THE
FAERIE QUEENE.

By EDMUND SPENSER.

With an exact Collation of the
Two ORIGINAL EDITIONS,

Published by
Himself at LONDON in QUARTO; the Former containing the first THREE Books printed in 1590, and the Latter the SIX Books in 1596.

To which are now added,

A new LIFE of the AUTHOR,
AND ALSO

A GLOSSARY.

Adorn'd with thirty-two COPPER-PLATES, from the Original Drawings of the late W. KENT, Esq; Architect and principal Painter to his Majesty.

VOL. II.

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Printed for J. BRINDLEY, in New Bond-Street, and S. WRIGHT, Clerk of his Majesty's Works, at Hampton-Court.
M.DCC.LI.
The thirde Booke of the Faerie Queene.

Contayning

The Legend of Britomartis.

Or of Chastitie.

I.

T falles me here to write of Chastity,
The fairest virtue, farre above the rest;
For which what needes me fetch from Faery Forreine enamples, it to have exprest?
Sith it is shrined in my Soveraine's brest,
And formd so lively in each perfect part,
That to all ladies, which have it profest,
Need but behold the pourtrayt of her hart,
If pourtrayd it might be by any living art.
II.

But living art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-refembling pencill it can paint,
All were it Zeuxis or Praxiteles:
His Dædale hand would faile, and greatly faint,
And her perfections with his error taint:
Ne Poets wit, that pasleth Painter farre
In picturing the parts of beautie daint,
So hard a workmanship adventure darre,
For fear through want of words her excellence to marre.

III.

How then shall I, apprentice of the skill,
That whylome in divinest wits did raine,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
Yet now my luckelesse lot doth me constraine
Hereto perforce. But, O dred Soveraine,
Thus far forth pardon, Sith that choicest wit
Cannot your glorious pourtrait figure plaine,
That I in colourd showes may shadow it,
And antique praises unto present persons fit.

IV.

But if in living colours, and right hew,
Thy selfe you covet to see pictured,
Who can it doe more lively, or more trew,
Then that sweete verse, with Nectar sprinckeled,
In which a gracious servant pictured
His Cynthia, his heaven’s fairest light?
That with his melting sweetnesse ravished,
And with the wonder of her beames bright,
My senses lulled are in flomber of delight.

V. But
Cant. I.  the Faerie Queene.

V.

But let that same delitious Poet lend
A little leave unto a rusticke Muse
To sing his mistresse prayse, and let him mend,
If ought amis her liking may abuse:
Ne let his fairest Cynthia refuse,
In mirrours more then one her selfe to see,
But either Gloriana let her chuse,
Or in Belphæbe fashioned to bee:
In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chastetee.
Canto I.

Guyon encountreth Britomart;
Faire Florimell is chaced:
Dueslæ's traines and Malecæstæ's
Champions are defaced.

I.

The famous Briton Prince and Faerie knight,
After long wayes and perilous paines endur'd,
Having their wearie limbes to perfect plight
Restord, and sory wounds right well recur'd,
Of the faire Alma greatly were procur'd,
To make there lenger sojourne and abode;
But when thereto they might not be allur'd,
From seeking praise, and deeds of armes abrode,
They courteous conge tooke, and forth together yode.

II.

But the captiv'd Acrasia he sent,
Because of travell long, a nigher way,
With a strong gard, all reskew to prevent,
And her to Faerie court safe to convey,
That her for witnesse of his hard assay,
Unto his Faerie Queene he might present:
But he him selfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment,
And seeke adventures, as he with Prince Arthur went.

III. Long
III.

Long so they travelled through wastefull wayes,
Where daungers dwelt, and perils moft did wonne,
To hunt for glorie and renowned prayfe;
Full many Countries they did overronne,
From the uprising to the fetting Sunne,
And many hard adventures did atchieve;
Of all the which they honour ever wonne,
Seeking the weake opprefsed to relieve,
And to recover right for fuch, as wrong did grieve.

IV.

At laft as through an open plaine they yode,
They spide a knight, that towards pricked faire,
And him befeide an aged squire there rode,
That feemd to couch under his shield three-square,
As if that age bad him that burden spare,
And yield it those, that ftrouter could it wield:
He then efpying, gan himfelfe prepare,
And on his arme addrefe his goodly shield,
That bore a lion paffant in a golden field.

V.

Which feeing good Sir Guyon deare befought
The Prince of grace, to let him runne that turne.
He graunted: then the Faery quickly raught
His poinant speare, and sharply gan to spurne
His fomy steed, whose ferie feete did burne
The verdant gras, as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other backe his foote returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadful speare againft the other's head.

VI. They
VI.

They beene ymet, and both their points arriv'd,
But Guyon drove so furious and fell,
That seemd both shield and plate it would have riv'd;
Nathlessse it bore his foe not from his fell,
But made him stagger, as he were not well:
But Guyon selfe, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a speare's length behind his crouper fell,
Yet in his fall so well him selfe he bare
That mischievous mischance his life and limbs did spare.

VII.

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke;
For never yet, Sith warlike armes he bore,
And shivering speare in bloudie field first shooke,
He found him selfe dishonored so sore.
Ah! gentlesse knight, that ever armour bore,
Let not thee grieve dismounted to have beene,
And brought to ground, that never waft before;
For not thy fault, but secret powre unseene,
That speare inchaunted was, which layd thee on the greene.

VIII.

But weenedst thou, what wight thee overthrew,
Much greater griefe and shamefuller regret
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
That of a single damzell thou wert met
On equall plaine, and there so hard beset:
Even the famous Britomart it was,
Whom straunge adventure did from Britaine fet,
To seeke her lover (love farre sought alas!)
Whose image she had seene in Venus looking-glas.

IX. Full
IX.

Full of disdainefull wrath, he fierce uprofe,
For to revenge that foule reprochfull shame,
And snatching his bright sword began to close
With her on foot, and stoutly forward came;
Die rather would he, then endure that fame.
Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to feare
His toward perill and untoward blame,
Which by that new rencounter he should reare:
For death fate on the point of that enchaunted speare.

X.

And hafting towards him gan faire perswade,
Not to provoke misfortune, nor to weene
His speare’s default to mend with cruell blade;
For by his mightie science he had seene
The secret virtue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puiffaunce mote not withftond:
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happie beene.
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
To loose long gotten honour with one evill hond.

XI.

By such good meanes he him discounfelled
From prosecuting his revenging rage;
And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathfull will with reason to affwage,
And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his starting steed, that swarv’d syde,
And to the ill purveyaunce of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmely tyde:
So is his angry courage fairely pacifyde.

XII. Thus
XII.
Thus reconcilement was betweene them knit,
   Through goodly temperance, and affection chast,
   And either vowd with all their power and wit,
   To let not other's honour be desaftte
   Of friend or foe, who ever it embaste,
   Ne armes to beare against the other's syde:
   In which accord the Prince was also plaste,
   And with that golden chaine of concord tyde.
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

XIII.
O! goodly usage of those antique times,
   In which the sword was servant unto right;
   When not for malice and contentious crimes,
   But all for praiſe, and proofe of manly might,
   The martiaſl blood accustomed to fight:
   Then honour was the meed of victorje,
   And yet the vanquished had no despitte:
   Let later age that noble use envy,
Vile rancour to avoid, and cruel furquedry.

XIV.
Long they thus traveled in friendly wise,
   Through countries waste, and eke well edifyde,
   Seeking adventures hard, to exercise
   Their puissant, whylome full dernely tryde:
   At length they came into a forest wyde,
   Whose hideous horror and sad trembling found
   Full grievously seemed: Therein they long did ryde,
   Yet tract of living creature none they found,
Save Bears, Lyons, and Bulls, which romed them around.

XV. All
Cant. I.  the Faerie Queene.

XV.
All suddenly out of the thickest bush,
Upon a milk white Palfrey all alone,
A goodly Ladie did foreby them rush,
Whose face did seeme as cleare as christall stone,
And eke through feare as white as whales bone:
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her steed with tinsell trappings shone,
Which fled so fast, that nothing mote him hold,
And scarce them leasure gave, her pasjing to behold.

XVI.
Still as she fled, her eye she backward threw,
As fearing evil, that pursed her fast;
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
Loosely dispers'd with puffs of every blast:
All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast
His hearie beames, and flaming lockes dispers'd,
At flight whereof the people stand aghast:
But the sage wisard telles, as he has read,
That it importunes death and dolefull dryrhed.

XVII.
So as they gazed after her a while,
Lo! where a griesly fosse forth did rush,
Breathing out beastly luft her to defile:
His tyringle jade he fiercely forth did push
Through thicke and thin, both over banke and bush,
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
That from his gorie sides the bloud did gush:
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
And in his clownishe hand a sharp bore-speare he shooke.

Vol. II.  C  XVIII. Which
XVIII.

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,
   Full of great envie and fell gealousy,
They stayd not to advise who first shou'd bee,
But all spurd after fast, as they mote fly,
To reskew her from shamefull villany.
The Prince and Guyon equally bylive
Her selfe purswed, in hope to win thereby
Most goodly meede, the fairest Dame alive:
But after the foule fosfer Timias did strive.

XIX.

The whiles faire Britomart, whose constant mind
   Would not so lightly follow beautie's chace,
Ne reckt of Ladies love, did stay behind,
And them awayted there a certaine space,
To weet, if they would turne backe to that place:
But when she saw them gone, she forward went,
As lay her journey, through that perilous pace,
With stedfa$t courage and stout hardiment;
Ne evil thing she feared, ne evil thing she meant.

XX.

At last as nigh out of the wood she came,
   A stately Castle farre away she spyde.
To which her steps directly she did frame.
That Castle was most goodly edifye,
And pla$t for pleasure nigh that forest syde:
But faire before the gate a spatious plaine,
Mantled with greene, it self did spredden wyde,
On which she saw fix knights, that did darraine
Fierce battell against one, with cruell might and maine.
Mainly they all attonce upon him laid,
And fore beset on every side around,
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismaid,
Ne ever to them yielded foot of ground,
All had he loft much bloud through many a wound,
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every way
To which he turned in his wrathfull fround,
Made them recoile, and fly from dread decay,
That none of all the fixe before him durft assay.

Like daftard curras, that having at a bay
The salvage beaft embost in wearie chace,
Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,
Ne byte before, but rome from place to place,
To get a snatch, when turned is his face.
In such distresse and doubtfull jeopardy
When Britomart him saw, she ran apace
Unto his reskew, and with earnest cry,
Bad those fame fixe forbeare that sngle enimy.

But to her cry they lift not lenden eare,
Ne ought the more their mightie frokes furceasfe,
But gathering him round about more neare,
Their direfull rancour rather did encreasfe;
Till that she rushing through the thickest preasfe
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soone compeld to hearken unto peace:
Tho gan she myldly of them to inquyre
The caufe of their diffention and outrageous yre.
XXIV.

Where to that single knight did answer frame;
These sixe would me enforce by oddes of might,
To change my life, and love another dame,
That death me liuer were, then such despight,
So unto wrong to yield my wrested right:
For I love one, the truest one on ground;
Ne lift me change; she th’ Errant Damzell hight,
For whose deare sake full many a bitter wound
I have endurd, and tafted many a blody wound.

XXV.

Certes, said she, then beene ye sixe to blame,
To weene your wrong by force to justify:
For knight to leave his ladie were great shame,
That faithfull is, and better were to dy.
All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,
Then losse of love to him, that loves but one;
Ne may love be compeld by maistery;
For soone as maistery comes, sweet love anone
Taketh his nimble winges, and soone away is gone.

XXVI.

Then spake one of those sixe, There dwelleth here
Within this castle wall a lady faire,
Whose soveraine beautie hath no living pere,
Thereto so bounteous and so debonaire,
That never any mote with her compaire.
She hath ordaind this law, which we approve,
That every knight, which doth this way repaire,
In case he have no ladie, nor no love,
Shall do unto her service never to remove.

XXVII. But
But if he have a ladie or a love,
   Then must he her forgoe with foule defame,
Or else with us by dint of sword approve,
That she is fairer then our fairest dame,
As did this knight, before ye hither came.
Perdie, said Britomart, the choife is hard:
But what reward had he, that overcame?
He should advanced be to high regard,
Said they, and have our ladie's love for his reward.

Therefore aread, Sir, if thou have a love:
   Love have I sure, quoth she, but lady none;
Yet will I not fro mine owne love remove,
Ne to your lady will I service done,
But wreake your wronges wrought to this knight alone,
And prove his cause. With that her mortall speare.
She mightily aventred towards one;
And downe him smote, ere well aware he weare;
Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did beare.

Ne did she stay, till three on ground she layd;
   That none of them himselle could reare again;
The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
All were he wareie of his former paine,
That now there do but two of six remaine;
Which two did yield, before she did them smight.
Ah! said she then, now may you all see plaine,
That truth is strong, and trew love most of might,
That for his trusty servaunts doth so strongly fight.
'Too well we see, saide they, and prove too well
Our faulty weakness, and your matchlesse might:
For thy, faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,
Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,
And we your liegenmen faith unto you plight.
So underneath her feet their swords they mard,
And after her besought, well as they might,
To enter in, and reape the dew reward:
She graunted, and then in they altogether fard.

XXXI.

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
And stately port of Castle joyeous,
(For so that castle hight by commune name)
Where they were entertaind with courteous
And comely glee of many gracious
Faire ladies, and of many a gentle knight,
Who through a chamber long and spacious,
Eftsoones them brought unto their ladie's fight,
That of them cleeped was the Lady of Delight.

XXXII.

But for to tell the sumptuous aray
Of that great chamber, shoud be labour loft:
For living wit, I weene, cannot display
The royall riches and exceeding cost
Of every pillour and of every post;
Which all of purest bullion framed were,
And with great perles and pretious stones emboft,
That the bright glifter of their beames cleare
Did sparckle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.

XXXIII. These
These straunger knights through passing, forth were led into an inner rowme, whose royaltee and rich purveyance might uneath be red; Mote Princes place be seeme so deckt to bee. Which stately manner when as they did see, The image of superfluous riotize, Exceeding much the state of meane degree, They greatly wondred, whence so sumptuous guize Might be maintaynd, and each gan diversely devise.

XXXIV.

The wals were round about apparellcd With costly clothes of Arras and of Toure, In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed The love of Venus and her paramoure, The faire Adonis, turned to a floowre, A worke of rare device, and wondrous wit. First did it shew the bitter balefull floowre, Which her affayd with many a fervent fit, When first her tender hart was with his beautie finit.

XXXV.

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she Entyft the boy, as well that art she knew, And woode him her paramoure to be; Now making girlonds of each floowre that grew, To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew; Now leading him into a secret shade From his beauperes, and from bright heaven's view, Where him to sleepe she gently would perfwade, Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert glade.

XXXVI. And
XXXVI.
And whilst he slept, she over him would spread
Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skies,
And her soft arme lay underneath his head,
And with ambrosiall kisses bathed his eyes;
And whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes,
She secretly would search each daintie limb,
And throw into the well sweet rosemaries,
And fragrant violets, and pances trim,
And ever with sweet nectar she did sprinkle him.

XXXVII.
So did she steale his heedlesse hart away,
And joyd his love in secret unespyde.
But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
To hunt the salvage beast in forrest wyde,
Dreadfull of daunger, that mote him betyde;
She oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine
From chafe of greater beastes, whose brutish pryde
Mote breede him scath unwares: but all in vain;
For who can shun the chaunce, that dest'ny doth ordaine?

XXXVIII.
Lo! where beyond he lyeth languishing,
Deadly engored of a great wilde bore,
And by his side the Goddesse groveling
Makes for him endlessse mone, and evermore
With her soft garment wipes away the gore,
Which staines his snowy skin with hatefull hew:
But when she saw no helpe might him restore,
Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,
Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it lively grew.

XXXIX. So
XXXIX.
So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
   And round about it many beds were dight,
As whilome was the antique worlde's guize,
Some for untimely ease, some for delight,
As pleased them to use, that use it might:
And all was full of damzels, and of squires,
Dauncing and reveling both day and night,
And swimming deepe in sensual desires;
And Cupid still emongest them kindled lustful fires.

XL.
And all the while sweet musicke did divide
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony;
And all the while sweet birdes thereto applide
Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of love and jollity,
That wonder was to heare their trim confort.
Which when those knights beheld, with scornfull eye,
They sdeigned such lascivious disport,
And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton fort.

XLI.
Thence they were brought to that great ladie's vew,
   Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,
That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,
As the proud Persian Queenes accustomed:
She seemd a woman of great bountied,
And of rare beautie, faying that asaunce
Her wanton eyes, ill signs of womanhed,
Did roll too highly, and too often glaunce,
Without regard of grace, or comely amenauce.
XLII.
Long worke it were, and needless to devise
Their goodly entertainement and great glee:
She caused them be led in courteous wize
Into a bowre, disarmed for to bee,
And cheared well with wine and spiceree.
The Redcrosse Knight was soon disarmed there,
But the brave Mayd would not disarmed bee,
But onely vented up her umbriere,
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

XLIII.
As when faire Cynthia, in darksome night,
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
Where she may finde the substance thin and light,
Breakes forth her silver beames, and her bright hed
Discovers to the world discomfited;
Of the poore traveiler, that went affray,
With thousand blessings she is heried:
Such was the beautie and the shining ray,
With which faire Britomart gave light unto the day.

XLIV.
And eke those fix, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmed, and did them selves present
Unto her vew, and company unsought;
For they all seemed courteous and gent,
And all fixe brethren, borne of one parent,
Which had them traynd in all civilitee,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament:
Now were they liegemen to this Ladie free,
And her knights service ought, to hold of her in fee.

XLV. The
The first of them by name Gardante hight,
A jolly person, and of comely vew;
The second was Parlante, a bold knight,
And next to him Locante did enfew;
Basciante did him selfe most courteous shew;
But fierce Bacchante seemd too fell and keene;
And yet in armes NoSiante greater grew:
All were faire Knights, and goodly well beseene,
But to faire Bromart they all but shadows beene.

For she was full of amiable grace,
And manly terrour mixed therewithall,
That as the one stird up affections bace,
So th'other did mens rash desires apall,
And hold them backe, that would in errour fall;
As he, that hath espide a vermeill rose,
To which sharpe thornes and breres the way forsfall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But wishing it far off, his idle wish doth lose.

Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight.
All ignorant of her contrary sex,
(For shee her weened a fresh and lusty knight)
She greatly gan enamoured to wax,
And with vaine thoughts her falled fancy vex:
Her fickle hart conceived hafty fire,
Like sparkes of fire, that fall in slender flex,
That shortly brent into extreme desire,
And ransackt all her veines with passion entire.
XLVIII.

Eftfoones she grew to great impatience,
And into termes of open outrage brust,
That plaine discovered her incontinence,
Ne reckt she, who her meaning did mistrust;
For she was given all to fleshly lust,
And poured forth in sensuall delight,
That all regard of shame she had discusst,
And meet respect of honour put to flight:
So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathly fight.

XLIX.

Faire ladies, that to love captived arre,
And chaste desires do nourish in your mind,
Let not her fault your sweete affections marre,
Ne blot the bounty of all womankind,
Mongst thousands good one wanton dame to find:
Emongst the roses grow some wicked weeds;
For this was not to love, but lust inclind;
For love does always bring forth bounteous deeds,
And in each gentle hart desire to honour breeds.

L.

Nought so of love this looser dame did skill,
But as a coale to kindle fleshly flame,
Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading under foote her honest name:
Such love is hate, and such desire is shame.
Still did she rove at her with crafty glauncce
Of her false eyes, that at her hart did aime,
And told her meaning in her countenaunce;
But Britomart dissembled it with ignorance.
LI.
Supper was shortly dight, and downe they fate,
Where they were served with all sumptuous fare,
While fruitfull Ceres and Lyaeus fat
Pour out their plenty, without spight or spare:
Nought wanted there, that dainty was and rare;
And aye the cups their bancks did overflow,
And aye betweene the cups, she did prepare
Way to her love, and secret darts did throw;
But Britomart would not such guilfull message know.

LII.
So when they flaked had the fervent heat
Of appetite with meates of every fort,
The Lady did faire Britomart entreat,
Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport
Too loose her warlike limbs and strong effort.
But when she mote not thereunto be wonne,
(For she her sexe under that straunge purport
Did use to hide, and plaine apparaunce shonne:)
In plainer wise to tell her grievaunce she begonne:

LIII.
And all attonce discovered her desire
With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, and piteous grieue.
The outward sparkes of her in-burning fire;
Which spent in vaine, at last she told her briefe,
That but if she did lend her short reliefe,
And do her comfort, she mot algates die.
But the chaste damzell, that had never priefe
Of such malengine and fine forgerie,
Did easily beleeve her strong extremitye

LIV. Full
The thirde Booke of Cant. I.

LIV.

Full easie was for her to have believe,
Who by self-feeling of her feable sexe,
And by long triall of the inward griefe,
Wherewith imperious love her heart did vexe,
Could judge what paines do loving harts perplexe.  
Who means no guile, beguiled soonest shall,
And to faire semblance doth light faith annexe;
The bird, that knowes not the fale fowlers call.
Into his hidden net full easily doth fall.

LV.

For-thy she would not, in discourteife wife,
Scorne the faire offer of good will profest;
For great rebuke it is, love to despise,
Or rudely fdeigne a gentle harts request;
But with faire countenaunce, as beseemed best,
Her entertaynd; nath'lesse shee inly deemd
Her love too light, to wooc a wandring guest:
Which shee misconstruing, thereby esteemd
That from like inward fire that outward smoke had seemd.

LVI.

Therewith a while she her flit fancy fed,
Till she mote winne fit time for her desire,
But yet her wound still inward freshly bled,
And through her bones the false instilled fire
Did spred it selfe, and venime close inspire.
Tho were the tables taken all away,
And every knight and every gentle squire
Gan choose his dame with Bascioman gay,
With whom he meant to make his sport and courtly play.

LVII. Some
Cant. I.  

the Faerie Queene.  

LVII.

Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,
Some to make love, some to make meriment,
As diverse wits to diverse things apply;
And all the while faire MalecRSA bent
Her crafty engins to her close intent.

By this th' eternall lampes, wherewith high Jove
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas strove.

Into the Ocean deepe to drive their weary drove.

LVIII.

High time it seemed then for every wight:
Them to betake unto their kindly rest;
Eftsoones long waxen torches weren light,
Unto their bowres to guiden every guest:
Tho when the Britonneffe saw all the rest
Avoided quite, she gan her selfe despoile,
And safe commit to her soft fethered nest,
Where through long watch, and late dayes weary toile
She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite aspoile.

LIX.

Now whenas all the world in silence deepe:
Ystrowded was, and every mortall wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,
Faire MalecRSA, whose en grievd spright
Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,
And under the blacke vele of guilty Night,
Her with a scarlot mantle covered;
That was with gold and Ermines faire enveloped.

LX. Then
Then panting soft, and trembling every joint,
   Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she mov'd.
Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
To lodge the warlike mayd unwisely lov'd,
And to her bed approching, first she prov'd,
Whether she slept or wakt; with her soft hand
She softly felt, if any member mov'd,
And lent her weary eare to understand,
If any puffe of breath, or signe of sense she fond.

Which whenas none she fond, with easie shift,
For feare leaft her unwares she should abrayd,
Th'embrodcred quilt she lightly up did lift,
And by her side her selfe she softly layd,
Of every finest fingers touch affrayd;
Ne any noife she made, ne word she spake,
But inly sigh'd. At last the royall Mayd
Out of her quiet ilomber did awake,
And chaungd her weary side, the better ease to take.

Where feeling one close couched by her side,
She lightly lept out of her filed bed,
And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride
The loathed leachour. But the dame, halfe ded
Through suddein feare and ghastly drerihed,
Did shriekke alowd, that through the house it rong,
And the whole family therewith adred,
Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprung,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

And
And those sixe knights, that ladies champions,
And eke the Redcrosse knight ran to the fround,
Halfe armd and halfe unarmd, with them attons:
Where when confusedly they came, they found
Their ladie lying on the fenceleffe ground;
On th'other side, they saw the warlike mayd
All in her snow-white smocke, with locks unbound,
Threatning the point of her avenging blade,
That with so troublous terrour they were all dismayd.

About their ladie first they flockt around,
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frozen swound;
And afterwaerdes they gan with fowle reproch
To stirre up strife, and troublous contecke broch:
But by ensample of the last daye's losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approch,
Ne in so glorious spoile themselves emboffe:
Her succourd eke the Champion of the bloudy Croffe.

But one of those sixe knights, Gardante hight,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,
Which forth he sent with felonous despight,
And fell intent against the virgin sheene:
The mortall steele stayd not, till it was scene
To gore her side, yet was the wound not deepe,
But lightly raisd her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple bloud thereout did wepe,
Which did her lilly smocke with staines of vermeil steep.

Where-
LXVI.
Wherewith enrag'd, she fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her layd,
That none of them foule mischief could eschew,
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd:
Here, there, and every where about her swayd
Her wrathfull steale, that none mote it abyde;
And eke the Redcrosse knight gave her good ayd,
Ay joining foot to foot, and syde to syde,
That in short space their foes they have quite terrifyde.

LXVII.
Tho when as all were put to shamefull flight,
The noble Britomartis her arayd,
And her bright armes about her body dight:
For nothing would she lenger there be stayd,
Where so loose life, and so ungentle trade
Was usd of knights and ladies seeming gent:
So carely ere the grosse earthes grysly shade
Was all disperst out of the firmament,
They tooke their steeds, and forth upon their journey went.
Canto II.

The Redcrosse knight to Britomart
Describeth Artegall:
The wondrous myrrhour, by which she
In love with him did fall.

I.
ERE have I cause, in men just blame to find,
That in their proper prayse too partiall bee,
And not indifferent to woman kind,
To whom no share in armes and chevalree
They doe impart, ne maken memoree
Of their brave gestes and provese martiall.
Scarce do they spare to one, or two, or three,
Rowme in their writs; yet the same writing small
Does all their deedes deface, and dims their glories all.

II.
But by record of antique times I find,
That women wont in warres to beare most sway,
And to all great exploits them selves inclind;
Of which they still the girlund bore away,
Till envious Men, fearing their rule's decay,
Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty;
Yet sith they warlike armes have layd away,
They have exceld in artes and pollicy,
That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke t'envy.
Of warlike puissance in ages spent,
  Be thou, faire Britomart, whose praise I write,
  But of all wisdome bee thou precedent,
O soveraigne Queene, whose praise I would endite,
Endite I would as dewtie doth excite;
But ah! my rymes too rude and rugged are,
When in so high an object they do lite,
And striving fit to make, I fear do marre:
Thy selfe thy praises tell, and make them knownen farre.

She travelling with Guyon by the way,
  Of sundry things faire purpose gan to find,
  T'abridg their journey long, and lingring day;
  Mongst which it fell into that Faerie's mind,
To aske this Briton Maid, what uncouth wind
  Brought her into those partes, and what inquest
Made her dissemble her disguised kind:
Faire lady she him seemd, like lady dreft,
But fairest knight alive, when armed was her brest.

Thereat she sighing softly, had no powre
  To speake a while, ne ready answere make,
  But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,
As if she had a fever fit, did quake,
And every daintie limbe with horror shake,
And ever and anone the rosy red
Flasht through her face, as it had beene a flake
Of lightning, through bright heaven fulmined;
At last the passion past, she thus him answered.
Faire Sir, I let you weete, that from the howre I taken was from nourse’s tender pap, I have beene trained up in warlike stowre, To tossen speare and shield, and to affrape The warlike ryder to his most mishap. Sithence I loathed have my life to lead, As ladies wont, in pleasure’s wanton lap, To finger the fine needle and nyce thread: Me lever were with point of foeman’s speare be dead.

All my delight on deedes of armes is set, To hunt out perills and adventures hard. By sea, by land, wherefo they may be met, Onely for honour and for high regard, Without respect of riches or reward. For such intent into these partes I came, Withouten compass, or withouten card, Far fro my native soyle, that is by name The greater Brytaine, here to seeke for praye and fame.

Fame blazed hath, that here in Faerie lond: Doe many famous knightes and ladies wonne, And many straunge adventures to be fond, Of which great worth and worship may be wonne; Which I to prove, I this voyage have begonne. But mote I wee of you, right curteous knight, Tydings of one, that hath unto me donne Late foule dishonour and reprochfull spight, The which I seeke to wreake, and Arthegall he hight.

IX. The
The word gone out, she backe againe would call,
   As her repenting so to have mislayd,
But that he it up-taking ere the fall,
Her shortly answered; Faire martiall mayd,
Certes ye misavised beene, t’upbrayd
A gentle knight with so unknightly blame:
For wee ye well of all, that ever playd
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name.

X.
For thy great wonder were it, if such shame
   Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,
Or ever do, that mote deserven blame:
The noble courage never weeneth ought,
That may unworthy of it selfe be thought.
Therefore, faire damzell, be ye well aware,
Left that too farre ye have your sorrow sought:
You and your Countrey both I wish welfare,
And honour both; for each of other worthy are.

XI.
The royall maid woxe inly wondrous glad,
   To heare her love so highly magnifide,
And joyd, that ever she affixed had
Her hart on knight so goodly glorifide,
How ever finely she it faind to hide:
The loving mother, that nine monthes did beare,
In the deare clozet of her painefull side,
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
Doth not so much rejoiyce, as she rejoiced theare.

XII. But
Cant. II,  the Faerie Queene.

XII.

But to occasion him to further talke,
   To feed her humour with his pleasing style,
Her lift in strifull termes with him to balke,
   And thus replyde, How ever, Sir, ye file
Your curteous tongue, his prayses to compile,
It ill beseemes a knight of gentle fort,
   Such as ye have him boast'd, to beguile
A simple mayd, and worke so haynous tort,
In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

XIII.

Let be therefore my vengeance to diffwade,
   And read, where I that saytour false may find.
Ah, but if reason faire might you perswade,
To flake your wrath, and mollify your mind,
   Said he, perhaps ye shound it better find:
For hardy thing it is, to weene by might,
That man to hard conditions to bind,
   Or ever hope to match in equall fight,
Whose prowess paragon saw never living wight.

XIV.

Ne soothlich is it easie for to read;
Where now on earth, or how he may be found;
For he ne wonneth in one certaine stead,
   But restlesse walketh all the world around,
Ay doing things, that to his fame redound,
Defending ladies cause, and orphans right,
   Where so he heares, that any doth confound
Them comfortlesse, through tyranny or might;
So is his soveraine honour raisde to heaven's hight.

XV. His
XV.

His feeling words her feeble sense much pleased;
And softly sunk into her molten heart;
Hart, that is inly hurt, is greatly eased
With hope of thing, that may allege his smart;
For pleasing words are like to magick art;
That doth the charmed snake in slumber lay.
Such secret ease felt gentle Britomart,
Yet lift the same efforce with faind gainsay;
So dischord oft in musick makes the sweeter lay:

XVI.

And said, Sir knight, these idle termes forbeare,
And fith it is uneth to find his haunt,
Tell me some markes, by which he may appeare,
If chaunce I him encounter paravaunt;
For perdie one shall other slay, or daunt:
What shape, what shield, what armes, what steed, what sted,
And what so else his person most may vaunt?
All which the Redcrosse knight to point arode,
And him in every part before her fashioned.

XVII.

Yet him in every part before she knew,
How ever lift her now her knowledge faine,
Sith him whilome in Britaine she did vew,
To her revealed in a mirrhour plaine,
Whereof did grow her first engraffed paine,
Whose roote and stalk so bitter yet did taft,
That but the fruit more sweetnesse did containe,
Her wretched days in dolour she mote waft,
And yield the pray of love to lothesome death at last.

XVIII. By
Cant. II. the Faerie Queene.

XVIII.

By strange occasion she did him behold,
And much more strangely gan to love his sight,
As it in books hath written bene of old.
In Debeubarth, that now South-Wales is hight,
What time King Ryence raign'd, and dealed right,
The great Magitian Merlin had deviz'd,
By his deepe science, and hell-dreaded might,
A looking-glass, right wondrously aguiz'd,
Whose vertues through the wyde worlde soone were solemniz'd.

XIX.

It vertue had, to shew in perfect sight,
What ever thing was in the world contaynd,
Betwixt the lowest earth and heaven's hight,
So that it to the looker appertaynd.
What ever foe had wrought, or frend had saynd,
Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,
Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;
For-thy it round and hollow shaped was,
Like to the world it selfe, and seend a world of glas.

XX.

Who wonders not, that reads so wonderous worke?
But who does wonder, that has red the Towre,
Wherein th' Aegyptian Phao long did lurke
From all men's vew, that none might her disclose;
Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?
Great Ptolomae it for his leman's sake
Ybuilded all of glasse, by magicke powre,
And also it impregnable did make;
Yet when his love was false, he with a peaze it brake.

Vol. II. F XXI. Such
XXI.

Such was the glassie globe, that Merlin made,
And gave unto King Ryence for his gard,
That never foes his kingdom might invade,
But he it knew at home before he hard
Tydings thereof, and so them still debar'd.
It was a famous present for a Prince,
And worthy worke of infinite reward,
That treasons could bewray, and foes convince;
Happie this realme, had it remained ever since.

XXII.

One day it fortuned, faire Britomart
Into her father's closet to repayre;
For nothing he from her reserv'd apart,
Being his onely daughter and his hayre:
Where when she had espyde that mirrhour fayre,
Her selfe awhile therein she vewd in vaine:
Tho her avizing of the vertues rare,
Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
Her to bethinke of that mote to her selfe pertaine.

XXIII.

But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts
Imperious love hath higheft set his throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
Of them, that to him buxome are and prone:
So thought this mayd (as maydens use to done)
Whom fortune for her husband would allot,
Nor that she lufted after any one;
For she was pure from blame of sinfull blot,
Yet wist her life at laft must lincke in that same knot.

XXIV. Eft-
Eftfoones there was presented to her eye
A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,
Through whose bright ventayle lifted up on hye
His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
And friends to termes of gentle truce entize,
Lookt forth, as Phæbus face out of the caft,
Betwixt two shady mountaines doth arize;
Portly his person was, and much increast
Through his heroicke grace, and honorable geft.

His crest was covered with a couchant hound,
And all his armour seemd of antique mould,
But wondrous massly, and assured sound,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was with cyphres old,
_Achilles armes, which Arthogall did win:_.
And on his shield enveloped sevenfold
He bore a crowned little ermilin,
That deckt the azure field with her faire pouldred skin.

The damzell well did vew his personage,
And liked well, ne further fastned not,
But went her way; ne her unguilty age
Did weene unwares, that her unlucky lot
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot:
Of hurt unwit moss daunger doth redound.
But the fals archer, which that arrow shot
So flyly, that she did not feele the wound,
Did smyle full smoothly at her weetlesse wofull round.
The thirde Booke of Cant. II.

XXVII.
Thenceforth the feather in her lofty crest,
Ruffled of love, gan lowly to availe,
And her proud portance, and her princely gest,
With which she erst triumphed, now did quail:
Sad, solemn, lowre, and full of fancies fraile
She woxe; yet wist she neither how, nor why,
She wist not, silly mayde, what she did aile,
Yet wist, she was not well at ease perdy;
Yet thought it was not love, but some melancholy.

XXVIII.
So soon as night had with her pallid hue
Deface the beautie of the shining sky,
And rest from men the world’s desired view,
She with her nurse adowne to sleep did lie;
But sleep full farre away from her did fly:
In stead thereof sad sighes and sorrows deepe
Kept watch and ward about her warily,
That nought she did but wayle; and often sleepe
Her daintie couch with teares, which closely she did weep.

XXIX.
And if that any drop of sloebringe rest
Did chance to still into her weary spright,
When feeble nature felt her selfe opprest,
Streight way with dreams, and with fantafticke sight
Of dreadfull things, the same was put to flight,
That oft out of her bed she did affart,
As one with view of ghastly seends affright:
Tho gan she to renew her former smart,
And thinke of that faire visage, written in her hart.

XXX. One
XXX.

One night when she was tost with such unrest,
Her aged nurse, whose name was Glauce hight,
Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,
Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
And downe againe in her warme bed her dight.
Ah my deare daughter! ah my dearest dread!
What uncouth fit, said she, what evill plight
Hath thee opprest, and with sad dreary-head
Chaunged thy lively cheare, and living made thee dead?

XXXI.

For not of nought these suddein ghastly feares
All night afflict thy naturall repose;
And all the day, when as thine equall peares
Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,
Thou in dull corners doest thy selfe inclose,
Ne tastest princes pleasures, ne doest spred
Abroad thy fresh youth's fairest flowre, but lose
Both leafe and fruit, both too untimely shed,
As one in wilfull bale for ever buried.

XXXII.

The time, that mortall men their weary cares
Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,
And every river eke his course forbeares,
Then doth this wicked evill thee infect,
And rive with thousand throbs thy thrilled breste.
Like an huge Aetn' of deepe engulfed griefe,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
Whence forth it breakes in sighes and anguish rife,
As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused strife.
XXXIII.

Aye me! how much I feare, leaft love it bee!
But if that love it be, as sure I read
By knowen signes and passions, which I see,
Be it worthy of thy race and royall sead;
Then I avow by this most sacred head
Of my deare foster childe, to eafe thy griefe,
And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread;
For death nor daunger from thy dew reliefe
Shall me debarre: tell me therefore, my lieuest liefe.

XXXIV.

So having said, her twixt her armes twaine
She straightly straynd, and coll'd tenderly,
And every trembling joynt, and every vaine
She softly felt, and rubbed busily,
To doe the frozen cold away to fly;
And her faire deawy eies with kisstes deare
She oft did bathe, and oft againe did dry;
And ever her importund, not to feare
To let the secret of her hart to her appeare.

XXXV.

The damzell pauzd, and then thus fearfully;
Ah nurse! what needeth thee to eke my paine?
Is not enough, that I alone doe dye,
But it must doubled be with death of twaine?
For nought for me but death there doth remaine.
O daughter deare! said she, despaire no whit,
For never fore but might a salve obtaine:
That blinded God, which hath ye blindly smit,
Another arrow hath your lover's hart to hit.

XXXVI. But
But mine is not, quoth she, like other wound;
For which no reason can finde remedy.
Was never such, but mote the like be found,
Said she, and though no reason may apply
Salve to your sore, yet love can higher flye
Then reason's reach, and oft hath wonders donne.
But neither God of love, nor God of skye
Can doe, said she, that, which cannot be donne.
Things oft impossible, quoth she, seeme, ere begonne.

These idle words, said she, doe nought asswage
My stubborne smart, but more annoyance breed.
For no no usuall fire, no usuall rage
Yt is, O nourse! which on my life doth feed,
And suckes the blood, which from my hart doth bleed.
But since thy faithfull zeale lets me not hyde
My crime, (if crime it be) I will it reed.
Nor prince, nor pere it is, whose love hath gryde
My feeble brest of late, and launched this wound wyde.

Nor man it is, nor other living wight;
For then some hope I might unto me draw;
But th'only shade and semblant of a knight,
Whose shape or person yet I never saw,
Hath me subjected to love's cruell law:
The same one day, as me misfortune led,
I in my father's wondrous mirrhour saw,
And pleased with that seeming goodly-hed,
Unwares the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed.
Sithens it hath infixed faster hold
  Within my bleeding bowels, and so sore
Now ranckleth in this same fraile flechy mould,
  That all mine entrailes flow with poynous gore,
And th’ulcer growtheth daily more and more;
Ne can can my ronning fore finde remedee,
Other than my hard fortune to deplore,
And languishe as the leafe fain from the tree,
Till death make one end of my dayes and miseree.

XL.
Daughter, said she, what need ye be dismayd?
  Or why make ye such monster of your minde?
Of much more uncouth thing I was affrayd;
  Of filthy luft, contrarie unto kinde.
But this affection nothing straunge I finde;
  For who with reason can you aye reprove,
To love the semblant pleasing most your minde;
  And yield your heart, whence ye cannot remove?
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of love.

XLI.
Not so th’ Arabian Myrrhe did set her mind;
  Nor so did Biblis spend her pining hart,
But lov’d their native flesh against all kind,
  And to their purpose used wicked art.
Yet playd Paphiaë a more monstrous part,
  That lov’d a bull, and learnd a beast to bee.
Such shamefull lufts who loaths not, which depart
From course of nature and of modestee?
Sweet love such lewdnes bands from his faire companee.

XLII. But
But thine, my deare, (welfare thy heart, my deare!)
Though strange beginning had, yet fixed is
On one, that worthy may perhaps appeare;
And certes seemes bestowed not amis:
Joy thereof have thou and eternall blis.
With that upleaning on her elbow weake,
Her alabaster brest she soft did kis,
Which all that while she felt to pant and quake,
As it an earthquake were; at last she thus bespake.

Beldame, your words doe worke me little eafe;
For though my love be not so lewdly bent,
As those ye blame, yet may it nought appease
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpelesse griefe augment.
For they, how ever shamefull and unkind,
Yet did possesse their horrible intent:
Short end of sorrowes they thereby did find,
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their mind.

But wicked fortune mine, though mind be good,
Can give no end, nor hope of my desire,
But feed on shadowes, whiles I die for food,
And like a shadow wexe, whiles with entire
Affection I doe languish and expire.
I fonder, then Cephifus foolish child,
Who having vewed in a fountaine shere
His face, was with the love thereof beguild;
I fonder love a shade, the body farre exild.
XLV.

Nought like, quoth she, for that same wretched boy
Was of him selfe the idle paramoure;
Both love and lover, without hope of joy,
For which he faded to a watry flowre.
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
Which lov'lt the shadow of a warlike knight;
No shadow, but a bodie hath in powre:
That bodie, wherefoever that it light,
May learned be by cyphers, or by magicke might.

XLVI.

But if thou may with reason yet represse
The growing evill, ere it strength have got,
And thee abandon'd wholly doe possesse,
Against it strongly strive, and yield thee not,
Till thou in open field adowne be smot.
But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,
So that needs love or death must be thy lot,
Then I avow to thee, by wrong or right
To compasse thy desire, and find that loved knight.

XLVII.

Her chearefull words much cheard the feeble spright
Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd
In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might;
And the old woman carefully displayd
The clothes about her round with busie ayd,
So that at last a little creeping sleepe
Surpris'd her sense: She therewith well apayd,
The drunken lampe downe in the oyle did steepe,
And set her by to watch, and set her by to weep.

XLVIII. Earely
Earely the morrow next, before that day
His joyous face did to the world reveale,
They both uprose, and tooke their readie way
Unto the church, their prayers to appeale,
With great devotion, and with little zeale:
For the faire damzel from the holy herse
Her love-sick hart to other thoughts did steale;
And that old dame said many an idle verse,
Out of her daughter's hart fond fancies to reverse.

Returned home, the royall infant fell
Into her former fit; for why, no powre,
Nor guidaunce of her selfe in her did dwell.
But th'aged nurse her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered rew, and savine, and the flowre
Of Camphora, and calamint, and dill;
All which she in an earthen pot did poure,
And to the brim with colt-wood did it fill,
And many drops of melke and bloud through it did spill.

Then taking thrise three haires from off her head,
Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
And round about the pot's mouth bound the thread,
And after having whispered a space
Certaine sad words, with hollow voice and bace,
She to the virgin said, thrise said she it;
Come, daughter, come, come; spit upon my face,
Spit thrise upon me, thrise upon me spit;
Th' uneven number for this businesse is most fit.
LI.
That sayd, her round about she from her turnd,
She turned her contrarie to the sunne,
Thrife she her turnd contrary, and returnd,
All contrary; for she the right did shunne,
And ever what she did, was freight undone.
So thought she to undoe her daughter's love;
But love, that is in gentle brest begonne,
No idle charmes so lightly may remove:
That well can witness, who by triall it does prove.

LII.
Ne ought it mote the noble mayd avayle,
Ne flake the furie of her cruell flame,
But that she still did waste, and still did wayle,
That through long languour, and hart-burning brame
She shortly like a pyned ghost became,
Which long hath waited by the Stygian frond.
That when old Glaucæ saw, for seare leaft blame
Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,
She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to withstand.
Canto III.

Merlin bewrayes to Britomart
The state of Artegaill,
And shews the famous progeny,
Which from them springen shall.

I.
OST sacred fire, that burnest mightily
In living breasts, ykindled first above,
Emongst th'eternall spheres and lamping sky,
And thence pourd into men, which men call love;
Not that fame, which doth base affections move
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame:
But that sweet fit, that doth true beautie love,
And choseth vertue for his dearest dame;
Whence spring all noble deeds and never-dying fame:

II.
Well did antiquitie a God thee deeme,
That over mortall minds haft so great might,
To order them, as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatall purpose of divine foresight,
Thou doest effect in defined descents,
Through deepe impression of thy secret might,
And stirredst up th'heroes high intents,
Which the late world admyres for wondrous moniments.

III. But
But thy dread darts in none doe triumph more,
Ne braver profe in any, of thy powre
Shew’dst thou, then in this royall maid of yore,
Making her seeke an unknowne paramoure,
From the world’s end, through many a bitter stowre:
From whose two loynes thou afterwards did rayfe
Most famous fruits of matrimoniall bowre,
Which through the earth have fpred their living prayse,
That fame in trompe of gold eternally displayes.

Begin then, O my deareft sacred dame,
Daughter of Phæbus and of Memorie,
That doest ennoble with immortal name
The warlike worthies, from antiquitie,
In thy great volume of eternitie:
Begin, O Clio, and recount from hence
My glorious Soveraine’s goodly auncestrie,
Till that by dew degrees and long pretence,
Thou have it lastly brought unto her Excellence.

Full many wayes within her troubled mind
Old Glauce caft, to cure this ladie’s griefe:
Full many wayes she fought, but none could find,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsel, that is chiefe,
And choiest med’cine for sick hart’s reliefe:
For thy great care she tooke, and greater feare,
Leaft that it should her turne to foule repriefe,
And fore reproch, when so her father deare
Should of his deareft daughter’s hard misfortune heare.
At last she her avis'd, that he, which made
That mirr'hour, wherein the sicke damosell
So straungeely vewed her straunge lover's shade,
To weet, the learned Merlin, well could tell,
Under what coast of heaven the man did dwell,
And by what means his love might best be wrought:
For though beyond the Africk Ismaell,
Or th'Indian Peru he were, she thought

Him forth through infinite endeavour to have fought.

VII.

Forthwith them selves disguising both in straunge
And base attyre, that none might them bewray,
To Maridunum, that is now by chaunge
Of name Cayr-Merdin cal'd, they tooke their way:
There the wise Merlin whylome wont, they say,
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
In a deepe delve, far from the vew of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
When so he counself with his sprights encompass round.

VIII.

And if thou ever happen that same way
To travell, go to see that dreadfull place:
It is an hideous hollow cave, they say,
Under a rock, that lyes a little space
From the swift Barry, tombling down apace,
Emongst the woodie hilles of Dynevowre:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace,
To enter into that same balefull bowre,
For feare the cruell feendes should thee unwares devoure.
The thirde Booke of Cant. III.

IX.
But standing high aloft, low lay thine eare,
   And there such ghastly noise of yron chaines,
And brazen caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,
Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines
Doe toffe, that it will stonne thy feeble braines,
And oftentimes great grones, and grievous sounds,
When too huge toile and labour them constraines:
And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing sounds
From under that deepe rocke most horribly rebounds.

X.
The cause, some say, is this: A little while
Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend,
   A brazen wall in compas to compile
About Cairmardin, and did it commend
Unto these sprights, to bring to perfect end.
During which worke the Ladie of the Lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in haft did send,
Who thereby forst his workmen to forfake,
Them bound, till his returne, their labour not to slake.

XI.
In the meane time, through that false ladie's traine
   He was surpris'd, and buried under beare,
Ne ever to his worke returnd againe:
Nath'leffe those seends may not their worke forbear
So greatly his commandement they feare,
But there doe toyle and travell day and night,
Untill that brazen wall they up doe reare:
For Merlin had in magicke more insight,
Then ever him before or after living wight.

XII. For
Cant. III.  the Faerie Queene.

XII.

For he by words could call out of the sky
Both sunne and moone, and make them him obey;
The land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
And darksome night he eke could turne to day;
Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,
And hostes of men of meanest things could frame,
When so him lift his enemies to fray:
That to this day, for terror of his fame,
The feends do quake, when any him to them does name.

XIII.

And sooth, men say, that he was not the soune
Of mortall fyre, or other living wight,
But wondrously begotten, and begonne
By false illusion of a guilefull spright
On a faire lady nonne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,
Who was the Lord of Mathraval by right,
And coosen unto King Ambrosius,
Whence he induced was with skill so marvellous.

XIV.

They here ariving, faid a while without,
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent gan make new doubt
For dread of danger, which it might portend:
Untill the hardie mayd (with love to frend)
First entering, the dreadful Mage there found
Deepe busied bout worke of wondrous end,
And writing strange characters in the ground,
With which the stubborn feends he to his service bound.
XV.
He nought was moved at their entrance bold:
For of their coming well he wist afore,
Yet lift them bid their businesse to unfold,
As if ought in this world in secret store
Were from him hidden, or unknowne of yore.
Then Glauce thus; Let not it thee offend,
That we thus rashly through thy darksome dore
Unwares have prest; for either fatall end,
Or other mightie cause us two did hither send.

XVI.
He bad tell on; and then she thus began:
Now have three moones with borrowd brothers light
Thrice shined faire, and thrice seemd dim and wan,
Sith a sore evill, which this virgin bright
Tormenteth, and doth plonge in dolefull plight,
First rooting tooke; but what thing it mote bee,
Or whence it sprong, I can not read aright:
But this I read, that but if remedee
Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.

XVII.
Therewith th’enchouner softly gan to snyde
At her smooth speeches, sweeting inly well,
That she to him dissemblead womanish guyle,
And to her said: Beldame, by that ye tell,
More neede of leach-craft hath your damozell,
Then of my skil: who helpe may have elsewhere,
In vaine seekes wonders out of magickes spell.
Th’old woman wox half blanck, those words to heare;
And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare:

XVIII. And
And to him said, If any leaches' skill,
   Or other learned meanes, could have redreft
This my deare daughter's deepe engraffed ill,
Certes I should be loth thee to molest.
But this sad evill, which doth her infect,
   Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,
And houfed is within her hollow brest,
That either seems some cursed witche's deed,
Or evill spright, that in her doth such torment breed.

The wisard could no longer beare her bord,
But bursting forth in laughter, to her sayd;
   Glauces, what needes this colourable word,
To cloke the cause, that hath itselfe bewrayd?
Ne ye, faire Britomartis, thus array'd,
More hidden are, then sunne in cloudy vele;
Whom thy good fortune, having fate obayd,
Hath hither brought, for succour to appele:
The which the powres to thee are pleased to revele.

The doubtfull mayd, seeing her selfe descryde,
   Was all abasht, and her pure yvory
Into a cleare carnation suddeine dyde;
As faire Aurora, rising hastily,
   Doth by her blushing tell, that she did lye
All night in old Tithonus frofen bed,
Whereof she seems ashamed inwardly.
But her olde nurse was nought dishartened,
But vauntage made of that, which Merlin had ared:

And
The thirde Booke of Cant. III.

XXI.
And sayd, Sith then thou knowest all our griefe,
(For what dost not thou know?) of grace I pray,
Pitty our plaint, and yield us meet reliefe.
With that the prophet still awhile did stay,
And then his spirite thus gan forth displaie;
Most noble virgin, that by fatall lore
Haft learn’d to love, let no whit thee dismay
The hard begin, that meets thee in the dore,
And with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppresseth sore.

XXII.
For so must all things excellent begin,
And eke enrooted deepe must be that tree,
Whose big embodied braunches shall not lin,
Till they to heaven’s hight forth stretched bee.
For from thy wombe a famous progenie
Shall spring, out of the auncient Trojan blood,
Which shall revive the sleeping memorie
Of those same antique peres, the heaven’s brood,
Which Greeke and Asian rivers stained with their blood.

XXIII.
Renowmed Kings, and sacred Emperours,
Thy fruitfull offspring, shall from thee descend;
Brave captaines, and most mighty warriours,
That shall their conquests through all lands extend,
And their decayed kingdoms shall amend.
The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
They shall upreare, and mightily defend
Against their forren foe, that commes from farre,
Till univerfall peace compound all civill jarre.

XXIV. It
Cant. III.  the Faerie Queen.

XXIV.
It was not, Britomart, thy wandering eye,
Glauncing unawares in charmed looking-glas,
But the straight course of heavenly destiny,
Led with eternal providence, that has
Guided thy glaunce, to bring his will to pass.

Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To love the proweft knight, that ever was.
Therefore submit thy ways unto his will,
And do by all due means thy destiny fulfill.

XXV.
But read, said Glauce, thou magitian,
What means shall she out seek, or what ways take?
How shall she know, how shall she find the man?
Or what needs her to toyle, if her fates can make
Way for themselves, their purpose to pertake?

Then Merlin thus; Indeed the fates are firme,
And may not shrinck, though all the world do shake:
Yet ought mens good endeavours them confirm,
And guide the heavenly causes to their constant terme.

XXVI.
The man, whom heavens have ordaynd to be
The spouse of Britomart, is Arthegall:
He wonneth in the land of Fayeree,
Yet is no Fary borne, ne fìb at all
To elves, but sprung of seed terrestrial,
And whiles by false Faries stolen away,

Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a Fay.

XXVII. But
XXVII.

But sooth he is the sonne of Gorlois,
And brother unto Cador, Cornish king,
And for his warlike feates renowned is,
From where the day out of the sea doth spring
Untill the closure of the evening.
From thence him firmly bound with faithfull band,
To this his native soyle thou backe shalt bring,
Strongly to aide his countrey, to withstand
The powre of forrein Paynims, which invade thy land.

XXVIII.

Great aid thereto his mighty puissance,
And dreaded name shall give in that sad day:
Where also proove of thy prowe valiaunce
Thou then shalt make, t'increase thy lover's pray.
Long time ye both in armes shall beare great sway,
Till thy wombe's burden thee from them do call,
And his last fate him from thee take away,
Too rathe cut off by practife crimnall
Of secret foes, that him shall make in mischicfe fall.

XXIX.

With thee yet shall he leave for memory
Of his late puissance, his image dead,
That living him in all activity
To thee shall represent. He from the head
Of his coosin Constantius, without dread,
Shall take the crowne, that was his father's right,
And therewith crowne himselfe in th'others stead:
Then shall he iflew forth with dreadfull might,
Against his Saxon foes in bloudy field to fight.

XXX. Like
Cant. III.  

XXX.
Like as a lyon, that in drowsie cave
Hath long time slept, himselfe to shall he shake,
And coming forth shall spred his banner brave
Over the troubled South, that it shall make
The warlike Mertians for feare to quake:
Thrice shall he fight with them, and twise shall win,
But the third time shall faire accordaunce make:
And if he then with victorie can lin,
He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly in.

XXXI.
His sonne, hight Vortipore, shall him suceed
In kingdome, but not in felicity;
Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,
And with great honour many battels try;
But at the laft to th’importunity
Of froward fortune shall be forft to yield.
But his sonne Malgo shall full mightily
Avenge his father’s losse, with speare and shielde,
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

XXXII.
Behold the man, and tell me, Britomart,
If ay more goodly creature thou didst see;
How like a gyant in each manly part
Beares he himselfe with portly majestee,
That one of th’old Heroes seemes to bee:
He the fix islands, comprovinciall
In auncient times unto great Britanee,
Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
Their sundry Kings to do their homage severall.

XXXIII. All
XXXIII.
All which his sonne Careticus awhile
Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppress,
Untill a stranger king from unknowne foile
Arriving, him with multitude oppresse;
Great Gormond, having with huge mightinesse
Ireland subdewld, and therein fixt his throne,
Like a swift otter, fell through emptinesse,
Shall overswim the sea with many one
Of his Norveyfes, to assist the Britons sone.

XXXIV.
He in his furie all shall overronne,
And holy church with faithlesse hands deface,
That thy sad people, utterly fordone,
Shall to the utmost mountaines fly apace:
Was never so great waft in any place,
Nor so fowle outrage doen by living men:
For all thy cities they shall sacke and race,
And the greene graffe, that groweth, they shall bren,
That even the wild beast shall dy in starved den.

XXXV.
Whiles thus thy Britons do in languour pine,
Proud Etheldred shall from the North arise,
Serving th'ambitious will of Augustine,
And passing Dee with hardy enterprize,
Shall backe repulse the valiaunt Brockwell twife,
And Bangor with massacred martyrs fill;
But the third time shall rew his foolhardise:
For Cadwan pitying his people's ill
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons kill.

XXXVI. But
But after him, *Cadwallin* mightily

On his sone *Edwin* all those wrongs shall wrecake;
Ne shall availe the wicked sorcery
Of false *Pelite*, his purposes to breake,
But him shall slay, and on a gallows bleake
Shall give th’enchaunter his unhappy hire:
Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,
From their long vassallage gin to respire,
And on their Paynim foes avenge their ranckled ire.

Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
Till both the sones of *Edwin* he have slaine,
*Offricke* and *Offricke*, twinnes unfortuniate,
Both slaine in battell upon Layburne plaine,
Together with the King of *Louthiane*,
Hight *Adin*, and the King of *Orkeny*,
Both joynt partakers of their fatal paine:
But *Penda*, fearfull of like defteny,
Shall yield him selfe his liegeman, and sware fealty.

Him shall he make his fatal instrument,
*T’afflicte* the other *Saxons* unsubdewd;
He marching forth with fury insolent
Against the good King *Ofwald*, who indewd
With heavenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,
All holding crofles in their hands on hye,
Shall him defeate withouten bloud imbrewd:
Of which that field, for endlesse memory,
Shall *Hevenfield* be cald to all posterity.
Whereat Cadwallin wroth, shall forth iflew,
And a huge hoste into Northumber lead,
With which he godly Oswald shall subdew,
And crowne with martyrdome his sacred head.
Whose brother Osuw, daunted with like dread,
With price of silver shall his kinkdome buy,
And Penda, seeking him adowne to tread,
Shall tread adowne, and do him fowly dye,
But shall with gifts his lord Cadwallin pacify.

Then shall Cadwallin die, and then the raine
Of Britons eke with him attonce shall dye; Ne shall the good Cadwallader with paine,
Or powre, be hable it to remedy,
When the full time prefixt by destiny Shall be expired of Britons regiment.
For heaven it selfe shall their succeffe envy,
And them with plagues and murrins pestilent Consumme, till all their warlike puifTance be spent.

Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight years space,
Cadwallader, not yielding to his ills,
From Armoriche, where long in wretched case He liv'd, returned to his native place,
Shall be by vision staid from his intent:
For th' heavens have decreed, to displace The Britons, for their finnes dew punishment,
And to the Saxons over-give their government.
Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,
Be to the Briton babe, that shall be borne,
To live in thraldome of his father's foe;
Late king, now captive, late lord, now forlorn,
The world's reproach, the cruel victor's scorn,
Banish'd from princely bowre to wasteful wood:
O! who shall help me to lament, and mourn
The royall seed, the antique Trojan blood,
Whose empire longer here then ever any stood?

The damzell was full deepe empassioned,
Both for his griefe, and for her people's sake,
Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned,
And sighing fore, at length him thus bespake;
Ah! but will heaven's fury never slake,
Nor vengeance huge relent it selfe at last?
Will not long misery late mercy make;
But shall their name for ever be defaste,
And quite from off th'earth their memory be raft?

Nay but the terme, said he, is limited,
That in this thraldome Britons shall abide,
And the just revolution measured,
That they as strangers shall be notiside.
For twise foure hundredth years shall be supplide,
Ere they to former rule restor'd shall bee,
And their importune fates all satisfide:
Yet during this their most obscuritee,
Their beames shall oft breake forth, that men them faire may see.
XLV.
For Rhodericke, whose surname shalbe Great,
Shall of him selfe a brave ensample shew,
That Saxon Kings his friendship shal intreat;
And Howell Dha shall goodly well indew
The salvage minds with skill of just and trew.
Then Griffyth Conan also shal up reare
His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew
Of native courage, that his foes shal feare,
Least back againe the kingdome he from them shal bearce.

XLVI.
Ne shal the Saxons selves all peaceably
Enjoy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne
First ill, and after ruled wickedly:
For ere two hundred years be full outronne,
There shal a raven, far from rising sunne,
With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithlesse chickens overronne
The fruitfulle plaines, and with fell cruelty,
In their avenge, tread downe the victours furquedry.

XLVII.
Yet shal a third both these and thine subdew;
There shal a lion from the sea-bord wood
Of Neustria come roring, with a crew
Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
Whose clawes were newly dipt in cruddy blood,
That from the Daniscke tyrants head shal rend
Th’usurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
And the spoile of the countrey conquered
Emongst his young ones shal divide with bountyhed.

XLVIII. Tho
XLVIII.
Tho when the terme is full accomplisht,
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-while
Bene in his ashes raked up, and hid,
Be freshly kindled in the fruitfull ile
Of Mona, where it lurked in exile;
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the house, that bears the stile
Of royall majesty and soveraine name;
So shall the Briton bloud their crowne againe reclame.

XLIX.
Thenceforth eternal union shall be made
Betweene the nations different afore,
And sacred peace shall lovingly perswade
The warlike minds, to learne her goodly lore,
And civil armes to exercise no more.
Then shall a royall virgin raine, which shall
Stretch her white rod over the Belgicke shore,
And the great castle smite so sore with all,
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learne to fall.

L.
But yet the end is not. There Merlin stayd,
As overcomen of the spirites powre,
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he saw, yet note discoure:
Which suddein fit, and halfe extatick stoure
When the two searefull women saw, they grew
Greatly confused in behavioure;
At last the fury past, to former hew
He turnd againe, and cheerfull looks, as earst, did shew.

LI. Then,
Then, when themselves they well instructed had
Of all, that needed them to be inquir'd,
They both conceiving hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts unto their home retir'd;
Where they in secret counsell close confir'd,
How to effect so hard an enterprize,
And to possess the purpose they desir'd:
Now this, now that twixt them they did devise,
And diverse plots did frame, to maske in strange disguise.

At last the nourse in her foolhardy wit
Conceiv'd a bold devise, and thus bespake;
Daughter, I deeme that counsel aye most fit,
That of the time doth dew advantage take.
Ye see, that good King Uther now doth make
Strong warre upon the the Paynim brethren hight,
Oëla and Oza, whome hee lately brake
Beside Cayr Verolame, in victorious fight;
That now all Britanie doth burne in armes bright.

That therefore nought our passage may impeach,
Let us in feigned armes our selves disguize,
And our weake hands (need makes good schollers) teach
The dreadful speare and shield to exercize:
Ne certes, daughter, that same warlike wize,
I weene, should you missee me; for ye beene tall,
And large of limbe, t'atchieve an hard emprize;
Ne ought ye want, but skill, which practize small
Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd martiall.

And
Cant. III.  

the Faerie Queene.  

LIV.

And sooth, it ought your courage much inflame,
To heare so often, in that royall hous,
From whence to none inferiour ye came:
Bards tell of many women valorous,
Which have full many feats adventurous
Performd, in paragone of proudest men:
The bold Bunduca, whose victorious
Exploits made Rome to quake; stout Guendolen,
Renowned Martia, and redoubted Emmilen.

LV.

And that, which more then all the rest may sway,
Late dayes enample, which these eyes beheld:
In the last field before Menevia,
Which Uther with those forrein pagans held,
I saw a Saxon virgin, the which feld
Great Ufin thrife upon the bloody plaine,
And had not Carados her hand withheld
From rash revenge, she had him surely slaine,
Yet Carados himfelfe from her escapt with paine.

LVI.

Ah! read, quoth Britomart, how is she hight?
Faire Angela, quoth she, men do her call;
No whit leffe faire, then terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a martiall
And mightie people, dreaded more then all
The other Saxons, which do for her fake
And love, themselves of her name Angles call.
Therefore, faire infant, her enexample make
Unto thy felfe, and equall courage to thee take.
LVII.

Her harty wordes so deepe into the mynd
Of the yong damzell sunke, that great desiere
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
And generous stout courage did inspire,
That she resolv'd, unweeting to her fire,
Advent'rous knighthood on her selfe to don,
And counsell'd with her nourse, her maide's attire
To turne into a massy habergeon,
And bad her all things put in readinesse anon.

LVIII.

Th'old woman nought, that needed, did omit;
But all things did conveniently purvay:
It fortuned (to time their turne did fit)
A band of Britons ryding on forray
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods, emongst the which was seen
A goodly armour, and full rich aray,
Which long'd to Angela, the Saxon Queene,
All fretted round with gold, and goodly well besene.

LIX.

The same, with all the other ornaments,
King Ryence caus'd to be hanged by
In his chiefe church, for endlessse moniments
Of his successe and gladfull victroy:
Of which her selfe avising readily,
In th'evening late old Glauce thither led
Faire Britomart, and that same armory
Down taking, her therein appareled,
Well as she might, and with brave bauledrick garnished.

LX. Beside
Cant. III. the Faerie Queene.

LX.
Beside those armes there stood a mightie speare,
Which Bladud made by magick art of yore,
And usd the same in battell aye to beare;
Sith which it had beene here preserv'd in store,
For his great virtues proved long afore:
For never wight so fast in fell could fit,
But him perforce unto the ground it bore:
Both speare she tooke, and shield, which hong by it;
Both speare and shield of great powre, for her purpose fit.

LXI.
Thus when she had the virgin all arayd,
Another harnessse, which did hang thereby,
About her selfe she dight, that the young mayd
She might in equall armes accompany,
And as her squire attend her carefully.
Tho to their ready steeds they clombe full light,
And through back wayes, that none might them esp'y,
Covered with secret cloud of silent night,
Themselves they forth conveyd, and passed forward right.

LXII.
Ne rested they, till that to Faerie lond:
They came, as Merlin them directed late;
Where meeting with this Redcrosse knight, the fond
Of diverse things discourses to dilate,
But most of Arthegall, and his estate.
At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part:
Then each to other well affectionate
Friendship professed with unfained hart;
The Redcrosse knight divers, but forth rode Britomart.
Canto IV.

Bold Marinell of Britomart
Is throwne on the rich strand.
Faire Florimell of Arthur is
Long followed, but not fond.

I.

HERE is the antique glory now become,
That whilome wont in women to appeare?
Where be the brave atchievements doen by some?
Where be the battels, where the shield and speare,
And all the conquests, which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous Poets verse,
And boastfull men so oft abash't to heare?
Bene they all dead, and laid in dolefull herse?
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reverse?

II.

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore:
But if they sleepe, O let them soone awake!
For all too long I burne with envy sore,
To heare the warlike feates, which Homere spake
Of bold Penthesilee, which made a lake
Of Greekes bloud so oft in Trojan plaine:
But when I reade, how stout Debora strake
Proud Sisera, and how Camill' hath slaine
The huge Orsilochus, I swell with great desdaine.

III. Yet
Yet these, and all that else had puissance,
Cannot with noble Britomart compare,
As well for glorie of great valiaunce,
As for pure chaftitie and vertue rare,
That all her goodly deeds do well declare.
Well worthy stock, from which the branches sprong,
That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,
As thee, O Queene, the matter of my song,
Whose lineage from this lady I derive along.

Who when through speaches with the Redcrosse knight,
She learned had th’esstate of Artheall,
And in each point her selfe informed aright,
A friendly league of love perpetuall
She with him bound, and Congé tooke withall.
Then he forth on his journey did proceede,
To seeke adventures, which mote him befall,
And win him worship through his warlike deed,
Which alwayes of his paines he made the chiefeft meed.

But Britomart kept on her former course,
Ne ever dofte her armes, but all the way
Grew pensive through that amorous discours,
By which the Redcrosse knight did earst display
Her lover’s shape, and chevalrous aray.
A thousand thoughts she fashioned in her mind,
And in her feigning fancie did pourtray
Him such, as fittest he for love could find,
Wife, warlike, personable, curteous, and kind.
With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she fed,
And thought so to beguile her grievous smart;
But so her smart was much more grievous bred,
And the deepe wound more deepe engord her hart,
That nought but death her dolour mote depart.
So forth she rode without repose or rest,
Searching all lands, and each remotest part,
Following the guidance of her blinded guest,
Till that to the sea-coast at length she her address.

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
And sitting downe upon the rocky shore,
Bad her old squire unlace her lofty creast.
Tho having vewd a while the surges hore,
That against the craggy clifts did loudly rore,
And in their raging furquedry disdaynd,
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their devouring covetize restraynd,
Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus complaynd.

Huge sea of sorrow, and tempestuous griefe,
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long,
Far from the hoped haven of reliefe,
Why do thy cruel billowes beat so strong,
And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,
Threatning to swallow up my fearefull life?
O do thy cruel wrath and spightfull wrong
At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,
Which in thy troubled bowels raignes, and rageth rise.

IX. For
IX.
For else my feeble vesiell crazd, and crackt
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,
Cannot endure, but needs it must be wrackt
On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,
The whiles that love it fteres, and fortune rowes:
Love, my lewd pilot, hath a restlesse mind,
And fortune, botefwaine, no assuraunce knowes,
But faile withouten fтарres, gainst tide and wind:
How, can they other do, fith both are bold and blind?

X.
Thou, God of winds, that raigneft in the seas,
That raigneft also in the continent,
At laft blow up some gentle gale of ease,
The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
Unto the gladsome port of her intent:
Then when I shall my selfe in safety see,
A table for eternall moniment
Of thy great grace, and my great jopardee,
Great Neptune, I avow to hollow unto thee.

XI.
Then fighing softly fore, and inly deepe,
She shut up all her plaint in privy griefe;
For her great courage would not let her weep;
Till that old Glauce gan with sharpe reprieve
Her to restraine, and give her good reliefe,
Through hope of those, which, Merlin had her told,
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fetch their being from the sacred mould
Of her immortall womb, to be in heaven enrold.
XII.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde,
Where farre away one all in armour bright,
With hastie gallop, towards her did ryde:
Her dolour soone she ceaft, and on her dight
Her helmet, to her courser mounting light:
Her former sorrow into suddain wrath,
Both coosen passions of disstroubled spriyght,
Converting, forth she beates the duftie path;
Love and despight attonce her courage kindled hath.

XIII.

As when a foggy mift hath overcaft
The face of heaven, and the cleare aire engroft,
The world in darkness dwels, till that at laft
The watry southwinde from the seabord coft
Upblowing, doth disperse the vapour lo'ft,
And poyres it selfe forth in a stormy shoure;
So the faire Britomart having disclo'ft
Her cloudy care into a wrathfull shoure,
The mift of griefe disolv'd did into vengeance powre.

XIV.

Eftsoones her goodly shielde addressing faire,
That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
And unto battel did her selfe preparle.
The knight approaching, sternly her bespake;
Sir knight, that doest thy voyage rashly make
By this forbidden way in my despight,
Ne doest by others death ensample take,
I read thee soone retyre, whiles thou haft might,
Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

XV. Ythrild
Ythrid with deepe disdaine of his proud threat,
She shortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly;
Words fearen babes. I meane not thee entreat
To passe; but maugre thee will passe or dy.
Ne lenger stayd for th’other to reply,
But with sharpe speares the rest made dearly knowne.
Strongly the strange knight ran, and sturdily
Strooke her full on the brest, that made her downe
Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her crowne.

But she againe him in the shielde did smite
With so fierce furie and great puissance,
That through his threesquare scuchin percing quite,
And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce
The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce;
Him so transfixd she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce;
Till sadly soucing on the sandie shore,
He tumbled on an heape, and wallowd in his gore.

Like as the sacred ox, that careless stands,
With gilded hornes, and flowry girdons crown’d,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bands,
Whiles th’altars fume with frankincense arround,
All suddenly with mortall stroke astownd,
Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distaines the pillours, and the holy ground,
And the faire flowres, that decked him afore;
So fell proud Marinell upon the pretious shore.

So fell proud Marinell upon the pretious shore.
The martiall mayd stayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her readie way
Along the ftrond, which, as she over-went,
She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
Of pearles and pretious ftones of great assay,
And all the gravell mixt with golden owre.
Whereat she wonderd much, but would not stay
For gold, or perles, or pretious ftones an howre,
But them despifed all; for all was in her powre.

XIX.

Whilesthus he lay in deadly ftonishment,
Tydings hereof came to his mother’s eare;
His mother was the blacke-browd Cymoent,
The daughter of great Nereus, which did beare
This warlike fonne unto an earthly peare,
The famous Dumaris; who on a day
Finding the nymph a sleepe in secret wheare,
As he by chaunce did wander the same way,
Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay.

XX.

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne
She of his father Marinell did name,
And in a rocky cave, as wight forlorn;
Long time she softred up, till he became
A mightie man at armes, and mickle fame
Did get through great adventures by him done:
For never man he suffred by that fame
Rich ftrond to travell, whereas he did wonne,
But that he muft do battel with the sea-nymphes fonne.

XXI. An
An hundred knights of honorable name
He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made,
That through all Faerie lond his noble fame
Now blazed was, and feare did all invade,
That none durst paffen through that perilous glade.
And to advance his name and glory more,
Her sea-god fyre she dearly did perfwade
T'endow her fonne with threfure and rich flore,
Bove all the fonnes, that were of earthly wombes ybore.

The God did graunt his daughter's deare demand,
To doen his nephew in all riches flow:
Eftfoones his heaped waves he did command,
Out of their hollow bosom forth to throw
All the huge threfure, which the sea below
Had in his greedie gulfe devoured deepe,
And him enriched through the overthrow
And wreckes of many wretches, which did weep,
And often waile their wealth, which he from them did keepe.

Shortly upon that shore there heaped was
Exceeding riches and all pretious things,
The spoyle of all the world, that it did pas
The wealth of th'East, and pompe of Persian kings:
Gold, amber, yvorie, perles, owches, rings,
And all that else was pretious and deare,
The sea unto him voluntary brings,
That shortly he a great lord did appeare,
As was in all the lond of Faerie, or elsewhere.
XXIV.

Thereto he was a doughtie dreaded knight,
Tryde often to the seath of many deare,
That none in equall armes him matchen might;
The which his mother seeing, gan to feare,
Leaft his too haughtie hardines might reare.
Some hard mishap, in hazard of his life:
For-thy she oft him counsel'd to forbear
The bloudie battell, and to stirre up strife.
But after all his warre, to rest his wearie knife.

XXV.

And for his more assurance, she inquir'd:
One day of Proteus by his mightie spell,
(For Proteus was with prophetic inspier'd)
Hear deare sonne's deslinie to her to tell,
And the sad end of her sweet Marinell.
Who, through foresight of his eternall skill,
Bad her from womankind to keepe him well;
For of a woman he should have much ill;
A virgin strange and stout him should dismay, or kill.

XXVI.

For-thy she gave him warning every day,
The love of women not to entertaine;
A lesson too too hard for living clay.
For love in course of nature to refraine:
Yet he his mother's lore did well retaine,
And ever from faire ladies love did fly;
Yet many ladies faire did oft complains;
That they for love of him would algates dy:
Dy, who so lift for him, he was loves enimey.

XXVII. But
Cant. IV. \textit{the Faerie Queene.} 75

XXVII.

But ah! who can deceive his destiny,
Or weene by warning to avoyd his fate?
That when he sleepe in most security,
And safest seems, him soonest doth amate,
And findeth due effect or soone or late.
So feeble is the powre of fleshly arme.
His mother bad him womens love to hate,
For she of woman's force did feare no harme;
So weening to have arm'd him, she did quite disarme.

XXVIII.

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,
That \textit{Proteus} prophecie should him dismay,
The which his mother vainely did expound,
To be hart-wounding love, which should assay
To bring her sonne unto his laft decay.
So tickle be the termes of mortall state,
And full of subtile sophisimes, which do play
With double senses, and with false debate,
T'approve the unknowen purpose of eternall fate.

XXIX.

Too trew the famous \textit{Marinell} it fownd,
Who, through late triall, on that wealthy stron'd
Inglorious now lies in fencleffe swound,
Through heavy stroke of \textit{Britomartis} hond.
Which when his mother deare did understond,
And heavy tydings heard, whereas she playd
Among her watry sisters by a pond,
Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to have made
Gay girlonds, from the sun their forheads faire to shade;

L 2 XXX. Eft-
XXX.
Eftsoones both flowres and girlonds farre away
She flong, and her faire deawy lockes yrent;
To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
And gamefon merth to grievous dremiment.
She threw her selfe downe on the continent,
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a fstowne,
While she all her systers did for her lament
With yelling outcries, and with shrieking fstowne;
And every one did teare her girond from her crowne.

XXXI.
Soone as she up out of her deadly fit
Arose, she bad her charet to be brought,
And all her systers, that with her did fit,
Bad eke attonce their charets to be fought.
Tho full of bitter griefe and pensive thought,
She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the rest,
And forth together went, with sorow fraught.
The waves, obedient to their beheaft,
Them yielded readie passage, and their rage furceast.

XXXII.
Great Neptune stood amazed at their fight,
While he on his broad round backe they softly slid,
And eke him selfe mournd at their mournfull plight,
Yet wist not what their wailing ment, yet did
For great compassion of their sorow, bid
His mightie waters to them buxome bee:
Eftsoones the roaring billowes still abid,
And all the griesly monstres of the see
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

XXXIII. A
A teme of dolphins, raunged in aray,
Drew the smooth charret of sad Cymoent;
They were all taught by Triton, to obay
To the long traines, at her commanndement:
As swift as swallowes, on the waves they went,
That their broad flaggy finnes no some did reare,
Ne bubbling roundell they behinde them fent;
The rest of other fishes drawen weare,
Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did sheare.

Soone as they bene arriv'd upon the brim
Of the Rich strand, their charrets they forlore,
And let their temed fishes softly swim
Along the margent of the somy shore,
Leaft they their finnes should bruze; and furbate sore
Their tender feeete upon the stony ground:
And coming to the place, where all in gore
And cruuddy bloud enwallowed they found
The lucklesse Marinell, lying in deadly swound;

His mother swowned thrife, and the third time
Could scarce recovered be out of her paine;
Had she not beene devoide of mortall slime,
She should not then have beene reliv'd againe:
But soone as life recovered had the raine,
She made so piteous mone and deare wayment,
That the hard rocks could scarce from tears refraine,
And all her sister nymphes with one consent
Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad complemente.
XXXVI.
Deare image of my selfe, she said, that is,
The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
Is this thine high advauncement? O! is this
Th’immortall name, with which thee yet unborne
Thy grandfuler Nereus promist to adorne?
Now lyest thou of life and honor rest;
Now lyest thou a limpe of earth forlorne,
Ne of thy late life memory is left,
Ne can thy irrevokeable destiny be west?

XXXVII.
Fond Proteus, father of false prophecis,
And they more fond, that credit to thee give,
Not this the worke of woman’s hand ywis,
That so deepe wound through these deare members drive.
I feared love; but they, that love, do live,
But they, that dye, do neither love nor hate.
Nath’lesse to thee thy folly I forgive;
And to my selfe, and to accursed fate,
The guilt I do ascribe: deare wisedom bought too late.

XXXVIII.
O! what availes it of immortall seed
To beene ybred, and never borne to die?
Far better I it deeme to die with speed,
Then waste in woe and wailefull miserie.
Who dyes, the utmost dolor doth abie,
But who, that lives, is left to waile his losse:
So life is losse, and death felicitie.
Sad life worse than glad death; and greater croste
To see friends grave, then dead the grave selfe to engrossse.

XXXIX. But
Cant. IV. *the Faerie Queene.*

XXXIX.

But if the heavens did his dayes envie,
   And my short blis maligne, yet mote they well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die,
That the dim eyes of my deare Marinell
   I mote have closed, and him bed farewell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
   They would not graunt.
Yet maulgre them farewell, my sweetest sweet;
Farewell, my sweetest sonne, sith we no more shall meet.

XL.

Thus when they all had sorrowed their fill,
   They softly gan to search his grievly wound;
And that they might him handle more at will,
   They him disarmed, and spredding on the ground
Their watchet mantles frinmgd with silver round,
   They softly wipt away the gelly blood
From th'orifice; which having well upbound,
   They pourd in soveraine balme, and nectar good,
Good both for erthly med’cine, and for heavenly food.

XLII.

Tho when the lilly handed Liagore,
   (This Liagore whylome had learned skill
In leaches craft, by great Appolloe’s lore,
Sith her whylome upon high Pindus hill,
He loved, and at laft her wombe did fill
With heavenly feed, whereof wise Paon sprong)
   Did feele his pulse, she knew there staied still
Some little life his feeble sprites emong;
Which to his mother told, despaire she from her flong.

XLII. Tho
XLII.

Tho up him taking in their tender hands,
They easily unto her chariot bear:  
Her teme at her commandment quiet stands,
Whilest they the corse into her wagon rear,
And strowe with flowers the lamentable bear:
Then all the rest into their coaches climb,
And through the brackish waves their passage sheare;
Upon great Neptune’s necke they softly swim,
And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

XLIII.

Deepe in the bottome of the sea, her bowre
Is built of hollow billowes heaped hie,
Like to thicke clouds, that threat a stormy shower,
And vaulted all within, like to the sky,
In which the Gods do dwell eternally:
There they him laid in easie couch well dight;
And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply
Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might:
For Tryphon of sea Gods the soveraine leach is hight.

XLIV.

The whiles the Nymphes fit all about him round,
Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight;
And oft his mother vewing his wide wound,
Cursed the hand, that did so deadly smight
Her dearest sonne, her dearest hart’s delight.
But none of all those curses overtooke
The warlike maid, th’enexample of that might,
But fairely well she thryvd, and well did brooke
Her noble deeds, ne her right course for ought forsooke.

XLV. Yet
Yet did false Archimege her still pursuèw,
To bring to passe his mischievous intent,
Now that he had her singled from the crew
Of courteous knights, the Prince, and Faerie gent,
Whome late in chace of beautie excellent
She left, pursuèving that same foster strong;
Of whose soule outrage they impatient,
And full of fiery zeale, him followed long,
To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her wrong.

Through thick and thin, through mountains and through plains,
Those two great champions did attonce pursuèw
The fearfull damzell, with incessant pains;
Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew
Of hunter swift, and sent of houndes trew.
At last they came unto a double way,
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
Themselves they did dispart, each to assay,
Whether more happie were, to win so goodly pray.

But Timias, the Prince’s gentle squire;
That ladie’s love unto his lord forlent,
And with proud envy, and indignant ire,
After that wicked foster fiercely went.
So beene they three three sundry wayes ybent.
But fairest fortune to the Prince befell,
Whose chaunce it was, that soone he did repent,
To take that way, in which that damozell
Was fled afore, affraid of him, as feend of hell.
XLVIII.

At last of her farre off he gained vew:
Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,
And ever as he nigher to her drew,
So evermore he did increase his speed,
And of each turning still kept warie heed:
Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,
To doe away vaine doubt, and needlessd deed:
Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall
Many mecke wordes, to stay and comfort her withall.

XLIX.

But nothing might relent her hastie flight;
So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine
Was earst impressed in her gentle spright:
Like as a fearesfull dove, which through the raine
Of the wide aire her way does cut amaine,
Having farre off espyde a tassell gent,
Which after her his nimble wings doth straine,
Doubleth her hast for feare to be for-hent,
And with her pineons cleaves the liquid firmament.

L.

With no lesse haft, and eke with no lesse deed,
That searesfull ladie fled from him, that ment
To her no evill thought, nor evill deed;
Yet former seare of being fowly shent
Carried her forward with her first intent:
And though oft looking backward, well she vewd
Her selfe freed from that foster insolent,
And that it was a knight, which now her seued,
Yet she no lesse the knight seard, then that villein rude.

LI. His
His uncouth shield and strange arms her dismay'd,
Whose like in Faerie lond were seldom seen;
That fast she from him fled, no less afraid,
Then of wilde beasts if she had chased beene:
Yet he her follow'd still with courage keen,
So long that now the golden Hesperus
Was mounted high in top of heaven sheene,
And warn'd his other brethren joyeous
To light their blessed lamps in Jove's eternall hous.

All suddenly dim wox the dampisht ayre,
And grieve shadowes covered heaven bright,
That now with thousand starrs was decked faire;
Which when the Prince beheld, a lothfull sight,
And that perforce, for want of lenger light,
He mote surcease his suit, and lose the hope
Of his long labour, he gan fowly wyte
His wicked fortune, that had turnd aslope,
And cursed night, that rest from him so goodly scope.

Tho when her ways he could no more descry,
But to and fro at disaventure stray'd;
Like as a ship, whose lodestarre, suddenly
Covered with cloudes, her pilot hath dismayd,
His wearesome pursuite perforce he stayd,
And from his lostie steed dismounting low,
Did let him forage. Downe himselfe he layd
Upon the grassie ground, to sleepe a throw;
The cold earth was his couch, the hard steele his pillow.
But gentle sleepe envyde him any rest;
In stead thereof sad sorrow and disdaine
Of his hard hap did vexe his noble brest,
And thousand fancies bet his idle braine
With their light wings, the sights of semblants vaine:
Oft did he wish, that lady faire mote bee
His Faerie Queene, for whom he did complains:
Or that his Faerie Queene were such, as shee:
And ever hasty night he blamed bitterlie.

Night, thou foule mother of annoyance sad,
Sister of heavie death, and nourse of woe,
Which waft begot in heaven, but for thy bad
And brutish shape thrust downe to hell below,
Where by the grim floud of Cocytus flow
Thy dwelling is, in Herebus black hous,
(Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe
Of all the Gods) where thou ungratious,
Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horrour hideous:

What had th’eternall maker need of thee,
The world in his continuall course to keepe,
That doest all things deface, ne letteft fee
The beautie of his worke? Indeed in sleepe
The slouthfull bodie, that doth love to steepe
His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,
Doth prайте thee oft, and oft from Stygian deepe
Calles thee, his goddesse in his error blind,
And great dame Nature’s handmaide, chearing every kind.

LVII. But
But well I wote, that to an heavy hart
    Thou art the root and nourse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renever of old smarts;
    In stead of rest thou lendest rayling teares;
In stead of sleepe thou lendest troublous feares,
And dreadfull visions, in the which alive
The dreary image of sad death appeares:
So from the wearie spirit thou doest drive
Desired rest, and men of happinesse deprive.

Under thy mantle black there hidden lye
    Light-shonning thefte, and traiterous intent:
Abhorred bloodshed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceit, and daunger imminent;
Fowle horror, and eke hellifh drieriment:
All these, I wote, in thy protection bee,
    And light doe shonne, for feare of being shent:
For light ylike is loth’d of them and thee,
And all, that lewdnesse love, doe hate the light to see.

For day discovers all dishonest wayes,
    And sheweth each thing, as it is indeed:
The prayses of high God he faire displayes,
And his large bountie rightly doth areed.
Day’s dearest children be the blessed seed,
Which darknesse shall subdue, and heaven win:
Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed,
Most sacred virgin, without spot of sin:
Our life is day, but death with darknesse doth begin.
LX.

O! when will day return to me againe,
   And bring with him his long expected light?
O Titan! haste to rear thy joyous waine:
Speed thee to spread abroad thy beams bright,
   And chase away this too long lingering night,
Chase her away, from whence she came, to hell.
She, she it is, that hath me done despight:
   There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
And yield her room to day, that can it govern well.

LXI.

Thus did the Prince that wearie night outweare,
   In restlesse anguish and unquiet paine;
And earely, ere the morrow did upreare
His deawy head out of the Ocean maine,
He up arose, as halfe in great disdain,
   And clombe unto his steed. So forth he went,
With heavie looke and lumpish pace, that plaine
In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent:
His steed eke seemed t'apply his steps to his intent.
Canto V.

Prince Arthur heares of Florimell:
Three fusters Timias wound,
Belphebe finds him almost dead,
And reareth out of sound.

I.

Under it is to see, in diverse minds
How diversly love doth his pageants play,
And shewes his powre in variable kinds:
The bafer wit, whose idle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It stirreth up to sensuall desire,
And in lewd slouth to waste his carelesse day:
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

II.

Ne suffereth it uncomely idlenesse,
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest:
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentlenesse
Ever to creepe into his noble brest,
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up, that else would lowly fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:
It lets not scarce this Prince to breath at all,
But to his first pursuit him forward still doth call:

III. Who
III.

Who long time wandred through the forrest wyde,
To finde some issue thence, till that at last
He met a dwarfe, that seemed terrifyde
With some late perill, which he hardly past,
Or other accident, which him aghaft;
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
And whither now he travelled so fast:
For fore he swat, and ronning through that same
Thicke forrest, was becrractht, and both his feet nigh lame.

IV.

Panting for breath, and almoft out of hart,
The dwarfe him answerd, Sir, ill mote I stay
To tell the same. I lately did depart
From Faerie court, where I have many a day
Served a gentle lady of great sway,
And high accompt, throughout all Elfin land,
Who lately left the same, and tooke this way:
Her now I seekè, and if ye understand
Which way she fared hath, good Sir, tell out of hand.

V.

What mistyr wight, said he, and how arayd?
Royally clad, quoth he, in cloth of gold,
As meetest may beyme a noble mayd;
Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold;
A fairer wight did never sunne behold,
And on a palfrey rides more white then snow,
Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold:
The surest signe, whereby ye may her know,
Is, that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow.

VI. Now
Cant. V.  

the Faerie Queene.

VI.

Now certes swaine, said he, such one, I weene,  
Fast flying through this forest from her so,  
A foule ill favoured foster, I have seene.  
Her selfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,  
But could not stay; so fast she did foregoe,  
Carried away with wings of speedy feare.  
Ah dearest God! quoth he, that is great woe,  
And wondrous ruthless to all, that shall it heare.

But can ye read, Sir, how I may her find, or where?

VII.

Perdy me lever were to weeten that,  
Said he, then ransome of the richest knight,  
Or all the good, that ever yet I gat:  
But froward fortune, and too forward night  
Such happinesse did, maulgre, to me s plight,  
And fro me rest both life and light attone.  
But, dwarfe, aread, what is that lady bright,  
That through this forest wandreth thus alone;  
For of her errour straunge I have great ruth and mone.

VIII.

That lady is, quoth he, where so she bee,  
The bountieuest virgin, and most debonaire,  
That ever living eye, I weene, did see;  
Lives none this day, that may with her compare  
In stedfaft chaftitie and vertue rare,  
The goodly ornaments of beautie bright;  
And is ycleped Florimell the faire,  
Faire Florimell belov'd of many a knight,  
Yet she loves none but one, that Marinell is hight.
The thirde Booke of Cant. V.

IX.
A sea-nymphe's sonne, that Marinell is hight,
Of my deare dame is loved dearely well;
In other none, but him, she sets delight;
All her delight is set on Marinell;
But he sets nought at all by Florimell:
For ladies love his mother long ygoe
Did him, they say, forwarne through sacred spell;
But fame now flies, that of a forreine foe
He is yslaine, which is the ground of all our woe.

X.
Five days there be, since he, they say, was slaine,
And foure, since Florimell the court forwent,
And vowed never to returne againe,
Till him alive or dead she did invent.
Therefore, faire Sir, for love of knighthood gent,
And honour of trew ladies, if ye may
By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,
Or succour her, or me direct the way,
Do one, or other good, I you most humbly pray.

XI.
So may you gaine to you full great renowne
Of all good ladies, through the world so wide,
And haply in her hart find higheft rowme,
Of whom ye seeke to be most magnifique:
At least eternall meede shall you abide.
To whom the Prince; Dwarfe, comfort to thee take,
For till thou tidings learne, what her betide,
I here avow thee never to forfake.
Ill weares he armes, that nill them use for ladies sake.

XII. So
So with the dwarfe he backe return'd againe,
To seeke his lady, where he mote her find;
But by the way he greatly gan complaine
The want of his good squire late left behind,
For whom he wondrous pensive grew in mind,
For doubt of daunger, which mote him betide;
For him he loved above all mankind,
Having him trew and faithfull ever tride,
And bold, as ever squire that waited by knight's side.

Who all this while full hardly was astant
Of deadly daunger, which to him betid;
For whiles his lord purswed that noble mayd,
After that foster fowle he fiercely rid,
To bene avenged of the shame, he did
To that faire damzell: Him he chaced long
Through the thicke woods, wherein he would have hid
His shamefull head from his avengement strong,
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

Nathlesse the villein sped himselfe so well,
Whether through swiftnesse of his speedy beast;
Or knowledge of those woods, where he did dwell,
That shortly he from daunger was releaft,
And out of sight escaped at the leaft;
Yet not escaped from the dew reward
Of his bad deeds, which dayly he increaft;
Ne ceased not, till him oppresssed hard
The heavy plague, that for such leachours is prepared.
The thirde Booke of Cant. V.

XV.

For soone as he was vanisht out of sight,
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
And cast t’avenge him of that fowle despight,
Which he had borne of his bold enimee.

Tho to his brethren came; for they were three
Ungratious children of one graceleffe fire,
And unto them complained, how that he
Had used bene of that foolehardy squire;
So them with bitter words he stird to bloodie ire.

XVI.

Forthwith themselves with their sad instruments
Of spoyle and murder they gan arme bylive,
And with him forth into the forest went,
To wreake the wrath, which he did earst revive
In their sterne brefts, on him which late did drive
Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight;
For they had vow’d, that never he alive
Out of that forest should escape their might;
Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with such despight.

XVII.

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,
Through which it was uneath for wight to wade,
And now by fortune it was overflowne:
By that same way they knew that squire unknowne
Mote algates passe; for thy themselves they set
There in await, with thicke woods over growne,
And all the while their malice they did whet
With cruell threats, his passage through the ford to let.

XVIII. It
Cant. V.  the Faerie Queene.

XVIII.
It fortuned, as they devized had,
  The gentle squire came ryding that same way,
    Unweeting of their wile and treason bad,
And through the ford to passen did assay;
But that fierce foster, which late fled away,
  Stoutly forth stepping on the further shore,
  Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,
  Till he had made amends, and full restore
For all the damage, which he had him doen afore.

XIX.
With that at him a quiv'ring dart he threw,
  With so fell force and vileinous despite,
    That through his haberjeon the forkehead flew,
And through the linked mayles empierced quite,
  But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite.
That stroke the hardy squire did fore displease,
  But more that him he could not come to smite;
  For by no meanes the high banke he could sease,
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine disease.

XX.
And still the foster with his long bore-speare
  Him kept from landing at his wished will;
Anone one sent out of the thicket neare
  A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,
And sethered with an unlucky quill;
  The wicked steele stayd not, till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
  Exceeding griefe that wound in him empight,
But more that with his foes he could not come to fight.

XXI. At
The thirde Booke of Cant. V.

XXI.

At last through wrath and vengeance making way,  
He on the bancke arriv'd with mickle paine,  
Where the third brother him did sore assay,  
And drove at him with all his might and maine  
A forest bill, which both his hands did straine;  
But warily he did avoide the blow,  
And with his speare requited him againe,  
That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,  
And a large streame of bloud out of the wound did flow.

XXII.

He tombling downe, with gnashinge teeth did bite  
The bitter earth, and bad to let him in  
Into the balefull house of endlessie night,  
Where wicked ghosts do waile their former sin.  
Tho gan the battell freshly to begin;  
For nathemore for that spectacle bad,  
Did th'other two their cruel vengeance blin,  
But both attonce on both sides him bestad,  
And load upon him layd, his life for to have had.

XXIII.

Tho when that villain he aviz'd, which late  
Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,  
Full of fiers fury, and indignat hate,  
To him he turned, and with rigour fell  
Smote him so rudely on the pannikell,  
That to the chin he cleft his head in twaine:  
Downe on the ground his carkas groveling fell;  
His sinfull soule with desperat disdaine  
Out of her fleshly forme fled to the place of paine.

XXIV. That
That seeing now the only last of three,
Who with that wicked shaft him wounded had,
Trembling with horror, as that did foresee.
The fearfull end of his avengement sad,
Through which he follow should his brethren bad,
His bootlesse bow in feeble hand upcaught,
And therewith shot an arrow at the lad;
Which faintly fluttering, scarce his helmet raught,
And glauncing fell to ground, but him annoyed naught.

With that he would have fled into the wood;
But Timias him lightly overhent,
Right as he entring was into the flood,
And strooke at him with force so violent,
That headlesse him into the soord he sent:
The carcas with the streame was carried downe,
But th'head fell backward on the continent.
So mischief fell upon the meaner's crowne;
They three be dead with shame, the squire lives with renowne.

He lives, but takes small joy of his renowne;
For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly swoone;
Yet still the blood forth gusht in so great store,
That he lay wallowed all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest squire, alive,
Else shall thy loving lord thee see no more,
But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,
And eke thy sefe of honour, which thou didst achieve.
The thirde Booke of Cant. V.

XXVII.
Providence heavenly paffeth living thought,
   And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;
For loe! great grace or fortune thither brought
Comfort to him, that comfortlesse now lay.
In those fame woods, ye well remember may,
How that a noble huntresse did wonne,
She, that base Braggadochio did affray,
And made him fast out of the forest ronne;
Belphæbe was her name, as faire as Phœbus sunne.

XXVIII.
She on a day, as she purflew the chase
Of some wild beast, which with her arrows keene
She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tract of blood, which she had freshely seen
To have besprinkled all the grassy greene:
By the great persue, which she there perceav’d,
Well hoped she the beast engor’d had beene,
And made more haste, the life to have bereav’d:
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceav’d.

XXIX.
Shortly she came, whereas that woefull squire,
With blood deformed, lay in deadly wound:
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The chrystall humour stood congealed round;
His locks, like faded leaves fallen to ground,
Knotted with blood, in boughes rudely ran,
And his sweete lips, on which before that stound
The bud of youth to blossome faire began,
Spoild of their rosie red, were woxen pale and wan.

XXX. Saw
Cant. V.  the Faerie Queene.

XXX.
Saw never living eye more heavy sight,
    That could have made a rocke of stone to rew,
Or rive in twaine: which when that lady bright,
Besides all hope, with melting eyes did vew,
All suddeinly abaft she chaunged hew,
And with sterne horrour backward gan to start:
But when she better him beheld, she grew
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart:
The point of pity perced through her tender hart.

XXXI.
Meekly she bowed downe, to weete, if life
Yet in his frozen members did remaine,
And feeling by his pulses beating rise,
That the weake soule her seat did yet retaine,
She caft to comfort him with busie paine:
His double folded necke she reard upright,
And rubd his temples, and each trembling vaine;
His mayled haberjeon she did undight,
And from his head his heavy burganet did light.

XXXII.
Into the woods thenceforth in haft she went,
To seeke for hearbes, that mote him remedy;
For she of herbes had great intendiment,
Taught of the nymphe, which from her infancy
Her nourced had in trew nobility:
There, whether it divine Tobacco were,
Or Panachaea, or Polygony,
She found, and brought it to her patient deare,
Who all this while lay bleeding out his hart-bloud neare.

XXXIII. The
XXXIII.
The soveraine weede betwixt two marbles plaine
She powned small, and did in pieces bruze,
And then atweene her lilly handes twaine,
Into his wound the juice thereof did fluze,
And round about, as she could well it use,
The flesh therewith she suppled and did steepe,
Tabate all spasme, and soke the swelling bruze,
And after having searcht the intuse deepe,
She with her scarfe did bind the wound from cold to keepe.

XXXIV.
By this he had sweet life recur'd againe,
And groaning inly deepe, at last his eies,
His watry eies, drizling like deawy raine,
He up gan lift toward the azure skies,
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:
Therewith he sigh'd, and turning him aside,
The goodly mayd full of divinities,
And gifts of heavenly grace, he by him spide,
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

XXXV.
Mercy, deare Lord, said he, what grace is this,
That thou hast shewed to me finfull wight,
To send thine Angell from her bowre of blis,
To comfort me in my distressed plight?
Angell, or Goddesse do I call thee right?
What service may I do unto thee meete,
That hast from darknesse me returnd to light,
And with thy heavenly salves and med'cines sweete,
Haft dreft my finfull wounds? I kisse thy blessed feete.

XXXVI. Thereat
Thereat she blushing said, Ah! gentle squire,
Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell, but the mayd,
And daughter of a woody nymphe, desire
No service, but thy safety and ayd,
Which if thou gaine, I shalbe well apayd.
We mortall wights, whose lives and fortunes bee
To commun accidents still open layd,
Are bound, with common bond of frailtee,
To succour wretched wights, whom we captived see.

By this her damzells, which the former chace
Had undertaken after her, arriv'd,
As did Belphæbe, in the blody place,
And thereby deem'd the beast had bene depriv'd
Of life, whom late their ladie's arrow riv'd:
For-thy the blody tract they followd faft,
And every one to ronne the swiftest striv'd;
But two of them the rest far overpaft,
And where their lady was, arrived at the last.

Where when they saw that goodly boy, with blood
Defowled, and their lady dres'se his wound,
They wondred much, and shortly understood,
How him in deadly case their lady found,
And reskew'd out of the heavy stownd.
Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
Farre in the woodes, whiles that he lay in stownd,
She made those damzels search, which being strayd,
They did him set theron, and forthwith them convayd.
XXXIX.
Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,
With mountaines round about environed,
And mighty woodes, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately theatre it made,
Spreading it selfe into a spacious plaine.
And in the midst a little river plaide
Emongst the pumy stones, which seemd to plaine
With gentle murmure, that their course they did restraine.

XL.
Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurells greene,
In which the birds song many a lovely lay
Of God's high praise, and of their sweet loves teene,
As it an earthly paradise had beene:
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A faire pavilion, scarcely to be seene,
The which was all within most richly dight,
That greatest princes living it mote well delight.

XLI.
Thither they brought that wounded squire, and layd
In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest;
He rested him a while, and then the mayd
His readie wound with better salves new dreft,
Daily she dressed him, and did the best
His grievous hurt to garish, that she might;
That shortly she his dolore hath redrest,
And his soule fore reduced to faire plight:
It she reduced, but him selfe destroyed quight.

XLII. 0
XLII.  
O foolish physicke, and unfruitfull paine,  
That heales up one, and makes another wound:  
She his hurt thigh to him recurred againe,  
But hurt his hart, the which before was found,  
Through an unwary dart, which did rebound,  
From her faire eyes and gracious countenance.  
What bootes it him from death to be unbound,  
To be captivated in endless duration  
Of sorrow and despaire without aleggeance?  

XLIII.  
Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,  
So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd:  
Madness to save a part, and lose the whole.  
Still whenas he beheld the heavenly mayd,  
While dayly plaisters to his wound she layd,  
So still his malady the more increast,  
The whiles her matchless beauty him dismayd.  
Ah! God, what other could he do at least,  
But love so faire a lady, that his life releast?  

XLIV.  
Long while he strove in his courageous breast,  
With reason dew the passion to subdew,  
And love for to dislodge out of his nest:  
Still when her excellencies he did view,  
Her soveraigne bountie, and celestiall Hew,  
The same to love he strongly was constraind:  
But when his meane estate he did review,  
He from such hardy boldnesse was restraind,  
And of his lucklesse lot and cruell love thus plaind.  

XLV. Un-
Unthankfull wretch, said he, is this the meed,
With which her soveraigne mercy thou dost quight?
Thy life she saved by her gracious deed;
But thou dost weene with villenous despight,
To blot her honour, and her heavenly light.
Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally
Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light:
Faire death it is, to shonne more shame, to dy:
Dye rather, dy, then ever love disloyally.

XLVI.

But if to love disloyalty it bee,
Shall I then hate her, that from deathes dore
Me brought? Ah! farre be such reproch fro mee!
What can I lesse do, then her love therefore,
Sith I her dew reward cannot restore?
Dye rather, dye, and dying doe her serve,
Dying her serve, and living her adore;
Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve:
Dye rather, dye, then ever from her service swerve.

XLVII.

But, foolish boy, what bootes thy service bace
To her, to whom the heavens do serve and few?
Thou a meane squire, of meeke and lowly place;
She heavenly borne, and of celestiall hew.
How then? of all love taketh equall vew:
And doth not higheft God vouchsafe to take
The love and service of the basest crew?
If she will not, dye meekly for her sake;
Dye rather, dye, then ever so faire love forfake.

XLVIII. Thus
XLVIII.
Thus warred he long time against his will;
   Till that through weakness he was forced at last,
   To yield himself unto the mighty ill:
Which, as a victour proud, gan ranfack fast
His inward parts, and all his entrayles waft,
That neither blood in face, nor life in heart
It left, but both did quite drye up, and blast;
As percing levin, which the inner part
Of every thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

XLIX.
Which seeing faire Belphæbe, gan to feare,
   Least that his wound were inly well not heald,
Or that the wicked fleele empoyyned were:
Little she weend, that love he close conceald.
Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeald,
When the bright sunne his beams thereon doth beat;
Yet never he his hart to her reveal'd,
But rather chose to dye for sorrow great,
Then with dishonourable termes her to entreat.

L.
She, gracious lady, yet no paines did spare,
   To do him ease, or do him remedy:
Many restoratives of virtues rare,
   And costly cordialles she did apply,
To mitigate his stubborne malady:
   But that sweet cordiall, which can restore
A love-fick' hart, she did to him envy;
   To him, and to all th'unworthy world forlore
She did envy that soveraigne salve, in secret store.

LI. That
LI.

That daintie rose, the daughter of her morn,  
More deare then life she tendered, whose flowre  
The girllond of her honour did adorne:  
Ne suffred she the middaye's scorching powre,  
Ne the sharp northerne wind thereon to fhowre,  
But lapped up her silken leaves most chaire,  
When so the froward skye began to lowre:  
But soone as calmed was the chriftall aire,  
She did it faire dispred, and let to florish faire.

LII.

Eternall God in his almighty powre,  
To make enample of his heavenly grace,  
In paradize whilome did plant this flowre;  
Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,  
And did in ftocke of earthly flesh enrace,  
That mortall men her glory shoued admire,  
In gentle ladies brefte, and bounteous race  
Of womankind it faireft flowre doth spire,  
And beareth fruit of honour and all chaft desiere.

LIII.

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright fhining beames  
Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,  
And to your willes both royalties and reames  
Subdew, through conquest of your wondrous might,  
With this faire flowre your goodly girllonds dight,  
Of chaftity and vertue virginall,  
That shal embellifh more your beautie bright,  
And crowne your heads with heavenly coronall,  
Such as the Angels weare before God's tribunall.

LI. To
LIV.

To your faire selves a faire ensample frame
Of this faire virgin, this Belphoebe faire,
To whom in perfect love, and spotlesse fame
Of chaftitie, none living may compaire:
Ne poysnous envy justly can empaire
The prayse of her fresh flowering maydenhead;
For-thy she standeth on the higheft staire
Of th' honorable stage of womanhead,
That ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

LV.

In so great prayse of stedfast chaftity,
Nathlesse she was so courteous and kind,
Tempered with grace, and goodly modesty,
That seemed those two virtues strove to find
The higher place in her heroick mind:
So striving each did other more augment,
And both encraef the prayse of woman kind,
And both encraef her beautie excellent;
So all did make in her a perfect complement.
Canto VI.

The birth of faire Belphæbe and
Of Amoret is told:
The gardins of Adonis fraught
With pleasures manifold.

I.

ELL may I weene, faire ladies, all this while:
Ye wonder, how this noble damozell
So great perfections did in her compile,
Sith that in salvage forefts she did dwell,
So farre from court and royall citadell,
The great schoolmistresse of all courtefy,
Seemeth that such wild woods should far expell
All civill usage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deformè with rude rusticity.

II.

But to this faire Belphæbe in her birth
The heavens fo favourable were and free;
Looking with myld aspect upon the earth:
In th’Horoscope of her nativitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne.

Jove laught on Venus from his soveraigne see,
And Phæbus with faire beames did her adorne,
And all the Graces rockt her cradle being borne.

III. Her
Cant. VI.  

the Faerie Queene.

III.

Her berth was of the wombe of Morning Dew,  
And her conception of the joyous Prime,  
And all her whole creation did her shew  
Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime,  
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.  
So was this virgin borne, so was she bred,  
So was she trayned up from time to time,  
In all chaste vertue and true bounti-hed,  
Till to her dew perfection she were ripened.  

IV.

Her mother was the faire Chryfogonee,  
The daughter of Amphifa, who by race  
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree:  
She bore Belphæbe, she bore in like case  
Faire Amoretta in the second place:  
These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did share  
The heritage of all celestiall grace,  
That all the rest it seemd they robbed bare  
Of bountie, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.  

V.

It were a goodly storie, to declare,  
By what straunge accident faire Chryfogone  
Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bore,  
In this wild forrest wandring all alone,  
After she had nine moneths fulfild and gone:  
For not as other wemens commune brood,  
They were enwombed in the sacred throne  
Of her chaste bodie, nor with commune food,  
As other wemens babes, they sucked vitall blood:

VI. But
VI.

But wondrously they were begot, and bred
Through influence of th'heaven's fruitfull ray,
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
It was upon a sommer's shynie day,
When *Titan* faire his beames did display,
In a fresh fountaine, far from all mens vew,
She bath'd her brest, the boyling heat t'allay;
She bath'd with roses red, and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowres, that in the forrest grew.

VII.

Till faint through irkesome wearinesse, adowne
Upon the grassie ground her selfe she layd
To sleepe, the whiles a gentle flombring swowne.
Upon her fell all naked bare displayd:
The sunbeames bright upon her body playd;
Being through former bathing mollifide,
And pierst into her wombe, where they embayd:
With so sweet fence and secret power unspide,
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructifide.

VIII.

Miraculous may seeme to him, that reades,
So straunge ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth, that the fruitfull seades:
Of all things living, through impression
Of the sunbeames in moyft complexion,
Doe life conceive, and quickned are by kynd:
So after *Nilus* inundation,
Infinite shapes of creatures men do fynd
Informed in the mud, on which the sunne hath shynd.

IX. Great
IX.

Great father he of generation
Is rightly call'd, th'author of life and light;
And his faire sister for creation
Ministreth matter fit, which tempred right
With heate and humour, breeds the living wight.
So sprong these twinnes in womb of Chryfogone,
Yet wist she nought thereof, but sore affright,
Wondred to see her belly so upblone,
Which still increaft, till she her terme had full outgone.

X.

Whereof conceiving shame and foule disgrace,
Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,
She fled into the wildernesse a space,
Till that unweeldy burden she had reard,
And shund dishonor, which as death she feard:
Where wearie of long travell, downe to rest
Her selfe she set, and comfortably cheard;
There a fad cloud of sleepe her overkeft,
And seized every sense with sorrow fore opprest.

XI.

It fortuned, faire Venus having lost
Her little sonne, the winged god of love;
Who for some light displeasure, which him croft,
Was from her fled, as flit as ayerie dove,
And left her blissfull bowre of joy above,
(So from her often he had fled away,
When she for ought him sharply did reprove,
And wandred in the world in strange array,
Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him bewray:)

XII. Him
Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous,
The house of goodly formes and faire aspects,
Whence all the world derives the glorious
Features of beautie, and all shapes select,
With which high God his workmanship hath deckt;
And search'd every way, through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect:
She promis'd kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
Unto the man, that of him tydings to her brings.

First she him fought in court, where most he us'd
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
But many there she found, which fore accus'd
His falseness, and with foule infamous blot
His cruel deeds and wicked wyles did spot.
Ladies and lordes she every where mote heare
Complayning, how with his empoysned shot
Their wosull harts he wounded had whyleare,
And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare.

She then the citties fought from gate to gate,
And every one did aske, did he him see;
And every one her answered, that too late
He had him sene, and felt the crueltee
Of his sharpe darts and whot artillere;
And every one threw forth reproches rife
Of his mischievous deeds, and said, That hee
Was the disturber of all civill life,
The enimy of peace, and author of all strife.

Then
Then in the countrey she abroad him fought,
And in the rurall cottages inquir'd,
Where also many plaints to her were brought,
How he their heedleffe harts with love had fir'd,
And his false venim through their veines inspir'd:
And eke the gentle shepheard swayne, which fat
Keeping their fleecie flockes, as they were hir'd,
She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what
Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile thereat.

But when in none of all these she him got,
She gan avize, where else he mote him hyde:
At last she her bethought, that she had not
Yet sought the salvage woods and forrests wyde,
In which full many lovely nymphes abyde,
Mongst whom might be, that he did closely ly,
Or that the love of some of them him tyde:
For-thy she thither caft her course, t'apply,
To search the secret haunts of Diane's company.

Shortly into the wastefull woods she came,
Whereas she found the Goddesse with her crew,
After late chace of their embrewed game,
Sitting beside a fountain in a rew,
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the dustie sweat,
And soyle, which did deforme their lively hew;
Others lay shaded from the seorching heat;
The rest upon her persome gave attendance great.

XVII.
XVIII.
She having hong upon a bough on high
   Her bow and painted quiver, had unlafte
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lanck loynes ungirt, and brefts unbraffe,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste:
Her golden lockes, that late in trefies bright
Embreaded were for hindring of her haftc,
Now loose about her shoulders hong undight,
And were with sweet Ambrosia all besprinckled light.

XIX.
Soone as she Venus saw behind her backe,
She was asham'd to be so loose surpriz'd,
And woxe halfe wroth against her damzeis flacke,
That had not her thereof before aviz'd,
But suffred her so carelessly disguiz'd
Be overtaken. Soone her garments loose
Upgath'ring, in her bosome she compriz'd,
Well as she might, and to the Goddeffe rose,
Whiles all her nymphes did like a girond her enclose.

XX.
Goodly she gan faire Cytherea greet,
And shortly asked her, what cause her brought
Into that wilderness for her unmeet,
From her sweete bowres, and beds with pleasures fraught:
That suddein change she strange adventure thought.
To whom halfe weeping, she thus answered,
That she her dearest sonne Cupido sought,
Who in his frowardness from her was fled;
That she repented sore, to have him angered.
Cant. VI.  

the Faerie Queen.  

XXI.

Thereat Diana gan to smile, in scorn.

Of her vaine plaint, and to her scoffing sayd;

Great pittie sure, that ye be so forlorne

Of your gay sonne, that gives ye so good ayd

To your disports: ill mote ye bene apayd.

But she was more engrieved, and replide;

Faire sister, ill beseemes it to upbrayd

A dolefull hart with so disdainfull pride;

The like that mine may be your paine another tide.

XXII.

As you in woods and wanton wildernesse

Your glory fet, to chace the salvages beastes,

So my delight is all in joyfulnesse,

In beds, in bowres, in banckets, and in feasts:

And ill becomes you, with your lostie creasts,

To scorne the joy, that Jove is glad to seek.

We both are bound to follow heauen's behafts,

And tend our charges with obeisance meeke:

Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to ceke:

XXIII.

And tell me, if that ye my sonne have heard,

To lurke amongst your nymphes in secret wise;

Or keepe their cabins: much I am affeard,

Least he like one of them himself disguize,

And turne his arrowes to their exercize:

So may he long him selfe full easie hide:

For he is faire and fresh in face and guize,

As any nymph (let not it be envide.)

So sayeing every nymph full narrowly she eide.

Vol. II.  

XXIV. But
But Phoebus therewith fore was angered,
And sharply said, Goe, dame, goe secke your boy,
Where you him lately left, in Mars his bed;
He comes not here, we scorne his foolish joy,
Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy:
But if I catch him in this company,
By Stygian lake I vow, whose sad annoy
The Gods doe dread, he dearly shall abye:
Ile clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall fly.

XXV.

Whom when as Venus saw so sore displeased,
She inly sore was, and gan relent,
What she had said: so her she soone appeased
With fugred words and gentle blandishment,
From which a fountaine from her sweet lips went;
And welled goodly forth, that in short space
She was well pleased, and forth her damzells sent
Through all the woods, to search from place to place.
If any tract of him or tydings they mote trace.

XXVI.

To search the God of love her nymphes she sent;
Throughout the wandring forest every where:
And after them her selfe eke with her went.
To secke the fugitive both farre and nere.
So long they sought, till they arrived were
In that same shady covert, whereas lay.
Faire Cryfogone in flombry trance whilere;
Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say).
Unwares had borne two babes, as faire as springing day.

XXVII.
Unwares she them conceivd, unwares she bore:
She bore withouten paine that she conceiv’d
Withouten pleasure; ne her need implore
Lucinae’s aide: which when they both perceiv’d,
They were through wonder nigh of sense bereav’d,
And gazing each on other, nought bespake:
At last they both agreed, her seeming griev’d
Out of her heavy swowne not to awake,
But from her loving side the tender babes to take.

Up they them tooke, each one a babe uptooke,
And with them carried, to be fostered;
Dame Phæbe to a nymph her babe betooke,
To be upbrought in perfect maydenhed,
And of her selfe her name Belphæbe red:
But Venus hers thence farre away convoyd,
To be upbrought in goodly womanhed,
And in her little love’s stead, which was strayd,
Her Amoretta cald, to comfort her disinayd.

She brought her to her joyous paradise,
Where most she wonnes, when she on earth does dwell;
So faire a place, as nature can devize:
Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
Or it in Gnidas be, I wote not well;
But well I wote by triall, that this same
All other pleasant places doth excell,
And called is by her lost lover’s name,
The Gardin of Adonis, farre renown’d by fame.
In that same gardin all the goodly flowres,
Wherewith dame nature doth her beautifie,
And decks the girldons of her paramoures,
Are fetched: there is the first seimarie
Of all things, that are borne to live and die,
According to their kindes. Long worke it were,
Here to account the endless progenie
Of all the weedes, that bud and blossom there;
But so much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

It fited was in fruitfull foyle of old,
And girt in with two walles on either side;
The one of yron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough breake, nor over-stride:
And double gates it had, which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten pas;
Th'one faire and fresh, the other old and drie:
Old Genius the porter of them was,
Old Genius, the which a double nature has.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,
All that to come into the world desire;
A thousand thousand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which doe require,
That he with fleshly weedes would them attire:
Such as him lift, such as eternall fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with full mire,
And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,
Till they againe returne backe by the hinder gate.

XXXI.
XXXII.
XXXIII.
After that they againe returned beene,
   They in that gardin planted be againe;
   And grow afresh, as they had never seene
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall paine.
Some thousand years so doen they there remaine,
   And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or sent into the chaungefull world againe,
   Till thither they returne, where firft they grew:
So like a wheele around they runne from old to new.

Ne needs there gardiner to set, or sow,
   To plant, or prune; for of their owne accord
   All things, as they created were, doe grow,
And yet remember well the mightie word,
Which firft was spoken by th'Almighty Lord,
   That bad them to increase and multiply:
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
   Or of the clouds to moysten their roots dry;
For in themselves eternall moisture they imply.

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
   And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew,
   And every sort is in a sundry bed
Set by it selfe, and ranckt in comely rew:
Some fit for reasonable fowles t'indew,
   Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare,
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
   In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,
That seemd the Ocean could not containe them there.
XXXVI.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to replenish more;
Yet is the stocke not lessened, nor spent,
But still remains in everlasting store,
As it at first created was of yore.
For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
In hatefull darknesse and in deepe horrore,
An huge eternal Chaos, which supplyes
The substances of nature's fruitfull progenyes.

XXXVII.

All things from thence doe their first being fetch,
And borrow matter, whereof they are made,
Which when as forme and feature it does ketch,
Becomes a bodie, and doth then invade
The state of life, out of the grievously shade.
That substance is eterne, and bideth so,
Ne when the life decayes, and forme does fade,
Doth it consume, and into nothing go,
But chaunged is, and often altered to and fro.

XXXVIII.

The substance is not chaungd, nor altered,
But th'only forme and outward fashion;
For every substance is conditioned
To change her hew, and sundry formes to don,
Meet for her temper and complexion:
For formes are variable, and decay
By course of kind, and by occasion;
And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

XXXIX. Great
Great eniemy to it, and to all the rest,
That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Time, who with his scythe addreft,
Does mow the flowering herbes and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
Where they doe wither, and are fowly mard:
He flies about, and with his flaggy wings
Beates downe both leaves and buds without regard,
Ne ever pittie may relent his malice hard.

Yet pittie often did the gods relent;
To see so faire things mard, and spoyled quight:
And their great mother Venus did lament
The loss of her deare brood, her deare delight:
Her hart was pierft with pittie at the sight,
When walking through the gardin them the spyde,
Yet no te she find redresse for such despight:
For all, that lives, is subject to that law:
All things decay in time, and to their end do draw:

But were it not, that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightfull gardin growes,
Should happy be, and have immortall blis:
For here all plenty, and all pleafure flowes,
And sweete love gentle fits emongst them throwes,
Without fell rancor, or fond gealofy;
Franckly each paramour his leman knowes,
Each bird his mate, ne any does envy
Their goodly meriment, and gay felicity.
XLII.
There is continuall spring, and harvest there
Continuall, both meeting at one time:
For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,
And with fresh colours decke the wanton prime,
And eke attonece the heavenly trees they clime,
Which seeme to labour under their fruits lode:
The whiles the joyous birdes make their pastime
Emongst the shadie leaves, their sweet abode,
And their true loves without suspition tell abrode.

XLIII.
Right in the middeft of that paradise,
There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of mirtle trees did rise,
Whose shady boughes sharp steel did never lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,
But like a girlond compassed the hight,
And from their fruitfull sides sweet gum did drop,
That all the ground, with preitious deaw bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours, and most sweet delight.

XLIV.
And in the thickeft covert of that shade
There was a pleasant arbour, not by art,
But of the trees owne inclination made,
Which knitting their rancke braunches part to part,
With wanton yvie twyne entrayld athwart,
And eglantine, and capristole emong,
Fasiond above within their inmost part,
That nether Phæbus’ beams could through them throng,
Nor Aëolus sharp blast could work them any wrong.
And all about grew every sort of flowre,
To which sad lovers were transformde of yore;
Fresh *Hyacinthus, Phaebus* paramoure,
Foolish *Narciffe*, that likes the watry shore,
Sad *Amaranthus*, made a flowre but late,
Sad *Amaranthus*, in whose purple gore
Me seemes I see *Aminta*’s wretched fate,
To whom sweet poet’s verfe hath given endlesse date.

There wont faire *Venus* often to enjoy
Her deare *Adonis* joyous company,
And reap sweet pleafure of the wanton boy:
There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,
Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,
By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of *Stygian* Gods, which doe her love envy;
But she herselfe, when ever that she will,
Possifeth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill.

And sooth it seemes they say; for he may not
For ever die, and ever buried bee
In balefull night, where all things are forgot;
All be he subject to mortalitie,
Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
And by succession made perpetuall,
Transformed oft, and chaunged diverslie:
For him the father of all formes they call;
Therefore needs mote he live, that living gives to all.
XLVIII.

There now he liveth in eternall blis,
Joying his goddesse, and of her enjoyd;
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd:
For that wilde bore, the which him once annoyd,
She firmely hath emprisoned for ay,
That her sweet love his malice mote avoyd,
In a strong rocky cave, which is, they say,
Hewen underneath that mount, that none him losen may.

XLIX.

There now he lives in everlafting joy,
With many of the Gods in company,
Which thither haunt, and with the winged boy
Sporting him selfe in safe felicity;
Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
Ransackt the world, and in the wofull harts
Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,
Thither reforts, and laying his sad dartes
Aside, with faire Adonis playes his wanton partes.

L.

And his true love faire Psyche with him playes,
Faire Psyche to him lately reconcyld,
After long troubles and unmeet upbrayes,
With which his mother Venus her revyld,
And eke himselfe her cruelly exyld:
But now in stedfaft love and happy state
She with him lives, and hath him borne a chyld,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late.

LI. Hither
LI.

Hither great Venus brought this infant faire,
The younger daughter of Chrysogonee,
And unto Psyche with great trust and care
Committed her, ysoftered to bee,
And trained up in true feminitee:
Who no lesse carefully her tendered,
Then her owne daughter Pleasure, to whom shee
Made her companion, and her lenioned
In all the lore of love, and goodly womanhed.

LII.

In which when she to perfect ripeness grew,
Of grace and beautie noble paragone,
She brought her forth into the worlde's vew,
To be th'enfample of true love alone,
And lodestarre of all chaste affectione,
To all faire ladies, that do live on ground.
To Faerie court she came, where many one
Admyrd her goodly haveour, and found
His feeble hart wide launched with love's cruel wound.

LIII.

But she to none of them her love did caft,
Save to the noble knight Sir Scudamore,
To whom her loving hart she linked faft
In faithfull love, t'abide for evermore,
And for his dearest sake endured sore,
Sore trouble of an hainous enimy,
Who her would forced have to have forlore
Her former love, and stedfast loialty,
As ye may elsewhere read that ruefull history.

R 2

LIV. But
LIV.

But well I weene, ye first desire to learne,
What end unto that fearefull damozell,
Which fled so fast from that fame fofter stearene,
Whom with his brethren Timias flew, befell:
That was to weet, the goodly Florimell,
Who wandring for to seeke her lover deare,
Her lover deare, her dearest Marinell,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
And from prince Arthur fled with wings of idle feare.
Canto VII.

The Witch's sonne loves Florimell:
She flyes, he faines to die.
Satyrane saves the Squire of Dames
From Gyaunt's tyranny.

I.
IKE as an hynd, forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
Yet flyes away of her owne feet afeard,
And every leaf, that shaketh with the leaft
Murmure of winde, her terror hath encreasft;
So fled faire Florimell from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releasft:
Each shade she saw, and each noyse he did heare,
Did feeme to be the same, which she escaft whyleare.

II.
All that same evening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continewd:
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
Nor wearinesse to slack her haft, but fled:
Ever alike, as if her former dred
Were hard behind, her ready to arrest:
And her white palfrey, having conquered
The maiestring raines out of her weary wreft,
Perforce her carried where ever he thought best.
III.

So long as breath, and hable puissance
Did native courage unto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did advance,
And carried her beyond all jeopardy.
But nought, that wanteth rest, can long aby:
He having through incessant travell spent
His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,
Ne foot could further move: The lady gent
Thereat was suddein strook with great astonishment;

IV.

And forst t' alight, on foot mote algates fare,
A traveller unwonted to such way:
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That fortune all in equall launce doth sware,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long she traveld, till at length she came
To an hille's side, which did to her bewray
A little valley, subject to the same,
All covered with thick woodes, that quite it overcame.

V.

Through the tops of the high trees she did descri
A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light,
Reeking aloft, uprolled to the sky:
Which chearefull sign did send unto her sight,
That in the same did wonne some living wight.
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyde,
And came at last in weary wretched plight
Unto the place, to which her hope did guyde,
To finde some refuge there, and rest her weary syde.

VI. There
Cant. VII.  the Faerie Queene.  127

VI.

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes
In homely wise, and wald with sods around,
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes,
And wilfull want, all careless of her needes;
So choosing solitarie to abide,
Far from all neighbours, that her devilish deedes
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off unknowne, whom ever she envide.

VII.

The damzell there arriving entred in;
Where sitting on the flore the hag she found,
Busie, as seem’d, about some wicked gin:
Who, soone as she beheld that suddein ftoond,
Lightly upstartred from the dustie ground,
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
Ne had one word to speake, for great amaze,
But shewed by outward signes, that dread her fence did daze.

VIII.

At last turning her feare to foolish wrath,
She aske, what devill had her hither brought,
And who she was, and what unwonted path
Had guided her, unwelcomed, unsought?
To which the damzell, full of doubtfull thought,
Her mildly answer’d; Beldame, be not wroth
With silly virgin, by adventure brought
Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That crave but rowme to rest, while tempest overblo’t.

IX. With
With that adowne out of her chriſtall eyne
Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
That like two orient pearles did purely fhine
Upon her snowie cheeke; and therewithall
She sighed soft, that none fo bestiall
Nor faſlive hart, but ruth of her sad plight
Would make to melt, or pitteously appall;
And that vile hag, all were her whole delight
In mischief, was much moved at fo pitteous sight;

And gan recomfort her in her rude wyſe,
With womanifh compassion of her plaint,
Wiping the teares from her elfufed eyes,
And bidding her sit downe, to reſt her faint
And wearie limbs a while. She nothing quaint,
Nor ſdeignfull of fo homely fashion,
Sith brought she was now to fo hard conſtraint,
Sate downe upon the dufty ground anon,
As glad of that small reſt, as bird of tempeſt gon.

Tho gan she gather up her garments reſt;
And her loose lockes to dight in order dew,
With golden wreath and and gorgeous ornament;
Whom ſuch whenas the wicked hag did vew,
She was aſtoniſht at her heavenly hew,
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
But or ſome Goddesſe, or of Diane's crew,
And thought her to adore with humble spright;
T'adore thing fo divine as beauty, were but reſt.

XII. This
This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
A laesie lord, for nothing good to donne,
But stretched forth to idlenesse alwayes,
Ne ever cast his mind to covet prayse,
Or ply him selfe to any honest trade;
But all the day before the sunny rayes
He us'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade:
Such laesinesse both lewd and poore attonce him made.

He coming home at undertime, there found
The fairest creature, that he ever saw,
Sitting beside his mother on the ground;
The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his base thought with terour and with aw
So inly smot, that as one, which had gaz'd
On the bright funne unwares, doth soone withdraw
His feeble eyne, with too much brightnesse daz'd;
So stared he on her, and stood long while amaz'd.

Softly at laft he gan his mother aske,
What master wight that was, and whence deriv'd
That in so strange disguizement there did maske,
And by what accident she there arriv'd.
But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,
With nought but ghastly lookes him answered,
Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd
From Stygian shores, where late it wandered;
So both at her, and each at other wondered.
XV.

But the faire virgin was so meeke and mild,
That she to them vouchsafed to embrace
Her goodly port, and to their senses wild
Her gentle speach applide, that in short space
She grew familiare in that desert place:
During which time, the chorle through her so kind
And curteise use conceiv'd affection bace,
And cast to love her in his brutifh mind;
No love, but brutifh luft, that was so beastly tind.

XVI.

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
And shortly grew into outrageous fire;
Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
As unto her to utter his desire;
His caytive thought durft not so high aspire,
But with soft sighes, and lovely semblaunces,
He ween'd, that his affection entire
She should aread; many semblaunces
To her he made, and many kind remembraunces.

XVII.

Oft from the forreft wildings he did bring,
Whose sides empurpled were with smiling red,
And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing
His mistrefse prayses, sweettly caroled:
Girlonds of flowres sometimes for her faire hed
He fine would dight; sometimes the squirrel wild.
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow-servant wild;
All which she of him tooke with countenance meeke and mild.

XVIII. But
But past awhile, when she fit season saw
To leave that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wise her selfe thence to withdraw,
For feare of mischief, which she did forecast
Might be the witch or that her sonne compast:
Her wearie palfrey closely, as she might,
Now well recovered after long repast,
In his proud furnitures she freshely dight,
His late misandred wayes now to remeasure right.

And earely ere the dawning day appeard,
She forth issued, and on her journey went;
She went in perill, of each noyse affeard,
And of each shade, that did it selfe present;
For still she feared to be overhent
Of that vile hag, or her uncivile sonne:
Who when too late awaking, well they kent,
That their faire guest was gone, they both begonne
To make exceeding mone, as they had bene undonne.

But that lewd lover did the moost lament
For her depart, that ever man did heare;
He knockt his brest with desperate intent,
And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare
His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare;
That his sad mother seeing his sore plight,
Was greatly woe-begon, and gan to feare,
Leaft his fraile senses were emperisht quight,
And love to frenzy turnd, sith love is frantickke hight.

S 2
XXI.
All wayes she sought, him to restore to plight,
With herbs, with charms, with counsel, and with teares;
But teares, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell might
Afwage the fury, which his entrails teares;
So strong is passion, that no reason heares.
Tho when all other helps she saw to faile,
She turnd her selfe backe to her wicked leares,
And by her divelish arts thought to prevaile,
To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

XXII.
Estsoones out of her hidden cave she cal'd
An hideous beast, of horrible aspect,
That could the stoutest courage have appald;
Monstrous, mishapt, and all his backe was spect
With thousand spots of colours quaint elect;
Thereto so swift, that it all beasts did pas:
Like never yet did living eye detect;
But likest it to an Hyena was,
That feeds on womens flesh, as others feed on gras.

XXIII.
It forth she cal'd, and gave it freight in charge,
Through thicke and thin her to pursew apace,
Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
Till her he had attain'd, and brought in place,
Or quite devour'd her beautie's scornfull grace.
The monster, swift as word, that from her went,
Went forth in haft, and did her footing trace
So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent,
And passing speeded, that shortly he her overhent.

XXIV. Whom
Cant. VII. the Faerie Queene.

XXIV.
Whom when the fearefull damzell nigh espide,
   No need to bid her faft away to flie;
   That ugly shape so sore her terrifide,
   That it she thund no leffe, then dread to die,
   And her flit palfrey did so well apply
   His nimble feet to her conceived feare,
   That whileft his breath did strength to him supply,
   From perill free he her away did beare;
But when his force gan faile, his pace gan wex areare.

XXV.
Which whenas she perceiv'd, she was dismayd
   At that fame last extremity full sore,
   And of her safetie greatly grew afrayd;
   And now she gan approch to the sea-shore;
   As it befell, that she could flie no more,
   But yield her selfe to spoile of greedinesse.
   Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,
   From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,
   And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sickenesse.

XXVI.
Not halfe so faft the wicked Myrrha fled
   From dread of her revenging father's hond;
   Nor halfe so faft, to save her maidenhed,
   Fled fearefull Daphne on th'Ægean frond;
   As Florimell fled from that monster yond,
   To reach the sea, ere she of him were raught;
   For in the sea to drown her selfe she fond,
   Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:
   Thereto feare gave her wings, and need her courage taught.

XXVII. It
It fortuned (high God did so ordaine)
As she arrived on the roaring shore,
In minde to leape into the mighty maine,
A little boate lay hoving her before,
In which there slept a fisher old and pore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand:
Into the same she leapt, and with the ore
Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand:
So safetie found at sea, which she found not at land.

The monster ready on the pray to seafe,
Was of his forward hope deceived quight,
Ne durft assay to wade the perilous seas,
But greedily long gaping at the fight,
At laft in vaine was forft to turne his flight,
And tell the idle tidings to his dame:
Yet, to avenge his divelishe despight,
He set upon her palfrey tired lame,
And slew him cruelly, ere any resekew came:

And after having him embowelled,
To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunft a knight
To passe that way, as forth he travelled;
It was a goodly swaine, and of great might,
As ever man that bloody field did figh;
But in vain sheows, that wont young knights bewitch,
And courtly services tooke no delight,
But rather joyd to be, then feemen fich:
For both to be and feeme to him was labor lich,

It
It was to weete the good Sir *Satyrane*,
That raungd abrode to seeke adventures wilde,
As was his wont in forrest, and in plaine;
He was all armd in rugged steele unfilde,
As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
And in his scutchin bore a satyre's hed:
He comming present, where the monfter vilde
Upon that milke-white palfrey's carcas fed,
Unto his reskew ran, and greedily him sped.

*XXXI.*

There well perceivd he, that it was the horse,
Whereon faire *Florimell* was wont to ride,
That of that seend was rent without remorse:
Much feared he, leaft ought did ill betide
To that faire mayd, the flowre of womens pride;
For her he dearely loved, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnifie:
Besides her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he found, that did him fore apall.

*XXXII.*

Full of sad feare, and doubtfull agony,
Fiercely he flew upon that wicked seend,
And with huge strokes, and cruell battery,
Him forst to leave his pray, for to attend
Him selfe from deadly daunger to defend:
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engrave, and muchell blood did spend,
Yet might not do him die, but aye more freshe
And fierce he still appeard, the more he did him thresh.

*XXXIII. He*
He will not, how him to despoile of life,
Ne how to win the wished victory,
Sith him he saw still stronger grow through strife,
And him selfe weaker through infirmity.
Greatly he grew enrag’d, and furiously
Hurling his sword away, he lightly lept
Upon the beast, that with great cruelty
Rored, and raged to be under-kept:
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes upon him hept.

As he, that strives to stope a sudden flood,
And in strong banckes his violence enclose,
Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflow the fruitfull plaine,
That all the countrey seemes to be a maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne:
The woffull husbandman doth lowd complaine,
To see his whole yeare’s labour lost so soon,
For which to God he made so many an idle boone.

So him he held, and did through might amate:
So long he held him, and him bet so long,
That at the last his fierceness gan abate,
And meekely stoup unto the victour strong:
Who to avenge the implacable wrong,
Which he supposed donne to Florimell,
Sought by all meanes his dolour to prolong,
Sith dint of steel his carcass could not quell;
His maker with her charmases had framed him so well.
Cant. VII.  the Faerie Queene.

XXXVI.
The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her fclender wafte, he tooke in hand,
And with it bound the beaft, that lowd did rore
For great despight of that unwonted band,
Yet dared not his victour to withstand,
But trembled like a lambe, fled from the pray,
And all the way him followd on the strand,
As he had long bene learned to obay;
Yet never learned he such service, till that day.

XXXVII.
Thus as he led the beaft along the way,
He spide farre off a mighty giauntefle,
Fast flying on a courfer dapled gray
From a bold knight, that with great hardinesse
Her hard pursewd, and fought for to suppreffe.
She bore before her lap a dolesfull squire,
Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,
Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of wire,
Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

XXXVIII.
Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haft
He left his captive beaft at liberty,
And croft the nearest way, by which he caft
Her to encounter, ere she passed by:
But she the way shund Nathemore for-thy,
But forward gallopt faft; which when he spyde,
His mighty speare he couched warily,
And at her ran: she having him defcryde,
Her selfe to fight addrest, and threw her lode aside.

XXXIX. Like
Like as a golshauke, that in foote doth beare
A trembling culver, having spide on hight
An egle, that with plummy wings doth sheare
The subtile ayre, flouping with all his might,
The quarrey throwes to ground with fell despight,
And to the battell doth her selfe prepare:
So ran the gauantesse unto the fight;
Her firie eyes with furious sparkes did stare,
And with blasphemous bannes high God in peeces tare.

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd;
But ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,
His speare amids her sun-broad shield arriv'd;
Yet nathemore the Steele a fonder riv'd,
All were the beame in bignesse like a maff,
Ne her out of the stedfast sadle driv'd,
But glaucning on the tempred mettall, braft
In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her past.

Her steed did stagger with that puissant stroke;
But she no more was moved with that might,
Then it had lighted on an aged oke;
Or on the marble pillour, that is pight
Upon the top of mount Olympus hight,
For the brave youthful champions to aslay,
With burning charret wheelles it nigh to smite;
But who, that smites it, mars his joyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

Yet
Cant. VII. the Faerie Queen.

XLII.
Yet therewith fore enrag'd, with sterne regard
Her dreadfull weapon she to him addrest,
Which on his helmet martelled so hard,
That made him low incline his lofty crest,
And bowd his battred visour to his brest:
Wherewith he was so stund, that he n'ote ryde,
But reeled to and fro from east to west:
Which when his cruell enimy espyde,
She lightly unto him adjoyned syde to syde;

XLIII.
And on his collar laying puissant hand,
Out of his wavering seat him pluckt perforce,
Perforce him pluckt, unable to withstand,
Or helpe himselfe, and laying thwart her horse,
In loathly wise like to a carrion corse,
She bore him fast away. Which when the knight,
That her pursewed, saw with great remorde,
He neare was touched in his noble spright,
And gan encrease his speed, as she encrease her flight.

XLIV.
Whom when as nigh approching she espyde,
She threw away her burden angrily;
For she list not the battell to abide,
But made her selfe more light, away to fly:
Yet her the hardy knight pursewed so nyc,
That almost in the backe he oft her strike;
But still when him at hand she did espy,
She turnd, and semblance of faire fight did make;
But when he stayd, to flight againe she did her take.

XLV. By
The thirde Booke of Cant. VII.

XLV.

By this the good Sir Satyrane gan wake
Out of his dreame, that did him long entraunce,
And seeing none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce,
Which reft from him so faire a chevisaunce:
At length he spide, whereas that wofull squire,
Whom he had reskewed from captivaunce
Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the mire,
Unable to arise, or foot or hand to flire.

XLVI.

To whom approaching, well he mote perceive
In that foule plight a comely personage,
And lovely face, made fit for to deceive
Fraile ladies hart with love's consuming rage,
Now in the blossome of his freshest age:
He reard him up, and loofd his yron bands,
And after gan inquire his parentage,
And how he fell into the gyaunt's hands,
And who that was, which chaced her along the lands.

XLVII.

Then trembling yet through feare, the squire bespake;
That gauentesse Argante is behight,
A daughter of the Titans, which did make
Warre againft heaven, and heaped hills on hight,
To scale the skyes, and put Jove from his right:
Her sire Typhaeus was, who mad through merth,
And drunke with bloud of men, slaine by his might,
Through inccest, her of his owne mother Earth
Whilome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth.

XLVIII. For
Cant. VII.  the Faerie Queene.

XLVIII.
For at that berth another babe she bore,
To weet the mightie Ollyphant, that wrought
Great wreeke to many errant knights of yore,
And many hath to foule confusion brought.
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far pasling thought)
While in their mother's wombe enclofd they were,
Ere they into the lightsome world were brought,
In fleshly luft were mingled both ybere,
And in that monftrous wife did to the world appere.

XLIX.
So liv'd they ever after in like sin,
Gainst nature's law, and good behavioure:
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
Who not content so fowly to devoure
Her native flefh, and stainne her brother's bowre,
Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,
And suffred beastes her body to deslowre:
So whot she burned in that lustfull fyre;
Yet all that might not flake her sensuall defyre;

L.
But over all the countrie she did raunge,
To seeke young men, to quench her flaming throst,
And feed her fancy with delightfull chaunge.
Whom so she fittest finds to serve her lust,
Through her maine strengt, in which she most doth trust,
She with her brings into a secret ile,
Where in eternall bondage dye he muft,
Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
And in all shamefull for he selfe with her defile.

LI. Me
LI.
Me feely wretch she so at vaughtage caught,
After she long in waite for me did lye,
And meant unto her prison to have brought,
Her lothsome pleasure there to satisfye;
That thousand deaths me lever were to dye,
Then breake the vow, that to faire Columb\ell
I plighted have, and yet keepe stedfa\stly:
As for my name, it mifthren not to tell;
Call me the S\quyre of Dames, that me beseemeth well.

LII.
But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw
That gaunte\ffle, is not such, as she semd,
But a faire virgin, that in mart\all law,
And deedes of armes above all dames is semd,
And above many knightes is eke esteemed,
For her great worth: She Palladine is hight:
She you from death, you me from dread redeemd.
Ne any may that mon\ster match in fight,
But she, or such as she, that is so chast\e a wight.

LIII.
Her well beseemes that quest, quoth Satyrane;
But read, thou S\quyre of Dames, what vow is this,
Which thou upon thy selfe ha\ft lately ta\'ne?
That shal I you recount, quoth he, ywis,
So be ye ple\sd to pardon all amis.
That gentle lady, whom I love and serve,
After long suit and weary serv\ices,
Did aske me, how I could her love deserv\e,
And how she might be sure, that I would never swerve.
Cant. VII.  the Faerie Queene.

I glad by any means her grace to gaine,
Bad her command my life to save, or spill.
Estsoones she bad me, with incessaunt paine
To wander through the world abroad at will,
And every where, where with my power or skill
I might do service unto gentle dames,
That I the same should faithfully fulfill,
And at the twelve monthes end should bring their names
And pledges; as the spoiles of my victorious games.

So well I to faire ladies service did,
And found such favour in their loving hartes,
That ere the yeare his course had compassid,
Three hundred pledges for my good desartes,
And thrife three hundred thanks for my good partes,
I with me brought, and did to her present:
Which when she saw, more bent to eke my smarts,
Then to reward my trusty true intent,
She gan for me devise a grievous punishment.

To weet, that I my travell shouleb resume,
And with like labour walke the world around,
Ne ever to her presence shouleb presume,
Till I so many other dames had found,
The which, for all the fuit I could propound,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
But did abide for ever chaft and found.
Ah gentle squire, quoth he, tell at one word,
How many foundst thou such to put in thy record?
LVII.
Indeed, Sir knight, said he, one word may tell
All, that I ever found so wifely stayd;
For only three they were disposed so well,
And yet three yeares I now abroad have strayd,
To find them out. Mote I (then laughing sayd
The knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,
The which thy proffred curtesie denyd?
Or ill they seemed sure avizd to bee,
Or brutishly brought up, that nevr did fashions see.

LVIII.
The first, which then refused me, said hee,
Certes was but a common courtifane,
Yet flat refused to have ado with mee,
Because I could not give her many a jane.
(Thereat full hartely laughed Satyrane.)
The second was an holy nunne to chose,
Which would not let me be her chappellane,
Because she knew, she said, I would disclose
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

LIX.
The third a damzell was of low degree,
Whom I in countrey cottage found by chaunce.
Full little weened I, that chastitie
Had lodged in so meane a maintenaunce;
Yet was she faire, and in her countenaunce
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion.
Long thus I woo'd her with dew observaunce,
In hope unto my pleasure to have won;
But was as farre at laft, as when I first begun.
Safe her, I never any woman found,
That chastity did for it selfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and sound,
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.
Thus am I hopelesse ever to attaine
My ladie's love, in such a desperate case;
But all my dayes am like to waste in vaine,
Seeking to match the chast with th'unchaste ladies traine.

LXI.

Perdy, said Satyrane, thou Squire of Dames,
Great labour fondly haft thou hent in hand,
To get small thankes, and therewith many blames,
That may emongst Alcides labours stand.
Thence backe returning to the former land,
Where late he left the beast he overcame,
He found him not; for he had broke his band,
And was returnnd againe unto his dame,
To tell what tydings of faire Florimell became.
Canto VIII.

The Witch creates a snowy lady,
Like to Florimell,
Who wrongd by Carle, by Proteus sawd,
Is fought by Paridell.

I.

O oft as I this history record,
My hart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke, how causelesse of her owne accord
This gentle damzell, whom I write upon,
Should plonged be in such affliction,
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe,
That sure I weene, the hardest hart of stone
Would hardly find to aggravate her grievfe;
For misery craves rather mercie, then reprieve.

II.

But that accursed hag, her hostes late,
Had so enranckled her malitious hart,
That she defyrd th'abridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painfull smart.
Now when the beast, which by her wicked art
Late forth she sent, she backe returning spyde,
Tyde with her golden girdle, it a part
Of her rich spoyles, whom he had earst destroyd,
She weend, and wondrous gladnesse to her hart applyde:

III. And
Cant. VIII. the Faerie Queene.

III.
And with it running hastily to her sonne,
    Thought with that sight him much to have reviv'd;
Who thereby deeming sure the thing as done,
His former griefe with furie fresh reviv'd,
Much more then carft, and would have algates riv'd
The hart out of his brest: for slith her ded
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriv'd
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fed
His foolish maladie, and long time had misled.

IV.
With thought whereof exceeding mad he grew,
    And in his rage his mother would have slaine,
Had she not fled into a secret me",
Where she was wont her sprights to entreatine,
The maistros of her art: there was she faine
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them conjure upon eternall paine,
To counsel her so carefully dismayd,
How she might heal her sonne, whose senses were decay'd.

V.
By their advise, and her owne wicked wit,
    She there deviz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
Whose like on earth was never framed yit,
That even Nature herself envide the same,
And grudgd to see the counterfet should shame
The thing it selfe: In hand she boldly tooke
To make another like the former dame,
Another Florimell, in shape and looke
So lively and so like, that many it mistooke.

VI. The
The substance, whereof she the body made,  
Was purest snow in massie mould congeald,  
Which she had gathered in a shadie glade  
Of the Riphæan hills, to her reveal'd  
By errant sprights, but from all men conceal'd.  
The same she temper'd with fine Mercury,  
And virgin wax, that never yet was seal'd,  
And mingled them with perfect vermily,  
That like a lively sanguine it seem'd to the eye.  

Instead of eyes two burning lampes she set  
In silver sockets, shyning like the skyes,  
And a quicke moving spirit did arret  
To stirre and roll them, like to women's eyes.  
In stead of yellow lockes, she did devise  
With golden wyre to weave her curled head;  
Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thrife  
As Florimell's faire haire; and in the stead  
Of life, she put a spright to rule the carascle dead.  

A wicked spright yfraught with fawning guile,  
And faire resemblance above all the rest,  
Which with the prince of darkness fell somewhat,  
From heaven's blessè and everlasting rest.  
Him needed not instruct, which way were best  
Him selfe to fashion likest Florimell:  
Ne how to speake, ne how to use his gest;  
For he in counterfeisance did excell,  
And all the wyles of woman's wits knew passing well.  

IX. Him
IX.

Him shaped thus, she deckt in garments gay,
Which Florimell had left behind her late,
That who so then her saw, would surely say,
It was her selfe, whom it did imitate,
Or fairer than her selfe, if ought algate
Might fairer be. And then she forth her brought
Unto her sonne, that lay in feeble state;
Who seeing her gan freight upstart, and thought
She was the lady selfe, whom he so long had sought.

X.

Tho saft her clipping twixt his armes twaine,
Extremely joyed in so happie fight,
And soone forgot his former sickely paine:
But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,
Coyly rebutted his embracement light;
Yet stil with gentle countenaunce retain'd
Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:
Him long she so with shadowes entertain'd,
As her creatrefle had in charge to her ordain'd.

XI.

Till on a day, as he disposition was
To walke the woodes with that his idole faire,
Her to disport, and idle time to pas,
In th'open freshness of the gentle aire,
A knight that way there chaunced to repair;
Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine,
That deedes of armes had ever in despaire,
Proud Braggadocchio, that in vaunting vaine
His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine.
XII.
He seeing with that chorle so faire a wight,
   Decked with many a costly ornament,
Much merveiled thereat, as well he might,
   And thought that match a fowle disparagement:
   His bloody speare estsoones he boldly bent
Against the silly clowne, who, dead through feare,
   Fell streight to ground in great astonishment;
   Villein, said he, this ladie is my deare;
   Dy, if thou it gainesay: I will away her beare.

XIII.
The fearefull chorle durft not gainesay, nor doe,
   But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;
Who finding little leasure her to wooe,
   On Trompart's steed her mounted without stay,
   And without reskew led her quite away.
   Proud man himselfe then Braggadochio deem'd,
   And next to none, after that happie day,
   Being posossed of that spoyle, which seem'd
   The fairest wight on ground, and most of men esteem'd.

XIV.
But when he saw him selfe free from pourfute,
   He gan make gentle purpose to his dame,
   With termes of love and lewdnesse disolute;
For he could well his glozing speaches frame
   To such vaine uses, that him best became.
But she thereto would lend but light regard,
   As seeming sorry, that she ever came
   Into his powre, that used her so hard,
   To reave her honour, which she more than life presfard.

XV. Thus
Cant. VIII. the Faerie Queene.

XV.
Thus as they two of kindnesse treated long,
There them by chaunce encountered on the way
An armed knight, upon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feete upon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That capon's courage: yet he looked grim,
And saind to cheare his lady in dismay,
Who seemed for feare to quake in every lim,
And her to save from outrage, meekely prayed him.

XVI.
Fiercely that stranger forward came, and nigh
Approching, with bold words and bitter threat,
Bad that fame boaster, as he mote, on high
To leave to him that lady for excheat,
Or bide him battell without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
And filld his senses with abashment great;
Yet seeing nigh him jeopardy extreme,
He it dissembled well, and light seemd to esteeme;

XVII.
Saying, Thou, foolish knight, that weenst with words
To steale away, that I with blowes have wonne,
And brought through points of many perilous swords:
But if thee lift to see thy courser ronne,
Or prove thy selfe, this sad encounter shonne,
And seeke else without hazard of thy hed.
At those proud words that other knight begonne
To wexe exceeding wroth, and him ared
To turne his steede about, or sure he should be ded.

XVIII. Sith
Sith then, said Braggadochio, needes thou wilt
Thy dayes abridge, through prooste of puissance,
Turne we our steedes, that both in equall tilt
May meete againe, and each take happie chance.
This said, they both a furlong's mountenance
Retyrd their steeds, to ronne in even race:
But Braggadochio with his blody lance
Once having turnd, no more returnd his face,
But left his love to losse, and fled him selfe apace.

The knight him seeing fly, had no regard
Him to pourfew, but to the ladie rode,
And having her from Trompart lightly reard,
Upon his courser set the lovely lode,
And with her fled away without abode.
Well weened he, that fairest Florimell
It was, with whom in company he yode,
And so her selfe did alwaies to him tell;
So made him thinke him selfe in heaven, that was in hell.

But Florimell her selfe was farre away,
Driven to great distresse by fortune straunge,
And taught the carefull mariner to play,
Sith late mischance had her compeld to chaunge
The land for sea, at randon there to raunge:
Yet there that cruel Queene avenges, Not satysfied so farre her to estrange
From courtly blisse and wonted happinesse,
Did heape on her new waves of weary wretchednesse.
For being fled into the fisher's bote,
For refuge from the monster's crueltie,
Long so she on the mightie maine did flote,
And with the tide drove forward careleslie,
For th'aire was milde, and cleared was the skie,
And all his windes Dan Æolus did keepe
From stirring up their stormy enmitie,
As pittying to see her waile and wepe;
But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe.

At last when drôncke with drowsinesse, he woke,
And saw his drover drive along the streame,
He was dismayd, and thrife his brest he stroke,
For marveill of that accident extreame:
But when he saw that blazing beautie's beame,
Which with rare light his bote did beautifye,
He marveild more, and thought he yet did dreame
Not well awakt, or that some extasye
Aslotted had his fence, or dazed was his eye.

But when her well avizing, he perceiv'd
To be no vision, nor fantastickke fight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd,
And felt in his old courage new delight
To gin awake, and stirre his frozen spright:
Tho rudely askt her, how she thetther came.
Ah! said she, father, I note read aright,
What hard misfortune brought me to this fame;
Yet am I glad, that here I now in safety am.
XXIV.

But thou, good man, fith farre in sea we bee,
And the great waters gin apace to swell,
That now no more we can the maine-land see,
Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,
Least worse on sea then us on land befell.
Thereat th'old man did nought but fondly grin,
And said, his boat the way could wisely tell:
But his deceitfull eyes did never lin,
To looke on her faire face, and marke her snowy skin.

XXV.

The light whereof in his congealed flesh
Infixt such secret sting of greedy luft,
That the drie withered stocke it gan refresh,
And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth brust:
The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.
Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hand,
Where ill became him, rashly would have thrust;
But she with angry scorne him did withfond,
And shamefully reproved for his rudenesse fond.

XXVI.

But he, that never good nor maners knew,
Her sharpe rebuke full little did esteeme;
Hard is to teach an old horse amble trew.
The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,
Broke into open fire and rage extreme;
And now he strength gan adde unto his will,
Forcing to doe, that did him fowle missteeme:
Beastly he threw her downe, ne car'd to spill
Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

XXVII. The
Cant. VIII.  

The silly virgin strove him to withstand,
All that she might, and him in vain reviled:
She struggled strongly both with foot and hand,
To save her honor from that villain wild,
And cride to heaven, from humane helpe exild.
O ye brave knights, that boast this ladie's love,
Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild
Of filthy wretch? Well may she you reprove
Of falsehood or of flouth, when most it may behave.

XXVIII.
But if that thou, Sir Satyrani, diest weete,
Or thou, Sir Peridure, her sore state,
How soone would ye assemble many a fleete,
To fetch from sea, that ye at land lost late?
Towres, cities, kingdoms ye would ruinate,
In your avengement and spiteous rage;
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate:
But if Sir Calidore could it presage,
No living creature could his cruelty asswage.

XXIX.
But sith that none of all her knights is nye,
  See how the heavens, of voluntary grace,
And soveraine favor towards chastity,
Doe succour send to her distressed case.
So much high God doth innocence embrace.
It fortuned, whilest thus she stifly strove,
And the wide sea importuned long space
With shrilling shriekes, Proteus abrode did rove,
Along the fomy waves, driving his finny drove.

XXX. Pro-
Proteus is shepeheard of the seas of yore,
And hath the charge of Neptune's mighty heard,
An aged fire with head all frowy liore,
And sprinkleth frost upon his deawy beard:
Who when those pittifull outcries he heard,
Through all the seas so ruefully resound,
His charet swift in haste he thither steard,
Which with a teeme of scaly Phocas bound
Was drawne upon the waves, that formed him around:

And coming to that fisher's wandring bote;
That went at will, withouten card or sayle;
He therein saw that yrkesome fight, which smote
Deepe indignation and compassion frayle;
Into his hart attonce: : stroight did he hayle
The greedy villein from his hoped pray,
Of which he now did very little sayle,
And with his staffe, that drives his heard a Tray,
Him bet so fore, that life and sence did much dismay:

The whiles the pitteous ladie up did ryse,
Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy soyle;
And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes:
Her hart nigh broken was with weary toyle,
To save her selfe from that outrageous spoyle;
But when she looked up, to weet, what wight
Had her from so infamous fact assayld,
For shame, but more for feare of his grim fight,
Downe in her lap she hid her face, and loudly sfright.
Cant. VIII.  the Faerie Queene.

XXXIII

Her selle not savel yet from daunger bred
 She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare;
 Like as a fearful partridge, that is fled
 From the sharpe hauke, which her attached neare,
 And falls to ground, to seeke for succour theare,
 Whereas the hungry spaniels she does spy,
 With greedy jawes her readie for to teare;
 In such distresse and sad perplexity
 Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see thereby.

XXXIV.

But he endeavoured with speeches milde.
 Her to recomfort, and accourace bold;
 Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,
 Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was, her told:
 Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
 Ne to recomfort her at all prevayld;
 For her faint hart was with the frozen cold.
 Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh sayld,
 And all her fences with abashment quite were quayld.

XXXV.

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reard;
 And with his f Rory lips full softly kist.
 Whiles the cold ystickes from his rough beard
 Dropped adowne upon her yvorie breft:
 Yet he him selfe so busily addrest,
 That her out of astonishment he wrought,
 And out of that fame fisher's filthy nest.
 Removing her, into his charet brought,
 And there with many gentle termes her faire besought.

XXXVI. But
XXXVI.

But that old leachour, which with bold assault
That beautie durst presume to violate,
He cast to punish for his hainous fault:
Then tooke he him yet trembling fith of late,
And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate
The virgin, whom he had abusde so fore:
So drag'd him through the waves in scornfull state,
And after cast him up, upon the shore;
But Florimell with him unto his bowre he bore.

XXXVII.

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
Under a mightie rocke, gainst which do rave
The roaring billowes in their proud disdain,
That with the angry working of the wave,
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
That seemes rough masons hand with engines keene
Had long while laboured it to engrave:
There was his wonne, ne living wight was scene,
Save one old Nymph, hight Panope, to keepe it cleane.

XXXVIII.

Thether he brought the sory Florimell,
And entertained her the best he might,
And Panope her entertaind eke well,
As an immortall mote a mortall wight,
To winne her liking unto his delight:
With flattering words he sweetly wooed her,
And offered faire gifts, t'allure her sight;
But she both offers and the offerer
Despyfde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

XXXIX. Daily
Daily he tempted her with this or that,
    And never suffered her to be at rest;
But ever more she him refused flat,
And all his fained kindnesse did detest;
So firmly she had sealed up her breast.
Sometimes he boasted, that a God he hight;
But she a mortall creature loved best:
Then he would make him selfe a mortall wight;
But then she said, she lov'd none but a Faerie knight.

Then like a Faerie knight him selfe he dreft;
For every shape on him he could endew:
Then like a king he was to her exprest,
And offred kingdoms unto her in vew,
To be his leman and his ladie trew:
But when all this he nothing saw prevaine,
With harder meanes he cast her to subdued,
And with sharpe threatnes her often did affaile,
So thinking for to make her stubborne courage beam.

To dreadfull shapes he did him selfe transforme;
Now like a gyant, now like to a seend,
Then like a centaure, then like to a storme,
Raging within the waves: thereby he weended.
Her will to win unto his wished end.
But when with seare, nor favour, nor with all
He else could doe, he saw him selfe esteemed,
Downe in a dungeon deepe he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.
XLII.
Eternall thraldome was to her more liefe,
Then losse of chaftitie, or chaunge of love:
Die had she rather in tormenting griefe,
Then any should of falseness her reprove,
Or losse thereof, that she lightly did remove.
Most virtuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
And crowne of heavenly praise with the saints above,
Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous deed
Are still emongst them song, that farre my rymes exceed.

XLIII.
Fit song of angels caroled to bee,
But yet what so my feeble muse can frame,
Shall be t'advance thy goodly chaftetee,
And to enroll thy memorable name
In th'hart of every honourable dame,
That they thy vertuous deeds may imitate,
And be partakers of thy endless fame.
It yrkes me, leave thee in this woeful state,
To tell of Satyrane, where I left him of late:

XLIV.
Who having ended with that Squire of Dames
A long discourse of his adventures vaine,
The which himselfe, then ladies more desames,
And finding not th'Hyena to be slaine,
With that same Squire, returned back againe
To his first way. And as they forward went,
They spyde a knight faire pricking on the plaine,
As if he were on some adventure bent,
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

XLV. Sir
Cant. VIII. the Faerie Queene.

XLV.

Sir Satyrane him towards did address;
To weet, what wight he was, and what his quest:
And comming nigh, eftfoones he gan to gesle
Both by the burning hart, which on his brest
He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
That Paridell it was. Tho to him yode,
And him saluting, as beseeeth beft,
Gan first inquire of tydings farre abrode;
And afterwaes, on what adventure now he rode.

XLVI.

Who thereto answeringe saide, The tydings bad,
Which now in Faerie court all men doe tell,
Which turned hath great mirth to mourning sad,
Is the late ruine of proud Marinell,
And suddain parture of faire Florinell,
To find him forth; and after her are gone
All the brave knightes, that doen in armes excell,
To savigard her, ywandred all alone;
Emongst the rest my lot (unworthy) is to be one.

XLVII.

Ah gentle knight, saide then Sir Satyrane,
Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
That haft a thanklesse service to thee ta’ne,
And ofresett sacrifice unto the dead:
For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread
Henceforth for ever Florinell to be,
That all the noble knights of Maydenbeard,
Which her ador’d, may fore repent with me,
And all faire ladies maie for ever sory be.

Vol. II. Y XLVIII. Which
XLVIII.

Which wordes when Paridell had heard, his hew
Gan greatly chaunge, and seemd dismayd to bee,
Then said, Faire Sir, how may I weene it trew,
That ye doe tell in such uncertaintee?
Or speake ye of report, or did ye see
Just cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so fore?
For perdie else how mote it ever bee,
That ever hand shou'd dare for to engore
Her noble bloud? The heavens such crueltie abhore.

XLIX.

These eyes did see that they will ever few
T'have seene, quoth he, when as a monstrous beast
The palfrey, whereon she did travell, slew,
And of his bowels made his bloudy feast:
Which speaking token sheweth at the leaft
Her certaine losse, if not her sure decay:
Besides, that more suspicition encreast,
I found her golden girdle cast astray,
Distaynd with durt and blood, as relique of the pray.

L.

Ah me, said Paridell, the signes be sad,
And but God turne the fame to good soothsay,
That ladie's safetie is sore to be drad:
Yet will I not forfake my forward way,
Till triall doe more certaine truth bewray.
Faire Sir, quoth he, well may it you succeed,
Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stay;
But to the ref, which in this quest proceed,
My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed.
Ye noble knights, said then the Squire of Dames,
Well may ye speede in so praiseworthy paine:
But sith the sunne now gines to flake his beames,
In deawy vapours of the westerne maine,
And lose the teme out of his weary waine,
Mote not mislike you also to abate
Your zealous haft, till morrow next againe
Both light of heaven, and strength of men relate:
Which if ye please, to yonder castle turne your gate.

That counsell pleased well; so all yfere
Forth marched to a castle them before,
Where soone arriving, they restrained were,
Of readie entrance, which ought evermore
To errant knights be commune: wondrous sore.
Thereat displeafd they were, till that young squire
Gan them informe the cause, why that same dore
Was shut to all, which lodging did desire:
The which to let you weet, will further time require.
Canto IX.

Malbecco will no strange knights hest,
For peevish jealousie:
Paridell giusts with Britomart:
Both shew their ancestral.

I.

EDOUBTED knights and honorable dames,
To whom I levell all my labours end,
Right sore I feare, least with unworthy blames
This odious argument my rymes should shun;
Or ought your goodly patience offend,
While of a wanton lady I do write,
Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
The shying glory of your soveraigne light,
And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse knight.

II.

But never let th'enexample of the bad
Offend the good: for good by paragone
Of evill may more notably be rad,
As white seemes fairer, macht with blacke attone;
Ne all are shamed by the fault of one:
For lo in heaven, whereas all goodness is,
Emongt the angels, a whole legione
Of wicked sprights did fall from happy blis.
What wonder then, if one of women all did amis?

III. Then
Then listen lordings, if ye lift to weet
   The cause, why Satyrane and Paride
Mote not be entertainment, as seemed meet,
   Into that castle, as that squire does tell.
Therein a caned crabbed carle does dwell,
   That has no skill of court nor courtesie;
Ne cares, what men say of him ill or well;
   For all his dayes he drownes in privatie,
Yet has full large to live, and spend at libertie.

But all his mind is set on mucky pelse,
   To hoord up heapes of evill-gotten masse,
For which he others wrongs, and wreckes himselfe;
   Yet is he lincked to a lovely lasse,
Whose beauty doth her bounty far surpass,
   The which to him both far unequall yeares,
And also far unlike conditions has;
   For she does joy to play amongst her peares,
And to be free from hard restraint and gealous feares.

But he is old, and withered like hay,
   Unfit faire ladies service to supply,
The privie guilt whereof makes him alway
   Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy
Upon her with his other blincked eye;
   Ne suffreth he resort of living wight
Approch to her, ne keepe her company,
   But in close bowre her mewes from all mens fight,
Depriv'd of kindly joy and naturall delight.

VI. Mal-
VI.

Malbecco he, and Hellenore she hight,
Unfitly yoked together in one team;
That is the cause, why never any knight
Is suffred here to enter, but he seem;
Such, as no doubt of him he neede misheme.

Thereat Sir Satyrane gan to smile, and say;
Extremely mad the man I surely deeme,
That weenes with watch and hard restraint to stay
A woman's will, which is disposed to go astray.

VII.

In vaine he feares that, which he cannot honne:
For who wotes not, that woman's subtiltyes
Can guilen Argus, when she list midonne?
It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brazen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,
That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet,
But fast goodwill with gentle courtesyes,
And timely service to her pleasures meet,
May her perhaps containe, that else would algates fleet.

VIII.

Then is he not more mad, said Paridell,
That hath himselfe unto such service fold,
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?
For sure a fool I do him firmly hold,
That loves his fetters, though they were of gold.
But why do we devise of others ill,
Whyles thus we suffer this same dotard old,
To keepe us out, in scorne of his owne will,
And rather do not rifack all, and him selfe kill?

IX. Nay
Cant. IX.  

IX.
Nay let us first, said Satyrane, entreat
The man by gentle meanes, to let us in,
And afterwaides affray with cruell threat,
Ere that we to efferce it do begin:
Then if all tayle, we will by force it win,
And eke reward the wretch for his mesprife,
As may be worthy of his haynous sin.
That counsell pleasd; then Paridell did rise,
And to the castle gate approcht in quiet wise.

X.
Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desyrd.
The good man selxe, which then the porter playd,
Him answered, that all were now retyrd
Unto their rest, and all the keyes convayd
Unto their maister, who in bed was layd,
That none him durst awake out of his dreme;
And therefore them of patience gently prayd.
Then Paridell began to chaunge his theme,
And threatned him with force and punishment extreme:

XI.
But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent:
And now so long before the wicket fast
They wayted, that the night was forward spent,
And the faire welkin, fowly overcaft,
Gan blowen up a bitter stormy blast,
With showre and hayle so horrible and dred,
That this faire many were compeld at laft,
To fly for succour to a little shed,
The which beside the gate for swine was ordered.
It fortuned, soone after they were gone,
Another knight, whom tempest thither brought,
Came to that castle, and with earnest mone,
Like as the rest, late entrance deare besought;
But like so as the rest he prayed for nought,
For flatly he of entrance was refuse,
Sorely thereat he was displeased, and thought:
How to avenge himselfe so fore abused,
And evermore the earle of courtesie accused:

But to avoyde th'intollerable showre,
He was compeld to seek some refuge neare,
And to that shed, to shrowd him from the showre,
He came, which full of guestes he found whyleare;
So as he was not let to enter there:
Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
And swore, that he would lodge with them yfere,
Or them dislodge, all were they liefe or loth;
And so devise them each, and so devise them both:

Both were full loth to leave that needfull tent,
And both full loth in darknesse to debate;
Yet both full liefe him lodging to have lent,
And both full liefe his boasting to abate;
But chiefly Paridell his hart did grate,
To heare him threaten so despightfully,
As if he did a dogge in kennell rate,
That durst not barke; and rather had he dy,
Then when he was devise, in coward corner ly.

XV. Tho
XV.
Tho hastily remounting to his steed,
He forth issew’d; like as a boistrous wind,
Which in the earthe’s hollow caves hath long been hid,
And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
Makes the huge element against her kind
To move, and tremble as it were aghaft,
Untill that it an issew forth may find;
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth overcast.

XVI.
Their steel-hed speares they strongly coucht, and met
Together with impetuous rage and forse,
That with the terreur of their fierce affret,
They rudely drove to ground both man and horse,
That each a while lay like a fenceleffe corfe.
But Paridell, sore bruised with the blow,
Could not arife, the counterchaunge to scorfe,
Till that young squire him reared from below;
Then drew he his bright sword, and gan about him throw.

XVII.
But Satyrane forth stepping, did them stay,
And with faire treaty paciside their yre;
Then when they were accorded from the fray,
Against that castle’s lord they gan conspire,
To heape on him dew vengeaunce for his hire.
They bene agreed, and to the gates they goe
To burne the same with unquenchable fire,
And that uncurtaceous carle, their commune foe,
To do sowele death to dye, or wrap in grievous woe.
The thirde Booke of Cant. IX.

XVIII.

Malbecco seeing them resolv'd in deed
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
For fire in earnest, ran with fearfull speed,
And to them calling from the castle-wall,
Befought them humbly, him to beare withall,
As ignorant of servants bad abuse,
And slacke attendance unto strangers call.
The knights were willing all things to excuse,
Though nought beleu'd, and entraunce late did not refuse.

XIX.

They beene brought into a comely ybowre,
And serv'd of all things, that mote needfull bee;
Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,
And welcomde more for feare, then charitee;
But they dissimuled, what they did not see,
And welcomed themselves. Each gan undight
Their garments wet, and weary armour free,
To dry them selves by Vuleane's flaming light,
And eke their lately bruzed parts to bring in plight.

XX.

And eke that stranger knight, amongst the rest,
Was for like need enforst to disarray:
Tho whenas vailed was her loftie crest,
Her golden locks, that were in tramells gay
Upbounden, did them selves adowne display,
And raught unto her heeles; like sunny beames,
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded, shew their golden gleames,
And through the perfant aire shoote forth their azure streams.

XXI. She
She also dofte her heavy haberjeon,
Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde,
And her well plighted frock, which she did won
To tucke about her short, when she did ryde,
She low let fall, that flowd from her lanck syde
Downe to her foot, with carelesse modestye.
Then of them all she plainly was espyde
To be a woman wight, unwist to bee,
The fairest woman wight, that ever eye did see:

Like as Minerva, being late returnd
From slaughter of the giaunts conquered;
Where proud Encelade, whose wide nosethrls burnd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
Transfixed with her speare, downe tumbled ded
From top of Hemus, by him heaped hye;
Hath loofd her helmet from her lofty hed,
And her Gorgonian shield gins to untye
From her left arme, to rest in glorious victorye.

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were
With great amazement of so wondrous fight,
And each on other, and they all on her
Stood gazing, as if suddein great affright
Had them surprizd. At last avizing right,
Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
Which they so much mistooke, they tooke delight
In their first errour, and yet still anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hungry vew.
Yet note their hongry vew be fatissfide,
But feeing ftill the more defir'd to see,
And ever firmly fixed did abide
In contemplation of divinitee:
But moft they mervaild at her chevalree,
And noble prowesse, which they had approvd,
That much they faynd to know, who sh she mote bee;
Yet none of all them her thereof amov'd,
Yet every one her likte, and every one her lov'd.

And Paridell, though partly discontent
With his late fall, and fowle indignity,
Yet was foone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her faire eye,
And knightly worth, which he too late did try,
Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight;
Then they Malbecco prayd of courtesie,
That of his lady they might have the fight,
And company at meat, to do them more delight.

But he, to shift their curious request,
Gan caufen, why she could not come in place;
Her crafed helth, her late recourfe to rest,
And humid evening ill for ficke folkes cace.
But none of those excuses could take place;
Ne would they eate, till she in presence came.
She came in presence with right comely grace,
And fairely them faluted, as became,
And shewd her selfe in all a gentle curteous dame.
Cant. IX.  the Faerie Queene.

XXVII.
They fate to meat, and Satyrane his chaunce
   Was her before, and Paridell beythe;
But he him selfe fate looking still askaunce
Gainst Britomart, and ever closely eyde
Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not glyde:
But his blind eye, that sied Paridell,
All his demeasnure from his sight did hyde:
On her faire face so did he feede his fill,
And sent close messages of love to her at will.

XXVIII.
And ever and anone, when none was ware,
   With speaking lookes, that close embaffage bore,
   He rov'd at her, and told his secret care:
   For all that art he learned had of yore.
Ne was she ignoraunt of that lewd lore,
But in his eye his meaning wisely red,
And with the like him answerd ever more:
She sent at him one firie dart, whose hed
Empoifned was with privy luft, and gealous dred.

XXIX.
He from that deadly throw made no defence,
   But to the wound his weake hart opened wyde:
The wicked engine, through false influence,
   Paft through his eyes, and secretly did glyde
Into his hart, which it did sorely gryde.
But nothing new to him was that fame paine,
Ne paine at all; for he so oft had tryde
The powre thereof, and lov'd so oft in vaine,
That thing of course he counted, love to entertaine.

XXX. Thence-
Thenceforth to her he fought to intimate
His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne;
Now Bacchus fruit out of the silver plate
He on the table daght, as overthrowne,
Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne,
And by the dauncing bubbles did divine,
Or therein write to let his love be showne;
Which well she red out of the learned line;
A sacrament prophane in mistery of wine.

And when so of his hand the pledge she raught,
The guilty cup she fained to mistake,
And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
Shewing desire her inward flame to flake:
By such close signes they secret way did make
Unto their wills, and one eye’s watch escape.
Two eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,
Who lovers will deceive. Thus was the ape,
By their faire handling, put into Malbecco’s cape.

Now when of meats and drinks they had their fill,
Purpose was moved by that gentle dame
Unto those knights adventurous, to tell
Of deeds of armes, which unto them became,
And every one his kindred, and his name.
Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pryde
Of gracious speach, and skil his words to frame
Abounded, being glad of so fit tyde
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all well eyde.
XXXIII

Troy, that art now nought, but an idle name,
And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,
Though whilome far much greater than thy fame,
Before that angry Gods and cruel skie
Upon thee heapt a direfull desitinie,
What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
And fetch from heaven thy great genealogie,
Sith all thy worthie prayses being blent,
Their offspring hath embast, and later glory shent?

XXXIV.

Most famous worthy of the world, by whome
That warre was kindled, which did Troy inflame,
And fately towres of Ilium whilome
Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name
Sir Paris, far renownd through noble fame,
Who, through great prowess and bold hardinesse,
From Lacedaemon fetcht the fairest dame,
That ever Greece did boast, or knight possesse,
Whom Venus to him gave for meed of worthinesse.

XXXV.

Fair Helene, flowre of beautie excellent,
And girld of the mighty conquerours,
That madest many ladies deare lament
The heavie losse of their brave paramours,
Which they far off beheld from Trojan towres,
And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander strowne
With carcases of noble warriours,
Whose fruitless lives were under furrow sown,
And Xanthus sandy bankes with blood all overflowne.

XXXVI. From
XXXVI.
From him my linage I derive aright,
Who long before the ten yeares siege of Troy,
Whiles yet on Ida he a shepheard hight,
On faire Oenone got a lovely boy,
Whom for remembrance of her passe joy
She of his father Parius did name;
Who, after Greekes did Priam's realme destroy,
Gathered the Trojan reliques fav'd from flame,
And with them sayling thence, to th'isle of Paros came.

XXXVII.
That was by him calld Paros, which before
Hight Nausa; there he many yeares did raine,
And built Nausicle by the Pontick shore,
The which he dying left next in remaine
To Paridas his sonne.
From whom I Paridell by kin descend;
But for faire ladies love, and glories gaine,
My native soile have left, my dayes to spend
In seewing deedes of armes, my lives and labours end.

XXXVIII.
Whenas the noble Britomart heard tell
Of Trojan warres, and Priam's citie sackt,
The ruefull story of Sir Paridell,
She was empassiond at that piteous act,
With zelous envy of Greekes cruell fact
Against that nation, from whose race of old
She heard that she was lineally extract:
For noble Britons sprong from Trojans bold,
And Troynovant was built of old Troye's ashes cold.

XXXIX. Then
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XXXIX.

Then sighing fast a while, at last she thus:
O lamentable fall of famous towne,
Which raigned so many yeares victorious,
And of all Asia bore the soveraigne crowne,
In one sad night consumed, and thrown downe!
What stony hart, that heares thy hapless fate,
Is notempierst with deepe compassiowne,
And makes ensample of man's wretched state,
That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at evening late?

XL.

Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint
Hath found another partner of your payne:
For nothing may impreffe so deare constraint,
As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne.
But if it shou'd not grieve you, backe agayne
To turne your course, I would to heare desyre,
What to Aeneas fell; since that men sayne
He was not in the cities wofull fyre
Consum'd, but did himselfe to safetie retyre.

XLI.

Anchyfes sone, begot of Venus faire,
Said he, out of the flames for safegard fled,
And with a remnant did to sea repaire,
Where he through fatall errour long was led.
Full many yeares, and weetlesse wandered
From shore to shore, emongst the Lybicke sands,
Ere rest he found. Much there he suffered,
And many perills past in forreine lands,
To save his people sad from victours vengefull hands.
XLII.
At last in Latium he did arrive,
Where he with cruell warre was entertaind
Of th' inland folke, which sought him backe to drive,
Till he with old Latinus was constrain'd
To contract wedlock; (to the fates ordain'd:)
Wedlock contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplished, that many deare complain'd:
The rivall flaine, the victour through the flood
Escaped hardly, hardly praif'd his wedlock good.

XLIII.
Yet after all, he victour did survive,
And with Latinus did the kingdom part.
But after, when both nations gan to strive,
Into their names the title to convert,
His sonne Iülus did from thence depart,
With all the warlike youth of Trojans bloud,
And in long Alba plai$ his throne apart,
Where faire it flourished, and long time stoud,
Till Romulus renewing it, to Rome remoud.

XLIV.
There, there, said Britomart, afresh appeard:
The glory of the later world to spring,
And Troy againe out of her durst was reard;
To fit in second seat of soveraigne king,
Of all the world under her governing,
But a third kingdom yet is to arise,
Out of the Trojans scattered off-spring,
That in all glory and great enterprize
Both first and second Troy shall dare to equalise.
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XLV.
It Troynovant is hight, that with the waves
Of wealthy Thamis washed is along,
Upon whose stubborn neck, whereat he raves
With roaring rage, and fore himselfe doth throng,
That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong,
She faftned hath her foot, which flandes fo hy,
That it a wonder of the world is song
In forreine landes, and all, which paffen by,
Beholding it from far, do thinke it threatens the skye.

XLVI.
The Trojan Brute did first that citie found,
And Hygate made the meare thereof by west,
And Overt gate by North: that is the bound
Toward the land; two rivers bound the rest.
So huge a scope at first him seemed best,
To be the compasse of his kingdome's seat:
So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
Ne in small meares containe his glory great,
That Albion had conquered first by warlike feat.

XLVII.
Ah fairest Lady knight, said Paridell,
Pardon, I pray, my heedlesse oversight,
Who had forgot, that whilome I heard tell
From aged Mnemon; for my wits beene light.
Indeed he said, if I remember right,
That of the antique Trojan stocke there grew
Another plant, that rauhed to wondrous hight,
And far abroad his mighty braunches threw,
Into the utmoost angle of the world he knew.

A a 2  179.  For
XLVIII.
For that same Brute, whom much he did advance
In all his speech, was Silvius his sonne,
Whom having slain, through lucklesse arrowes glaunce,
He fled for feare of that he had misdone,
Or else for shame, so sowe reproach to shonne;
And with him led to sea an youthly trayne,
Where weary wandring they long time did wonne,
And many fortunes prov'd in th' Ocean mayne,
And great adventures found, that now were long to sayne.

XLIX.
At last by fatall course they driven were
Into an Island spacious and brode,
The furthest North, that did to them appeare:
Which after rest they seeking far abrode,
Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,
Fruitfull of all things fit for living foode,
But wholly waft; and void of peoples trode,
That fed on living flesh, and drunke mens vitall blood.

L.
Whom he, through weary wars and labours long,
Subdewd with losse of many Britons bold;
In which the great Goemagot of strong
Corineus, and Coulin of Debon old,
Were overthrowne, and layd on th' earth full cold,
Which quaked under their so hideous maffe;
A famous history to be enrold
In everlasting monuments of brasfe,
That all the antique Worthies merits far did passe.

LI. His
Canto IX.  
The Faerie Queene.  

LI.
His worke great Troyovant, his worke is eke  
Faire Lincoln, both renowned far away,  
That who from East to West will endlong seeke,  
Cannot two fairer Cities find this day,  
Except Cleopolis: so heard I say  
Old Mnemon. Therefore, Sir, I greet you well  
Your countrey kin, and you entirely pray  
Of pardon for the strife, which late befell  
Betwixt us both unknowne. So ended Paridell.

LII.
But all the while, that he these speeches spent,  
Upon his lips hong faire Dame Hellenore,  
With vigilant regard, and dew attent,  
Fashioning worlds of fancies evermore  
In her fraile wit, that now her quite forlore:  
The whiles unwares away her wondring eye,  
And greedy eares, her weake hart from her bore:  
Which he perceiving, ever privily  
In speaking, many false belgardes at her let fly.

LIII.
So long these knights discoursed diversly,  
Of straunge affaires, and noble hardiment,  
Which they had paft with mickle jeopardy,  
That now the humid night was farforth spent,  
And heavenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:  
Which th' old man seeing well, who too long thought  
Every discourse and every argument,  
Which by the houres he meafured, besought  
Them go to reft. So all unto their bowres were brought.
Paridell rapeth Hellenore:
Malbecco her pursuwses:
Findes amongst Satyres, whence with him
To turne she doth refuse.

1.
THE morow next, so soone as Phæbus lamp
Bewrayed had the world with early light,
And fresh Aurora had the shady damp
Out of the goodly Heaven amoved quight,
Faire Britomart and that fame Faerie knight
Uprose, forth on their journey for to wend:
But Paridell complaynd, that his late fight
With Britomart to sore did him offend,
That ryde he could not, till his hurts he did amend.

II.
So forth they far'd, but he behind them slayd,
Maulgre his host, who grudged grievously
To house a guest, that would be needes obayd,
And of his owne him left not liberty:
Might wanting measure moveth surquedry.
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fierce young man's unruly majesty;
His money, which he lov'd as living breath;
And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept unceath.

III. But
III.

But patience perforce he must abide,
What fortune and his fate on him will lay;
Fond is the feare, that findes no remedie;
Yet warily he watcheth every way,
By which he feareth evil happen may:
So th’ evil thinkes by watching to prevent;
Ne doth he suffer her, nor night, nor day,
Out of his sight her selfe once to absent.
So doth he punish her, and eke himselfe torment.

IV.

But Paridell kept better watch then hee,
A fit occasion for his turne to find.
False love, why do men say, thou canst not see,
And in their foolish fancie feigne thee blind,
That with thy charmes the sharpest fiight doest bind,
And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,
And seest every secret of the mind;
Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee;
All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

V.

So perfect in that art was Paridell,
That he Malbecce’s halfen eye did wyle;
His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
And Hellenor’s both eyes did eke beguyle,
Both eyes and hart attone, during the whyle
That he there sojourned his woundes to heale,
That Cupid selfe it seeing, close did smyle,
To weet how he her love away did steale,
And bad, that none their joyous treason should reveale.

VI. The
The learned lover lost no time nor tyde,
That least advantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore so faire a faile, that none espyde
His secret drift, till he her layd abord.
When so in open place, and commune bord,
He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speach
He courted her, yet bayted every word,
That his ungentle hoste n'ote him appeach
Of vile ungentlenesse, or hospitage's breach.

VII.
But when apart (if ever her apart)
He found, then his false engins faft he plyde,
And all the fleights unbofomd in his hart;
He figh'd, he sob'd, he swound, he perdy dyde,
And cast himselfe on ground her faft belyde:
Tho when againe he him bethought to live,
He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,
Saying, but if she mercie would him give,
That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgive.

VIII.
And other whiles with amorous delights,
And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine,
Now singing sweetly, to furprize her sprights,
Now making layes of love and lovers paine,
Bransles; Ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine;
Oft purposes, oft riddles he devyfd,
And thousands like, which flowed in his braine,
With which he fed her fancy, and entyfd
To take to his new love, and leave her old despysd.
IX.
And every where he might, and every while
He did her service dewtisfull, and sewd
At hand with humble pride, and pleasing guile,
So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,
Who well perceived all, and all indewd.
Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,
With which he many weake harts had subdewd,
Of yore, and many had ylike misled:
What wonder then, if she were likewise carried?

X.
No fort so sensible, no wals so strong,
But that continuall battery will rive,
Or daily siege through dispurvaunce long,
And lacke of resekewes will to parley drive;
And Peace, that unto parley care will give,
Will shortly yield it selfe, and will be made
The vassall of the victor's will bylive:
That stratageme had ofentimes assayd
This crafty Paramoure, and now it plaine displayd.

XI.
For through his traines he her intrapped hath,
That she her love and hart hath wholly fold
To him, without regard of gaine, or scath,
Or care of credite, or of husband old,
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a faire Cucquold.
Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee
Devized hath, and to her lover told.
It pleased well: So well they both agree;
So readie rype to ill ill wemens counsels bee.
XII.
Darke was the Evening, fit for lovers stealth,
When chaunst Malbecco busie be elsewhere,
She to his closet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid: thereof the countesse summes did reare,
The which she meant away with her to beare.
The rest she fry’d for sport, or for despight;
As Hellene, when she saw aloft appeare,
The Trojane flames, and reach to heaven’s hight,
Did clap her hands, and joyed at that dolefull sight.

XIII.
This second Helene, faire Dame Hellenore,
The whiles her husband ranne with sory haft,
To quench the flames, which she had tyn’d before.
Laught at his foolish labour spent in waft;
And ranne into her lover’s armes right fast;
Where freight embraced, she to him did cry,
And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past;
For loe! that Guest did beare her forcibly,
And meant to ravish her, that rather had to dy.

XIV.
The wretched man hearing her call for ayd,
And readie seeing him with her to fly,
In his disquiet mind was much dismayd:
But when againe he backeward cast his eye,
And saw the wicked fire so furiously
Confume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,
He was therewith distrested diversely,
Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place;
Was never wretched man in such a wofull case.

XV. Ay
XV.
Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,
And left the fire; love money overcame:
But when he marked, how his money burnd,
He left his wife; money did love disclame:
Both was he loth to loose his loved Dame,
And loth to leave his liefest pelfe behind,
Yet sith he n'ote save both, he sav'd that same,
Which was the dearest to his dongsill mind,
The God of his desire, the joy of misers blind.

XVI.
Thus whilest all things in troublous uprore were,
And all men busie to suppreffe the flame,
The loving couple neede no reskew feare,
But leasure had, and libertie to frame
Their purpoft flight, free from all mens reclame;
And Night, the patroneffe of love-stealth faire,
Gave them safe conduct, till to end they came:
So beene they gone yfere, a wanton paire
Of lovers loosely knit, where lift them to repaire.

XVII.
Soone as the cruell flames yflaked were,
Malbecco seeing, how his losse did lye,
Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere,
Into huge waves of griefe and gealofye
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye,
Twixt inward doole and felonous despight:
He rav'd, he wept, he stampt, he layd did cry,
And all the passions, that in man may light,
Did him attonce opprefse, and vex his caytive spright.
XVIII.
Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,
And did confume his gall with anguish fore,
Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,
Then still the smart thereof increased more,
And seemed more grievous then it was before:
At last when sorrow he saw booted nought,
Ne griefe might not his love to him restore,
He gan devise, how her he reftew mought;
Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused thought.

XIX.
At last resolving, like a Pilgrim pore,
To search her forth, where so she might be fond;
And bearing with him treasure in close store,
The rest he leaves in ground: So takes in hond:
To seek her endlong, both by sea and lond.
Long he her sought, he sought her farre and nere,
And everywhere, that he mote understand
Of knights and ladies any meetings were,
And of each one he met, he tydings did inquere.

XX.
But all in vaine, his woman was too wise,
Ever to come into his couched againe,
And he too simple ever to surprife
The jolly Paridell, for all his paine.
One day, as he forpast by the plaine
With weary pace, he farre away espide
A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
Which hoved close under a forest side,
As if they lay in wait, or else themselves did hide.

XXI. Well
XXI.
Well weened he, that those the same mote bee,
And as he better did their shape avize,
Him seemed more their manner did agree;
For th' one was armed all in warlike wise,
Whom to be Paridell he did devise;
And th' other all yclad in garments light,
Discolourd like to womanish disguise,
He did resemble to his lady bright;
And ever his faint hart much earned at the fight.

XXII.
And ever faine he towards them would goe,
But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,
But stood aloofe, unweeting what to doe,
Till that prickt forth with loves extremitie,
That is the father of foule gealofie,
He closely nearer crept, the truth to weet:
But, as he higher drew, he easily
Might scerne, that it was not his sweetest sweet,
Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet.

XXIII.
But it was scornfull Braggadochio,
That with his servant Trompart hovered there;
Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe:
Whom such when as Malbecco spyed clere,
He turned backe, and would have fled arere;
Till Trompart running hastily, him did stay,
And bad before his soveraine Lord appeare:
That was him loth, yet durst he not gainsay,
And coming him before, low louted on the lay.

XXIV. The
XXIV.
The Boaster at him sternely bent his browe,
   As if he could have kild him with his looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,
   And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
That every member of his body quooke.
Said he, Thou man of nought, what dost thou here?
   Unfitly furnish't with thy bag and booke,
Where I expected one with shield and spere,
To prove some deeds of armes upon an equall pere.

XXV.
The wretched man, at his imperious speach,
   Was all abaft, and low prostrating, said;
Good Sir, let not my rudenesse be no breach
Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For I unwares this way by fortune stray'd,
   A silly Pilgrim driven to distresse,
That seeke a Lady. There he suddein stay'd,
   And did the rest with grievous sighes suppress'd,
While teares stood in his cies, few drops of bitternessse.

XXVI.
What Lady, man? said Trompart; take good hart,
And tell thy griefe, if any hidden lye;
Was never better time to shew thy smart,
Then now, that noble succour is thee by,
   That is the whole world's commune remedy.
That cheerful word his weake hart much did cheare,
   And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,
That bold he said, O most redoubted Pere,
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches case to heare.

XXVII. Then
XXVII.

Then fighting fore, it is not long, said he,
Sith I enjoyed the gentle Dame alive;
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,
But shame of all, that doe for honor strive,
By treacherous deceit did me deprive;
Through open outrage he her bore away,
And with foul force unto his will did drive,
Which all good knights, that arms do bear this day,
Are bound for to revenge, and punish, if they may.

XXVIII.

And you, most noble Lord, that can and dare
Redress the wrong of miserable wight,
Cannot employ your most victorious speare
In better quarrell, then defence of right,
And for a Ladie gainst a faithleffe knight:
So shall your glory be advanced much,
And all faire Ladies magnify your might,
And eke myselfe, albe I simple such,
Your worthy paine shall well reward with guerdon rich.

XXIX.

With that out of his bouget forth he drew
Great store of treasure, therewith him to tempt;
But he on it lookt scornfully askew,
As much disdaining to be so misdempt,
Or a war-monger to be basely nempt;
And sayd, Thy offers base I greatly loth,
And eke thy words uncourteous and unkempt;
I tread in dust thee and thy money both,
That, were it not for shame,—So turned from him wroth.

XXX. But
XXX.
But Trompart, that his maister’s humor knew,
In lofty lookes to hide an humble minde,
Was inly tickled with that golden vew,
And in his eare him rounded close behind:
Yet ftopt he not, but lay fstill in the wind,
Waiting advauntage on the pray to fseafe;
Till Trompart, lowly to the ground inclind,
Befought him his great courage to appeafe,
And pardon simple man, that rash did him displeafe.

XXXI.
Bigge looking like a doughtie Doucepere,
At laft he thus; Thou clod of vileft clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudenesse beare;
But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,
And all that else the vaine world vaunten may,
I loath as doung, ne deeme my dew reward:
Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pray.
But minds of mortall men are muchell mard,
And mov’d anisfe with massie mucks unmeet regard.

XXXII.
And more, I graunt to thy great miserie
Gratious respect, thy wife shall backe be sent,
And that vile knight, who ever that he bee,
Which hath thy lady reft, and knighthood shent,
By Sanglamort my fword, whose deadly dent
The blood hath of fo many thousands shed,
I sweare, ere long shall dearly it repent;
Ne he twixt heaven and earth shall hide his hed,
But soone he shal be found, and shortly doen be ded.

XXXIII. The
The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
   As if the word, so spoken, were halfe donne,
And humbly thanked him a thousand fith,
That had from death to life him newly wonne.
Tho forth the Boastefr marching, brave begonne
His {stolen} steed to thunder furiously,
As if he heaven and hell would overonne,
And all the world confound with cruelty,
That much Malbecco joyed in his jollity.

Thus long they three together traveled,
Through many a wood, and many an uncouth way,
To seeke his wife, that was farre wandered:
But those two fought nought, but the present pray,
To weete the treasure, which he did bewray,
On which their eies and harts were wholly set,
With purpose, how they might it beft betray;
For fith the houre, that firft he did them let
The fame behold, therewith their keene desires were whet.

It fortuned, as they together far'd,
They spide, where Paridell came pricking faft
Upon the plaine, the which himfelfe prepar'd
To giuft with that brave ftraunger knight a caft,
As on adventure by the way he paft.
Alone he rode without his Paragone;
For having filcht her bells, her up he caft
To the wide world, and let her fly alone;
He nould be clogd: So had he served many one.
XXXVI.
The gentle Lady, loose at randon left,
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne weft,
Till on a day the Satyres her espide
Straying alone withouten groome or guide;
Her up they tooke, and with them home her led,
With them as housewife ever to abide,
To milk their gotes, and make them cheese and bred,
And every one as commune good her handeled;

XXXVII.
That shortly she Malbecco has forgot,
And eke Sir Paridell, all were he deare;
Who from her went to seeke another lot,
And now by fortune was arrived here,
Where those two guilers with Malbecco were.
Soone as the old man faw Sir Paridell,
He fainted, and was almost dead with feare;
Ne word he had to speake, his griefe to tell,
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well;

XXXVIII.
And after asked him for Hellenore.
I take no keepe of her, said Paridell;
She wonneth in the forest there before.
So forth he rode, as his adventure fell;
The whiles the Boaster from his loftie fell
Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;
But the fresh Swayne would not his leasure dwell,
But went his way; whom when he passed kend,
He up remounted light, and after faind to wend.

XXXIX.
Canto X. The Faerie Queen.

XXXIX.

Perdy nay, said Malbecco, shall ye not;
But let him passe as lightly, as he came;
For litle good of him is to be got,
And mickle peril to be put to shame.
But let us go to seeke my dearest Dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder forest wyld:
For of her safety in great doubt I am,
Leaft salvage beastes her person have despoyled:
Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine have toyld.

XL.

They all agree, and forward them addrest:
Ah but, said crafty Trompart, weete ye well,
That yonder in that waftfull wildernesse
Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
Dragons, and Minotaures, and feendes of hell,
And many wilde woodmen, which robbe and rend
All travellers. Therefore advisce ye well,
Before ye enterprize that way to wend:
One may his journey bring too soone to evill end.

XLI.

Malbecco stoppt in great aſtonifhment,
And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
Their counſell craſd, in daunger imminent.
Said Trompart, You, that are the moſt oppreſs
With burden of great treasure, I thinke beſt
Here for to ſtay in ſafetie behind;
My Lord and I will ſearch the wide forreſt.
That counſell pleas’d not Malbecco’s mind;
For he was much afraid, himselfe alone to find.

XLII. Then
Then is it best, said he, that ye doe leave
Your treasure here in some securitie;
Either fast closed in some hollow greave,
Or buried in the ground from jeopardy,
Till we returne againe in safetie.
As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,
Hence farre away we will blindfolded lie,
Ne privie be unto your treasure's grave.
It pleased: so he did; then they march forward brave.

Now when amid the thickest woods they were,
They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,
And shrieking hububs them approching nere,
Which all the forrest did with horror fill:
That dreadfull sound the boaster's hart did thrill
With such amazment, that in haste he fled,
Ne ever looked back for good or ill;
And after him eke fearefull Trompart sped;
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground halfe ded.

Yet afterwards close creeping, as he might,
He in a bush did hide his fearefull hed.
The jolly Satyres, full of fresh delight;
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly led.
Faire Helenore, with girlonds all bespred,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
She proud of that new honour, which they red,
And of their lovely fellowship full glade,
Daunst lively, and her face did with a Lawrell shade.
The filly man, that in the thicket lay,
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore,
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To see th' unkindnesse of his Hellenore.
All day they daunced with great luftihed,
And with their horned feet the greene grasse wore;
The whiles their gotes upon the brouzes fed,
Till drouping Phoebus gan to hide his golden hed.

Tho up they gan their merry pypes to trufe,
And all their goodly heards did gather round;
But every Satyre first did give a bufle
To Hellenore; so buffes did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground
With perly deaw, and th' Earthe's gloomy shade
Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin round,
That every bird and beast awarned made,
To shrowd themselves, whiles sleepe their senses did invade.

Which when Malbecco saw, out of his bush
Upon his hands and feete he crept full light,
And like a Gote emongst the Gotes did rush,
That through the helpe of his faire hrones on hight,
And misty dampe of misconceiving night,
And eke through likenesse of his goatish beard,
He did the better counterfeite aright:
So home he Marcht emongst the horned heard,
That none of all the Satyres him espyde or heard.
XLVIII.

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd,
Whereas his lovely wife amongst them lay,
Embraced of a Satyre rough and rude,
Who all the night did minde his joyous play:
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his hart with gealofie did swell;
But yet that night's ensample did bewray,
That not for nought his wife them lov'd so well,
When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

XLIX.

So closely as he could, he to them crept,
When weary of their sport to sleepe they fell,
And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,
He whispered in her eare, and did her tell,
That it was he, which by her side did dwell,
And therefore pray'd her wake, to heare him plaine.
As one out of a dreame not waked well,
She turnd her, and returned backe againe:
Yet her for to awake, he did the more constraine.

L.

At last with irksome trouble she abrayd;
And then perceiving, that it was indeed
Her old Malbecco, which did her upbrayd,
With loosenesse of her love, and loathly deed,
She was astonisht with exceeding dread,
And would have wakt the Satyre by her fyde;
But he her prayd, for mercy, or for meed,
To save his life, ne let him be descryde,
But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde.

LI. Tho
Canto X. The Faerie Queene.

LI.
Tho gan he her persuade, to leave that lewd
And loathsome life, of God and man abhord;
And home returne, where all should be renewd
With perfect peace, and bandes of fresh accord,
And she receivd againe to bed and bord,
As if no trespasser ever had beene done:
But she it all refused at one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
But chose amongst the jolly Satyres still to wonne.

LII.
He wooed her, till day-spring he espysde;
But all in vaine; and then turnd to the heard,
Who butted him with hornes on every fyde,
And trod downe in the durt, where his hore beard
Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard.
Early before the heaven's fairest light
Out of the ruddy Eaft was fully reard,
The heardes out of their foldes were loosed quight,
And he amongst the rest crept forth in warie plight.

LIII.
So sooone as he the Prifon dore did pas,
He ran as fast, as both his feete could beare,
And never looked, who behind him was,
Ne scarly who before: like as a Beare,
That creeping close, amongst the hives to reare
An hony combe, the wakefull dogs espys,
And him assayling, fore his carkasse teare,
That hardly he with life away does fly,
Ne stayes, till safe himselfe he see from jeopardy.

LIV. Ne
Ne ftyd he, till he came unto the place,
Where late his treasure he entombed had,
Where when he found it not (for Trompart bace
Had it purloyned for his maifter bad;)
With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away, ran with himselfe away:
That who so strangely had him scene bestad,
With upstart haire, and staring eyes dismay,
From Limbo lake him late escaped sure would say.

LV.

High over hilles and over dales he fled,
As if the wind him on his winges had borne,
Ne banck nor busch could stay him, when he sped
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne:
Griefe, and despight, and gealofie, and scorne
Did all the way him follow hard behind,
And he himselfe himselfe loath’d so forlorn,
So shamefully forlorn of womankind;
That, as a Snake, still lurked in his wounded mind.

LVI.

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,
Ne stayd his flight, nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came unto a rockie hill,
Over the sea, suspender dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrify,
To looke adowne, or upward to the hight:
From thence he threw himselfe dispiteously,
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
That seemd no helpe for him was left in living sight:

LVII.
LVII.

But through long anguish, and selfe-murdring thought
He was so wafted and forpined quight,
That all his substance was consum’d to nought,
And nothing left, but like an aery Spright,
That on the rockes he fell so flit and light,
That he thereby receiv’d no hurt at all,
But chaunced on a craggy cliff to light;
Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,
That at the last he found a cave with entrance small.

LVIII.

Into the same he creeps, and thenceforth there
Resolv’d to build his balefull mansion,
In dreary darkness, and continuall feare
Of that rock’s fall, which ever and anon
Threates with huge ruine him to fall upon,
That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keepes for that occasion;
Ne ever refts he in tranquillity,
The roring billowes beat his bowre so boystrously.

LIX.

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed,
But toades and frogs, his pasture poissonous,
Which in his cold complexion do breed
A filthy bloud, or humour rancorous;
Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
That doth with curlesse care consume the hart,
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
Croscuts the liver with internall smart,
And doth transfixe the soule with deathe’s eternall dart.
Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
And doth himself with sorrow new sustaine,
That death and life attonce unto him gives.
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.
There dwells he ever, miserable swaine,
Hatefull both to himselfe, and every wight;
Where he through privy griefe, and horror vaine,
Is woxen so deform’d, that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and Gealojie is hight.
Britomart chaceth Ollyphant;
Findes Scudamour distress:
Assayes the house of Busyrane,
Where Loves spoiles are express.

I.

O Hateful! hellish Snake, what furie surft
Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine,
Where in her bosome the thee long had nurst,
And softred up with bitter milke of tine,
Fowle Gealofie, that turneft love divine
To joylesse dread, and mak'ft the loving hart
With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed itselse with selfe-consuming smart?
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

II.

O let him far be banished away,
And in his stead let Love for ever dwell,
Sweete Love, that doth his golding wings embay
In blessed Nectar, and pure Plesaures well,
Untroubled of vile feare, or bitter fell.
And ye, faire Ladies, that your kingdoms make
In th' harts of men, them gouverne wisely well,
And of faire Britomart enample take,
That was as trew in love, as Turtle to her make.
Who with Sir Satyrane, as earst ye red,
Forth ryding from Malbecco's hofflesse hous,
Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled
From an huge Geaunt, that with hideous
And hatefull outrage long him chaced thus;
It was that Ollyphant, the brother deare
Of that Argante vile and vittious,
From whom the Squire of Dames was rest whylere;
This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

For as the fister did in feminine.
And filthy luft exceede all womankind,
So he surpassd his sex masculine,
In beastly use, all that I ever fand:
Whom when as Britonart beheld behind
The fearefull boy so greedily pourfew,
She was emmoved in her noble mind,
T'employ her puiflance to his refkew,
And pricked fiercely forward, where she did him vew.

Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behinde,
But with like fiercenesse did enfew the chace:
Whom when the Gyaunt saw, he soone refinde
His former suit, and from them fled apace;
They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
And each did strive the other to outgoe;
But he them both outran a wondrous space,
For he was long, and swift as any Roe,
And now made better speed, t'escape his feared foe.

It
VI.

It was not Satyrane, whom he did feare,
But Britomart, the flowre of chastity;
For he the powre of chast hands might not beare,
But always did their dread encounter fly:
And now so faft his feet he did apply,
That he has gotten to a forrest neare,
Where he is shrowded in security.
The wood they enter, and search every where,
They searched diversely, so both divided were.

VII.

Faire Britomart so long him followed,
That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
By which there lay a knight all wallowed
Upon the grassy ground, and by him neare:
His haberjeon, his helmet, and his speare:
A little off his shield was rudely throwne,
On which the winged boy in colours cleare
Depeinfed was, full easie to be knowne,
And he thereby, where ever it in field was showne.

VIII.

His face upon the ground did groveling ly,
As if he had beene slembring in the shade,
That the brave Mayd would not for courtesey,
Out of his quiet slember him abrede,
Nor seeme too suddeinely him to invade.
Still as she flood, she heard with grievous throb
Him grone, as if his hart were pieces made,
And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
That pitty did the Virgin's hart of patience rob.

IX. At
At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes
He said, O sovereign Lord, that sit’st on hye,
And reignst in bliss amongst thy blessed Saintes,
How suffrest thou such shameful cruelty,
So long unwreaked of thine enmy?
Or haft, thou Lord, of good mens cause no heed?
Or doth thy justice sleepe, and silent ly?
What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnesse no meed?

If good find grace, and righteousnesse reward,
Why then is Amoret in caytive band,
Sith that more bounteous creature never far’d
On foot, upon the face of living land?
Or if that heavenly justice may withstand
The wrongfull outrage of unrighteous men,
Why then is Buvrane with wicked hand
Suffered, these seven monethes day in secret den
My Lady and my love so cruelly to pen?

My Lady and my love is cruelly pend
In dolcfull darkness from the vew of day,
Whilst deadly torments do her chaf’t brest rend,
And the sharpe steele doth rive her hart in tway,
All for the Scudamore will not denay.
Yet thou, vile man, vile Scudamore art found,
Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;
Unworthy wretch to tread upon the ground,
For whom so faire a Lady seeles so sore a wound.
Canto XI.  

the Faerie Queene.

XII.

There an huge heape of singulifes did oppresse
His struggling foule, and swelling throbs empeach
His soltring tong with pangs of derriness,
Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,
As if his dayes were come to their last reach.
Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit,
Threatning into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth and terour she was smit,
Fearing least from her cage the wearie foule would flit.

XIII.

Tho stooping downe she him amoved light;
Who therewith somewhat starting, up gan looke,
And seeing him behind a stranger knight,
Whereas no living creature he mistooke,
With great indignaunce he that sight forsooke,
And downe againe himselfe disdainefull
Abjeeting, th' earth with his faire forhead strooke:
Which the bold Virgin seeing, gan apply
Fit med'cine to his griefe, and spake thus courtefully.

XIV.

Ah gentle knight, whose deepe conceived griefe
Well seemes t' exceede the powre of patience,
Yet if that heavenly grace some good reliefe
You send, submit you to high providence,
And ever in your noble hart prepenfe,
That all the sorrow in the world is lesse,
Then vertue's might, and value's confidence.
For who will bide the burden of distresse,
Must not here thinke to live; for life is wretchednesse.

XV. There-
Therefore, faire Sir, doe comfort to you take,
And freely read, what wicked felon so
Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.
Perhaps this hand may helpe to eafe your woe,
And wreeke your sorrow on your cruell foe;
At least it faire endeavour will apply.
Those feeling words so neare the quicke did goe,
That up his head he reared easly,
And leaning on his elbow, these few wordes let fly:

What boots it plaine, that cannot be redreft,
And sow vaine sorrow in a fruitleffe eare,
Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
Ne wordly price cannot redeeme my deare
Out of her thraldome and continuall feare?
For he, the tyrant, which her hath in ward
By strong enchantments and blacke Magieke leare,
Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
And many dreadfull seends hath pointed to her gard.

There he tormenteth her most terribly,
And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
Because to yield him love she doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yold againe:
But yet by torture he would her contraine
Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest;
Till so she do, she must in doole remaine,
Ne may by living meanes be thence relest:
What boots it then to plaine, that cannot be redreft?
With this sad herfall of his heavy streffe
   The warlike Damzell was empassiond fore,
   And sayd, Sir knight, your cause is nothing lesse,
   Then is your sorrow, certes, if not more;
For nothing so much pitty doth implore,
As gentle Ladies helplesse misery.
But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
   I will with prooue of last extremity,
Deliver her from thence, or with her for you dy.

Ah gentle knight alive, said Scudamore,
   What huge heroicke magnanimity
Dwells in thy bounteous breste? What couldst thou more,
   If she were thine, and thou as now am I?
O spare thy happy dayes, and them apply
   To better boot, but let me dye, that ought;
More is more losse; one is enough to dy.
Life is not lost, said she, for which is bought
Endlesse renowne, that more then death is to be sought.

Thus she at length perswaded him to rife,
   And with her wend, to see what new success
Mote him befall upon new enterprize:
His armes, which he had vowd to disprofesse,
She gathered up, and did about him dresse,
And his forwardred steed unto him got:
So forth they both yfere make their progress,
   And march not paft the mountenance of a shot,
Till they arriv'd, whereas their purpose they did plot.
There they dismounting, drew their weapons bold,
And stoutly came unto the Castle gate;
Whereas no gate they found, them to withhold,
Nor ward to wait at morn and evening late;
But in the Porch, that did them sore amate,
A flaming fire, ymxt with smouldry smoke,
And stinking Sulphure, that with grievly hate
And dreadfull horror did all entrance choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,
Ne in that stownd wist, how herselfe to beare;
For daunger vaine it were, to have assayd
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can suffer to approchen neare:
And turning backe to Scudamour, thus sayd;
What monstous enmity provoke we heare,
Foolhardy, as th' Earthes children, the which made
Battell against the Gods? so we a God invade.

Daunger without discretion to attempt,
Inglorious and beastlike is: therefore, Sir knight,
Aread what course of you is safest dempt.
And how we with our foe may come to fight.
This is, quoth he, the dolorous despight,
Which earst to you I playnd: for neither may
This fire be quencht by any wit or might,
Ne yet by any meanes remov'd away;
So mighty be th'enchauntments, which the same do stay.
Canto XI. The Faerie Queen.

XXIV.
What is there else, but cease these fruitless pains,
And leave me to my former languishing?
Faire Amoret must dwell in wicked chains,
And Scudamore here dye with sorrowing.
Perdy not so, said she, for shamefull thing
It were t'abandon noble chevalsance,
For shew of perill, without venturing:
Rather let try extremities of chance,
Then enterprised prayse for dread to disavaunce.

XXV.
Therewith resolv'd to prove her utmost might,
Her ample shield she threw before her face,
And her sword's point directing forward right,
Assayld the flame, the which eftfoones gave place,
And did itself divide with equall space,
That through she passed; as a thunder bolt
Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
The forring clouds into sad showres ymolt;
So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

XXVI.
Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the fire,
Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay,
With greedy will, and envious desire,
And bad the stubborne flames to yield him way:
But cruell Mulciber would not obay
His threatfull pride, but did the more augment
His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
Him forst, maulgre, his fercenessfle to relent,
And backe retire, all scorcht and pitifully burn.
With huge impatience he inly fwelt,
More for great sorrow, that he could not pas,
Then for the burning torment, which he felt,
That with fell woodnesse he effierced was,
And wilfully him throwing on the gras,
Did beat and bounse his head and brest full fore;
The whiles the Championesse now decked has
The utmost rowme, and past the foremost dore,
The utmost rowme, abounding with all precious store.

For round about, the walls ycloathed were
With goodly arras of great majesty,
Woven with gold and filke so close and nere,
That the rich mettall lurked privily,
As faining to be hid from envious eye;
Yet here, and there, and every where unwares
It shewed itselfe, and shone unwillingly;
Like to a discolord Snake, whose hidden snares
Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht back declare.

And in those Tapets weren fashioned
Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate,
And all of love, and all of lusty-hed,
As seamed by their seemlaunt did entreat;
And eke all Cupid's warres they did repeate,
And cruel battells, which he whilome fought
Gainst all the Gods, to make his empire great;
Befides the huge massacres, which he wrought
On mighty kings and kefars, into thraldome brought.
Canto XI. The Faerie Queene. 213

XXX.
Therein was writ, how often thundring Jove
Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,
And leaving heaven's kingdom, here did rove
In strange disguise, to flake his scalding smart;
Now like a Ram, faire Helle to pervart;
Now like a Bull, Europa to withdraw.
Ah! how the fearfull Lady's tender hart
Did lively seeme to tremble, when she saw
The huge seas under her 'tobay her servaunts law.

XXXI.
Soone after that into a golden showre
Himselfe he chaung'd, faire Danae to vew,
And through the roofe of her strong brazen towre
Did raine into her lap an hony dew,
The whiles her foolish garde, that little knew
Of such deceit, kept th'yon dore fast bard,
And watcht, that none should enter nor issue.
Vaine was the watch, and bootless all the ward,
Whenas the God to golden hew him selfe transfard.

XXXII.
Then was he turn'd into a snowy Swan,
To win faire Leda to his lovely trade:
O! wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,
That her in daffodillies sleeping made,
From scorching heat her daintie limbs to shade.
While the proud Bird ruffling his feathers wyde,
And brushing his faire brast, did her invade,
She slept, yet twixt her eyelids closely spyde,
How towards her he rush'd, and smiled at his pryde.

XXXIII. Then
Then shewed it, how the *Thebaine Semelee,*  
Deceiv'd of jealous *Juno,* did require  
To see him in his soveraigne majestie,  
Armed with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,  
Whence dearely she with death bought her desire.  
But faire *Alcmena* better match did make,  
Joying his love in likeness more entire;  
Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake  
He then did put, her pleasures lenger to partake.

XXXIV.

Twice was he seene in soaring Eagles shape,  
And with wide wings to beat the buxome aire;  
Once, when he with *Asterie* did scape,  
Againe, when as the *Trojan* boy so faire  
He snatcht from *Ida* hill, and with him bare.  
Wondrous delight it was, there to behould,  
How the rude Shepheardes after him did stare,  
Trembling through fear, lest down he fallen should,  
And often to him calling, to take surer hould.

XXXV.

In *Satyr*es shape *Antiopa* he snatcht;  
And like a fire, when he *Aegyn* assayd;  
A shepheard, when *Mnemosyne* he catcht;  
And like a Serpent to the *Thracian* mayd.  
Whyles thus on earth great *Jove* these pageaunts playd,  
The winged boy did thruft into his throne,  
And scoffing, thus unto his mother sayd,  
Lo! now the heavens obey to me alone,  
And take me for their *Jove,* whiles *Jove* to earth is gone.

XXXVI. And
And thou, faire Phæbus, in thy colours bright
Waft there enwoven, and the sad distresse,
In which that boy thee plonged, for despight,
That thou bewray’dst his mother’s wantonness,
When she with Mars was meynt in joyfulnesse:
For thy he thrid thee with a leaden dart,
To love faire Daphne, which thee loved lesse:
Lesse she thee lov’d, then was thy just desart,
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy smart.

So lovedst thou the lufly Hyacinth;
So loved thou the faire Coronis deare:
Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres do live, and love thee beare,
The one a paunce, the other a sweet breare:
For griefe whereof, ye mote have lively feene
The God himselfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his gylond ever greene,
With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,
The sonne of Climenæ he did repent,
Who bold to guide the charet of the Sunne,
Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,
And all the world with flashing fier brent;
So like, that all the walies did seeme to flame.
Yet cruell Cupid, not herewith content,
Forst him oftsoones to follow other game,
And love a Shepheard’s daughter for his dearest Dame.
XXXIX.
He loved _Ise_ for his dearest Dame,
   And for her sake her cattell fed a while,
   And for her sake a cowheard vile became:
The servant of _Admetus_, cowheard vile;
While that from heaven he suffered exile;
Long were to tell his other lovely fit,
Now like a Lyon, hunting after spoile,
Now like a Hag, now like a faulcon flit:
All which in that faire arras was most lively writ.

XL.
Next unto him was _Neptune_ pictured,
   In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke:
   His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
Dropped with brackish deaw; his three-forkt Pyke
He sternly shooke, and therewith fierce did sryke
   The raging billowes, that on every syde
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,
   That his swift charret might have passage wyde,
Which foure great _Hippodames_ did draw in teme-wise tyde.

XLI.
His sea-horces did seeme to snort amayne,
   And from their nosethrilles blow the brynie streame,
   That made the sparckling waves to smoke agayne,
   And flame with gold; but the white somy creame
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beame.
   The God himselfe did pensive seeme and sad,
And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame:
For privy love his breft empierced had,
Ne ought but deare _Bisaltis_ ay could make him glad.

XLII. He
Canto XI.  The Faerie Queene.  217

XLII.

He loved eke Iphimedia deare,
And Aeolus faire daughter, Arne hight,
For whom he turnd himselfe into a Steare,
And fed on fodder, to beguile her fight.
Also to win Deucalion's daughter bright,
He turnd himselfe into a Dolphin fayre;
And like a winged horse he tooke his flight,
To snaky-locke Medusa to repayre,
On whom he got faire Pegasus, that flitteth in the ayre.

XLIII.

Next Saturne was, (but who would ever weene,
That fullein Saturne ever weend to love?
Yet love is fullein, and Saturnlike seene,
As he did for Erigone it prove:) That to a Centaure did himselfe transmove.
So prov'd it eke that gracious God of wine,
When for to compass Philliras hard love,
He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,
And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

XLIV.

Long were to tell the amorous assayes,
And gentle pangues, with which he maked meeke
The mightie Mars, to learne his wanton playes:
How oft for Venus, and how often eek
For many other nymphes, he sore did shreek,
With womanish teares, and with unwarlike smarts,
Privily moystening his horrid cheek.
There was he painted full of burning dartes,
And many wide woundes launched through his inner partes.

Vol. II.  F f  XLV. Ne
XLV.
Ne did he spare (so cruel was the Elf)
His owne deare mother, (ah why should he so ?)
Ne did he spare sometime to pricke himselfe,
That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,
Which he had wrought to many others moe.
But to declare the mournfull Tragedyes,
And spoiles, wherewith he all the ground did strow,
More eath to number, with how many eyes
High heaven beholds sad lovers nightly theeveryes.

XLVI.
Kings, Queenes, Lords, Ladies, knights, and Damzels gent
Where heap'd together with the vulgar fort,
And mingled with the raskall rablement,
Without respect of person or of port,
To shew Dan Cupid's powre and great effort:
And round about a border was entrayld
Of broken bowes and arrowes shivered short,
And a long bloudy river through them rayld,
So lively and so like, that living fence it sayld.

XLVII.
And at the upper end of that faire rowme,
There was an Altar built of pretious stone,
Of passling valew, and of great renowne,
On which there stood an Image all alone
Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone;
And wings it had with sundry colours dight,
More sundry colours, then the proud Pavone
Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
When her discolourd bow she spreds through heaven bright.

XLVIII. Blind-
Canto XI.  The Faerie Queene.  219

XLVIII.
Blindfold he was, and in his cruel fist
A mortal bow and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he shot at randon, when him lift;
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;
(Ah man beware, how thou those darts behold!)
A wounded Dragon under him did ly,
Whose hideous tyle his left foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye.

XLIX.
And underneath his feet was written thus,
Unto the Victor of the Gods this bee:
And all the people in that ample hous
Did to that image bowe their humble knee,
And oft committed fowle Idolatree.
That wondrous fight faire Britomart amazd,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfy,
But evermore and more upon it gazd,
The whiles the passing brightnesse her fraile senses dazd.

L.
Tho as she backward cast her busie eye,
To search each secret of that goodly sted,
Over the dore thus written she did spye,
Bee bold: she oft and oft it over-red,
Yet could not find what sense it figured:
But what so were therein or writ or ment,
She was no whit thereby discouraged,
From prosecuting of her first intent,
But forward with bold steps into the next roome went.
LI.

Much fairer, then the former, was that roome,
And richlier by many parts arayd:
For not with arras made in painefull loome,
But with pure gold it all was overlayd,
Wrought with wilde Antickes, which their follies playd,
In the rich metall, as they living were:
A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
Such as false love doth oft upon him weare,

For love in thousand monstrous forms doth oft appeare.

LII.

And all about, the gifftring walles were hong
With warlike spoiles, and with victorious prayes
Of mightie Conquerours and Captaines strong,
Which were whilome captived in their dayes
To cruel love, and wrought their owne decayes:
Their swerds and speres were broke, and hauberques rent,
And their proud girlonds of triumphant bayes
Troden in dut with fury insolent,

To shew the victors might and mercilesse intent.

LIII.

The warlike Mayde beholding earnestly
The good ordinance of this rich place,
Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfy
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space,
But more she mervaild, that no footings trace,
Nor wight appear’d, but wastefull emptinesse,
And solemnne silence over all that place:

Straunge thing it seem’d, that none was to possesse
So rich purveyaunce, ne them kepe with carefulnesse.

LIV. And
LIV.
And as she lookt about, she did behold,
How over that fame dore was likewise writ,
Be bold, Be bold, and every where Be bold,
That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
By any ridling skill, or commune wit.
At laft she spyde at that rowme's upper end
Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend
Her earnest mind, yet wist not what it might intend.

LV.
Thus she there waited untill eventyde,
Yet living creature none she saw appeare:
And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde
From mortall vew, and wrap in darkeness dreare;
Yet nould she d'off her weary armes, for feare
Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
Her heavy eyes with nature's burdein deare,
But drew herselfe aside in sickerness,
And her welpointed weapons did about her dresse.
C A N T O  X I I.

The maske of Cupid, and th’enchanted
Chamber are displayd,
Whence Britomart redeemes faire
Amoret, through charmes decayd.

I.

THO when as chearelesse Night ycovered had
Faire heaven with an univerfall cloud,
That every wight dismay’d with darkenesse sad,
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shroud,
She heard a shrilling Trompet sound aloud,
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory.
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
But rather th’ird to cruell enmity,
Expecting ever, when some foe she might descry.

II.

With that, an hideous storme of wind arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earthquake, as if it sreight would lose
The world’s foundations from his centre fixt.
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
In fowd, whose noyance fild the fearefull fled,
From the fourth houre of night untill the fixt:
Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,
Though much emmov’d, but stedsfaft still persevered.

III. All
All suddenly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mightie levers had bene tore;
And forth yffewd, as on the readie flore
Of some Theatre, a grave personage,
That in his hand a braunch of laurell bore,
With comely haveour and count’nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragick Stage.

Proceeding to the midst, he still did stand,
As if in mind he somewhat had to say,
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,
In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passioned;
Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
And passing by, his name discovered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

The noble Mayd, still standing, all this vewd,
And merveild at his strange intendiment;
With that a joyous fellowship yffewd
Of Minftral’s, making goodly meriment,
With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent,
All which together sung full chearefully
A lay of love’s delight, with sweet consent:
After whom marcht a jolly company,
In manner of a maske, encharged orderly.

VI. The
VI.
The whiles a most delitious harmony
   In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
   The feele senses wholly did confound,
And the fraile soule in deepe delight nigh dround;
   And when it ceaft, shrill trompets loud did Bray,
That their report did far away rebound,
   And when they ceaft, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim aray.

VII.
The first was Fancy, like a lovely Boy
   Of rare aspect, and beautie without peare,
Matchable either to that ympe of Troy,
   Whom Jove did love, and chose his cup to beare;
Or that same daintie lad, which was so deare
To great Alcides, that when as he dyde,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
   And every word, and every valley wyde
He flied with Hylas name; the Nymphes eke Hylas cryde.

VIII.
His garment neither was of silke nor lay,
   But paynted plumes, in goodly order dight,
Like as the sunburnt Indians do aray
   Their tawney bodies, in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and light,
   That by his gate might easilly appeare;
For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,
   And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the idle aire he mov'd still here and there.

IX. And
And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,
Who seemd of ryper yeares, then th' other swaine,
Yet was that others swayne this elder's fyre,
And gave him being, commune to them twaine:
His garment was disguised very vaine,
And his embrodered bonet fat awry;
Twixt both his hands few sparkes he close did streine,
Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
That soone they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discoulour'd cote, of straunge disguyse,
That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
And sleeues dependaunt Albanese-wyse:
He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrinke he did avysse
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His seeble steps, which shrunke, when hard thereon he lay.

With him went Daunger, cloth'd in ragged weed,
Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made,
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
Straunge horrowr, to deform his grievly shade;
A net in th' one hand, and a rufty blade
In th' other was, this Mischief, that Mishap;
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap:
For whom he could not kill, he practizd to entrap.
Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himfelfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow moving to or froe;
And his owne arme, when glittering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hew, and wingy-heeld;
And evermore on danger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he alwaies bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield.

XIII.
With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome Mayd,
Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold;
In silken samite she was light arayd,
And her faire lockes were woven up in gold;
She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water-sprinkle, dipt in deowe,
With which she sprinkleth favour manifold
On whom she lift, and did great liking theowe,
Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

XIV.
And after them Dissemblance and Suspect
Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequall paire:
For she was gentle, and of milde aspect;
Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire;
Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire:
Yet was that all but painted, and pourloynd;
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed haire;
Her deeds were forde, and her words false coynd,
And always in her hand two clews of filke the twynd.

XV. But
Canto XII.  The Faerie Queene.

XV.
But he was foule, ill favoured, and grim,
Under his eyebrowes looking still askance;
And ever as Dissemblance laught on him,
He lowrd on her with daungerous eyeglaunce;
Shewing his nature in his countenance.
His rolling eyes did never rest in place,
But walkt each where, for seare of hid mischaunce,
Holding a lattice still before his face,
Through which he still did peepe, as forward he did pace.

XVI.
Next him went Griefe and Fury matcht yfere;
Griefe all in fable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head, with heavy chere,
Yet inly being more then seeming sad:
A paire of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,
In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

XVII.
But Fury was full ill appareiled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastly lookes and dreadfull drenhed;
For from her backe her garments she did teare,
And from her head ofte rent her snarled heare:
In her right hand a firebrand she did tosse
About her head, still roming here and there;
As a dismayed Deare in chace emboft,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

Gg 2  XVIII. After
XVIII.
After them went Displeasure and Pleasance,
He looking lompish and full fullein sad,
And hanging downe his heavy countenance:
She chearefull fresh, and full of joyance glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad;
That evill matched paire they seemed to bee:
An angry Waspe th’ one in a viall had,
Th’ other in hers an hony-lady Bee:
Thus marched these six couples forth in faire degree.

XIX.
After all these there marcht a most faire Dame,
Led of two gryse villeins, th’ one Despight,
The other cleped Cruelty by name:
She dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright,
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
Had Deathe’s owne image figurd in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearfull to living sight;
Yet in that horror shew’d a seemely grace,
And with her feeble feete did move a comely pace.

XX.
Her breft all naked, as net ivory,
Without adorne of gold or silver bright,
Wherewith the craftsman wonts it beautify,
Of her dew honour was despoyled quight,
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)
Entrenched deepe with knife accursed keene,
Yet freshely bleeding forth her fainting spright,
(The worke of cruel hand) was to be seene,
That dyde in fanguine red her skin all snowe cleene.

XXI. At
At that wide orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in siluer basin layd,
Quite through transfix'd with a deadly dart,
And in her bloud yet steaming fresh embayd:
And those two villeins, which her steps upstayd,
When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
And fading vitall powers gan to fade,
Her forward skill with torture did constraine,
And evermore encreased her consuming paine.

Next after her, the winged God himselfe
Came riding on a Lion ravenous,
Taught to obay the menage of that Elfe,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:
His blindfold eyes he bad a while unbinde,
That his proud spoile of that fame dolorous
Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kinde,
Which seene, he much rejoymed in his cruell minde.

Of which full proud, himselfe up rearing hye,
He looked round about with sterne disdaine;
And did survay his goodly company;
And marshalling the evill ordered traine,
With that the darts, which his right hand did straine,
Full dreadfully he shooke, that all did quake,
And clapt on hie his coulourd winges twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

XXIV. Behinde
Behinde him was Reproch, Repentance, Shame;
Reproch the first, Shame next, Repent behind;
Repentance feeble, sorrowfull, and lame;
Reproch despightful, careleffe, and unkind;
Shame most ill favourd, bestiall, and blind:
Shame lowrd, Repentance sigh’d, Reproch did scold;
Reproch sharpe ftinges, Repentance whips entwind,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold:
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

And after them a rude confused rout
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:
Emongst them was sterne Strife, and Anger stout,
Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftihead,
Lewd Lose of Time, and Sorrow seeming dead,
Inconstant Chaunge, and falle Dijloyaltie,
Consuming Riotife, and guilty Dread
Of heavenly vengeance, faint Infirmitie,
Vile Poverty, and lastly Death with infamie.

There were full many moe like maladies,
Whose names and natures I note readen well;
So many moe, as there be phantasies
In wavering wemens wit, that none can tell,
Or paines in love, or punishments in hell;
All which disguized marcht in masking wife
About the chamber by the Damozell,
And then returned, having marched thrife
Into the inner rowme, from whence they first did rise.

XXVII. So
Canto XII.  The Faerie Queene.

XXVII.
So soon as they were in, the door fright way
Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast,
Which first it opened, and bore all away.
Then the brave Maid, which all this while was placed
In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
Issued forth, and went unto the door,
To enter in, but found it locked fast:
It vain she thought with rigorous uprore
For to enforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

XXVIII.
Where force might not avail, their sleights and art:
She cast to use, both fit for hard emprise;
For thy from that same rowme not to depart
Till morrow next, she did herselfe avize,
When that same Maske againe should forth arize:
The morrowe next appeard with joyous cheare,
Calling men to their daily exercize;
Then she, as morrow fresh, herselfe did rear:
Out of her secret stand, that day for to outweare.

XXIX.
All that day she outwore in wandering,
And gazing on that chamber's ornament,
Till that againe the second evening:
Her covered with her fable vestiment,
Wherewith the world's faire beautie she hath blent:
Then when the second watch was almost past,
That brazen dore flew open, and in went
Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,
Neither of idle showes, nor of false charmes aghast:

XXX.  San
The third Booke of Canto XII.

XXX.
So soone as she was entred, round about
She cast her eies, to see what was become
Of all those persons, which she saw without:
But lo! they freight were vanisht all and some,
Ne living wight she saw in all that room,
Save that same woefull Lady, both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small waft girt round with yron bands
Unto a brasen pillour, by the which she stands.

XXXI.
And her before the vile Enchaunter fate,
Figuring straunge characters of his art;
With living bloud he those characters wrote,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
Seeming transfixed with a cruel dart,
And all perforce to make her him to love.
Ah! who can love the worker of her smart?
A thousand charmes he formerly did prove;
Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast hart remove.

XXXII.
Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
His wicked bookes in haft he overthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface;
And fiercely running to that Lady drew,
A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought, for villenious despight,
In her tormented bodie to embrew:
But the stout Damzell to him leaping light,
His cursed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

XXXIII. From
XXXIII.
From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
And turning to the next his fell intent,
Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
That little drops empurpled her faire brest.
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,
And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
To give him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

XXXIV.
So mightily she smote him, that to ground
He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should have slaine,
Had not the Lady, which by him flood bound,
Dernely unto him called to abstaine
From doing him to dy; for else her paine
Should be remedileffe, sith none but hee,
Which wrought it, could the same recure againe.
Therewith she staid her hand, loth staid to bee;
For life she him envyde, and long’d revenge to see:

XXXV.
And to him said, Thou wicked man, whose meed
For so huge mischiefe, and vile villany,
Is death, or if that ought do death exceed,
Be sure, that nought may save thee from to dy,
But if that thou this Dame doe presently
Restore unto her health, and former state;
This doe and live; else dye undoubtedly.
He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date:
XXXVI.
And rising up, gan streight to overlooke
Those cursed leaves, his charmes back to reverse.
Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
He read, and measur'd many a sad verse,
That horror gan the virgins hart to perse,
And her faire locks up flared stifte on end,
Hearing him those fame bloudy lynes reherse;
And all the while he red, she did extend
Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

XXXVII.
Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about;
Yet all that did not her dismayed make,
Nor slack her threatfull hand for daunger's dout,
But still with stedfaft eye and courage stout,
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
At last that mightie chaine, which round about
Her tender wafte was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great brafen pillour broke in pieces small.

XXXVIII.
The cruell steele, which thrild her dying hart,
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
And the wyde wound, which lately did disparth
Her bleeding brest, and riven bowels gor'd,
Was closed up, as it had not beene bor'd;
And every part to safty full found,
As she were never hurt, was soone restor'd.
Tho when she felt herselfe to be unbound,
And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the ground;

XXXIX. Before
XXXIX.

Before faire Britomart she fell prostrate,
Saying, Ah noble knight, what worthy meed
Can wretched Lady, quit from wofull state,
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?
Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
Even immortall praise, and glory wyde,
Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,
Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
And goodly well advaunce, that goodly well was tryde.

XL.

But Britomart uprearing her from ground;
Said, Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene
For many labours more, then I have found,
This, that in safetie now I have you seene,
And meane of your deliverance have beene:
Henceforth, faire Lady, comfort to you take,
And put away remembraunce of late teene;
Insted thereof know, that your loving Make
Hath no lesse griece endured for your gentle sake.

XLI.

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
Whom of all living wights she loved best.
Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond
Upon th' enchaunter, which had her distrest
So fore, and with foule outrages opprest.
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygo
He bound that pitteous Lady prisioner, now relest,
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captive with her led to wretchednesse and wo.
XLII.
Returning back, those goodly rooms, which erst
He saw so rich and royally array'd,
Now vanish'd utterly, and clean subvert
She found, and all their glory quite decay'd,
That sight of such a change she much dismay'd.
Thenceforth descending to that perilous Porch,
Those dreadful flames she also found delay'd,
And quench'd quite, like a consumed torch,
That erst all entr'ers wont so cruelly to scorch.

XLIII.
More easie issue now, then entrance late,
She found; for now the fain'd dreadfull flame
Which chok'd the porch of that enchant'd gate,
And passage bard to all, that thither came,
Was vanish'd quite, as it were not the same,
And gave her leave at pleasure forth to passe.
The enchaunter sel'd, which all that fraud did frame,
To have enforce the love of that faire lass'd,
Seeing his worke now wasted, deepe engrave was.

XLIV.
But when the victoreffe arrived there,
Where late she lef't the pensive Scudamore,
With her own trusty squire, both full of feare,
Neither of them she found where she them lore.
Thereat her noble hart wasstonish'd sore;
But most fair Amoret, whose gentle spright
Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
Conceived, had to see her owne deare knight,
Being thereof beguyld was fill'd with new affright.

XLV. But
But he, sad man, when he had long in drede
Awayted there for Britomart's returne
Yet saw her not, nor signe of her good speed,
His expectation to despaire did turne,
Misdemeing sure, that her those flames did burne;
And therefore gan advise with her old squire,
Who her deare nourslings losse no less did mourn;
Thence to depart for further aide t' inquire:
Where let them wend at will, whilst here I doe respire.

The End of the Third Booke.
In the first Edition the third Booke ends thus:

XLIII.
At last she came unto the place, where late
She left Sir Scudamore in great distress,
Twixt doubt and despair half desperate,
Of his loves succour, of his own redress,
And of the hardy Britomart's success.
There on the cold earth him now thrown she found,
In wilful anguish, and death heaves,
And to him cried, whose voices knownen found
Soone as he heard, himself he reared light from ground.

XLIV.
There did he see, that most on earth him joyd,
His dearest love, the comfort of his dayes,
Whose too long absence him had sore annoyd,
And wearied his life with dull delays.
Straight he upstarted from the loathed layes,
And to her ran with haftly eagerness,
Like as a Deare, that greedily embayes
In the coole soile, after long thirstiness,
Which he in chase endured hath, now nigh breathlesse.

XLV. Lightly
Canto XII.  

the Faerie Queene.

XLV.

Lightly he clipt her twixt his armes twaine,
    Andestreightly did embrace her body bright,
Her body, late the prison of sad paine,
    Now the sweet lodge of love and deare delight.
But she faire Lady overcommen quight
Of huge affection, did in pleasure melt,
And in sweete ravishment pourd out her spright.
No word they spake, nor earthly thing they felt,
But like two fenesles stocks in long embracement dwelt.

XLVI.

Had ye them seene, ye would have surely thought,
    That they had beene that faire Hermaphrodite,
Which that rich Romane of white marble wrought,
    And in his costly Bath causd to be fite:
So seemd those two, as growne together quite,
    That Britomart halfe envying their blesse,
Was much empassiond in her gentle sprite,
    And to her selfe oft wisht like happiness:
In vaine she wisht, that fate n'ould let her yet possess.

XLVII.

Thus do those lovers, with sweet countervayle,
    Each other of loves bitter fruit despoile.
But now my teme begins to faint and fayle,
    All woxen weary of their journall toyle.
Therefore I will their sweatie yokes assoyle
At this fame furrowes end, till a new day:
And ye, faire Swayns, after your long turmoyle;
    Now cease your worke, and at your pleasure play;
Now cease your worke; to Morrow is an holy day.
The fourth Booke of the Faerie Queene.

Contayning

The Legende of Cambel and Telamond, or Of Friendship.

I.

The rugged forhead, that with grave foresight Welds kingdomes causes, and affaires of state, My looser rimes, I wote, doth sharply wite, For praising love, as I have done of late, And magnifying lovers deare debate; By which fraile youth is oft to follie led, Through false allurement of that pleasing baite, That better were in vertues discipled, Then with vaine poemes weeds to have their fancies fed.
II.

Such ones ill judge of love, that cannot love,
Ne in their frozen hearts feele kindly flame:
For thy they ought not thing unknowne reprove,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame,
For fault of few, that have abused the same.
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crowne true lovers with immortall blis,
The meed of them, that love, and do not live amisse.

III.

Which who so lift looke backe to former ages,
And call to count the things, that then were donne,
Shall find, that all the workes of those wise sages,
And brave exploits, which great Heroes wonne,
In love were either ended or begunne.
Witness the father of Philosophie,
Which to his Critias, shadded oft from sunne,
Of love full manie Lessons did apply,
The which these Stoicke censours cannot well deny.

IV.

To such therefore I do not sing at all,
But to that sacred Saint, my soveraigne Queene,
In whose chaste breast all bountie naturall,
And treasures of true love enlocked beene,
Bove all her sexe, that ever yet was seene.
To her I sing of love, that loveth best,
And best is lov'd of all alive I weene:
To her this song most fitly is addrest,
The Queene of love, and Prince of peace from heaven blessed.

V. Which
Canto I.  The Faerie Queene.

V.

Which that she may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou, dread infant, Venus deareling dove,
From her high spirit chase imperious feare,
And use of awfull Majestie remove:
In sted thereof with drops of melting love,
Deawd with ambrosiall kisles, by thee gotten
From thy sweete smyling mother from above,
Sprinckle her heart, and haughtie courage soften,
That she may hearke to love, and read this lesson often.
Canto I.

Fayre Britomart saves Amoret;
Duesfo discord breedes
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
Their fight and warlike deedes.

I.

Of lovers sad calamities of old
Full many piteous stories do remaine,
But none more piteous ever was ytold,
Then that of Amorets hart-binding chaine,
And this of Florimel's unworthy paine:
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
My softened heart so sorely doth constraine,
That I with teares full oft do pittie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it never had bene writ.

II.

For from the time, that Scudamour her bought
In perilous fight, she never joyed day;
A perilous fight, when he with force her brought
From twentie Knights, that did him all assay;
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay,
And with great glorie both the shield of love,
And eke the Ladie selfe he brought away,
Whom having wedded, as did him behave,
A new unknownen mischiesfe did from him remove.

III. For
Canto I.  The Faerie Queene.  

III.

For that same vile Enchauntour Bysyan,
The very same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whilest every man
Surcharg'd with wine, were heedlesse and ill hedded,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that mask of love, which late was shown;
And there the Ladie, ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in maskes is knownen,
Conveyed quite away to living wight unknowen.

IV.

Seven moneths he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinfull lust she would not serve,
Untill such time as noble Britomart
Released her, that else was like to serve,
Through cruell knife, that her deare heart did serve.
And now she is with her upon the way,
Marching in lovely wise, that could deserve
No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonor of so faire a pray.

V.

Yet should it be a pleasent tale, to tell
The diverse usage and demeanure daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell:
For Amoret right fearefull was and faint,
Left she with blame her honor should attain,
That everie word did tremble as she spake,
And everie looke was coy, and wondrous quaint,
And everie limbe, that touched her, did quake:
Yet could she not but curteous countenance to her make.

VI. For
VI.
For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her lives Lord, and patron of her health,
Right well deserved, as his duefull meed,
Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth.
All is his justly, that all freely dealth:
Nathlesse her honor, dearer then her life,
She sought to save, as thing reserv’d from stealth;
Die had she lever with Enchanter’s knife,
Then to be false in love, profest a virgine wife.

VII.
Thereto her feare was made so much the greater
Through fine abufion of that Briton mayd;
Who for to hide her fained sex the better,
And maske her wounded mind, both did and sayd
Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
That well she wist not what by them to gese;  
For otherwhiles to her she purpose made
Of love, and otherwhiles of lustfulnesse,
That much she feard his mind would grow to some excess.

VIII.
His will she feard; for him she surely thought
To be a man, such as indeed he seemed,
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
For which no service she too much esteemed.
Yet dread of shame, and doubt of fowle dishonor
Made her not yeeld so much, as due she deemed.
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

IX. It
Canto I.  

The Faerie Queene.

IX.

It so befell one evening, that they came
Unto a castell, lodged there to bee,
Where many a knight, and many a lovely Dame
Was then assembled, deeds of armes to see:
Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,
That many of them mov'd to eye her sore.
The custome of that place was such, that hee,
Which had no love nor lemman there in store,
Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

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 offred that to justifie alowd.
The warlike virgine seeing his so proud
And boastfull chalenge, waxed inlie wroth,
But for the present did her anger throwd;
And sayd, 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 giusted;
But that fame younker foone was overthrowne,
And made repent, that he had rashly lufted
For thing unlawfull, that was not his owne.
Yet since he seemed valiant, though unknowne,
She, that no lesser was courteous then stout,
Cast how to salve, that both the custome showne
Were kept, and yet that Knight not locked out;
That seem'd full hard t'accord two things so far in dout.

XII. The
XII.

The Seneschall was cal'd to deeme the right,
Whom she requir'd, that first faire Amoret
Might be to her allow'd, as to a Knight,
That did her win, and free from chalenge fet;
Which straight to her was yeelded without let.
Then since that strange Knight's love from him was quitted,
She claim'd, that to herselfe, as Ladies det,
He as a Knight might justly be admitted;

So none should be out shut, with all of loves were fitted.

XIII.

With that her glistring helmet she unlaced;
Which doft, her golden lockes, that were up bound
Still in a knot, unto her heeles downe traced,
And like a filken veile in compass round
About her backe and all her bodie wound:
Like as the shining skie in summer's night,
What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
Is creasted all with lines of frie light,

That it prodigious seemes in common people's sight.

XIV.

Such when those Knights and Ladies all about
Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
And every one gan grow in secret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit.
Some thought, that some enchantment faygned it;
Some, that Bellona in that warlike wise
To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit;
Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise:

So diversely each one did fundrie doubts devise.

XV. But
But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed
Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
Ten thousand thankes did yeeld her for her meed,
And doubly overcommen, her ador'd.
So did they all their former strife accord;
And eke fayre Amoret, now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford,
And to her bed, which she was wont forbeare,
Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance theare:

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 griefefull pittie privately bemone.
The morrow next, so soone as Titan shone,
They both uprose, and to their waies them dight:
Long wandred they, yet never met with none,
That to their willes could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell, that mote their harts delight.

Lo thus they rode, till at the laft they spide
Two armed Knights, that toward them did pace,
And each of them had ryding by his side
A Ladie, seeming in so farre a space;
But Ladies none they were, albe in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
For under maske of beautie and good grace,
Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the warie wife appeare.
The one of them, the false *Dueffa* hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew;
For she could d'on so manie shapes in fight,
As ever could Cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours, save the trew.
The other no whit better was then she,
But that such as she was, she plaine did shew;
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,
And dayly more offensive unto each degree.

*XIX.*

Her name was *Ate*, mother of debate,
And all dissention, which doth dayly grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike 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 honor, raised from below
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
Where she in darknes waftes her cursed daies and nights.

*XX.*

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
There whereas all the plagues and harms abound,
Which punish wicked men, that walke amisse:
It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
With thornes and barren brakes environd round,
That none the same may easily outwin;
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth, when one is in:
For discord harder is to end then to begin.

*XXI.* And
Canto I. The Faerie Queen.

XXI.
And all within the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which the sad effects of discord fung.
There were rent robes, and broken scepters plait,
Altars defy'd, and holy things defaft,
Dishivered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine,
Great cities ranfackt, and strong castles raft,
Nations captived, and huge armies flaine:
Of all which ruines there some relics did remaine.

XXII.
There was the signe of antique Babylon,
Of fatall Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,
For memorie of which on high there hong
The golden Apple, cause of all their wrong,
For which the three faire Goddeses did strive.
There also was the name of Nimrod strong,
Of Alexander, and his Princes five,
Which shar'd to them the spoiles, that he had got alive.

XXIII.
And there the relics of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the Lapistees befell,
And of the bloodie feast, which sent away
So many Centaures drunken soules to hell,
That under great Alcides furie fell;
And of the dreadfull discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
That each of life fought others to deprive,
All mindlesse of the Golden fleece, which made them strive.

XXIV. And
And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd unnaturall;
Some of deare lovers, foes perpetuall:
Witness their broken bandes there to be seene,
Their girlandes rent, their bowres despoyled all;
The moniments whereof there bydng beene,
As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and greene.

Such was her house within; but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which she herselfe had sowne all about,
Now grown great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of evill wordes, and factious deedes;
Which, when to ripeness due they grown arre,
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breedes
Tumultuous trouble and contentious jarre,
The which most often end in bloudished and in warre.

And those same cursed seeds doe also serve
To her for bread, and yeeld her living food:
For life it is to her, when others starve
Through mischievous debate, and deadly food,
That she may sucke their life, and drinke their blood,
With which she from her childhood had bene fed.
For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
And by infernall furies nourished,
That by her monstrous shape might easilly be red.

XXVII. Her
Canto I.  

The Faerie Queene.  

XXVII.

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venom comprehended,
And wicked wordes, that God and man offended.

Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speake, and both contended;
And as her tongue, so was her hart discided,
That never thought one thing, but doubly still was guided.

XXVIII.

Als as she double spake, so heard she double;
With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,
Fild with false rumors and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light report.
And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,
And much unlike, th' one long, the other short,
And both misplast, that when th' one forward yode;

The other backe retired, and contrarie trode.

XXIX.

Likewise unequall were her handes twaine,
That one did reach, the other pusht away;
That one did make, the other mard againe,
And sought to bring all things unto decay;
Whereby great riches, gathered manie a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay:
For all her studie was, and all her thought,
How she might overthrow the things, that Concord wrought.

XXX. So
XXX.
So much her malice did her might surpas,
That even th' Almighty selfe she did maligne,
Because to man so mercifull he was,
And unto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she herselfe was of his grace indigne:
For all this world's faire workmanship she trie
Unto his last confusion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to divide,
With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

XXXI.
Such was that hag, which with Duesia roade,
And serving her in her malitious use,
To hurt good knights, was, as it were, her baude,
To fell her borrowed beautie to abuse.
For though like withered tree, that wanteth juyce,
She old and crooked were, yet now of late,
As fresh and fragrant as the floure deluce
She was become, by chaunge of her estate,
And made full goodly joyance to her new found mate.

XXXII.
Her mate he was a jollie youthfull knight,
That bore great sway in armes and chivalrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might:
His name was Blandamour, that did descrie
His fickle mind full of inconstancie.
And now himselfe he fittet had right well
With two companions of like qualitie,
Faithlesse Duesia, and false Paridell,
That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell.

XXXIII. Now
Canto I.  The Faerie Queene.

XXXIII.
Now when this gallant with his goodly crew,
   From farre espide the famous Britomart,
Like knight adventurous in outward vew,
   With his faire paragon, his conquests part,
Approching nigh, eftsfoones his wanton hart
   Was tickled with delight, and jesting sayd;
Lo there, Sir Paridel, for your defart,
   Good lucke presents you with yond lovely mayd,
For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd.

XXXIV.
By that the lovely paire drew nigh to hond:
   Whom when as Paridel more plaine beheld,
Albee in heart he like affection fond,
   Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld,
That did those armes and that same scutchion weld,
   He had small luft to buy his love so deare,
But answerd; Sir, him wise I never held,
   That having once escaped perill neare,
Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evill reare.

XXXV.
This knight too late his manhood and his might
   I did affay, that me right dearely cost,
Ne lift I for revenge provoke new fight,
   Ne for light Ladies love, that soone is loft.
The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,
   Take then to you this Dame of mine, quoth hee,
And I, without your peril or your cost,
   Will chalenge yond fame other for my fee:
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could see.

XXXVI. The
XXXVI.
The warlike Britonesse her soone addreft,
And with such uncouth welcome did receave.
Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
That being forft his saddle soone to leave,
Himfelfe he did of his new love deceave;
And made himfelfe th' enfample of his follie.
Which done, she pafl'd forth not taking leave,
And left him now as sad, as whilome jollie,
Well warned to beware, with whom he dar'd to dallie.

XXXVII.
Which when his other companie beheld,
They to his succour ran with readie ayd;
And finding him unable once to weld,
They reared him on horfebacke, and upflayd,
Till on his way they had him forth conveyd:
And all the way with wondrous griefe of mynd,
And shame, he fhewd himfelfe to be dismayd,
More for the love, which he had left behynd,
Then that, which he had to Sir Paridel refynd.

XXXVIII.
Nathleffe he forth did march well as he might,
And made good feembleance to his companie,
Disfembling his disease and evill plight;
Till that ere long they chaunced to efpie
Two other knights, that towards them did ply
With speedie course, as bent to charge them new.
Whom when as Blandamour, approching nie,
Perceiv'd to be fuch, as they feemd in vew,
He was full wo, and gan his former griefe renew.

XXXIX. For
For th' one of them he perfectly descride
To be Sir Scudamour, 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 because his love he wonne by right:
Which when he thought, it grieved him full sore,
That, through the bruises of his former fight,
He now unable was to wreake his old despight.

XL.

For thy he thus to Paridel bespake;
Faire Sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
That as I late adventurous for your sake,
The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
And justifie my cause on yonder knight.
Ah! Sir, said Paridel, do not dismay
Yourselfe for this; myselfe will for you fight,
As ye have done for me: the left hand rubs the right.

XLI.

With that he put his spurre unto his steed,
With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
Like shaft out of a bow preventing speed.
But Scudamour was shortly well aware
Of his approach, and gan himselfe prepare
Him to receive with entertainment meete.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe under their horses feete,
That what of them became, themselves did scarcely weete.
XLII.
As when two billowes, in the Irish fowndes,
  Forcibly driven with contrarie tydes,
  Do meete together, each abacke reboundes
With roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,
  That filleth all the sea with fome, divydes
The doubtfull current into divers wayes:
  So fell those two in spight of both their prydes,
But Scudamour himselfe did foone uprayfe,
And mounting light, his foe for lying long upbrayes:

XLIII.
Who rolled on an heape lay still in swound,
  All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rayle,
Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground,
  Ran hastily, to weete what did him ayle.
Where finding, that the breath gan him to sayle,
  With busie care they strove him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and undid his mayle:
  So much they did, that at the laft they brake
His flomber, yet so mazed, that he nothing spake.

XLIV.
Which when as Blandamour beheld, he sayd,
  False fairtour, Scudamour, that haft by flight
And soule advantage this good Knight dismayd,
  A Knight much better then thyselfe behight.
Well falles it thee, that I am not in plight
This day, to wreake the damage by thee donne.
  Such is thy wont, that still when any Knight
Is weaken'd, then thou doest him overronne:
So haft thou to thyselfe false honour often wonne.

XLV. He
He little answerd, but in manly heart
His mightie indignation did forbear,
Which was not yet so secret, but some part
Thereof did in his frowning face appeare:
Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth beare
An hideous storme, is by the Northerne blast
Quite overblowne, yet doth not passe so cleare,
But that it all the skie doth overcast
With darknes dred; and threatens all the world to waft.

Ah gentle knight, then false Dueffia said,
Why do ye strive for Ladies love so sore,
Whose chiefe desire is love and friendly aid
Mongst gentle Knights to nourish evermore?
Ne be ye wroth, Sir Scudamour, therefore,
That she, your love, lift love another knight;
Ne do your yourselfe dislike a whit the more;
For Love is free, and led with selfe delight,
Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might.

So false Dueffia, but vile Ate thus;
Both foolish knights, I can but laugh at both,
That strive and storme with stirre outrageous,
For her, that each of you alike doth loth,
And loves another, with whom now she goth
In lovely wife, and sleepees, and sports, and playes;
Whilest both you here, with many a cursed oth,
Sweek she is yours, and stirre up bloudie frayes,
To win a willowbough, whilest other weares the bayes.
XLVIII.

Vile hag, sayd Scudamour, why dost thou lye?
And falsely seekest 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 Blandamour, and fear no blame;
Tell what thou saw'ft, maulgre who so it heares.
I saw, quoth she, a stranger knight, whose name
I wote not well, but in his shield he beares
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares;

XLIX.

I saw him have your Amoret at will;
I saw him kiss, I saw him her embrace,
I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill,
All manie nights; and manie by in place,
That present were to testifie the case.
Which when as Scudamour did heare, his heart
Was thrild with inward griefe; as when in chace
The Parthian strikes a flag with shivering dart,
The beast astonisht stands in middeft of his smrt:

L.

So stood Sir Scudamour, when this he heard,
Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,
But lookt on Glauce grim, who woolde afeard
Of outrage for the words, which she heard say,
Albee untrue she wist them by assay.
But Blandamour, whenas he did espie
His chaunge of cheere, that anguish did bewray,
He woolde full blithe, as he had got thereby,
And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

I.I. Lo,
Canto I.  

**LI.**

Lo, recreant, sayd he, the fruitlesse end
Of thy vaine boaste, and spoile of love misgotten,
Whereby the name of knight-hood thou dost shend,
And all true lovers with dishonor blotten:
All things not rooted well will soone be rotten.
Fy, fy, false knight, then false Dueffa cryde,
Unworthy life, that love with guile haft gotten;
Be thou, where ever thou do go or ryde,
Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights defyde.

**LII.**

But Scudamour, for passing great despight,
Staid not to answer, scarcely did refrain,
But that in all those knights and ladies fight,
He for revenge had guiltlesse Glauce slaine:
But being past, he thus began amaine;
False traitour squire, false squire of falselst knight,
Why doth mine hand from thine avenge abstaine,
Whose Lord hath done my love this foule despight?
Why do I not it wreake on thee, now in my might?

**LIII.**

Discourteous, disloyall Britomart,
Untrue to God, and unto man unjust,
What vengeance due can equall thy defart,
That haft with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust?
Let ugly shame and endless infamy
Colour thy name with foule reproaches ruff.
Yet thou, false Squire, his fault shalt deare aby,
And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply.

**LIV.**
The
LIV.
The aged Dame him seeing so enraged,
    Was dead with fear; nathlesse, as neede required,
His flaming furie sought to have asswaged
    With sober words, that sufferance desired,
Till time the tryall of her truth expyred;
    And evermore sought Britomart to cleare.
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
    And thrife his hand to kill her did upreare,
And thrife he drew it backe: so did at last forbeare.
CANTO II:

Blandamour winnes false Florimell;
Paridell for her strives;
They are accorded; Agape
Doth lengthen her sonnes lives.

I.

FIREBRAND of hell, first tynd in Phlegeton
By thousand furies, and from thence out-throwned
Into this world, to worke confusion,
And set it all on fire by force unknowen,
Is wicked Discord, whose small sparkes once blowen
None but a God or godlike man can flake:
Such as was Orpheus, that when strife was growen
Amongst those famous ympes of Greece, did take
His silver harpe in hand, and shortly friends them make:

II.

Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,
That when the wicked feend his Lord torment,ed,
With heavenly notes, that did all other pas,
The outrage of his furious fit relented.
Such Musicke is wise words with time concented,
To moderate stiffe minds, dispofd to strive:
Such as that prudent Romane well invented,
What time his people into partes did rive,
Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes did drive.

III. Such
III.

Such us'd wise Glauce to that wrathfull knight,  
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:  
Yet Blandamour, with terms of foule despight,  
And Paridell her scornd, and set at nought,  
As old and crooked, and not good for ought.  
Both they unwise, and warelesse of the evill,  
That by themselves unto themselves is wrought,  
Through that false witch, and that foule aged devill,  
The one a feend, the other an incarnate devill.

IV.

With whom as they thus rode accompanide,  
They were encountred of a lustie Knight,  
That had a goodly Ladie by his side,  
To whom he made great dalliance and delight.  
It was to weete the bold Sir Ferraugh hight,  
He, that from Braggadochio whilome rest.  
The snowy Florimell, whose beautie bright  
Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft;  
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring west.

V.

Which when as Blandamour, whose fancie light  
Was alwaies flitting, as the wavering wind,  
After each beautie, that appeard in sight,  
Beheld, eftsfoones it prickt his wanton mind,  
With sting of luft, that reaons eye did blind,  
That to Sir Paridell these words he sent;  
Sir knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,  
Since so good fortune doth to you present  
So sayre a spoyle, to make you joyous meriment?

VI. But
Canto II. The Faerie Queene.

VI.

But Paridell, that had too late a tryall
Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
Lift not to hearkne, but made this faire denyall;
Last turne was mine, well proved to my paine;
This now be yours, God fend you better gaine.
Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his fleed, as in disdaine,
Against that Knight, ere he him well could torne;
By means whereof he hath him lightly overborne.

VII.

Who with the sudden stroke astonisht sore,
Upon the ground a while in slomber lay;
The whiles his love away the other bore,
And shewing her, did Paridell upbray;
Lo, sluggisht Knight, the victors happie pray:
So fortune friends the bold. Whom Paridell
Seeing so faire indeede, as he did say,
His hart with secret envie gan to fwell,
And inly grudge at him, that he had sped so well.

VIII.

Nathleffe proud man himselfe the other deemed,
Having so peerelesse paragon ygot:
For sure the sayref Florimell, him seemed,
To him was fallen for his happie lot,
Whose like alive on earth he weened not:
Therefore he her did court, did serve, did woue,
With humblest suit, that he imagine mot,
And all things did devise, and all things dooe,
That might her love prepare, and liking win theretoo.
The fourth Booke of Canto II.

IX.
She, in regard thereof, him recompenst
With golden words, and goodly countenance,
And such fond favours sparingly dispemst:
Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,
And coy lookes tempering with loose dalliance;
Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise,
That having cast him in a foolish trance,
He seemed brought to bed in Paradise,
And prov'd himselfe most fool, in what he seem'd most wise.

X.
So great a mistresse of her art she was,
And perfectly practiz'd in woman's craft,
That though therein himselfe he thought to pas,
And by his false allurements wylie draft
Had thousand women of their love beraft,
Yet now he was surpriz'd: for that false spright,
Which that same witch had in this forme engrast,
Was so expert in every subtile flight,
That it could overreach the wisest earthly wight.

XI.
Yet he to her did dayly service more,
And dayly more deceived was thereby;
Yet Paridell him envied therefore,
As seemmg plaft in sole felicity:
So blind is lust, false colours to descry.
But Ate soone discovering his desire,
And find now fitt opportunity
To stirre up strife, twixt love, and spight, and ire,
Did privily put coles unto his secret fire.

XII. By
XII.

By sundry means thereto she prickt him forth,
Now with remembrance of those spightfull speaches,
Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches
Made in their friendship, as that Hag him teaches:
And ever when his passion is allayd,
She it revives, and new occasion reaches;
That on a time as they together way'd,
He made him open chalenge, and thus boldly sayd;

XIII.

Too boastfull Blandamour, too long I beare
The open wrongs, thou dost me day by day:
Well know'st thou, when we friendship first did sware,
The covenant was, that every spoyle or pray
Should equally be shared betwixt us tway.
Where is my part then of this Ladie bright,
Whom to thyselfe thou takest quite away?
Render therefore therein to me my right,
Or answere for thy wrong, as shall fall out in fight.

XIV.

Exceeding wroth thereat was Blandamour,
And gan this bitter answere to him make;
Too foolish Paridell, that fayrest floure
Would'ft gather faine, and yet no pains would'ft take:
But not so easie will I her forfake:
This hand her wonne, this hand shall her defend.
With that they gan their shivering speares to shake,
And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,
Forgetfull each to have bene ever others frend.
Their fire steedes with so untamed force
Did bear them both to fell avenges end,
That both their spears with pitiless remorse,
Through shield, and mayle, and haberjeon did wend,
And in their flesh a grievously passage rend,
That with the furie of their owne affret,
Each other horse and man to ground did send;
Where lying still a while, both did forget
The perilous present frownd, in which their lives were set.

XVI.
As when two warlike Brigandines at sea,
With murdrous weapons arm'd to cruel fight,
Doe meete together on the watry lea,
They stemme each other with so fell despight,
That with the shocke of their owne heedlesse might,
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh a sonder:
They, which from shore behold the deadfull fight
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordinance thonder,
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwonted wonder.

XVII.
At length they both upstart in amaze,
As men awaked rashly out of dreme,
And round about themselves a while did gaze,
Till seeing her, that Florimell did see,
In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,
Therewith their dulled sprights they edged anew,
And drawing both their swords with rage extreme,
Like two mad mastiffes each on other flew,
And shields did share, and mailes did rath, and helmes did hew.

XVIII. So
Canto II. The Faerie Queene.

XVIII.

So furiously each other did assayle,
As if their soules they would attonce have rent
Out of their brests, that streams of bloud did rayle
Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;
That all the ground with purple bloud was spent,
And all their armours staynd with bloudie gore,
Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent;
So mortall was their malice, and so sore,
Become of sayned friendship, which they vow'd afore.

XIX.

And that, which is for Ladies moft befitting,
To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,
Was from those Dames so farre and so unfitting,
As that in stead of praying them furcease,
They did much more their cruelty encrease;
Bidding them fight for honour of their love,
And rather die then Ladies cause release.
With which vaine termes so much they did them move,
That both resolv'd the last extremities to prove.

XX.

There they, I weene, would fight untill this day,
Had not a Squire, even he the Squire of Dames,
By great adventure travelled that way;
Who seeing both bent to so bloudy games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate:
And first laide on those Ladies thousand blames,
That did not seeke t'appease their deadly hate,
But gazed on their harmses, not pittyng their estate.

XXI. And
XXI.

And then those Knights he humbly did beseech,
To stay their hands, till he a while had spoken:
Who lookt a little up at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken.
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
And them conjur'd by some well known token,
That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall,
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

XXII.

First he desir'd their cause of strife to see:
They said, it was for love of Florimell.
Ah gentle knights, quoth he, how may that bee,
And she so farre astray, as none can tell?
Fond Squire, full angry then sayd Paridell,
Seest not the Ladie there before thy face?
He looked backe, and her advizing well,
Weend, as he said, by that her outward grace,
That sayreft Florimell was present there in place.

XXIII.

Glad man was he to see that joyous fight,
For none alive but joy'd in Florimell;
And lowly to her lowting thus behight;
Fayreft of faire, that faireness doe dost excell,
This happie day I have to greete you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
Misdoubted lost through mischief, that befell:
Long may you live in health and happie state.
She little answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

XXIV. Then
Then turning to those Knights, he gan a new;
And you Sir Blandamour and Paridell,
That for this Ladie present in your vew,
Have rays'd this cruel warre and outrage fell,
Certes me seemes bene not advis'd well,
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To joyn your force, their forces to repell,
That seake perforce her from you both to take,
And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph to make.

XXV.
Thereat Sir Blandamour with countenance sterner,
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake;
A read, thou Squire, that I the man may learne,
That dare from me thinke Florimell to take.
Not one, quoth he, but many doe partake
Herein, as thus: It lately so befell,
That Satyrar a girdle did uptake,
Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell,
Which for her sake he wore, as him beseeemed well.

XXVI.
But when as she herselfe was lost and gone,
Full many knights, that loved her like deare,
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
That lost faire Ladies ornament should weare;
And gan therefore close spight to him to beare:
Which he to shun, and stop vile envies stinge,
Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
A solemn seale, with publick turneying,
To which all knights with them their Ladies are to bring.

XXVII. And
XXVII.
And of them all the, 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 Ladie be prefard.
Since therefore she herself is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertaines,
Against all those, that chalenge it to gard,
And save her honour with your ventrous paines:
That shall you win more glory, then ye here find gaines.

XXVIII.
When they the reason of his words had hard,
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honors and their loves regard,
The furious flames of malice to affiwife.
Tho each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thenceforth to joyne in one
With all their force, and battell strong to wage
Gainst all those knights, as their professed fone,
That chaleng'd ought in Florimell, save they alone.

XXIX.
So well accorded forth they rode together
In friendly fort, that lasted but a while;
And of all old dislikes they made faire weather,
Yet all was forg'd and spred with golden foyle,
That under it hidde hate and hollow guyle.
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
How ever gay and goodly be the ftyle,
That doth ill cause or evill end endure:
For vertue is the band, that bindeth harts most fure.

XXX. Thus
Canto II.  The Faerie Queene.

XXX.
Thus as they marched all in close disguise
Of sayned love, they chaunft to overtake
Two knights, that lincked rode in lovely wife,
As if they secret counsels did partake;
And each not farre behinde him had his make,
To weete, two Ladies of most goodly hew,
That twixt themselves did gentle purpose make,
Unmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
The which with speedie pace did after them pursfew.

XXXI.
Who, as they now approched nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughtie, as they did appeare,
They sent that Squire afore, to understand,
What mote they be: who viewing them more neare
Returned readie newes, that those same weare
Two of the prowest Knights in Faery lond;
And those two Ladies their two lovers deare,
Couragious Cambell, and stout Triamond,
With Canacee and Cambine linckt in lovely bond.

XXXII.
Whylome, as antique stories tellen us,
Those two were foes the fellonest on ground,
And battell made the dreddest daungerous,
That ever shrilling trumpet did resound;
Though now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowned Poet them compyled,
With warlike numbers and Heroicke found,
Dan Chaucer; well of English undefyled,
On Fames eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.

Vol. II.  N n

XXXIII. But
XXXIII.

But wicked Time, that all good thoughts doth waste,
And workes of noblest wits to nought out weare,
That famous moniment hath quite defaste,
And robd the world of threasure endless deare,
The which mote have enriched all us heare.
O cursed Eld! the cankerworme of writs,
How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare,
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits
Are quite devourd, and brought to nought by little bits?

XXXIV.

Then pardon, O most sacred happie spirit,
That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
And steale from thee the meede of thy due merit,
That none durft ever whileft thou waft alive,
And being dead in vaie yet many strive:
Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweete
Of thine owne spirit, which doth in me survive,
I follow here the footing of thy feete,
That with thy meaning fo I may the rather meeete.

XXXV.

Cambelloes sister was fayre Canacee,
That was the learnedst Ladie in her dayes,
Well seen in everie science that mote bee,
And every secret worke of natures wayes,
In wittie riddles, and in wise soothsayes,
In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and burds;
And, that augmented all her other prayse,
She modest was in all her deedes and words,
And wondrous chaft of life, yet lov'd of Knights and Lords.
XXXVI.

Full many Lords, and many Knights her loved,
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne ever was with fond affection moved,
But rul’d her thoughts with goodly governement,
For dread of blame and honours blemishment;
And eke unto her lookes a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But like to warie Centonels well stayd,
Still watcht on every side, of secret foes affrayd.

XXXVII.

So much the more as she refus’d to love,
So much the more she loved was and soughed,
That oftentimes unquiet strife did move
Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels wrought,
That oft for her in bloudie armes they soughed.
Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and wise,
Perceiv’d would breede great mischief, he bethought
How to prevent the perill that mote rise,
And turne both him and her to honour in this wise.

XXXVIII.

One day, when all that troupe of warlike wooers
Assembled were, to weet whose she shou’d bee,
All mightie men and dreadful derring dooers,
(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 shou’d chose the stoutest three,
That with himselle shou’d combat for her sake,
And of them all the victour shou’d his sister take.

XXXIX. Bold
XXXIX.

Bold was the chalenge, as himselfe was bold,
And courage full of haughtie hardiment,
Approved oft in perils manifold,
Which he atchiev'd to his great ornament:
But yet his sisters skill unto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,
Conceived by a ring, which she him sent,
That mongst the manie vertues, which we reed,
Had power to staunch all wounds, that mortally did bleed.

XL.

Well was that ring's great vertue 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 weend to make of love delight,
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke;
And yet uncertaine by such outward fight,
Though for her sake they all that peril tooke,
Whether she would them love, or in her liking brooke.

XLI.

Amongst those knights there were three brethren bold,
Three bolder brethren never were yborne,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morn;
Thrise happie mother, and thrise happie morn,
That bore three such, three such not to be fond:
Her name was Agape, whose children were
All three as one, the first hight Priamond,
The second Diamond, the youngest Triamond.

XLII. Stout
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 horsebacke used Triamond to fight,
And Priamond on foote had more delight,
But horse and foote knew Diamond to wield:
With curtaxe used Diamond to smite,
And Triamond to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtaxe both usd Priamond in field.

XLIII.

These three did love each other dearely well,
And with so firme affection were allyde,
As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts divyde;
Like three faire branches budding farre and wide,
That from one roote deriv'd their vitall sap:
And like that roote, 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 powres 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.
Thereto she was right faire, when so her face:
She lift discover, and of goodly stature;
But she, as Fayes are wont, in privie place:
Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld to space.

XLV. There
XLV.
There on a day a noble youthly knight
Seeking adventures in the Salvage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the sight;
As she fate carelesse by a crisfalle flood,
Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her good:
And unawares upon her laying hold,
That strove in vaine him long to have withstood,
Oppressed her, and there, as it is told,
Got these three lovely babes, that prov'd three champions bold.

XLVI.
Which she with her long fostred in that wood,
Till that to ripenesse of man's state they grew:
Then shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,
They loved armes, and knighthood did enfew,
Seeking adventures, where they anie knew.
Which when their mother saw, she gan to dout
Their safetie, least by searching daunger new,
And rash provoking perils all about,
Their days mote be abridged through their courage stout.

XLVII.
Therefore desirous th' end of all their dayes
To know, and them t'enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous skille, and many hidden wayes,
To the three fatall sisters house she went.
Farre under ground from tract of living went,
Downe in the bottome of the deepe Abyffe,
Where Demogorgon in dull darkenesse pent,
Farre from the view of Gods and heavens blis.
The hideous Chaos keepes, their dreadfull dwelling is.

XLVIII. There
Canto II.  

There she them found, all sitting round about  
The direfull distaffe standing in the mid,  
And with unwearied fingers drawing out  
The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.  
Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whiles the thrid  
By griefly Lachesis was fpun with paine,  
That cruell Atropos esloones undid,  
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine:  
Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thrids so vaine.  

XLIX.  
She them saluting, there by them fate still,  
Beholding how the thrids 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 worthie thou to be of Jovis accurst,  
And eke thy childrens thrids to be asunder hurst.  

L.  
Whereat she fore affrayd, yet her besought  
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,  
That she might see her childrens thrids forth brought,  
And know the measure of their utmost date,  
To them ordained by eternall fate.  
Which Clotho graunting, shewed her the same;  
That when she saw, it did her much amate,  
To see their thrids so thin, as spiders frame,  
And eke so short, that seemed their ends out shortly came.

LI. She
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 Lacheus thereat gan to repine,
   And sayd, Fond dame, that deem'ft of things divine
As of humane, that they may altred bee,
   And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes of thine.
Not so; for what the Fates do once decree,
Not all the gods can chaunge, nor Jove himself can free.

LII.
Then since, quoth she, the terme of each man's life
   For nought may lesfened nor enlarged bee,
Graunt this, that when ye shred with fatall knife
   His line, which is the eldest of the three,
Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
   Estfoones his life may passe into the next;
And when the next shall likewise ended bee,
   That both their lives may likewise be annext
Unto the third, that his may so be trebly wext.

LIII.
They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay
Departed thence with full contented mynd;
   And comming home, in warlike fresh aray
Them found all three according to their kynd:
But unto them what definie was affynd,
   Or how their lives were eekt, she did not tell;
But evermore, when she fit time could fynd,
   She warned them to tend their safeties well,
And love each other deare, what ever them befell.

LIV. So
LIV.
So did they surely during all their dayes,
    And never discord did amongst them fall;
Which much augmented all their other praise.
    And now t'increase affection naturall,
In love of Canacee they joyned all:
Upon which ground this fame great battell 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.
The fourth Booke of Canto III.

CANTO III.

The battell twixt three brethren with Cambell for Canacee. 
Cambina with true friendship's bond 
Doth their long strife agree.

I.

Why doe wretched men so much desire, 
To draw their dayes unto the utmoft date, 
And doe not rather wish them soone expire, 
Knowing the misery of their estate, 
And thousand perills, which them still awate, 
Tossing them like a boate amid the mayne, 
That every houre they knocke at deathes gate? 
And he, that happie seemes and leaft in payne, 
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth playne.

II.

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine, 
The which in seeking for her children three 
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine. 
Yet whilst they lived, none did ever see 
More happie creatures, then they seem'd to bee, 
Nor more ennobled for their courtesie, 
That made them dearely lov'd of each degree; 
Ne more renowned for their chevalrie, 
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nie.

III. These
III.

These three that hardie chalenge tooke in hand,
For Canacee with Cambell for to fight:
The day was set, that all might understand,
And pledges pawnd the fame to keepe a right.
That day, the dreddest day, that living wight
Did ever see upon this world to shine,
So soone as heavens window shewed light,
These warlike Champions, all in armour shine,
Assembled were in field, the chalenge to define.

IV.

The field with liftes was all about enclos'd,
To barre the preafe of people farre away;
And at th' one side fixe judges were dispos'd,
To view and deeme the decdes of armes that day;
And on the other side, in fresh aray,
Fayre Canacee upon a stately stage.
Was set, to see the fortune of that fray,
And to be seene, as his most worthie wage,
That could her purchase with his lives adventur'd gage.

V.

Then entred Cambell first into the lift,
With stately steps, and fearelesse countenance,
As if the conquest his he surely wist.
Soone after did the brethren three advance,
In brave aray and goodly amenance,
With scutchins gilt, and banners broad displayd;
And marching thrise in warlike ordinance,
Thrise lowted lowly to the noble Mayd,
The whiles shril trompets and loud clarions sweetly playd.

VI. Which
VI.
Which doen the doughty chalenger came forth,
All arm’d to point his chalenge to abet:
Gainst whom Sir Priamond with equall worth,
And equall armes himselfe did forward set.
A trompet blew; they both together met,
With dreadfull force, and furious intent,
Carelesse of perill in their fiers affret,
As if that life to losse they had forelent,
And cared not to spare, that should be shortly spent.

VII.
Right practicke was Sir Priamond in fight,
And throughly skild in use of shield and speare;
Ne leffe approved was Cambelloes might,
Ne leffe his skill in weapons did appeare,
That hard it was to weene which harder were.
Full many mightie strokes on either side
Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare,
But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
That they avoyded were, and vainely by did flyde.

VIII.
Yet one of many was so strongly bent
By Priamond, that with unluckie glaunce
Through Cambels shoulder it unwarily went,
That forced him his shield to disadvaunce.
Much was he grieved with that gracelesse chaunce,
Yet from the wound no drop of bloud there fell,
But wondrous paine, that did the more enhaunce
His haughtie courage to advengement fell:
Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes them more to swell.

IX. With
With that his poynant speare he fierce aventred,
With doubled force close underneath his shield,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
And there arresting, readie way did yield,
For bloud to gufh forth on the grasse field;
That he for paine himselfe n'ote right upreare,
But too and fro in great amazement reel'd,
Like an old Oke, whose pith and sap is seare,
At pufse of every storme doth stagger here and theare.

Whom so dismayd when Cambell had espide,
Againe he drove at him with double might,
That nought mote fay the fteele, till in his fide
The mortall point moft cruelly empight:
Where faft infixed, whileft he sought by fliet
It forth to wret, the flaffe afunder brake,
And left the head behind: with which despight
He all enrag'd, his shivering speare did shake,
And charging him afrefh thus felly him bespake;

Lo! faitour, there thy meede unto thee take,
The meede of thy mischalenge and abet:
Not for thine owne, but for thy fifters fake,
Have I thus long thy life unto thee let:
But to forbeare doth not forgive the det.
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow,
And paffing forth with furious affret,
Pierft through his bever quite into his brow,
That with the force it backward forced him to bow.
XII.
Therewith a funder in the midst it brisk,
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left;
The other halfe behind yet sticking fast,
Out of his headpeece Cambell fiercely rest,
And with such furie backe at him it heft,
That making way unto his dearest life,
His weasand pipe it through his gorget cleft:
Thence streames of purple bloud issuing rise,
Let forth his wearie ghost, and made an end of strife.

XIII.
His wearie ghost, asfoyld from fleshly band,
Did not, as others wont, directly fly
Unto her rest in Plutos grievly land;
Ne into ayre did vanish presently,
Ne chaunged was into a starre in skye:
But through traduction was eftfoones derived;
Like as his mother prayd the Desitinie,
Into his other brethren, that survived,
In whom he liv'd a new, of former life deprived.

XIV.
Whom when on ground his brother next beheld,
Though sad and sore for so heavy fight,
Yet leave unto his sorrow did not yeeld;
But rather stild to vengeance and despight,
Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
Rusti fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
As in reversion of his brothers right;
And challenging the Virgin as his dew.
His foe was soone addrest: the trumpets freshly blew.

XV. With
Canto III. The Faerie Queene

XV.
With that they both together fiercely met,
   As if that each ment other to devoure;
   And with their axes both so sorely bet,
   That neither plate nor mayle, whereas their powre
   They felt, could once sustaine the hideous bowre,
   But rived were like rotten wood a funder,
   Whilest through their rifts the ruddy bloud did showre,
   And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
   That still the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

XVI.
As when two Tygers, prickt with hunger's rage,
   Have by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,
   On which they weene their famine to affwage,
   And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
   Both falling out doe stirre up stirfesfull broyle,
   And cruell battell twixt themselves doe make,
   Whilest neither lets the other touch the soyle,
   But either sdeignes with other to partake:
   So cruelly these Knights strove for that Ladies sake.

XVII.
Full many strokes, that mortally were ment,
   The whiles were enterchaunged twixt them two;
   Yet they were all with so good wariment
   Or warded, or avoyded, and let goe,
   That still the life stond fearelesse of her foe:
   Till Diamond, disdeigning long delay
   Of doubtfull fortune wavering to and fro,
   Resolv'd to end it one or other way;
   And heav'd his murdrous axe at him with mighty sway.

XVIII. The
XVIII.
The dreadful stroke, in case it had arrived,
Where it was meant, (so deadly it was meant):
The soul had sure out of his body rived,
And stinted all the strife incontinent.
But Cambel's fate that fortune did prevent:
For seeing it at hand, he swarv'd aside,
And so gave way unto his fell intent:
Who missing of the mark, which he had eyde,
Was with the force nigh feld, whilst his right foot did flyde.

XIX.
As when a Vulture greedie of his pray,
Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,
 Strikes at an Heron with all his bodies sway,
That from his force seemes nought may it defend;
The warie fowle, that spies him toward bend
His dreadful fouse, avoydes it shunning light;
And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;
That with the weight of his owne weeldleffe might,
He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recovereth flight.

XX.
Which faire adventure when Cambello spide,
Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recover
From daungers dread to ward his naked side,
He can let drive at him with all his power,
And with his axe him smote in evill hower,
That from his shoulders quite his head he rest:
The headleffe tronke, as heedleffe of that flower,
Stood still a while, and his fast footing kept,
Till feeling life to sayle, it fell, and deadly slept.
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XXI.
They, which that piteous spectacle beheld,
   Were much amaz’d the headlesse tronke to see
Stand up so long, and weapon vaine to weld,
Unweeting of the Fates divine decree,
For lifes succession in those brethren three.
For notwithstanding that one soule was rest,
Yet, had the bodie not dismembred bee,
It would have lived, and revived eft;
But finding no fit feast, the lifelesse corfe it left.

XXII.
It left; but that same soule, which therein dwelt,
   Streight entring into Triamond, him fild
With double life, and griefe, which when he felt,
   As one whose inner parts had bene ythrild
With point of steele, that close his hartbloud spild,
He lightly lept out of his place of rest,
And rushing forth into the emptie field,
Against Cambello fiercely him addreft;
Who him affronting, soone to fight was readie preft.

XXIII.
Well mote ye wonder, how that noble Knight,
   After he had so often wounded bee,
Could stand on foot, now to renew the fight.
But had ye then him forth advauncing scene,
Some newborn wight ye would him surely weene:
So fresh he seemed and so fierce in fight;
Like as a snake, whom wearie winters teene
Hath worne to nought, now feeling sommers might,
Casts off his ragged skin and freshely doth him dight.
XXIV.

All was through vertue of the ring he wore,
   The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of bloud to fall, but did restore
   His weakned powers, and dulled spirits whet,
Through working of the stone therein yset.
Else how could one of equall might with moft,
   Against so many no lesse mightie met,
Once thinke to match three such on equall cost,
Three such, as able were to match a puissant hoft?

XXV.

Yet nought thereof was Triamond adredde,
   Ne desparate of glorious victorie,
But sharply him assay’d, and bold besetted,
   With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie,
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie:
He stroke, he souft, he sound, he hewd, he laft,
   And did his yron brond so fast applie,
That from the fame the fierie sparkles flasht,
As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rokke are dasht.

XXVI.

Much was Cambello daunted with his blowes,
   So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
That he was forst from daunger of the throwes
   Backe to retire, and somewhat to relent,
Till th’ heat of his fierce furie he had spent:
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
   He then afresh with new encouragement
Did him assayle, and mightily amate,
As fast as forward erft, now backward to retrate.
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XXVII.
Like as the tide, that comes from th' Ocean mayne,
Flowes up the Shenan with contrarie forse,
And overruling him in his owne rayne,
Drives backe the current of his kindly course,
And makes it seeme to have some other course:
But when the floud is spent, then backe againe
His borrowed waters forst to redisbourse,
He sends the sea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his Soveraine.

XXVIII.
Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
With diverse fortune doubtfull to be deemed:
Now this the better had, now had his so;
Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seemed,
Yet victors both themselves alwayes esteemed.
And all the while the diffentrayled blood
Adowne their fides like little rivers ftremed,
That with the wafting of his vitall flood,
Sir Triamond at laft full faint and feeble stood.

XXIX.
But Cambell still more strong and greater grew,
Ne felt his blood to waft, ne powres emperisht,
Through that ring's vertue, that with vigour new,
Still when as he enfeebled was, him cherisht,
And all his wounds, and all his brusis guarisht,
Like as a withered tree through husbands toyle
Is often seene full freshly to have florisht,
And fruitfull apples to have borne awhile,
As fresh as when it first was planted in the foyle.

P p 2  XXX. Through
XXX.

Through which advantage, in his strength he rose,
And smote the other with so wondrous might;
That through the same, which did his hauberk close,
Into his throat and life it pierced quight,
That downe 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 mortall miserie.

XXXI.

But nathlesse, whilst all the lookers on
Him dead behight, as he to all appeared,
All unawares he started up anon,
As one that had out of a dream bene reared,
And fresh assayld his foe, who half affeard
Of th' uncouth sight, as he some ghost had seene,
Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sword;
Till having often by him stricken beene,
He forced was to strike, and save himselfe from teene.

XXXII.

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
As one in feare the Stygian gods t'offend,
Ne followd on so fast, but rather sought
Himselfe to save, and danger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to spend.
Which Triamond perceiving, weened sure
He gan to faint, toward the battel's end,
And that he should not long on foote endure,
A signe, which did to him the victorie assure.

XXXIII. Whereof
Canto III. the Faerie Queene.

XXXIII.
Whereof full blith, esttooones his mightie hand
He heav'd on high, in mind with that same blow
To make an end of all that did withstand:
Which Cambell seeing come, was nothing slow
Himselfe to save from that so deadly throw;
And at that instant reaching forth his sward
Close underneath his shield, that scarce d d show;
Stroke him, as he his hand to stroke upreard,
In th' arm pit full, that through both sides the wound appeard.

XXXIV.
Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,
And falling heavie on Cambeloe's crest,
Stroke him so huggly, that in swowne he lay,
And in his head an hidious wound imprest:
And sure had it not happily found rest
Upon the brim of his brode plated shielde,
It would have cleft his braine downe to his brest.
So both at once fell dead upon the field;
And each to other seemd the victorie to yield.

XXXV.
Which when as all the lookers on beheld,
They weened sure the warre was at an end,
And judges rose, and Marshals of the field
Broke up the listes, their armes away to rend;
And Canacee gan wayle her dearest frend.
All suddenly they both upstarred light,
The one out of the swound, which him did blend;
The other breathing now another springt,
And fiercely each assayling, gan afresh to fight.

XXXVI. Long.
XXXVI.
Long while they then continued in that wize,
As if but then the battell had begonne:
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did despise,
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,
Desirous both to have the battell donne;
Ne either cared life to save or spill,
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne.
So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
That life itselfe seemd loathsome, and long safetie ill.

XXXVII.
Whilst thus the case in doubtfull ballance hong,
Unsure to whether side it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with ruffull tine,
And secret feare, to see their fatall fine,
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That seemd some perilous tumult to define,
Confus'd with womens cries, and shouts of boyes,
Such as the troubled Theaters oftimes annoyes.

XXXVIII.
Thereat the Champions both stood still a space,
To weeten what that sudden clamour ment;
Lo where they spyde, with speedie whirling pace,
One in a charet of strange furniment
Towards them driving like a storme out sent.
The charet decked was in wondrous wize,
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Persian Monarks antique guize,
Such as the maker felse could best by art devize.

XXXIX. And
XXXIX.

And drawne it was, that wonder is to tell,
Of two grim lyons, taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell;
Now made forget their former cruell mood,
T'obey their riders heft, as seemed good.
And therein fate a Ladie passling faire
And bright, that seemed borne of Angels brood,
And with her beautie bountie did compare,
Whether of them in her should have the greater share.

XL.

Thereto she learned was in Magicke leare,
And all the artes, that subtil wits discover,
Having therein bene trained many a yeare,
And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the same she farre exceld all other.
Who understanding by her mightie art
Of th'evill plight, in which her dearest brother
Now stood, came forth in hast to take his part,
And pacifie the strife, which caus'd so deadly smart.

XLI.

And as she pass'd through th'unruly preace
Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace,
Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,
For hast did over-runne, in dust enrould,
That thorough rude confusion of the rout,
Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,
Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,
And some, that would seeme wise, their wonder turnd to doubt.

XLII. In
XLII.

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
About the which two Serpents weren' wound,
Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,
And by the tailes together firmly bound,
And both were with one olive garland crownd,
Like to the rod, which Maia's sonnedothe wield,
Wherewith the hellifh fiends he doth confound.
And in her other hand a cup she hild,
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim upfild.

XLIII.

Nepenthe is a drinck of soverayne grace,
Devized by the Gods, for to affwage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which flirs up anguiish and contentious rage:
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
It doth establisch in the troubled mynd.
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the Gods to drincke thereof assynd;
But such as drinck, eternall hippiness do synd.

XLIV.

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,
As Jove will have advaunced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,
For their high merits and great dignitie,
Are wont, before they may to heaven flie,
To drincke hereof, whereby all cares forepaft
Are washt away quite from their memorie.
So did those olde Heroes hereof tafte,
Before that they in blisse amongst the Gods were plaste.

XLV. Much
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XLV.

Much more of price and of more gratious powre
Is this, then that fame water of Ardenne,
The which Rinaldo drunck in happie howre,
Described by that famous Tuscane penne:
For that had might to change the hearts of men
From love to hate, a change of evill choife:
But this doth hatred make in love to brenne,
And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoice.
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice?

XLVI.

At laft arriving by the liffes fide,
Shee with her rod did softly smite the raile,
Which straight flew ope, and gave her way to ride.
Eftfoones out of her Coch she gan availe,
And pacing fairely forth, did bid all haile,
First to her brother, whom she loved deare,
That so to see him made her heart to quaile;
And next to Cambell, whose sad ruefull cheare
Made her to change her hew, and hidden love t'appeare.

XLVII.

They lightly her requit (for small delight
They had as then her long to entertaine,)
And eft them turned both againe to fight:
Which when she saw, downe on the bloodly plaine
Herselfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine;
Amongst her teares immixing prayers mecke,
And with her prayers reasons to restraine
From blouddy strife, and blessed peace to seeke,
By all that unto them was deare, did them besecke,

Vol. II.  Q q  XLVIII. But
XLVIII.

But when as all might nought with them prevai le,
She smote them lightly with her powerfull wand.
Then suddenly, as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
And they like men astoynsht still did stand.
Thus whilst their minds were doubtfully distraught,
And mighty spirites bound with mightier band,
Her golden cup to them for drinke she raught,
Whereof full glad for thirft, each drunk an harty draught.

XLIX.

Of which so soone as they once tafted had,
Wonder it is that sudden change to see:
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And lovely hault from feare of treason free,
And plighted hands for ever friends to be.
When all men saw this sudden change of things,
So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
For passing joy, which so great marvaile brings,
They all gan shout aloud, that all the heaven rings.

L.

All which when gentle Canacee beheld,
In haft she from her lofty chaire descended,
Too weet what sudden tidings was befled:
Where when she saw that cruell war so ended,
And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
In lovely wise she gan that Lady greet,
Which had so great dismay so well amended,
And entertaining her with curt'sies meet,
Profeft to her true friendship and affection sweet.

LI. Thus
Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
   The trumpets founded, and they all arose,
   Thence to depart with glee and gladsome chere.
   Those warlike champions both together chose,
   Homeward to march, themselves there to repose.
   And wife Cambina taking by her side
   Faire Canacee, as fresh as morning rose,
   Unto her Coch remounting, home did ride.
Admir'd of all the people, and much glorifie.

Where making joyous feast their daies they spent
   In perfect love, devoide of hatefull strife,
   Allide with bands of mutuell couplement;
   For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
   With whom he ledd a long and happy life;
   And Cambel tooke Cambina to his sere,
   The which as life were each to other lefe.
   So all alike did love, and loved were,
That since their days such lovers were not found elswhere.
CANTO IV.

Satyrane makes a Turneyment
For love of Florimell:
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
And Artegall doth quell.

I.

IT often fals, (as here it earst befell)
That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull frends,
And friends profeft are chaungd to foemen fell:
The cause of both, of both their minds depends.
And th' end of both likewise of both their ends.
For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds,
But of occasion, with th' occasion ends;
And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded seeds.

II.

That well, me seemes, appeares, by that of late
Twixt Cambell and Sir Triamond befell,
As else by this, that now a new debate
Stird up twixt Scudamour and Paridell,
The which by course befals me here to tell:
Who having those two other Knights espide
Marching afore, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their Squire to have them both descrie,
And eke those masked Ladies riding them beside.

III. Who
Canto IV.  

Who backe returning, told, as he had scene,
That they were doughtie knights of dreaded name;
And those two Ladies, their two loves unseen;
And therefore wisht them without blot or blame,
To let them passe at will, for dread of shame.
But Blandamour full of vain-glorious sprite,
And rather third by his discordfull Dame,
Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,
But that he yet was sore of his late lucklesse fight.

Yet nigh approching, he them fowle bespake,
Disgracing them, himselfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont, so weening way to make
To Ladies love, where so he came in place,
And with lewd termes their lovers to deface.
Whose sharpe provokement them incenst so sore,
That both were bent t'avenge his usage base,
And gan their shields address themselves afore:
For evill deeds may better then bad words be bore.

But faire Cambina with perswasion myld
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcyld,
And gan to treate of deeds of armes abrede,
And strange adventures, all the way they rode:
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great turney, which was blazed brode,
For that rich girdle of faire Florimell,
The prize of her, which did in beautie most excell.
To which folke-mote they all with one consent,
Sith each of them his Lady had him by,
Whose beautie each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to travell, and their fortunes try.
So as they passed forth, they did espy
One in bright-armes, with ready speare in rest,
That toward them his course seem'd to apply,
Gainst whom Sir Paridell himselfe addrest,
Him weening, ere he nigh approcht, to have represt.

Which th'other seeing, gan his course relent,
And vaunted speare eftsoones to disadvaunce,
As if he naught but peace and pleasure ment,
Now falne into their fellowship by chance,
Whereat they shewed curteous countenaunce.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His roving eie did on the Lady glauce,
Which Blandamour had riding by his side;
Whom sure he weend, that he somewhere tofore had eide.

It was to weete that snowly Florimell,
Which Ferrau late from Braggadochio wonne,
Whom he now seeing, her remembred well,
How having rest her from the witches sonne,
He soone her loft: wherefore he now begunne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to reprize;
Which scornefull offer Blandamour gan soone despize;
And said, Sir Knight, fithe ye this Lady clame,
Whom he that hath, were loth to lose so light,
(For so to lose a Lady, were great shame)
Yee shall her winne, as I have done in fight:
And lo shee shall be placed here in fight,
Together with this Hag beside her fet,
That who so winnes her, may her have by right:
But he shall have the Hag, that is ybet;
And with her always ride, till he another get.

That offer pleased all the company;
So Florimell with Ate forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But Braggadochio said, he never thought
For such an Hag, that seemed worst then nought,
His person to emperill so in fight.
But if to match that Lady they had fought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would spend to justifie his right.

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,
As scorning his unmanly cowardize:
And Florimell him fowly gan revile,
That for her sake refus'd to enterprize
The battell, offred in so knightly wize.
And Ate eke provokt him privily,
With love of her, and shame of such mesprize.
But naught he car'd for friend or enemy,
For in base mind nor friendship dwels nor enmity.
XII.

But *Cambell* thus did shut up all in jest,
Brave Knights and Ladies, certes ye doe wrong
To stirre up strife, when most us needeth rest,
That we may us reserve both fresh and strong
Against the Turneiment, which is not long.
When who so 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 pleasaunt bord, they past forth on their way,
And all that while, where so 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 turneyment they came;
Where they before them found in fresh aray
Manie a brave knight, and manie a daintie dame
Assembled, for to get the honour of that game.

XIV.

There this faire crewe arriving, did divide
Themelves asunder: *Blandamour* with those
Of his, on th' one; the rest on th'other side.
But boastfull *Braggadochio* rather chose,
For glorie vaine, their fellowship to lose,
That men on him the more might gaze alone.
The rest themselves in troupes did else dispose,
Like as it seemed best to every one;
The knights in couples marcht, with ladies linckt attone.

XV. Then
Then first of all forth came Sir Satyrane,
Bearing that precious relike in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane:
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
He open shewed, that all men it mote marke.
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embossed
With pearle and precious stone, worth many a marke;
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost:
It was the same, which lately Florimel had lost.

That same aloft he hong in open vew,
To be the prize of beautie and of might;
The which eftsoones discovered 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 vowes and wishes vaine.
Thrice happy Ladie and thrise happy knight
Them seemd, that could so goodly riches gaine,
So worthie of the perill, worthy of the paine.

Then tooke the bold Sir Satyrane in hand
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
And vauncing forth from all the other band
Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
Shewing himselfe all ready for the field.
Gainst whom there singled from the other side
A Painim knight, that well in armes was skild,
And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
Hight Bruncheval the bold, who fierfly forth did ride.
The fourth Booke of Canto IV.

XVIII.
So furiously they both together met,
    That neither could the others force sustaine.
As two fierce bulls, that strive the rule to get
Of all the heard, meet with so hideous maine,
That both rebutted, tumble on the plain:
So these two champions to the ground were fell,
Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

XIX.
Which when the noble Ferramont espide,
    He pricked forth in ayd of Satyr:
And him against Sir Blandamour did ride
With all the strength and stiffnesse that he can.
But the more strong and stiffely that he ran,
So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
That on an heape were tumbled horse and man.
Unto whose rescue forth rode Paridell;
But him likewise with that same speare he eke did quell.

XX.
Which Braggadocio seeing, had no will
To haften greatly to his parties ayd,
Albee his turne were next; but stood there still,
As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd.
But Triamond halfe wroth to see him faild,
Sternly stept forth, and raught away his speare,
With which so sore he Ferramont affaid,
That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
That neither could in haste themselves againe upreare.

XXI. Which
Which to avenge, Sir Devon him did right,
But with no better fortune then the rest:
For him likewise he quickly downe did smight;
And after him Sir Douglas him address,
And after him Sir Palimord forth press:
But none of them against his strokes could stand,
But all the more, the more his praise increas,
For either they were left upon the land,
Or went away sore wounded of his haplesse hand.

And now by this, Sir Satyrane abroad,
Out of the swoone, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one dismayed,
When as he saw the merciless affray,
Which doughty Triamond had wrought that day,
Unto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himselfe he wisht have beene, then in so bad a stead.

Eftsoones he gan to gather up around
His weapons, which lay scattered all abroad,
And as it fell, his steed he ready found.
On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,
Like sparke of fire, that from the andvile glode.
There where he saw the valiant Triamond
Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode,
That none his force were able to withstand;
So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was his hond.
The fourth Booke of Canto IV.

XXIV.
With that at him his beamlike speare he aimed,  
   And thereto all his power and might applide: 
The wicked steele for mischief first ordained,  
   And having now my fortune got for guide, 
Said not, till it arrived in his side,  
   And therein made a very grievly wound, 
That streams of bloud his armour all bedide.  
   Much was he daunted with that direfull sound, 
That scarce he him upheld from falling in a sound.

XXV.
Yet as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew  
   Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plaine. 
Then gan the part of Chalengers anew  
   To range the field, and victorlike to raine, 
That none against them battell durst maintaine.  
   By that the gloomy evening on them fell, 
That forced them from fighting to refraine,  
   And trumpets sound to cease did them compell: 
So Satyrane that day was jug'd to beare 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 swaine 
Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.  
   But mongst them all was not Sir Triamond, 
Unable he new battell to darraine,  
   Through grievance of his late received wound; 
That doubly did him grieve, when so himselfe he found.

XXVII. Which
XXVII.
Which Cambell, seeing, though he could not salve,
Ne done undoe, yet for to salve his name,
And purchase honour in his friends behalve,
This goodly counterfeautance he did frame.
The shield and armes well knowne to be the same,
Which Triamond had wore, unwares to wight,
And to his friend unwist, for doubt of blame,
If he misdid, he on himselfe did dight,
That none could him discerne, and so went forth to fight.

XXVIII.
There Satyrane Lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great joy and jolity;
Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground;
That much he gan his glorie to envy,
And caft t'avenge his friends indignity.
A mightie speare eftfoones at him he bent;
Who seeing him come on so furiously,
Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
That foreibly to ground they both together went.

XXIX.
They up againe themselves can lightly reare,
And to their tryed 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 cuffling close, now chacing to and fro,
Now hurtling round advantage for to take:
As two wild boares together grappling go,
Chaufing and foming choler each against his fo.

XXX. So
XXX.

So as they courted, and turneyd here and there,
It chaunt Sir Satyrane his steed at last,
Whether through foundring, or through fodein fear,
To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;
Which vauntage Cambell did pursue so fast,
That ere himselfe he had recovered well,
So sore he sowst him on the compass creast,
That forced him to leave his loftie fell,
And rudely tumbling downe under his horse feete fell.

XXXI.

Lightly Cambello leapt downe from his steed,
For to have rent his shield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the victors meed;
When all unwares he felt an hideous sway
Of many swords, that lode on him did lay.
An hundred knights had him enclosed round,
To rescue Satyrane out of his pray;
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 dismayd,
But with stout courage turned upon them all,
And with his brondiron round about him layd;
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:
Like as a Lion, that by chance doth fall
Into the hunters toile, doth rage and roar,
In royall heart disdaining to be thrall.
But all in vaine: for what might one do more?
They have him taken captive, though it grieve him sore.

XXXIII. Whereof
XXXIII.
Whereof when newes to Triamond was brought,
There as he lay, his wound he soone forgot,
And starting up, straight for his armour fought:
In vaine he sought; for there he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got:
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
And lightly issewd forth to take his lot.
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew,
Leading his friend away, full forie to his vew.

XXXIV.
Into the thickest of that knightly preaste
He thruft, and smote downe all that was betweene,
Caried with fervent zeale, ne did he ceasse,
Till that he came, where he had Cambell seene,
Like captive thral two other Knights atweene:
There he amongst them cruell havocke makes,
That they, which lead him, soone enforced beene:
To let him loose, to save their proper skates,
Who being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes.

XXXV.
With that he drives at them with dreadfull might,
Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,
And in revengement of his owne despight:
So both together give a new allarme,
As if but now the battell wexed warme.
As when two greedy wolves doe breake by force:
Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,
They spoile and ravine without all remorfe,
So did these two through all the field their foes enforce.

XXXVI. Fiercely
XXXVI.
Fiercely they followd on their bold emprize,
Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest;
Then all with one consent did yeeld the prize
To Triamond and Cambell as the best:
But Triamond to Cambell it releft,
And Cambell it to Triamond transferd;
Each labouring t’advance the others gelt,
And make his praise before his owne preferd:
So that the doome was to another day differd.

XXXVII.
The last day came, when all those knightes againe
Assembled were their deeds of armes to shew.
Full many deedes that day were shewed plaine:
But Satyrane bove all the other crew
His wondrous worth declared in all mens view.
For from the first he to the last endured,
And though some while Fortune from him withdrew,
Yet evermore his honour he recured,
And with unwearied powre his party still assured.

XXXVIII.
Ne was there Knight, that ever thought of armes,
But that his utmost provess he there made knowne,
That by their many wounds, and carelesse harmes,
By shivered speares, and swords all under strowen,
By scattered shields was easie to be showne.
There might ye see loose fleeds at randon ronne,
Whose luckelesse riders late were overthrowen;
And squiers make haft to helpe their Lords fordone,
But still the Knights of Maidenbead the better wonne.

XXXIX. Till
Till that there entred on the other side
A stranger knight, from whence no man could read,
In queynt disguise, full hard to be describe.
For all his armour was like salvage weed,
With woody mossè bedight, and all his steed
With oaken leaves attract, that seemed fit
For salvage wight, and thereto well agreed
His word, which on his ragged shield was writ,
Salvageisle sans finesse, shewing secret wit.

He, at his first incoming, charg'd his spere
At him, that first appeared in his fight;
That was to weet, the stout Sir Sangliere,
Who well was known to be a valiant Knight,
Approved oft in many a perilous fight.
Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
And overbore beyond his crouper quight,
And after him another Knight, that hote
Sir Brianor, so sore, that none him life behote.

Then ere his hand he reard, he overthrew
Seven Knights, one after other as they came:
And when his speare was brust, his sword he drew,
The instrument of wrath, and with the same
Far'd like a lyon in his bloudie game,
Hewing, and slashing shields, and helmets bright,
And beating downe, what ever nigh him came,
That every one gan shun his dreadfull fight,
No lesse then death itselfe, in daungerous affright.
XLII.

Much wondred all men, what, or whence he came,
That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize;
And each of other gan inquire his name.
But when they could not learne it by no wize,
Most answerable to his wyld disguise
It seamed, him to terme the salvage knight.
But certes his right name was otherwize,
Though knowne to few, that Arthegall he hight,
The doughtieft knight, that liv'd that day, and moft of might.

XLIII.

Thus was Sir Satyrane with all his band:
By his sole manhood and atchievement stout
Dismayd, that none of them in field durft stand,
But beaten were, and chased all about.
So he continued all that day throughout,
Till evening, that the Sunne gan downward bend:
Then rushed forth out of the thickeft rout
A stranger knight, that did his glorie shend:
So nought may be esteemed happie till the end.

XLIV.

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
At Artegall, in middeft of his pryde,
And therewith smote him on his umbriere
So fore, that tombling backe, he downe did flyde
Over his horses taile above a flryde;
Whence little luft he had to rise againe.
Which Cambell seeing, much the same envyde,
And ran at him with all his might and maine;
But shortly was likewise seene lying on the plaine.
Whereat full inly wroth was Triamond,
And cast t'avenge the shame doen to his freend:
But by his friend himselfe eke soone he fond,
In no lesse neede of helpe, then him he weend.
All which when Blandamour from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith displeased fore,
And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
His speare he feutred, and at him it bore;
But with no better fortune, then the rest afore.

XLVI.

Full many others at him likewise ran:
But all of them likewise dismounted were,
Ne certes wonder; for no powre of man
Could bide the force of that enchaunted speare,
The which this famous Britomart did beare;
With which she wondrous deeds of arms atchieved,
And overthrew, whatever came her neare,
That all those stranger knights full sore agrieved,
And that late weaker band of challengers relieved.

XLVII.

Like as in sommers day, when raging heat
Doth burne the earth, and boyled rivers drie,
That all brute beasts, forst to refraine from meat,
Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may lie,
And missing it, faine from themselves to flie;
All travellers tormented are with paine;
A watry cloud doth overcaft the skie,
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe.
So did the warlike Britomart restore
The prize to knights of Maidenhead that day,
Which else was like to have bene lost, and bore
The prayse of prowess from them all away.
Then thrilling trumpets loudly gan to bray,
And bad them leave their labours and long toyle,
To joyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauties prize shold win that preitious spoyle.
Where I with sound of trompe will alfo rest a whyle.
CANTO V.

The Ladies for the girdle strive
Of famous Florimell:
Scudamour comming to Care's house,
Doth sleepe from him expell.

I.

It hath bene through all ages ever seene,
That with the praise of armes and chevalrie
The prize of beautie still hath joyned beene;
And that for reasons speciaall privitie:
For either doth on other much relie.
For he me seemes most fit the faire to serve,
That can her best defend from villenie;
And she most fit his service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her faith will never swerve.

II.

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the proose of proveth ended well,
The controversy of beauties soveraine grace;
In which to her, that doth the most excell,
Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell;
That many wish to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuous use, which some doe tell
That glorious belt did in itselfe containe,
Which Ladies ought to love, and seeke for to obtaine.

III. That
That girdle gave the vertue of chaste love,
   And wivehood true, to all that did it beare;
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
Might not the fame about her middle weare,
But it would loose, or else afunder teare.
Whilome it was, as Faeries wont report,
Dame Venus girdle, by her steemed deare,
What time she usd to live in wively fort;
But layd aside, when so she usd her looser sport.

Her husband Vulcan whylome for her sake,
When first he loved her with heart entire,
This pretious ornament, they say, did make,
And wrought in Lemno with unquenched fire:
And afterwards did for her loves first hire
Give it to her, for ever to remaine,
Therewith to bind lascivious desire,
And loose affections strecthyly to restraine;
Which vertue it for ever after did retaine.

The same one day, when she herselfe dispozd
   To visite her beloved Paramoure,
The God of warre, she from her middle loofd,
   And left behind her in her secret bowre
On Acidalian mount, where many an howre
She with the pleafant Graces wont to play.
There Florimell in her first ages flowre
   Was fostered by those Graces, as they say,
And brought with her from thence that goodly belt away.

VI. That
That goodly belt was Cestius hight by name,
And as her life by her esteemed deare.
No wonder then, if that to winne the fame
So many Ladies fought, as shall appeare;
For pearelesse she was thought, that did it beare.
And now by this their feast all being ended,
The judges, which thereto selected were,
Into the Martian field adowne descended,
To deeme this doubtfull case, for which they all contended.

But first was question made, which of those Knights,
That lately turneyd, had the wager wonne:
There was it judged by those worthie wights,
That Satyrane the first day best had donne,
For he last ended, having first begonne.
The second was to Triamond behight,
For that he sav'd the victour from fordone:
For Cambell victour was in all mens sight,
Till by mishap he in his foemens hand did light.

The third dayes prize unto that straunger Knight,
Whom all men term'd Knight of the Hebene speare,
To Britomart was given by good right;
For that with puissant stroke she downe did beare
The Salvage Knight, that victour was whileare,
And all the rest, which had the best afore,
And to the last unconquer'd did appeare;
For last is deemed best. To her therefore
The fayrest Ladie was adjudgd for Paramore.

IX. But
IX.
But thereat greatly grudged Aribegall,
   And much repynd, that both of victors meede,
   And eke of honour she did him foresfall.
Yet mote he not withstand, what was decreede;
   But inly thought, of that despightfull deede
Fit time t'awaite avenged for to bee.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
   Then next enfew'd the Paragon to see
Of beauties praise, and yeeld the sayrest her due fee.

X.
Then first Cambello brought unto their view
   His faire Cambina, covered with a veale;
Which being once withdrawne, most perfect hew
   And passing beautie did estfooes reveale,
That able was weake harts away to steale.
Next did Sir Triamond unto their sight
The face of his deare Canacee unheale;
Whose beauties became estfoones did shine so bright,
That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

XI.
And after her did Paridell produce
   His false Dueffa, that she might be seene,
Who with her forged beautie did seduce
   The hearts of some, that fairest her did weene;
As divers wits affected divers beene.
Then did Sir Ferramont unto them shew
His Lucida, that was full faire and sheene:
And after these an hundred Ladies mee
Appear'd in place, the which each other did outgoe.
XII.
All which who so dare thinke for to enchaunce,
Him needeth sure a golden pen I weene,
To tell the feature of each goodly face.
For since the day, that they created beene,
So many heavenly faces were not seen
Assembled in one place: ne he, that thought
For Chian folke to pourtraiet beauties Queene,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many faire did see, as here he might have fought.

XIII.
At last the most redoubted Britoness
Her lovely Amoret did open shew;
Whose face discovered plainly did express
The heavenly pourtrait of bright Angels hew.
Well weened all, which her that time did vew,
That she should surely beare the bell away,
Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trew
And very Florimell, did her display:
The fight of whom once seen e did all the rest dismay.

XIV.
For all afores that seemed faire and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her, that shone as Phebes light,
Amongst the lesser starrs in evening cleare.
All, that her saw, with wonder ravisht ware,
And weend no mortall creature she should bee,
But some celestiall shape, that flesh did beare:
Yet all were glad there Florimell to see;
Yet thought that Florimell was not so faire as shee,
XV.
As guilefull goldsmith, that by secret skill,
   With golden foyle doth finely overspred
Some baser metall, which commend he will
Unto the vulgar for good gold instead,
He much more goodly gloffe thereon doth shed,
   To hide his falshood, then if it were trew:
So hard, this Idole was to be ared,
   That Florimell herselfe in all mens vew
She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest shew.

XVI.
Then was that golden belt by doome of all
   Graunted to her, as to the fayreft Dame.
Which being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became;
But by no meanes 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 waft she it enclos'd;
And it as oft was from about her waft disclos'd:

XVII.
That all men wondred at the uncouth fight,
   And each one thought, as to their fancies came.
But she herselfe did thinke it doen for spight,
   And touched was with secret wrath and shame.
Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame.
Then many other Ladies likewise tride,
   About their tender loynes to knit the fame;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it faft, eftfoones it was untide:

XVIII. Which
Canto V. The Faerie Queene.

XVIII.

Which when that scornefull Squire of Dames did vew,
He loudly gan to laugh, and thus to jeft;
Alas for pitie, that so faire a crew,
As like can not be scene 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 Ladie to his love assent,
That hath this day so many so unmanly shent.

XIX.

Thereat all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies lowre,
Till that at laft the gentle Amoret
Likewise assayd, to prove that girdles powre,
And having it about her middle set,
Did find it fit, withouten breach or let;
Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie:
But Florimell exceedingly did fret,
And snatching from her hand halfe angrily
The belt againe, about her bodie gan it tie.

XX.

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit;
Yet nathelesse to her, as her dew right,
It yeelded was by them, that judged it;
And she herselfe adjudged to the Knight,
That bore the Hebene speare, as wonne in fight.
But Britomart would not thereto assent,
Ne her owne Amoret forgoe so light
For that strange Dame, whose beauties wonderment
She lesse esteem’d, then th’ others vertuous government.

T t 2

XXI. Whom
XXI.
Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
They were full glad, in hope themselves to get her:
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse.
But after that the Judges did arrest 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 one;
But Triamond lov'd Canacee, and other none.

XXII.
Tho unto Satyrane she was adjudged,
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed:
But Blandamour thereat full greatly grudged,
And little prays'd his labours evill speed,
That for to winne the faddle, lost the steed.
Ne lesse thereat did Paridell complaine,
And thought t'appeale from that, which was decreed,
To single combat with Sir Satyrane.
Thereto him Ate third, new discord to maintaine.

XXIII.
And eke with these, full many other Knights
She through her wicked working, did incense,
Her to demand, and chalenge as their rights,
Deserved for their perils recompense.
Amonst the rest with boastfull vaine pretense
Stept Braggadochia forth, and as his thrall
Her clam'd, by him in battell wonne long fens:
Whereto herselfe he did to witnesse call;
Who being askt, accordingly confessed all.

XXIV. Thereat
Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyrnan;
And wroth with Satyrman was Blandamour;
And wroth with Blandamour was Erivan;
And at them both Sir Paridell did loure.
So all together third up strifull foure,
And readie were new battell to darraine.
Each one profest to be her paramoure,
And vow'd with sperre and shield it to maintaine;
Ne judges powre, ne reasons rule mote them restraine.

Which troublous stirre when Satyrane aviz'd,
He gan to cast how to appease the same;
And to accord them all, this meanes deviz'd:
First in the midst to set that sayrest Dame,
To whom each once his challenge should disclaim;
And he himselfe his right would eke release:
Then looke to whom she voluntarie came,
He should without disturbance her possess:
Sweete is the love, that comes alone with willingnesse.

They all agreed, and then that snowy Mayd
Was in the middest plaft among them all:
All on her gazeing wisht, and vowed, and prayd;
And to the Queene of beautie close did call,
That she unto their portion might befall.
Then when she long had lookt upon each one,
As though she wished to have please them all,
At last to Braggadochio selfe alone
She came of her accord, in spite of all his sone:

XXVII. Which
XXVII.
Which when they all beheld they chaft and rag’d,
And woxe nigh mad for very harts despight,
That from revenge their wills they scare affwag’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 remaynd, so soone 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 unworthie of so noble meed.
In which pursuit how each one did succeede,
Shall else be told in order, as it fell:
But now of Britomart it here doth neede,
The hard adventures and strange hapts to tell;
Since with the rest she went not after Florimell.

XXIX.
For soone as she them saw to discord set,
Her lift no longer in that place abide;
But taking with her lovely Amoret,
Upon her first adventure forth did ride,
To seek her lov’d, making blind love her guide.
Unluckie Mayd to seek her enemie!
Unluckie Mayd to seek him farre and wide,
Whom, when he was unto herselfe most nie,
She through his late disguizement could him not descrie!

XXX. So
XXX.
So much the more her grieve, the more her toyle:
Yet neither toyle nor grieve she once did spare,
In seeking him, that should her paine affoyle;
Where to great comfort in her sad misfare
Was Amoret, companion of her care:
Who likewise sought her lover long miswent,
The gentle Scudamour, whose hart whileare:
That stryfull hag with gealous discontent
Had sild, that he to fell revenge was fully bent;

XXXI.
Bent to revenge on blamelesse Britomart
The crime, which cursed Ate kindled earf,
The which like thornes did pricke her gealous hart,
And through his soule like poysned arrow perft,
That by no reason it might be reverft,
For ought that Glaucce could or doe or say.
For aye the more that she the same reherft,
The more it gauld, and griev’d him night and day,
That nought but dire revenge his anger mote defray.

XXXII.
So as they travelled, the drooping night,
Covered with cloudie storme and bitter showre,
That dreadful feemd to every living wight,
Upon them fell, before her timely howre;
That forced them to seeke some covert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
And shrowd their persons from that stormie showre.
Not farre away, not meete for any guest
They spide a little cottage, like some poore man’s nest.

XXXIII. Under
Under a steepe hilles side it placed was,  
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;  
And faft beside a little brooke did pas  
Of muddie water, that like puddle flanke,  
By which few crooked fallowes grew in ranke:  
Whereeto approaching nigh, they heard the sound  
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,  
And answering their wearie turns around,  
That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert ground.

There entring in, they found the goodman selfe  
Full bufily unto his worke ybent;  
Who was to weet a wretched wearish elfe,  
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forspent,  
As if he had in prifon long bene pent.  
Full blacke and grieuely did his face appeare,  
Besmeard with fmoke, that nigh his eye-fight blent;  
With rugged beard, and hoarie shagged heare,  
The which he never wont to combe, or comely sheare.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,  
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:  
With blifred hands emongst the cinders brent,  
And fingers filthie, with long nayles unpared,  
Right fit to rend the food, on which he fared.  
His name was Care; a blacksmith by his trade,  
That neither day nor night from working spared,  
But to small purpose yron wedges made:  
Those be unquiet thoughts, that carefull minds invade.
Canto V.  

The Faerie Queene.  

XXXVI.

In which his worke he had sixe servants prest,
    About the andvile standing evermore,
    With huge great hammers, that did never rest.
From heaping stroakes, which thereon foued sore:
    All sixe strong groomes, but one then other more;
    For by degrees they all were disagreed;
So likewise did the hammers, which they bore,
Like belles in greatnesse orderly succeed,
That he, which was the laft, the first did farre exceede.

XXXVII.

He like a monftrous Gyant seem'd in sight,
    Farre palling Bronteus, or Pyracmon great,
The which in Lipari doe day and night
Frame thunderbolts for Jove's avengefull threate.
So dreadfully he did the andvile beat,
That seem'd to dust he shortly would it drive:
So huge his hammer, and so fierce his heat,
That seem'd a rocke of Diamond it could rive,
    And rend asunder quite, if he thereto lift strive.

XXXVIII.

Sir Scudamour thare entring, much admired
    The manner of their worke and wearie paine;
And having long beheld, at laft enquired
    The cause and end thereof: but all in vaine;
For they for nought would from their worke refraine,
Ne let his speeches come unto their eare.
    And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
Like to the Northren winde, that none could heare,
Those Pensifenesse did move; and Sigbes the bellows weare.

Vol. II.  U u  XXXIX. Which
XXXIX.
Which when that warriour saw, he said no more,
But, in his armour layd him downe to rest:
To rest he layd him downe upon the floor,
(Whylome for ventrous Knights the bedding best)
And thought his wearie limbs to have redrest.
And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,
Her feeble joynts layd eke adowne to rest;
That needed much her weake age to desire,
After so long a travell, which them both did tire.

XL.
There lay Sir Scudamour long while expecting,
When gentle sleepe his heavie eyes would close;
Oft chaunging sides, and oft new place electing,
Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose;
And oft in wrath he thence againe uprose;
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
But wherefoever he did himselfe dispose,
He by no meanes could wished ease obtaine:
So every place seem'd painefull, and each changing vaine.

XLI.
And evermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,
The hammers found his sensses did moleft;
And evermore, when he began to winke,
The bellowes noyfe disturb'd his quiet rest,
Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest.
And all the night the dogs did barke and howle
About the house, at sent of stranger guest:
And now the crowing Ccke, and now the Owle
Lowde shriking him afflicted to the very fowle.

XLII. And
And if by fortune any little nap
Upon his heavie eye-lids chaunst to fall,
Eftfoones one of those villeins him did rap
Upon his headpeece with his yron mall;
That he was soone awaked therewithall,
And lightly started up as one affrayd;
Or as if one him suddenly did call.
So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
And then lay musing long, on that him ill apayd.

So long he muzed, and so long he lay,
That at the laft his wearie sprite opprest
With fleshly weakeenesse, which no creature may
Long time reftift, gave place to kindly reft,
That all his sences did full soone arreft:
Yet in his foundeft sleepe, his dayly feare
His ydle braine gan busily moleft,
And made him dreame those two disloyall were:
The things, that day most minds, at night doe most appeare.

With that, the wicked carle the maister Smith
A paire of redwhot yron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
Under his fide him nipt, that forft to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started up avenged for to be
On him, the which his quiet flomber brake:
Yet looking round about him none could see;
Yet did the smart remayne, though he himselse did flee.
XLV.

In such disquiet and hartfretting Payne,
He all that night, that too long night, did passe.
And now the day out of the Ocean mayne
Began to peepe above this earthly masse,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grass;
Then up he rose like heavie lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glass;
The signes of anguish one mote plainly read,
And gheffe the man to be dismayd with gealous dread.

XLVI.

Unto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
And forth upon his former voyage fared,
And with him eke that aged Squire attone;
Who whatsoever perill was prepared,
Both equall paines and equall perill shared:
The end whereof and daungerous event
Shall for another canticle be spared.
But here my wearie teeme nigh over spent
Shall breath itselfe awhile, after so long a went.
CANTO VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall
Doe fight with Britomart:
He sees her face; doth fall in love,
And soone from her depart.

I.

What equall torment to the griefe of mind,
And pyning anguifh hid in gentle hart,
That inly feeds itselffe with thoughts unkind,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart?

What medicine can any leache’s art
Yeeld fuch a ftre, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart?

Such was the wound, that Scudamour did gride;
For which Dan Phebus felfe cannot a falve provide.

II.

Who having left that restlesse house of Care,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholie and fad misfare,
Through misconcept, all unawares efpiade:

An armed Knight under a forrest side,
Sitting in shade befide his grazing steede;
Who foone as them approaching he defcride;
Gan towards them to pricke with eager speede;

That feem’d he was full bent to fome mischievous deede.

III. Which
III.
Which Scudamour perceiving, forth issewed
To have rencontred him in equall race;
But soone as th'other nigh approching, vewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase,
And voide his course: at which so suddain case
He wondred much. But th'other thus can say;
Ah gentle Scudamour, unto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespassed this day.

IV.
Where to thus Scudamour, Small harme it were
For any knight, upon a ventrous knight
Without displeasance for to prove his speere.
But reade you, Sir, fith ye my name have hight,
What is your owne, that I mote you requite.
Certes, sayd 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, areede;
Or doe you here within this forrest wonne?
That seemeth well to answere to your weede,
Or have ye it for some occasion donne?
That rather seemes, fith knownen armes ye shonne.
This other day, sayd he, a stranger knight
Shame and dishonour hath unto me donne;
On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,
Whenever he this way shall passe by day or night.

VI. Shame
Shame be his meede, quoth he, that meaneth shame.
But what is he, by whom ye shamed were?
A stranger knight, sayd he, unknowne by name,
But knowne by fame, and by an He bene speare,
With which he all, that met him, downe did beare.
He in an open Turney lately held,
From me the honour of that game did reare;
And having me, all wareie earft, downe feld,
The fayref Ladie ref, and ever fince withheld,

When Scudamour heard mention of that speare,
He wift right well, that it was Britomart,
The which from him his faireft love did beare.
Tho gan he fwell in every inner part,
For fell defpight, and gnaw his gealous hart,
That thus he fharply fayd; Now by my head,
Yet is not this the firft unknightly part,
Which that fame knight, whom by his launce I read,
Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread.

For lately he my love hath from me ref,
And eke defiled with foule villanie
The facred plege, which in his faith was left,
In shame of knighthood and fidelitie;
The which ere long full deare he fhall abie.
And if to that avenge by you decreed
This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplic,
It fhall not fayle, when fo ye fhall it need.
So both to wreake their wrathes on Britomart agreed.

IX. Whiles
IX.

While thus they communed, lo farre away
A Knight soft ryding towards them they spyde,
Attyrd in forraigne armes and strange aray:
Whom when they nigh approcht, they plaine descryde
To be the same, for whom they did abyde.
Sayd then Sir Scudamour, Sir Salvage knight
Let me this crave, first first I was defyde,
That first I may that wrong to him requite:
And if I hap to sayle, you shall recure my right.

X.

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull speare
Gan fewter, and against her fiercely ran.
Who soone as she him saw approaching neare
With so fell rage, herselfe she lightly gan
To dight, to welcome him, well as she can:
But entertaind him in so rude a wise,
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 Artegall beholding his mischaunce,
New matter added to his former fire;
And erst aventring his steeleheaded launce,
Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,
That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require.
But to himselfe his felonous intent
Returning, disappointed his desire,
Whiles unaware his saddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

XII. Lightly
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XII.
Lightly he started up out of that found,
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade,
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thruft to an Hynd within some covert glade,
Whom without peril he cannot invade.
With such fell greedines he her assayled,
That though she mounted were, yet he her made
To give him ground, (so much his force prevayled)
And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no armes avayled.

XIII.
So as they coursed here and there, it chaunst,
That in her wheeling round, behind her crest
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glauuft
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
From foule mischance; ne did it ever rest,
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell;
Where byting deepe, so deadly it imprest,
That quite it chynd his backe behind the fell,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell.

XIV.
Like as the lightning brand from riven skie,
Throwne out by angry Jove in his vengeance,
With dreadfull force falles on some steeple hie;
Which battring, downe it on the church doth glance,
And teares it all with terrible mischance.
Yet she no whit dismayd, her steed forsooke,
And casting from her that enchaunted lance,
Unto her sword and shield her soone betooke;
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.
The fourth Booke of Canto VI.

XV.
So furiously the strooke in her first heat,
While with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yeeld unto her weapon way to pas:
Whose raging rigour neither steele nor bras
Could fay, but to the tender fleshe it went,
And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the gras;
That all his mayle yeiv'd, and plates yrent,
Shew'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent.

XVI.
At length whenas he faw her hastie heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
He through long fufferance growing now more great,
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assayle,
Heaping huge strokes, as thicke as showre of hayle;
And lathing dreadfully at every part,
As if he thought her soule to difentrayle.
Ah cruell hand, and thripe more cruell hart;
That workft such wreke on her, to whom thou dearest art!

XVII.
What yron courage ever could endure,
To worke fuch outrage on so faire a creature?
And in his madness thinke with hands impure:
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of nature,
The maker felfe reembling in her feature?
Certes some hellish furie, or some feend
This mischiefe fram'd, for their first loves defeature,
To bath their hands in bloud of dearest freend,
Thereby to make their loves beginning their lives end.

XVIII. Thus
Canto VI. The Faerie Queene.

XVIII.
Thus long they trac’d, and traverst to and fro,
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursewed,
Still as advantage they espyde thereto:
But toward th’ end Sir Arthegall renewed
His strength still more, but she still more decrewed.
At last his lucklesse hand he heav’d on hie,
Having his forces all in one accrewed,
And therewith stroke at her so hidcouslie,
That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie.

XIX.
The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunst,
And with the force, which in iteselfe it bore,
Her ventayle-shard away, and thenceforth glaunst
Adowne in vaine, ne harm’d her any more.
With that her angels face, unseene afore,
Like to the ruddie morne appeard in fight,
Deawed with silver drops, through sweating fore,
But somewhat redder, then besem’d aright,
Through toylesome heate and labour of her weary fight.

XX.
And round about the same, her yellow heare
Having through stirring loo’d their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand:
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand
To frame such subtile wire, so shinie cleare;
For it did glister like the golden sand,
The which Pasitoulus, with his waters there,
Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him nere.

X x 2

XXI. And
XXI.
And as his hand he up againe did rearé,
Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,
His powrelesse arme benumbed with secret feare
From his revengefull purpose shronke abacke,
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
Fell downe to ground, as if the Steele had fence;
And felt some ruth, or fence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke, obedience
To doe to so divine a beauties excellence.

XXII.
And he himselfe long gazing thereupon;
At last fell humbly downe upon his knee;
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,
Or else unweeting, what it else might bee;
And pardon her besought his errour frayle,
That had done outrage in so high degree:
Whilest trembling horror did his sense assayle,
And made each member quake, and manly harte to quayle.

XXIII.
Nathlesse she full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand;
With fell intent, on him to bene ywroke,
And looking sterne, still over him did stand;
Threatning to strike, unlesse he would withstand:
And bad him rise, or surely he should die.
But die or live for nought he would upstand,
But her of pardon prayd, more earneftlie,
Or wrecake on him her will for so great injurie.

XXIV. Which
XXIV.

Which when as Scudamour, who now abrayd,
Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside,
He was therewith right wondrouslly dismayd,
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine descrive,
That peerless patene of Dame natures pride,
And heavenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe, as one sore terriside,
And turning feare to faint devotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

XXV.

But Glauce, seeing all that chaunced there;
Well weeting how their errour to affayle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her falewd with seemly bel-accoyle,
Joyous to fee her safe after long toyle.
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt unto those warriours truce a whyle;
Which yeelded, they their bevers up did reare,
And shew'd themselves to her, such as indeed they were.

XXVI.

When Britomart with sharpe avizefull eye:
Beheld the lovely face of Arthegall,
Tempred with sternesse and stout majestie,
She gan eftsoones it to her mind to call,
To be the same, which in her fathers hall
Long since in that enchaunted glasse she saw.
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhauenced hand she downe can soft withdraw.

XXVII. Yet
Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,
As sayning choler, which was turn'd to cold:
But ever when his visage she beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon against his countenance bold.
But when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold;
Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obeyd,
But brought forth speeches myld, when she would have mislayd.

But Scudamour now waxen inly glad,
That all his gealous feare he false had found,
And how that Hag his love abused had
With breach of faith and loyaltie unsound,
The which long time his grieved hart did wound,
Her thus bespake; Certes, Sir Artegall,
I joy to see you lout so low on ground,
And now become to live a Ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to despise them all.

Soone as she heard the name of Artegall,
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-strings tremble,
For sudden joy, and secret feare withall,
And all her vitall powres with motion nimble,
To succour it, themselves gan there assemble,
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
Right plaine appeard, though she it would dissemble,
And sayned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.
XXX.

When Glauce thus gan wisely all upknit;
Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,
To be spectactors of this uncouth fit,
Which secret fate hath in this Ladie wrought,
Against the course of kind, ne mervail.nought;
Ne thenceforth feare the thing, that hethertoo
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
Fearing leaft she your loves away shoule woo,
Feared in vaine, fith meanes ye see there wants theretoo.

XXXI.

And you, Sir Artegall, the salvage knight
Henceforth may not disdaine, that womans hand
Hath conquered you anew in second fight:
For whylome they have conquerd fea and land,
And heaven itselfe, that nought may them withstand;
Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,
That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
Of noble minds derived from above,
Which being knit with vertue, never will remove.

XXXII.

And you, faire Ladie knight, my dearest Dame,
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull 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 fulfill
The penance, which ye shall to him empart:
For lovers heaven must passe by forrowes hell.
Thereat full. inly blushed Britomart;
But Artegall close fmyling joy'd in secret hart.
XXXIII.
Yet durst he not make love so suddenly,
Ne thinke th’affection of her hart to draw
From one to other so quite contrary.
Besides her modest countenance he saw
So goodly grave, and full of princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw;
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine,
Like to a stubborne steede, whom strong hand would restraine.

XXXIV.
But Scudamour whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
And feeble hope hung all this while suspenfe,
Desiring of his Amoret to heare
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake; But, Sir, without offence
Mote I request you tydings of my love,
My Amoret, Sith you her freed from thence,
Where she captivated long, great woes did prove;
That where ye left, I may her seeke, as doth behove.

XXXV.
To whom thus Britomart, Certes, Sir knight,
What is of her become, or whether rest,
I cannot unto you aread aright.
For from that time I from enchanters theft
Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
I her preserv’d from perill and from seare,
And evermore from villenie her kept:
Ne ever was there wight to me more deare
Then she, ne unto whom I more true love did beare.

XXXVI. Till
Canto VI.  

The Faerie Queene.

XXXVI.

Till on a day as through a desert wyld
We travelled, both wearie of the way
We did alight, and fate in shadow myld;
Where fearlesse I to sleepe me downe did lay.
But when as I did out of sleepe abray,
I found her not, where I her left whyleare,
But thought she wandred was, or gone aftray.
I call’d her loud, I sought her farre and neare;
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare.

XXXVII.

When Scudamour those heavie tydings heard,
His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare;
Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard,
But senselesse flood, like to a mazed freare,
That yet of mortall stroke the found doth beare.
Till Glauce thus; Faire Sir, be nought dismayd
With needelese dread, till certaintie ye heare:
For yet she may be safe though somewhat strayd;
Its best to hope the best, though of the worst aftrayd.

XXXVIII.

Nathless he hardly of her chearefull speech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew’d change of better cheare: so sore a breach
That sudden newes had made into his spright;
Till Britomart him fairely thus behight;
Great cause of sorrow certes, Sir, ye have:
But comfort take; for by this heavens light
I vow, you dead or living not to leave,
Till I her find, and wreake on him, that her did reave.

Vol. II.  

XXXIX. There-
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 Artegall.
Where goodly solace was unto them made,
And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall,
Untill that they their wounds well healed had,
And weary limmes recur'd after late usage bad.

XL.

In all which time, Sir Artegall made way
Unto the love of noble Britomart,
And with meeke service and much suit did lay
Continuall siege unto her gentle hart,
Which being whylome launcht with lovely dart,
More eath was new impression to receive,
How ever she her paynd with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceive:
Vaine is the art, that seekes itselfe for to deceive.

XLI.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
That at the length unto a bay he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an eare, and softly to relent.
At last through many vowes, which forth he pour'd,
And many othes, she yeelded her consent
To be his love, and take him for her Lord,
Till they with marriage meet might finish that accord.
Canto VI.  The Faerie Queene.

XLII.
Tho when they had long time there taken rest,
   Sir Artegall, 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 sore displeas'd he found,
   And loth to leave her late betrothed make,
Her dearest love full loth so shortly to forsake.

XLIII.
Yet he with strong persuasions her asswaged;
   And wonne her will to suffer him depart;
For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
   And thousand vows from bottome of his hart,
That all so soone as he by wit or art
Could that atchieve, whereto he did aspire,
   He unto her would speedily revert:
   But till the horned moone three courses did expire.

XLIV.
With which she for the present was appeased,
   And yeelded leave, how ever malcontent
She inly were, and in her mind displeased.
So early in the morrow next he went
Forth on his way, to which he was ybent.
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the custome ancient
   Mongst Knights, when on adventures they did ride,
Save that she algates him a while accompanide.

Y y 2      XLV. And
XLV.

And by the way she sundry purpose found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils, whereto he was bound,
The feare whereof seem’d much her to affray:
But all she did was but to weare out day.
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take;
And eft againe devis’d somewhat to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make:
So loth she was his companie for to forfake.

XLVI.

At laft when all her speeches she had spent,
And new occasion sayld her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes government,
And backe returned with right heavie mind,
To Scudamour, who she had left behind,
With whom she went to seeke faire Amoret,
Her second care, though in another kind:
For vertues onely fake, which doth beget
True love and faithfull friendship, she by her did set.

XLVII.

Backe to that desert forreft they retyrred,
Where forie Britomart had lost her late;
There they her sought, and every where inquired,
Where they might tydings get of her estate;
Yet found they none. But by what haplesse fate,
Or hard misfortune she was thence convayd,
And stolne away from her beloved mate,
Were long to tell; therefore I here will stay
Untill another tyde, that I it finish may.
Canto VIII.

Amoret rapt by greedie luft
Belphebe saves from dread,
The Squire her loves, and being blam'd
His dayes in dole doth lead.

I.

GREAT God of love, that with thy cruell dart
Doest conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And setst thy kingdom in the captive harts
Of Kings and Keafars, to thy service bound,
What glorie, or what guerdon haft thou found
In feeble Ladies tyranning so sore;
And adding anguifh to the bitter wound,
With which their lives thou lanchest long afore,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more?

II.

So whylome didst thou to faire Florimell;
And so and so to noble Britomart:
So doest thou now to her, of whom I tell,
The lovely Amoret, whose gentle hart
Thou martyrpest with sorrow and with smart,
In salvage forrests, and in deserts wide,
With Beares and Tygers taking heavie part,
Withouten comfort, and withouten guide,
That pittie is to heare the perils, which she tride.

III. 50
III.

So soone as she with that brave Britonesse
Had left that Turneyment for beauties prise,
They travel'd long, that now for wearinesse,
Both of the way, and warlike exercise,
Both through a forest ryding did devise
T'alight, and rest their weareie limbs awhile.
There heauie sleepe the eye-lids did surprize
Of Britomart after long tedious toyle,
That did her pasied paines in quiet reft affoyle.

IV.

The whiles faire Amoret, of nought affeard,
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure, or for need;
When suddenly behind her backe she heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
That ere she backe could turne to taken heed,
Had unawares her snatch'd up from ground.
Feebly she shriek't, but so feebly indeed,
That Britomart heard not the shrilling sound,
There where through weary travel she lay sleeping sound.

V.

It was to wect a wilde and salvage man,
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span,
All overgrowne with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore:
For he liv'd all on ravin and on rape
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshly gore,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloudy lips afore.

VI. His
VI.

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging low,
In which he wont the relickes of his feast,
And cruel spoyle, which he had spard, to flow:
And over it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with blood;
And downe both sides two wide long eares did glow,
And raught downe to his waste, when up he stood,
More great then th' eares of Elephants by Indus flood.

VII.

His waist was with a wreath of yvie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore:
For all his hair was like a garment scene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whose knottie snags were sharpned all afore,
And bath'd in fire for steele to be in sted.
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not red:
But certes was with milke of Wolves and Tygres fed.

VIII.

This ugly creature in his armes her snatcht,
And through the forrest bore her quite away,
With briers and bushes all to rent and scratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
Which many a knight had fought so many a day.
He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing
Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way,
Unto his cave farre from all peoples hearing,
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fearing.
For she deare Ladie all the way was dead,
Whilest he in armes her bore; but when she felt
Her selfe downe souft, she waked out of dread
Streight into griefe, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
And eft gan into tender teares to melt.
Then when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darkness and dread horrour, where she dwelt,
She almost fell againe into a swound,
Na wist whether above she were, or under ground.

X.
With that she heard some one close by her side
Sighing and sobbing fore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in pieces would divide:
Which she long liftning, softly askt againe,
What mister wight it was, that so did plaine?
To whom thus aunswer'd was: Ah wretched wight,
That seakes to know anothers grieafe in vaine,
Unweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight:
Selfe to forget to mind another, is oversight.

XI.
Aye 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 mayd, then answerd she, whose dread
Untride is lesse then when thou shalt it try:
Death is to him, that wretched life doth lead,
Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie,
That lives a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.
This dismal day hath thee a captive made,
And vassall to the vilest wretch alive,
Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade
The heavens abhorre, and into darkenesse drive.
For on the spoile of women he doth live,
Whose bodies chaft, when ever in his powre
He may them catch, unable to gaine or strive,
He with his shameful lust doth first deslowre,
And afterwards themselves doth cruelly devour.

Now twenty daies, by which the sons of men
Divide their works, have past through heaven sheene,
Since I was brought into this dolefull den;
During which space these sory eies have seen
Seaven women by him slaine, and eaten clene.
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman, here remaining beene,
Till thou cam't hither to augment our mone;
And of us three to morrow he will sure eate one.

Ah! dreadful tidings, which thou dost declare,
Quoth she, of all that ever hath bene known:
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble brest endured hath, but none
Equall to this, where ever I have gone.
But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
Hath linekt with me in the same chaine attone?
To tell, quoth she, that which ye see, needs not;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot.
XV.

But what I was, it irkes me to reherfe;
Daughter unto a Lord of high degree;
That joyd in happy peace, till fates perverse
With guilefull love did secretly agree,
To overthrow my state and dignitie.
It was my lot to love a gentle swaine,
Yet was he but a Squire of low degree;
Yet was he meet, unlesse mine eye did faine,
By any Ladies side for Leman to have laine.

XVI.

But for his meannes and disparagement,
My Sire, who me too dearely well did love,
Unto my choise by no meanes would assent,
But often did my folly fowle reprove.
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
But whether willd or nilled friend or foe,
I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove,
And rather then my love abandon so,
Both fire, and friends, and all for ever to forgo.

XVII.

Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to worke
Time to my will, and from his wrathfull figh
To hide th' intent, which in my heart did lurke,
Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
So on a day, unweeting unto wight,
I with that Squire agreeed away to flit,
And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,
Within a grove appointed him to meete;
To which I boldly came upon my fceble feete.

XVIII. But
But ah! unhappy houre 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 womankind;
Who trussling me, as Eagle doth his pray,
Me hether brought with him, as swift as wind,
Where yet, untouched till this present day,
I rest his wretched thrall, the sad Æmylia.

Ah! sad Æmylia then sayd Amoret,
Thy ruefull plight I pitty as mine owne.
But read to me, by what devise or wit,
Haft thou in all this time, from him unknowne,
Thine honor fav’d, though into thraldome throwne?
Through helpe, quoth she, of this old woman here
I have so done, as she to me hath showne.
For, ever when he burnt in luftfull fire,
She in my stead supplide his bestiall desire.

Thus of their evils as they did discourse,
And each did other much bewaile and mone;
Loe where the villaine felle, their sorrowes fourse,
Came to the cave, and rolling thence the stone,
Which wont to stop the mouth thereof, that none
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
And spredding over all the flore alone,
Gan dight himselfe unto his wonted sinne;
Which ended, then his blody banket shoulde beginne.
XXI.
Which when as fearefull Amoret perceived,
She ftaid not th' utmost end thereof to try,
But like a ghaftly Gelt, whose wits are reaved,
Ran forth in haft with hideous outcry,
For honour of his shamefull villany.
But after her full lightly he uprobe,
And her pursu'd as faft as she did flic:
Full faft she flies, and farre afore him goes,
Ne feeles the thorns and thickets pricke her tender toes.

XXII.
Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale the staies,
But overleapes them all, like robucke light,
And through the thickest makes her nigheft waies;
And evermore when with regardfull light
She looking backe, efpies that grievefull wight
Approching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
And makes her feare a spur to haft her flight:
More Swift then Myrrb or Daphne in her chafe,
Or any of the Thracian Nimphes in Salvage chafe.

XXIII.
Long fo she fled, and fo he follow'd long;
Ne living aide for her on earth appeares,
But if the heavens helpe to redresse her wrong,
Moved with pity of her plenteous teares.
It fortuned Belphebe with her pears
The woody Nimphes, and with that lovely boy,
Was hunting then the Libbards and the Beares,
In these wild woods, as was her wonted joy,
To banifh floth, that oft doth noble mindes annoy.

XXIV. It
XXIV.

It so befell, as oft it falls in chase,
That each of them from other sordred were,
And that same gentle Squire arriv'd in place,
Where this same cursed captive did appeare,
Pursuing that faire Lady full of feare;
And now he her quite overtaken had;
And now he her away with him did beare
Under his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
That by his grenning laughter mote farre off be rad.

XXV.

Which drery fight the gentle Squire espying,
Doth haft to crosse him by the neareft way,
Led with that wofuU Ladies piteous crying,
And him affailes with all the might he may;
Yet will not he the lovely spoile downe lay,
But with his craggy club in his right hand
Defends himselfe, and saves his gotten pray.
Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,
But that he was full light and nimble on the land.

XXVI.

Thereto the villaine used craft in fight;
For ever when the Squire his javelin shooke,
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 chaunft, (as needs it must in fight)
Whilst he on him was greedy to be wore,
That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

XXVII. Which
XXVII.
Which subtille sleight did him encumber much,
    And made him oft, when he would strike, forbeare;
    For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her must hurt, or hazard neare:
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
    That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
And therein left the pike head of his speare.
A streame of coleblacke bloud thence gustit amaine,
That all her filken garments did with bloud bestaine.

XXVIII.
With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
    And laying both his hands upon his glave,
    With dreadfull strokes let drive at him so sore,
That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to save:
Yet he therewith so felly still did rave,
    That scarce the Squire his hand could once upreare,
But for advantage ground unto him gave,
    Tracing and traversing, now here, now there;
For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes to beare.

XXIX.
Whileft thus in battell they embusied were,
    Belphebe, raunging in that forrest wide,
The hideous noise of their huge strokes did heare,
And drew thereto, making her care her guide.
Whom when that thesee approaching nigh espide,
    With bow in hand, and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combate would not bide,
    But fled away with ghastly dreriment,
Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument.

XXX. Whom
Whom seeing fly, she speedily porsewed
With winged feet, as nimble as the wind,
And ever in her bow she ready shewed
The arrow, to his deadly marke defynde.
As when Latonaes daughter, cruel kynde,
In vengement of her mothers great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruel arrows tynde
Gainst wofull Niobes unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

XXXI.

So well she sped her, and so far she ventred,
That ere unto his hellishe den he raught,
Even as he ready was there to have entred,
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very dore him overcaught,
And in his nape arriving, through it thrild
His greedy throte, therewith in two disfraught,
That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,
And all his hairy breast with gory bloud was spild.

XXXII.

Whom when on ground she groveling saw to rowle,
She ran in haste his life to have bereft:
But ere she could him reach, the sinfull fowl,
Having his carrion corse quite fencelesse left,
Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoile and theft.
Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft
His mighty limbs, whilest all with filthy bloud
The place there overflown seemed like a foddaine flood.

XXXIII. Thence-
XXXIII.

Thenceforth she past into his dreadfull den,
Where nought but darkesome drerinesie she found,
Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
Some little whispering, and soft groning found.
With that she askt, what ghosts there under ground
Lay hid in horror of eternall night?
And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselues before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismal wight.

XXXIV.

Then forth the sad Æmylia issewed,
Yet trembling every joyn't through former feare;
And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature did appeare;
A leman fit for such a lover deare.
That mov'd Belphebe her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the others heavy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate.
Who all to her at large, as hapned, 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 swoone, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet,
Which softly stild, and killing them atweene,
And handling soft the hurts, which she did get.
For of that Carle she sorely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene.
Which when she saw, with sodaine glauncing eye,
   Her noble hart with sight thereof was fled
With deepe disdaine, and great indignity,
   That in her wrath she thought them both have thrild,
With that felse arrow, which the carle had kild:
Yet held her wrathful hand from vengeance sore,
   But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld;
Is this the faith? she said, and said no more,
But turnd her face, and fled away for evermore.

He seeing her depart, arose up light,
   Right sore agrieved at her sharp reprove,
And follow'd fast: but when he came in sight,
   He durst not nigh approch, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasures utmost prove.
And evermore, when he did grace entreat,
   And framed speaches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,
   And forth him backe with fowle dishonor to retreat.

At last when long he follow'd had in vaine,
   Yet found no ease of griefe, nor hope of grace,
Unto those woods he turned backe againe,
   Full of sad anguifh, and in heavy case:
And finding there fit solitary place
   For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote see bright heaven's face.
   For mossy trees, which covered all with shade
And sad melancholy; there he his cabin made.

Vol. II. XXXIX. His
XXXIX.

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke,
And threw away, with vow to use no more,
Ne thenceforth ever strike in battell stroke,
Ne ever word to speake to woman more;
But in that wildernesse, of men forlore,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
And waft his wretched daies in woefull plight;
So on him selfe to wrake his follies owne despight.

XL.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment sweet
To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty dew;
He let to grow and griesly to concrew,
Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and carelesly unsh'd;
That in short time his face they overgrew,
And over all his shoulders did dispred,
That who he whilome was, uncaeth was to be red.

XLI.

There he continued in this carefull plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury consumed quight,
That like a pined ghoft he soone appeares.
For other food then that wilde forrest beares,
Ne other drinke there did he ever taft,
Then running water, tempred with his teares,
The more his weakened body so to waft:
That out of all mens knowledge he was worn at laft.

XLII. For
XLII.
For on a day, by fortune as it fell,
His owne deare lord prince Arthure came that way,
Seeking adventures, where he mote heare tell;
And as he through the wandring wood did stray,
Having espide this cabin far away,
He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne;
Weening therein some holy hermit lay,
That did resort of sinfull people shonne;
Or else some woodman shrowded there from scorching sunne.

XLIII.
Arriving there, he found this wretched man,
Spending his daies in dolour and despair,
And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,
All overgrowne with rude and rugged haire;
That albeit his owne deare squire he were,
Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all,
But like strange wight, whom he had seene no where,
Saluting him, gan into speach to fall,
And pity much his plight, that liv'd like outcast thrall.

XLIV.
But to his speach he answered no whit,
But stood still mute, as if he had been dum,
Ne signe of fence did shew, ne common wit,
As one with griefe and anguishe overcum,
And unto every thing did aunswere mum:
And ever when the prince unto him spake,
He louted lowly, as did him becum,
And humble homage did unto him make,
Midst sorrow shewing joyous semblance for his sake.

XLV. At
XLV.
At which his uncouth guise and usage quaint
The prince did wonder much, yet could not ghelse
The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;
Yet weend by secret signes of manliness,
Which close appeard in that rude brutishness,
That he whilome some gentle swaine had beene,
Traind up in feats of armes and knightlinesse;
Which he observ'd, by that he him had seene
To weld his naked sword, and try the edges keene.

XLVI.
And eke by that he saw on every tree,
How he the name of one engraven had,
Which likly was his lieuest love to be,
For whom he now so sorely was bestd;
Which was by him BELPHOEBE rightly rd.
Yet who was that Belphoebe, he ne wift;
Yet saw he often how he wexed glad,
When he it heard, and how the ground he kift,
Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blift:

XLVII.
Tho when he long had marked his demeanor,
And saw that all he saide and did, was vaine,
Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his paine,
He left him there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him should remedy provide,
And him restore to former grace againe.
Which, for it is too long here to abide,
I will deferre the end untill another tide.
The gentle squire recovers grace,
Slaunter her guests doth staine:
Corflambo chaseth Placidus,
And is by Arthure staine.

I.
ELL said the wiseman, now prov'd true by this,
Which to this gentle squire did happen late,
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Then death it selfe more dread and desperate.
For naught the same may calme ne mitigate,
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
With sufferance soft, which rigour can abate,
And have the sterne remembrance wypt away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infixed lay.

II.
Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the faire Belphæbe had:
With one sterne looke so daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterward he lad,
He ever tasted, but with penaunce fad,
And pensive sorrow pind and wore away,
Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad;
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish and decay.

III. Till
Till on a day, as in his wonted wife
His doole he made, there chaunst a turtle dove
To come, where he his dolors did devise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest love,
Which losse her made like passion also prove.
Who seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With deare compassion deeply did emmove,
That she gan mone his undeserved smart,
And with her dolefull accent beare with him a part.

IV.
She sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournefull notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compyld, that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name.
With that he forth would poure so plenteous teares,
And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
That could have perft the hearts of tigres and of beares.

V.
Thus long this gentle bird to him did use,
Withouten dread of perill to repaire
Unto his wonne, and with her mournefull 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 laft of all his woe and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued long.

VI. Upon
Upon a day as he his fate beside,
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as reliques did abide
Of all the bounty, which Belphæbe threw
On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew:
Amongst the rest a jewell rich he found,
That was a ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap’d like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a little golden chaine about it bound.

The same he tooke, and with a riband new,
In which his ladie’s colours were, did bind
About the turtle’s necke, that with the vue
Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.
All unawares the bird, when she did find
Her selfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,
And flew away, as lightly as the wind:
Which sodaine accident him much dismaid,
And looking after long, did marke which way she straid.

But when as long he looked had in vaine,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weary eye returnd to him againe,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his jewell he had lost so light,
And eke his deare companion of his care.
But that sweet bird departing, flew forth right
Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,
Untill she came where wonned his Belphæbe faire.
There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
After late weary toile, which she had trode
In salvaje chafe, 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 weep
The great tormenting griefe, that for her sake
Her gentle squire through her displeasure did partake.

She her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did marque about her purple breast
That precious juell, which she formerly
Had knowne right well with colourd ribbons drest:
Therewith she rose in haste, and her address
With ready hand it to have rest away.
But the swift bird obayd not her behest,
But swav'd aside, and there againe did stay;
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

And ever when she nigh approcht, the dove
Would flit a little forward, and then stay,
Till she drew neare, and then againe remove;
So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
And still from her escaping soot away:
Till that at length into that forrest wide,
She drew her far, and led with slow delay.
In th'end she her unto that place did guide,
Whereas that woeful man in languor did abide.
Cant. VIII.  **the Faerie Queene.**  

**XII.**

Eftfoones she flew unto his feareleffe hand,
And there a piteous ditty new deviz'd,
As if she would have made him understand
His sorrowes cause to be of her despis'd.
Whom when she saw in wretched weedes disguiz'd,
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
Like ghost late risen from his grave agryz'd,
She knew him not, but pittied much his case,
And wisht it were in her to doe him any grace.

**XIII.**

He her beholding, at her feet downe fell,
And kist 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 master wight he was, or what he ment,
But as one daunted with her presence dread,
Onely few ruefull lookes unto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

**XIV.**

Yet nathemore his meaning she ared,
But wondred much at his so selcouth case,
And by his perfon's secret seemlyhed
Well weend, that he had been some man of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface;
That being mov'd with ruth she thus bespake;
Ah wofull man, what heavens hard disgrace,
Or wrath of cruel wight on thee ywrake?
Or selfe disliked life doth thee thus wretched make?

Vol. II.  B b b  XV. If
The fourth Booke of Cant. VIII.

XV.
If heaven, then none may it redresse or blame,
Sith to his powre we all are subject borne:
If wrathfull wight, then sowe rebuke and shame
Be theirs, that have so cruel thee forlorne:
But if through inward griefe or wilfull scorne
Of life it be, then better doe advise.
For he, whose daies in wilfull woe are wore,
The grace of his creator doth despise,
That will not use his gifts for thanklesse nigardise.

XVI.
When so he heard her say, eftsoones he brake
His sodaine silence, which he long had pent,
And sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake;
Then have they all themselves against me bent:
For heaven, first author of my languishment,
Envying my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruel one consent,
To cloud my daies in dolefull miserie,
And make me loath this life, still longing for to die.

XVII.
Ne any but your selfe, O dearest dred,
Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse wight
Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred:
That when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
Ye may redresse, and me restore to light.
Which sore words her mightie hart did mate
With mild regard, to see his ruefull plight,
That her inburning wrath she gan abate,
And him receiv'd againe to former favours state.

XVIII. In
In which he long time afterwards did lead
An happie life with grace and good accord,
Fearlesse of fortune's chaunge or envie's dread,
And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare lord,
The noble prince, who never heard one word
Of tydings, what did unto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford,
But through the endlesse world did wander wide,
Him seeking evermore, yet no where him descride.

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
He chaunft to come, where those two ladies late,
Æmylia and Amoret, abode,
Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate;
The one right feeble through the evill rate
Of food, which in her dureffe she had found;
The other almost dead and desperate
Through her late hurts, and through that haplesse wound,
With which the squire in her defence her fore astound.

Whom when the prince beheld, he gan to rew
The evill case, in which those ladies lay;
But most was moved at the pitious rew
Of Amoret, so neare unto decay;
That her great daunger did him much dismay.
Eftsoones that pretious liquour 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 soone anew.
Tho when they both recovered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what evill guide
Them thether brought, and how their harmes befell.
To whom they told all, that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were untide
Of that fame wicked carle, by virgins hond;
Whose bloodie corfe they shew'd him there beside,
And eke his cave, in which they both were bond:
At which he wondred much, when all those signes he fond.

And evermore he greatly did desire
To know, what virgin did them thence unbind;
And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
But when as nought according to his mind
He could outlearne, he them from ground did reare:
No service lothsome to a gentle kind;
And on his warlike beast them both did beare,
Himselfe by them on foot, to succour them from feare.

So when that forrest they had pass'd well,
A litle cotage farre away they spide,
To which they drew, ere night upon them fell;
And entering in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman sitting there beside,
Upon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
With filthy lockes about her scattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for yre,
And there out fucking venime to her parts entyre.
XXIV.

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
   And in conditions to be loath'd no leffe;
For she was stuft with rancour and despight
Up to the throat, that oft with bitterness
It would forth breake, and gushe in great excess;
Pouring out streams of poyson and of gall
Gainst all, that truth and vertue doe profess,
Whom she with leafings lewdly did miscall,
And wickedly backbite: Her name men Slaunder call.

XXV.

Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse,
   And causelesse crimes continually to frame,
With which she guiltlesse persons may accuse,
And steale away the crowne 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 ment,
  T'express the meaning of the inward mind;
But noysome breath, and poysonous spirit sent
From inward parts, with cancred malice lind,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind;
Which passing through the eares, would pierce the hart,
And wound the soule it selfe with griefe unkind:
For like the stings of Aspes, that kill with smart,
Her spightfull words did pricke, and wound the inner part.

XXVII. Such
Such was that hag, unmeet to host such guests,
Whom greatest princes court would welcome sayne,
But neede, that answers not to all requests,
Bad them not looke for better entertainye;
And eke that age despyped nicenesse vaine,
Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
Which them to warlike discipline did trayne,
And manly limbs endur'd with little care
Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse misfare.

Then all that evening, welcommed with cold;
And chearclesse hunger, they together spent;
Yet found no fault, but that the hag did scold
And rayle at them with grudgefull discontent,
For lodging there without her owne consent:
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And unto rest themselves all onely lent,
Regardlesse of that quane so base and vilde,
To be unjustly blamd, and bitterly revilde,

Here well I wee ne, when as these rimes be red
With misregard, that some rash witted wight,
Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,
These gentle ladies will misdeeme too light,
For thus conversing with this noble knight;
Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spright
For ought will from his greedie pleasure spare;
More hard for hungry steed t'abstaine from pleasant lare.
Cant. VIII.  the Faerie Queene.  

XXX.
But antique age, yet in the infancie
Of time, did live then like an innocent,
In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie,
Ne then of guile had made experiment,
But voide of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for it selfe in soveraine awe:
Then loyall love had royall regiment,
And each unto his luft did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw.

XXXI.
The Lyon there did with the lambe confort,
And eke the dove fat by the falcon’s side,
Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
But did in safe securitie abide,
Withouten perill of the stronger pride.
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre-old
(Whereof it hight) and having shortly rode
The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
And dared of all sinnes the secrets to unfold.

XXXII.
Then beautie, which was made to represent
The great creatour’s owne resemblance bright,
Unto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
And made the baite of befliall delight.
Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in fight,
And that, which wont to vanquish God and man,
Was made the vaflall of the victor’s might.
Then did her glorious flowre wex dead and wan,
Despifd and troden downe of all that overran.

XXXIII. And
XXXIII.
And now it is so utterly decayd,
That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,
But if few plants, preserv'd through heavenly ayd,
In princes court doe hap to sprout againe,
Dew'd with her drops of bountie soveraine,
Which from that goodly glorious floure proceed,
Sprung of the auncient flocke of princes straine,
Now th'only remnant of that royall breed,
Whose noble kind at first was sure of heavenly seed.

XXXIV.
Tho soone as day discovered heaven's face
To sinfull men with darkness over-dight,
This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
And did themselves unto their journey dight.
So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,
That them to view had bene an uncouth sight;
How all the way the prince on footpace traced,
The ladies both on horse, together fast embraced.

XXXV.
Soone as they thence departed were afore,
That shamefull hag, the slander of her sexe,
Them follow'd fast, and them reviled sore,
Him calling theefe, them whores; that much did vexe
His noble hart: thereto she did annexe
False crimes and facts, such as they never ment,
That those two ladies much ashamed did vexe:
The more did she pursuе her lewd intent,
And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyson spent.

XXXVI. At
At last when they were passed out of sight,
Yet she did not her sprightfull speach forbeare,
But after them did barke, and still backbite,
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:
Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
The stone, which passed straunger at him threw;
So she them seeing past the reach of eare,
Against the stones and trees did rayle anew,
Till she had duld the sting, which in her tongs end grew.

They passing forth kept on their readie way,
With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,
Both for great feeblesse, which did oft assay
Faire Amoret, that scarcely she could ryde,
And eke through heavie armes, which fore annoyd
The prince on foot, not wonted so to fare;
Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to guyde,
And all the way from trotting hard to spare;
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

At length they spide, where towards them with speed
A squire came gallopping, as he would flye,
Bearing a little dwarfe before his steed,
That all the way full loud for aide did crie,
That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brazen skie;
Whom after did a mightie man pursew,
Ryding upon a dromedare on hie,
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would have maz'd a man his dreadfull face to vew.
XXXIX.

For from his searefull eyes two fierie beames,
    More sharpe then points of needles, did proceede,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
    Full of sad powre, that poysonous bale did breede
To all, that on him lookt without good heed,
And secretly his enemies did slay:
Like as the basiliske of serpents seeze,
    From powrefull eyes, close venim doth convoy
Into the looker's hart, and killeth farre away.

XL.

He all the way did rage at that same squire,
    And after him full many threatnings threw,
With curses vaine in his avengefull ire:
But none of them (so farre away he flew)
Him overtooke, before he came in vew.
Where when he saw the prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud, his case to rew,
And rescue him through succour of his might,
From that his cruel foe, that him pursed in fight.

XLI.

Eftsoones the prince tooke downe those ladies twaine,
    From lostie steede, and mounting in their steed,
Came to that squire, yet trembling every vaine:
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread;
Who as he gan the same to him aread,
Loo hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
That unto death had doen him unredrest,
Had not the noble prince his readie stroke represt.

XLII. Who
Cant. VIII.  the Faerie Queen.

XLII.

Who thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow,
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw
Over his head, before the harme came neare.
Nathlesse it fell with so despiteous dreare
And heavie sway, that hard unto his crowne
The shield it drove, and did the covering reare:
Therewith both squire and dwarfe did tomble downe
Upon the earth, and lay long while in senseless swowne.

XLIII.

Whereat the prince full wrath, his strong right hand
In full avengement heaved up on hie,
And stroke the pagan with his steely brand
So sore, that to his saddle bow thereby
He bowed low, and so a while did lie:
And sure had not his masfie yron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
It would have cleft him to the girding place,
Yet, as it was, it did astone him long space.

XLIV.

But when he to himselfe returnd againe,
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
And vow by Maboun, that he should be slaine.
With that his murderous mace he up did reare,
That seemed nought the soufe thereof could bear,
And therewith sinote at him with all his might.
But ere that it to him approched neare,
The royall child, with readie quicke foresight,
Did shun the proofe thereof, and it avoyded light.

XLV. But
The fourth Booke of Cant. VIII.

XLV.

But ere his hand he could recure againe,
To ward his bodie from the balefull flound,
He smote at him with all his might and maine,
So furiously, that ere he wist, he found
His head before him tombling on the ground.
The whiles his babling tongue did yet blaspheme
And curse his God, that did him so confound;
The whiles his life ran foorth in bloudie streame,
His soule descendend downe into the Stygian reame.

XLVI.

Which when that squire beheld, he woxe full glad
To see his foe breath out his spright in vaine:
But that same dwarfe right forie seem’d and sad,
And howld aloud to see his lord there slaine,
And rent his haire and scratcht his face for paine.
Then gan the prince at leasure to inquire
Of all the accident, thare hapned plaine,
And what he was, whose eyes did flame with fire;
All which was thus to him declared by that squire.

XLVII.

This mightie man, quoth he, whom you have slaine,
Of an huge gauntesse whylome was bred;
And by his strengthe rule to himselfe did gaine
Of many nations into thraldome led,
And mightie kingdoms of his force adred;
Whom yet he conquer’d not by bloudie fight,
Ne hostes of men with banners brode dispred,
But by the powre of his infectious fight,
With which he killed all, that came within his might.

XLVIII. Ne
Ne was he ever vanquished afore,
But ever vanquisht all, with whom he fought;
Ne was there man so strong, but he downe bore,
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
Unto his bay, and captivated her thought.
For most of strength and beautie his desire
Was spoyle to make, and waft them unto nought,
By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
From his false eyes, into their harts and parts entire.

Therefore Corflambo was he cald aright,
Though namelesse there his bodie now doth lie,
Yet hath he left one daughter, that is hight
The faire Pæana; who seemes outwardly
So faire, as ever yet saw living eie:
And were her vertue like her beautie bright,
She were as faire as any under skie.
But ah! she given is to vaine delight,
And eke too loose of life, and eke of love too light.

So as it fell, there was a gentle squire,
That lov'd a ladie of high parentage;
But for his meane degree might not aspire
To match so high, her friends with counsell sage
Diffuaded her from such a disparage.
But she, whose hart to love was wholly lent,
Out of his hands could not redeeme 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 repaire,
An hard mishap and disaventrous case
Him chaunst; in stead of his Aemylia faire,
This gyant's sone, that lies there on the laire
An headlefe heape, him unawares there caught,
And all dismayd through mercileffe despaire,
Him wretched thrall unto his dongeon brought,
Where he remains, of all unfuccour'd and unsought.

LII.
This gyant's daughter came upon a day
Unto the prifon in her joyous glee,
To vew the thralls, which there in bondage lay:
Amongst the rest she chanced there to see
This lovely swaine, the squire of low degree;
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
And wooed him her paramour to bee:
From day to day she woo'd and prayd him faft,
And for his love him promist libertie at last.

LIII.
He though affide unto a former love,
To whom his faith he firmly ment 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 libertie to get.
Yet she him still detaines in captive hold,
Fearing least if she should him freely set,
He would her shortly leave, and former love forget.

LIV. Yet
Cant. VIII. the Faerie Queene.

LIV.
Yet so much favour she to him hath hight,
Above the rest, that he sometimes may space,
And walke about her gardens of delight,
Having a keeper still with him in place,
Which keeper is this dwarfe, her dearling base,
To whom the keyes of every prifon dore
By her committed be, of special grace,
And at his will may whom he lift restore,
And whom he lift reserve, to be afflicted more.

LV.
Whereof when tydings came unto mine eare,
Full inly forie for the fervent zeale,
Which I to him as to my soule did beare,
I thether went, where I did long conceale
My selfe, till that the dwarfe did me reveale,
And told his dame, her squire of low degree
Did secretly out of her prifon steale;
For me he did mistake that squire to bee;
For never two so like did living creature see.

LVI.
Then was I taken and before her brought,
Who through the likenesse of my outward hew,
Being likewise beguiled in her thought,
Gan blame me much for being so untrew,
To seeke by flight her fellowship t'eschew,
That lov'd me deare, as dearest thing alive.
Thence she commanded me to prifon new;
Whereof I glad did not gaineysay nor strive,
But suffred that same dwarfe me to her dungeon drive.

LVII. There
LVII.
There did I finde mine onely faithfull frend
In heavy plight and sad perplexitie;
Whereof I forie, yet my selfe did bend,
Him to recomfort with my companie.
But him the more agreev'd I found thereby:
For all his joy, he said, in that distresse
Was mine and his Æmylia's libertie.
Æmylia well he lov'd, as I mote ghesse;
Yet greater love to me than her he did professe.

LVIII.
But I with better reafon him aviz'd,
And shew'd him how through error and mis-thought
Of our like perfons cath to be disguiz'd,
Or his exchange, or freedome might be wrought.
Wherefore full loth was he, ne would for ought
Consent, that I, who stooed all fearlesse free,
Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
Till fortune did perforce it so decree:
Yet overrul'd at last, he did to me agree.

LIX.
The morrow next about the wonted howre,
The dwarfe cald at the doore of Amyas,
To come forthwith unto his ladie's bowre:
In stead of whom forth came I Placidas,
And undiscerned, forth with him did pas.
There with great joyance and with gladsome glee,
Of faire Pæana I received was,
And oft imbraft, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great love to mee.

LX. Which
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 neede it wisely us'd.
My former hardnesse first I faire excus'd;
   And after promis'd large amends to make.
With such smooth termes her error I abus'd,
   To my friend's good, more then for mine owne sake,
For whose sole libertie I love and life did stake.

LXI.

Thenceforth I found more favour at her hand,
   That to her dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
She bad to lighten my too heavie band,
   And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.
So on a day, as by the flowrie marge
   Of a fresh streame I with that else did play,
Finding no meanes how I might us enlarge,
   But if that dwarfe I could with me convey,
I lightly snatcht him up, and with me bore away.

LXII.

Thereat he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
   The tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
And me purswe'd; but nathemore would I
   Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
But have perforce him hether brought away.
   Thus as they talked, loe! where nigh at hand
Those ladies two, yet doubtfull through dismay,
   In presence came, desirous t'understand
Tydings of all, which there had hapned on the land.
LXIII.
Where soone as sad Æmylia did espie
Her captive lovers friend, young Placidas;
All mindlesse of her wonted modestie,
She to him ran, and him with straigt embras
Enfolding, said, And lives yet Amyas?
He lives, quoth he, and his Æmylia loves.
Then lesse, said she, by all the woe I pas,
With which my weaker patience fortune proves.
But what mishap thus long him fro my selfe removes?

XLIV.
Then gan he all this storie to renew,
And tell the course of his captivitie;
That her deare hart full deeply made to rew,
And sigh full sore, to heare the miserie,
In which so long he mercilessly did lie.
Then after many teares and sorrowes spent,
She deare besought the prince of remedie:
Who thereto did with readie will consent,
And well perform'd, as shall appeare by his event.
Canto IX.

The squire of low degree releaft
**Pæana takes to wife:**
**Britomart fightes with many knights**;
*Prince Arthur fightes their strife.*

I.

**ARD is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,**
When all three kinds of love together meet,
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether shal weigh the balance downe; to weet,
The deare affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet.
But of them all the band of vertuous mind
Me seemes the gentle hart should most assured bind.

II.

For naturall affection foone doth cease,
And quenched is with *Cupid*'s greater flame:
But faithfull friendship doth them both suppress he,
And them with maystring discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame.
For as the soule doth rule the earthly maffe,
And all the service of the bodie frame;
So love of soule doth love of bodie paffe,
No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meanest brasse.

III. All
III:
All which who lift by tryall to assay,
    Shall in this storie find approved plaine;
In which these squires true friendship more did sway,
    Then either care of parents could refraine,
Or love of fairest ladie could constraine.
For though Paena were as faire as morné,
    Yet did this trustie squier with proud disdain
For his friend's sake her offered favours scorne,
And she her selfe her fyre, of whom she was yborne.

IV.
Now after that prince Arthur graunted had,
    To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swayne,
Who now long time had layen in prison sad,
    He gan advise how best he mote darrayne
That enterprize, for greatest glories gayne.
    That headlesse tyrants tronke he reard from ground,
And having ympt the head to it agayne,
    Upon his usuall beast it firmly bound,
And made it so to ride, as it alive was found.

V.
Then did he take that chaced squier, and layd
    Before the ryder, as he captive were,
And made his dwarfe, though with unwilling ayd,
    To guide the beast, that did his master beare,
Till to, his castle they approched neare.
    Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward,
Saw coming home, all voide of doubtfull feare,
    He running downe, the gate to him unbard;
Whom straight the prince ensuing, in together far'd.

VI. There
VI.
There did he find in her deituous bourse
The faire *Pæana* playing on a rote,
Complayning of her cruell paramoure,
And singye all her sorrow to the note,
As she had learned readily by rote;
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight,
The prince halfe rapt began on her to dote;
Till better him bethinking of the right,
He her unwares attacht, and captive held by might.

VII.
Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceived
Her owne deare sire, she cald to him for aide,
But when of him no aunswere she received,
But saw him fencelesse by the squire upstaide,
She weened well, that then she was betraide.
Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe, and waile,
And that same squire of treason to upbraide;
But all in vaine, her plaints might not prevaine,
Ne none there was to rescue her, ne none to baile.

VIII.
Then tooke he that same dwarfe, and him compeld
To open unto him the prison dore,
And forth to bring those thralls, which there he held.
Thence forth were brought to him about a score
Of knights and squires to him unknowne 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 weake and wan, not like him selfe to bee.
IX.
Whom soone as faire Æmylia beheld,
And Placidas, 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 faire 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 a while they had together beene,
And diversly conferred of their case,
She, though full oft she both of them had seene
A funder, yet not ever in one place,
Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
Which was the captive squire she lov'd so deare,
Deceived through great likenesse of their face,
For they so like in person did appeare,
That she uneath discerned, whether whether weare.

XI.
And eke the prince, when as he them avized,
Their like resemblaunce much admired there,
And mazd how nature had so well disguized
Her worke, and counterfet her selfe so nere,
As if that by one patterne seene somewhere
She had them made a paragone to be,
Or whether it through skil, or errour were.
Thus gazing long, at them much wondred he;
So did the other knights and squires, which him did see.

XII. Then
Then gan they ransacke that same castle strong,
In which he found great store of hoarded threasure,
The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without respect or measure.
Upon all which the Briton prince made seasure,
And afterwards continu'd there a while,
To rest him selfe, and solace in soft pleasure
Those weaker ladies after weary toile;
To whom he did divide part of his purchaft spoile.

And for more joy, that captive lady faire,
The faire Poeana, he enlarged free;
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire,
To feast and frollick: nathemore would she
Shew gladsome countenaunce nor pleasaut glee;
But grieved was for losse both of her fire,
And eke of lordship, with both land and fee;
But moft she touched was with griefe entire,
For losse of her new love, the hope of her desire.

But her the prince, through his well wonted grace,
To better termes of myldnesse did entreat,
From that fowle rudenesse, which did her deface;
And that same bitter corsive, which did eat
Her tender heart, and made refraine from meat,
He with good thawes, and speaches well applyde,
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat.
For though she were moft faire, and goodly dyde,
Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and pride.
And for to shut up all in friendly love,
Sith love was first the ground of all her griefe,
That trusty squire he wisely well did move
Not to despise that dame, which lov'd him liefe,
Till he had made of her some better griefe,
But to accept her to his wedded wife.
Thereto he offered for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordship during life:
He yeelded, and her tooke; so stinted all their strife.

From that day forth, in peace and joyous blis
They liv'd together long without debate;
Ne private jarre, ne spite of enemis
Could shake the safe assurance of their state.
And she, whom nature did so faire create,
That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
Yet with lewd loves and lust intemperate
Had it defaite, thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admyrde her change, and spake her praise.

Thus when the prince had perfectly compylde
These paires of friends in peace and setled rest,
Him selfe, whose minde did travell as with chylde
Of his old love, conceav'd in secret brest,
Resolved to pursue his former guest;
And taking leave of all, with him did beare
Faire Amoret, whom fortune by bequest
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into another feare.

XV. Feare
XVIII.
Feare of her safety did her not constraine,
For well she wist now in a mighty hond
Her person, late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was all daungers to withstand.
But now in feare of shame she more did stand,
Seeing her selfe all soly succourlesse,
Left in the victors powre, like vassall bond;
Whose will her weakenesse could no way represse.
In case his burning lust should break into excelle.

XIX.
But cause of feare sure had she none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The course of loose affection to forstall,
And lawlesse 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 seeke their loves dispersed diversly,
Yet neither shewed to other their hearts privity.

XX.
At length they came, whereas a troupe of knights
They saw together skirmishing, as seemed:
Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,
But foure of them the battell best behemed,
That which of them was best, mote not be deemed.
Those foure were they, from whom false Florimell
By Braggadochio lately was redeemed;
To weet, sterne Druon, and lewd Claribell,
Love-lavish Blandamour, and lustfull Paridell.
Druon’s delight was all in single life,  
And unto ladies love would lend no leasure.  
The more was Claribell enraged rife  
With fervent flames, and loved out of measure.  
So eke lov’d Blandamour, but yet at pleazure  
Would change his liking, and new lemans prove.  
But Paridell of love did make no threaure,  
But lufted after all, that him did move.  
So diversly these foure disposed were to love.

XXII.
But those two other, which beside them floode,  
Were Britomart, and gentle Scudamour,  
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moode,  
And wondred at their impacable foure,  
Whose like they never saw till that same houre.  
So dreadfull strokes each did at other drive,  
And laid on load with all their might and powre,  
As if that every dint the ghost would rive  
Out of their wretched corses, and their lives deprive.

XXIII.
As when Dan Æolus in great displeasure,  
For losse of his deare love by Neptune hent,  
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threaure,  
Upon the sea to wreake his fell intent;  
They breaking forth with rude unrulement,  
From all foure parts of heaven doe rage full fore,  
And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,  
And all the world confound with wide uprole,  
As if in stead thereof they Chaos would restore.

XXIV. Cause
Cant. IX. the Faerie Queene.

XXIV.
Cause of their discord, and so fell debate,
Was for the love of that same snowy maid,
Whome they had lost in turneymcnt of late,
And seeking long, to weet which way the straide,
Met here together, where through lewd upbraide
Of Ate and Dueffa they fell out,
And each one taking part in others aide,
This cruell conflict raised thereabout,
Whose dangerous successfull depended yet in doubt.

XXV.
For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour
The better had, and bet the others backe:
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did worke full cruell wracke:
Yet neither would their fiendlike fury slake,
But evermore their malice did augment;
Till that uneth they forced were, for lacke
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 Paridell did take to Druon's side,
For old despight, which now forth newly brake
Gainst Blandamour, whom alwaies he envide:
And Blandamour to Claribell relide.
So all atresh gan former fight renew,
As when two barkes, this caried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary course new,
If wind and tide doe change, their course new change anew.

E e e 2

XXVII. Thence-
XXVII.

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan fare,
As if but then the battell had begonne,
Ne helmets bright, ne lawberks strong did spare,
That through the cliffs the vermeil blood out sponne,
And all adowne their riven sides did ronne.
Such mortall malice wonder was to see
In friends profest, and so great outrage donne:
But sooth is said, and trible in each degree,
Faint friends, when they fall out, most cruel fomen bec.

XXVIII.

Thus they long while continued in fight,
Till Scudamour, and that same Briton maide,
By fortune in that place did chance to light:
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie bewraide,
They gan remember of the fowle upbraide,
The which that Britonesse had to them donne,
In that late turney for the snowy maide;
Where she had them both shamefully for done,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

XXIX.

Eftsfoones all burning with a fresh desire
Of fell revenge, in their malicious mood
They from them selves gan turne their furious ire,
And cruel blades, yet steeming with whot blood,
Against those two let drive, as they were wood:
Who wondring much at that so sudaine fit,
Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstand;
Ne yeelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
But being doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

XXX. The
Cant. IX.  

The warlike dame was on her part affaid
Of Claribell and Blandamour attone;
And Paridell and Druon fiercely laid
At Scudamour, both his professed foe.
Foure charged two, and two surcharged one;
Yet did those two them selves so bravely beare,
That the other little gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duely weare,
And usury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

XXXI.

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
To speake to them, and some emparlance move;
But they for nought their cruell hands would stay,
Ne lend an eare to ought, that might behove.
As when an eager mastiffe once doth prove
The taft of bloud of some engorged beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
From greedy hold of that his bloudy feast:
So little did they hearken to her sweet beheast.

XXXII.

Whom when the Briton prince a farre beheld
With ods of so unequall match opprest,
His mighty heart with indignation fweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest:
Eftfoones him felfe he to their aide addrest,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest peace,
Divided them, how ever loth to rest,
And would them faine from battell to furceaffe,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace.

XXXIII. But
XXXIII.
But they so farre from peace and patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;
Like to a storme, which hovers under skie
Long here and there, and round about doth flie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and fleet,
First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie;
And then an other, till that likewise fleet;
And so from side to side, till all the world it weet.

XXXIV.
But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The prince yet being fresh untoucht aforse;
Who them with speaches milde gan firft diflwade
From fuch foule outrage, and them long forbore:
Till seeing them through suffrance hartned more,
Him selfe he bent their furies to abate,
And layd at them fo sharply and fo fore,
That shortly them compelled to retrate,
And being brought in daunger, to relent too late.

XXXV.
But now his courage being throughly fired,
He ment to make them know their follies prife,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T'asflwage his wrath, and pardon their mesprife.
At whose request he gan him selfe advise
To fty his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as lift them to devife:
Mongft which the caufe of their fo cruell heat
He did them aske, who all that passed gan repeat;

XXXVI. And
And told at large, how that same errant knight,
To weet faire Britomart, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight
Both of their publicke praiise had them despoyled,
And also of their private loves beguyled,
Of two full hard to read the harder theft.
But she that wrongfull challenge soone assoyled,
And shew'd, that she had not that lady rest,
As they suppos'd, but her had to her liking left.

To whom the prince thus goodly well replied;
Certes, Sir knight, ye seemen much to blame,
To rip up wrong, that battle once hath tried;
Wherein the honor both of armes ye shame,
And eke the love of ladies foule defame;
To whom the world this franchife ever yeelded,
That of their loves choife they might freedom clame,
And in that right should by all knights be shielded:
Gainst which me seemes this war ye wrongfully have wielded.

And yet, quoth she, a greater wrong remaines:
For I thereby my former love have lost,
Whom seeking ever since with endless paines,
Hath me much sorrow and much travell cost;
Aye me! to see that gentle maide so tost.
But Scudamour, then sighing deepe, thus saide,
Certes her losse ought me to sorrow most,
Whose right she is, where ever she be straide,
Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes waide.
XXXIX.

For from the first that I her love profest,
Unto this howre, this present lucklesse howre,
I never joyed happiness nor rest,
But thus turmoild from one to other howre,
I waft my life, and doe my daies devourre
In wretched anguishe and incessant woe,
Passing the measure of my feeble powre,
That living thus a wretch, and loving so,
I neither can my love, ne yet my life forgo.

XL.

The good Sir Claribell him thus bespake;
Now were it not, Sir Scudamour, to you
Dislikefull paine, so sad a take to take,
Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
Is now so well accorded all anew,
That as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to us in order dew
All that adventure, which ye did assay
For that faire ladie'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 paine; whose great desire
He glad to satisfie, him selfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd,
In that achievement, as to him befell,
And all those daungers unto them declar'd,
Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.
Canto X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell,
Of virtuous Amoret:
Great Venus temple is describ’d,
And lovers life forth set.

I.
RUE he it said, what ever man it sayd,
That love with gall and hony doth abound,
But if the one be with the other wayd,
For every dram of hony therein found,
A pound of gall doth over it redound.
That I too true by triall have approved:
For since the day, that first with deadly wound
My hart was launcht, and learned to have loved,
I never joyed howre, but still with care was moved.

II.
And yet such grace is given them from above,
That all the cares and evill, which they meet,
May nought at all their fetled mindes remove,
But seeme gainst common fence to them most sweet;
As boasting in their martyrdom unmeet.
So all, that ever yet I have endured,
I count as naught, and tread downe under feet,
Since of my love at length I reft assured,
That to disloyalty she will not be allured.

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III. Long
III.
Long were to tell the travell and long toile,
Through which this shield of love I late have wonne,
And purchased this peerless beauty's spoile,
That harder may be ended, then begonne.
But since ye so desire, your will be done.
Then hearke, ye gentle knights and ladies free,
My hard mishaps that ye may learne to shonne;
For though sweet love to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater than the fee.

IV.
What time the fame of this renowned prize
Flew first abroad, and all mens eares possesst,
I having armes then taken, gan advis
To winne me honour by some noble gest,
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought (so young mens thoughts are bold)
That this fame brave emprise 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 faire and auncient,
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
And farre renowned through exceeding fame,
Much more then that, which was in Paphos buildt,
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this fame,
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
And all the other's pavement were with yvory spilt.
Cant. X.  

the Faerie Queene.

VI.

And it was seated in an isle strong,  
Abounding all with delices most rare,  
And wall’d by nature gainst invaders wrong,  
That none mote have accessè, nor inward fare,  
But by one way, that passage did prepare.  
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize,  
With curious corbes and pendants graven faire,  
And, arched all with porches, did arize  
With stately pillours, fram’d after the Doricke guize.  

VII.

And for defence thereof, on th’other end  
There reared was a castle faire and strong,  
Which warded all, that in or out did wend,  
And flancked both the bridge’s sides along,  
Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong.  
And therein wonned twenty valiant knights;  
All twenty tride in warre’s experience long;  
Whose office was, against all manner wights  
By all means to maintaine that castle’s auncient rights.  

VIII.

Before that castle was an open plaine,  
And in the midst thereof a piller placed;  
On which this shield, of many sought in vaine,  
The shield of love, whose guerdon me hath graced,  
Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced;  
And in the marble stone was written this,  
With golden letters goodly well enchaced,  
Blessed the man, that well can use his blis:  
Whose ever be the shield, faire Amoret be his.  

IX. Which
Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
    And pant with hope of that adventure's hap;
Ne flayed further newes thereof to learne,
    But with my speare upon the shield did rap,
That all the castle ringed with the clap.
    Streight forth iffewd a knight all arm'd to proofe;
    And bravely mounted to his most mishap:
Who flaying nought to question from aloofe,
    Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunft from his horse's hoose.

Whom boldly I encountred, as I could,
    And by good fortune shortly him unseated.
Eftsoones out sprung two more of equall mould;
    But I them both with equall hap defeated:
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
    And left them groning there upon the plaine.
Then preacing to the pillour, I repeated
    The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
And taking downe the shield, with me did it retaine.

So forth without impediment I paft,
    Till to the bridge's utter gate I came,
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.
    I knockt, but no man answerd me by name;
I cald, but no one answerd to my clame.
Yet I persever'd still to knocke and call,
    Till at the last I spide within the same,
Where one stood peeping through a crevis small,
    To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.
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, th’other backeward bent,
Therein resembling **Janus** auncient;
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proved peril he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not appeare.

**XIII.**
On th’one side he, on th’other *Delay*,
Behinde the gate, that none her might espy;
Whose manner was all passengers to stay,
And entertaine with her occasions fly,
Through which some lost great hope unheedily,
Which never they recover might againe;
And others, quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languishing there in unpittied paine,
And seeking often entraunce, afterwards in vaine.

**XIV.**
Me when as he had privily espide,
Bearing the shield, which I had conquerd late,
He kend it streight, and to me opened wide:
So in I paft, and streight he closd the gate.
But being in, *Delay* in close awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,
And time to steale, the threasure of man’s day,
Whose smallest minute lost no riches render may.

**XV.** But
But by no means my mind I would forflow,

For ought that ever she could doe or say,

But from my lofty steede dismounting low,

Past forth on foot, beholding all the way

The goodly workes, 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 murmure soft, that seem'd to serve the workman's will.

Thence forth I pasled to the second gate,

The Gate of good desert, whose goodly pride

And costly frame were long here to relate.

The same to all stoode alwaies open wide:

But in the porch did evermore abide

An hideous giant, dreadfull to behold,

That stopp'd the entraunce with his spacious stride,

And with the terour of his countenance bold

Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.

His name was Daunger, dreaded over all,

Who day and night did watch and duely ward,

From fearefull cowards' entrance to forstall,

And fain't-heart fooles, whom shew of perill hard

Could terrorifie from fortune's faire adward:

For oftentimes faint hearts, at first espiall

Of his grim face, were from approaching scard;

Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall

Excludes from fairest hope, withouten further triall.

Yet
Yet many doughty warriours, often triade
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durft not the strenefse of his looke abide,
But foone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feele their corage cold.
Againe some other, that in hard affaies
Were cowards knowne, and little count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or fuch like waies,
Crept in by ftouping low, or ftcaling of the kaiens.

But I, though meaneft man of many moc,
Yet much disdaining unto him to lout,
Or creepe betweene his legs, fo in to goe,
Resolv'd him to affault with manhood stout,
And either beat him in, or drive him out.
Estfoones advauncing that enchaunted shielde,
With all my might I gan to lay about:
Which when he faw, the glaive, which he did wield,
He gan forthwith t'avale, and way unto me yield.

So, as I entred, I did backward looke,
For feare of harme, that might lie hiden there;
And loe his hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,
Much more deformed fearefull ugly were,
Then all his former parts did earft appere.
For hatred, murther, treason, and despight,
With many moc, lay in ambushment there,
Awayting to entrap the warelesse wight,
Which did not them prevent with vigilant foresight.
Thus having past all perill, I was come  
Within the compasse of that island's space;  
The which did seeme unto my simple doome,  
The onely pleasant and delightfull place,  
That ever troden was of footings trace.  
For all that nature by her mother wit  
Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,  
Was there; and all that nature did omit,  
Art, playing second nature's part, supplyed it.

No tree, that is of count, in greenwood growes,  
From lowest juniper to ceder tall,  
No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,  
And deckes his branch with blosomnes 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 selfe withall;  
Nor hart could wish for any queint device,  
But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.

In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,  
It seem'd a second paradise to bee,  
So lavishly enrich't with nature's threaure,  
That if the happie soules, which doe possesse  
Th'Elysian fields, and live in lasting blessé,  
Should happen this with living eye to see,  
They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,  
And wish to life return'd againe to gheffe,  
That in this joyous place they mote have joyance free.
XXIV.

Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray;
Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand nymphs did play;
Soft rombling brookes, that gentle slumber drew;
High reared mounts, the lands about to view;
Low looking dales, disloign'd from common gaze;
Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers trew;
Falle labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which by nature made did nature selfe amaze.

XXV.

And all without were walkes and alleyes dight,
With divers trees, enrang'd in even rankes;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
And shadie seates, and sundry flowring bankes,
To fit and rest the walkers wearie shankes;
And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,
Praying their God, and yeelding him great thankes,
Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,
Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

XXVI.

All these together by themselves did sport
Their spotlesse pleasures, and sweet loves content.
But farre away from these, another sort
Of lovers lincked in true harts consent;
Which loved not as these, for like intent,
But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,
Farre from all fraud, or fayned blandishment;
Which in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
Brave thoughts and noble deeds did evermore aspire.

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The fourth Booke of

Cant. X.

XXVII.
Such were great Hercules, and Hylas deare;
Trew Jonathan, and David trustie tryste;
Stout Theseus, and Perithous his feare;
Pylades and Orestes by his syde;
Myld Titus and Gefeppus without pryde;
Damon and Pythias, whom death could not sever:
All these, and all that ever had bene tyde
In bands of friendship, there did live for ever,
Whose lives although decay'd, yet loves decayed never.

XXVIII.
Which when as I, that never tafted blis,
Nor happie howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heaven then this;
And gan their endlessse happinesse envye,
That being free from feare and geological,
Might frankly there their love's desire possesst,
Whilst I through paines and perilous jeopardie,
Was forst to seeke my life's deare patronesse:
Much dearer be the things, which come through hard distresse.

XXIX.
Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
Might not my steps withhold, but that forthright
Unto that purposed place I did me draw,
Where as my love was lodged day and night:
The temple of great Venus, that is hight
The queene of beautie, and of love the mother,
There worshipped of every living wight;
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other,
That ever were on earth, all were they set together.

XXX. Not
Not that fame famous temple of Diane,
Whose hight all Ephesus did oversee,
And which all Asia fought with vowes prophane,
One of the world's seven wonders sayd to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that, which that wise king of Jutie framed,
With endless cost, to be th'Almighty's see;
Nor all that else through all the world is named
To all the heathen gods, might like to this be clamed.

I much admiring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approcht, which open stood;
But therein sat an amiable dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant shewd great womanhood:
Strange was her tyre; for on her head a crowne
She wore much like unto a Danish hood,
Poudred with pearle and stone, and all her gowne
Enwoven was with gold, that rought full low a downe.

On either side of her, two young men stood,
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrarie 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
Then th'elder, and him may...
XXXIII.
Nathlesse that dame so well them tempred both,
That she them forced hand to joyne 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 virtuous might,
That her commaundment he could not withstand,
But bit his lip for felonous despight,
And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

XXXIV.
Concord she cleeperd was in common reed,
Mother of blessed Peace, and Friendship true;
They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,
And she her selfe likewise divinely grew;
The which right well her workes divine did shew:
For strength, and wealth, and happiness she lends,
And strife, and warre, and anger does subdew:
Of little much, of foes she maketh friends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

XXXV.
By her the heaven is in his course contained,
And all the world in state unmoved stands,
As their Almighty maker first ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Else would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devour the ayre, and hell them quight,
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

XXXVI. By
By her I entering halfe dismayed was,
   But she in gentle wise me entertained,
   And twixt her selfe and Love did let me pas;
But Hatred would my entrance have refrayned;
   And with his club me threatened to have brayned,
Had not the ladie with her powrefull speach
   Him from his wicked will uneth refrayned;
   And th'other eke his malice did empeach,
Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach.

Into the inmost temple thus I came,
   Which fuming all with frankensence I found,
   And odours rising from the altar's flame.
Upon an hundred marble pillors round
   The rooфе up high was reared from the ground,
   All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and garlands gay,
   And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay;
   And all the ground was strow'd with flowres, as fresh as May.

An hundred altars round about were set,
   All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
   That with the flame thereof the temple swet,
   Which rould in clouds to heaven did aspire,
   And in them bore true lovers vowes entire:
And eke an hundred brazen caudrons bright,
   To bath in joy and amorous desire,
   Every of which was to a damzell hight;
For all the priests were damzells, in soft linnen dight.

XXXIX. Right
XXXIX.
Right in the midst the goddesse fesse did stand
Upon an altar of some costly masse,
Whose substance was unceath to understand:
For neither pretious stone, nor durefull braffe,
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
Pure in aspect, and like to chriftall glaffe,
Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme,
But being faire and brinkle, likest glaffe did seeme.
XL.
But it in shape and beautie did excell
All other idoles, which th'heathen adore,
Farre passing that, which by farpassing skill
Phidias did make in Paphos ifle of yore,
With which that wretched Grecce, that life forlore,
Did fall in love: yet this much fairer shyned,
But covered with a flender veile afore;
And both her feete and legs together twyned
Were with a snake, whose head and tail were faft combynd.
XLI.
The cause why she was covered with a veile,
Was hard to know, for that her priefts the same
With peoples knowledge labour'd to conceele.
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemishe, which the worke mote blame;
But for, they say, she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name:
She fyre and mother is her felle alone,
Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.
XLII. And
Cant. X.  the Faerie Queene.  XLII.

And all about her necke and shoulders flew
A flocke of little loves, and sports, and joyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestrial boyes,
But like to angels playing heavenly toyes;
The whilest their eldest brother was away,
Cupid their eldest brother; he enjoyes
The wide kingdome of love and lordly flye,
And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

XLIII.

And all about her altar scattered lay
Great sorts of lovers piteously complayning;
Some of their losse, some of their loves delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdayning,
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently sayning,
As every one had cause of good or ill.
Amongst the rest some one through love's constrayning,
Tormented sore, could not contain it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill;

XLIV.

Great Venus, queene of beautie and of grace,
The joy of gods and men, that under skie
Doeft fairest shine, and most adorne thy place,
That with thy smyling looke doepest pacifie
The raging seas, and makest the stormes to flie;
Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe fear,
And when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play, and pleafant lands appeare,
And heavens laugh, and all the world shews joyous cheare.

XLV. Then
The fourth Booke of Cant. X.

XLV.
Then doth the Dædal earth throw forth to thee,
Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres,
And then all living wights, soone as they see
The spring break forth out of his lufty bowres,
They all doe learn to play the paramours;
Firft doe the merry birds, thy pretie pages,
Privily pricked with thy luftfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

XLVI.
Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play
Their pleafant frikes, and loath their wonted food;
The lyons roare, the tygres loudly bray,
The raging bulls rebellow through the wood,
And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepest flood,
To come where thou doest draw them with desire;
So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
Soone as with fury thou dost them inspire,
In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

XLVII.
So all the world by thee at firft was made,
And dayly yet thou dost the fame repayre:
Ne ought on earth, that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth, that lovely is and fayre,
But thou the same for pleafure didst prepayre.
Thou art the root of all that joyous is,
Great god of men and women, queene of th'ayre,
Mother of laughter, and welspring of bliffe,
O graunt that of my love at laft I may not misse.

XLVIII. So
So did he say: but I with murmure soft,
That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
Yet inly groning deepe, and sighing oft,
Befought her to graunt eafe unto my smart,
And to my wound her gratious help impart.
Whilest thus I spake, behold! with happy eye
I spyde, whereat the idole's feet apart
A bevye of fayre damzells clofe did lye,
Wayting when as the antheme shou'd be sung on hye.

The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares,
And grave countenance then all the rest;
Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
Yet unto her obayed all the best.
Her name was Womanhood, that she exprest
By her sad semblant and demeanure wyse:
For stedsfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
Ne rov'd at randon after gazers guys.
Whose luring baytes oftimes doe heedlesse harts entyse.

And next to her fate goodly Shamefaftness,:
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground upreare,
Ne ever once did looke up from her desse,
As if some blame of evill she did seare,
That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare.
And her against sweet Cherefulness was placed,
Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in evening cleare,
Were deckt with smyles, that all sad humors chaced,
And darted forth delights, the which her goodly graced.
And next to her fate sober Modesty,
Holding her hand upon her gentle heart:
And her against fate comely Curtesy,
That unto every person knew her part:
And her before was seated overthwart
Soft Silence, and submissive Obedience,
Both linked together never to depart,
Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,
Both girldons of his saints against their foes offence.

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 lily 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 selfe bewray'd:
That same was fairest Amoret in place,
Shyning with beauties light, and heavenly virtues grace.

Whom soone as I beheld, my hart 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 begunne.
Tho shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,
Which ladies love I heard had never wonne
Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
And by the lily hand her labour'd up to reare.

Thereat
Cant. X.  

the Faerie Queene.

LIV.
Thereat that formost matrone did me blame,
And sharpe rebuke, for being over bold;
Saying it was to knight unseemely shame,
Upon a recluse virgin to lay hold,
That unto Venus services was fold.
To whom I thus; Nay, but it fitteth best,
For Cupid's man with Venus mayd to hold,
For ill your goddesse services are dreft
By virgins, and her sacrificies let to rest.

LV.
With that my shield I forth to her did shew,
Which all that while I closely had conceld;
On which when Cupid with his killing bow
And cruel shafts emblazond she beheld,
At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
And said no more: but I, which all that while
The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
Like warie hind within the weedie foyle,
For no intreatie would forgoe so glorious a poyle.

LVI.
And evermore upon the goddesse face
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence,
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
To laugh at me, and favour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence,
And nought for nicenesse nor for envy sparing,
In presence of them all forth led her thence,
All looking on, and like astonifht staring,
Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.

LVII. She
LVII.
She often pray'd, and often me besought;
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witching smyles: but yet for nought,
That ever she to me could say or doe,
Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe;
But forth I led her through the temple gate,
By which I hardly past with much ado,
But that same ladie, which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retrace.

LVIII.
No leste did daunger threaten me with dread,
When as he faw me, maugre all his poure,
That glorious spoyle of beautie with me lead,
Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure
His leman from the Stygian prince's boure.
But evermore my shield did me defend,
Against the storme of every dreadfull stoure:
Thus safely with my love I thence did wendi.

So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.
Canto XI.

Marinell's former wound is heal'd,
He comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,
And feasts the sea-gods all.

I.

UT ah! for pittie, that I have thus long
Left a fayre ladie languishing in payne:
Now well away, that I have doen such wrong,
To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,
In bands of love, and in sad thraldome's chayne;
From which, unlesse some heavenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
She lenger yet is like captiv'd to bee;
That even to thinke thereof, it inly pitties mee.

II.

Here neede 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 dongeon deepe and blind,
And there in chaynes 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 compell by crueltie and awe.

III. Deepe
Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres, nor brasen locke
Did neede to gard 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 ro'd
As they the cliffe in peeces would have cleft;
Besides ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping grievly, all begor'd.

IV.
And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,
And darknesse dredd, that never viewed day,
Like to the balesfull house of lowest hell,
In which old Styx her aged bones alway,
Old Styx the grandame of the gods, doth lay.
There did this lucklesse mayd three months abide,
Ne ever evening saw, ne morning's ray,
Ne ever from the day the night descride,
But thought it all one night, that did no houre divide.

V.
And all this was for love of Marinell,
Who her despysd (ah! who would her despys?)
And women's love did from his hart expell,
And all those joyes, that weake mankind entys.
Nathlesse his pride full dearly he did pyse;
For of a woman's hand it was ywoke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
Which Britomart him gave, when he did her provoke.

VI. Yet
Yet farre and neare the nymph his mother soughst,
   And many saltves did to his fore applie,
   And many herbes did use. But when as nought
She saw could ease his rankling maladie,
At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,
   (This Tryphon is the sea-gods surgeon hight)
Whom she besought to find some remedie:
   And for his paines a whistle him behight,
That of a fishe's shell was wrought with rare delight.

So well that leach did heark to her request,
   And did so well employ his carefull paine,
That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
   And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the nymph his mother, like her thrall;
Who for against his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill, which to him mote fall,
Through his too ventrous proweffe proved over all.

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there
   To all the sea-gods, and their fruitfull seede,
In honour of the spoufals, which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
Long had the Thames, as we in records reed,
   Before that day, her wooed to his bed;
But the proud nymph would for no worldly meed,
   Nor no entreatie, to his love be led;
Till now at laft relenting, she to him was wed.
IX.

So both agreed, that this their bridale feast
Should for the gods in Proteus house be made;
To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,
Aswell which in the mightie ocean trade,
As that in rivers swim, or brookes doe wade.
All which not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I had,
And endlesse memorie, that mote excell.

In order as they came, could I recount them well.

X.

Helpe therefore, O thou sacred imp of Jove,
The nourslng of dame Memorie his deare,
To whom those rolles, layd up in heaven above,
And records of antiquitie appeare,
To which no wit of man may comen neare;
Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods,
And all those nymphes, 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 threesforkt mace,
That rules the seas, and makes them rise or fall:
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace,
Under his diademe imperiall,
And by his side his queene with coronall,
Faire Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all,
As with a robe, with her owne silver hair,
And deckt with pearles, which th'Indian seas for her prepare.
XII.
These marched farre afore the other crew;
And all the way before them as they went,
*Triton* his trompet shrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great jollyment,
That made the rockes to roare, as they were rent.
And after them the royall issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineall descent:
First the sea-gods, which to themselves doe clame
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waves to tame.

XIII.
*Phorcys*, the father of that fatall brood,
By whom those old heroes wonne such fame;
And *Glaucus*, that wife southeyses understood;
And tragick *Inoe's* sonne, the which became
A god of seas through his mad mother's blame,
Now hight *Palemon*, and is saylers frend;
Great *Brontes*, and *Astreaus*, that did shame
Himselfe with incest of his kin unkend;
And huge *Orion*, that doth tempefts still portend.

XIV.
The rich *Cteatus*, and *Euritus* long;
*Neleus* and *Pelias*, lovely brethren both;
Mightie *Chrysaor*, and *Caicus* strong;
*Eurypalus*, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire *Euphaemus*, that upon them goth
As on the ground, without dismay or dread:
Fierce *Eryx*, and *Alebius*, that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;
And sad *Asopus*, comely with his hoarie head.

Vol. II. I i i XV. There
XV.

There also some most famous founders were
Of puissant nations, which the world possest;
Yet sones of Neptune, now assembled here:
Ancient Ogyges, even th'auncientest,
And Inachus renownd above the rest;
Phænix, and Aon, and Pelasgus old,
Great Belus, Phæax, and Agenor best;
And mightie Albion, father of the bold
And warlike people, which the Britaine islands hold.

XVI.

For Albion the sone of Neptune was,
Who for the proofe of his great puissance,
Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pas
Into old Gall, that now is cleaped France,
To fight with Hercules, that did advance
To vanquish all the world with matchleffe might,
And there his mortall part by great mischance
Was slaine: but that, which is th'immortall spright,
Lives still; and to this feast with Neptune's seed was dight.

XVII.

But what doe I their names seek to rehefe,
Which all the world have with their issue fild?
How can they all in this so narrow verse
Contayned be, and in small compass hild?
Let them record them, that are better skild,
And know the moniments of passest times:
Onely what needeth, shall be here fulfilled,
T'express some part of that great equipage,
Which from great Neptune do derive their parentage.

XVIII. Next
Next came the aged Ocean, and his dame, 
Old Tethys, th'oldest two of all the rest, 
For all the rest of those two parents came, 
Which afterward both sea and land possessed:
Of all which Nereus th'eldest, and the eldest, 
Did first proceed, then which none more upright; 
Ne more sincere in word and deed professed; 
Most void of guile, most free from sowl despight,
Doing him selfe, and teaching others to doe right.

XIX.

Thereto he was expert in prophesies, 
And could the ledden of the gods unfold, 
Through which, when Paris brought his famous prize, 
The faire Tindarid lust, he him foretold, 
That her all Greece, with many a champion bold, 
Should fetch againe, and finally destroy 
Proud Priam's towne. So wise is Nereus old, 
And so well skill; nathlesse he takes great joy
Oft-times amongst the wanton nymphs to sport and toy.

XX.

And after him the famous rivers came, 
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie: 
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame; 
Long Rhodanus, whose sourse springs from the skie; 
Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaine's hie; 
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood 
Of Greekes and Trojans, which therein did die; 
Pactolus glistring with his golden flood; 
And Tygris fierce, whose streames of none may be withstood.
Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,
Deepe Indus, and Maæander intricate,
Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides,
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate:
Oraxes, feared for great Cyrus fate;
Tybris, renowned for the Romaines fame;
Rich Oranochy, though but knowne late;
And that huge river, which doth beare his name:
Of warlike Amazons, which doe possesse the same.

Joy on those warlike women, which so long
Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold;
And shame on you, O men! which boast your strong:
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and bold,
Yet quale in conquest of that land of gold.
But this to you, O Britons! most pertaines,
To whom the right hereof it selue hath fold:
The which for sparing little cost or paines,
Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse gaines.

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound,
Of dainty musick, which did next enfew
Before the spouse that was Arion crownd;
Who playing on his harpe, unto him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew,
That even yet the dolphin, which him bore
Through the Agaean seas from pirates vew,
Stood still by him astonitshed at his lore,
And all the raging seas for joy forgot to rorc.

XXIV.
Cant. XI.  the Faerie Queen.

XXIV.
So went he playing on the watery plaine.
Soone after whom the lovely bridegrome came,
The noble Thamis, with all his goodly traine,
But him before there went, as best became;
His auncient parents, namely th’auncient Thame.
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The Ouze, whom men doe His rightly name;
Full weake and crooked creature seemed she,
And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could see.

XXV.
Therefore on either side she was sustained
Of two small grooms, which by their names were hight
The Churne, and Charwell, two small streames, which pained
Them selves her footing to direct aight,
Which sayled 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,
Deawed with silver drops, that trickled downe alway.

XXVI.
And eke he somewhat seem’d to stoupe afofe
With bowed backe, by reason of the lode,
And auncient heavy burden, which he bore.
Of that faire city, wherein make abode
So many learned imps, that shoote abrode,
And with their braunches spred all Britany.
No lessie then do her elder sister’s broode.
Joy to you both, ye double nurfee
Of arts, but Oxford thine doth Thame most glorify.
XXVII.

But he their fonne full fresh and jolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
On which the waves, glittering like chri$tall glas,
So cunningly enwoven were, that few
Could weenen, whether they were false or trew.
And on his head like to a coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common vew,
In which were many towres and castles set,
That it encompaft round as with a golden fret.

XXVIII.

Like as the mother of the gods, they say,
In her great iron charret wonts to ride,
When to Jove’s pallace she doth take her way;
Old Cybele, arayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a diademe embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a turribant.
With such an one was Thamis beautifide;
That was to weet the famous Troynovant,
In which her kingdome’s throne is chiefly refiant.

XXIX.

And round about him many a pretty page
Attended ducly, ready to obay;
All little rivers, which owe vaffallage
To him, as to their lord, and tribute pay:
The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray,
The morish Cole, and the soft sliding Breane,
The wanton Lee, that oft doth lose his way,
And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play, and decke his pleasant streame.

XXX. Then
Cant. XI.  

XXX.
Then came his neighbour floods, which nigh him dwell,  
And water all the English foile throughout;  
They all on him this day attended well,  
And with meet service waited him about;  
Ne none disdained low to him to lout:  
No not the flately Severne grudg’d at all,  
Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout;  
But both him honor’d as their principall,  
And let their swelling waters low before him fall.  

XXXI.
There was the speedy Tamar, which divides.  
The Cornifh and the Devonifh confines;  
Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,  
And meeting Plim, to Plimouth thence declines:  
And Dart, nigh chockt with sands of tinny mines.  
But Avon marched in more stately path,  
Proud of his adamants, with which he shines  
And glifters wide, as als’ of wondrous Bath,  
And Briflow faire, which on his waves he builded hath.  

XXXII.
And there came Stourc with terrible aspect,  
Bearing his sife deformed heads on hye,  
That doth his course through Blandford plains direct,  
And washeth Winborne meades in season drye.  
Next him went Wylibourne with passage flye,  
That of his wylineffe his name doth take,  
And of him selfe doth name the shire thereby:  
And Mole, that like a noufing mole doth make  
His way still under ground, till Thamis he overtake.  

XXXIII. Then
Then came the Rother, decked all with woods,
    Like a wood god, and flowing fast to Rhy:
    And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods
The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
And Clare, and Harwitch both doth beautify.
Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwitch wall,
And with him brought a present joyfully
    Of his owne fish, unto their festivall,
Whose like none else could shew, the which they ruffins call.

Next these the plenteous Oufe came far from land,
    By many a city, and by many a towne,
    And many rivers taking under hand
Into his waters, as he pafleth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne.
Thence do by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle muse, and many a learned wit.

And after him the fataU Welland went,
    That if old fawes prove true, which God forbid,
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then shine in learning, more then ever did
And next to him the Nene downe softly slid;
And bounteous Trent, that in him selfe enseames
Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry streames.

XXXVI. Next
XXXVI.

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine monarch built a brafen wall,
Which mote the seebled Britons strongly flanke
Against the Piets, that swarmed over all,
Which yet thereof Gualfever they doe call:
And Twede, the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany: And Eden, though but small,
Yet often stainde with bloud of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tyned on his strand.

XXXVII.

Then came those sixe sad brethren, like forlorn;
That whilome were, as antique fathers tell,
Sixe valiant knights, of one faire nympe yborne,
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there, where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Ure, swift Werfe, and Oze the moft of might,
High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troblous Skell;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quight.

XXXVIII.

But paft not long, ere Brutus warlike sonne
Locrinus them aveng'd, and the same date,
Which the proud Humber unto them had donne,
By equall dome repayd on his owne pate:
For in the selfe same river, where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe;
And nam'd the river of his wretched fate;
Whose bad condition it yet doth retaine,
Oft tossed with his stormes, which therein still remaine.

XXXIX. These
These after, came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Loncafter his name doth lend;
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call divine, that doth by Chefter tend;
And Conway, which out of his streame doth send
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall;
And Lindus, that his pikes doth most commend,
Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call;

All these together marched toward Proteus hall.

Ne thence the Irishe rivers absent were;
Sith no lesse famous than the rest they bee,
And joyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in love agree,
And joy likewise this solemne 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 countreis, through which they pace.

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea,
The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,
The pleafant Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,
Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is cal’d Blacke water, and the Liffar deep,
Sad Trowis, that once his people overran,
Strong Allo tomling from Slewlogher steep,
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

XLII. And
And there the three renowned brethren were,
Which that great gyant *Blomius* begot,
Of the faire nymph *Rheusa* wandring there.
One day, as she, to shun the season whot,
Under Slewbloome in shady grove was got,
This gyant found her, and by force deflowr’d;
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which being thence forth powrd
In three great rivers ran, and many countreis scowrd.

The first, the gentle Shure, that making way
By sweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborne Newre, whose waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rossleponte boord;
The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
Great heapes of salmons in his deepe bofome:
All which long fundred doe at laft accord
To joyne in one, ere to the sea they come,
So flowing all from one, all one at laft become.

There also was the wide embayed Mayre,
The pleasant Bandon, crownd with many a wood,
The spreading Lee, that like an island fayre
Enclofeth Corke with his divided flood;
And balefull Oure, late ftaind with English blood:
With many more, whose names no tongue can tell.
All which that day, in order seemly good,
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To doe their duefull service, as to them befell.
Then came the bride, the lovely Medua came,
Clad in a vesture of unknowne geare,
And uncouth fashion, yet her well became;
That seem'd like silver, sprinkled here and there
With glittering spangs, that did like starres appeare,
And wav'd upon, like water chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet every where
Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plainly wot,
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd, and yet was not:

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
Unto her waste, with floweres becattered,
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw
To all about; and all her shoulers spread
As a new spring; and likewise on her hed
A chapelet of sundry floweres she wore,
From under which the dewie humour shed
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed little drops, which do the morne adore.

On her two pretty handmaids did attend,
One cald the Theife, the other cald the Crane,
Which on her waited, things amisse to mend,
And both behind upheld her spredding traine;
Under the which, her feet appeard plaine,
Her silver feet, faire washt against this day;
And her before there paced pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which prepar'd her way.

And
XLVIII.
And after these the sea nymphs marched all,
   All goodly damzells, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their fire Nereides men call,
All which the Ocean’s daughter to him bare.
The gray eyde Doris: all which fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had.
Swift Proto, mild Eucrate, Thetis faire,
Soft Spio, sweete Endore, Sao sad,
Light Doto, wanton Glauce, and Galene glad.

XLIX.
White hand Eunica, proud Dynamene,
Joyous Thalia, goodly Amphitrite,
Lovely Pasithee, kinde Eulimene,
Light foote Cymothee, and sweete Melite,
Fairest Pherusa, Phao lilly white,
Wondred Agave, Poris, and Nefeea,
With Erato that doth in love delite,
And Panopae, and wife Protomedaea,
And snowy neckd Doris, and milkewhite Galathea.

L.
Speedy Hippothoe, and chaste Aetea,
Large Lisanaassa, and Pronca sace,
Evangore, and light Pontoporea,
And she, that with her least word can affwage.
The surging sease, when they doe foreste rage,
Cymodoce, and stout Autonee,
And Nefo, and Eione well in age,
And seeming still to smile, Glaucionome.
And she that hight of many heaftes Polynome.

LI. Fresa.
LI.

Fresh *Alimedu*, deckt with girland greene;
*Hyponeo*, with salt bedewed wretes:
*Laomedia*, like the chri$tall sheene;
*Liagore*, much prai$ for wif$ behets;
And *Psamathe*, for her brode snowy brefts;
*Cymo, Eupompe*, and *Themifte* just;
And she, that vertue loves and vice de$ts,
*Evarna*, and *Menippe* true in tru$t,
And *Nemertea* learned well to rule her luft.

LII.

All these the daughters of old *Nereus* were,
Which have the sea in charge to them affinde,
To rule his tides, and surges to uprere,
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to upbinde,
And failers save from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
And yet besides three thousand more there were
Of th'Ocean's seed, but *Joves* and *Phæbus* kinde;
The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
And all mankind do nourish with their waters cleare.

LIII.

The which, more eath it were for mortall wight,
To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right.
But well I wote, that these, which I descrey,
Were present at this great solemnity:
And there amongst the rest, the mother was
Of lucklesse *Marinell, Cymodoce*,
Which, for my muse her selfe now tyred has,
Unto another Canto I will overpas.
Canto XII.

Marin, for love of Florimell,
In languor wast his life:
The nymph his mother getteth her,
And gives to him for wife.

I.

What an endless work have I in hand,
To count the sea's abundant progeny,
Whose fruitful seed farre passeth those in land,
And also those, which wonne in th'azure sky?
For much more eath to tell the starrs on hy,
Albe they endless seeme in estimation,
Then 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 wisards well invented,
That Venus of the fomy sea was bred;
For that the seas by her are most augmented.
Witness th'exceeding fry, which there are fed,
And wondrous holes, which may of none be red.
Then blame me not, if I have err'd in count
Of gods, of nymphs, of rivers yet unred.
For though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those same were there, which erst I did recount.

III. All
III.

All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That Proteus house they sild even to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees disposed well.
Amongst the rest, was faire Cymodoce,
The mother of unlucky Marinell,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the gods, when they at banquet bee.

IV.

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortall fire, though of immortall wombe,
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th'eternall gods to bancket come;
But walkt abrode, and round about did rome,
To vew the building of that uncouth place,
That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home:
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There unto him betid a disadventrous case.

V.

Under the hanging of an hideous clieffe,
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That piteously complained her carefull grieffe,
Which never she before disclofd to none.
But to her selfe her sorrow did bemone,
So feelingly her cage she did complaine,
That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grievous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the maine.

VI. Though
Though vaine I see my sorrowes to unfold,
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare,
Yet hoping grieffe may leffen being told,
I will them tell, though unto no man neare:
For heaven, that unto all lends equall eare,
Is farre from hearing of my heavy plight;
And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight;
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

Yet loe! the seas I see, by often beating,
Doe pearce the rockes, and hardeft marble weares;
But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
Will yeeld, but when my piteous plaints he heares,
Is hardned more with my abundant teares.
Yet though he never lift to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I never of my love repent,
But joy, that for his sake I suffer prifonment.

And when my weary ghoft, with griefe outworne,
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plaint unto his eares be borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes profeft,
To let her die, whom he might have redrest.
There did she pause, inforced to give place
Unto the passion, that her heart opprest;
And after she had wept and wail'd a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case.
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 deeme me death for loving one,
That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,
But let me die, and end my daies attone,
And let him live unlov'd, or love him selfe alone.

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 shall through pride your doome undo,
Do you by dureffe him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me:
One prison fitteft is to hold us two.
So had I rather to be thrall, then free;
Such thraldome or such freedome let it surely bee.

But O vaine judgement, and conditions vaine!
The which the prisoner points unto the free:
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
He where he lift goes loose, and laughs at me.
So ever loose, so ever happy be.
But where so loose or happy that thou art,
Know, Marinell, that all this is for thee.
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart
Would quite have burst through great abundance of her smart.

XII. All
Cant. XII.  the Faerie Queene.

XII.
All which complaint when Marinell had heard,
And understood the cause of all her care
To come of him, for using her so hard,
His stubborn heart, that never felt misfare,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pitty rare;
That even for griefe of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wish, that in his powre it weare
Her to redresse: but since he meanes found none,
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

XIII.
Thus whilst his stony heart was toucht with tender ruth,
And mighty courage something molliside,
Dame Venus sonne, that tameth stubborn youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide,
Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his maystring bridle threw,
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride:
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learne to love, by learning lovers paines to rew.

XIV.
Now gan he in his grieved minde devise,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge:
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wife,
To Proteus selve to sue for her discharge:
But then he fear'd his mother's former charge
Gainst women's love, long given him in vaine.
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to constraine:
But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe.

L 11 2  

XV. Then
Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
And with him beare, where none of her might know.
But all in vaine: for why, he found no way
To enter in, or issue forth below;
For all about that rocke the sea did flow.
And though unto his will she given were,
Yet without ship or bote her thence to row,
He wist not how her thence away to bere;
And daunger well he wist long to continue there.

At last, whenas no means he could invent,
Backe to him selfe he gan retourne the blame,
That was the author of her punishment;
And with vile curses, and reprochfull shame,
To damne him selfe by every evil name;
And deeme unworthy or of love or life,
That had despisde so chaft and faire a dame,
Which him had fought through trouble and long strife;
Yet had refuse a god, that her had fought to wife.

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
As he had lost him selfe, he wist not where;
Oft listening, if he mote her heare againe;
And still bemoning her unworthy paine.
Like as an hynde, whose calfe is falne unwares
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares,
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.
And now by this the feast was throughly ended,
And every one gan homeward to refort:
Which seeing, Marinell 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 disobay,
But her attending in full seemly fort,
Did march amongst the many all the way:
And all the way did inly mourn, like one affray.

Being returned to his mother’s bowre,
In solitary silence far from wight,
He gan record the lamentable stowre,
In which his wretched love lay day and night,
For his deare sake, that ill deserv’d that plight:
The thought whereof empierst his hart so deepe,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
But pyn’d, and mourn’d, and languisht, and alone did weep.

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded quight:
His chekke bones raw, and cie-pits hollow grew,
And brawney armes had lost their knowen might,
That nothing like himselfe he seem’d in sight.
Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of love.
He woxe, that lenger he n’ote stand upright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd above,
Like ruefull ghost, unable once to stirre or move.

XXI. Which
The fourth Booke of Cant. XII.

XXI.
Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene,
Ne could by search, nor any means out find
The secret cause and nature of his teene,
Whereby she might apply some medicine;
But weeping day and night, did him attend,
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne,
Which griev'd her more, that she it could not mend:
To see an helpelesse evill, double griefe doth lend.

XXII.
Nought could she read the roote of his disease,
Ne weene what mister maladie it is,
Whereby to seeke some means it to appease.
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amis,
That that fame former fatall wound of his
Wherefore by Tryphon was not throughly healed,
But closely rankled under th'orisis.
Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,
That love it was, which in his hart lay unrevealed.

XXIII.
Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth haft,
And him doth chyde, as false and fraudulent,
That sayld the trust, which she in him had plaft,
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent;
Who now was falne into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cured.
So backe he came unto her patient,
Where searching every part, her well assured,
That it was no old fore, which his new paine procured;

XXIV. But
But that it was some other maladie,  
Or griefe unknowne, which he could not discerne:  
So left he her withouten remedie.  
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,  
And inly troubled was, the truth to learne.  
Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,  
Now with faire speeches, now with threatnings sterne,  
If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,  
It to reveale: who still her answered, there was nought.

Nathlesse she rested not so satysfide.  
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,  
Unto the shinie heaven in haste she hide,  
And thence Apollo king of leaches brought.  
Apollo came; who soone as he had sought  
Through his diseas, did by and by out find,  
That he did languish of some inward thought,  
The which afflicted his engrieved mind;  
Which love he red to be, that leads each living kind.

Which when he had unto his mother told,  
She gan thereat to fret, and greatly grieve;  
And coming to her sonne, gan first to scold,  
And chyde at him, that made her misbelieve:  
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrive,  
And wooe with faire intreatie, to disclose  
Which of the nymphes his heart so sore did mieve.  
For sure she weend it was some one of those,  
Which he had lately seene, that for his love he chose.
The fourth Booke of Cant. XII.

XXVII.
Now lefte she feared that fame fatall read,
That warned him of women's love beware:
Which being ment of mortall creatures sead,
For love of nymphes she thought she need not care,
But promisit him, what ever wight she weare,
That she her love to him would shortly gaine.
So he her told: but soone as she did heare,
That Florimell it was, which wrought his paine,
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every vaine.

XXVIII.
Yet since she saw the streight extremitie,
In which his life unluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a mayd.
It's late in death of daunger to advize,
Or love forbid him, that is life denayd;
But rather gan in troubled mind devise,
How she that ladie's libertie might enterprize.

XXIX.
To Proteus selfe to few she thought it vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe;
Nor unto any meaner to complaine,
But unto great king Neptune selfe did goe,
And on her knee before him falling love,
Made humble suit unto his majestie,
To graunt to her her sonne's life, which his foe,
A cruell tyrant, had presumpteouslie
By wicked doome condemn'd, a wretched death to die.

XXX. To
Cant. XII.  

To whom god Neptune softly smiling, thus;
Daughter, me seemes of double wrong you plaine,
Gainst one, that hath both wronged you and us:
For death t'adward I ween did appertaine
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 plaine.
For never wight so evill did or thought,
But would some rightfull cause pretend, though rightly nought.

XXXI.

To whom she answerd, Then it is by name
Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my sonne to die;
For that a waift, the which by fortune came
Upon your seas, he claym'd as propertie:
And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
But yours the waift by high prerogative.
Therefore I humbly crave your majestie,
It to releve, and my sonne reprise:
So shall you by one gift save all us three alive.

XXXII.

He granted it: and stright his warrant made,
Under the sea-gods seale autenticall,
Commanding Proteus stright t'enlarge the mayd,
Which wandring on his seas imperiall,
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall.
Which she receiving with meete thankesfullnesse,
Departed stright to Proteus therewithall:
Who reading it with inward loathfulness,
Was grieved to restore the pledge he did possess. 

XXXIII. Yet
XXXIII.
Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
But unto her delivered Florimell.
Whom she receiving by the lilly hand,
Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote well:
For she all living creatures did excell;
And was right joyous, that she gotten had
So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell.
So home with her she freight the virgin lad,
And shewed her to him, their being sore bestad.

XXXIV.
Who soone as he beheld that angel's face,
Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
His cheared heart eftsoones away did chace
Sad death, revived with her sweet inspection,
And feeble spirit inly felt reflection;
As withered weed through cruell winter's tine,
That feeles the warmth of sunny beames reflection,
Liftes up his head, that did before decline,
And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sunshine.

XXXV.
Right so himselfe did Marinell upreare,
When he in place his dearest love did spy;
And though his limbs could not his bodie beare,
Ne former strength returne so suddenly,
Yet cheerfull signes he shewed outwardly.
Ne leffe was she in secret hart affected,
But that she masked it with modestie,
For feare she shou'd of lightnesse be detected:
Which to another place I leave to be perfected.

The End of V o l. II.