV.

Sometime she feared, lest some hard Mishap
 Had him misfal'n in his adventrous Quest;
 Sometimes lest his false Foe did him entrap
 In trait'rous Train, or had unwares oppress'd:
 But most she did her troubled Mind molest,
 And secretly afflict with jealous Fear,
 Lest some new Love had him for her possess'd;
 Yet loth she was, since she no Ill did hear,
 To think of him so ill: yet could she not forbear.

V.

One while she blam'd her self; another while
 She him condemn'd, as trustless and untrue:
 And then, her Grief with Error to beguile,
 She feign'd to count the Time again anew,
 As if before she had not counted true.
 For Hours, but Days; for Weeks that pass'd were,
 She told but Months, to make them seem more few:
 Yet when she reckon'd them, still drawing near,
 Each Hour did seem a Month, and every Month a Year.

VI.

But when as yet she saw him not return,
 She thought to send some one to seek him out;
 But none she found so fit to serve that turn,
 As her own self, to ease her self of Doubt.
 Now she deviz'd amongst the warlike Rout
 Of errant Knights, to seek her errant Knight;
 And then again resolv'd to hunt him out
 Amongst loose Ladies, lapped in Delight:
 And then both Knights envy'd, and Ladies eke did spite.

VII.

One Day, when-as she long had sought for Ease
 In every place, and every place thought best,
 Yet found no place, that could her Liking please,
 She to a Window came, that open'd West,
 Towards which Coast her Love his way address'd.
 There looking forth, she in her Heart did find
 Many vain Fancies, working her Unrest;
 And sent her winged Thoughts, more swift than Wind
 To bear unto her Love the Messäge of her Mind.

VIII.

There as she looked long, at last she spy'd
 One coming towards her with hasty Speed :
 Well ween'd she then, e'er him she plain descry'd,
 That it was one sent from her Love indeed.
 Who when he nigh approach'd, she mote aread
 That it was *Talus*, *Artbegal* his Groom ;
 Whereat her Heart was fill'd with Hope and Dread ;
 Ne would she stay, till he in place could come,
 ut ran to meet him forth, to know his Tidings some.

IX.

E'en in the Door him meeting, she begun ;
 And where is he thy Lord, and how far hence ?
 Declare at once ; and hath he lost or won ?
 The yron Man, albe he wanted Sense
 And Sorrows feeling, yet with Conscience
 Of his ill News, did inly chill and quake,
 And stood still mute, as one in great Suspence,
 As if that by his Silence he would make
 her rather read his Meaning, than himself it spake.

X.

Till she again thus said ; *Talus* be bold,
 And tell whatever it be, good or bad,
 That from thy Tongue thy Heart's Intent doth hold.
 To whom he thus at length ; The Tidings sad,
 That I would hide, will needs I see be rad.
 My Lord (your Love) by hard mishap doth lie
 In wretched Bondage, wofully bestad.
 Ay me, quoth she, what wicked Destiny ?
 And is he vanquish'd by his Tyrant Enemy ?

XI.

Not by that Tyrant, his intended Foe ;
 But by a Tyranness, he then reply'd,
 That him captived hath in hapless Woe.
 Cease thou, bad News-man : badly dost thou hide
 Thy Master's Shame, in Harlot's Bondage ty'd :
 The rest my self too readily can spell.
 With that, in Rage she turn'd from him aside
 (Forcing in vain the rest to her to tell)
 And to her Chamber went like solitary Cell.

XII.

XII.

There she began to make her moanful Plaint
 Against her Knight, for being so untrue ;
 And him to touch with Falshood's foul Attaint,
 That all his other Honours overthrew.
 Oft did she blame her self, and often rue,
 For yielding to a Stranger's Love so light,
 Whose Life and Manners strange she never knew ;
 And evermore she did him sharply twight
 For Breach of Faith to her, which he had firmly plight.

XIII.

And then she in her wrathful Will did cast,
 How to revenge that Blot of Honour blent ;
 To fight with him, and goodly die her last :
 And then again she did her self torment,
 Inflicting on her self his Punishment.
 Awhile she walk'd and chauf'd ; awhile she threw
 Her self upon her Bed, and did lament :
 Yet did she not lament with loud Alew,
 As Women wont, but with deep Sighs and Singults few.

XIV.

Like as a wayward Child, whose sounder Sleep
 Is broken with some fearful Dream's Affright,
 With froward Will doth set himself to weep ;
 Ne can be still'd for all his Nurse's Might,
 But kicks, and squalls, and shrieks for fell Despight :
 Now scratching her, and her loose Locks misusing ;
 Now seeking Darknes, and now seeking Light ;
 Then craving Suck, and then the Suck refusing :
 Such was this Lady's Fit, in her Love's fond accusing.

XV.

But when she had with such unquiet Fits
 Her self there close afflicted long in vain,
 Yet found no Easement in her troubled Wits,
 She unto *Talus* forth return'd again,
 By change of Place seeking to ease her Pain :
 And 'gan enquire of him, with milder Mood,
 The certain Cause of *Artbegal's* Detain ;
 And what he did, and in what State he stood,
 And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

XVI.

Ah weal-away ! said then the iron Man,
 That he is not the while in state to woo ;
 But lies in wretched Thraldom, weak and wan,
 Not by strong Hand compelled thereunto,
 But his own Doom, that none can now undo.
 Said I not then, quoth she, e'er-while aright,
 That this is things compact betwixt you two,
 Me to deceive of Faith unto me plight,
 Since that he was not forc'd, nor overcome in Fight ?

XVII.

With that, he 'gan at large to her dilate
 The whole Discourse of his Captivance sad,
 In fort as ye have heard the same of late.
 All which, when she with hard Endurance had
 Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad,
 With sudden Stounds of Wrath and Grief attone :
 Ne would abide, till she had Answer made ;
 But straight her self did dight, and Armour donne ;
 And mounting to her Steed, bad *Talus* guide her on.

XVIII.

So forth she rode upon her ready way,
 To seek her Knight, as *Talus* her did guide :
 Sadly she rode, and never Word did say,
 Nor good nor bad, ne ever look'd aside,
 But still right down, and in her Thought did hide
 The Felness of her Heart, right fully bent
 To fierce Avengement of that Woman's Pride,
 Which had her Lord in her base Prison pent,
 And so great Honour with so foul Reproach had blent.

XIX.

So as she thus melancholick did ride,
 Chawing the Cud of Grief and inward Pain,
 She chaunc'd to meet, toward the Even-tide
 A Knight, that softly paced on the Plain,
 As if himself to solace he were faine.
 Well shot in Years he seem'd, and rather bent
 To Peace, than needles Trouble to constrain,
 As well by view of that his Vestiment,
 As by his modest Semblant, that no Evil ment.

XX.

He, coming near, 'gan gently her salute
 With courteous Words, in the most comely wize;
 Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
 Than Terms to entertain of common Guize,
 Yet rather than she Kindness would despise,
 She would her self displease, so him requite.
 Then 'gan the other further to devize
 Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,
 And many things demand, to which she answer'd light.

XXI.

For little Lust had she to talk of ought,
 Or ought to hear, that mote delightful be;
 Her Mind was whole possessed of one Thought,
 That gave none other place. Which when-as he
 By outward Signs (as well he might) did see,
 He list no lenger to use loathful Speech,
 But her besought, to take it well in gree,
 Sith shady Damp had dim'd the Heaven's Reach,
 To lodge with him that Night, unless good Cause impeach.

XXII.

The Championess, now seeing Night at door,
 Was glad to yield unto his good Request:
 And with him went without gainsaying more.
 Not far away, but little wide by West,
 His Dwelling was, to which he him address'd;
 Where soon arriving, they received were
 In seemly wise, as them beseeemed best:
 For he their Host them goodly well did ehear,
 And talk'd of pleasant things, the Night away to wear.

XXIII.

Thus passing th' Evening well, till time of Rest,
 Then *Britomart* unto a Bow'r was brought;
 Where Grooms awaited her to have undress'd.
 But she ne would undressed be for ought,
 Ne doff her Arms, though he her much besought.
 For she had vow'd, she said, not to forgo
 Those warlike Weeds, till she Revenge had wrought
 Of a late Wrong upon a mortal Foe;
 Which she would sure perform, betide her Weal or Woe.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Which when her Host perceiv'd, right discontent
 In Mind he grew, for fear lest by that Art
 He should his Purpose miss, which close he ment :
 Yet taking leave of her, he did depart.
 There all that Night remained *Britomart*,
 Restless, recomfortless, with Heart deep griev'd,
 Not suff'ring the least twinkling Sleep to start
 Into her Eye, which th' Heart mote have reliev'd ;
 But if the least appear'd, her Eyes she straight repriev'd.

XXV.

Ye guilty Eyes, said she, the which with Guile
 My Heart at first betray'd, will ye betray
 My Life now too, for which a little while
 Ye will not watch ? false Watches, weal-away !
 I wote when ye did watch both night and day
 Unto your Loss : and now needs will ye sleep ?
 Now ye have made my Heart to wake alway,
 Now will ye sleep ? ah ! wake, and rather weep,
 To think of your Night's Want, that should ye waking keep.

XXVI.

Thus did she watch, and wear the weary Night
 In wailful Plaints, that none was to appease ;
 Now walking soft, now sitting still upright,
 As sundry Change her seemed best to ease.
 Ne less did *Talus* suffer Sleep to seize
 His Eyelids sad, but watch'd continually,
 Lying without her door in great Disease ;
 Like to a Spaniel waiting carefully,
 Lest any should betray his Lady treacherously.

XXVII.

What time the native Bell-man of the Night,
 The Bird that warn'd *Peter* of his Fall,
 First rings his Silver Bell t' each sleepy Wight,
 That should their Minds up to Devotion call,
 She heard a wondrous Noise below the Hall.
 All suddenly the Bed, where she should lie,
 By a false Trap was let adown to fall
 Into a lower Room, and by and by
 The Loft was rais'd again, that no Man could it spy.

U 2

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

With fight whereof she was dismay'd right fore,
 Perceiving well the Treason which was meant :
 Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
 But kept her Place with Courage confident,
 Waiting what would ensue of that Event.
 It was not long, before she heard the Sound
 Of armed Men, coming with close Intent
 Towards her Chamber ; at which dreadful Stound
 She quickly caught her Sword, and Shield about her bound.

XXIX.

With that, there came unto her Chamber-Door
 Two Knights, all armed ready for to fight ;
 And after them full many other more,
 A rascal Rout, with Weapons rudely dight.
 Whom soon as *Talus* spy'd by Glimpse of Night,
 He started up, there where on ground he lay,
 And in his Hand his Thresher ready keight.
 They, seeing that, let drive at him straightway,
 And round about him press in riotous Array.

XXX.

But soon as he began to lay about
 With his rude iron Flail, they 'gan to fly,
 Both armed Knights, and eke unarmed Rout :
 Yet *Talus* after them apace did ply,
 Wherever in the Dark he could them spy ;
 That here and there like scatter'd Sheep they lay.
 Then back returning, where his Dame did lie,
 He to her told the Story of that Fray,
 And all that Treason there intended did bewray.

XXXI.

Wherewith, though wondrous wrath, and inly burning
 To be avenged for so foul a Deed,
 Yet being forc'd t' abide the Day's returning,
 She there remain'd, but with right wary Heed,
 Lest any more such Practice should proceed.
 Now mote ye know (that which to *Britomart*
 Unknowen was) whence all this did proceed :
 And for what Cause so great mischievous Smart
 Was meant to her, that never Evil meant in Heart.

XXXII.

XXXII.

The goodman of this House was *Dolon* hight,
 A Man of subtil Wit and wicked Mind,
 That whilom in his Youth had been a Knight,
 And Arms had borne, but little Good could find,
 And much less Honour by that warlike kind
 Of Life : for he was nothing valorous,
 But with sly Shifts and Wiles did undermine
 All noble Knights, which were adventurous,
 And many brought to Shame by Treason treacherous.

XXXIII.

He had three Sons, all three like Father's Sons,
 Like treacherous, like full of Fraud and Guile,
 Of all that on this earthly Compass wonnes :
 The eldest of the which was slain e'erwhile
 By *Arbegal*, through his own guilty Wile ;
 His Name was *Guizor* : whose untimely Fate
 For to avenge, full many Treasons vile
 His Father *Dolon* had deviz'd of late
 With these his wicked Sons, and shew'd his canker'd Hate.

XXXIV.

For sure he ween'd, that this his present Guest
 Was *Arbegal*, by many Tokens plain ;
 But chiefly by that yron Page he guess'd,
 Which still was wont with *Arbegal* remain ;
 And therefore meant him surely to have slain.
 But by God's Grace, and her good heediness,
 She was preserved from that trait'rous Train.
 Thus she all night wore out in Watchfulness,
 Ne suffer'd slothful Sleep her Eyelids to oppress.

XXXV.

The morrow next, so soon as dawning Hour
 Discover'd had the Light to living Eye,
 She forth issu'd out of her loathed Bow'r,
 With full Intent t' avenge that Villany
 On that vile Man, and all his Family.
 And coming down to seek them, where they wond,
 Nor Sire, nor Sons, nor any could she spy :
 Each Room she sought, but them all empty fond ;
 They all were fled for Fear, but whither, neither kond.

XXXVI.

She saw it vain to make there longer Stay,
 But took her Steed ; and thereon mounting light,
 'Gan her address unto her former way.
 She had not rid the Mount'nance of a Flight,
 But that she saw there present in her sight
 Those two false Brethren, on that per'lous Bridge,
 On which *Pollente* with *Arthegal* did fight.
 Straight was the Passage like a ploughed Ridge,
 That if two met, the one mote needs fall o'er the Lidge.

XXXVII.

There they did think themselves on her to wreak :
 Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one
 These vile Reproaches 'gan unto her speak ;
 Thou recreant false Traitor, that with lone
 Of Arms hast Knighthood stol'n, yet Knight art none,
 No more shall now the Darkness of the Night
 Defend thee from the Vengeance of thy Fone ;
 But with thy Blood thou shalt appease the Spright
 Of *Guizor*, by thee slain, and murder'd by thy Slight.

XXXVIII.

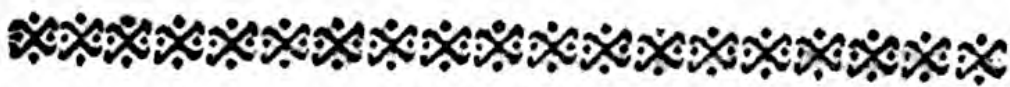
Strange were the Words in *Britomartis*' Ear ;
 Yet stay'd she not for them, but forward far'd,
 Till to the per'lous Bridge she came : and there
Talus desir'd, that he might have prepar'd
 The way to her, and those two Lofels scar'd.
 But she thereat was wroth, that for Despight
 The glauncing Sparkles through her Bever glar'd,
 And from her Eyes did flash out fiery Light,
 Like Coals, that through a silver Censer sparkle bright.

XXXIX.

She stay'd not to advize which way to take ;
 But putting Spurs unto her fiery Beast,
 Thorough the midst of them she way did make.
 The one of them, which most her Wrath increas'd,
 Upon her Spear she bore before her Breast,
 Till to the Bridge's further end she past ;
 Where falling down, his Challenge he releas'd :
 The other over side the Bridge she cast
 Into the River, where he drunk his deadly last.

XL.

As when the flashing Levin haps to light
 Upon two stubborn Oaks, which stand so near,
 That way betwixt them none appears in fight;
 The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth tear
 Th' one from the Earth, and through the Air doth bear;
 The other it with Force doth overthrow,
 Upon one side, and from his Roots doth rear:
 So did the Championess those two there strow,
 And to their Sire their Carcasses left to bestow.



CANTO VII.

*Britomart comes to Isis' Church,
 Where she strange Visions sees:
 She fights with Radigund, her slays,
 And Arthegal thence frees.*

I.

NOught is on Earth more Sacred or Divine,
 That Gods and Men do equally adore,
 Than this same Vertue, that doth Right define:
 For th' Heavens themselves, whence mortal Men implore
 Right in their Wrongs, are rul'd by righteous Lore
 Of highest *Jove*, who doth true Justice deal
 To his inferior Gods, and evermore
 Therewith contains his heavenly Commonweal:
 The Skill whereof to Princes Hearts he doth reveal.

II.

Well therefore did the antique World invent,
 That Justice was a God of sovereign Grace,
 And Altars unto him, and Temples lent,
 And heavenly Honours in the highest Place;
 Calling him great *Osyris*, of the Race
 Of th' old *Egyptian* Kings, that whilom were;
 With feigned Colours shading a true Case:
 For that *Osyris*, whilst he lived here,
 The justest Man alive, and truest did appear.

III.

III.

His Wife was *Isis*, whom they likewise made
 A Goddess of great Pow'r and Sov'reignty,
 And in her Person cunningly did shade
 That part of Justice, which is Equity,
 Whereof I have to treat here presently.
 Unto whose Temple when-as *Britomart*
 Arrived, she with great Humility
 Did enter in, ne would that Night depart ;
 But *Talus* mote not be admitted to her Part.

IV.

There she received was in goodly wise
 Of many Priests, which duely did attend
 Upon the Rites and daily Sacrifice ;
 All clad in linnen Robes with Silver hem'd ;
 And on their Heads, with long Locks comely kem'd,
 They wore rich Mitres shaped like the Moon,
 To shew that *Isis* doth the Moon portend ;
 Like as *Osyris* signifies the Sun,
 For that they both like Race in equal Justice run.

V.

The Championess them greeting, as she could,
 Was thence by them into the Temple led ;
 Whose goodly building, when she did behold,
 Borne upon stately Pillars, all dispreed
 With shining Gold, and arched over-head,
 She wonder'd at the Workman's passing Skill,
 Whose like before she never saw nor read ;
 And thereupon long while stood gazing still,
 But thought that she thereon could never gaze her fill.

VI.

Thenceforth unto the Idol they her brought,
 The which was framed all of Silver fine,
 So well as could with cunning Hand be wrought,
 And clothed all in Garments made of Line,
 Hem'd all about with Fringe of Silver Twine.
 Upon her Head she wore a Crown of Gold.
 To show that she had Pow'r in things Divine ;
 And at her Feet a Crocodile was roll'd,
 That with her wreathed Tail her Middle did enfold.

VII.

VII.

One Foot was set upon the Crocodile,
 And on the Ground the other fast did stand,
 So meaning to suppress both forged Guile,
 And open Force : and in her other Hand
 She stretched forth a long white slender Wand.
 Such was the Goddess ; whom when *Britomart*
 Had long beheld, her self upon the Land
 She did prostrate, and with right humble Heart
 Unto her self her silent Prayers did impart.

VIII.

To which the Idol as it were inclining,
 Her Wand did move, with amiable Look,
 By outward Shew her inward Sense defining :
 Who well perceiving how her Wand she shook,
 It as a Token of Good Fortune took.
 By this, the Day with Damp was overcast,
 And joyous Light the House of *Jove* forsook :
 Which when she saw, her Helmet she unlac'd,
 And by the Altar's side her self to Slumber plac'd.

IX.

For other Beds the Priests there used none,
 But on their Mother Earth's dear Lap did lie,
 And bake their Sides upon the cold hard Stone,
 T' enure themselves to Sufferance thereby ;
 And proud rebellious Flesh to mortify.
 For by the Vow of their Religion,
 They tied were to stedfast Chastity,
 And Continence of Life ; that all forgon,
 They mote the better tend to their Devotion.

X.

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly Food,
 Ne feed on ought the which doth Blood contain,
 Ne drink of Wine ; for Wine they say is Blood,
 Even the Blood of Giants, which were slain
 By thundring *Jove* in the *Pblegrean* Plain.
 For which the Earth (as they the Story tell)
 Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetual Pain
 Has damn'd her Sons, which 'gainst them did rebel,
 With inward Grief and Malice did against them swell.

XI.

XI.

And of their vital Blood, the which was shed
 Into her pregnant Bosom, forth she brought
 The fruitful Vine ; whose Liquor bloody red,
 Having the Minds of Men with Fury fraught,
 Mote in them stir up old rebellious Thought,
 To make new War against the Gods again :
 Such is the Pow'r of that same Fruit, that nought
 The fell Contagion may thereof restrain ;
 Ne, within Reason's Rule, her madding Mood contain.

XII.

There did the warlike Maid her self repose,
 Under the Wings of *Isis* all that Night ;
 And with sweet Rest her heavy Eyes did close,
 After that long Day's Toil and weary Plight.
 Where, whilst her earthly Parts with soft Delight
 Of senseless Sleep did deeply drowned lie,
 There did appear unto her heavenly Spright
 A wondrous Vision, which did close imply
 The Course of all her Fortune and Posterity.

XIII.

Her seem'd, as she was doing Sacrifice
 To *Isis*, deck'd with Mitre on her Head,
 And Linnen Stole, after those Priestes Guize,
 All suddenly she saw transfigured
 Her Linnen Stole to robe of Scarlet red,
 And Moon-like Mitre to a Crown of Gold ;
 That even she her self much wondered
 At such a Change, and joyed to behold
 Her self, adorn'd with Gems and Jewels manifold.

XIV.

And in the midst of her Felicity,
 An hideous Tempest seemed from below,
 To rise through all the Temple suddenly,
 That from the Altar all about did blow
 The holy Fire, and all the Embers strow
 Upon the Ground : which kindled privily
 Into outrageous Flames unwares did grow,
 That all the Temple put in Jeopardy
 Of flaming, and her self in great Perplexity.

XV.

With that, the Crocodile, which sleeping lay
Under the Idol's Feet in fearless Bow'r,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy Stow'r ;
And gaping greedy wide, did straight devour
Both Flames and Tempest : with which grown great,
And swolne with Pride of his own peerless Pow'r,
He 'gan to threaten her likewise to eat ;
But that the Goddess with her Rod him back did beat.

XVI.

Tho, turning all his Pride to Humble's meek,
Himself before her Feet he lowly threw,
And 'gan for Grace and Love of her to seek :
Which she accepting, he so near her drew,
That of his Game she soon enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a Lion of great Might,
That shortly did all other Beasts subdue.
With that, she waked, full of fearful Fright,
And doubtfully dismay'd through that so uncouth Sight.

XVII.

So, thereupon long while she musing lay,
With thousand Thoughts feeding her Fantasy,
Until she spy'd the Lamp of lightsom Day,
Up-listed in the Porch of Heaven high.
Then up she rose fraught with Melancholy,
And forth into the lower Parts did pass :
Whereas the Priests she found full busily
About their holy Things for morrow Mass :
Whom she saluting fair, fair resaluted was.

XVIII.

But by the Change of her uncheerful Look,
They might perceive she was not well in plight ;
Or that some Pensiveness to heart she took.
Therefore thus one of them (who seem'd in sight
To be the greatest, and the gravest Wight)
To her bespake ; Sir Knight, it seems to me,
That thorough evil Rest of this last Night,
Or ill afraid, or much dismay'd ye be,
That by your Change of Chear is easy for to see.

XIX.

XIX.

Certes, said she, sith ye so well have spy'd
 The troublous Passion of my pensive Mind,
 I will not seek the same from you to hide,
 But will my Cares unfold, in hope to find
 Your Aid to guide me out of Error blind.
 Say on, quoth he, the Secret of your Heart :
 For, by the holy Vow which me doth bind.
 I am adjur'd, best Counsel to impart
 To all, that shall require my Comfort in their Smart.

XX.

Then 'gan she to declare the whole Discourse
 Of all that Vision which to her appear'd,
 As well as to her Mind it had recourse.
 All which when he unto the end had heard,
 Like to a weak faint-hearted Man he far'd,
 Through great Astonishment of that strange Sight ;
 And with long Locks up-standing, stiffly star'd,
 Like one adawed with some dreadful Spright :
 So, fill'd with heavenly Fury, thus he her behight.

XXI.

Magnifick Virgin, that in quaint Disguise
 Of *British* Arms dost mask thy royal Blood,
 So to pursue a perillous Emprize,
 How could'st thou ween, through that disguised Hood,
 To hide thy State from being understood ?
 Can from th' immortal Gods ought hidden be ?
 They do thy Linage, and thy Lordly Brood ;
 They do thy Sire, lamenting sore for thee ;
 They do thy Love, forlorne in Womens Thraldom, see.

XXII.

The End whereof, and all the long Event,
 They do to thee in this same Dream discover :
 For, that same Crocodile doth represent
 The righteous Knight, that is thy faithful Lover,
 Like to *Osyris* in all just endeavour.
 For, that same Crocodile *Osyris* is,
 That under *Ijis*' Feet doth sleep for ever :
 To shew that Clemence oft, in things amiss,
 Restrains those stern Behests, and cruel Dooms of his.

XXIII.

XXIII.

That Knight shall all the troublous Storms assuage,
 And raging Flames, that many Foes shall rear,
 To hinder thee from the just Heritage
 Of thy Sire's Crown, and from thy Country dear,
 Then shalt thou take him to thy loved Fere.
 And join in equal Portion of thy Realm :
 And afterwards, a Son to him shall't bear,
 That Lion-like shall shew his Pow'r extream :
 So blest thee God, and give thee Joyance of thy Dream.

XXIV.

All which when she unto the end had heard,
 She much was eased in her troublous Thought,
 And on those Priests bestowed rich Reward :
 And royal Gifts, of Gold and Silver wrought,
 She for a Present to their Goddess brought.
 Then taking leave of them, she forward went,
 To seek her Love, where he was to be sought ;
 Ne rested till she came without relent
 Unto the Land of *Amazons*, as she was bent.

XXV.

Whereof when news to *Radigund* was brought,
 Not with amaze, as Women wonted be,
 She was confused in her troublous Thought,
 But fill'd with Courage and with joyous Glee,
 As glad to hear of Arms, the which now she
 Had long surceas'd, she bade to open bold,
 That she the Face of her new Foe might see.
 But when they of that iron Man had told,
 Which late her Folk had slain, she bade them forth to hold.

XXVI.

So, there without the Gate (as seemed best)
 She caused her Pavilion to be pight ;
 In which, stout *Britomart* her self did rest.
 Whiles *Talus* watched at the door all night :
 All night likewise, they of the Town in fright,
 Upon their Wall good Watch and Ward did keep.
 The morrow next, so soon as dawning Light
 Bade do away the Damp of drouzy Sleep,
 The war-like *Amazon* out of her Bow'r did peep.

XXVII.

And caused straight a Trumpet loud to shrill,
 To warn her Foe to Battel soon be prest :
 Who, long before awoke (for she full ill
 Could sleep all night, that in unquiet Breast
 Did closely harbour such a jealous Guest)
 Was to the Battel whilome ready dight.
 Eftsoones that Warriouers with haughty Crest
 Did forth issue all ready for the Fight :
 On th' other side her Foe appeared soon in fight.

XXVIII.

But e'er they reared hand, the *Amazon*
 Began the straight Conditions to propound,
 With which she used still to tie her Fone ;
 To serve her so, as she the rest had bound.
 Which when the other heard, she sternly frown'd
 For high Disdain of such Indignity,
 And would no longer treat, but bade them sound :
 For, her no other Terms should ever tie
 Than what prescribed were by Laws of Chevalry.

XXIX.

The Trumpets sound, and they together run
 With greedy Rage, and with their Faulchins smote ;
 Ne either sought the other's Strokes to shun,
 But through great Fury both their Skill forgot,
 And practick Use in Arms : ne spared not
 Their dainty Parts which Nature had created
 So fair and tender without Stain or Spot,
 For other Uses than they them translated ;
 Which they now hack'd and hew'd, as if such Use they hated.

XXX.

As when a Tyger and a Lions
 Are met at spoyling of some hungry Prey,
 Both challenge it with equal Greediness :
 But first the Tyger Claws thereon did lay ;
 And therefore loth to loose her Right away,
 Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond :
 To which the Lion strongly doth gainsay,
 That she to hunt the Beast first took in hond ;
 And therefore ought it have, wherever she it fond.

XXXI.

XXXI.

Full fiercely laid the *Amazon* about,
 And dealt her Blows unmercifully fore :
 Which *Britomart* withstood with Courage stout,
 And them repaid again with double more.
 So long they fought, that all the grassy Floor
 Was fill'd with Blood, which from their sides did flow,
 And gushed through their Arms, that all in Gore
 They trode, and on the Ground their Lives did strow,
 Like fruitless Seed, of which untimely Death should grow.

XXXII.

At last, proud *Radigund* with fell Despight,
 Having by chance espy'd Advantage near,
 Let drive at her with all her dreadful Might,
 And thus upbraiding, said ; This Token bear
 Unto the Man whom thou doest love so dear ;
 And tell him for his sake thy Life thou gavest.
 Which spiteful Words she, fore engriev'd to hear,
 Thus answer'd ; Leudly thou my Love depravest,
 Who shortly must repent that now so vainly bravest.

XXXIII.

Nath'less, that Stroke so cruel Passage found,
 That glauncing on her Shoulder-plate, it bit
 Unto the Bone, and made a grieffly Wound,
 That she her Shield through raging Smart of it
 Could scarce uphold ; yet soon she it requit.
 For having Force increas'd through furious Pain,
 She her so rudely on the Helmet smit,
 That it empierced to the very Brain,
 And her proud Person low prostrated on the Plain.

XXXIV.

Where being laid, the wrathful Britones
 Stay'd not till she came to her self again,
 But in revenge both of her Love's Distress,
 And her late vile Reproach, though vaunted vain,
 And also of her Wound, which sore did pain,
 She with one Stroke both Head and Helmet cleft.
 Which dreadful Sight, when all her warlike Train
 There present saw, each one (of Sense bereft)
 Fled fast into the Town, and her sole Victor left.

XXXV.

But yet, so fast they could not home retreat,
 But that swift *Talus* did the foremost win ;
 And pressing through the Preace unto the Gate,
Pelmel with them at once did enter in.
 There then a piteous Slaughter did begin :
 For, all that ever came within his reach,
 He with his iron Flail did thresh so thin,
 That he no Work at all left for the Leach :
 Like to an hideous Storm, which nothing may impeach.

XXXVI.

And now by this, the noble Conquerefs
 Herself came in, her Glory to partake ;
 Where though revengeful Vow she did profess,
 Yet when she saw the Heaps which he did make
 Of slaughtered Carcasses, her Heart did quake
 For very Ruth, which did it almost rive,
 That she his Fury willed him to slake :
 For, else he sure had left not one alive,
 But all, in his Revenge, of Spirit would deprive.

XXXVII.

Tho, when she had his Execution staid,
 She for that iron Prison did enquire,
 In which her wretched Love was Captive laid :
 Which breaking open with indignant Ire,
 She enter'd into all the Parts entire.
 Where when she saw that loathly uncouth Sight,
 Of Men disguiz'd in womanish Attire,
 Her Heart 'gan grudge, for very deep Despight
 Of so unmanly Mask, in Misery misdight.

XXXVIII.

At last, when-as to her own Love she came,
 Whom like Disguize no less deformed had
 At sight thereof abash'd with secret Shame,
 She turn'd her Head aside, as nothing glad,
 To have beheld a Spectacle so sad :
 And then too well believ'd, that which to-fore
 Jealous Suspect as true untruely drad.
 Which vain Conceit now nourishing no more,
 Sought with Ruth to salve his sad Misfortunes fore.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

Not so great Wonder and Astonishment,
 Did the most chaste *Penelope* possess,
 To see her Lord, that was reported drent,
 And dead long since in dolorous Distress,
 Come home to her in piteous Wretchedness,
 After long Travel of full twenty Years,
 That she knew not his Favour's Likelines,
 For many Scars, and many hoary Hairs :
 But stood long staring on him, 'mongst uncertain Fears.

XL.

Ah! my dear Lord, what Sight is this, quoth she,
 What May-game hath Misfortune made of you ?
 Where is that dreadful manly Look ? where be
 Those mighty Palms, the which ye wont t'embrue
 In Blood of Kings, and great Hosts to subdue ?
 Could ought on Earth so wondrous Change have wrought,
 As to have robb'd you of that manly Hue ?
 Could so great Courage stooped have to ought ?
 Then farewell fleshly Force ; I see thy Pride is nought.

XLI.

Thence forth she frait into a Bow'r him brought,
 And caus'd him those uncomely Weeds undight ;
 And in their stead for other Rayment fought,
 Whereof there was great store, and Amours bright,
 Which had been rest from many a noble Knight ;
 Whom that proud *Amazon* subdued had,
 Whilst Fortune favour'd her Success in Fight :
 In which when-as she him anew had clad,
 She was reviv'd, and joy'd much in his Semblance glad.

XLII.

So, there awhile they afterwards remain'd
 Him to refresh, and her late Wounds to heal :
 During which space she there as Princess reign'd,
 And changing all that Form of Commonweal,
 The Liberty of Women did repeal,
 Which they had long usurp'd ; and them restoring
 To Mens Subjection, did true Justice deal :
 That all they, as a Goddess her adoring,
 Her Wisdom did admire, and harkned to her Loring.

X 3

XLIII.

XLIII.

For, all those Knights, which long in captive Shade
 Had shrouded been, she did from Thralldom free ;
 And Magistrates of all that City made,
 And gave to them great Living and large Fee :
 And that they should for ever faithful be,
 Made them swear Fealty to *Artbegal* ;
 Who when himself now well recur'd did see,
 He purpos'd to proceed, what-so befall,
 Upon his first Adventure, which him forth did call.

XLIV.

Full sad and sorrowful was *Britomart*
 For his Departure, her new Cause of Grief ;
 Yet wisely moderated her own Smart,
 Seeing his Honour, which she tendred chief,
 Consisted much in that Adventure's Prief.
 The Care whereof and Hope of his Success
 Gave unto her great Comfort and Relief.
 That womanish Complaints she did repress,
 And tempred for the time her present Heaviness.

XLV.

There she continu'd for a certain space,
 Till through his want her Woe did more increase :
 Then hoping that the Change of Air and Place
 Would change her Pain, and Sorrow some-what ease,
 She parted thence, her Anguish to appease.
 Mean while, her noble Lord Sir *Artbegal*
 Went on his way, ne ever hour did cease,
 Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall :
 That for another Canto will more fitly fall.





C A N T O VIII.

*Prince Arthur, and Sir Arthegal
Free Samient from Fear :
They slay the Souldan, drive his Wife,
Adicia, to Despair.*

I.

NOught under Heaven so strongly doth allure
The Sense of Man, and all his Mind possess,
As Beauty's lovely Bait, that doth procure
Great Warriors oft their Rigour to repress ;
And mighty Hands forget their Manliness,
Drawn with the Pow'r of an heart-robbing Eye,
And wrapt in Fetters of a golden Tress,
That can with melting Pleasance mollify
Their harden'd Hearts, enur'd to Blood and Cruelty.

II.

So whilom learn'd that mighty *Jewish* Swain,
Each of whose Locks did match a Man in Might,
To lay his Spoils before his Leman's Train :
So also did that great *Ocean* Knight
For his Love's sake his Lion's Skin undight :
And so did warlike *Anthony* neglect
The World's whole Rule, for *Cleopatra's* fight.
Such wondrous Pow'r hath Womens fair Aspect
To captive Men, and make them all the World reject.

III.

Yet could it not stern *Arthegal* retain,
Nor hold from Suit of his avowed Quest,
Which he had underta'en to *Gloriane* ;
But left his Love (albe her strong Request)
Fair *Britomart*, in Languor and Unrest,
And rode himself upon his first Intent :
Ne day nor night did ever idly rest ;
Ne Wight but only *Talus* with him went,
The true Guide of his Way, and vertuous Government.

IV.

So travelling, he chaunc'd far off to heed
 A Damsel, flying on a Palfry fast
 Before two Knights, that after her did speed
 With all their pow'r, and her full fiercely chac'd,
 In hope to have her overhent at last :
 Yet fled she fast, and both them far out-went,
 Carry'd with Wings of Fear, like Fowl aghast,
 With Locks all loose, and Rayment all too rent ;
 And ever as she rode, her Eye was backward bent,

V.

Soon after these, he saw another Knight,
 That after those two former rode apace,
 With Spear in Rest, and prick'd with all his Might :
 So ran they all, as they had been at Base,
 They being chased, that did others chace.
 At length, he saw the hindmost overtake
 One of those two, and force him turn his Face ;
 However loth he were his way to slake,
 Yet mote he algaates now abide, and Answer make.

VI.

But th' other still pursu'd the fearful Maid ;
 Who still from him as fast away did fly,
 Ne once for ought her speedy Passage staid,
 Till that at length she did before her spy
 Sir *Artbegal*, to whom she straight did hie
 With gladful Haste, in hope of him to get
 Succour against her greedy Enemy :
 Who, seeing her approach, 'gan forward set
 To save her from her Fear, and him from Force to let.

VII.

But he, like Hound full greedy of his Prey,
 Being impatient of Impediment,
 Continu'd still his Course, and by the way
 Thought with his Spear him quite have over-went :
 So both together ylike felly bent,
 Like fiercely met. But *Artbegal* was stronger,
 And better skill'd in Tilt and Turnament,
 And bore him quite out of his Saddle, longer
 Than two Spear's length ; so Mischief overmatch'd the
 Wronger,

VIII.

And in his Fall, Misfortune him mistook ;
 For on his Head unhappily he pight,
 That his own Weight his Neck asunder broke,
 And left there dead. Mean while, the other Knight
 Defeated had the other Faytour quite,
 And all his Bowels in his Body braist :
 Whom leaving there in that despitous Plight,
 He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
 His other fellow Pagan, which before him past.

IX.

Instead of whom, finding there ready prest
 Sir *Arthegal*, without Discretion
 He at him ran, with ready Spear in Rest :
 Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,
 Against him made again. So both anon
 Together met, and strongly either strook
 And broke their Spears ; yet neither has forgon
 His Horse's Back, yet to and fro long shook, (quook.
 And totter'd like two Tow'rs, which through a Tempest

X.

But when again they had recover'd Sense,
 They drew their Swords, in mind to make amends
 For what their Spears had fail'd of their Pretence.
 Which when the Damsel, who those deadly Ends
 Of both her Foes had seen, and now her Friends
 For her beginning a more fearful Fray ;
 She to them runs in haste, and her Hair rends,
 Crying to them their cruel Hands to stay,
 Until they both do hear what she to them will say.

XI.

They stay'd their Hands, when she thus 'gan to speak ;
 Ah ! gentle Knights, what mean ye thus unwise
 Upon your selves another's Wrong to wreak ?
 I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprise
 Both to redress, and both redress'd likewise :
 Witness the Paynims both, whom ye may see
 There dead on ground. What do ye then devise
 Of more Revenge ? if more, then I am she,
 Which was the Root of all : end your Revenge on me.

XII.

XII.

Whom when they heard so say, they look'd about,
 To weet if it were true as she had told ;
 Where, when they saw their Foes dead out of doubt,
 Eftsoons they 'gan their wrathful Hands to hold,
 And Ventails rear, each other to behold.
 Tho, when-as *Artbegal* did *Arthur* view,
 So fair a Creature, and so wondrous bold,
 He much admired both his Heart and Hue,
 And touched with intire Affection, nigh him drew :

XIII.

Saying, Sir Knight, of Pardon I you pray,
 That all unweeting have you wrong'd thus fore ;
 Suff'ring my Hand against my Heart to stray :
 Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore
 Yield for amends my self yours evermore,
 Or what-so Penance shall by you be read.
 To whom the Prince ; Certes, me needeth more
 To crave the same, whom Error so misled,
 As that I did mistake the Living for the Dead.

XIV.

But sith ye please, that both our Blames shall die,
 Amends may for the Trespas soon be made,
 Sith neither is endamag'd much thereby.
 So 'gan they both themselves full eath persuade
 To fair Accordance, and both Faults to shade,
 Either embracing other lovingly,
 And swearing Faith to either on his Blade,
 Never thenceforth to nourish Enmity,
 But either other's Cause to maintain mutually.

XV.

Then *Artbegal* 'gan of the Prince enquire,
 What were those Knights which there on ground were laid,
 And had receiv'd their Folly's worthy Hire,
 And for what cause they chaced so that Maid.
 Certes, I wote not well, the Prince then said ;
 But by Adventure found them faring so,
 As by the way unweetingly I stray'd :
 And lo ! the Damsel self, whence all did grow,
 Of whom we may at will the whole Occasion know.

XVI.

XVI.

Then they that Damsel called to them nigh,
 And asked her, what were those two her Fone,
 From whom she earst so fast away did fly;
 And what was she her self so woe begon,
 And for what Cause pursu'd of them attone.
 To whom she thus; Then wote ye well, that I
 Do serve a Queen, that not far hence doth wonne,
 A Princess of great Pow'r and Majesty,
 Famous through all the World, and honour'd far and nigh.

XVII.

Her Name *Mercilla* most Men use to call;
 That is a Maiden Queen of high Renown,
 For her great Bounty knowen over all,
 And soveraign Grace, with which her Royal Crown
 She doth support, and strongly beateth down
 The Malice of her Foes, which her envy,
 And at her Happiness do fret and frown:
 Yet she her self the more doth magnify,
 And even to her Foes her Mercies multiply.

XVIII.

'Mongst many, which malign her happy State,
 There is a mighty Man, which wonnes hereby,
 That with most fell Despight and deadly Hate,
 Seeks to subvert her Crown and Dignity;
 And all his Pow'r doth thereunto apply:
 And her good Knights (of which so brave a Band
 Serves her, as any Princess under Sky)
 He either spoils, if they against him stand,
 Or to his Part allures, and bribeth under-hand.

XIX.

Ne him sufficeth all the Wrong and Ill
 Which he unto her People does each day,
 But that he seeks by traitrous Trains to spill
 Her Person, and her sacred self to slay:
 That O ye Heavens defend, and turn away
 From her, unto the Miscreant himself,
 That neither hath Religion nor Fay,
 But makes his God of his ungodly Pelf,
 And Idols serves; so let his Idols serve the Elf.



XX.

XX.

To all which cruel Tyranny, they say,
 He is provok'd, and stir'd up day and night
 By his bad Wife, that hight *Adicia*,
 Who counsels him (through Confidence of Might)
 To break all Bonds of Law, and Rules of Right :
 For she her self professeth mortal Foe
 To Justice, and against her still doth fight,
 Working to all that love her, deadly Woe,
 And making all her Knights and People to do so.

XXI.

Which my Liege Lady seeing, thought it best,
 With that his Wife in friendly wise to deal,
 For stint of Strife, and stablishment of Rest
 Both to her self, and to her Commonweal,
 And all fore-past Displeasures to repeal.
 So me in Message unto her she sent,
 To treat with her by way of Enterdeal,
 Of final Peace and fair Attonement,
 Which might concluded be by mutual Consent.

XXII.

All times have wont safe Passage to afford
 To Messengers, that come for Causes just :
 But this proud Dame, disdainning all Accord,
 Not only into bitter Terms forth burst,
 Reviling me, and railing as she lust ;
 But lastly, to make proof of utmost Shame,
 Me like a Dog she out of doors did thrust,
 Miscalling me by many a bitter Name,
 That never did her Ill, ne once deserved Blame.

XXIII.

And lastly, that no Shame might wanting be,
 When I was gone, soon after me she sent
 These two false Knights, whom there ye lying see,
 To be by them dishonoured and shent :
 But thank'd be God, and your good Hardiment,
 They have the Price of their own Folly paid.
 So said this Damsel, that hight *Samient* :
 And to those Knights, for their so noble Aid,
 Her self most grateful shew'd, and heaped Thanks repaid.

XXIV.

XXIV.

But they, now having throughly heard and seen
 All those great Wrongs, the which that Maid complain'd
 To have been done against her Lady Queen,
 By that proud Dame, which her so much disdain'd,
 Were moved much thereat, and 'twixt them feign'd,
 With all their Force to work Avengement strong
 Upon the *Souldan* self, which it maintain'd ;
 And on his Lady, th' Author of that Wrong,
 And upon all those Knights that did to her belong.

XXV.

But thinking best, by counterfeit Disguise,
 To their Design to make the easier way,
 They did this Complot 'twixt themselves devise ;
 First, that Sir *Arthegal* should him array,
 Like one of those two Knights which dead there lay :
 And then that Damsel, the sad *Samicnt*,
 Should as his purchas'd Prize with him convey
 Unto the *Souldan's* Court, her to present
 Unto his scornful Lady, that for her had sent.

XXVI.

So as they had devis'd, Sir *Arthegal*
 Him clad in th' Armour of a Pagan Knight,
 And taking with him, as his vanquish'd Thrall,
 That Damsel, led her to the *Souldan's* Right.
 Where, soon as his proud Wife of her had sight
 (Forth of her Window as she looking lay)
 She weened straight it was her Paynim Knight,
 Which brought that Damsel, as his purchas'd Prey ;
 And sent to him a Page, that mote direct his way.

XXVII.

Who, bringing them to their appointed Place,
 Offer'd his Service to disarm the Knight ;
 But he, refusing him to let unlace,
 For doubt to be discover'd by his Sight.
 Kept himself still in his strange Armour dight.
 Soon after whom, the Prince arriv'd there ;
 And sending to the *Souldan* in despight
 A bold Defiance, did of him require
 That Damsel, whom he held as wrongful Prisonere.



XXV III.

Wherewith, the *Souldan* all with Fury fraught,
 Swearing and banning most blasphemously,
 Commanded straight his Armour to be brought ;
 And mounted straight upon a Charet high,
 With iron Wheels and Hooks arm'd dreadfully,
 And drawn of cruel Steeds, which he had fed
 With Flesh of Men, whom through fell Tyranny
 He slaughter'd had, and e'er they were half dead
 Their Bodies to his Beasts for Provender did spread.

XXIX.

So forth he came all in a Coat of Plate,
 Burnish'd with bloody Rust ; whiles on the Green
 The *Briton* Prince him ready did await,
 In gliftring Arms right goodly well beseen,
 That shone as bright as doth the Heaven sheen ;
 And by his Stirrup *Talus* did attend,
 Playing his Page's Part, as he had been
 Before directed by his Lord ; to th' end
 He should his Flail to final Execution bend.

XXX.

Thus go they both together to their Gear,
 With like fierce Minds, but Meanings different :
 For the proud *Souldan* with presumptuous Chear,
 And Countenance sublime and insolent,
 Sought only Slaughter and Avengement :
 But the brave Prince for Honour and for Right,
 'Gainst tortious Pow'r and lawless Regiment,
 In the Behalf of wronged Weak did fight :
 More in his Cause's Truth he trusted than in Might.

XXXI.

Like to the *Thracian* Tyrant, who they say
 Unto his Horses gave his Guests for Meat,
 Till he himself was made their greedy Prey,
 And torn in pieces by *Alcides* great :
 So thought the *Souldan* in his Folly's Threat,
 Either the Prince in pieces to have torn
 With his sharp Wheels, in his first Rage's Heat,
 Or under his fierce Horse's Feet have borne,
 And trampled down in Dust his Thoughts disdain'd Scorn.

XXXII.

But the bold Child that Peril well espying,
 If he too rashly to his Charet drew,
 Gave way unto his Horse's speedy flying,
 And their resistless Rigour did eschew.
 Yet as he pass'd by, the Pagan threw
 A shivering Dart with so impetuous Force,
 That had he not it shun'd with heedful View,
 It had himself transfix'd, or his Horse,
 Or made them both one Mass withouten more remorse.

XXXIII.

Oft drew the Prince unto his Charet nigh,
 In hope some Stroke to fasten on him near ;
 But he was mounted in his Seat so high,
 And his wing-footed Coursers him did bear
 So fast away, that e'er his ready Spear
 He could advance, he far was gone and past.
 Yet still he him did follow every where,
 And follow'd was of him likewise full fast ;
 So long as in his Steeds the flaming Breath did last,

XXXIV.

Again, the Pagan threw another Dart,
 Of which he had with him abundant Store,
 On every side of his embattled Cart,
 And of all other Weapons less or more,
 Which warlike Uses had deviz'd of yore.
 The wicked Shaft guided through th' airy Wide,
 By some bad Spirit, that it to Mischief bore,
 Stay'd not, till through his Curafs it did glide,
 And made a grievous Wound in his enriven Side.

XXXV.

Much was he griev'd with that hapless Throw,
 That open'd had the Well-spring of his Blood ;
 But much the more that to his hateful Foe
 He mote not come, to wreak his wrathful Mood :
 That made him rave, like to a Lion wood,
 Which being wounded of the Huntsman's Hand
 Cannot come near him in the covert Wood,
 Where he with Boughs hath built his shady Stand,
 And fenc'd himself about with many a flaming Brand.

XXXVI.

Still when he fought t' approach unto him nigh,
 His Charet Wheels about him whirled round,
 And made him back again as fast to fly ;
 And eke his Steeds, like to an hungry Hound,
 That hunting after Game hath Carrion found,
 So cruelly did him pursue and chace,
 That his good Steed, all were he much renown'd
 For noble Courage, and for hardy Race,
 Durst not endure their Sight, but fled from place to place.

XXXVII.

Thus long they trac'd, and traverst to and fro,
 Seeking by every way to make some Breach :
 Yet could the Prince not nigh unto him go,
 That one sure Stroke he might unto him reach,
 Whereby his Strength's Assay he might him teach.
 At last, from his victorious Shield he drew
 The Veil, which did his pow'rful Light empeach ;
 And coming full before his Horse's View,
 As they upon him press'd, it plain to them did shew.

XXXVIII.

Like Lightning Flash, that hath the Gazer burn'd,
 So did the Sight thereof their Sense dismay,
 That back again upon themselves they turn'd,
 And with their Rider ran perforce away :
 Ne could the *Souldan* them from flying stay
 With Reins, or wonted Rule, as well he knew.
 Nought feared they what he could do or say,
 But th' only Fear that was before their View ;
 From which, like mazed Deer, dismayfully they flew.

XXXIX.

Fast did they fly, as them their Feet could bear,
 High over Hills, and lowly over Dales,
 As they were follow'd of their former Fear.
 In vain the Pagan bans, and swears, and rails,
 And back with both his Hands unto him hails
 The resty Reins, regarded now no more :
 He to them calls and speaks, yet nought avails ;
 They hear him not, they have forgot his Lore,
 But go which way they list, their Guide they have forlore

XL.

As when the fiery-mouthed Steeds, which drew
 The Sun's bright Wain to *Phaeton's* Decay,
 Soon as they did the monstrous Scorpion view,
 With ugly Craples crawling in their way,
 The dreadful Sight did them so sore affray,
 That their well-known Courses they forwent ;
 And leading th' ever-burning Lamp astray,
 This lower World nigh all to Ashes Brent,
 And left their scorched Path yet in the Firmament.

XLI.

Such was the Fury of these head-strong Steeds,
 Soon as the Infant's Sun-like Shield they saw,
 That all Obedience both to Words and Deeds
 They quite forgot, and scorn'd all former Law ;
 Through Woods, and Rocks, and Mountains they did draw
 The iron Charet, and the Wheels did tear,
 And tofs'd the Paynim without Fear or Awe ;
 From side to side they tofs'd him here and there,
 Crying to them in vain, that n'ould his Crying hear.

XLII.

Yet still the Prince pursu'd him close behind,
 Oft making offer him to smite, but found
 No easy Means according to his Mind.
 At last, they have all overthrown to ground
 Quite topside-turvey, and the Pagan Hound
 Amongst the iron Hooks and Grapples keen,
 Torn all to rags, and rent with many a Wound ;
 That no whole piece of him was to be seen,
 But scatter'd all about, and strow'd upon the Green.

XLIII.

Like as the cursed Son of *Theseus*,
 That following his Chace in dewy Morn,
 To fly his Stepdame's Love outrageous,
 Of his own Steeds was all to pieces torn,
 And his fair Limbs left in the Woods forlorn :
 That for his sake *Diana* did lament,
 And all the woody Nymphs did wail and mourn :
 So was this *Souldan* rapt and all to rent,
 That of his Shape appear'd no little Monument.

XLIV.

Only his Shield and Armour, which there lay,
 Though nothing whole, but all to bruis'd and broken,
 He up did take, and with him brought away,
 That mote remain for an eternal Token
 To all, 'mongst whom this Story should be spoken,
 How worthily, by Heaven's high Decree,
 Justice that Day of Wrong her self had wroken ;
 That all Men which that Spectacle did see,
 By like Ensamble mote for ever warned be.

XLV.

So on a Tree, before the Tyrant's Door,
 He caused them be hung in all Men's sight ;
 To be a Monument for evermore.
 Which when his Lady from the Castle's Height
 Beheld, it much appall'd her troubled Spright :
 Yet not as Women wont in doleful Fit,
 She was dismay'd, or fainted through Affright,
 But gather'd unto her her troubled Wit,
 And 'gan eftsoons devise to be aveng'd for it.

XLVI.

Straight down she ran, like an enraged Cow
 That is berobbed of her Youngling dear,
 With Knife in hand, and fatally did vow,
 To wreak her on that Maiden Messenger,
 Whom she had caus'd be kept as Prisoner
 By *Arthegal*, misween'd for her own Knight,
 That brought her back. And coming present there,
 She at her ran with all her Force and Might.
 All flaming with Revenge and furious Despight,

XLVII.

Like raging *Ino*, when with Knife in hand
 She threw her Husband's murder'd Infant out ;
 Or fell *Medea*, when on *Colcbick* Strand
 Her Brother's Bones she scatter'd all about ;
 Or as that madding Mother, 'mongst the Rout
 Of *Bacchus*' Priests her own dear Flesh did tear,
 Yet neither *Ino*, nor *Medea* stout,
 Nor all the *Mænades* so furious were,

As this bold Woman, when she saw that Damsel there.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

But *Artbegal*, being thereof aware,
 Did stay her cruel Hand, e'er she her raught;
 And as she did her self to strike prepare,
 Out of her Fist the wicked Weapon caught:
 With that, like one enfelon'd or distraught,
 She forth did roam, whither her Rage her bore,
 With frantick Passion, and with Fury fraught;
 And breaking forth out at a Postern Door,
 Unto the wild Wood ran, her Dolours to deplore.

XLIX.

As a mad Bitch, when-as the frantick Fit
 Her burning Tongue with Rage enflamed hath,
 Doth run at random, and with furious Bit
 Snatching at every thing, doth wreak her Wrath
 On Man and Beast that cometh in her Path.
 There they do say, that she transformed was
 Into a Tyger, and that Tyger's Scath
 In Cruelty and Outrage she did pass,
 To prove her Sirname true, that she imposed has.

L.

Then *Artbegal*, himself discovering plain,
 Did issue forth 'gainst all that warlike Rout
 Of Knights and armed Men, which did maintain
 That Lady's Part, and to the *Souldan* lout:
 All which he did assault with Courage stout,
 All were they nigh an hundred Knights of Name,
 And like wild Goats them chaced all about,
 Flying from place to place with coward Shame;
 So that with final Force them all he overcame.

LI.

Then caused he the Gates be open'd wide;
 And there the Prince, as Victor of that Day,
 With Triumph entertain'd and glorify'd,
 Presenting him with all the rich Array,
 And Royal Pomp, which there long hidden lay,
 Purchas'd through lawless Pow'r and tortious Wrong
 Of that proud *Souldan*, whom he earst did slay.
 So both, for Rest there having staid not long,
 Match'd with that Maid, fit Matter for another Song.



C A N T O IX.

*Arthur and Arthegal catch Guile,
Whom Talus doth dismay:
They to Mercilla's Palace come,
And see her rich Array.*

I.

WHAT Tyger, or what other salvage Wight
Is so exceeding furious and fell,
As Wrong, when it hath arm'd itself with Might?
Not fit 'mongst Men, that do with Reason mell,
But 'mongst wild Beasts and salvage Woods to dwell;
Where still the Stronger doth the Weak devour,
And they that most in Boldness do excel,
Are dreaded most, and feared for their Pow'r:
Fit for *Adicia*, there to build her wicked Bow'r.

II.

There let her wonne far from Resort of Men,
Where righteous *Arthegal* her late exil'd;
There let her ever keep her damned Den,
Where none may be with her leud Parts defil'd,
Nor none but Beasts may be of her despoil'd:
And turn we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leave, after that he had foil'd
The cruel *Souldan*, and with dreadful Fate
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous State.

III.

Where having with Sir *Arthegal* a space
Well solac'd in that *Souldan's* late Delight,
They both resolving now to leave the Place,
Both it and all the Wealth therein behight
Unto that Damsel in her Lady's Right,
And so would have departed on their way.
But she them woo'd by all the means she might,
And earnestly besought to wend that Day
With her, to see her Lady thence not far away.

IV.

IV.

By whose Entreaty both they overcome,
 Agree to go with her, and by the way
 (As often falls) of sundry things did commen:
 'Mongst which that Damsel did to them bewray
 A strange Adventure, which not far thence lay;
 To weet, a wicked Villain, bold and stout,
 Which wonned in a Rock not far away,
 That robbed all the Country thereabout,
 And brought the Pillage home, whence none could get it out.

V.

Thereto both his own wily Wit, she said,
 And eke the Fastness of his Dwelling-place,
 Both unassailable, gave him great aid:
 For he so crafty was to forge and face,
 So light of Hand, and nimble of his Pace,
 So smooth of Tongue, and subtle in his Tale,
 That could deceive one looking in his Face.
 Therefore by Name *Malengin* they him call,
 Well knownen by his Feats, and famous over all.

VI.

Through these his Sights he many doth confound,
 And eke the Rock in which he wents to dwell,
 Is wondrous strong, and hewn far under ground
 A dreadful Depth, how deep no Man can tell;
 But some do say, it goeth down to Hell:
 And all within, it full of Windings is,
 And hidden ways, that scarce an Hound by Smell
 Can follow out those false Footsteps of his,
 Ne none can back return, that once are gone amis.

VII.

Which when those Knights had heard, their Hearts 'gan
 To understand that Villain's Dwelling-place, (yeare,
 And greatly it desir'd of her to learn,
 And by which way they towards it should trace.
 Were not, said she, that it should lett your Pace
 Towards my Lady's Prefence by you meant,
 I would you guide directly to the Place.
 Then let not that, said they, stay your Intent:
 For neither will one foot, till we that Carle have hent.

VIII.

VIII.

So, forth they pass, till they approached nigh
 Unto the Rock where was the Villain's Wonne.
 Which when the Damsel near at hand did spy,
 She warn'd the Knights thereof: who thereupon
 'Gan to advise, what best were to be done.
 So both agreed to send that Maid afore,
 Where she might sit nigh to the Den alone,
 Wailing, and raising pitiful Uproar,
 As if she did some great Calamity deplore.

IX.

With Noise whereof, when as the captive Carle
 Should issue forth, in hope to find some Spoil,
 They in await would closely him ensnarle,
 E'er to his Den he backward could recoil,
 And so would hope him easily to foil.
 The Damsel straight went, as she was directed,
 Unto the Rock; and there, upon the Soil
 Having her self in wretched wise abjected,
 'Gan weep and wail, as if great Grief had her affected.

X.

The cry whereof, entring the hollow Cave,
 Eftsoons brought forth the Villain, as they ment,
 With hope of her some wishful boot to have:
 Full dreadful Wight he was, as ever went
 Upon the Earth, with hollow Eyes deep pent,
 And long curl'd Locks, that down his Shoulders shagged,
 And on his Back an uncouth Vestiment,
 Made of strange Stuff, but all to worn and ragged;
 And underneath, his Breech was all to torn and jagged.

XI.

And in his Hand an huge long Staff he held,
 Whose top was arm'd with many an iron Hook,
 Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
 Or in the compass of his Clouches took;
 And ever round about he cast his Look.
 Als at his Back a great wide Net he bore,
 With which he seldom fished at the Brook,
 But us'd to fish for Fooles on the dry Shore,
 Of which he in fair Weather wont to take great Store.

XII.

XII.

Him when the Damsel saw fast by her side,
 So ugly Creature, she was nigh dismay'd ;
 And now for help aloud in earnest cry'd.
 But when the Villain saw her so affraid,
 He 'gan with guileful Words her to persuade
 To banish Fear : and with *Sardonian* Smile
 Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
 'Gan forth to lay his Bait her to beguile,
 That from her self unwares he might her steal the while.

XIII.

Like as the Fowler on his guileful Pipe
 Charms to the Birds full many a pleasant Lay,
 That they the whiles may take less heed to keep,
 How he his Nets doth for their Ruin lay :
 So did the Villain to her prate and play,
 And many pleasant Tricks before her show,
 To turn her Eyes from his Intent away :
 For, he in Sleights and juggling Feats did flow,
 And of Legier-de-main the Mysteries did know.

XIV.

To which, whilst she lent her intentive Mind,
 He suddenly his Net upon her threw,
 That over-spread her like a Puff of Wind ;
 And snatching her soon up, e'er well she knew,
 Ran with her fast away unto his Mew,
 Crying for help aloud. But when as nigh
 He came unto his Cave, and there did view
 The armed Knights, stopping his passage by,
 He threw his Burden down, and fast away did fly.

XV.

But *Arbegal* him after did pursue,
 The whiles the Prince there kept the Entrance still ;
 Up to the Rock he ran, and thereon flew
 Like a wild Goat, leaping from Hill to Hill,
 And dancing on the craggy Cliffs at will ;
 That deadly Danger seem'd in all Men's fight,
 To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill :
 Ne ought availed for the armed Knight,
 To think to follow him, that was so swift and light.

XVI.

XVI.

Which when he saw, his iron Man he sent
 To follow him ; for, he was swift in Chace.
 He him pursu'd wherever that he went,
 Both over Rocks, and Hills, and every Place,
 Where-so he fled, he follow'd him apace :
 So that he shortly forc'd him to forsake
 The Height, and down descend unto the Base.
 There he him cours'd afresh, and soon did make
 To leave his proper Form, and other Shape to take.

XVII.

Into a Fox himself he first did turn ;
 But he him hunted like a Fox full fast :
 Then to a Bush himself he did transform ;
 But he the Bush did beat, till that at last
 Into a Bird it chang'd, and from him past,
 Flying from Tree to Tree, from Wand to Wand :
 But he then Stones at it so long did cast,
 That like a Stone it fell upon the Land,
 But he then took it up, and held fast in his Hand.

XVIII.

So he it brought with him unto the Knights,
 And to his Lord Sir *Artbegal* it lent,
 Warning him hold it fast, for fear of slights.
 Who whilst in Hand it griping hard he hent,
 Into a Hedghog all unwares it went,
 And prick'd him so, that he away it threw.
 Then 'gan it run away incontinent.
 Being returned to his former Hue ;
 But *Talus* soon him over-took, and backward drew.

XIX.

But, when-as he would to a Snake again
 Have turn'd himself, he with his iron Flail
 'Gan drive at him, with so huge Might and Main,
 That all his Bones, as small as sandy Grail,
 He broke, and did his Bowels disentrail ;
 Crying in vain for help, when help was past.
 So did Deceit the Self-deceiver fail :
 There they him left a Carrion out-cast,
 For Beasts and Fowls to feed upon for their Repast.

XX.

XX.

Thence forth they passed with that gentle Maid,
 To see her Lady, as they did agree.
 To which when she approached, thus she said ;
 Lo now, right noble Knights, arriv'd ye be
 Nigh to the Place which ye desir'd to see :
 There shall ye see my sovereign Lady Queen,
 Most sacred Wight, most debonair and free,
 That ever yet upon this Earth was seen,
 Or that with *Diadem* hath ever crowned been.

XXI.

The gentle Knights rejoiced much to hear
 The Praises of that Prince so manifold ;
 And passing little further, comen were,
 Where they a stately Palace did behold,
 Of pompous Show, much more than she had told ;
 With many Towers, and Tarras mounted high,
 And all their Tops bright glistering with Gold,
 That seemed to out-shine the dimmed Sky,
 And with their Brightness daz'd the strange Beholder's Eye.

XXII.

There they alighting, by that Damsel were
 Directed in, and shewed all the Sight :
 Whose Porch, that most magnifick did appear,
 Stood open wide to all Men Day and Night ;
 Yet warded well by one of mickle Might,
 That fate thereby, with Giant-like Resemblance,
 To keep out Guile, and Malice, and Despight,
 That under shew oft-times of feigned Semblance,
 Are wont in Princes Courts to work great Scath and Hin-

XXIII.

(drance.

His Name was *Awe* ; by whom they passing in,
 Went up the Hall, that was a large wide Room,
 All full of People, making troublous Din,
 And wondrous Noife, as if that there were some
 Which unto them were dealing righteous Doom.
 By whom they passing through the thickest Preace,
 The Marshal of the Hall to them did come ;
 His Name hight *Order*, who commanding Peace, (cease.
 Them guided through the Throng, that did their Clamours

XXIV.

They ceast their Clamours, upon them to gaze ;
 Whom seeing all in Armour bright as Day,
 Strange there to see, it did them much amaze,
 And with unwonted Terror half affray :
 For, never saw they there the like Array,
 Ne ever was the Name of War there spoken,
 But joyous Peace and Quietness alway,
 Dealing just Judgments, that mote not be broken
 For any Bribes, or Threats of any to be wroken.

XXV.

There as they entred at the Skriene, they saw
 Some one, whose Tongue was for his Trespas vile
 Nail'd to a Post, adjudged so by Law :
 For that therewith he falsely did revile,
 And foul blaspheme that Queen for forged Guile,
 Both with bold Speeches, which he blazed had,
 And with leud Poems, which he did compile ;
 For, the bold Title of a Poet bad
 He on himself had ta'en, and railing Rhimes had sprad.

XXVI.

Thus, there he stood, whilst high over his Head,
 There written was the Purport of his Sin,
 In Cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
BON FONNS : but *Bon* that once had written bin,
 Was rased out, and *Mal* was now put in.
 So now *Malsons* was plainly to be read ;
 Either for th' evil, which he did therein,
 Or that he likened was to a Well-head
 Of evil Words, and wicked Slanders by him shed.

XXVII.

They, passing by, were guided by degree
 Unto the Presence of that gracious Queen ;
 Who sate on high, that she might all Men see,
 And might of all Men royally be seen,
 Upon a Throne of Gold full bright and sheen,
 Adorned all with Gems of endless Price,
 As either might for Wealth have gotten been,
 Or could be fram'd by Workmans rare Device ;
 And all emboss'd with Lions, and with Flower-de-lice.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

All over her a Cloth of State was spread,
 Not of rich Tiffew, nor of Cloth of Gold,
 Nor of ought else, that may be richest read,
 But like a Cloud, as likest may be told,
 That her broad spreading Wings did wide unfold;
 Whose Skirts were bordred with bright sunny Beams,
 Glistring like Gold, amongst the Plights enrol'd,
 And here and there shooting forth silver Streams,
 'Mongst which crept little Angels thro' the glittering Gleams.

XXIX.

Seemed those little Angels did uphold
 The Cloth of State, and on their purpled Wings
 Did bear the Pendants, through their Nimble's bold:
 Besides a thousand more of such as sings
 Hymns to high God, and carols heavenly Things,
 Encompassed the Throne on which she fate:
 She Angel-like, the Heir of antient Kings
 And mighty Conquerors, in royal State,
 Whilst Kings and Cefars at her Feet did them prostrate.

XXX.

Thus she did sit in Sovereign Majesty,
 Holding a Scepter in her royal Hand,
 The sacred Pledg of Peace and Clemency,
 With which high God had blest her happy Land,
 Maugre so many Foes, which did withstand.
 But at her feet her Sword was likewise laid,
 Whose long Rest rusted the bright steely Brand;
 Yet when-as Foes enforc'd, or Friends sought Aid,
 She could it sternly draw, that all the World dismay'd.

XXXI.

And round about before her Feet there fate
 A Beavy of fair Virgins clad in white,
 That goodly seem'd t' adorn her royal State,
 All lovely Daughters of high *Jove*, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in Love's delight,
 Upon the righteous *Themis*: those they say,
 Upon *Jove's* Judgment-Seat wait Day and Night;
 And when in Wrath he threatens the World's Decay,
 They do his Anger calm, and cruel Vengeance stay.

XXXII.

They also do by his divine Permissiō
 Upon the Thrones of mortal Princes tend,
 And often treat for Pardon and Remission
 To Suppliants, through Frailty which offend.
 Those did upon *Mercilla's* Throne attend :
 Just *Dice*, wise *Eunomy*, mild *Eirene* ;
 And them emongst, her Glory to commend,
 Sate goodly *Temperance* in Garments clean,
 And sacred *Reverence*, yborn of heavenly Strene.

XXXIII.

Thus did she sit in royal rich Estate,
 Admir'd of many, honoured of all ;
 Whilst underneath her Feet, there as she fate,
 A huge great Lion lay, that mote appall
 An hardy Courage, like captived Thrall,
 With a strong iron Chain and Collar bound,
 That once he could not move, nor quich at all ;
 Yet did he murmur with rebellious Sound,
 And softly royne, when salvage Choler 'gan redound.

XXXIV.

So, fitting high in dreadded Sovereignty,
 Those two strange Knights were to her Presence brought,
 Who, bowing low before her Majesty,
 Did to her mild Obeysance, as they ought,
 And meekest Boon, that they imagine mought.
 To whom she eke inclining her withal,
 As a fair Stoop of her high-soaring Thought,
 A chearful Countenance on them let fall,
 Yet tempred with some Majesty Imperial.

XXXV.

As the bright Sun, what time his fiery Team
 Towards the western Brim begins to draw,
 'Gins to abate the Brightness of his Beam,
 And Fervour of his Flames somewhat adaw :
 So did this mighty Lady, when she saw
 Those two strange Knights such Homage to her make,
 Bate somewhat of that Majesty and Awe,
 That whylom wont to do so many quake,
 And with more mild Aspect those two to entertake.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Now, at that Instant, as occasion fell,
 When these two stranger Knights arriv'd in place,
 She was about Affairs of Common-weal,
 Dealing of Justice with indifferent Grace,
 And hearing Pleas of People mean and base.
 'Mongst which as then, there was for to be heard
 The Trial of a great and weighty Case,
 Which on both sides was then debating hard :
 But at the sight of these, those were awhile debar'd.

XXXVII.

But, after all her princely Entertain,
 To th' hearing of that former Cause in hand,
 Her self eftsoons she 'gan convert again ;
 Which, that those Knights likewise mote understand,
 And witness forth aright in foreign Land,
 Taking them up unto her stately Throne,
 Where they mote hear the Matter throughly scan'd
 On either part, she placed th' one on th' one,
 The other on the other side, and near them none.

XXXVIII.

Then was there brought, as Prisoner to the Bar,
 A Lady of great Countenance and Place,
 But that she it with foul Abuse did mar ;
 Yet did appear rare Beauty in her Face,
 But blotted with Condition vile and base,
 That all her other Honour did obscure,
 And Titles of Nobility deface :
 Yet, in that wretched Semblant, she did sure
 The Peoples great Compassion unto her allure.

XXXIX.

Then up arose a Person of deep Reach,
 And rare In-sight, hard Matters to reveal ;
 That well could charm his Tongue, and time his Speech
 To all Assaies ; his Name was called *Zeal* :
 He 'gan that Lady strongly to appeal
 Of many heinous Crimes, by her enur'd ;
 And with sharp Reasons rang her such a peal,
 That those, whom she to Pity had allur'd,
 He now t'abhor and loath her Person had procur'd.

XL.

First, 'gan he tell, how this that seem'd so fair
 And royally array'd, *Duessa* hight,
 That false *Duessa*, which had wrought great Care,
 And mickle Mischief unto many a Knight,
 By her beguiled, and confounded quite :
 But not for those she now in question came,
 Though also those mote question'd be aright,
 But for vile Treasons, and outrageous Shame.
 Which she against the dread *Mercilla* oft did frame.

XLI.

For, she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
 Remember) had her Counsels false conspir'd,
 With faithless *Blandamour* and *Paridel*
 (Both two her Paramours, both by her hir'd,
 And both with hope of Shadows vain inspir'd)
 And with them practis'd, how for to deprive
Mercilla of her Crown, by her aspir'd,
 That she might it unto herself derive,
 And triumph in their Blood, whom she to Death did drive.

XLII.

But through high Heaven's Grace (which favours not
 The wicked Drifts of traiterous Designs
 'Gainst loyal Princes) all this cursed Plot,
 E'er Proof it took, discover'd was betimes,
 And th' Actors won the Meed meet for their Crimes.
 Such be the Meed of all, that by such Mean
 Unto the Type of Kingdoms Title climbs.
 But false *Duessa*, now untitled Queen,
 Was brought to her sad Doom, as here was to be seen.

XLIII.

Strongly did *Zeal* her heinous Fact enforce,
 And many other Crimes of foul Defame
 Against her brought, to banish all Remorse,
 And aggravate the Horror of her Blame.
 And with him to make part against her, came
 Many grave Persons, that against her plead ;
 First, was a sage old Sire, that had to Name
 The *Kingdom's Care*, with a white silver Head,
 That many high Regards and Reasons 'gainst her read.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Then, 'gan *Authority* her to oppose
 With peremptory Power, that made all mute ;
 And then the Law of *Nations* 'gainst her rose,
 And Reasons brought, that no Man could refute ;
 Next, 'gan *Religion* 'gainst her to impute
 High God's Behest, and Power of holy Laws ;
 Then 'gan the Peoples Cry, and Commons Sute,
 Importune care of their own publick Cause ;
 And lastly, *Justice* charged her with breach of Laws.

XLV.

But then for her, on the contrary part,
 Rose many Advocates for her to plead :
 First there came *Pity*, with full tender Heart,
 And with her join'd *Regard* of Woman-head ;
 And then came *Danger* threatening hidden Dread,
 And high Alliance unto foreign Power ;
 Then came *Nobility* of Birth, that bred
 Great Ruth through her Misfortunes tragick Stower ;
 And lastly *Grief* did plead, and many Tears forth pour.

XLVI.

With the near Touch whereof in tender Heart
 The *Briton* Prince was fore empassionate,
 And wox inclined much unto her Part,
 Through the sad Terror of so dreadful Fate,
 And wretched Ruin of so high Estate ;
 That for great Ruth his Courage 'gan relent.
 Which when-as *Zeal* perceived to abate,
 He 'gan his earnest Fervour to augment,
 And many fearful Objects to them to present.

XLVII.

He 'gan t' efforce the Evidence anew,
 And new Accusements to produce in place :
 He brought forth that old Hag of hellish Hue,
 The cursed *Até*, brought her Face to Face,
 Who privy was, and party in the Case :
 She, glad of Spoil and ruinous Decay,
 Did her appeach, and to her more Disgrace,
 The Plot of all her Practice did display,
 And all her Trains, and all her Treasons forth did lay.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Then brought he forth, with grievly grim Aspect,
 Abhorred *Murder*, who with bloody Knife
 Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect,
 And there with guilty Blood-shed charged rife :
 Then brought he forth *Sedition*, breeding Strife
 In troublous Wits, and mutinous Uproar :
 Then brought he forth *Incontinence of Life*,
 Even foul *Adultery* her Face before,
 And leud *Impiety*, that her accused fore.

XLIX.

All which when-as the Prince had heard and seen,
 His former Fancy's Ruth he 'gan repent,
 And from her Party eftsoons was drawn clean :
 But *Artbegal* with constant firm Intent,
 For Zeal of Justice was against her bent.
 So was she guilty deemed of them all.
 Then *Zeal* began to urge her Punishment,
 And to their Queen for Judgment loudly call,
 Unto *Mercilla* mild for Justice 'gainst the Thrall.

L.

But she, whose Princely Breast was touched near
 With piteous Ruth of her so wretched Plight,
 Though plain she saw by all that she did hear,
 That she of Death was guilty found by Right,
 Yet would not let just Vengeance on her light ;
 But rather let in stead thereof to fall
 Few perling Drops from her fair Lamps of Light ;
 The which she covering with her purple Pall,
 Would have the Passion hid, and up arose withal.





CANTO X.

*Prince Arthur takes the Enterprize,
For Belge for to fight:
Gerioneo's Seneschal
He slays in Belge's Right.*

I.

SOME Clarks do doubt in their deviceful Art,
Whether this heavenly Thing whereof I treat,
To weten *Mercy*, be of Justice part,
Or drawn forth from her by divine Extreat.
This well I wote, that sure she is as Great,
And meriteth to have as high a Place,
Sith in th' Almighty's everlasting Seat
She first was bred, and born of heavenly Race ;
From thence pour'd down on Men, by Influence of Grace.

II.

For, if that Vertue be of so great Might,
Which from just Verdict will for nothing start,
But to preserve inviolated Right,
Oft spills the Principal to save the Part ;
So much more then is that of Power and Art,
That seeks to save the Subject of her Skill,
Yet never doth from Doom of Right depart :
As it is greater Praise to save, than spill,
And better to reform, than to cut off the Ill.

III.

Who then can thee, *Mercilla*, throughly praise,
That herein dost all earthly Princes pass ?
What heavenly Muse shall thy great Honour raise
Up to the Skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
And now on Earth it self enlarged has,
From the utmost brink of the *Armerick* Shore,
Unto the Margent of the *Molucas* ?
Those Nations far thy Justice do adore :
But thine own People do thy Mercy praise much more.

IV.

IV.

Much more it praised was of those two Knights ;
 The noble Prince, and righteous *Artbegal*,
 When they had seen and heard her Doom arights
 Against *Duesssa*, damned by them all ;
 But by her tempred without Grief or Gall,
 Till strong Constraint did her thereto enforce.
 And yet even then ruing her wilful Fall,
 With more than needful natural Remorse,
 And yielding the last Honour to her wretched Corse.

V.

During all which, those Knights continu'd there,
 Both doing and receiving Courtesies
 Of that great Lady, who with goodly Chear,
 Them entertain'd, fit for their Dignities,
 Approving daily to their noble Eyes
 Royal Examples of her Mercies rare,
 And worthy Patterns of her Clemencies ;
 Which till this day 'mongst many living are,
 Who them to their Posterities dost ill declare.

VI.

Amongst the rest, which in that space befel,
 There came two Springals of full tender Years,
 Far thence from foreign Land, where they did dwell,
 To seek for Succour of her and her Peers,
 With humble Prayers and intreatful Tears ;
 Sent by their Mother, who a Widow was,
 Wrapt in great Dolours, and in deadly Fears,
 By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has
 Her Land, and slain her Children ruefully, alas !

VII.

Her Name was *Belge*, who in former Age
 A Lady of great Worth and Wealth had been,
 And Mother of a fruitful Heritage,
 Ev'n seventeen goodly Sons ; which who had seen
 In their first Flower, before this fatal Teen
 Them overtook, and their fair Blossoms blasted,
 More happy Mother would her surely ween'
 Than famous *Niobe*, before she tasted
Latona's Childrens Wrath, that all her Issue wasted.

VIII.

VIII.

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious Power,
 Had left her now but five of all that Brood :
 For, twelve of them he did by times devour,
 And to his Idols sacrifice their Blood,
 Whilst he of none was stopped, nor withstood.
 For, soothly he was one of matchless Might,
 Of horrible Aspect, and dreadful Mood,
 And had three Bodies in one Waste empight,
 And th' Arms and Legs of three, to succour him in Fight.

IX.

And sooth they say, that he was born and bred
 Of Gyants Race, the Son of *Geryon*,
 He that whylome in *Spain* so fore was dred
 For his huge Power and great Oppression,
 Which brought that Land to his Subjection,
 Through his three Bodies power, in one combin'd ;
 And eke all Strangers in that Region
 Arriving, to his Kine for Food assign'd ;
 The fairest Kine alive, but of the fiercest kind.

X.

For, they were all, they say, of purple hue,
 Kept by a Cow-herd, hight *Eurytion*,
 A cruel Carle, the which all Strangers slew,
 Ne day nor night did sleep, t' attend them on,
 But walkt about them ever and anon
 With his two-headed Dog, that *Ortbrus* hight ;
Ortbrus begotten by great *Typhaon*,
 And foul *Echidna*, in the House of Night ;
 But *Hercules* them all did overcome in Fight.

XI.

His Son was this *Geryoneo* hight :
 Who, after that his monstrous Father fell
 Under *Alcides*' Club, straight took his flight
 From that sad Land, where he his Sire did quell,
 And came to this, where *Belge* then did dwell,
 And flourish in all Wealth and Happiness,
 Being then new-made Widow (as besel)
 After her noble Husband's late Decease ;
 Which gave beginning to her Woe and Wretchedness.

XII.

XII.

Then this bold Tyrant, of her Widow-head
 Taking advantage, and her yet fresh Woes,
 Himself and Service to her offered,
 Her to defend against all foreign Foes,
 That should their Power against her Right oppose.
 Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,
 Him entertain'd, and did her Champion chuse:
 Which long he us'd with careful diligence,
 The better to confirm her fearless Confidence.

XIII.

By means whereof she did at last commit
 All to his hands, and gave him sovereign Power
 To do whatever he thought good or fit.
 Which having got, he 'gan forth from that hour
 To stir up Strife, and many a tragick Stowre,
 Giving her dearest Children one by one
 Unto a dreadful Monster to devour,
 And setting up an Idol of his own,
 The Image of his monstrous Parent *Geryone*.

XIV.

So tyrannizing, and oppressing all,
 The woeful Widow had no means now left,
 But unto gracious great *Mercilla* call
 For aid, against that cruel Tyrant's Theft,
 Ere all her Children he from her had rest.
 Therefore these two, her eldest Sons, she sent
 To seek for Succour of this Lady's Giest:
 To whom their Suit they humbly did present,
 In th' hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

XV.

Amongst the which, then fortun'd to be
 The noble *Briton* Prince, with his brave Peer;
 Who when he none of all those Knights did see
 Hastily bent that Enterprize to hear,
 Nor undertake the same, for coward Fear,
 He stepped forth with Courage bold and great,
 Admir'd of all the rest in presence there,
 And humbly 'gan that mighty Queen entreat,
 To grant him that Adventure for his former Feat.

XVI.

XVI.

She gladly granted it : then he straightway
 Himself unto his Journey 'gan prepare ;
 And all his Armours ready dight that day,
 That nought the morrow next mote stay his Fare.
 The morrow next appear'd with purple Hair
 Yet dropping fresh out of th' *Indian* Fount,
 And bringing Light into the Heavens fair,
 When he was ready on his Steed to mount,
 Unto his way, which now was all his Care and Count.

XVII.

Then taking humble leave of that great Queen,
 Who gave him royal Gifts and Riches rare,
 As Tokens of her thankful Mind beseen,
 And leaving *Artbegal* to his own care ;
 Upon his Voyage forth he 'gan to fare,
 With those two gentle Youths, which him did guide,
 And all his way before him still prepare.
 Ne after him did *Artbegal* abide,
 But on his first Adventure forward forth did ride.

XVIII.

It was not long till that the Prince arriv'd
 Within the Land, where dwelt that Lady sad,
 Whereof that Tyrant had her now depriv'd,
 And into Moors and Marshes banish'd had,
 Out of the pleasant Soil, and Cities glad,
 In which she wont to harbour happily :
 But now his Cruelty so fore she drad,
 That to those Fens for Fastness she did fly,
 And there her self did hide from his hard Tyranny.

XIX.

There he her found in Sorrow and Dismay,
 All solitary without living Wight ;
 For all her other Children, through affray,
 Had hid themselves, or taken further flight :
 And eke her self through sudden strange Affright,
 When one in Arms she saw, began to fly ;
 But when her own two Sons she had in fight,
 She 'gan take heart, and look up joyfully :
 For well she wist this Knight came Succour to supply.

XX.

And running unto them with greedy Joys,
 Fell straight about their Necks, as they did kneel:
 And bursting forth in Tears; Ah my sweet Boys,
 Said she, yet now I 'gin new Life to feel;
 And feeble Spirits, that 'gan faint and reel,
 Now rise again at this your joyous fight.
 Already seems, that Fortune's headlong Wheel
 Begins to turn, and Sun to shine more bright
 Than it was wont, through Comfort of this noble Knight.

XXI.

Then turning unto him; And you, Sir Knight,
 Said she, that taken have this toilsome Pain
 For wretched Woman, miserable Wight,
 May you in Heaven immortal Guerdon gain
 For so great Travail, as you do sustain:
 For other Meed may hope for none of me,
 To whom nought else, but bare Life doth remain;
 And that so wretched one, as ye do see
 Is liker lingring Death, than loathed Life to be.

XXII.

Much was he moved with her piteous Plight;
 And low dismounting from his lofty Steed,
 'Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
 Seeking to drive away deep-rooted Dread,
 With hope of help in that her greatest Need.
 So thence he wished her with him to wend
 Unto some place, where they mote rest and feed,
 And she take comfort, which God now did send:
 Good heart in Evils doth the Evils much amend.

XXIII.

Ah me! said she, and whither shall I go?
 Are not all places full of foreign Pow'rs?
 My Palaces possessed of my Foe,
 My Cities sack'd, and their sky-threatning Tow'rs
 Rased, and made smooth Fields now full of Flow'rs?
 Only these Marishes, and miry Bogs,
 In which the fearful Ewftes do build their Bow'rs,
 Yield me an Hoftry 'mongst the croking Frogs,
 And harbour here in Safety from those ravenous Dogs.

XXIV.

Nath'less, said he, dear Lady with me go ;
 Some place shall us receive, and Harbour yield ;
 If not, we will it force, maugre your Foe,
 And purchase it to us with Spear and Shield ;
 And if all fail, yet fare well open Field :
 The Earth to all her Creatures Lodging lends.
 With such his chearful Speeches he doth wield
 Her Mind so well, that to his Will she bends ;
 And binding up her Locks and Weeds, forth with him wends.

XXV.

They came unto a City far up land,
 The which whilom that Lady's own had been ;
 But now by force extort out of her hand,
 By her strong Foe, who had defaced clean
 Her stately Tow'rs, and Buildings sunny sheen ;
 Shut up her Haven, mar'd her Merchant's Trade,
 Robbed her People, that full rich had been,
 And in her Neck a Castle huge had made,
 The which did her command, without needing persuade.

XXVI.

That Castle was the Strength of all that State,
 Until that State by Strength was pulled down,
 And that same City, so now ruinate,
 Had been the Key of all that Kingdom's Crown ;
 Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Town,
 Till that th' offended Heavens list to lour
 Upon their Blis, and baleful Fortune frown :
 When those 'gainst States and Kingdoms do conjure,
 Who then can think their headlong Ruin to recure ?

XXVII.

But he had brought it now in servile Bond,
 And made it bear the Yoke of Inquisition,
 Striving long time in vain it to withstand ;
 Yet glad at last to make most base Submission,
 And Life enjoy for any Composition.
 So now he hath new Laws and Orders new
 Impos'd on it, with many a hard Condition,
 And forced it, the Honour that is due
 To God, to do unto his Idol most untrue.

XXVIII.

To him he hath, before this Castle-Green,
 Built a fair Chappel, and an Altar fram'd
 Of costly Ivory, full rich beseen,
 On which that curfed Idol far proclaim'd,
 He hath set up, and him his God hath nam'd,
 Off'ring to him in sinful Sacrifice
 The Flesh of Men, to God's own Likeness fram'd,
 And pouring forth their Blood in brutish wize,
 That any iron Eyes to see it would agrize.

XXIX.

And for more Horrour and more Cruelty,
 Under that curfed Idol's Altar-Stone,
 An hideous Monster doth in Darknes lie,
 Whose dreadful Shape was never seen of none
 That lives on Earth; but unto those alone
 The which unto him sacrificed be.
 Those he devours, they say, both Flesh and Bone:
 What else they have is all the Tyrant's Fee;
 So that no whit of them remaining one may see.

XXX.

There eke he placed a strong Garison,
 And set a Seneschal of dredded Might,
 That by his Pow'r oppressed every one,
 And vanquished all ventrous Knights in Fight;
 To whom he wont shew all the Shame he might,
 After that them in Battel he had won.
 To which, when now they 'gan approach in fight,
 The Lady counsel'd him the Place to shun,
 Whereas so many Knights had foully been fordone.

XXXI.

Her fearful Speeches nought he did regard;
 But riding straight under the Castle-Wall,
 Called aloud unto the watchful Ward,
 Which there did wait, willing them forth to call
 Into the Field their Tyrant's Seneschal.
 To whom when Tidings thereof came, he straight
 Calls for his Arms, and arming him withal,
 Eftsoons forth pricked proudly in his Might,
 And 'gan with Courage fierce address him to the Fight.

XXXII.

XXXII.

They both encounter in the middle Plain,
 And their sharp Spears do both together smite,
 Amid their Shields, with so huge might and main,
 That seem'd their Souls they would have riven quite
 Out of their Breasts, with furious Despight.
 Yet could the Seneschals no Entrance find
 Into the Prince's Shield, where it empight ;
 So pure the Metal was, and well refin'd,
 But shiver'd all about, and scatter'd in the Wind.

XXXIII.

Not so the Prince's ; but with restless Force
 Into his Shield it ready Passage found,
 Both through his Haberjeon, and eke his Corse :
 Which tumbling down upon the senseless Ground,
 Gave leave unto his Ghost from Thraldom bound,
 To wander in the griesly Shades of Night.
 There did the Prince him leave in deadly Swound,
 And thence unto the Castle marched right,
 To see if Entrance there as yet obtain he might.

XXXIV.

But as he nigher drew, three Knights he spy'd,
 All arm'd to point, issuing forth apace,
 Which towards him with all their pow'r did ride ;
 And meeting him right in the middle Race,
 Did all their Spears at once on him enchace.
 As three great Culverings for Battery bent,
 And level'd all against one certain Place,
 Do all at once their Thunder's Rage forth-rent,
 That makes the Walls to stagger with Astonishment.

XXXV.

So all at once they on the Prince did thunder ;
 Who from his Saddle swarved nought aside,
 Ne to their Force gave way, that was great wonder,
 But like a Bulwark, firmly did abide ;
 Rebutting him, which in the midst did ride,
 With so huge Rigour, that his mortal Spear
 Past through his Shield, and pierc'd through either side,
 That down he fell upon his Mother dear,
 And poured forth his wretched Life in deadly Drear.

XXXVI.

Whom when his other Fellows saw, they fled
 As fast as Feet could carry them away;
 And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,
 To be aveng'd of their unknighly Play.
 There whilst they entring, th' one did th' other stay,
 The hindmost in the Gate he over-hent,
 And as he pressed in, him there did slay;
 His Carcass tumbling on the Threshold, sent
 His groaning Soul unto her Place of Punishment.

XXXVII.

The other, which was enter'd, labour'd fast
 To sperr the Gate; but that same Lump of Clay,
 Whose grudging Ghost was thereout fled and past,
 Right in the midst of the Threshold lay,
 That it the Postern did from closing stay:
 The whiles the Prince had pressed in between,
 And Entrance won. Straight th' other fled away,
 And ran into the Hall, where he did ween
 Himself to save; but he there slew him at the Skreen.

XXXVIII.

Then all the rest, which in that Castle were,
 Seeing that sad Ensample them before,
 Durst not abide, but fled away for fear,
 And them convey'd out at a Postern Door.
 Long sought the Prince: but when he found no more
 T' oppose against his Pow'r, he forth issu'd
 Unto that Lady, where he her had lore,
 And her 'gan chear, with what she there had view'd,
 And what she had not seen, within unto her shew'd.

XXXIX.

Who with right humble Thanks him goodly greeting,
 For so great Prowess, as he there had prov'd,
 Much greater than was ever in her weeting,
 With great Admirance inwardly was mov'd,
 And honour'd him, with all that her behov'd.
 Thenceforth into that Castle he her led,
 With her two Sons, right dear of her belov'd,
 Where all that Night themselves they cherished,
 And from her baleful Mind all Care he banished.

C A N T



CANTO XI.

*Prince Arthur overcomes the Great
Gerioneo in Fight:
Doth slay the Monster, and restore
Belge unto her Right.*

I.

IT often falls in Course of common Life,
That Right, long time, is overborne of Wrong,
Through Avarice, or Pow'r, or Guile, or Strife,
That weakens her, and makes her Party strong:
But Justice, though her Doom she do prolong,
Yet at the last she will her own Cause right.
As by sad *Belge* seems, whose Wrongs, though long
She suffer'd, yet at length she did requite,
And sent Redress thereof by this brave *Briton* Knight.

II.

Whereof when News was to that Tyrant brought,
How that the Lady *Belge* now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,
And laid his Seneschal low on the Ground,
And eke himself did threaten to confound;
He 'gan to burn in Rage, and freeze in Fear,
Doubting sad end of Principle unsound:
Yet sith he heard but one, that did appear,
He did himself encourage, and take better Chear.

III.

Nath'less himself he armed all in haste,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Unto the Castle, which they conquer'd had:
There with huge Terror, to be more ydrad,
He sternly march'd before the Castle-Gate;
And with bold Vaunts, and idle Threatning bade
Deliver him his own, e'er yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongful State.

IV.

IV.

The Prince stay'd not his Answer to devize,
 But opening straight the Spar, forth to him came,
 Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize;
 And asked him, if that he were the same,
 Who all that Wrong unto that woeful Dame
 So long had done, and from her native Land
 Exiled her, that all the World spake Shame.
 He boldly answer'd him, he there did stand,
 That would his Doings justify with his own Hand.

V.

With that, so furiously at him he flew,
 As if he would have over-run him straight;
 And with his huge great iron Axe 'gan hew
 So hideously upon his Armour bright,
 As he to pieces would have chopt it quite:
 That the bold Prince was forced foot to give
 To his first Rage, and yield to his Despight;
 The whilst at him so dreadfully he drive,
 That seem'd a Marble Rock asunder he could rive.

VI.

Thereto a great Advantage eke he has
 Through his three double Hands thrice multiply'd,
 Besides the double Strength, which in them was:
 For still when fit Occasion did betide,
 He could his Weapon shift from side to side,
 From hand to hand, and with such Nimble's sly
 Could wield about, that e'er it were espy'd,
 The wicked Stroke did wound his Enemy,
 Behind, beside, before, as he it list apply.

VII.

Which uncouth Use when-as the Prince perceiv'd,
 He 'gan to watch the wielding of his Hand,
 Lest by such Sleight he were unwares deceiv'd;
 And ever ere he saw the Stroke to land,
 He would it meet, and warily withstand.
 One time, when he his Weapon fain'd to shift,
 As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
 He met him with a Counter-stroke so swift,
 That quite smit off his Arm, as he it up did list.

VIII.

VIII.

Therewith all fraught with Fury and Disdain,
 He bray'd aloud for very fell Despight ;
 And suddenly t' avenge himself again,
 'Gan into one assemble all the Might
 Of all his Hands, and heaved them on height,
 Thinking to pay him with that one for all :
 But the sad Steel seiz'd not, where it was hight,
 Upon the Child, but somewhat short did fall ;
 And lighting on his Horse's Head, him quite did mall.

IX.

Down straight to ground fell his astonish'd Steed,
 And eke to th' Earth his Burden with him bare :
 But he himself full lightly from him freed,
 And 'gan himself to fight on foot prepare.
 Whereof when-as the Giant was aware,
 He woxe right blithe, as he had got thereby,
 And laugh'd so loud, that all his Teeth wide bare
 One might have seen enraung'd disorderly,
 Like to a Rank of Piles, that pitched are awry.

X.

Eftsoons again his Axe he raught on high,
 E'er he were throughly buckled to his Gear ;
 And 'gan let drive at him so dreadfully,
 That had he chanced not his Shield to rear,
 E'er that huge Stroke arrived on him near,
 He had him surely cloven quite in twain :
 But th' Adamantine Shield, which he did bear,
 So well was temper'd, that (for all his main)
 It would no Passage yield unto his Purpose vain.

XI.

Yet was the Stroke so forcibly apply'd,
 That made him stagger with uncertain Sway,
 As if he would have totter'd to one side.
 Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely 'gan assay,
 That Court'fy with like Kindness to repay ;
 And smote at him with so importune Might,
 That two more of his Arms did fall away,
 Like fruitless Branches, which the Hatchet's slight
 Hath pruned from the native Tree, and cropped quite.

XII.

XII.

With that, all mad and furious he grew,
 Like a fell Mastiff thro' enraging Heat,
 And curs'd, and bann'd, and Blasphemies forth threw
 Against his Gods, and Fire to them did threat,
 And Hell unto himself with Horror great.
 Thenceforth he car'd no more, which way he strook,
 Nor where it light, but 'gan to chauf and sweat,
 And gnash'd his Teeth, and his Head at him shook,
 And sternly him beheld with grim and ghastly Look.

XIII.

Nought fear'd the Child his Looks, ne yet his Threats,
 But only wexed now the more aware,
 To save himself from those his furious Heats,
 And watch Advantage, how to work his Care,
 The which good Fortune to him offer'd fair.
 For as he in his Rage him over-strook,
 He e'er he could his Weapon back repair,
 His side all bare and naked overtook,
 And with his mortal Steel quite through the Body strook.

XIV.

Through all three Bodies he him strook at once ;
 That all the three at once fell on the Plain :
 Else should he thrice have needed, for the nonce,
 Them to have stricken, and thrice to have slain.
 So now all three one senseless Lump remain,
 Enwallow'd in his own black' bloody Gore,
 And biting th' Earth for very Death's Disdain ;
 Who with a Cloud of Night him covering, bore
 Down to the House of Dole, his Days there to deplore.

XV.

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,
 Where she with her two Sons did looking stand,
 She towards him in haste her self did draw,
 To greet him the good Fortune of his Hand :
 And all the People both of Town and Land,
 Which there stood gazing from the City's Wall
 Upon these Warriors, greedy t' understand
 To whether should the Victory befall,
 Now when they saw it fal'n, they eke him greeted all.

XVI.

XVI.

But *Belge*, with her Sons prostrated low
 Before his Feet, in all that People's Sight, (Woe,
 'Mongst Joys mixing some Tears, 'mongst Weal some
 Him thus bespake; O most redoubted Knight,
 The which hast me, of all most wretched Wight,
 That earst was dead, restor'd to Life again,
 And these weak Imps replanted by thy Might;
 What Guerdon can I give thee for thy Pain,
 But ev'n that which thou savedst, thine still to remain?

XVII.

He took her up forby the lilly Hand,
 And her recomforted the best he might,
 Saying; Dear Lady, Deeds ought not be scan'd
 By th' Author's Manhood, nor the Doer's Might,
 But by their Truth, and by the Cause's Right:
 That same is it, which fought for you this day.
 What other Meed then need me to requite,
 But that which yieldeth Vertue's Meed alway?
 That is the Vertue self, which her Reward doth pay.

XVIII.

She humbly thank'd him for that wondrous Grace,
 And further said; Ah Sir, but mote ye please,
 Sith ye thus far have tender'd my poor Case,
 As from my chiefest Foe me to release,
 That your victorious Arm will not yet cease,
 Till ye have rooted all the Relicks out
 Of that vile Race, and 'stablished my Peace.
 What is there else, said he, left of their Rout?
 Declare it boldly, Dame, and do not stand in doubt.

XIX.

Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby
 There stands an Idol, of great Note and Name,
 The which this Giant reared first on high,
 And of his own vain Fancy's Thought did frame:
 To whom for endless Horrour of his Shame,
 He offer'd up for daily Sacrifice
 My Children and my People burnt in Flame;
 With all the Tortures that he could devize,
 The more t' aggrate his God with such his bloody Guize,

XX.

XX.

And underneath this Idol there doth lie
 An hideous Monster, that doth it defend,
 And feeds on all the Carcasses, that die
 In Sacrifice unto that cursed Fiend :
 Whose ugly Shape none ever saw, nor ken'd
 That ever scap'd : for, of a Man they say
 It has the Voice, that Speeches forth doth send,
 Even blasphemous Words, which she doth bray
 Out of her poisonous Entrails, fraught with dire Decay.

XXI.

Which when the Prince heard tell, his Heart 'gan yearn
 For great Desire that Monster to assay,
 And pray'd the Place of her Abode to learn.
 Which being shew'd, he 'gan himself straightway
 Thereto address, and his bright Shield display.
 So to the Church he came, where it was told,
 The Monster underneath the Altar lay ;
 There he that Idol saw of massy Gold
 Most richly made, but there no Monster did behold.

XXII.

Upon the Image with his naked Blade
 Three times, as in defiance, there he strook ;
 And the third time, out of an hidden Shade,
 There forth issu'd, from under th' Altar's Smook,
 A dreadful Fiend, with foul deformed Look,
 That stretch'd it self, as it had long lien still ;
 And her long Tail and Feathers strongly shook,
 That all the Temple did with Terror fill ;
 Yet him nought terrify'd, that feared nothing ill.

XXIII.

An huge great Beast it was, when it in Length
 Was stretched forth, that nigh fill'd all the Place,
 And seem'd to be of infinite great Strength ;
 Horrible, hideous, and of hellish Race,
 Born of the Brooding of *Echidna* base,
 Or other like infernal Fury's kind :
 For of a Maid she had the outward Face,
 To hide the Horror which did lurk behind,
 The better to beguile, whom she so fond did find.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Thereto the Body of a Dog she had,
 Full of fell Ravin and fierce Greediness ;
 A Lion's Claws, with Pow'r and Rigour clad,
 To rend and tear what-so she can opprefs ;
 A Dragon's Tail, whose Sting without Redress
 Full deadly wounds, where-so it is empight ;
 An Eagle's Wings for Scope and Speediness,
 That nothing may escape her reaching Might,
 Whereto she ever list to make her hardy Flight.

XXV.

Much like in Foulness and Deformity,
 Unto that Monster, whom the *Tbeban* Knight,
 The Father of that fatal Progeny,
 Made kill her self for very Heart's despight,
 That he had read her Riddle, which no Wight
 Could ever loose, but suffer'd deadly Dool :
 So also did this Monster use like Slight
 To many a one, which came unto her School,
 Whom she did put to death, deceived like a Fool.

XXVI.

She coming forth, when-as she first beheld
 The armed Prince, with Shield so blazing bright,
 Her ready to assail, was greatly quell'd,
 And much dismay'd with that dismayful Sight,
 That back she would have turn'd for great Affright.
 But he 'gan her with Courage fierce assay,
 That forc'd her turn again in her Despight,
 To save her self, lest that he did her slay :
 And sure he had her slain, had she not turn'd her way.

XXVII.

Tho when she saw, that she was forc'd to fight,
 She flew at him, like to an hellish Fiend,
 And on his Shield took hold with all her Might,
 As if that it she would in pieces rend,
 Or reave out of the Hand that did it hend.
 Strongly he strove out of her greedy Gripe
 To loose his Shield, and long while did contend :
 But when he could not quite it, with one Stripe
 Her Lion's Claws he from her Feet away did wipe.

XXVIII.

With that, aloud she 'gan to bray and yell,
 And foul blasphemous Speeches forth did cast,
 And bitter Curses, horrible to tell ;
 That e'en the Temple, wherein she was plac'd,
 Did quake to hear, and nigh afunder braft.
 Tho with her huge long Tail she at him strook,
 That made him stagger, and stand half aghast
 With trembling Joints, as he for Terror shook :
 Who nought was terrify'd, but greater Courage took.

XXIX.

As when the Mast of some well-timber'd Hulk
 Is with the Blast of some outrageous Storm
 Blown down, it shakes the bottom of the Bulk,
 And makes her Ribs to crack, as they were torn,
 Whilst still she stands astonish'd and forlorn :
 So was he stunn'd with Stroke of her huge Tail.
 But e'er that it she back again had borne,
 He with his Sword it strook, that without fail
 He jointed it, and marr'd the swinging of her Flail.

XXX.

Then 'gan she cry much louder than afore,
 That all the People (there without) it heard,
 And *Belge*' self was therewith stonied sore,
 As if the only Sound thereof she fear'd.
 But then the Fiend herself more fiercely rear'd
 Upon her wide great Wings, and strongly flew
 With all her Body at his Head and Beard ;
 That had he not foreseen with heedful View,
 And thrown his Shield atween, she had him done to rue.

XXXI.

But as she press'd on him with heavy Sway,
 Under her Womb his fatal Sword he thrust,
 And for her Entrails made an open way
 To issue forth ; the which, once being brust,
 Like to a great Mill-dam forth fiercely gush'd,
 And poured out of her infernal Sink
 Most ugly Filth, and Poison therewith rush'd,
 That him nigh choked with the deadly Stink :
 Such loathly Matter were small Lust to speak or think.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Then down to ground fell that deformed Maf,;
Breathing out Clouds of Sulphur foul and black,
In which a Puddle of Contagion was,
More loath'd than *Lerna*, or than *Stygian Lake*,
That any Man would nigh awhaped make.
Whom when he saw on ground, he was full glad,
And straight went forth his Gladness to partake
With *Belge*, who watch'd all this while full sad,
Waiting what End would be of that same Danger drad.

XXXIII.

Whom when she saw so joyously come forth,
She 'gan rejoice, and shew triumphant Chear,
Lauding and praising his renowned Worth,
By all the Names that honourable were.
Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
The Present of his Pains, that Monster's Spoil,
And eke that Idol deem'd so costly dear;
Whom he did all to pieces break and foil
In filthy Dirt, and left so in the loathly Soil.

XXXIV.

Then all the People, which beheld that Day,
'Gan shout aloud, that unto Heav'n it rong;
And all the Damsels of that Town in ray,
Came dauncing forth, and joyous Caroles song:
So him they led through all their Streets along,
Crowned with Girlands of immortal Bays;
And all the Vulgar did about them throng,
To see the Man, whose everlasting Praise
They all were bound to all Posterities to raise.

XXXV.

There he with *Belge* did awhile remain,
Making great Feast and joyous Merriment,
Until he had her settled in her Reign,
With safe Assurance and Establishment.
Then to his first Emprise his Mind he lent,
Full loath to *Belge*, and to all the rest:
Of whom yet taking leave, thenceforth he went,
And to his former Journey him address'd,
On which long way he rode, ne ever day did rest.

XXXVI.

But turn we now to noble *Artbegal*;
 Who, having left *Mercilla*, straightway went
 On his first Quest, the which him forth did call,
 To weet, to work *Irena's* Franchisement,
 And eke *Grantorto's* worthy Punishment.
 So forth he fared, as his manner was,
 With only *Talus* waiting diligent,
 Through many Perils, and much way did pass,
 Till nigh unto the Place at length approach'd he has.

XXXVII.

There as he travel'd by the way, he met
 An aged Wight, wayfaring all alone,
 Who through his Years long since aside had set
 The Use of Arms, and Battel quite forgone:
 To whom as he approach'd, he knew anon,
 That it was he which whilom did attend
 On fair *Irene* in her Affliction,
 When first to Fairy Court he saw her wend,
 Unto his sovereign Queen her Suit for to commend.

XXXVIII.

Whom by his Name saluting, thus he 'gan;
 Hail good Sir *Sergis*, truest Knight alive,
 Well try'd in all thy Lady's Troubles than,
 When her that Tyrant did of Crown deprive;
 What new Occasion doth thee hither drive,
 Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
 Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive?
 To whom he thus; She liveth sure and sound;
 But by that Tyrant is in wretched Thralldom bound.

XXXIX.

For she presuming on th' appointed Tide,
 In which ye promis'd, as ye were a Knight,
 To meet her at the Salvage Island's side,
 (And then and there, for Trial of her Right,
 With her unrighteous Enemy to fight)
 Did thither come, where she (affraid of nought)
 By guileful Treason, and by subtil Slight,
 Surprised was, and to *Grantorto* brought,
 Who her imprison'd hath, and her Life often sought.

XL.

And now he hath to her prefix'd a Day,
 By which, if that no Champion do appear,
 Which will her Cause in battailous Array
 Against him justify, and prove her clear
 Of all those Crimes, that he 'gainst her doth rear,
 She Death shall sure aby. Those Tidings sad
 Did much abash Sir *Artbegal* to hear,
 And grieved sore, that through his Fault she had
 Fallen into that Tyrant's Hand and Usage bad.

XLI.

Then thus reply'd; Now sure and by my Life,
 Too much am I to blame for that fair Maid,
 That have her drawn to all this troublous Strife,
 Through Promise to afford her timely Aid,
 Which by default I have not yet defray'd.
 But witness unto me, ye Heavens, that know
 How clear I am from Blame of this Upbraid:
 For ye into like Thraldom me did throw,
 And kept from accomplishing the Faith, which I did owe.

XLII.

But now aread, Sir *Sergis*, how long space
 Hath he her lent a Champion to provide:
 Ten Days, quoth he, he granted hath of Grace,
 For that he weeneth well, before that Tide
 None can have Tidings to assist her side.
 For all the Shores, which to the Sea accost,
 He Day and Night doth ward both far and wide,
 That none can there arrive without an Host:
 So her he deems already but a damned Ghost.

XLIII.

Now turn again, Sir *Artbegal* then said:
 For if I live till those ten Days have end,
 Assure your self, Sir Knight, she shall have Aid,
 Though I this dearest Life for her do spend;
 So backward he attone with him did wend.
 Tho, as they rode together on their way,
 A Rout of People they before them ken'd,
 Flocking together in confus'd Array,
 As if that there were some tumultuous Affray.

XLIV.

To which as they approach'd, the Cause to know,
 They saw a Knight in dangerous Distress,
 Of a rude Rout, him chafing to and fro,
 That fought with lawless Pow'r him to oppress,
 And bring in Bondage of their Brutishness:
 And far away, amid their rake-hell Bands,
 'They spy'd a Lady left all succourless,
 Crying, and holding up her wretched Hands
 To him for Aid, who long in vain their Rage withstands.

XLV.

Yet still he strives, ne any Peril spares,
 To rescue her from their rude Violence,
 And like a Lion wood, amongst them fares,
 Dealing his dreadful Blows with large dispence,
 'Gainst which the pallid Death finds no Defence
 But all in vain; their Numbers are so great,
 That nought may boot to banish them from thence:
 For soon as he their Outrage back doth beat,
 They turn afresh, and oft renew their former Threat.

XLVI.

And now they do so sharply him assay,
 That they his Shield in pieces batter'd have,
 And forced him to throw it quite away,
 From Danger's Dread his doubtful Life to save;
 Albe that it most Safety to him gave,
 And much did magnify his noble Name.
 For from the Day that he thus did it leave,
 Amongst all Knights he blotted was with Blame,
 And counted but a recreant Knight, with endless Shame.

XLVII.

Whom when they thus distressed did behold,
 They drew unto his Aid; but that rude Rout
 Them also 'gan assail with Outrage bold,
 And forced them, however strong and stout
 They were, as well approv'd in many a Doubt,
 Back to recule; until that yron Man
 With his huge Flail began to lay about;
 From whose stern Presence they diffused ran,
 Like scatter'd Chaff, the which the Wind away doth fan.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

So when that Knight from Peril clear was freed,
 He drawing near, began to greet them fair,
 And yield great Thanks for their so goodly Deed,
 In saving him from dangerous Despair
 Of those, which sought his Life for to empair.
 Of whom Sir *Artbegal* 'gan then enquire
 The whole Occasion of his late Misfare,
 And who he was, and what those Villains were,
 The which with mortal Malice him pursu'd so near.

XLIX.

To whom he thus; My Name is *Burbon* hight,
 Well known, and far renowned heretofore,
 Until late Mischief did upon me light,
 That all my former Praise hath blemish'd fore;
 And that fair Lady, which in that Uproar
 Ye with those Caitives saw, *Flourdelis* hight,
 Is mine own Love, though me she have forlore,
 Whether withheld from me by wrongful Might,
 Or with her own Good-will, I cannot read aright.

L.

But sure to me her Faith she first did plight,
 To be my Love, and take me for her Lord;
 Till that a Tyrant, which *Grantorto* hight,
 With golden Gifts, and many a guileful Word
 Enticed her, to him for to accord.
 (O! who may not with Gifts and Words be tempted!)
 Sith which, she hath me ever since abhor'd,
 And to my Foe hath guilefully consented:
 Ah me! that ever Guile in Women was invented!

LI.

And now he hath this Troop of Villains sent,
 By open Force to fetch her quite away:
 'Gainst whom my self I long in vain have bent
 To rescue her, and daily Means assay,
 Yet rescue her thence by no means I may;
 For they do me with Multitude oppress,
 And with unequal Might do over-lay,
 That oft I driven am to great Distress,
 And forced to forgo th' Attempt remediless.

LII.

But why have ye, said *Artbegal* forborn
 Your own good Shield in dangerous Dismay ?
 That is the greatest Shame and foulest Scorn,
 Which unto any Knight behappen may,
 To lose the Badge, that should his Deeds display.
 To whom Sir *Burbon*, blushing half for Shame,
 That shall I unto you, quoth he, bewray ;
 Lest ye therefore mote happily me blame,
 And deem it done of Will, that through Enforcement came.

LIII.

True is, that I at first was dubbed Knight
 By a good Knight, the Knight of the *Redcross*,
 Who, when he gave me Arms, in Field to fight,
 Gave me a Shield, in which he did endoss
 His dear Redeemer's Badge upon the Boss :
 The same long while I bore, and therewithal
 Fought many Battels without Wound or Loss ;
 Therewith *Grantorto*' self I did appall,
 And made him oftentimes in Field before me fall.

LIV.

But for that many did that Shield envy,
 And cruel Enemies encreased more ;
 To stint all Strife and troubleous Enmity,
 That bloody Scutchin being batter'd fore,
 I laid aside, and have of late forbore,
 Hoping thereby to have my Love obtain'd :
 Yet can I not my Love have nathemore ;
 For she by Force is still from me detain'd,
 And with corruptful Bribes is to Untruth mis-train'd.

LV.

To whom thus *Artbegal* ; Certes, Sir Knight ;
 Hard is the Case, the which ye do complain ;
 Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light,
 That it to such a Straight mote you constrain)
 As to abandon that which doth contain
 Your Honour's Stile, that is your warlike Shield.
 All Peril ought be less, and less all Pain
 Than Loss of Fame in disadventrous Field ;
 Die rather, than do ought that mote Dishonour yield.

LVI.

LVI.

Not so, quoth he ; for yet when time doth serve,
 My former Shield I may resume again :
 To temporize is not from Truth to swerve,
 Ne for advantage Term to entertain,
 When-as Necessity doth it constrain.
 Fie on such Forgery, said *Artbegal*,
 Under one Hood to shadow Faces twain ;
 Knights ought be true, and Truth is one in all :
 Of all things to dissemble foully may befall.

LVII.

Yet let me you of Courtesy request,
 Said *Burbon*, to assist me now at need
 Against these Peasants, which have me oppress,
 And forced me to so infamous Deed,
 That yet my Love may from their Hands be freed.
 Sir *Artbegal*, albe he earst did wyte
 His wavering Mind, yet to his Aid agreed,
 And buckling him estsoons unto the Fight,
 Did set upon those Troops with all his Pow'r and Might.

LVIII.

Who flocking round about them, as a Swarm
 Of Flies upon a birchen Bough doth cluster,
 Did them assault with terrible Alarm,
 And over all the Fields themselves did muster,
 With Bills and Glayves making a dreadful Luster ;
 That forc'd at first those Knights back to retire :
 As when the wrathful *Boreas* doth bluster,
 Nought may abide the Tempest of his Ire,
 Both Man and Beast do fly, and Succour do enquire.

LIX.

But when-as overblowen was that Brunt,
 Those Knights began afresh them to assail,
 And all about the Fields like Squirrels hunt ;
 But chiefly *Talus* with his iron Flail,
 'Gainst which no Flight nor Rescue mote avail,
 Made cruel Havock of the baser Crew,
 And chased them both over Hill and Dale :
 The rascal Many soon they overthrew ;
 But the two Knights themselves their Captains did subdue.

LX.

At last, they came whereas that Lady bode,
Whom now her Keepers have forsaken quite,
To save themselves, and scatter'd were abroad:
Her half dismay'd they found in doubtful Plight,
As neither glad nor sorry for their Sight;
Yet wondrous fair she was, and richly clad
In Royal Robes, and many Jewels dight,
But that those Villains, through their Usage bad,
Them foully rent, and shamefully defaced had.

LXI.

But *Bourbon*, fraight dismounting from his Steed,
Unto her ran with greedy great Desire,
And catching her fast by her ragged Weed,
Would have embraced her with Heart entire.
But she, back-starting with disdainful Ire,
Bade him avaunt, ne would unto his Lore
Allured be, for Prayer nor for Meed:
Whom when those Knights so froward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked, and upbraided sore.

LXII.

Said *Artbegal*; What foul Disgrace is this
To so fair Lady, as ye seem in sight,
To blot your Beauty, that unblemish'd is,
With so foul Blame, as Breach of Faith once plight,
Or Change of Love for any World's Delight?
Is ought on Earth so precious or dear,
As Praise and Honour? Or is ought so bright
And beautiful, as Glory's Beams appear?
Whose goodly Light than *Phæbus*' Lamp doth shine more

LXIII.

(clear.

Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted be
Unto a Stranger's Love, so lightly plac'd,
For Gifts of Gold, or any worldly Glee,
To leave the Love, that ye before embrac'd,
And let your Fame with Falshood be defac'd?
Fie on the Pelf, for which good Name is sold,
And Honour with Indignity debas'd:
Dearer is Love than Life, and Fame than Gold;
But dearer than them both, your Faith once plighted hold.

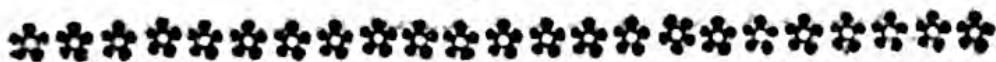
LXIV.

LXIV.

Much was the Lady in her gentle Mind
 Abash'd at his Rebuke, that bit her near,
 Ne ought to answer thereunto did find ;
 But hanging down her Head with heavy Chear,
 Stood long amaz'd, as she amated were,
 Which *Burbon* seeing, her again assay'd,
 And clasping 'twixt his Arms, her up did rear
 Upon his Steed, while she no whit gain-said ;
 So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apaid.

LXV.

Nath'less the yron Man did still pursue
 That rascal Many with unpity'd Spoil ;
 Ne ceased not, till all their scatter'd Crew
 Into the Sea he drove quite from that Soil,
 The which they troubled had with great Turmoil.
 But *Arthegal*, seeing his cruel Deed,
 Comanded him from Slaughter to recoil,
 And to his Voyage 'gan again proceed,
 For that the Term approaching fast, required Speed.



C A N T O XII.

*Arthegal doth Sir Burbon aid,
 And blames for changing Shield:
 He with the Great Grantorto fights,
 And slayeth him in Field.*

I.

O Sacred Hunger of ambitious Minds,
 And impotent Desire of Men to reign !
 Whom neither Dread of God, that Devils binds,
 Nor Laws of Men, that Commonweals contain,
 Nor Bands of Nature, that wild Beasts restrain,
 Can keep from Outrage, and from doing wrong,
 Where they may hope a Kingdom to obtain.
 No Faith so firm, no Trust can be so strong,
 No Love so lasting then, that may enduren long.

II.

Witness may *Burbon* be, whom all the Bands,
 Which may a Knight assure, had surely bound,
 Until the Love of Lordship and of Lands
 Made him become most faithless and unsound :
 And witness be *Gerioneo* found,
 Who for like cause fair *Belge* did oppress,
 And Right and Wrong most cruelly confound :
 And so be now *Grantorto*, who no less
 Than all the rest burst out to all Outrageousness.

III.

'Gainst whom Sir *Artbegal*, long having since
 Taken in hand th' Exploit, being thereto
 Appointed by that mighty Fairy Prince,
 Great *Gloriane*, that Tyrant to fordo,
 Through other great Adventures hitherto
 Had it forslack'd. But now time drawing nigh,
 To him assign'd, her high Behest to do,
 To the Sea-shore he 'gan his way apply,
 To weet, if Shipping ready he mote there descry.

IV.

Tho when they came to the Sea-coast, they found
 A Ship all ready (as good Fortune fell)
 To put to Sea, with whom they did compound,
 To pass them over, where them list to tell :
 The Wind and Weather served them so well,
 That in one Day they with the Coast did fall ;
 Whereas they ready found, them to repel,
 Great Hosts of Men in order martial,
 Which them forbad to land, and Footing did forstal.

V.

But nathemore would they from Land refrain :
 But when-as nigh unto the Shore they drew,
 That Foot of Man might sound the Bottom plain,
Talus into the Sea did forth issue,
 Though Darts from Shore, and Stones they at him threw ;
 And wading through the Waves with stedfast Sway,
 Maugre the Might of all those Troops in view,
 Did win the Shore, whence he them chas'd away,
 And made to fly, like Doves, whom th' Eagle doth affray.

VI.

VI.

The whiles, Sir *Artbegal*, with that old Knight
 Did forth descend, there being none them near,
 And forward marched to a Town in fight.
 By this, came Tidings to the Tyrant's Ear,
 By those, which earst did fly away for fear
 Of their Arrival: wherewith troubled fore,
 He all his Forces streight to him did rear,
 And forth issuing with his Scouts afore,
 Meant them to have encountred, e'er they left the Shore.

VII.

But e'er he marched far, he with them met,
 And fiercely charged them with all his Force;
 But *Talus* sternly did upon them set,
 And brush'd and batter'd them without Remorse,
 That on the Ground he left full many a Corse:
 Ne any able was him to withstand,
 But he them overthrew both Man and Horse,
 That they lay scatter'd over all the Land,
 As thick as doth the Seed after the Sower's Hand;

VIII.

Till *Artbegal* him seeing so to rage,
 Will'd him to stay, and sign of Truce did make:
 To which all hearkning, did awhile assuage
 Their Force's Fury, and their Terror slake;
 Till he an Herald call'd, and to him spake,
 Willing him wend unto the Tyrant straight,
 And tell him that not for such Slaughter's sake
 He thither came, but for to try the Right
 Of fair *Irena's* Cause with him in single Fight.

IX.

And willed him for to reclaim with speed
 His scattered People, e'er they all were slain,
 And Time and Place convenient to areed,
 In which, they two the Combat might darrain.
 Which Message when *Grantorto* heard, full fain
 And glad he was the Slaughter so to stay,
 And pointed for the Combat 'twixt them twain
 The morrow next, ne gave him longer Day;
 So sounded the Retrate, and drew his Folk away.

X.

That Night, Sir *Artbegal* did cause his Tent
 There to be pitched on the open Plain ;
 For, he had given streight Commandement,
 That none should dare him once to entertain :
 Which none durst break, though many would right fain,
 For fair *Irena*, whom they loved dear.
 But yet old *Sergis* did so well him pain,
 That from close Friends, that dar'd not to appear,
 He all things did purvay, which for them needful were.

XI.

The Morrow next, that was the dismal Day,
 Appointed for *Irena's* Death before,
 So soon as it did to the World display
 His chearful Face, and Light to Men restore,
 The heavy Maid, to whom none Tidings bore
 Of *Artbegal's* Arrival, her to free,
 Look'd up with Eyes full sad, and Heart full sore ;
 Weening her Life's last Hour then near to be,
 Sith no Redemption nigh she did nor hear nor see.

XII.

Then up she rose, and on her self did dight
 Most squalid Garments, fit for such a Day ;
 And with dull Count'nance, and with doleful Spright,
 She forth was brought in sorrowful Dismay,
 For to receive the Doom of her Decay.
 But coming to the place, and finding there
 Sir *Artbegal*, in battailous Array
 Waiting his Foe, it did her dead Heart chear,
 And new Life to her lent, in midst of deadly Fear.

XIII.

Like as a tender Rose in open Plain,
 That with untimely Drought nigh wither'd was,
 And hung the Head, soon as few Drops of Rain
 Thereon distil and dew her dainty Face,
 'Gins to look up, and with fresh wonted Grace
 Diffpreads the Glory of her Leaves gay ;
 Such was *Irena's* Count'nance, such her Case,
 When *Artbegal* she saw in that Array,
 There waiting for the Tyrant, till it was far day.

XIV.

XIV.

Who came at length with proud presumptuous Gate
 Into the Field, as if he fearless were,
 All armed in a Coat of Iron Plate,
 Of great Defence toward the deadly Fear,
 And on his Head a Steel-Cap he did wear
 Of Colour rusty brown, but sure and strong;
 And in his Hand an huge Polaxe did bear,
 Whose Steel was Iron studded, but not long,
 With which he went to fight, to justify his Wrong.

XV.

Of Stature huge, and hideous he was,
 Like to a Giant for his monstrous Height,
 And did in Strength most sorts of Men surpass,
 Ne ever any found his match in Might;
 Thereto he had great Skill in single Fight:
 His Face was ugly, and his Count'nance stern,
 That could have fray'd one with the very Sight,
 And gaped like a Gulf, when he did gern,
 That whether Man or Monster one could scarce discern.

XVI.

Soon as he did within the Lists appear,
 With dreadful Look he *Artbegal* beheld,
 As if he would have daunted him with Fear,
 And grinning griesly, did against him weld
 His deadly Weapon, which in Hand he held.
 But th'Elfin Swain, that oft had seen like Sight,
 Was with his ghastly Count'nance nothing queld,
 But 'gan him streight to buckle to the Fight,
 And cast his Shield about, to be in ready plight.

XVII.

The Trumpets sound, and they together go,
 With dreadful Terror, and with fell Intent;
 And their huge Strokes full dangerously bestow,
 To do most Damage, whereas most they ment.
 But with sure Force and Fury violent,
 The Tyrant thunder'd his thick Blows so fast,
 That through the iron Walls their way they rent,
 And even to the vital Parts they pass,
 Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or brass.

XVIII.

Which cruel Outrage, when-as *Arbegal*
 Did well avize, thenceforth with wary heed
 He shun'd his Strokes, wherever they did fall,
 And way did give unto their graceless Speed:
 As when a skilful Mariner doth read
 A Storm approaching, that doth Peril threat,
 He will not bide the Danger of such Dread,
 But strikes his Sails, and veereth his Main-sheet,
 And lends unto it leave the empty Air to beat.

XIX.

So did the Fairy Knight himself abear,
 And stouped oft, his Head from Shame to shield:
 No Shame to stoup, one's Head more high to rear,
 And much to gain, a little for to yield;
 So stoutest Knights doen oftentimes in Field,
 But still the Tyrant sternly at him laid,
 And did his iron Axe so nimbly wield,
 That many Wounds into his Flesh it made,
 And with his burdenous Blows him sore did over-lade.

XX.

Yet, when as fit Advantage he did spy,
 The whiles the cursed Felon high did rear
 His cruel Hand, to smite him mortally,
 Under his Stroke he to him stepping near,
 Right in the Flank him strook with deadly Drear,
 That the Gore-blood, thence gushing grievously,
 Did underneath him like a Pond appear,
 And all his Armour did with Purple dye;
 Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

XXI.

Yet the huge Stroke, which he before intended,
 Kept on his Course, as he did it direct,
 And with such monstrous Poise adown descended,
 That seemed nought could him from Death protect:
 But he it well did ward with wise Respect,
 And 'twixt him and the Blow his Shield did cast,
 Which thereon seizing, took no great effect;
 But biting deep therein, did stick so fast,
 That by no means it back again he forth could wraft.

XXII.

XXII.

Long while he tug'd and strove, to get it out,
 And all his Power applyed thereunto,
 That he therewith the Knight drew all about;
 Nath'less, for all that ever he could do,
 His Axe he could not from his Shield undo.
 Which *Artbegal* perceiving, strook no more,
 But loosing soon his Shield, did it forgo,
 And whiles he combred was therewith so sore,
 He 'gan at him let drive more fiercely than afore.

XXIII.

So well he him pursu'd, that at the last,
 He strook him with *Chrysaor* on the Head,
 That with the Soufe thereof full fore agast,
 He stagger'd to and fro in doubtful stead.
 Again, whiles he him saw so ill bested,
 He did him smite with all his Might and Main,
 That falling on his Mother Earth he fed:
 Whom when he saw prostrated on the Plain,
 He lightly rest his Head, to ease him of his Pain.

XXIV.

Which when the People round about him saw,
 They shouted all for Joy of his Success,
 Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrant's Awe,
 Which with strong Power did them long time oppress;
 And running all with greedy Joyfulness
 To fair *Irena*, at her Feet did fall,
 And her adored with due Humbleness,
 As their true Liege and Princess natural;
 And eke her Champion's Glory sounded over all.

XXV.

Who straight her leading with meet Majesty
 Unto the Palace where their Kings did reign,
 Did her therein establish peaceably,
 And to her Kingdom's Seat restore again;
 And all such Persons as did late maintain
 That Tyrant's part, with close or open Aid,
 He sorely punished with heavy Pain;
 That in short space, whiles there with her he staid,
 Not one was left, that durst her once have disobey'd.

XXVI.

During which time that he did there remain,
 His Study was true Justice how to deal,
 And Day and Night employ'd his busy Pain
 How to reform that ragged Commonweal:
 And that same iron Man which could reveal
 All hidden Crimes, through all that Realm he sent,
 To search out those that us'd to rob and steal,
 Or did rebel 'gainst lawful Government:
 On whom he did inflict most grievous Punishment.

XXVII.

But e'er he could reform it thoroughly,
 He through occasion called was away
 To Fairy-Court, that of Necessity
 His Course of Justice he was forc'd to stay,
 And *Talus* to revoke from the right way,
 In which he was that Realm for to redress.
 But Envy's Cloud still dimmeth Vertue's Ray.
 So having freed *Irena* from Distress,
 He took his leave of her, there left in Heaviness.

XXVIII.

Tho, as he back returned from that Land,
 And there arriv'd again whenceforth he set
 He had not passed far upon the Strand,
 When as two old ill-favour'd Hags he met,
 By the way-side being together set,
 Two grievously Creatures; and, to that their Faces
 Most foul and filthy were, their Garments yet
 Being all ragg'd and tatter'd, their Disgraces
 Did much the more augment, and made most ugly Cases.

XXIX.

The one of them, that elder did appear,
 With her dull Eyes did seem to look askew,
 That her Mis-shape much help'd; and her foul Hair
 Hung loose and loathsomely: thereto her Hue
 Was wan and lean, that all her Teeth were,
 And all her Bones, might through her Cheeks be read;
 Her Lips were like raw Leather, pale and blue:
 And as she spake, therewith she slavered;
 Yet spake she seldom, but thought more, the less she sed.

XXX.

XXX.

Her Hands were foul and dirty, never wash'd
 In all her Life, with long Nails over-raught,
 Like Puttock's Claws: with th'one of which she scratch'd
 Her cursed Head, although it itched naught;
 The other held a Snake with Venom fraught,
 On which she fed, and gnawed hungerly,
 As if that long she had not eaten ought;
 That round about her Jaws one might descry
 The bloody Gore and Poison dropping loathsomly.

XXXI.

Her Name was *Envy*, known well thereby:
 Whose Nature is to grieve, and grudge at all
 That ever she sees done praise-worthy:
 Whose Sight to her is greatest Cross may fall,
 And vexeth so, that makes her eat her Gall.
 For, when she wanteth other thing to eat,
 She feeds on her own Maw unnatural,
 And of her own foul Entrails makes her Meat;
 Meat fit for such a Monster's monstrous Diet.

XXXII.

And if she hapt of any good to hear,
 That had to any happily betid,
 Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and tear
 Her Flesh for Felness, which she inward hid:
 But if she heard of ill that any did,
 Or harm that any had, then would she make
 Great Cheer, like one unto a Banquet bid;
 And in another's Loss great Pleasure take,
 As she had got thereby, and gained a great Stake.

XXXIII.

The other, nothing better was than she;
 Agreeing in bad Will and cancred Kind,
 But in bad Manner they did disagree:
 For, whatso *Envy* good or bad did find,
 She did conceal, and murder her own Mind:
 But this, whatever evil she conceiv'd,
 Did spread abroad, and throw in th' open Wind.
 Yet this in all her Words might be perceiv'd,
 That all she sought, was Mens good Name to have be-
 reav'd.

XXXIV.

For, whatsoever good by any said,
 Or done she heard, she would straightways invent
 How to deprave, or slanderously upbraid,
 Or to misconstrue of a Man's Intent,
 And turn to ill the thing that well was ment.
 Therefore she used often to resort
 To common Haunts, and Companies frequent,
 To harke what any one did good report,
 To blot the same with Blame, or wrest in wicked sort.

XXXV.

And if that any ill she heard of any,
 She would it eke, and make much worse by telling,
 And take great Joy to publish it to many,
 That every Matter worse was for her melling.
 Her Name was hight *Detraction*, and her Dwelling
 Was near to *Envy*, even her Neighbour next ;
 A wicked Hag, and *Envy* self excelling
 In Mischief : for, her self she only vext ;
 But this same, both her self, and others eke perplex.

XXXVI.

Her Face was ugly, and her Mouth distort,
 Foaming with Poison round about her Gills,
 In which her cursed Tongue (full sharp and short)
 Appear'd like *Aspis* Sting, that closely kills,
 Or cruelly does wound whomso she wills.
 A Distaff in her other Hand she had,
 Upon the which she little spins, but spills,
 And fains to weave false Tales, and Leafings bad,
 To throw among the good, which others had disprad.

XXXVII.

These two now had themselves combin'd in one,
 And link'd together 'gainst Sir *Arbegal*,
 For whom they waited as his mortal Fone,
 How they might make him into Mischief fall,
 For freeing from their Snares *Irena* thrall :
 Besides, unto themselves they gotten had
 A Monster, which the *Blatant Beast* Men call ;
 A dreadful Fiend, of Gods and Men ydrad,
 Whom they by Sights allur'd, and to their purpose lad.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

Such were these Hags, and so unhandfome drest :
 Who when they nigh approaching had espy'd
 Sir *Artbegal* return'd from his late Quest,
 They both arose, and at him loudly cry'd,
 As it had been two Shepherds Curs had 'scry'd
 A ravenous Wolfe amongst the scatter'd Flocks.
 And *Envy* first, as she that first him ey'd,
 Towards him runs, and with rude flaring Locks
 About her Ears, does beat her Breast, and Forhead knocks.

XXXIX.

Then from her Mouth the Gobbet she does take,
 The which whylear she was so greedily
 Devouring ; even that half-gnawen Snake,
 And at him throws it most despightfully.
 The cursed Serpent, tho' she hungrily
 Earst chew'd thereon, yet was not all so dead,
 But that some Life remained secretly ;
 And, as he past afore withouten Dread,
 Bit him behind, that long the Mark was to be read.

XL.

Then th' other coming near, 'gan him revile,
 And foully rail, with all she could invent ;
 Saying, that he had with unmanly Guile,
 And foul Abusion both his Honour blent,
 And that bright Sword, the Sword of Justice lent,
 Had stained with reproachful Cruelty,
 In guiltless Blood of many an Innocent :
 As for *Grantorto*, him with Treachery
 And Trains having surpriz'd, he foully did to die.

XLI.

Thereto the *Blatant Beast*, by them set on,
 At him began aloud to bark and bay,
 With bitter Rage and fell Contention,
 That all the Woods and Rocks, nigh to that way,
 Began to quake and tremble with Dismay ;
 And all the Air rebellowed again,
 So dreadfully his hundred Tongues did bray.
 And evermore those Hags themselves did pain,
 To sharpen him, and their own cursed Tongues did strain.

XLII.

XLII.

And still among, most bitter Words they spake,
 Most shameful, most unrighteous, most untrue,
 That they the mildest Man alive would make
 Forget his Patience, and yield Vengeance due
 To her, that so false Slanders at him threw.
 And more, to make them pierce and wound more deep,
 She with the Sting which in her vile Tongue grew,
 Did sharpen them, and in fresh Poison steep:
 Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keep.

XLIII.

But *Talus*, hearing her so leudly rail,
 And speak so ill of him that well deserv'd,
 Would her have chastiz'd with his iron Flail,
 If her Sir *Artbegal* had not preserv'd,
 And him forbidden, who his Heast observ'd.
 So much the more at him still did she scold,
 And Stones did cast, yet he for nought would swerve
 From his right Course, but still the way did hold
 To Fairy-Court, where what him fell shall else be told.

The End of the Fifth Book.



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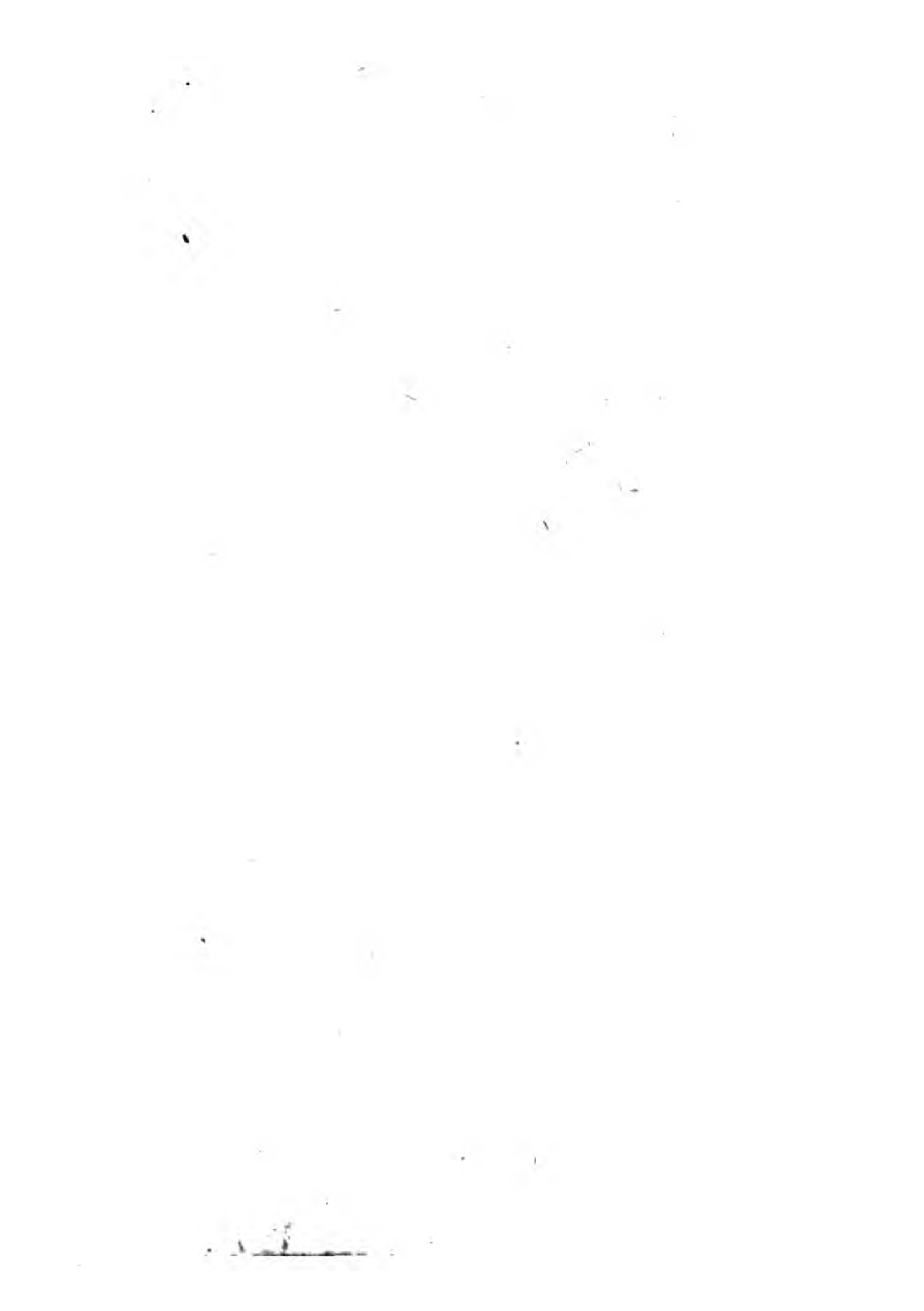
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