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T H E

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,

by Thomas Birch

AND ALSO

A G L O S S A R Y.

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

V O L. II.

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Printed for J. BRINDLEY, in New Bond-Street, and S. WRIGHT, Clerk
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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 ensamples, 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 pourtraict of her hart,
If pourtrayd it might be by any living art.

VOL. II.

B

II. But

II.

But living art may not least part expresse,
 Nor life-resembling 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 passeth 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 constrain
 Hereto perforce. But, O dread Soveraine,
 Thus far forth pardon, sith that choicest wit
 Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure plaine,
 That I in colourd shoves 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 slomber of delight.

V. But

V.

But let that fame delicious 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 fayrest *Cynthia* refuse,

In mirrours more then one her selfe to see,

But either *Gloriana* let her chuse,

Or in *Belphebe* fashioned to bee :

In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chaftee.

Canto I.

*Guyon encountreth Britomart ;
 Faire Florimell is chaced :
 Dueffae's traines and Malecasta's
 Champions are defaced.*

I.



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

II.

But the captiv'd *Acrafa* he sent,
 Because of travell long, a nigher way,
 With a strong gard, all reskew to prevent,
 And her to Faerie court safe to convay,
 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 most did wonne,
To hunt for glorie and renownmed prayse ;
Full many Countries they did overronne,
From the uprising to the setting Sunne,
And many hard adventures did atchieve ;
Of all the which they honour ever wonne,
Seeking the weake oppressed to relieve,
And to recover right for such, as wrong did grieve.

IV.

At last as through an open plaine they yode,
They spide a knight, that towards pricked faire,
And him beside an aged squire there rode,
That seemd to couch under his shield three-square,
As if that age had him that burden spare,
And yield it those, that stouter could it wield :
He then espying, gan himselfe prepare,
And on his arme addresse his goodly shield,
That bore a lion passant in a golden field.

V.

Which seeing good Sir *Guyon* deare besought
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 fierie 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 against 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;
 Nathelesse it bore his foe not from his fell,
 But made him stagger, as he were not well:
 But *Guyon* felfe, ere well he was aware,
 Nigh a speare's length behind his crouper fell,
 Yet in his fall so well him felfe 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 felfe dishonored so fore.
 Ah! gentlest knight, that ever armour bore,
 Let not thee grieve dismounted to have beene,
 And brought to ground, that never wast 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 grieve 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 fought alas!)
 Whose image she had seene in *Venus* looking-glas.

IX. Full

IX.

Full of disdainfull 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 same.
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 hasting towards him gan faire perfwade,
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 puissaunce mote not withstond:
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 discourfelled
From profecuting 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 asyde,
And to the ill purveyaunce of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmly tyde:
So is his angry courage fairely pacifyde.

XII. Thus

XII.

Thus reconcilment was betweene them knit,
 Through goodly temperance, and affection chaste,
 And either vowd with all their power and wit,
 To let not other's honour be defaste
 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 prooffe of manly might,
 The martiall blood accustomed to fight :
 Then honour was the meed of victory,
 And yet the vanquished had no despight :
 Let later age that noble use envy,
 Vile rancour to avoid, and cruel surquedry.

XIV.

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

XV. All

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 cristall 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 passing to behold.

XVI.

Still as she fled, her eye she backward threw,
As fearing evil, that purfewed her fast ;
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
Loosely disperst with puffe of every blast :
All as a blazing starre doth farre outcast
His hearie beames, and flaming lockes dispred,
At sight whereof the people stand aghast :
But the sage wifard telles, as he has red,
That it importunes death and dolefull dreryhed.

XVII.

So as they gazed after her a while,
Lo ! where a griesly foster forth did rush,
Breathing out beastly lust her to defile :
His tyreling 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 clownish hand a sharp bore-speare he shooke.

XVIII.

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,
 Full of great envie and fell gealofy,
 They stayd not to avise who first should bee,
 But all spurd after fast, as they mote fly,
 To reskew her from shamefull villany.
 The Prince and *Guyon* equally bylive
 Her selfe pursewd, in hope to win thereby
 Most goodly meede, the fairest Dame alive :
 But after the foule foster *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 perlous pace,
 With stedfast courage and stout hardiment ;
 Ne evil thing she feard, ne evil thing she ment.

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 edifyde,
 And plaste for pleasure nigh that forest syde :
 But faire before the gate a spacious plaine,
 Mantled with greene, it self did spredden wyde,
 On which she saw six knights, that did darraine
 Fierce battell against one, with cruell might and maine.

XXI. Mainly

XXI.

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 lost much bloud through many a wound,
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every way
To which he turned in his wrathfull stound,
Made them recoile, and fly from dred decay,
That none of all the fixe before him durst assay.

XXII.

Like dastard cures, that having at a bay
The salvage beast 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 same fixe forbear that single enemy.

XXIII.

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,
Ne ought the more their mightie strokes surceasse,
But gathering him round about more neare,
Their direfull rancour rather did encrease;
Till that she rushing through the thickest preasse
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soone compeld to hearken unto peace:
Tho gan she myldly of them to inquire
The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

XXIV.

Whereto that single knight did answere frame ;
 These fixe would me enforce by oddes of might,
 To change my lief, and love another dame,
 That death me liefer were, then such despight,
 So unto wrong to yield my wrested right :
 For I love one, the truest one on ground ;
 Ne list me chaunge ; she th' *Errant Damzell* hight,
 For whose deare sake full many a bitter stound
 I have endurd, and tasted many a bloudy wound.

XXV.

Certes, said she, then beene ye fixe 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 maistry ;
 For soone as maistry comes, sweet love anone
 Taketh his nimble winges, and soone away is gone.

XXVI.

Then spake one of those fixe, 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

XXVII.

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 choise 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.

XXVII.

Therefore aread, Sir, if thou have a love.
Love have I sure, quoth she, but lady none ;
Yet will I not from 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.

XXIX.

Ne did she stay, till three on ground she layd,
That none of them himsele could reare again ;
The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
All were he wearie 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.

XXX. Too

XXX.

Too well we see, faide they, and prove too well
 Our faulty weaknesse, 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 liegemen faith unto you plight.
 So underneath her feet their swords they mard,
 And after her besought, well as they might,
 To enter in, and 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 entertained 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, should be labour lost :
 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 glister of their beames cleare
 Did sparckle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.

XXXIII. These

XXXIII.

These straunger knights through passing, forth were led
Into an inner rowme, whose royaltee
And rich purveyance might uncouth 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 devize.

XXXIV.

The wals were round about apparelled
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 flowre,
A worke of rare device, and wondrous wit.
First did it shew the bitter balefull flowre,
Which her assayed with many a fervent fit,
When first her tender hart was with his beautie smit.

XXXV.

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she
Entyft the boy, as well that art she knew,
And wooed him her paramoure to be ;
Now making girlonds of each flowre 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 perswade,
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 skyes,
 And her soft arme lay underneath his hed,
 And with ambrosiall kisses bathed his eyes;
 And whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes,
 She secretly would search each daintie lim,
 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 heedelesse hart away,
 And joyd his love in secret unespide.
 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 chase 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 endlesse mone, and evermore
 With her soft garment wipes away the gore,
 Which stains 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 lustfull 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 consort.
Which when those knights beheld, with scornefull 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 bountihed,
And of rare beautie, saving that askaunce
Her wanton eyes, ill signs of womanhed,
Did roll too highly, and too often glaunce,
Without regard of grace, or comely amenaunce.

XLII.

Long worke it were, and needlesse to devise
 Their goodly entertainment and great glee :
 She caused them be led in courteous wize
 Into a bowre, difarmed for to bee,
 And cheared well with wine and spiceree.
 The *Redcrosse* Knight was soon difarmed there,
 But the brave Mayd would not difarmed bee,
 But onely vented up her umbriere,
 And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

XLIII.

As when faire *Cynthia*, in darkefome 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 traveler, that went astray,
 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 six, which lately with her fought,
 Now were difarmed, and did them selves present
 Unto her vew, and company unfought ;
 For they all seemed courteous and gent,
 And all fixe brethren, borne of one parent,
 Which had them traynd in all civillitee,
 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

XLV.

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 *Iocante* did ensue ;
Basciante did him selfe most courteous shew ;
But fierce *Bacchante* seemd too fell and keene ;
And yet in armes *Noctante* greater grew :
All were faire Knights, and goodly well besene,
But to faire *Bromart* they all but shadows beene.

XLVI.

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

XLVII.

Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight.
All ignorant of her contrary sex,
(For shee her weened a fresh and lusty knight)
She greatly gan enamoured to wex,
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex :
Her fickle hart conceived hasty 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 bruft,
 That plaine diſcovered her incontinence,
 Ne rekt ſhe, who her meaning did miſtruſt;
 For ſhe was given all to fleſhy luſt,
 And poured forth in ſenſuall delight,
 That all regard of ſhame ſhe had diſcuſt,
 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 alwayes 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 glaunce
 Of her falſe eyes, that at her hart did aime,
 And told her meaning in her countenaunce;
 But *Britomart* diſſembled it with ignoraunce.

LI.

Supper was shortly dight, and downe they fate,
Where they were served with all sumptuous fare,
Whiles fruitfull *Ceres* and *Lyæus* fat
Poured 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 sort,
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 grievance she begonne :

LIII.

And all attonce discovered her desire
With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, and piteous grieve.
The outward sparkes of her in-burning fire;
Which spent in vaine, at last she told her brieve,
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 beleeeve her strong extremitie

LIV.

Full easie was for her to have belief,
 Who by self-feeling of her feeble 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 meanes no guile, beguiled soonest shall,
 And to faire semblaunce doth light faith annexe;
 The bird, that knowes not the false fowlers call.
 Into his hidden net full easily doth fall.

LV.

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

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 spread 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 ment to make his sport and courtly play.

LVII. Some

LVII.

Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,
 Some to make love, some to make meriment,
 As diuerſe wits to diuerſe things apply;
 And all the while faire *Malecaſta* 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 Britonneſſe 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 aſſoile.

LIX.

Now whenas all the world in ſilence deepe
 Yſhrowded was, and every mortall wight
 Was drowned in the depth of deadly ſleepe,
 Faire *Malecaſta*, whoſe engrieved 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

LX.

Then panting soft, and trembling every joynt,
 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 puffle of breath, or signe of sence she fond.

LXI.

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

LXII.

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 shrieke alowd, that through the house it rong,
 And the whole family therewith adred,
 Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,
 And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

LIII. And

LXIII.

And those fixe knights, that ladies champions,
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight ran to the ffound,
Halfe armd and halfe unarmd, with them attons:
Where when confusedly they came, they found
Their ladie lying on the fencelesse ground;
On th'other fide, 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 difmayd.

LXIV.

About their ladie first they flockt arownd,
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frosen ffound;
And afterwarde 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 approach,
Ne in so glorious spoile themselves embosse:
Her succourd eke the Champion of the bloody Crosse.

LXV.

But one of those fixe 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 seene
To gore her fide, yet was the wound not deepe,
But lightly rased her soft filken skin,
That drops of purple bloud thereout did weepe,
Which did her lilly smocke with staines of vermeil steep.

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 steele, that none mote it abyde ;
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight gave her good ayd,
Ay joining foot to foot, and fyde to fyde,
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 gryefy 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.



HERE 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 prowesse 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 girlond 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.

III.

Of warlike puiffaunce in ages fpent,
 Be thou, faire *Britomart*, whose prayfe I write,
 But of all wifedom bee thou precedent,
 O foveraigne Queene, whose prayfe I would endite,
 Endite I would as dewtie doth excite ;
 But ah ! my rymes too rude and rugged arre,
 When in fo high an object they do lite,
 And ftriving fit to make, I feare do marre :
 Thy felfe thy prayfes tell, and make them knownen farre.

IV.

She travelling with *Guyon* by the way,
 Of fundry thinges faire purpofe gan to find,
 T'abridg their journey long, and lingring day ;
 Mongft which it fell into that Faerie's mind,
 To afke this Briton Maid, what uncouth wind
 Brought her into thofe partes, and what inqueft
 Made her diffemble her difguifed kind :
 Faire lady fhe him feemd, like lady drest,
 But faireft knight alive, when armed was her brest.

V.

Thereat fhe fighing foftly, had no powre
 To fpeake a while, ne ready anfwere make,
 But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter ftowre,
 As if fhe had a fever fit, did quake,
 And every daintie limbe with horroure shake,
 And ever and anone the rofy red
 Flafht through her face, as it had beene a flake
 Of lightning, through bright heaven fulmined ;
 At laft the paffion paff, fhe thus him answered.

VI. Faire

VI.

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 affrap
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.

VII.

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 richesse or reward.
For such intent into these partes I came,
Withouten compasse, or withouten card,
Far fro my native soyle, that is by name
The greater *Brytaine*, here to seeke for prayse and fame.

VIII.

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 weet 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

IX.

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 misavifed beene, t'upbrayd
 A gentle knight with so unknighly blame:
 For weete 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 fought:
 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 closet of her painefull side,
 Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
 Doth not so much rejoyce, as she rejoyced theare.

XII. But

XII.

But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humour with his pleasing stile,
Her list 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 boasted, 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 disswade,
And read, where I that faytour false may find.
Ah, but if reason faire might you perswade,
To flake your wrath, and mollify your mind,
Said he, perhaps ye should 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 prowesse 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 sunck into her molten hart;
 Hart, that is inly hurt, is greatly eased
 With hope of thing, that may allegge his smart;
 For pleasing words are like to magick art;
 That doth the charmed snake in slomber lay.
 Such secret ease felt gentle *Britomart*,
 Yet list the same efforce with faine gaine say;
 So dischord oft in musick makes the sweeter lay:

XVI.

And said, Sir knight, these idle termes forbear,
 And sith 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 ared,
 And him in every part before her fashioned.

XVII.

Yet him in every part before she knew,
 How ever list 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 engrafted paine,
 Whose roote and stalke so bitter yet did tast,
 That but the fruit more sweetnesse did containe,
 Her wretched days in dolour she mote wast,
 And yield the pray of love to lothsome death at last.

XVIII. By

XVIII.

By strange occasion she did him behold,
 And much more strangely gan to love his fight,
 As it in bookes 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-glasse, 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 faynd,
 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 seemd a world of glas.

XX.

Who wonders not, that reades 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 discourse;
 Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?
 Great *Ptolomæ* it for his leman's sake
 Ybuided all of glasse, by magicke powre,
 And also it impregnable did make;
 Yet when his love was false, he with a peaze it brake.

XXI.

Such was the glasse 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 fortun'd, 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 highest 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 lusted after any one;
 For she was pure from blame of sinfull blot,
 Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same knot.

XXIV. Eft-

XXIV.

Eftsoones 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 east,
Betwixt two shady mountaines doth arize;
Portly his person was, and much increast
Through his heroicke grace, and honorable gest.

XXV.

His crest was covered with a couchant hound,

And all his armour seemd of antique mould,
But wondrous massy, 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.

XXVI.

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 unwith most daunger doth redound.
But the false archer, which that arrow shot
So flyly, that she did not feele the wound,
Did smile full smoothly at her weetelesse wofull stound.

XXVII.

Thenceforth the feather in her lofty crest,
 Ruffed of love, gan lowly to availe,
 And her proud portance, and her princely gestic,
 With which she earst triumphed, now did quail:
 Sad, solemne, fowre, and full of fancies fraile
 She woxe; yet wist she nether how, nor why,
 She wist not, filly mayd, what she did aile,
 Yet wist, she was not well at ease perdy;
 Yet thought it was not love, but some melancholy.

XXVIII.

So soone as night had with her pallid hew
 Defaste the beautie of the shining sky,
 And rest from men the world's desired vew,
 She with her nurse adowne to sleepe did ly;
 But sleepe 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 weepe.

XXIX.

And if that any drop of slombing rest
 Did chaunce to still into her wearie spright,
 When feeble nature felt her selfe opprest,
 Streight way with dreames, and with fantasticke sight
 Of dreadfull things, the same was put to flight,
 That oft out of her bed she did astart,
 As one with vew of ghastly feends 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 forbears,
Then doth this wicked evill thee infest,
And rive with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest.
Like an huge *Aetn'* of deepe engulfed griefe,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
Whence forth it breakes in fighes and anguish rise,
As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused strife.

XXXIII. Aye

XXXIII.

Aye me! how much I feare, least 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 seed;

Then I avow by this most sacred head

Of my deare foster childe, to ease 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 liefest lief.

XXXIV.

So having said, her twixt her armes twaine

She straightly straynd, and colled tenderly,

And every trembling joynt, and every vaine

She softly felt, and rubbed busily,

To doe the frosen cold away to fly;

And her faire deawy eies with kisses 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

XXXVI.

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 sbye
Can doe, said she, that, which cannot be donne.
Things oft impossible, quoth she, seeme, ere begonne.

XXXVII.

These idle words, said she, doe nought asswage
My stubborne smart, but more annoyance breed.
For 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.

XXXVIII.

Nor man it is, nor other living wight;
For then some hope I might unto me draw;
But th'only shade and semblant of a knight,
Whose shape or person yet I never saw;
Hath me subjected to 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.

XXXIX.

Sithens it hath infixed faster hold
 Within my bleeding bowels, and so fore
 Now ranckleth in this fraile fleshly mould,
 That all mine entrailes flow with poyfnous gore,
 And th'ulcer groweth daily more and more;
 Ne can can my ronning fore finde remedee,
 Other than my hard fortune to deplore,
 And languish as the leafe faln 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 monfter of your minde?
 Of much more uncouth thing I was affrayd;
 Of filthy lust, 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 *Pasiphaë* a more monstrous part,
 That lov'd a bull, and learnd a beast to bee.
 Such shamefull lusts who loaths not, which depart
 From course of nature and of modestee?
 Sweet love such lewdnes bands from his faire compance.

XLII. But

XLII.

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.

XLIII.

Beldame, your words doe worke me little ease ;
For though my love be not so lewdly bent,
As those ye blame, yet may it nought appease
My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpelesse grieve 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.

XLIV.

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 *Cephisus* foolish child,
Who having vewed in a fountaine there
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'st the shadow of a warlike knight;
 No shadow, but a bodie hath in powre:
 That bodie, wheresoever that it light,
 May learned be by cyphers, or by magicke might.

XLVI.

But if thou may with reason yet repress
 The growing evill, ere it strength have got,
 And thee abandond 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 sleepe,
 And set her by to watch, and set her by to weepe.

XLVIII. Earely

XLVIII.

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-sicke 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.

XLIX.

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 favine, 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 milke and bloud through it did spill.

L.

Then taking thrife three haire 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, thrife said she it;
Come, daughter, come, come; spit upon my face,
Spit thrife upon me, thrife 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 funne,
Thrice she her turnd contrary, and returnd,
All contrary; for she the right did shunne,
And ever what she did, was streight undonne.
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 witnesse, 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 strond.
That when old *Glauce* saw, for feare least blame
Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,
She wist not how t'aimend, nor how it to withstand.

Canto III.

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

I.



MOST sacred fire, that burnest mightily
In living breasts, ykindled first above,
Emongst th'eternall spheres and lamping sky,
And thence poud 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 hast 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 destined 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

III.

But thy dread darts in none doe triumph more,
 Ne braver prooffe 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 rayse
 Most famous fruits of matrimoniall bowre,
 Which through the earth have spred their living prayse,
 That fame in trompe of gold eternally displayes.

IV.

Begin then, O my dearest 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.

V.

Full many wayes within her troubled mind
 Old *Glauce* cast, to cure this ladie's grieve :
 Full many wayes she sought, but none could find,
 Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsel, that is chiefe,
 And choifest med'cine for sick hart's reliefe :
 For thy great care she tooke, and greater feare,
 Least that it should her turne to foule reprieve,
 And fore reproch, when so her father deare
 Should of his dearest daughter's hard misfortune heare.

VI. At

VI.

At last she her avisd, that he, which made
That mirrhour, wherein the sicke damosell
So straungely 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* cald, 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 counfeld 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 feedes should thee unwares devowre.

IX. But

IX.

But standing high aloft, low lay thine care,
And there such ghastly noise of yron chaines,
And brafen caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,
Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines
Doe tosse, that it will stonne thy feeble braines,
And oftentimes great grones, and grievous founds,
When too huge toile and labour them constraines:
And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing founds
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 brafen 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 hast did send,
Who thereby forst his workmen to forsake,
Them bound, till his returne, their labour not to flake.

XI.

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

XII. For

XII.

For he by words could call out of the sky
Both funne and moone, and make them him obay ;
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 thinges could frame,
When so him list 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 sonne
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 indued was with skill so marvelous.

XIV.

They here ariving, staid a while without,
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent gan make new dout
For dread of daunger, which it might portend :
Untill the hardie mayd (with love to friend)
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 list 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 darke some dore
 Unwares have preft ; 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 fore evill, which this virgin bright
 Tormenteth, and doth plunge 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'enchauter softly gan to smyle
 At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well,
 That she to him dissembled womanish guyle,
 And to her said : Beldame, by that ye tell,
 More neede of leach-craft hath your damozell,
 Then of my skill : who helpe may have elsewhere,
 In vaine seekes wonders out of magicke spell.
 Th'old woman wox half blanck, those words to heare ;
 And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare :

XVIII. And

XVIII.

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

XIX.

The wifard could no lenger beare her bord,
 But bursting forth in laughter, to her sayd;
Glauce, what needes this colourable word,
 To cloke the cause, that hath itselfe bewrayd?
 Ne ye, faire *Britomartis*, thus arayd,
 More hidden are, then funne in cloudy vele;
 Whom thy good fortune, having fate obeyd,
 Hath hither brought, for succour to appele:
 The which the powres to thee are pleased to revele.

XX.

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* frosen bed,
 Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly.
 But her olde nurse was nought dishartened,
 But vauntage made of that, which *Merlin* had ared:

XXI.

And sayd, Sith then thou knowest all our griefe,
 (For what doest 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 display;
 Most noble virgin, that by fatall lore
 Hast 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 fore.

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 *Greece* and *Asian* rivers stained with their blood.

XXIII.

Renowmed Kings, and sacred Emperours,
 Thy fruitfull ofspring, 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 universall peace compound all civill jarre.

XXIV. It

XXIV.

It was not, *Britomart*, thy wandring eye,
 Glauncing unwares in charmed looking-glas,
 But the streight course of heavenly destiny,
 Led with eternall providence, that has
 Guided thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas.
 Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
 To love the prowest knight, that ever was.
 Therefore submit thy wayes unto his will,
 And do by all dew meanes thy destiny fulfill.

XXV.

But read, said *Glauce*, thou magitian,
 What meanes shall she out seeke, or what wayes take?
 How shall she know, how shall she find the man?
 Or what needes her to toyle, sith 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 confirme,
 And guide the heavenly causes to their constant terme.

XXVI.

The man, whom heavens have ordaynd to bee
 The spouse of *Britomart*, is *Arthegall*:
 He wonneth in the land of *Fayeree*,
 Yet is no *Fary* borne, ne sib at all
 To elves, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
 And whilome by false *Faries* stolne 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 puissaunce,
And dreaded name shall give in that sad day :
Where also prooffe of thy prow 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 practise criminall
Of secret foes, that him shall make in mischief fall.

XXIX.

With thee yet shall he leave for memory
Of his late puissaunce, 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 issue forth with dreadfull might,
Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

XXX. Like

XXX.

Like as a lyon, that in drowfie cave
Hath long time slept, himfelfe fo fhall he shake,
And coming forth fhall fpred his banner brave
Over the troubled South, that it fhall make
The warlike *Mertians* for feare to quake:
Thrife fhall he fight with them, and twife fhall win,
But the third time fhall faire accordaunce make:
And if he then with victorie can lin,
He fhall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly in.

XXXI.

His fonne, hight *Vortipore*, fhall him fucceed
In kingdome, but not in felicity;
Yet fhall he long time warre with happy fpeed,
And with great honour many battels try;
But at the laft to th'importunity
Of froward fortune fhall be forft to yield.
But his fonne *Malgo* fhall full mightily
Avenge his father's losse, with fpeare and fhield,
And his proud foes difcomfit in victorious field.

XXXII.

Behold the man, and tell me, *Britomart*,
If ay more goodly creature thou didft fee;
How like a gyaunt in each manly part
Beares he himfelfe with portly majeftee,
That one of th'old *Heroes* seemes to bee:
He the fix iflands, comprovinciall
In auncient times unto great Britainee,
Shall to the fame reduce, and to him call
Their fundry Kings to do their homage feverall.

XXXIII. All

XXXIII.

All which his sonne *Careticus* awhile
 Shall well defend, and *Saxons* powre suppress,
 Untill a straunger king from unknowne soile
 Arriving, him with multitude oppresse;
 Great *Gormond*, having with huge mightinesse
 Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
 Like a swift otter, fell through emptinesse,
 Shall over swim the sea with many one
 Of his Norweyfes, 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 fordonne,
 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 grasse, 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 enterprife,
 Shall backe repulse the valiaunt *Brockwell* twise,
 And *Bangor* with massacred martyrs fill;
 But the third time shall rew his foolhardise:
 For *Cadwan* pittying his people's ill
 Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand *Saxons* kill.

XXXVI. But

XXXVI.

But after him, *Cadwallin* mightily
 On his sonne *Edwin* all those wrongs shall wreake;
 Ne shall availe the wicked forcery
 Of false *Pellite*, his purposes to breake,
 But him shall slay, and on a gallows bleake
 Shall give th'enchauter 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.

XXXVII.

Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
 Till both the sonnes of *Edwin* he have slaine,
Offricke and *Ofricke*, twinnes unfortunate,
 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 destiny,
 Shall yield him selfe his liegeman, and sweare fealty.

XXXVIII.

Him shall he make his fatal instrument,
 T'afflict the other *Saxons* unsubdewd;
 He marching forth with fury insolent
 Against the good King *Oswald*, who indewd
 With heavenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,
 All holding crosses in their hands on hyc,
 Shall him defeate withouten bloud imbrawd:
 Of which that field, for endlesse memory,
 Shall *Hevenfield* be cald to all posterity.

XXXIX.

Whereat *Cadwallin* wroth, shall forth isswe,
 And a huge hoste into Northumber lead,
 With which he godly *Oswald* shall subdew,
 And crowne with martyrdome his sacred head.
 Whose brother *Oswin*, daunted with like dread,
 With price of silver shall his kingdome buy,
 And *Penda*, seeking him adowne to tread,
 Shall tread adowne, and do him fowly dye,
 But shall with gifts his lord *Cadwallin* pacify.

XL.

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 successe envy,
 And them with plagues and murrins pestilent
 Consume, till all their warlike puissance be spent.

XLI.

Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills
 Of dying people, during eight years space,
Cadwallader, not yielding to his ills,
 From *Armoricke*, where long in wretched cace
 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.

XLII. Then

XLII.

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 forlorne,
The world's reproch, the cruell victor's scorn,
Banisht from princely bowre to wasteful wood :
O ! who shall helpe me to lament, and mourne
The royall seed, the antique *Trojan* blood,
Whose empire lenger here then ever any stood ?

XLIII.

The damzell was full deepe empassioned,
Both for his griefe, and for her people's sake,
Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned,
And fighting fore, at length him thus bespake ;
Ah ! but will heaven's fury never flake,
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 rast ?

XLIV.

Nay but the terme, said he, is limited,
That in this thraldome *Britons* shall abide,
And the just revolution measured,
That they as straungers shall be notifide.
For twise foure hundreth 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 *Rhodricke*, whose surname shalbe Great,
 Shall of him selfe a brave ensample shew,
 That Saxon Kings his friendship shall intreat;
 And *Howell Dba* shall goodly well indew
 The salvage minds with skill of just and trew.
 Then *Griffyth Conan* also shall up reare
 His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew
 Of native courage, that his foes shall feare,
 Least back againe the kingdome he from them should beare.

XLVI.

Ne shall 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 shall a raven, far from rising sunne,
 With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
 And bid his faithlesse chickens overronne
 The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty,
 In their avenge, tread downe the victours surquedry.

XLVII.

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

XLVIII. Tho

XLVIII.

Tho when the terme is full accomplishid,
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 ghastrly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he saw, yet note discoure:
Which suddein fit, and halfe extatick stoure
When the two fearefull women saw, they grew
Greatly confusd in behavioure;
At last the fury past, to former hew
He turnd againe, and chearfull looks, as earst, did shew.

LI. Then,

LI.

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

LII.

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 advauntage take.
 Ye see, that good King *Uther* now doth make
 Strong warre upon the the Paynim brethren hight,
Osta and *Oza*, whome hee lately brake
 Beside *Cayr Verolame*, in victorious fight;
 That now all *Britanie* doth burne in armes bright.

LIII.

That therefore nought our passage may impeach,
 Let us in feigned armes our selves disguise,
 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 misseeme; 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.

LIV. And

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*,
Renowmed *Martia*, and redoubted *Emmilen*.

LV.

And that, which more then all the rest may sway,
Late dayes ensample, 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 *Ufn* thrise upon the bloody plaine,
And had not *Carados* her hand withheld
From rash revenge, she had him surely slaine,
Yet *Carados* himselfe from her escapt with paine.

LVI.

Ah ! read, quoth *Britomart*, how is she hight ?
Faire *Angela*, quoth she, men do her call ;
No whit lesse 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 sake
And love, themselves of her name *Angles* call.
Therefore, faire infant, her ensample make
Unto thy selfe, and equall courage to thee take.

LVII. Her

LVII.

Her hartie wordes so deepe into the mynd
 Of the yong damzell funke, that great desire
 Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
 And generous stout courage did inspire,
 That she resolv'd, unwecting to her fire,
 Advent'rous knighthood on her selfe to don,
 And counfeld 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 fortun'd (so 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 seene
 A goodly armour, and full rich aray,
 Which long'd to *Angela*, the Saxon Queene,
 All fretted round with gold, and goodly well becene.

LIX.

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

LX. Beside

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 harnesse, 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 espy,
 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, she 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 diverst, but forth rode *Britomart*.

Canto IV.

*Bold Marinell of Britomart
Is throwne on the rich strond :
Faire Florimell of Arthurs 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 abasht to heare ?
Bene they all dead, and laid in dolefull herse ?
Or doen they onely slepe, 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 fore,
To heare the warlike feates, which *Homere* spake
Of bold *Penthesilee*, which made a lake
Of *Greekish* bloud so oft in *Trojan* plaine :
But when I reade, how stout *Debora* strake
Proud *Sifera*, and how *Camill* hath slaine
The huge *Orsiloebus*, I swell with great disdaine.

III. Yet

III.

Yet these, and all that else had puissance,
Cannot with noble *Britomart* compare,
Aswell for glorie of great valiaunce,
As for pure chastitie 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 bloffome bare,
As thee, O Queene, the matter of my song,
Whose lignage from this lady I derive along.

IV.

Who when through speaches with the *Redcrosse* knight,
She learned had th'estate of *Arthegall*,
And in each point her selfe informd 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.

V.

But *Britomart* kept on her former course,
Ne ever doste her armes, but all the way
Grew pensive through that amorous discourse,
By which the *Redcrosse* knight did earst display
Her lover's shape, and chevalrous aray.
A thousand thoughts she fashiond 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.

VI.

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 guidaunce of her blinded guest,
 Till that to the sea-coast at length she her addrest.

VII.

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
 And sitting downe upon the rocky shore,
 Bad her old squire unlace her lofty creast.
 Tho having vewd a while the surges hore,
 That gainst the craggy cliffs 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.

VIII.

Huge sea of sorrow, and tempestuous grieve,
 Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long,
 Far from the hoped haven of reliefe,
 Why do thy cruel billowes beat so strong,
 And thy moyft mountaines each on others throng,
 Threatning to swallow up my fearefull life?
 O do thy cruell 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 vessell 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 steres, and fortune rowes :
Love, my lewd pilot, hath a restlesse mind,
And fortune, boteswaine, no assuraunce knowes,
But faile withouten starres, gainst tide and wind :
How, can they other do, sith both are bold and blind ?

X.

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

XI.

'Then fighting softly fore, and inly deepe,
She shut up all her plaint in privy grieve ;
For her great courage would not let her weepe,
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

XII.

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

XIII.

As when a foggy mist hath overcast
 The face of heaven, and the cleare aire engroft,
 The world in darknesse dwels, till that at last
 The watry southwinde from the seabord coast
 Upblowing, doth disperse the vapour lo't,
 And poures it selfe forth in a stormy showre;
 So the faire *Britomart* having disclo't
 Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,
 The mist of grieve dissolv'd did into vengeance powre.

XIV.

Eftsoones her goodly shield addressing faire,
 That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
 And unto battel did her selfe prepaire.
 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 hast might,
 Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

XV. Ythrild

XV.

Ythrild 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 straunge knight ran, and sturdily
Strooke her full on the brest, that made her downe
Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her crowne.

XVI.

But she againe him in the shield did smite
With so fierce furie and great puissaunce,
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 transfixed she before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce,
Tiil sadly foucing on the sandie shore,
He tumbled on an heape, and wallowd in his gore.

XVII.

Like as the sacred oxe, that carelesse stands,
With gilded hornes, and flowry girlonds crownd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bands,
Whiles th'altars fume with frankincense arownd,
All suddenly with mortall stroke astownd,
Doth groveling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distaines the pillours, and the holy grownd,
And the faire flowres, that decked him afore;
So fell proud *Marinell* upon the pretious shore.

XVIII. The

XVIII.

The martiall mayd stayd not him to lament,
 But forward rode, and kept her readie way
 Along the strond, which, as she over-went,
 She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
 Of pearles and pretious stones 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 stones an howre,
 But them despised all ; for all was in her powre.

XIX.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
 Tydings hercof came to his mother's eare ;
 His mother was the blacke-browd *Cymoent*,
 The daughter of great *Nereus*, which did beare
 This warlike sonne unto an earthly peare,
 The famous *Dumarin* ; 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 forlorne,
 Long time she fostred up, till he became
 A mightie man at armes, and mickle fame
 Did get through great adventures by him donne :
 For never man he suffred by that fame
Rich strond to travell, whereas he did wonne,
 But that he must do battel with the sea-nymph's sonne.

XXI. An

XXI.

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 passen through that perilous glade.
And to advance his name and glory more,
Her sea-god fyre she dearely did perswade
T'endow her sonne with threasure and rich store,
Bove all the sonnes, that were of earthly wombes ybore.

XXII.

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

XXIII.

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 elfewheare.

XXIV.

Thereto he was a doughtie dreaded knight,
 Tryde often to the scath of many deare,
 That none in equall armes him matchen might;
 The which his mother seeing, gan to feare,
 Least his too haughtie hardines might reare
 Some hard mishap, in hazard of his life:
 For-thy she oft him counfeld 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 prophecie inspir'd)
 Hear deare sonne's destinie 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 complaine,
 That they for love of him would algates dy:
 Dy, who so list for him, he was loves enemy.

XXVII. But

XXVII.

But ah! who can deceive his destiny,
 Or weene by warning to avoyd his fate?
 That when he sleepest in most security,
 And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
 And findeth dew effect or soone or late.
 So feeble is the powre of fleshy 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 *Proteus* prophecide should him dismay,
 The which his mother vainely did expound,
 To be hart-wounding love, which should assay
 To bring her sonne unto his last decay.
 So tickle be the termes of mortall state,
 And full of subtile sophismes, which do play
 With double senses, and with false debate,
 T'approve the unknownen purpose of eternall fate.

XXIX.

Too trew the famous *Marinell* it fownd,
 Who, through late triall, on that wealthy strond
 Inglorious now lies in senselesse swownd,
 Through heavy stroke of *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 foreheads faire to shade,

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 gameson merth to grievous dreriment.
She threw her selfe downe on the continent,
Ne word did speake, but lay as in a fwowne,
Whiles all her sisters did for her lament
With yelling outcries, and with shrieking fowne;
And every one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

Great *Neptune* stood amazed at their fight,
Whiles 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 sorrow, bid
His mightie waters to them buxome bee:
Eftsoones the roaring billowes still abid,
And all the griesly monsters of the see
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

XXXIII. A

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

Soone as they bene arriv'd upon the brim
Of the *Rich strand*, their charets they forlore,
And let their temed fishes softly swim
Along the margent of the fomy shore,
Least they their finnes should bruze, and surbate fore
Their tender feete upon the stony ground:
And coming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy bloud enwallowed they found
The lucklesse *Marinell*, lying in deadly swound;

XXXV.

His mother fwowned 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 scarfe from tears refraine,
And all her sister nymphes with one consent
Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

XXXVI. Dear

XXXVI.

Deare image of my selfe, she said, that is,
 The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
 Is this thine high advancement? O! is this
 Th'immortall name, with which thee yet unborne
 Thy grandfire *Nereus* promist to adorne?
 Now yest thou of life and honor rest;
 Now yest thou a lumpe of earth forlorne,
 Ne of thy late life memory is left,
 Ne can thy irrevocable 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 wisdom bought too late.

XXXVIII.

O! what avails it of immortall feed
 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 crosse
 To see friends grave, then dead the grave selfe to engrosse.

XXXIX. But

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 forrowed their fill,
 They softly gan to searcli his griesly wound ;
 And that they might him handle more at will,
 They him disarmd, and spredding on the ground
 Their watchet mantles frindgd with silver round,
 They softly wipt away the gelly blood
 From th'orifice ; which having well upbound,
 They poud in soveraine balme, and nectar good,
 Good both for erthly med'cine, and for heavenly food.

XLI.

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 last her wombe did fill
 With heavenly feed, whereof wife *Pæon* sprong)
 Did feele his pulse, she knew there staid still
 Some little life his feeble sprites emong ;
 Which to his mother told, despaire she from her song.

XLII. Tho

XLII.

Tho up him taking in their tender hands,
 They easily unto her charet beare :
 Her teme at her commaundement quiet stands,
 Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
 And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare :
 Then all the rest into their coches clim,
 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 hye,
 Like to thicke clouds, that threat a stormy showre,
 And vaulted all within, like to the sky,
 In which the Gods do dwell eternally :
 There they him laid in easie couch well dight ;
 And sent in haste for *Tryphon*, to apply
 Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might :
 For *Tryphon* of sea Gods the soveraine leach is hight.

XLIV.

The whiles the *Nymphes* sit 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'ensample of that might,
 But fairely well she thryvd, and well did brooke
 Her noble deeds, ne her right course for ought forsooke.

XLV. Yet

XLV.

Yet did false *Archimage* her still pursew,
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, pursewing that same foster strong;
Of whose foule outrage they impatient,
And full of fiery zeale, him followed long,
To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her wrong.

XLVI.

Through thick and thin, through mountains and through plains,
Those two great champions did attonce pursew
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.

XLVII.

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 needlesse dread :
 Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall

Many meeke 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 fearefull dove, which through the raine
 Of the wide aire her way does cut amaine,
 Having farre off espyde a tassel gent,
 Which after her his nimble wings doth straine,
 Doubleth her haft for feare to be for-hent,

And with her pineons cleaves the liquid firmament.

L.

With no lesse hast, and eke with no lesse dread,

That fearefull ladie fled from him, that ment

To her no evill thought, nor evill deed ;

Yet former feare 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 sewd,

Yet she no lesse the knight feard, then that villein rude.

LI.

His uncouth shield and straunge armes her dismayd,
Whose like in Faerie lond were seldom seene,
That fast she from him fled, no lesse afayd,
Then of wilde beastes if she had chased beene:
Yet he her followd still with courage keene,
So long that now the golden *Hesperus*
Was mounted high in top of heaven sheene,
And warnd his other brethren joyeous
To light their blessed lamps in *Jove's* eternall hous.

LII.

All suddenly dim woxe the dampish ayre,
And griesly shadowes covered heaven bright,
That now with thousand starres was decked fayre;
Which when the Prince beheld, a lothfull fight,
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.

LIII.

Tho when her ways he could no more descry,
But to and fro at disaventure strayd;
Like as a ship, whose lodestarre, suddenly
Covered with cloudes, her pilot hath dismayd,
His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,
And from his loftie 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.

LIV.

But gentle sleepe envyde him any rest ;
 In stead thereof sad sorrow and disdaine
 Of his hard hap did vex 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 complaine :
 Or that his Faerie Queene were such, as shee :
 And ever hastie night he blamed bitterlie.

LV.

Night, thou foule mother of annoyance sad,
 Sister of heavie death, and nourse of woe,
 Which wast 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 horreur hideous :

LVI.

What had th'eternall maker need of thee,
 The world in his continuall course to keepe,
 That doest all things deface, ne lettest see
 The beautie of his worke? Indeed in sleepe
 The slouthfull bodie, that doth love to sleepe
 His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,
 Doth praise 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

LVII.

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

LVIII.

Under thy mantle black there hidden lye
Light-shonning thefte, and traiterous intent:
Abhorred bloodshed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceipt, and daunger imminent;
Fowle horror, and eke hellish dreriment:
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.

LIX.

For day discovers all dishonest wayes,
And sheweth each thing, as it is indeed:
The prayses of high God he faire displays,
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 reare thy joyous waine:
 Speed thee to spred abroad thy beames bright,
 And chafe away this too long lingring night,
 Chafe 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 yeeld her roome to day, that can it governe well.

LXI.

Thus did the Prince that wearie night outweare,
 In restlessse 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 disdaine,
 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 seemd t'apply his steps to his intent.

Canto V.

*Prince Arthur beares of Florimell;
Three fosters Timias wound,
Belphebe finds him almost dead,
And reareth out of sownd.*

I.



WONDER it is to see, in diverse minds
How diversly love doth his pageants play,
And shewes his powre in variable kinds:
The baser 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 aghast;
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
And whither now he travelled so fast:
For sore he swat, and ronning through that same
Thicke forest, was bescratcht, and both his feet nigh lame.

IV.

Panting for breath, and almost 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 seeke, and if ye understand
Which way she fared hath, good Sir, tell out of hand.

V.

What mister wight, said he, and how arayd?
Royally clad, quoth he, in cloth of gold,
As meetest may beseeme a noble mayd;
Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold;
A fairer wight did never funne 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

VI.

Now certes swaine, said he, such one, I weene,
 Fast flying through this forest from her fo,
 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 ruth 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 rancome 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 spight,
 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 bountiest virgin, and most debonaire,
 That ever living eye, I weene, did see;
 Lives none this day, that may with her compare
 In stedfast chastitie 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.

IX.

A sea-nymph'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 ysłaine, 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 highest rowme,
 Of whom ye seeke to be most magnifide:
 At least eternall meede shall you abide.
 To whom the Prince; Dwarfes, comfort to thee take,
 For till thou tidings learne, what her betide,
 I here avow thee never to forsake.

Ill weares he armes, that nill them use for ladies sake.

XII. So

XII.

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 penfive 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.

XIII.

Who all this while full hardly was assayd
Of deadly daunger, which to him betid;
For whiles his lord purfewd 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.

XIV.

Nathlesse the villain 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 releast,
And out of fight escaped at the least;
Yet not escaped from the dew reward
Of his bad deeds, which dayly he increast;
Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard
The heavy plague, that for such leachours is prepard.

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 gracelesse fire,
 And unto them complained, how that he
 Had used bene of that foolehardy squire;
 So them with bitter words he stir'd 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 breasts, 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 filld 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

XVIII.

It fortun'd, 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 villeinous 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 fethered with an unlucky quill;
The wicked steele stayd not, till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
Exceeding grieve that wound in him empight,
But more that with his foes he could not come to fight.

XXI.

At last through wrath and vengeance making way,
 He on the bancke arrivd with mickle paine,
 Where the third brother him did fore 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 gnashing teeth did bite
 The bitter earth, and bad to let him in
 Into the balefull house of endlesse 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 cruell 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 indignant hate,
 To him he turned, and with rigour fell
 Smote him so rudely on the pannikell,
 That to the chin he cleft his head in twaine:
 Downe on the ground his carkas groveling fell;
 His sinfull soule with desperate disdaine
 Out of her fleshly forme fled to the place of paine.

XXIV. That

XXIV.

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

XXV.

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 foord 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.

XXVI.

He lives, but takes small joy of his renowne;
For of that cruell wound he bled so fore,
That from his steed he fell in deadly fwowne;
Yet still the bloud forth gusht in so great store,
That he lay wallowd 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 selfe of honour, which thou didst atchive.

XXVII. Pro-

XXVII.

Providence heavenly passeth 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 same woods, ye well remember may,
 How that a noble hunteresse did wonne,
 She, that base *Braggadocchio* did affray,
 And made him fast out of the forest ronne;
Belphebe was her name, as faire as *Phæbus* funne.

XXVIII.

She on a day, as she pursewd the chace
 Of some wild beast, which with her arrows keene
 She wounded had, the same along did trace
 By tract of blood, which she had freshly seene
 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 swoond:
 In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
 The christall humour stood congealed rownd;
 His locks, like faded leaves fallen to grownd,
 Knotted with blood, in bounces rudely ran,
 And his sweete lips, on which before that stownd
 The bud of youth to blossome faire began,
 Spoild of their rosie red, were woxen pale and wan.

XXX. Saw

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 fuddeinly abasht she chaunged hew,
 And with sterne horror backward gan to start:
 But when she better him beheld, she grew
 Full of soft passion and unwonted smart: } *not unfeeling*
 The point of pity perced through her tender hart.

XXXI.

Meekly she bowed downe, to weete, if life
 Yet in his frosen members did remaine,
 And feeling by his pulses beating rise,
 That the weake foule her feat did yet retaine,
 She cast to comfort him with busy 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 hast 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 *Panachæa*, or *Polygony*,
 She found, and brought it to her patient deare,
 Who all this while lay bleeding out his hart-bloud neare.

XXXIII.

The foveraine weede betwixt two marbles plaine
 She powned small, and did in peeces bruze,
 And then atweene her lilly handes twaine,
 Into his wound the juice thereof did scruze,
 And round about, as she could well it use,
 The flesh therewith she suppled and did steepe,
 T'abate 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 sinfull 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,
 Hast drest my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy blessed feete.

XXXVI. Thereat

XXXVI.

Thereat she blushing said, Ah! gentle squire,
 Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell, but the mayd,
 And daughter of a woody nympe, 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.

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

Where when they saw that goodly boy, with blood
 Defowled, and their lady dresse his wound,
 They wondred much, and shortly understood,
 How him in deadly case their lady fownd,
 And reskewed out of the heavy stownd.
 Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
 Farre in the woodes, whiles that he lay in swownd,
 She made those damzels search, which being stayd,
 They did him set thereon, and forthwith them conveyd.

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 paradize 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 drest,
Daily she dressed him, and did the best
His grievous hurt to garish, that she might ;
That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,
And his foule fore reduced to faire plight :
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

XLII.

O foolish physick, and unfruitfull paine,
That heales up one, and makes another wound :
She his hurt thigh to him recurd 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 captived in endlesse duraunce
Of sorrow and despaire without aleggeaunce?

XLIII.

Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,
So still his hart woxe fore, and health decayd :
Madnesse to save a part, and lose the whole.
Still whenas he beheld the heavenly mayd,
Whiles dayly plaisters to his wound she layd,
So still his malady the more increast,
The whiles her matchlesse beautie 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 brest,
With reason dew the passion to subdew,
And love for to dislodge out of his nest :
Still when her excellencies he did vew,
Her soveraigne bountie, and celestiall hew,
The same to love he strongly was constraind :
But when his meane estate he did revew,
He from such hardy boldnesse was restraind,
And of his lucklesse lot and cruell love thus plained.

XLV. Un-

XLV.

Unthankfull wretch, said he, is this the meed,
 With which her soveraigne mercy thou doest quight?
 Thy life she saved by her gracious deed;
 But thou doest weene with villeinous 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 sew?
 Thou a meane squire, of meeke and lowly place;
 She heavenly borne, and of celestially hew.
 How then? of all love taketh equall vew:
 And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
 The love and service of the basest crew?
 If she will not, dye meekly for her sake;
 Dye rather, dye, then ever so faire love forsake.

XLVIII. Thus

XLVIII.

Thus warreid he long time against his will;
Till that through weaknesse he was forst at last,
To yield himselfe unto the mighty ill:
Which, as a victour proud, gan ransack fast
His inward parts, and all his entrayles waft,
That neither bloud in face, nor life in hart
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 *Belphebe*, gan to feare,
Least that his wound were inly well not heald,
Or that the wicked steele empoysned 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 reveald,
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-sick 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 morne,
More deare then life she tendered, whose flowre
The girland of her honour did adorne :
Ne suffred she the middaye's scorching powre,
Ne the sharp northerne wind thereon to showre,
But lapped up her silken leaves most chaire,
When so the froward skye began to lowre :
But soone as calmed was the christall aire,
She did it faire dispred, and let to florish faire.

LII.

Eternall God in his almighty powre,
To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
In paradize whilome did plant this flowre ;
Whence he it fetcht out of her native place,
And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,
That mortall men her glory should admire,
In gentle ladies breste, and bounteous race
Of womankind it fairest flowre doth spire,
And beareth fruit of honour and all chaste desire.

LIII.

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright shining 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 girlonds dight,
Of chastity and vertue virginall,
That shall embellish more your beautie bright,
And crowne your heades with heavenly coronall,
Such as the Angels weare before God's tribunall.

LIV.

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

LV.

In so great prayse of stedfast chastity,
Nathlesse she was so courteous and kind,
Tempred 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 encreast the prayse of woman kind,
And both encreast her beautie excellent;
So all did make in her a perfect complement.

Canto VI.

*The birth of faire Belphebe 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 saluage forests she did dwell,
So farre from court and royall citadell,
The great schoolmistresse of all courtesy.
Seemeth that such wild woods should far expell
All civill usage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

II.

But to this faire *Belphebe* in her birth
The heavens so 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

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 *Amphisa*, who by race
 A Faerie was, yborne of high degree:
 She bore *Belphebe*, she bore in like cace
 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 *Chryfogonee*
 Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bore,
 In this wild forrest wandring all alone,
 After she had nine moneths fulfilled 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 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 slombring 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 sence 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 seedes
 Of all things living, through impression
 Of the sunbeames in moyst 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 cald, th'author of life and light;
And his faire sister for creation
Minist'reth 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 fore affright,
Wondred to see her belly so upblowne,
Which still increast, 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 sad cloud of sleepe her overkeft,
And seized every sense with sorrow fore opprest.

XI.

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

XII. Him

XII.

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 searched every way, through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect:
She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
Unto the man, that of him tydings to her brings.

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

XV. Then

XV.

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 heedelesse harts with love had fir'd,
And his false venim through their veines inspir'd:
And eke the gentle shepheard swaynes, which sat
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.

XVI.

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 cast her course, t'apply,
To search the secret haunts of *Diane's* company.

XVII.

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 fountaine 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 scorching heat;
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

XVIII. She

XVIII.

She having hong upon a bough on high
 Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste
 Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
 And her lanck loynes ungirt, and breasts unbraсте,
 After her heat the breathing cold to taste:
 Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright
 Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,
 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 slacke,
 That had not her thereof before aviz'd,
 But suffred her so carelesly disguiz'd
 Be overtaken. Soone her garments loose
 Upgath'ring, in her bosome she compriz'd,
 Well as she might, and to the Goddesse rose,
 Whiles all her nymphes did like a girlond her enclose.

XX.

Goodly she gan faire *Cytherea* greet,
 And shortly asked her, what cause her brought
 Into that wildernesse 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* fought,
 Who in his frowardnesse from her was fled;
 That she repented fore, to have him angered.

XXI. Thereat

XXI.

Thereat *Diana* gan to smile, in scorne
Of her vaine plaint, and to her scoffing sayd;
Great pittie fure, 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 wilder nesse
Your glory set, to chace the salvage beasts,
So my delight is all in joyfulness,
In beds, in bowres, in banckets, and in feasts:
And ill becomes you, with your loftie creasts,
To scorne the joy, that *Jove* is glad to seek.
We both are bound to follow heaven's behests,
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 wize;
Or keepe their cabins: much I am affeard,
Least he like one of them himself disguise,
And turne his arrowes to their exercise:
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 saying every nymph full narrowly she eide.

XXIV.

But *Phæbe* therewith fore was angered,
 And sharply said, Goe, dame, goe seeke 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 abyē:
 Ile clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall fly.

XXV.

Whom when as *Venus* saw so fore displeas'd,
 She inly fory was, and gan relent,
 What she had said: so her she soone appeas'd
 With sugred words and gentle blandishment;
 From which a fountaine from her sweet lips went,
 And welled goodly forth, that in short space
 She was well pleas'd, 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 seeke the fugitive both farre and nere.
 So long they sought, till they arrived were
 In that same shady covert, whereas lay
 Faire *Cryfogone* in slombry traunce whilere;
 Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
 Unwares had borne two babes, as faire as springing day.

XXVII. Un-

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 frowne not to awake,
 But from her loving side the tender babes to take.

XXVIII.

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 *Belphebe* red :
 But *Venus* hers thence farre away conveyd,
 To be upbrought in goodly womanhed,
 And in her little love's stead, which was strayd,
 Her *Amoretta* cald, to comfort her dismayd.

XXIX.

She brought her to her joyous paradize,
 Where most she wonnes, when she on earth does dwell ;
 So faire a place, as nature can devise :
 Whether in *Paphos*, or *Cytheron* hill,
 Or it in *Gnidas* be, I wote not well ;
 But well I wote by triall, that this fame
 All other pleasant places doth excell,
 And called is by her lost lover's name,
 The *Gardin* of *Adonis*, farre renownd by fame.

XXX.

In that same gardin all the goodly flowres,
 Wherewith dame nature doth her beautifie,
 And decks the girlonds of her paramoures,
 Are fetcht: there is the first seminarie
 Of all things, that are borne to live and die,
 According to their kindes. Long worke it were,
 Here to account the endlesse progenie
 Of all the weedes, that bud and blossome there;
 But so much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

XXXI.

It sited was in fruitfull soyle 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 dride:
 Old *Genius* the porter of them was,
 Old *Genius*, the which a double nature has.

XXXII.

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

XXXIII. After

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 first they grew :
So like a wheele around they runne from old to new.

XXXIV.

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 first was spoken by th'Almightie 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.

XXXV.

Infinite shapcs of creatures there are bred,
And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew,
And every sort is in a fundry 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 remaines 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 griesly 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 altred 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 fundry 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

XXXIX.

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest,
That in the *Gardin of Adonis* springs,
Is wicked *Time*, who with his scyth addrest,
Does mow the flowring 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.

XL.

Yet pittie often did the gods relent,
To see so faire things mard, and spoyled quight :
And their great mother *Venus* did lament
The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight :
Her hart was pierst with pittie at the sight,
When walking through the gardin them she 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.

XLI.

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 pleasure 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

XLII.

There is continuall spring, and haruest 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 attonce 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 abroad.

XLIII.

Right in the middest of that paradise,
 There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
 A gloomy grove of mirtle trees did rise,
 Whose shady boughes sharp Steele 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 pretious dew bedight,
 Threw forth most dainty odours, and most sweet delight.

XLIV.

And in the thickest covert of that shade
 There was a pleasant arbour, not by art,
 But of the trees owne inclination made,
 Which knitting their rancke braunches part to part,
 With wanton yvie twyne entrayld athwart,
 And eglantine, and caprifole emong,
 Fashiond above within their inmost part,
 That nether *Phæbus*' beams could through them throng,
 Nor *Æolus* sharp blast could work them any wrong.

XLIV. And

XLV.

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
To which sad lovers were transformde of yore ;
Fresh *Hyacinthus*, *Phæbus* paramoure,
Foolish *Narcisse*, 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 verse hath given endlesse date.

XLVI.

There wont faire *Venus* often to enjoy
Her deare *Adonis* joyous company,
And reape sweet pleasure 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,
Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill.

XLVII.

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 firmly 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 everlasting 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
 Ranfackt the world, and in the wofull harts
 Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,
 Thither resorts, and laying his sad darts
 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 stedfast 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, yfostered 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 lessoned
In all the lore of love, and goodly womanhed.

LII.

In which when she to perfect ripenesse grew,
Of grace and beautie noble paragone,
She brought her forth into the worlde's vew,
To be th'ensample 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 cast,
Save to the noble knight Sir *Scudamore*,
To whom her loving hart she linked fast
In faithfull love, t'abide for evermore,
And for his dearest sake endured sore,
Sore trouble of an hainous enemy,
Who her would forced have to have forlore
Her former love, and stedfast loialty,
As ye may elsewhere read that ruefull history.

LIV.

But well I weene, ye first desire to learne,
What end unto that fearefull damozell,
Which fled so fast from that same foster stearne,
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 Witche's sonne loves Florimell:

She flyes, he faines to die.

Satyrane saves the Squire of Dames

From Gyaunt's tyranny.

I.



LIKE 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 leafe, that shaketh with the least
Murmure of winde, her terror hath encreast;
So fled faire *Florimell* from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast:
Each shade she saw, and each noyse he did heare,
Did seeme to be the same, which she escapt 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 maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
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 fuddein 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 ſway,
 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 deſcry
 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.
 Eſtſoones 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 fyde.

VI. There

VI.

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes
In homely wize, and wald with fods around,
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes,
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes ;
So choosing solitarie to abide,
Far from all neighbours, that her diuclish 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 fuddein stound,
Lightly upstartd 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 shewd by outward signes, that dread her sence did daze.

VIII.

At last turning her feare to foolish wrath,
She askt, 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'th.

IX. With

IX.

With that adowne out of her chriftall eyne
 Few trickling teares ſhe ſoftly forth let fall,
 That like two orient pearles did purely ſhine
 Vpon her ſnowy cheek; and therewithall
 She ſighed ſoft, that none ſo beſtiall
 Nor ſalvage hart, but ruth of her ſad plight
 Would make to melt, or pitteouſly appall;
 And that vile hag, all were her whole delight
 In miſchiefe, was much moved at ſo pitteous ſight;

X.

And gan recomfort her in her rude wyfe,
 With womaniſh compaſſion of her plaint,
 Wiping the teares from her ſuffuſed eyes,
 And bidding her ſit downe, to reſt her faint
 And wearie limbs a while. She nothing quaint,
 Nor ſ'deignfull of ſo homely faſhion,
 Sith brought ſhe was now to ſo hard conſtraint,
 Sate downe upon the duſty ground anon,
 As glad of that ſmall reſt, as bird of tempeſt gon.

XI.

Tho gan ſhe gather up her garments rent;
 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 ſo divine as beauty, were but right.

XII. This

XII.

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
A laefie loord, 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 laefinesse both lewd and poore attonce him made.

XIII.

He coming home at undertime, there found
The fairest creature, that he ever saw,
Sitting beside his mother on the ground;
The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his base thought with terrour 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.

XIV.

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
What mister wight that was, and whence deriv'd
That in so straunge 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 looks him answered,
Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd
From *Stygian* shores, where late it wandered;
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

XV.

But the faire virgin was so meeke and mild,
That she to them vouchsafed to embrace
Her goodly port, and to their senses vild
Her gentle speech 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 brutish mind ;
No love, but brutish lust, 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 durst not so high aspire,
But with soft sighes, and lovely semblaunces,
He ween'd, that his affection entire
She should aread ; many resemblauches
To her he made, and many kind remembraunces.

XVII.

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

XVIII. But

XVIII.

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

XIX.

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.

XX.

But that lewd lover did the most 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,
Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,
And love to frenzy turnd, sith love is franticke hight.

XXI.

All wayes she fought, him to restore to plight,
 With herbs, with charms, with counsel, and with teares;
 But teares, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell might
 Affwage 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.

Eftsoones out of her hidden cave she cald
 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 queint 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 feede on gras.

XXIII.

It forth she cald, and gave it streight in charge,
 Through thicke and thin her to purfew apace,
 Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
 Till her he had attaind, and brought in place,
 Or quite devourd her beautie's scornefull grace.
 The monster, swift as word, that from her went,
 Went forth in hast, and did her footing trace
 So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent,
 And passing speede, that shortly he her overhent.

XXIV. Whom

XXIV.

Whom when the fearefull damzell nigh espide,
No need to bid her fast away to flie;
That ugly shape so fore her terrifide,
That it she shund no lesse, then dread to die,
And her flit palfrey did so well apply
His nimble feet to her conceived feare,
That whilest 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 same last extremitie full fore,
And of her safetie greatly grew afrayd;
And now she gan approach 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 sickernesse.

XXVI.

Not halfe so fast the wicked *Myrrha* fled
From dread of her revenging father's hond;
Nor halfe so fast, to save her maidenhed,
Fled fearefull *Daphne* on th' *Ægean* strond;
As *Florimell* fled from that monster yond,
To reach the sea, ere she of him were raught;
For in the sea to drowne her selfe she fond,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:

Thereto feare gave her wings, and need her courage taught,

XXVII. It

XXVII.

It fortun'd (high God did so ordaine)

As she arrived on the roring 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 lept, and with the ore

Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand :

So safetie found at sea, which she found not at land.

XXVIII.

The monster ready on the pray to seafe,

Was of his forward hope deceived quight,

Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,

But greedily long gaping at the fight,

At last in vaine was forst to turne his flight,

And tell the idle tidings to his dame :

Yet, to avenge his divelish despight,

He fet upon her palfrey tired lame,

And slew him cruelly, ere any reskew came :

XXIX.

And after having him embowelled,

To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a knight

To passe that way, as forth he travelled ;

It was a goodly swaine, and of great might,

As ever man that bloudy field did fight ;

But in vain sheows, that wont young knights bewitch,

And courtly services tooke no delight,

But rather joyd to be, then seemen sich :

For both to be and seeme to him was labor lich.

XXX. It

XXX.

It was to weete the good Sir *Satyrane*,
That raungd abroad to seeke adventures wilde,
As was his wont in forrest, and in plaine;
He was all armd in rugged steele unfiled,
As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
And in his scutchin bore a satyre's hed:
He comming present, where the monster wilde
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 feend was rent without remorse:
Much feared he, least ought did ill betide
To that faire mayd, the flowre of womens pride;
For her he dearly loved, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnifide:
Besides her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he found, that did him fore apall.

XXXII.

Full of sad feare, and doubtfull agony,
Fiercely he flew upon that wicked feend,
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 fresh
And fierce he still appeard, the more he did him thresh.

XXXIII. He

XXXIII

He wist 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.

XXXIV.

As he, that strives to stop a suddein 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 wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine,
 To see his whole yeare's labour lost so soone,
 For which to God he made so many an idle boone.

XXXV.

So him he held, and did through might amate:
 So long he held him, and him bet so long,
 That at the last his fiercenesse 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 Steele his carcas could not quell;
 His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

XXXVI. The

XXXVI.

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her slender waste, he tooke in hand,
And with it bound the beast, 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 beast along the way,
He spide farre off a mighty giauntesse,
Fast flying on a courser dapled gray
From a bold knight, that with great hardinesse
Her hard pursewd, and fought for to suppressse.
She bore before her lap a dolefull 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 hast
He left his captive beast at liberty,
And crost the nearest way, by which he cast
Her to encounter, ere she passed by:
But she the way shund nathemore for-thy,
But forward gallopt fast; which when he spyde,
His mighty speare he couched warily,
And at her ran: she having him descryde,
Her selfe to fight addrest, and threw her lode aside.

XXXIX.

Like as a gofhauke, that in foote doth beare
A trembling culver, having fpide on hight
An egle, that with plumy wings doth sheare
The fubtile ayre, ftouping with all his might,
The quarrey throwes to ground with fell defpight,
And to the battell doth her felfe prepare :
So ran the geaunteffe unto the fight ;
Her firie eyes with furious sparkes did ftare,
And with blasphemous bannes high God in peece tare.

XL.

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
Wherewith ſhe many had of life depriv'd ;
But ere the ftroke could feize 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 maſt,
Ne her out of the ſtedfaſt ſadle driv'd,
But glauncing on the tempred mettall, braſt
In thouſand ſhivers, and ſo forth beſide her paſt.

XLI.

Her ſteed did ſtagger with that uiſſaunt 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 youthly champions to aſſay,
With burning charet wheelles it nigh to ſmite ;
But who, that ſmites it, mars his joyous play,
And is the ſpectacle of ruinous decay.

XLII. Yet

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 enemy espyde,
She lightly unto him adjoynd fyde to fyde;

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

Whom when as nigh approaching 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 pursued so nyce,
That almost in the backe he oft her strake;
But still when him at hand she did espy,
She turnd, and semblaunce of faire fight did make;
But when he stayd, to flight againe she did her take.

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 chevifaunce :
 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 stire.

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 bloffome of his freshest age :
 He reard him up, and loosd 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 geaunteffe *Argante* is behight,
 A daughter of the *Titans*, which did make
 Warre against heaven, and heaped hills on hight,
 To scale the skyes, and put *Jove* from his right :
 Her fire *Typhæus* was, who mad through merth,
 And drunke with bloud of men, flaine by his might,
 Through incest, her of his owne mother Earth
 Whilome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth.

XLVIII. For

XLVIII.

For at that berth another babe she bore,
To weete the mightie *Ollyphant*, that wrought
Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
And many hath to foule confusion brought.
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought)
Whiles in their mother's wombe enclosed they were,
Ere they into the lightsome world were brought,
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
And in that monstrous wise did to the world appere.

XLIX.

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

L.

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

LI.

Me feely wretch she so at vantage caught,
 After she long in waite for me did lye,
 And meant unto her prison to have brought,
 Her lothsome pleasure there to satisfe;
 That thousand deathes me lever were to dye,
 Then breake the vow, that to faire *Columbell*
 I plighted have, and yet keepe stedfastly:
 As for my name, it mistreth not to tell;
 Call me the *Squyre of Dames*, that me beseemeth well.

LII.

But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw
 That geaunteffe, is not such, as she seemd,
 But a faire virgin, that in martiall law,
 And deedes of armes above all dames is deemd,
 And above many knightes is eke esteemd,
 For her great worth: She *Palladine* is hight:
 She you from death, you me from dread redeemd.
 Ne any may that monster match in fight,
 But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight.

LIII.

Her well beseemes that quest, quoth *Satyrane*;
 But read, thou *Squyre of Dames*, what vow is this,
 Which thou upon thy selfe hast lately ta'ne?
 That shall I you recount, quoth he, ywis,
 So be ye pleas'd to pardon all amis.
 That gentle lady, whom I love and serve,
 After long suit and weary servicis,
 Did aske me, how I could her love deserve,
 And how she might be sure, that I would never fwerve.

LIV.

I glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
Bad her commaund my life to save, or spill.
Eftsoones she bad me, with incesfaunt 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.

LV.

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 defartés,
And thrise 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 smartes,
Then to reward my trusty true intent,
She gan for me devise a grievous punishment.

LVI.

To weet, that I my travell should resume,
And with like labour walke the world around,
Ne ever to her presence should presume,
Till I so many other dames had found,
The which, for all the suit I could propound,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
But did abide for ever chaste and found.
Ah gentle squire, quoth he, tell at one word,
How many foundst thou such to put in thy record?

LVII. In-

LVII.

Indeed, Sir knight, said he, one word may tell
 All, that I ever found so wisely stayd;
 For only three they were disposd so well,
 And yet three yeares I now abroad have strayed,
 To find them out. Mote I (then laughing sayd
 The knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,
 The which thy proffred curtesie denayd?
 Or ill they seemed sure avizd to bee,
 Or brutishly brought up, that nev'r did fashions see.

LVIII.

The first, which then refused me, said hee,
 Certes was but a common courtesane,
 Yet flat refusd 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 chasteitee
 Had lodged in so meane a maintenaunce;
 Yet was she faire, and in her countenaunce
 Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashon.
 Long thus I woo'd her with dew observaunce,
 In hope unto my pleasure to have won;
 But was as farre at last, as when I first begon.

LX. Safe

LX.

Safe her, I never any woman found,
That chastity did for it selfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and found,
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 chaste with th'unchaste ladies traine.

LXI.

Perdy, said *Satyrane*, thou *Squire of Dames*,
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
To get small thanks, and therewith many blames,
That may 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 returnd 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 sav'd,
Is sought 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 plunged 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 grieve;
For misery craves rather mercie, then reprieve.

II.

But that accursed hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enranckled her malicious hart,
That she desyrd th'abridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull 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

III.

And with it ronning haft'ly to her sonne,
Thought with that fight him much to have reliv'd;
Who thereby deeming fure the thing as donne,
His former griefe with furie fresh reviv'd,
Much more then earst, and would have algates riv'd
The hart out of his brest: for sith 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 flaine,
Had she not fled into a secret mew,
Where she was wont her sprights to entertaine,
The maisters of her art: there was she faine
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them conjure upon eternall paine,
To counsell her so carefully dismayd,
How she might heal her sonne, whose senses were decayd.

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 selfe envide the fame,
And grudg'd 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 substance, whereof she the body made,
 Was purest snow in massie mould congeald,
 Which she had gathered in a shadie glade
 Of the *Riphaean* hills, to her reveald
 By errant sprights, but from all men conceald.
 The same she tempred with fine Mercury,
 And virgin wax, that never yet was seald,
 And mingled them with perfect vermily,
 That like a lively sanguine it seemd to the eye.

VII.

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 womens eyes.
 In stead of yellow lockes, she did devise
 With golden wyre to weave her curled head;
 Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thrise
 As *Florimell's* faire haire; and in the stead
 Of life, she put a spright to rule the carcasse dead.

VIII.

A wicked spright yfraught with fawning guile,
 And faire resemblance above all the rest,
 Which with the prince of darknesse fell sometime,
 From heaven's bleste 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 womens 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 streight upstart, and thought
She was the lady selfe, whom he so long had fought.

X.

Tho fast 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 still with gentle countenaunce retain'd
Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:
Him long she so with shadowes entertain'd,
As her creatresse had in charge to her ordain'd.

XI.

Till on a day, as he disposed was
To walke the woodes with that his idole faire,
Her to disport, and idle time to pas,
In th'open freshnesse of the gentle aire,
A knight that way there chaunced to reaire;
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

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 eftsoones 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 gaine say: I will away her beare.

XIII.

The fearefull chorle durst not gaine say, nor doc,
 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 *Braggadocchio* deem'd,
 And next to none, after that happie day,
 Being possessed 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 poursute,
 He gan make gentle purpose to his dame,
 With termes of love and lewdnesse dissolute;
 For he could well his glozing speeches 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 prefard.

XV. Thus

XV.

Thus as they two of kindnesse treated long,
There them by chaunce encountred 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 faind to cheare his lady in difmay,
Who seemd 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 same 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 fild 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 list 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 waxe exceeding wroth, and him ared
To turne his steede about, or sure he should be ded.

XVIII. Sith

XVIII.

Sith then, said *Braggadocchio*, needes thou wilt
 Thy dayes abridge, through prooffe of puiffance,
 Turne we our fteedes, that both in equall tilt
 May meete againe, and each take happie chance.
 This faid, they both a furlong's mountenance
 Retyrd their fteeds, to ronne in even race :
 But *Braggadocchio* with his bloudy lance
 Once having turnd, no more returnd his face,
 But left his love to losse, and fled him felfe apace.

XIX.

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

XX.

But *Florimell* her felfe was farre away,
 Driven to great diffrefse by fortune ftraunge,
 And taught the carefull mariner to play,
 Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to chaunge
 The land for fea, at randon there to raunge :
 Yet there that cruell Queene avengereffe,
 Not fatisfide fo farre her to estraunge
 From courtly bliffe and wonted happineffe,
 Did heape on her new waves of weary wretchedneffe.

XXI. For

XXI.

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 weepe;
But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe.

XXII.

At last when droncke with drowsinesse, he woke,
And saw his drover drive along the streame,
He was dismayd, and thrise 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
Affotted had his fence, or dazed was his eye.

XXIII.

But when her well avizing, he perceiv'd
To be no vision, nor fantasticke sight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd,
And felt in his old courage new delight
To gin awake, and stirre his frosen spright:
Tho rudely askt her, how she thether 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, sith 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 deceiptfull eyes did never lin,
 To looke on her faire face, and marke her snowy skin.

XXV.

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh
 Infixt such secret sting of greedy lust,
 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 leapt, and his rough hand,
 Where ill became him, rashly would have thrust ;
 But she with angry scorne him did withstond,
 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 misseeme :
 Beastly he threw her downe, ne car'd to spill
 Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

XXVII. The

XXVII.

The filly virgin strove him to withstand,
All that she might, and him in vaine revild :
She struggled strongly both with foot and hand,
To save her honor from that villaine vild,
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 behove.

XXVIII.

But if that thou, Sir *Satyran*, didst weete,
Or thou, Sir *Peridure*, her forie state,
How soone would ye assemble many a fleete,
To fetch from sea, that ye at land lost late?
Towres, cities, kingdomes ye would ruinate,
In your avengement and dispiteous rage;
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate :
But if Sir *Calidore* could it presage,
No living creature could his cruelty 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 cace.
So much high God doth innocence embrace.
It fortun'd, whilest thus she stilly strove,
And the wide sea importuned long space
With shrilling shriekes, *Proteus* abroad did rove,
Along the fomy waves, driving his finny drove.

XXX.

Proteus is shepheard of the seas of yore,
 And hath the charge of *Neptune's* mighty heard,
 An aged fire with head all frowy hore,
 And sprinckled 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 *Seals*
 Was drawne upon the waves, that formed him around :

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

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 affoyld,
 For shame, but more for feare of his grim fight,
 Downe in her lap she hid her face, and loudly shrighit.

XXXIII. Her-

XXXIII

Her selfe not saved yet from daunger dred
She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare;
Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fled
From the sharpe hauke, which her attached neare,
And falls to ground; to seeke for succour there,
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 accourage 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 fayld,
And all her senses with abashment quite were quayld.—

XXXV.

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
And with his frory lips full softly kist,
Whiles the cold yfickles from his rough beard
Dropped adowne upon her yvorie brest:
Yet he him selfe so busily addrest,
That her out of astonishment he wrought,
And out of that same 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 disdaine,
 That with the angry working of the wave,
 Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
 That seemes rough mafons hand with engines keene
 Had long while laboured it to engrave:
 There was his wonne, ne living wight was seene,
 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 entertained 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 fight;
 But she both offers and the offerer
 Despysde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

XXXIX. Daily

XXXIX.

Daily he tempted her with this or that,
And never suffred 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 brest.
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.

XL.

Then like a Faerie knight him selfe he drest;
For every shape on him he could endew:
Then like a king he was to her exprest,
And offred kingdomes unto her in vew,
To be his leman and his ladie trew:
But when all this he nothing saw prevaile,
With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,
And with sharpe threatens her often did assaile,
So thinking for to make her stubborne courage quaile.

XLI.

To dreadfull shapes he did him selfe transforme,
Now like a gyant, now like to a feend,
Then like a centaure, then like to a storme,
Raging within the waves: thereby he weend
Her will to win unto his wished cend.
But when with feare, nor favour, nor with all
He else could doe, he saw him selfe esteemd,
Downe in a dongeon deepe he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

XLII. Eter-

XLII.

Eternall thraldome was to her more lief,
 Then losse of chaſtitie, or chaunge of love:
 Die had ſhe rather in tormenting grieſe,
 Then any ſhould of falſeneſſe her reprove,
 Or looſſeneſſe, 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 chaſtete,
 And to enroll thy memorable name
 In th'hart of every honourable dame,
 That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,
 And be partakers of thy endleſſe fame.
 It yrkes me, leave thee in this wofull 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 defames,
 And finding not th'*Hyena* to be flaine,
 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

XLV.

Sir *Satyrane* him towards did addresse,
To weet, what wight he was, and what his quest:
And comming nigh, eftsoones he gan to gesse
Both by the burning hart, which on his brest
He bare, and by the colours in his creft,
That *Paridell* it was. Tho to him yode,
And him saluting, as beseemeth best,
Gan first inquire of tydings farre abroad;
And afterwarde, on what adventure now he rode.

XLVI.

Who thereto answering said, 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 suddein parture of faire *Florimell*,
To find him forth; and after her are gone
All the brave knightes, that doen in armes excell,
To savegard her, ywandred all alone;
Emongst the rest my lot (unworthy) is to be one.

XLVII.

Ah gentle knight, said then Sir *Satyrane*,
Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
That hast a thanklesse service to thee ta'ne,
And offrest sacrifice unto the dead:
For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread.
Henceforth for ever *Florimell* to be,
That all the noble knights of *Maydenhead*,
Which her ador'd, may fore repent with me,
And all faire ladies may for ever sory be.

XLVIII.

Which wordes when *Paridell* had heard, his hew
 Gan greatly chaunge, and seemd difmayd 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 should dare for to engore
 Her noble blood? The heavens such crueltie abhore.

XLIX.

These eyes did see, that they will ever rew
 T'have seene, quoth he, when as a monstrous beast
 The palfrey, whereon she did travell, slew,
 And of his bowels made his bloody feast:
 Which speaking token sheweth at the least
 Her certaine losse, if not her sure decay:
 Besides, that more suspicion 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 same to good soothsay,
 That ladie's safetie is sore to be drad:
 Yet will I not forsake 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 rest, which in this quest proceed,
 My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed.

LI.

Ye noble knights, said then the *Squire of Dames*,
Well may ye speede in so praiseworthy paine :
But fith the sunne now gennes to flake his beames,
In deawy vapours of the westernne 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.

LII.

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 fore
Thereat displeasd 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 straunge knights host,**For peevish gealofie:**Paridell giusts with Britomart:**Both shew their auncestrie.*

I.



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

II.

But never let th'ensample 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 goodnesse is,
 Emongst 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

III.

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

IV.

But all his mind is set on mucky pelfe,
 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 surpasse,
 The which to him both far unequall yeares,
 And also far unlike conditions has;
 For she does joy to play emongst her peares,
 And to be free from hard restraint and gealous feares.

V.

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 blinked 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.

*old miser with
 young wife*

VI.

Malbecco he, and *Hellenore* she hight,
 Unfitly yokt together in one teeme;
 That is the cause, why never any knight
 Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme
 Such, as no doubt of him he neede misdeeme.
 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 disposd to go astray.

VII.

In vaine he feares that, which he cannot shonne:
 For who wotes not, that woman's subtiltyes
 Can guilen *Argus*, when she list misdonne?
 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 fure a foole 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 fame dotard old,
 To keepe us out, in scorne of his owne will,
 And rather do not ranfack all, and him selfe kill?

IX. Nay

IX.

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

X.

Whereat soft knocking, entrance he defyrd.
The good man selfe, which then the porter playd,
Him answered, that all were now retyrd
Unto their rest, and all the keyes conveyd
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 overcast,
Gan blowen up a bitter stormy blast,
With showre and hayle so horrible and dred,
That this faire many were compeld at last,
To fly for succour to a little shed,
The which beside the gate for swine was ordered.

XII. It

XII.

It fortun'd, 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 prayd for nought,
 For flatly he of entrance was refusd.
 Sorely thereat he was displeas'd, and thought
 How to avenge himselfe so fore abus'd,
 And evermore the carle of courtesie accus'd.

XIII.

But to avoyde th'intollerable stowre,
 He was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,
 And to that shed, to shrowd him from the showre,
 He came, which full of guests 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 liefse or loth;
 And so deside them each, and so deside them both.

XIV.

Both were full loth to leave that needfull tent,
 And both full loth in darknesse to debate;
 Yet both full liefse him lodging to have lent,
 And both full liefse his boasting to abate;
 But chiefly *Paridell* his hart did grate,
 To heare him threaten so despightfully,
 As if he did a dogge in kenell rate,
 That durst not barke; and rather had he dy,
 Then when he was deside, 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 aghaſt,
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 terrour of their fierce affret,
They rudely drove to ground both man and horſe,
That each a while lay like a ſenceleſſe corſe.
But *Paridell*, fore bruifed with the blow,
Could not ariſe, the counterchaunge to ſcorſe,
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 pacifide their yre ;
Then when they were accorded from the fray,
Againſt that caſtle's lord they gan conſpire,
To heape on him dew vengeance for his hire.
They bene agreed, and to the gates they goe
To burne the ſame with unquenchable fire,
And that uncurteous carle, their commune foe,
To do fowle death to dye, or wrap in grievous woe.

XVIII.

Malbecco seeing them resolvd in deed

To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
For fire in earnest, ran with fearefull speed,
And to them calling from the castle-wall,
Besought them humbly, him to beare withall,
As ignorant of servants bad abuse,
And slacke attendaunce unto straungers call.
The knights were willing all things to excuse,
Though nought belev'd, and entraunce late did not refuse.

XIX.

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

XX.

And eke that straunger knight, emongst the rest,
Was for like need enforst to disaray:
Tho whenas vailed was her loftie creft,
Her golden locks, that were in tramells gay
Upbouden, did them selves adowne display,
And raught unto her heeles; like funny 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 streames.

XXI. She

XXI.

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 fyde
Downe to her foot, with carelesse modestee.
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:

XXII.

Like as *Minerva*, being late returnd
From slaughter of the giaunts conquered;
Where proud *Encelade*, whose wide nosethrils burnd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
Transfixed with her speare, downe tombled 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 victorie.

XXIII.

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 fuddein 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.

XXIV.

Yet note their hongry vew be satisfide,
But seeing still the more desir'd to see,
And ever firmly fixed did abide
In contemplation of divinitee :
But most they mervaild at her chevalree,
And noble prowesse, which they had approv'd,
That much they faynd to know, who she mote bee ;
Yet none of all them her thereof amov'd,
Yet every one her likte, and every one her lov'd.

XXV.

And *Paridell*, though partly discontent
With his late fall, and fowle indignity,
Yet was soone 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 courtesy,
That of his lady they might have the sight,
And company at meat, to do them more delight.

XXVI.

But he, to shift their curious request,
Gan causen, why she could not come in place ;
Her crased helth, her late recourse to rest,
And humid evening ill for sicke 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 saluted, as became,
And shewd her selfe in all a gentle curteous dame.

XXVII. They

XXVII.

They fate to meat, and *Satyrane* his chaunce
 Was her before, and *Paridell* befyde;
 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 sided *Paridell*,
 All his demeasure 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 embassage 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
 Empoisoned was with privy lust, 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,
 Past through his eyes, and secretly did glyde
 Into his hart, which it did sorely gryde.
 But nothing new to him was that same 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-

XXX.

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 dasht, 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.

XXXI.

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 *Malbeccoe's* cape.

XXXII.

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

XXXIII. *Troy,*

XXXIII

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

XXXIV.

Most famous worthy of the world, by whome
That warre was kindled, which did *Troy* inflame,
And stately towres of *Ilion* whilome
Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name
Sir *Paris*, far renowmd through noble fame,
Who, through great prowesse and bold hardinesse,
From *Lacedæmon* 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 girlond of the mighty conquerours,
That madest many ladies deare lament.
The heavie losse of their brave paramours,
Which they far off beheld from *Trojan* toures,
And saw the fieldes of faire *Scamander* strowne
With carcases of noble warrioures,
Whose fruitlesse lives were under furrow sowne,
And *Xanthus* sandy bankes with blood all overflowne.

XXXVI. From

XXXVI.

From him my lineage 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 remembraunce of her passed joy
She of his father *Parius* did name;
Who, after *Greekes* did *Priam's* realme destroy,
Gathred the *Trojan* reliques sav'd from flame,
And with them sayling thence, to th'isle of *Paros* came.

XXXVII.

That was by him cald *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

XXXIX.

Then fighting soft a while, at last she thus:
O lamentable fall of famous towne,
Which raignd so many yeares victorious,
And of all *Asie* bore the soveraigne crowne,
In one sad night confumd, and throwen downe!
What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,
Is not empierst 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 impresse so deare constraint,
As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne.
But if it should not grieve you, backe agayne
To turne your course, I would to heare desyre,
What to *Aeneas* fell; sith that men sayne
He was not in the cities wofull fyre
Consum'd, but did himselfe to safetie retyre.

XLI.

Anchyses sonne, 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 error long was led.
Full many yeares, and weetelesse 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 constraind
To contract wedlock ; (so the fates ordaind :)
Wedlock contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplished, that many deare complaind:
The rivall flaine, the victour through the flood
Escaped hardly, hardly praids 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 convart,
His sonne *Iulus* did from thence depart,
With all the warlike youth of *Trojans* bloud,
And in long *Alba* plaist his throne apart,
Where faire it florished, and long time stoud,
Till *Romulus* renewing it, to *Rome* remoud.

XLIV.

There, there, saide *Britomart*, afresh appeard
The glory of the later world to spring,
And *Troy* againe out of her durst was reard,
To sit 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 enterprise
Both first and second *Troy* shall dare to equalise.

XLV.

It *Troynovant* is hight, that with the waves
Of wealthy *Thamis* washed is along,
Upon whose stubborne neck, whereat he raves
With roring rage, and fore himselfe does throng,
That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong,
She fastned hath her foot, which standes so hy,
That it a wonder of the world is song
In forreine landes, and all, which passen 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 kingdomes feat:
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 raught to wondrous hight,
And far abroad his mighty braunches threw,
Into the utmost angle of the world he knew.

XLVIII.

For that same *Brute*, whom much he did advaunce
 In all his speach, was *Silvius* his sonne,
 Whom having slain, through lucklesse arrowe's glaunce,
 He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,
 Or else for shame, so fowle reproch to shonne;
 And with him led to sea an youthly trayne,
 Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,
 And many fortunes prov'd in th' *Ocean* mayne,
 And great adventures found, that now were long to fayne.

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 abroad,
 Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,
 Fruitfull of all things fit for living foode,
 But wholly wast, and void of peoples trode,
 Save an huge nation of the *Geaunts* broode,
 That fed on living flesh, and druncke mens vitall blood.

L.

Whom he, through wearie 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 masse;
 A famous history to be enrold
 In everlasting monuments of brasse,
 That all the antique *Worthies* merits far did passe.

LI. His

LI.

His worke great *Troynovant*, his worke is eke
Faيرة *Lincolne*, 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 past 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 measured, besought
Them go to rest. So all unto their bowres were brought.

C A N T O X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore :

Malbecco her pursewes :

Findes emongst Satyres, whence with him

To turne she doth refuse.

I.

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 same *Faerie* knight
 Uprose, forth on their journey for to wend:
 But *Paridell* complaynd, that his late fight
 With *Britomart* so fore did him offend,
 That ryde he could not, till his hurts he did amend.

II.

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

III. But

III.

But patience perforce he must abie,
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 evill happen may:
So th' evill 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 sight doest bind,
And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,
And seeft every secret of the mind;
Thou seeft 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 *Malbeccoe's* halfen eye did wyle;
His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
And *Hellenor's* both eyes did eke beguyle,
Both eyes and hart attonce, 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

VI.

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 aboard.
When so in open place, and commune bord,
He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speech
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 fast he plyde,
And all the sleights unbosomd in his hart;
He sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy dyde,
And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde:
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 surprize 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 flowd in his braine,
With which he fed her fancy, and entyfd
To take to his new love, and leave her old despyfd.

IX. And

IX.

And every where he might, and every while
He did her service dewtifull, and fewd
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 dispurvayaunce long,
And lacke of reskewes 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 oftentimes assayed
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 sold
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 she countlesse summes did reare,
The which she meant away with her to beare.
The rest she fyr'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 fight.

XIII.

This second *Helene*, faire Dame *Hellenore*,
The whiles her husband ranne with fory hast,
To quench the flames, which she had tyn'd before.
Laught at his foolish labour spent in wast;
And ranne into her lover's armes right fast;
Where streight 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 backward cast his eye,
And saw the wicked fire so furiously
Consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,
He was therewith distressed diversely,
Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place;
Was never wretched man in such a wofull cace.

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 fith he n'ote save both, he sav'd that same,
Which was the dearest to his donghill 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 suppress the flame,
The loving couple neede no reskew feare,
But leasure had, and libertie to frame
Their purpost flight, free from all mens reclame ;
And Night, the patronesse 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 list them to repaire.

XVII.

Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,
Malbecco seeing, how his losse did lye,
Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere,
Into huge waves of grieve and gealosye
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye,
Twixt inward doole and felonous despight :
He rav'd, he wept, he stampt, he lowd did cry,
And all the passions, that in man may light,
Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytive spright.

XVIII.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward grieve,
And did consume his gall with anguish sore,
Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,
Then still the smart thereof increased more,
And seemd more grievous then it was before:
At last when sorrow he saw bootéd nought,
Ne grieve might not his love to him restore,
He gan devise, how her he reskew 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 seeke her endlong, both by sea and lond.
Long he her sought, he sought her farre and nere,
And every where, that he mote understond
Of knights and ladies any meetings were,
And of each one he met, he tydings did inquire.

XX.

But all in vaine, his woman was too wise,
Ever to come into his clouch againe,
And he too simple ever to surprise
The jolly *Paridell*, for all his paine.
One day, as he forpassed by the plaine
With weary pace, he farre away espid
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 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 wize,
Whom to be *Paridell* he did devize;
And th' other all yclad in garments light,
Discoloured like to womanish disguise,
He did resemble to his lady bright;
And ever his faint hart much earned at the sight.

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 weete:
But, as he nigher 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 scornefull *Braggadocchio*,
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* ronning hastily, him did stay,
And bad' before his soveraine Lord' appere:
That was him loth, yet durst lie not' gaine say,
And comming 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 doest thou here?
Unfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,
Where I expected one with shield and spere,
To prove some deedes of armes upon an equall pere.

XXV.

The wretched man, at his imperious speach,
Was all abasht, 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 straid,
A silly Pilgrim driven to distresse,
That seeke a Lady. There he suddein staid,
And did the rest with grievous sighes suppressse,
While teares stood in his eies, few drops of bitternesse.

XXVI.

What Lady, man? said *Trompart*; take good hart,
And tell thy grieve, 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 chearful 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 cace to heare.

XXVII.

Then fighting fore, it is not long, said he,
Sith I enjoyd the gentlest 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 fowle force unto his will did drive,
Which al good knights, that armes do bear this day,
Are bound for to revenge, and punish, if they may.

XXVIII.

And you, most noble Lord, that can and dare
Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,
Cannot employ your most victorious speare
In better quarrell, then defence of right,
And for a Ladie gainst a faithlesse knight :
So shall your glory be advaunced 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 scornefully askew,
As much disdeigning 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 behinde:
Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the wind,
Waiting advauntage on the pray to seafe;
Till *Trompart*, lowly to the ground inclind,
Besought him his great courage to appease,
And pardon simple man, that rash did him displease.

XXXI.

Bigge looking like a doughtie Doucepere,
At last he thus; Thou clod of vilest 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 dounge, ne deeme my dew reward:
Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pray.
But minds of mortall men are muchell mard,
And mov'd anisse 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 rest, and knighthood shent,
By *Sanglamort* my sword, whose deadly dent
The blood hath of so many thousands shed,
I sweare, ere long shall dearely 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

XXXIII.

The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
As if the word, so spoken, were halfe donne,
And humbly thanked him a thousand sith,
That had from death to life him newly wonne.
Tho forth the Boaster 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.

XXXIV.

Thus long they three together traveiled,
Through many a wood, and many an uncouth way,
To seeke his wife, that was farre wandered:
But those two sought 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 best betray;
For sith the houre, that first he did them let
The same behold, therewith their keene desires were whet.

XXXV.

It fortun'd, as they together far'd,
They spide, where *Paridell* came pricking fast
Upon the plaine, the which himselfe prepar'd
To giust with that brave straunger knight a cast,
As on adventure by the way he past.
Alone he rode without his Paragone;
For having filcht her bells, her up he cast
To the wide world, and let her fly alone;
He 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 houswife ever to abide,
To milk their gotes, and make them cheefe 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 saw 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.

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 perill 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,
Least salvage beastes her person have despoild:
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 wastfull wildernesse
Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
Dragons, and Minotaures, and feedes of hell,
And many wilde woodmen, which robbe and rend
All travellers. Therefore advise ye well,
Before ye enterpryse that way to wend:
One may his journey bring too soone to evill end.

XLI.

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,
And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
Their counsell crav'd, in daunger imminent.
Said *Trompart*, You, that are the most opprest
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 pleased not *Malbecco's* mind;
For he was much afraid, himselfe alone to find.

XLII.

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 jeopardie,
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.

XLIII.

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 hast 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.

XLIV.

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.

XLV. The

XLV.

The silly man, that in the thicket lay,
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved fore,
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 lustihed,
And with their horned feet the greene grasse wore;
The whiles their gotes upon the brouzes fed,
Till drouping *Phæbus* gan to hide his golden hed.

XLVI.

Tho up they gan their merry pypes to trusse,
And all their goodly heards did gather round;
But every *Satyre* first did give a buffe
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.

XLVII.

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 hornes on hight,
And misty dampe of misconceiving night,
And eke through likenesse of his gotish 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

XLVIII.

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd,
Whereas his lovely wife emongst 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 wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell,
And to his wife, that now full foundly slept,
He whispered in her eare, and did her tell,
That it was he, which by her side did dwell,
And therefore prayd 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 irkesome trouble she abrayd;
And then perceiving, that it was indeed
Her old *Malbecco*, which did her upbrayd,
With looseness of her love, and loathly deed,
She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,
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 gan he her persuaide, 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 trespasse ever had beene donne:
But she it all refused at one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
But chose emongst the jolly *Satyres* still to wonne.

LII.

He wooed her, till day-spring he espyde;
But all in vaine; and then turnd to the heard,
Who butted him with hornes on every syde,
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 East was fully reard,
The heardees out of their foldes were loosed quight,
And he emongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.

LIII.

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

LIV. Ne

LIV.

Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place,
Where late his treasure he entombed had,
Where when he found it not (for *Trompart* bace
Had it purloyned for his maister bad ;)
With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away, ran with himselfe away :
That who so straungely had him seene 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 bush could stay him, when he sped
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne :
Griefe, and despight, and gealosie, and scorne
Did all the way him follow hard behind,
And he himselfe himselfe loath'd so forlorne,
So shamefully forlorne 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, suspended dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrify,
To looke adowne, or upward to the hight :
From thence he threw himselfe despiteously,
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
That seemd no helpe for him was left in living fight :

LVII.

LVII.

But through long anguish, and selfe-murdring thought
He was so wasted 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 creepes, and thenceforth there
Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion,
In drery darkenesse, 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 rests 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 poysonous,
Which in his cold complexion do breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
That doth with curelesse 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.

LX.

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
And doth himselfe 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 *Gealosie* is hight.

CANTO

C A N T O XI.

*Britomart chaceth Ollyphant;
 Findes Scudamour distrest:
 Assayes the house of Busyrane,
 Where Loves spoyles are exprest.*

I.

O Hatefull hellish Snake, what furie furst
 Brought thee from balefull house of *Proserpine*,
 Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,
 And fostred up with bitter milke of tine,
 Fowle Gealosie, that turnest love divine
 To joylesse dread, and mak'st the loving hart
 With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
 And feed itselfe 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 Pleasures well,
 Untroubled of vile feare, or bitter fell.
 And ye, faire Ladies, that your kingdomes make
 In th' harts of men, them gouverne wisely well,
 And of faire *Britomart* ensample take,
 That was as trew in love, as Turtle to her make.

III.

Who with Sir *Satyrane*, as earst ye red,
 Forth ryding from *Malbecco's* hostlesse hous,
 Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled
 From an huge *Gaunt*, that with hideous
 And hatefull outrage long him chaced thus;
 It was that *Ollyphant*, the brother deare
 Of that *Argante* vile and vitious,
 From whom the *Squire of Dames* was rest whylere;
 This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

IV.

For as the sifter did in feminine
 And filthy lust excede all womankind,
 So he surpassed his sex masculine,
 In beastly use, all that I ever find:
 Whom when as *Britomart* beheld behind
 The fearefull boy so greedily pursew,
 She was emmoued in her noble mind,
 T'employ her puissance to his reskew,
 And pricked fiercely forward, where she did him vew.

V.

Ne was Sir *Satyrane* her far behinde,
 But with like fiercenesse did ensue the chace:
 Whom when the *Gyaunt* saw, he soone resinde
 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.

VI. It

VI.

It was not *Satyrane*, whom he did feare,
But *Britomart*, the flowre of chastity;
For he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,
But alwayes did their dread encounter fly:
And now so fast 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
Depeinct 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 slombring in the shade,
That the brave Mayd would not for courtesy,
Out of his quiet slomber him abrade,
Nor seeme too suddeinly him to invade.
Still as she stood, she heard with grievous throb
Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
That pittie did the Virgin's hart of patience rob.

IX. At

IX.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes
 He said, O soveraigne Lord, that sit'st on hye,
 And reignst in blis emongst thy blessed Saintes,
 How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty,
 So long unwreaked of thine enemy?
 Or hast, 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?

X.

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 *Busirane* with wicked hand
 Suffred, these seven monethes day in secret den
 My Lady and my love so cruelly to pen?

XI.

My Lady and my love is cruelly pend
 In dolfull darknesse from the vew of day,
 Whilest deadly torments do her chaste brest rend,
 And the sharpe steele doth rive her hart in tway,
 All for she *Scudamore* will not deny.
 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 feelles so fore a wound.

XII. There

XII.

There an huge heape of singulfes did oppresse
His struggling foule, and swelling throbs empeach
His foltring tounge with pangs of drerinesse,
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 terrour 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 fight forsooke,
And downe againe himselfe disdainefully
Abjecting, th' earth with his faire forehead strooke :
Which the bold Virgin seeing, gan apply
Fit med'cine to his grieve, and spake thus courtesly.

XIV.

Ah gentle knight, whose deepe conceived grieve
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 prepenſe,
That all the sorrow in the world is lesse,
Then vertue's might, and value's confidence.
For who nill bide the burden of distresse,
Must not here thinke to live ; for life is wretchednesse.

XV. There-

XV.

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 ease your woe,
And wreake 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 easily,
And leaning on his elbow, these few wordes let fly :

XVI.

What boots it plaine, that cannot be redrest,
And sow vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse 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 tyraunt, which her hath in ward
By strong enchauntments and blacke Magicke leare,
Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to her gard.

XVII.

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 constraîne
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 redrest?

XVIII. With

XVIII.

With this sad herfall of his heavy stresse
The warlike Damzell was empassiōd fore,
And sayd, Sir knight, your cause is nothing lesse,
Then is your sorrow, certes, if not more;
For nothing so much pittie doth implore,
As gentle Ladies helpleffe misery.
But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
I will with prooffe of last extremity,
Deliver her from thence, or with her for you dy.

XIX.

Ah gentlest knight alive, said *Scudamore*,
What huge heroicke magnanimity
Dwells in thy bounteous brest? 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 renown, that more then death is to be sought.

XX.

Thus she at length perswaded him to rise,
And with her wend, to see what new successe
Mote him befall upon new enterprise:
His armes, which he had vowd to disprofesse,
She gathered up, and did about him dresse,
And his forwandred steed unto him got:
So forth they both yfere make their progresse,
And march not past the mountenance of a shot,
Till they arriv'd, whereas their purpose they did plot.

XXI.

There they dismounting, drew their weapons bold,
 And stoutly came unto the Castle gate;
 Whereas no gate they found, them to withhold,
 Nor ward to wait at morne and evening late;
 But in the Porch, that did them fore amate,
 A flaming fire, ymixt with smouldry smoke,
 And stinking Sulphure, that with griesly hate
 And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,
 Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

XXII.

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 monstrous enmity provoke we heare,
 Foolhardy, as th' Earthes children, the which made
 Battell against the Gods? so we a God invade.

XXIII.

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.

XXIV. What

XXIV.

What is there else, but cease these fruitlesse paines,
And leave me to my former languishing?
Faire *Amoret* must dwell in wicked chaines,
And *Scudamore* here dye with forrowing.
Perdy not so, said she, for shamefull thing
It were t'abandon noble chevisaunce,
For shew of perill, without venturing:
Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
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 erstfoones gave place,
And did it selfe divide with equall space,
That through she passed; as a thunder bolt
Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
The foring 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 fiercenesse to relent,
And backe retire, all scorcht and pitifully brent.

XXVII.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
 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 formeſt dore,
 The utmost rowme, abounding **with all** precious store.

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

And in those Tapets weren fashioned
 Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate,
 And all of love, and all of lusty-hed,
 As seemed by their semblaunt did entreat ;
 And eke all *Cupid's* warres they did repeate,
 And cruell battells, which he whilome fought
 Gainst all the Gods, to make his empire great ;
 Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought
 On mighty kings and keſars, into thraldome brought.

XXX.

Therein was writ, how often thundring *Jove*
Had felt the point of his hart-percing dart,
And leaving heaven's kingdome, here did rove
In straunge disguise, to flake his scalding smart;
Now like a Ram, faire *Helle* to pervart;
Now like a Bull, *Europa* to withdraw.
Ah! how the fearefull Ladie's tender hart
Did lively seeme to tremble, when she saw
The huge seas under her t'obay her servaunts law.

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

Then was he turnd into a snowy Swan,
To win faire *Leda* to his lovely trade:
O! wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,
That her in daffadillies sleeping made,
From scorching heat her daintie limbes to shade.
Whiles the proud Bird ruffing his fethers wyde,
And brushing his faire brest, did her invade,
She slept, yet twixt her eyelids closely spyde,
How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his pryde.

XXXIII. Then

XXXIII.

Then shewd it, how the *Thebane Semelee*,
 Deceivd of gealous *Juno*, did require
 To see him in his soveraigne majestee,
 Armd 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 likenesse more entire;
 Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
 He then did put, her pleasures lenger to partake.

XXXIV.

Twise 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 *Trojane* boy so faire
 He snatcht from *Ida* hill, and with him bare.
 Wondrous delight it was, there to behould,
 How the rude Shepheards after him did stare,
 Trembling through feare, least down he fallen should,
 And often to him calling, to take surer hould.

XXXV.

In *Satyres* shape *Antiopa* he snatcht;
 And like a fire, when he *Aegin'* 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 thrust 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

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

So lovedſt thou the luſty *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 grieve whereof, ye mote have lively ſcene
The God himſelfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his gyrlond ever greene,
With other ſignes of ſorrow and impatient teene.

XXXVIII.

Both for thoſe two, and for his owne deare ſonne,
The ſonne of *Climene* 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 walles did ſeeme to flame.
Yet cruell *Cupid*, not herewith content,
Forſt him eſtſoones to follow other game,
And love a Shepheard's daughter for his deareſt Dame.

XXXIX. He

XXXIX.

He loved *Isse* 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,
 Whiles 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 stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did stryke
 The raging billowes, that on every fyde
 They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,
 That his swift charet might have passage wyde,
 Which foure great *Hippodames* did draw in teme-wise tyde.

XLI.

His sea-horfes 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 forny 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 brest empierced had,
 Ne ought but deare *Bisaltis* ay could make him glad.

XLII. He

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 sight.
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 compasse *Pbilliras* 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 fore 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.

XLV.

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)
 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 sort,
 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 bloody river through them rayld,
 So lively and so like, that living fence it fayld.

XLVII.

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

XLVIII. Blind-

XLVIII.

Blindfold he was, and in his cruell fift

A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he shot at randon, when him list;
Some headed with fad lead, some with pure gold;
(Ah man beware, how thou those darts behold!)

A wounded Dragon under him did ly,
Whose hideous tayle 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 Vict'or 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 satisfie,
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 spy,
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 gliftring walles were hong
With warlike spoiles, and with victorious prayes
Of mightie Conquerours and Captaines strong,
Which were whilome captived in their dayes
To cruell love, and wrought their owne decayes :
Their fwerds and speres were broke, and hauberques rent,
And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes
Troden in dust 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 solemne silence over all that place :
Straunge thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse
So rich purveyaunce, ne them keepe with carefulnesse.

LIV. And

LIV.

And as she lookt about, she did behold,
How over that same 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 last 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 darkenesse 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 sickernesse,
And her welpointed weapons did about her dresse.

C A N T O XII.

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

I.

TH O when as chearelesse Night ycovered had
Faire heaven with an universall cloud,
That every wight dismay'd with darkenesse sad,
In silence and in sleepe themselves did shroud,
She heard a shrilling Trompet found aloud,
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory.
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
But rather stird 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 streight would lose
The world's foundations from his centre fixt.
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Ensawd, whose noyance filld the fearefull sted,
From the fourth houre of night untill the sixt:
Yet the bold *Britonesse* was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persevered.

III. All

III.

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 tragicke Stage.

IV.

Proceeding to the midst, he still did stand,
As if in mind he somewhat had to say,
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,
In 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.

V.

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

VI. The

VI.

The whiles a most delicious harmony
 In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to found,
 That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
 The feeble senses wholly did confound,
 And the fraile soule in deepe delight nigh dround;
 And when it ceast, shrill trumpets loud did bray,
 That their report did far away rebound,
 And when they ceast, 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 filld with *Hylas* name; the Nymphes eke *Hylas* cryde.

VIII.

His garment neither was of filke nor say,
 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 easily 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

IX.

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 disguis'd very vaine,
And his embrodered bonet sat awry ;
Twixt both his hands few sparkes he close did straine,
Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
That soone they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

X.

Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yclad
In a discolour'd cote, of straunge disguyse,
That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
And sleeves 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 avyse
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunke, when hard thereon he lay.

XI.

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 horror, to deforme his griesly shade ;
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was, this *Mischiefe*, 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.

XII.

Next him was *Feare*, all arm'd from top to toe,
 Yet thought himfelfe not fafe enough thereby,
 But feard each fhadow moving to or froe;
 And his owne arme, when glittering he did fpy,
 Or clafhing heard, he faft away did fly,
 As afhes pale of hew, and wingy-heeld;
 And evermore on daunger fixt his eye,
 Gainft whom he alwaies bent a brafen fhield,
 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 filken famite 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-fprinckle, dipt in deowe,
 With which ſhe ſprinckled favours manifold
 On whom ſhe liſt, and did great liking ſheowe,
 Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.

XIV.

And after them *Disſemblaunce* 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 forged, and her words falſe coynd,
 And always in her hand two clews of filke ſhe twynd.

XV. But

XV.

But he was foule, ill favoured, and grim,
Under his eyebrowes looking still askaunce;
And ever as *Dissemblaunce* 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 feare 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 drerihed;
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 embost,
Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

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 seemd to bee :
 An angry Waspe th' one in a viall had,
 Th' other in hers an hony-lady Bee :
 Thus marched these fix couples forth in faire degree.

XIX.

After all these there marcht a most faire Dame,
 Led of two gryfie 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 shewd a seemely grace,
 And with her feeble feete did move a comely pace.

XX.

Her brest all naked, as net ivory,
 Without adorne of gold or silver bright,
 Wherewith the craftesman 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 freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
 (The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
 That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene.

XXI. At

XXI.

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
And in her bloud yet steeming 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.

XXII.

Next after her, the winged God himselte
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 same dolorous
Faie Dame he might behold in perfect kinde,
Which seene, he much rejoyced in his cruell minde.

XXIII.

Of which full proud, himselte up rearing hye,
He looked round about with sterne disdaine;
And did survey 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 coulour'd winges twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

XXIV. Behinde

XXIV.

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

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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 wise
About the chamber by the Damozell,
And then returned, having marched thrise
Into the inner rowme, from whence they first did rise.

XXVII.

So soone as they were in, the dore streight 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 plapt
In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
Issued forth, and went unto the dore,
To enter in, but found it locked fast:
It vaine she thought with rigorous uprore
For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

XXVIII.

Where force might not availe, their sleights and art:
She cast to use, both fit for hard emprize;
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 reare
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 sable vestiment;
Wherewith the world's faire beautie she hath blent:
Then when the second watch was almost past,
That brasen dore flew open, and in went
Bold *Britomart*, as she had late forecast,
Neither of idle shoves, nor of false charmes aghast.

XXX.

So foone 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 streight were vanisht all and some,
Ne living wight she saw in all that roome,
Save that same woefull Lady, both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small waist girt round with yron bands
Unto a brazen 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 wrate,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
Seeming transfixt with a cruell 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 hast he overthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface;
And fiercely running to that Lady trew,
A murderous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought, for villenous 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 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 cheft,
That litle 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 stood 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 stayd her hand, loth stayd 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 curst leaves, his charmes back to reverse.
Full dreadfull thinges out of that balefull booke
He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
That horror gan the virgins hart to perse,
And her faire locks up stared stiffe on end,
Hearing him those same 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 stedfast eye and courage stout,
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
At last that mightie chaine, which round about
Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great brazen pillour broke in peeces small.

XXXVIII.

The cruell steele, which thild her dying hart,
Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding brest, and riven bowels gor'd,
Was closed up, as it had not beene bor'd;
And every part to safety full sound,
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 weenie
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 grieve 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 sore, and with foule outrages opprest.
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygo
He bound that pitteous Lady prisoner, now relest,
Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captive with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

XLII.

Returning back, those goodly roomes, which erst
 He saw so rich and royally arayd,
 Now vanisht utterly, and cleane subverst
 She found, and all their glory quite decayd,
 That sight of such a chaunge her much dismayd.
 Thenceforth descending to that perlous Porch,
 Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd,
 And quenched quite, like a consumed torch,
 That erst all entrers wont so cruelly to scorch.

XLIII.

More easie isswe now, then entrance late,
 She found; for now the fained dreadfull flame
 Which chokt the porch of that enchanted gate,
 And passage bard to all, that thither came,
 Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,
 And gave her leave at pleasure forth to passe.
 The enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame,
 To have effort the love of that faire lasse,
 Seeing his worke now wasted, deepe engreived was.

XLIV.

But when the victoreesse arrived there,
 Where late she left 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 was stonisht fore;
 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 fild with new affright.

XLV. But

XLV.

But he, fad 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,
Misdeeming fure, that her those flames did burne;
And therefore gan advise with her old squire,
Who her deare nourslings losse no lesse did mourne;
Thence to depart for further aide t' inquire:
Where let them wend at will, whilest here I doe respire.

The End of the THIRD BOOKE.

In

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 distresse,
Twixt dolour and despight halfe desperate,
Of his loves succour, of his owne redresse,
And of the hardie *Britomarts* successe.
There on the cold earth him now thrown she found,
In wilfull anguish, and dead heavinesse,
And to him cald ; whose voices knowne 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 fore annoyd,
And wearied his life with dull delayes.
Straight he upstart from the loathed layes,
And to her ran with hasty egernesse,
Like as a Deare, that greedily embayes
In the coole foile, after long thirstinesse,
Which he in chace endured hath, now nigh breathlesse.

XLV. Lightly

XLV.

Lightly he clipt her twixt his armes twaine,
And streightly did embrace her body bright,
Her body, late the prision 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 senceles 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 cauld to be fite:
So seemd those two, as growne together quite,
That *Britomart* halfe envying their bleffe,
Was much empassiond in her gentle sprite,
And to herselfe oft wisht like happinesse:
In vaine she wisht, that fate n'ould let her yet possesse.

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 affoyle
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 UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1918

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

FROM THE FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

RESOLUTION

ADOPTED BY THE FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

AT A MEETING OF THE FACULTY HELD AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

ON THE 15TH DAY OF MAY, 1918

WHEREAS, the Faculty of the University of Chicago

has been informed by the President of the University

that the Board of Trustees has decided to

accept the offer of the Government of the United States

to purchase the University of Chicago for the purpose of

establishing a National Academy of Sciences

The fourth Booke of the Faerie Queene.

Contayning

The Legende of *Cambel* and *Telamond*,
or *Of Friendship*.

I.

THE rugged forehead, 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 discipld,
Then with vaine poemes weeds to have their fancies fed.

II.

Such ones ill judge of love, that cannot love,
 Ne in their frosen hearts feele kindly flame:
 For thy they ought not thing unknowne reprove,
 Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame,
 For fault of few, that have abusd the fame.
 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 list 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.
 Witnesse the father of Philosophie,
 Which to his *Critias*, shaded oft from funne,
 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 blest.

V. Which

V.

Which that she may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou, dread infant, *Venus* dearling 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 kiffes, 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.

C A N T O I.

*Fayre Britomart saves Amoret ;
 Dueſſa 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 *Amoret's* hart-binding chaine,
 And this of *Florimel's* unworthie paine:
 The deare compaſſion of whoſe bitter fit
 My ſoftened heart ſo forely 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 behove,
 A new unknownen miſchiefe did from him remove.

III. For

III.

For that same vile Enchauntour *Busyran*,
The very selfe 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 shoven;
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 sterve,
Through cruell knife, that her deare heart did kerve.
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 pleasant tale, to tell
The diverse usage and demeanure daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell:
For *Amoret* right fearefull was and faint,
Lest she with blame her honor should attaint,
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 patrone 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 fought 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 abusion 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 gesse;
For otherwhiles to her she purpose made
Of love, and otherwhiles of lustfulnessse,
That much she feard his mind would grow to some excesse.

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

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 fore.
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 prowde
And boastfull challenge, wexed inlie wroth,
But for the present did her anger shrowd;
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 same younker soone was overthrowne,
And made repent, that he had rashly lusted
For thing unlawfull, that was not his owne.
Yet since he seemed valiant, though unknowne,
She, that no lesse 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 set:
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, sith all of loves were fitted.

XIII.

With that her gliftring 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 compasse 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 crested all with lines of fire light,
That it prodigious seemes in common people's fight.

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

XV.

But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed
Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
Ten thousand thanks 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 forbear,
Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance there:

XVI.

Where all that night they of their loves did treat,
And hard adventures twixt themselves alone,
That each the other gan with passion great,
And grieffull 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.

XVII.

Lo thus they rode, till at the last 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, albee 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.

XVIII.

The one of them, the false *Duess*a hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew;
For she could d'on so manie shapes in sight,
As ever could Cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours, save the trew.
The other no whit better was then shee,
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 *Ale*, 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 *Duess*a, 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 wastes her cursed daies and nights.

XX.

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
There whereas all the plagues and harmes 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

XXI.

And all within the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which the sad effects of discord sung.
There were rent robes, and broken scepters plapt,
Altars defyl'd, and holy things defast,
Disshivered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine,
Great cities ransackt, and strong castles rast,
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine :
Of all which ruines there some relicks 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 Goddes 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 relicks of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the *Lapithees* befell,
And of the bloodie feast, which sent away
So many *Centaures* drunken foules 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 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:
Witnesse their broken bandes there to be seene,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all;
The moniments whereof there byding beene,
As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and Greene.

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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 sterve
Through mischievous debate, and deadly feod,
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 easily be red.

XXVII. Her

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 venim 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 fought 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' Almightye 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 tride
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 *Duessà* roade,
And serving her in her malicious use,
To hurt good knights, was, as it were, her baude,
To sell 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 fitted had right well
With two companions of like-qualitie,
Faithlesse *Duessà*, and false *Paridell*,
That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell.

XXXIII. Now

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, eftsoones 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 lust 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 assay, that me right dearely cost,
Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
Ne for light Ladies love, that soone is lost.
The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,
Take then to you this Dame of mine, quoth hee,
And I, without your perill or your cost,
Will challenge yond fame other for my fee:
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could see.

XXXVI.

The warlike Britoness her soone addrest,
And with such uncouth welcome did receive
Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
That being forst his saddle soone to leave,
Himselfe he did of his new love deceave;
And made himselfe th' ensample of his follie.
Which done, she passed 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 horsebacke, and upstayd,
Till on his way they had him forth conveyd:
And all the way with wondrous grieve of mynd,
And shame, he shewd himselfe to be dismayd,
More for the love, which he had left behynd,
Then that, which he had to Sir *Paridel* resynd.

XXXVIII.

Nathlesse he forth did march well as he might,
And made good semblance to his companie,
Dissembling his disease and evill plight;
Till that ere long they chaunced to espie
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 such, as they seemd in vew,
He was full wo, and gan his former grieve renew.

XXXIX. For

XXXIX.

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 fore,
That, through the bruses 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 adventured 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 spurres 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 rebowndes
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 soone uprayse,
And mounting light, his foe for lying long upbrayes:

XLIII.

Who rolled on an heape lay still in ffound,
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 fayle,
With busie care they strove him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and undid his mayle:
So much they did, that at the last they brake
His flomber, yet so mazed, that he nothing spake.

XLIV.

Which when as *Blandamour* beheld, he sayd,
False faitour, *Scudamour*, that hast by flight
And foule 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 dammage by thee donne.
Such is thy wont, that still when any Knight
Is weakned, then thou doest him overronne:
So hast thou to thyselfe false honour often wonne.

XLV. He

XLV.

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.

XLVI.

Ah gentle knight, then false *Dueffa* said,
Why do ye strive for Ladies love so fore,
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, list 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.

XLVII.

So false *Dueffa*, 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 wise, and sleepes, and sports, and playes;
Whilest both you here, with many a cursed oth,
Sweare she is yours, and stirre up bloudie frayes,
To win a willowbough, whilest other weares the bayes.

XLVIII.

Vile hag, fayd *Scudamour*, why dost thou lye?
 And falsly seekst 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 feare no blame;
 Tell what thou saw'st, 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 kisse, 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 grieve; as when in chace
 The Parthian strikes a flag with shivering dart,
 The beast astonisht stands in midst of his smart:

L.

So stood Sir *Scudamour*, when this he heard,
 Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,
 But lookt on *Glauce* grim, who woxe 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 woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,
 And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

LI.

Lo, recreant, sayd he, the fruitlesse end
Of thy vaine boast, 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 *Duessa* cryde,
Unworthy life, that love with guile hast 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 refraine,
But that in all those knights and ladies fight,
He for revenge had guiltlesse *Glauce* flaine :
But being past, he thus began amaine ;
False traitour squire, false squire of falsest 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 hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust ?
Let ugly shame and endlesse infamy
Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust.
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 feare; 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 fought *Britomart* to cleare.
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
And thrise his hand to kill her did upreare,
And thrise he drew it backe: so did at last forbear.

CANTO

C A N T O 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-thrown
 Into this world, to worke confusion,
 And set it all on fire by force unknowen,
 Is wicked Discord, whose small sparkes once blown
 None but a God or godlike man can flake:
 Such as was *Orpheus*, that when strife was grown
 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 tormented,
 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, disposd 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 wife *Glauce* to that wrathfull knight,
 To calme the tempest of his troubled thought :
 Yet *Blandamour*, with termes 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 drevill,
 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 *Braggadocchio* 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, eftsoones it prickt his wanton mind,
 With sting of lust, that reasons 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 fayre a spoyle, to make you joyous meriment ?

VI. But

VI.

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

VII.

Who with the sudden stroke astonisht fore,
Upon the ground a while in slomber lay;
The whiles his love away the other bore,
And shewing her, did *Paridell* upbray;
Lo, sluggish 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 swell,
And inly grudge at him, that he had sped so well.

VIII.

Nathlesse proud man himselfe the other deemed,
Having so peerelesse paragon ygot:
For sure the fayrest *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 wooe,
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.

IX.

She, in regard thereof, him recompens't
With golden words, and goodly countenance,
And such fond favours sparingly dispens't:
Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,
And coy looks tempring with loose dalliance;
Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise,
That having cast him in a foolish trance,
He seem'd brought to bed in Paradise,
And prov'd himselfe most foole, in what he seem'd most wise.

X.

So great a mistresse of her art she was,
And perfectly practiz'd in womans 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 engraft,
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 seeming plapt in sole felicity:
So blind is lust, false colours to descry.
But *Ate* soone discovering his desire,
And find now fit opportunity
To stirre up strife, twixt love, and spight, and ire,
Did privily put coles unto his secret fire.

XII.

By fundry meanes thereto she prickt him forth,
Now with remembrance of those spightfull speeches,
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 challenge, and thus boldly sayd;

XIII.

Too boastfull *Blandamour*, too long I beare
The open wrongs, thou doest me day by day:
Well know'st thou, when we friendship first did sweare,
The covenant was, that every spoyle or pray
Should equally be shard 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
Wouldst gather faine, and yet no paines wouldst take:
But not so easie will I her forsake:
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.

XV.

Their fire steedes with so untamed force
Did beare them both to fell avenges end,
That both their speares with pitiless remorse,
Through shield, and mayle, and haberjeon did wend,
And in their flesh a grievous 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 stownd, in which their lives were set.

XVI.

As when two warlike Brigandines at sea,
With murderous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
Doe meete together on the watry lea,
They stemme each other with so fell despight,
That with the shooke of their owne heedlesse might,
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh a fonder:
They, which from shore behold the deadfull fight
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordnance 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 seme,
In doubt to whom the victorie should deeme,
Therewith their dulled sprights they edgd anew,
And drawing both their swords with rage extreme,
Like two mad mastiffes each on other flew,
And shields did share, and mailes did rash, and helmes did hew.

XVIII. So

XVIII.

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

XIX.

And that, which is for Ladies most besitting,
To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,
Was from those Dames so farre and so unfitting,
As that in stead of praying them surcease,
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 harmes, not pittying 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 knownen 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 fayrest *Florimell* was present there in place.

XXIII.

Glad man was he to see that joyous sight,
For none alive but joy'd in *Florimell*;
And lowly to her lowting thus behight;
Fayrest of faire, that fairenesse doest 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 litle answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

XXIV. Then

XXIV.

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 cruell warre and outrage fell,
Certes me seemes bene not advised well,
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To joyne your force, their forces to repell,
That seeke perforce her from you both to take,
And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph to make.

XXV.

Thereat Sir *Blandamour* with countenance sterne,
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake ;
A read, thou Squire, that I the man may learne,
That dare fro me thinke *Florimell* to take.
Not one, quoth he, but many doe partake
Herein, as thus : It lately so befell,
That *Satyrane* a girdle did uptake,
Well knowne to appertaine to *Florimell*,
Which for her sake he wore, as him beseemed 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 sting,
Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
A solemne feast, with publike turneyng,
To which all knights with them their Ladies are to bring.

XXVII. And

XXVII.

And of them all she, that is fayrest 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 herselfe is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertaines,
Against all those, that challenge 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 asswage.
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 sone,
That challeng'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 style,
That doth ill cause or evill end enure:
For vertue is the band, that bindeth harts most sure.

XXX. Thus

XXX.

Thus as they marched all in close disguise
 Of fayned love, they chaunst to overtake
 Two knights, that lincked rode in lovely wise,
 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,
 Courageous *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 sound,
 Dan *Chaucer*, well of English undefyled,
 On Fames eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.

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 endlesse deare,
 The which mote have enriched all us heare.
 O curfed Eld! the cankerworme of writs,
 How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare,
 Hope to endure, fith 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 durst ever whilest thou wast alive,
 And being dead in vaine yet many strive:
 Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweete
 Of thine owne spirit, which doth in me surrive,
 I follow here the footing of thy feete,
 That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete.

XXXV.

Cambelloes sister was fayre *Canacee*,
 That was the learnedst Ladie in her dayes,
 Well seene in everie science that mote bee,
 And every secret worke of natures wayes,
 In wittie riddles, and in wise soothfayes,
 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 chaste 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 government,
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 refusd to love,
So much the more she loved was and fought,
That oftentimes unquiet strife did move
Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels wrought,
That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought.
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 dreadfull derring doers,
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongst them all this end he did decree;
That of them all, which love to her did make,
They by consent should chose the stoutest three,
That with himselfe should combat for her sake,
And of them all the victour should his sister take.

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 knownen 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 perill 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 morne;
Thrise happie mother, and thrise happie morne,
That bore three such, three such not to be fond:
Her name was *Agape*, whose children werne
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 used *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 list 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 fight;
As she fate carelesse by a cristall 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 ensue,
Seeking adventures, where they anie knew.
Which when their mother saw, she gan to dout
Their safetie, least by searching daungers 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 skill, 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 *Abyss*,
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

XLVIII.

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 *Clotbo* held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
By griesly *Lachesis* was spun with paine,
That cruell *Atropos* eftsoones 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 comming 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 *Jovs* accurst,
And eke thy childrens thrids to be asunder burst.

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 *Clotbo* 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 seemd their ends out shortly came.

LI. She

LI.

She then began them humbly to intreate,
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That so their lives might be prolonged late.
But *Lachesis* thereat gan to repine,
And sayd, Fond dame, that deem'st 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 lessened 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,
Eftsoones his life may passe into the next;
And when the next shall likewise ended bee,
That both their lives may likewise be annex
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 destinie was assynd,
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 pursew,
But rather will reserve it for a Canto new.

C A N T O I I I .

*The battell twixt three brethren with
Cambell for Canacee.*

*Cambina with true friendship's bond
Doth their long strife agree.*

I.

O Why doe wretched men so much desire,
To draw their dayes unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soone expire,
Knowing the miserie 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 least 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 whilest 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 challenge tooke in hand,
For *Canacee* with *Cambell* for to fight :
The day was set, that all might understand,
And pledges pawnd the same 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,
Asssembled were in field, the challenge to define.

IV.

The field with listes was all about enclos'd,
To barre the prease of people farre away ;
And at th' one side fixe judges were dispos'd,
To view and deeme the deedes 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 list,
With stately steps, and feareleffe 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 trumpets and loud clarions sweetly playd.

VI.

Which doen the doughty challenger came forth,
All arm'd to point his challenge 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 lesse approved was *Cambelloes* might,
Ne lesse 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 unwarely 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

IX.

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 gush forth on the grassie 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 feare,
At puffe of every storme doth stagger here and theare.

X.

Whom so dismayd when *Cambell* had espide,
Againe he drove at him with double might,
That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side
The mortall point most cruelly empight:
Where fast infixed, whilest he fought by flight
It forth to wrest, the flasse afunder brake,
And left the head behind: with which despight
He all enrag'd, his shivering speare did shake,
And charging him afresh thus felly him bespake;

XI.

Lo! faitour, there thy meede unto thee take,
The meede of thy mischallenge and abet:
Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters sake,
Have I thus long thy life unto thee let:
But to forbear doth not forgive the det.
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow,
And passing forth with furious affret,
Pierst 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 braft,
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left;
The other halfe behind yet sticking fast,
Out of his headpeece *Cambell* fiercely reft,
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, assoyld from fleshly band,
Did not, as others wont, directly fly
Unto her rest in Plutoes griesly land,
Ne into ayre did vanish presently,
Ne chaunged was into a starre in sky :
But through traduction was eftsfoones derived,
Like as his mother prayd the Destinie,
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 forie for so heavy fight,
Yet leave unto his sorrow did not yeeld ;
But rather stird to vengeance and despight,
Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
Rusht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
As in reversion of his brothers right ;
And chalenging the Virgin as his dew.
His foe was soone addrest : the trumpets freshly blew.

XV. With

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 flowre,
But rived were like rotten wood a funder,
Whilest through their rifts the ruddie bloud did showre,
And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

XVI.

As when two Tygers, prickt with hunger's rage,
Have by good fortune found some beafts fresh spoyle,
On which they weene their famine to asswage,
And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out doe stirre up strifefull broyle,
And cruell battell twixt themselves doe make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the foyle,
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 stood 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 murderous axe at him with mighty sway.

XVIII. The

XVIII.

The dreadfull stroke, in case it had arrived,
 Where it was ment, (so deadly it was ment):
 The soule had sure out of his bodie rived,
 And stinted all the strife incontinent.
 But *Cambel's* fate that fortune did prevent:
 For seeing it at hand, he swarv'd asyde,
 And so gave way unto his fell intent:
 Who missing of the marke, 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 dreadfull fouse, avoydes it shunning light;
 And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;
 That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse might,
 He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recovereth flight.

XX.

Which faire adventure when *Cambello* spide,
 Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recower
 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 headlesse tronke, as heedlesse of that stower,
 Stood still a while, and his fast footing kept,
 Till feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly slept.

XXI. They

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 est;
But finding no fit feat, the lifelesse corse it left.

XXII.

It left; but that same soule, which therein dwelt,
Streight entring into *Triamond*, him fild
With double life, and grieve, 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 addrest;
Who him affronting, soone to fight was readie prest.

XXIII.

Well mote ye wonder, how that noble Knight,
After he had so often wounded beene,
Could stand on foot, now to renew the fight.
But had ye then him forth advauncing seene,
Some newborne 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,
Cast off his ragged skin and freshly 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 most,
 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 host?

XXV.

Yet nought thereof was *Triamond* adredde,
 Ne desperate of glorious victorie,
 But sharpely him assayld, and fore bestedde,
 With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie,
 As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie:
 He stroke, he soust, he foynd, he hewd, he lasht,
 And did his yron brond so fast applie,
 That from the fame the fierie sparkles flasht,
 As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rocke 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 erst, now backward to retrate.

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 source:
But when the flood is spent, then backe againe
His borrowed waters forst to redibourse,
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 fo;
Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seemed,
Yet victors both themselves alwayes esteemed.
And all the while the disentrayled blood
Adowne their sides like little rivers stremed,
That with the wasting of his vitall flood,
Sir *Triamond* at last full faint and feeble stood.

XXIX.

But *Cambell* still more strong and greater grew,
Ne felt his blood to wast, 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 bruses guarisht,
Like as a withered tree through husbands toyle
Is often scene full freshly to have florisht,
And fruitfull apples to have borne awhile,
As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle.

XXX.

Through which advantage, in his strength he rose,
And smote the other with so wondrous might;
That through the seame, which did his hauberk close,
Into his throate 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 soule out of his bodie flie
Unto her native home from mortall miserie.

XXXI.

But nathelesse, whilst all the lookers on
Him dead behight, as he to all appeard,
All unawares he started up anon,
As one that had out of a dreame bene reard,
And fresh assayld his foe, who halfe affeard
Of th' uncouth sight, as he some ghost had seene,
Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sward;
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 fought
Himselfe to save, and daunger 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

XXXIII.

Whereof full blith, eftsoones 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 sweard
Close underneath his shield, that scarce d d show,
Stroke him, as he his hand to strike 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 heavic on *Cambelloes* crest,
Strooke him so hugely, that in swowne he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound imprest:
And sure had it not happily found rest
Upon the brim of his brode plated shield,
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 upstart light,
The one out of the swownd, which him did blend;
The other breathing now another spright,
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,
Unfure to whether side it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tine,
And secret feare, to see their fatall fine,
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That seemd some perilous tumult to define,
Confusd 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 straunge 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 guise,
Such as the maker selfe 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 hest, as seemed good.
And therein fate a Ladie passing 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 subtill 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 causd so deadly smart.

XLI.

And as she passed 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 dout.

XLII. In

XLII.

In her right hand a rod of peace she 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 sonne doth wield,
Wherewith the hellish 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 asswage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage:
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
It doth establisth in the troubled mynd.
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the Gods to drinck thereof assynd;
But such as drinck, eternall happinesse do fynd.

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 drinke hereof, whereby all cares forepast
Are washt away quite from their memorie.
So did those olde Heroes hereof taste,
Before that they in blisse amongst the Gods were plasste.

XLV. Much

XLV.

Much more of price and of more gracious powre
Is this, then that fame water of *Ardenne*,
The which *Rinaldo* drunck in happie howre,
Described by that famous Tuscan penne :
For that had might to change the hearts of men
From love to hate, a change of evill choise :
But this doth hatred make in love to brenne,
And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoyce.
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice?

XLVI.

At last arriving by the listes side,
Shee with her rod did softly smite the raile,
Which straight flew ope, and gave her way to ride.
Eftsoones 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 quail ;
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 bloudy plaine
Herselfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine ;
Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,
And with her prayers reasons to restraine
From bloudy strife, and blessed peace to seeke,
By all that unto them was deare, did them beseeke,

XLVIII.

But when as all might nought with them prevaile,
She smote them lightly with her powrefull wand.
Then suddenly, as if their hearts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
And they like men astonisht still did stand.
Thus whilest 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 thirst, each drunk an harty draught.

XLIX.

Of which so soone as they once tasted had,
Wonder it is that sudden change to see:
Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
And lovely haulst 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 hast she from her lofty chaire descended,
Too weet what sudden tidings was befeld:
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,
Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

LI. Thus

LI.

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets sounded, 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
Faيرة *Canacee*, as fresh as morning rose,
Unto her Coch remounting, home did ride,
Admir'd of all the people, and much glorifide.

LII.

Where making joyous feast their daies they spent
In perfect love, devoid of hatefull strife,
Allide with bands of mutall couplement;
For *Triamond* had *Canacee* to wife,
With whom he ledd a long and happie life;
And *Cambel* tooke *Cambina* to his fere,
The which as life were each to other lief.
So all alike did love, and loved were,
That since their days such lovers were not found elsewhere.

C A N T O 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 profest 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 seems, 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 descride,
 And eke those masked Ladies riding them beside.

III.

Who backe returning, told, as he had scene,
That they were doughtie knights of dreaded name;
And those two Ladies, their two loves unseene;
And therefore wisht them without blot or blame,
To let them passe at will, for dread of shame.
But *Blandamour* full of vain-glorious spright,
And rather stird by his discordfull Dame,
Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,
But that he yet was fore of his late lucklesse fight.

IV.

Yet nigh approaching, 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 fore,
That both were bent t'avenge his usage base,
And gan their shields addresse themselves afore:
For evill deedes may better then bad words be bore.

V.

But faire *Cambina* with perswasions myld
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcyld,
And gan to treat of deeds of armes abroad,
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.

VI.

To which folke-mote they all with one consent,
Sith each of them his Ladie 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 repress.

VII.

Which th'other seeing, gan his course relent,
And vaunted speare eftsoones to disadvantage,
As if he naught but peace and pleasure ment,
Now false into their fellowship by chance,
Whereat they shewed courteous countenance.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His roving eie did on the Lady glaunce,
Which *Blandamour* had riding by his side;
Whom sure he weend, that he somewhere tofore had eide.

VIII.

It was to weete that snowy *Florimell*,
Which *Ferrau* late from *Braggadocchio* wonne,
Whom he now seeing, her remembred well,
How having rest her from the witches sonne,
He soone her lost: 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 reprice;
Which scornfull offer *Blandamour* gan soone despize;

IX. And

IX.

And said, Sir Knight, fith 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 thee shall be placed here in fight,
Together with this Hag beside her set,
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.

X.

That offer pleased all the company;
So *Florimell* with *Ate* forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But *Braggadocchio* said, he never thought
For such an Hag, that seemed 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.

XI.

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

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 Turnement, 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
Themselves asunder: *Blandamour* with those
Of his, on th' one ; the rest on th' other side.
But boastfull *Braggadocchio* 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

XV.

Then first of all forth came Sir *Satyrane*,
Bearing that precious relicke in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane :
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
He open shewd, that all men it mote marke.
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
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.

XVI.

That same aloft he hong in open vew,
To be the prize of beautie and of might ;
The which estfoones discovered to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious fight,
That all men threw out vowes and wishes vaine.
Thrise happie Ladie and thrise happie knight
Them seemd, that could so goodly riches gaine,
So worthie of the perill, worthy of the paine.

XVII.

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.

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, meete with so hideous maine,
 That both rebutted, tumble on the plaine:
 So these two champions to the ground were feld,
 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 *Satyrant*;
 And him against Sir *Blandamour* did ride
 With all the strength and stifnesse that he can.
 But the more strong and stiffely that he ran,
 So much more forely 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 *Braggadocchio* seeing, had no will
 To hasten 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 staïd,
 Sternly stept forth, and raught away his speare,
 With which so sore he *Ferramont* assaid,
 That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
 That neither could in hast themselves againe upreare.

XXI. Which

XXI.

Which to avenge, Sir *Devon* him did dight,
But with no better fortune then the rest:
For him likewise he quickly downe did smight;
And after him Sir *Douglas* him addrest,
And after him Sir *Palimord* forth prest:
But none of them against his strokes could stand,
But all the more, the more his praise increst,
For either they were left upon the land,
Or went away fore wounded of his haplesse hand.

XXII.

And now by this, Sir *Satyrane* abraid,
Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one dismaid,
When as he saw the mercilesse 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.

XXIII.

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 anvile glode.
There where he saw the valiant *Triamond*
Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode,
That none his force were able to withstond;
So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was his hond.

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 mi fortune got for guide,
Staid not, till it arrived in his side,
And therein made a very griesly wound,
That streames of bloud his armour all bedide.
Much was he daunted with that direfull stound,
That scarce he him upheld from falling in aound.

XXV.

Yet as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew
Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plaine.
Then gan the part of Chalers 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 judg'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 counterfesaunce he did frame.
The shield and armes well knowne to be the same,
Which *Triamond* had worne, 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 cast t'avenge his friends indignity.
A mightie speare eftsoones at him he bent ;
Who seeing him come on so furiously,
Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
That forcibly 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 perill 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 court, and turneyd here and there,
It chaunst Sir *Satyrane* his steed at last,
Whether through foundring, or through fodein feare,
To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;
Which vantage *Cambell* did pursue so fast,
That ere himselfe he had recovered well,
So fore he sowst him on the compast creast,
That forced him to leave his loftie sell,
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 turnd 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 chaunce doth fall
Into the hunters toile, doth rage and rore,
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 fore.

XXXIII. Whereof

XXXIII.

Whereof when newes to *Triamond* was brought,
There as he lay, his wound he soone forgot,
And starting up, streight for his armour fought:
In vaine he fought; for there he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got:
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
And lightly issfewd forth to take his lot.
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew,
Leading his friend away, full sorie to his vew.

XXXIV.

Into the thickest of that knightly preasse
He thrust, 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 stakes,
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 waxed warme.
As when two greedy wolves doe breake by force
Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,
They spoile and ravine without all remorse,
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 relest,
And *Cambell* it to *Triamond* transferd ;
Each labouring t'advance the others gest,
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 prowesse there made knowen,
That by their many wounds, and carelesse harmes,
By shivered speares, and swords all under strowen,
By scattered shields was easie to be shoven.
There might ye see loose steeds at randon ronne,
Whose luckelesse riders late were overthrowen ;
And squiers make hast to helpe their Lords fordonne,
But still the Knights of *Maidenhead* the better wonne.

XXXIX. Till

XXXIX.

Till that there entred on the other side
A straunger knight, from whence no man could reed,
In queynt disguise, full hard to be descride.
For all his armour was like salvage weed,
With woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
With oaken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit
For salvage wight, and thereto well agreed
His word, which on his ragged shield was writ,
Salvageſſe ſans fineſſe, ſhewing ſecret wit.

XL.

He, at his firſt incomming, charg'd his ſpere
At him, that firſt appeared in his fight;
That was to weet, the ſtout Sir *Sangliere*,
Who well was knownen to be a valiant Knight,
Approved oft in many a perlous 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 fore, that none him life behote.

XLI.

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 flaſhing ſhields, and helmets bright,
And beating downe, what ever nigh him came,
That every one gan ſhun his dreadful 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 seemed, him to terme the salvage knight.
But certes his right name was otherwise,
Though knowne to few, that *Arthegall* he hight,
The doughtiest knight, that liv'd that day, and most 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 durst stand,
But beaten were, and chafed all about.
So he continued all that day throughout,
Till evening, that the Sunne gan downward bend:
Then rushed forth out of the thickest 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 middest 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 stryde;
Whence litle lust 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.

XLV.

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 enchanted 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 fore agrieved,
And that late weaker band of chalengers 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 overcast the skie,
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe.

XLVIII.

So did the warlike *Britomart* restore

The prize to knights of Maydenhead that day,

Which else was like to have bene lost, and bore

The prayse of prowesse from them all away.

Then shrilling 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 pretious spoyle:

Where I with found of trompe will also rest a while.

CANTO

C A N T O 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 speciall 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 prooffe of prowesse ended well,
The controversie 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 itselke containe,
Which Ladies ought to love, and seeke for to obtaine.

III. That

III.

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 same about her middle weare,
But it would loose, or else asunder 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.

IV.

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 streightly to restraine;
Which vertue it for ever after did retaine.

V.

The same one day, when she herselfe disposd
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 pleasant *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

VI.

That goodly belt was *Cestus* 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 doutfull case, for which they all contended.

VII.

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 fav'd the victour from fordonne :
For *Cambell* victour was in all mens fight,
Till by mishap he in his foemens hand did light.

VIII.

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 *Artbegall*,
 And much repynd, that both of victors meede,
 And eke of honour she did him forestall.
 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 ensuw'd the Paragon to see
 Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fayrest 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 eftsoones 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 beame eftsoones 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 moe
 Appear'd in place, the which each other did outgoe.

XII. All

XII.

All which who so dare thinke for to enchace,
Him needeth fure 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 seene
Assembled in one place: ne he, that thought
For *Chian* folke to pourtraict 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 plainely did expresse
The heavenly pourtraict 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 sight of whom once seene did all the rest dismay.

XIV.

For all afore that seemed fayre and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her, that shone as Phebes light,
Amongst the lesser starres in evening cleare.
All, that her saw, with wonder ravisht wearé,
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 shec.

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 insted,
He much more goodly glosse 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 fayrest 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 waist she it enclos'd ;
And it as oft was from about her waist disclos'd :

XVII.

That all men wondred at the uncouth sight,
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 same ;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was untide.

XVIII. Which

XVIII.

Which when that scornfull *Squire of Dames* did vew,
He lowdly gan to laugh, and thus to jest ;
Alas for pitie, that so faire a crew,
As like can not be seene 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 last 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.

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 arret her
Unto the second best, that lov'd her better;
That was the *Salvage Knight*: but he was gone
In great displeasure, that he could not get her.
Then was she judged *Triamond* his 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 litle prays'd his labours evill speed,
That for to winne the saddle, 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* fird, new discord to maintaine.

XXIII.

And eke with these, full many other Knights
She through her wicked working did incense,
Her to demaund, and chalenge as their rights,
Deserved for their perils recompense.
Amonst the rest with boastfull vaine pretense
Stept *Braggadocchio* forth, and as his thrall
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long fens:
Whereto herselfe he did to witnesse call;
Who being askt, accordingly confessed all.

XXIV. Thereat

XXIV.

Thereat exceeding wroth was *Satyrane*;
 And wroth with *Satyrane* was *Blandamour*;
 And wroth with *Blandamour* was *Eriuan*;
 And at them both Sir *Paridell* did loue.
 So all together stird up strifull stoure,
 And readie were new battell to darraine.
 Each one profest to be her paramoure,
 And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;
 Ne judges powre, ne reasons rule mote them restraine.

XXV.

Which troublous stirre when *Satyrane* aviz'd,
 He gan to cast how to appease the same;
 And to accord them all, this meanes devis'd:
 First in the midst to set that fayrest Dame,
 To whom each once his challenge should disclame,
 And he himselfe his right would eke releasse:
 Then looke to whom she voluntarie came,
 He should without disturbance her possesse:
 Sweete is the love, that comes alone with willingnesse.

XXVI.

They all agreed, and then that snowy Mayd
 Was in the middest plapt among them all:
 All on her gazing wisht, and vowd, 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 pleasd them all,
 At last to *Braggadocchio* selfe alone
 She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

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 willes they fcarfe affwag'd:
 Some thought from him her to have reft by might;
 Some proffer made with him for her to fight.
 But he nought car'd for all that they could fay;
 For he their words as wind efteemed light.
 Yet not fit place he thought it there to ftay,
 But fecretly from thence that night her bore away.

XXVIII.

They which remaynd, fo foone as they perceiv'd,
 That fhe was gone, departed thence with fpeed,
 And follow'd them, in mind her to have reav'd
 From wight unworthie of fo noble meed.
 In which pourfuit how each one did fucceede,
 Shall elfe be told in order, as it fell:
 But now of *Britomart* it here doth neede,
 The hard adventures and ftrange haps to tell;
 Since with the reft fhe went not after *Florimell*.

XXIX.

For foone as fhe them faw to difcord fet,
 Her lift no longer in that place abide;
 But taking with her lovely *Amoret*,
 Upon her firft adventure forth did ride,
 To feeke her lov'd, making blind love her guide.
 Unluckie Mayd to feeke her chemie!
 Unluckie Mayd to feeke him farre and wide,
 Whom, when he was unto herfelfe moft nie,
 She through his late difguizement could him not defcrie!

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 asswoyle ;
Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
Was *Amoret*, companion of her care :
Who likewise fought her lover long miswent,
The gentle *Scudamour*, whose hart whileare
That stryfull hag with gealous discontent
Had fild, that he to fell revenge was fully bent ;

XXXI.

Bent to revenge on blamelesse *Britomart*
The crime, which cursed *Ate* kindled earst,
The which like thornes did pricke her gealous hart,
And through his soule like poysoned arrow perst,
That by no reason it might be reverst,
For ought that *Glauce* could or doe or say.
For aye the more that she the same reherst,
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 drouping night,
Covered with cloudie storme and bitter shovre,
That dreadfull seemd 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 stowre.
Not farre away, not meete for any guest
They spide a little cottage, like some poore man's nest.

XXXIII. Under

XXXIII.

Under a steepe hilles side it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;
And fast beside a little brooke did pas
Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
By which few crooked fallowes grew in ranke:
Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the sound
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
And answering their wearie turnes around,
That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert ground.

XXXIV.

There entring in, they found the goodman selfe
Full busily unto his worke ybent;
Who was to weet a wretched wearish elfe,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forspent,
As if he had in prison long bene pent.
Full blacke and griesly did his face appeare,
Besmeard with smoke, that nigh his eye-sight blent;
With rugged beard, and hoarie shagged heare,
The which he never wont to combe, or comely sheare.

XXXV.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
With blistred 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.

XXXVI. In

XXXVI.

In which his worke he had fixe fervants preft,
About the andvile ftanding evermore,
With huge great hammers, that did never reft
From heaping ftroakes, which thereon foused fore:
All fixe ftroong groomes, but one then other more;
For by degrees they all were difagreed;
So likewife did the hammers, which they bore,
Like belles in greatneffe orderly fucceed,
That he, which was the laft, the firft did farre excede.

XXXVII.

He like a monftrous Gyant feem'd in fight,
Farre paffing *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 feem'd to duft he fhortly would it drive:
So huge his hammer, and fo fierce his heat,
That feem'd a rocke of Diamond it could rive,
And rend afunder quite, if he thereto lift ftrove.

XXXVIII.

Sir *Scudamour* there entring, much admired
The manner of their worke and wearie paine;
And having long beheld, at laft enquired
The caufe and end thereof: but all in vaine;
For they for nought would from their worke refraine,
Ne let his fpeeches come unto their eare.
And eke the breathfull bellows blew amaine,
Like to the Northren winde, that none could heare,
Thofe *Penfifeneffe* did move; and *Sighes* the bellows weare.

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 flore,
 (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 uprofe;
 And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
 But wheresoever 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 senses did molest;
 And evermore, when he began to winke,
 The bellows noyse 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 Cocke, and now the Owle
 Lowde shriking him afflicted to the very fowle.

XLII.

And if by fortune any little nap
Upon his heavie eye-lids chaunft to fall,
Eftsoones 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.

XLIII.

So long he muzed, and so long he lay,
That at the last his wearie sprite opprest
With fleshly weaknesse, which no creature may
Long time resist, gave place to kindly rest,
That all his senses did full soone arrest:
Yet in his foundest sleepe, his dayly feare
His ydle braine gan busily molest,
And made him dreame those two disloyall were:
The things, that day most minds, at night doe most appeare.

XLIV.

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 side him nipt, that forst to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started up avenged for to be
On him, the which his quiet slomber brake:
Yet looking round about him none could see;
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe 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 grasse;
Then up he rose like heavie lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguish one mote plainly read,
And ghesse 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 itselſe awhile, after so long a went.





C A N T O VI.

*Both Scudamour and Artbegall
Doe fight with Britomart :
He sees her face ; doth fall in love,
And soone from her depart.*

I.

WHAT equall torment to the grieve of mind,
And pyning anguish hid in gentle hart,
That inly feeds it selfe with thoughts unkind,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart ?
What medicine can any leache's art
Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart ?
Such was the wound, that *Scudamour* did gride ;
For which *Dan Phebus* selfe cannot a salve provide.

II.

Who having left that restless house of *Care*,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholie and sad misfare,
Through misconception, all unawares espide
An armed Knight under a Forrest side,
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede ;
Who soone as them approaching he descride,
Gan towards them to pricke with eager speede,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischievous deede.

III. Which

III.

Which *Scudamour* perceiving, forth issued
 To have rencountred 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.

Whereto thus *Scudamour*, Small harme it were
 For any knight, upon a ventrous knight
 Without displeafance for to prove his spere.
 But reade you, Sir, sith 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, sith knowen 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

VI.

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 Hebene 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 wearie earst, downe feld,
The fayrest Ladie rest, and ever since withheld,

VII.

When *Scudamour* heard mention of that speare,
He wist right well, that it was *Britomart*,
The which from him his fairest love did beare.
Tho gan he swell in every inner part,
For fell despight, and gnaw his gealous hart,
That thus he sharply sayd; Now by my head,
Yet is not this the first unknighly part,
Which that same knight, whom by his launce I read,
Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread.

VIII.

For lately he my love hath from me rest,
And eke defiled with foule villanie
The sacred plege, which in his faith was left,
In shame of knighthood and fidelitie;
The which ere long full deare he shall abie.
And if to that avenge by you decreed
This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplie,
It shall not fayle, when so ye shall it need.
So both to wreake their wrathes on *Britomart* agreed.

IX. Whiles

IX.

Whiles thus they communed, lo farre away
A Knight soft ryding towards them they spyde,
Attyr'd in forraine armes and straunge 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, sith first I was defyde,
That first I may that wrong to him requite:
And if I hap to fayle, 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 harmes together did devise.

XI.

But *Artégall* beholding his mischaunce,
New matter added to his former fire;
And eft 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 unawares his saddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

XII. Lightly

XII.

Lightly he started up out of that stound,
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade,
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thrust to an Hynd within some covert glade,
Whom without perill 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 forely he her strooke, that thence it glaunst
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 sell,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell.

XIV.

Like as the lightning brend 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 enchanted lance,
Unto her sword and shield her soone betooke;
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

XV.

So furiously she strooke in her first heat,
 Whiles 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 stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
 And pour'd the purple blood forth on the gras;
 That all his mayle yriv'd, and plates yrent,
 Shew'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent.

XVI.

At length whenas he saw her hastie heat
 Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
 He through long sufferance growing now more great,
 Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assaile,
 Heaping huge strokes, as thicke as showre of hayle,
 And lashing dreadfully at every part,
 As if he thought her soule to disentraine.
 Ah cruell hand, and thrise more cruell hart;
 That workst such wreke on her, to whom thou dearest art!

XVII.

What yron courage ever could endure,
 To worke such outrage on so faire a creature?
 And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
 To spoyle so goodly workmanship of nature,
 The maker selfe resembling in her feature?
 Certes some hellish furie, or some feend
 This mischief framd, for their first loves defeature,
 To bath their hands in blood of dearest freend,
 Thereby to make their loves beginning their lives end.

XVIII. Thus

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 hideouslie,
That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie.

XIX.

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunst,
And with the force, which in itselſe it bore,
Her ventayle shard away, and thenceforth glaunst
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that her angels face, unſcene afore,
Like to the ruddie morne appeard in fight,
Deawed with ſilver drops, through sweating ſore,
But ſomewhat redder, then beſeem'd aright,
Through toyleſome heate and labour of her weary fight.

XX.

And round about the ſame, her yellow heare
Having through ſtirring loofd 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 *Pactolus*, with his waters there,
Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him nere.

XXI.

And as his hand he up againe did reare,
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 sence;
And felt some ruth, or sence 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 error frayle,
That had done outrage in so high degree:
Whilest trembling horror did his sense assaile,
And made each member quake, and manly hart 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 earnestlie,
Or wreake 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 wondrously dismayd,
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine descried
That peerelesse paterne of Dame natures pride,
And heavenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe, as one fore terrifide,
And turning feare to faint devotion,
Did worship her as some celestiallyl vision.

XXV.

But *Glauce*, seeing all that chaunced there,
Well wæeting how their errour to assoyle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her salewd with seemely bel-accoyle,
Joyous to see her safe after long toyle.
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt unto those warriors truce a while;
Which yeelded, they their bevers up did reare,
And shew'd themselves to her, such as indeed they were.

XXVI.

When *Britomart* with sharpe avizfull eye
Beheld the lovely face of *Artegall*,
Tempred with sterneesse 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 enhaunced hand she downe can soft withdraw.

XXVII. Yet

XXVII.

Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,
As fayning 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 gainst his countnance 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.

XXVIII.

But *Scudamour* now woxen 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.

XXIX.

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 fayned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

XXX. When

XXX.

When *Glauce* thus gan wisely all upknit ;
Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,
To be spectators of this uncouth fit,
Which secret fate hath in this Ladie wrought,
Against the course of kind, ne mervaille nought,
Ne thenceforth feare the thing, that hethertoo
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
Fearing least she your loves away should woo,
Feared in vaine, sith 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 sea 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 sorrowes hell.
Thereat full inly blushed *Britomart* ;
But *Artegall* close smyling 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 refraine.

XXXIV.

But *Scudamour* whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
And feeble hope hung all this while suspense,
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 captived 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 enchaunters theft
Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
I her preserv'd from perill and from feare,
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

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 fearelesse 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 astray.
 I call'd her loud, I sought her farre and neare;
 But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare.

*Last mention of
Amoret. P. 24*

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 stood, like to a mazed steare,
 That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth beare.
 Till *Glauce* thus; Faire Sir, be nought dismayd
 With needelesse dread, till certaintie ye heare:
 For yet she may be safe though somewhat strayd;
 Its best to hope the best, though of the worst affrayd.

XXXVIII.

Nathlesse he hardly of her chearefull speech
 Did comfort take, or in his troubled fight
 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.

XXXIX.

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was.
 So peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
 They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pas
 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 wearie 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 impressiion 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.

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 perswasions her asswaged,
And wonne her will to suffer him depart ;
For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
And thousand vowes 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 :
No longer space thereto he did desire,
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.

XLV.

And by the way she fundry purpose found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils, whereto he was bound,
The 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 forsake.

XLVI.

At last when all her speeches she had spent,
And new occasion fayld 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 sake, which doth beget
True love and faithfull friendship, she by her 'did' fet.

XLVII.

Backe to that desert Forrest they retyred,
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.



C A N T O VIII.

*Amoret rapt by greedie lust
 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 ſeſt thy kingdome in the captive harts
 Of Kings and Keaſars, to thy ſervice bound,
 What glorie, or what guerdon haſt thou found
 In feeble Ladies tyranning ſo fore;
 And adding anguiſh to the bitter wound,
 With which their lives thou lancedſt 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 martyreſt 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. S_o

III.

327
 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 wearie limbs awhile.
 There heavie sleepe the eye-lids did surprise
 Of *Britomart* after long tedious toyle,
 That did her passed paines in quiet rest 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 snatched up from ground.
 Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed,
 That *Britomart* heard not the shrilling sound,
 There where through weary travel she lay sleeping found.

V.

It was to weete 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 bloody lips afore.

VI. His

VI.

His neather lip was not like man nor beaft,
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging low,
In which he wont the relickes of his feaft,
And cruell spoyle, which he had spard, to stow:
And over it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with bloud;
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 wast was with a wreath of yvie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore:
For all his haire was like a garment seene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whose knottie snags were sharped all afore,
And beath'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 staid 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.

IX. For

IX.

For she deare Ladie all the way was dead,
Whilest he in armes her bore ; but when she felt
Her selfe downe soust, she waked out of dread
Streight into grieffe, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
And est gan into tender teares to melt.
Then when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darknesse and dread horreur, where she dwelt,
She almost fell againe into a swoond,
Ne 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 peeces would divide :
Which she long listning, softly askt againe,
What miserie wight it was, that so did plaine ?
To whom thus aunswer'd was: Ah wretched wight,
That seekes 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 ?
Among the living, or among 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.

XII. This

XII.

This dismall day hath thee a caytive made,
And vassall to the vilest wretch alive,
Whose curfed usage and ungodly trade
The heavens abhorre, and into darkenesse drive.
For on the spoile of women he doth live,
Whose bodies chaste, when ever in his powre
He may them catch, unable to gainestrive,
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
And afterwards themselves doth cruelly devoure.

XIII.

Now twenty daies, by which the sonnes 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'st hither to augment our mone;
And of us three to morrow he will sure eate one.

XIV.

Ah! dreadfull tidings, which thou doest declare,
Quoth she, of all that ever hath bene knownen:
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 linckt 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 reherse ;
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 fide for Leman to have laine.

XVI.

But for his meannesse and disparagement,
My Sire, who me too dearly 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 wildd 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 fight
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 agreeede 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 feeble feete.

XVIII.

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 trussing 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*.

XIX.

Ah ! sad *Æmylia* then sayd *Amoret*,
Thy ruefull plight I pittie as mine owne.
But read to me, by what devise or wit,
Hast thou in all this time, from him unknowne,
Thine honor sav'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 lustfull fire,
She in my stead supplide his bestiall desire.

XX.

Thus of their evils as they did discourse,
And each did other much bewaile and mone ;
Loe where the villaine selfe, their sorrowes fource,
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 bloody banquet should beginne.

XXI.

Which when as fearefull *Amoret* perceived,
 She staid not th' utmost end thereof to try,
 But like a ghastly Gelt, whose wits are reaved,
 Ran forth in hast with hideous outcry,
 For horreur of his shamefull villany.
 But after her full lightly he uprofe,
 And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie:
 Full fast 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 she staies,
 But overleapes them all, like robucke light,
 And through the thickest makes her nighest waies;
 And evermore when with regardfull sight
 She looking backe, espies that griesly wight
 Approching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
 And makes her feare a spur to hast her flight:
 More swift then *Myrrb'* or *Daphne* in her race,
 Or any of the Thracian Nymphes in salvage chase.

XXIII.

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long;
 Ne living aide for her on earth appeares,
 But if the heavns helpe to redresse her wrong,
 Moved with pity of her plenteous teares.
 It fortun'd *Belphebe* with her peares
 The woody Nymphs, and with that lovely boy,
 Was hunting then the Libbards and the Beares,
 In these wild woods, as was her wonted joy,
 To banish sloth, that oft doth noble mindes annoy.

XXIV. It

XXIV.

It so befell, as oft it falls in chace,
That each of them from other fundred were,
And that fame gentle Squire arriv'd in place,
Where this fame curst caytive 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 hast to crosse him by the nearest way,
Led with that wofull Ladies piteous crying,
And him assailes 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 chaunst, (as needs it must in fight)
Whilst he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

XXVII. Which

XXVII.

Which subtill fleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike, forbear;
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her must hurt, or hazard 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 blood thence gusht amaine,
That all her filken garments did with blood 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 fore,
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.

Whilest 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 eare her guide.
Whom when that theefe 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

XXX.

Whom seeing flie, she speedily pourfewed
With winged feete, as nimble as the winde,
And ever in her bow she ready shewed
The arrow, to his deadly marke defynde.
As when *Latonaes* daughter, cruell kynde,
In vengeance of her mothers great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes 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 hellish 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 distraught,
That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,
And all his hairy brest with gory bloud was fild.

XXXII.

Whom when on ground she groveling saw to rowle,
She ran in hast his life to have bereft:
But ere she could him reach, the finfull fowle,
Having his carrion corse quite sencelesse left,
Was fled to hell, furcharg'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 overflowne seemd like a sodaine flood.

XXXIII. Thence-

XXXIII.

Thenceforth she past into his dreadfull den,
 Where nought but darke some drerinesse she found,
 Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
 Some litle whispering, and soft groning sound.
 With that she askt, what ghosts there under ground
 Lay hid in horreur of eternall night?
 And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
 To come and shew themselves before the light,
 Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight.

XXXIV.

Then forth the sad *Æmylia* issued,
 Yet trembling every joynt 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 swoune, 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.

XXX. Which

XXXVI.

Which when she saw, with sodaine glauncing eye,
Her noble hart with fight thereof was fild
With deepe disdaine, and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both have thrild,
With that selfe arrow, which the carle had kild:
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance fore,
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.

XXXVII.

He seeing her depart, arose up light,
Right fore agrieved at her sharp reproofe,
And follow'd fast: but when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasures utmost proofe.
And evermore, when he did grace entreat,
And framed speeches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,
And forst him backe with fowle dishonor to retreat.

XXXVIII.

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 anguish, 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.

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 wast his wretched daies in wofull plight;
 So on him selfe to wreake 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 sweate out dainty dew,
 He let to grow and griesly to concrew,
 Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and carelesly unshed;
 That in short time his face they overgrew,
 And over all his shoulders did dispred,
 That who he whilome was, unceath 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 ghost he soone appeares.
 For other food then that wilde forrest beares,
 Ne other drinke there did he ever tast,
 Then running water, tempred with his teares,
 The more his weakened body so to wast:
 That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at last.

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 finfull people shonne;
Or else some woodman shrowded there from scorching funne.

XLIII.

Arriving there, he found this wretched man,
Spending his daies in dolour and despaire,
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 pittie 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 sence did shew, ne common wit,
As one with grieve 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.

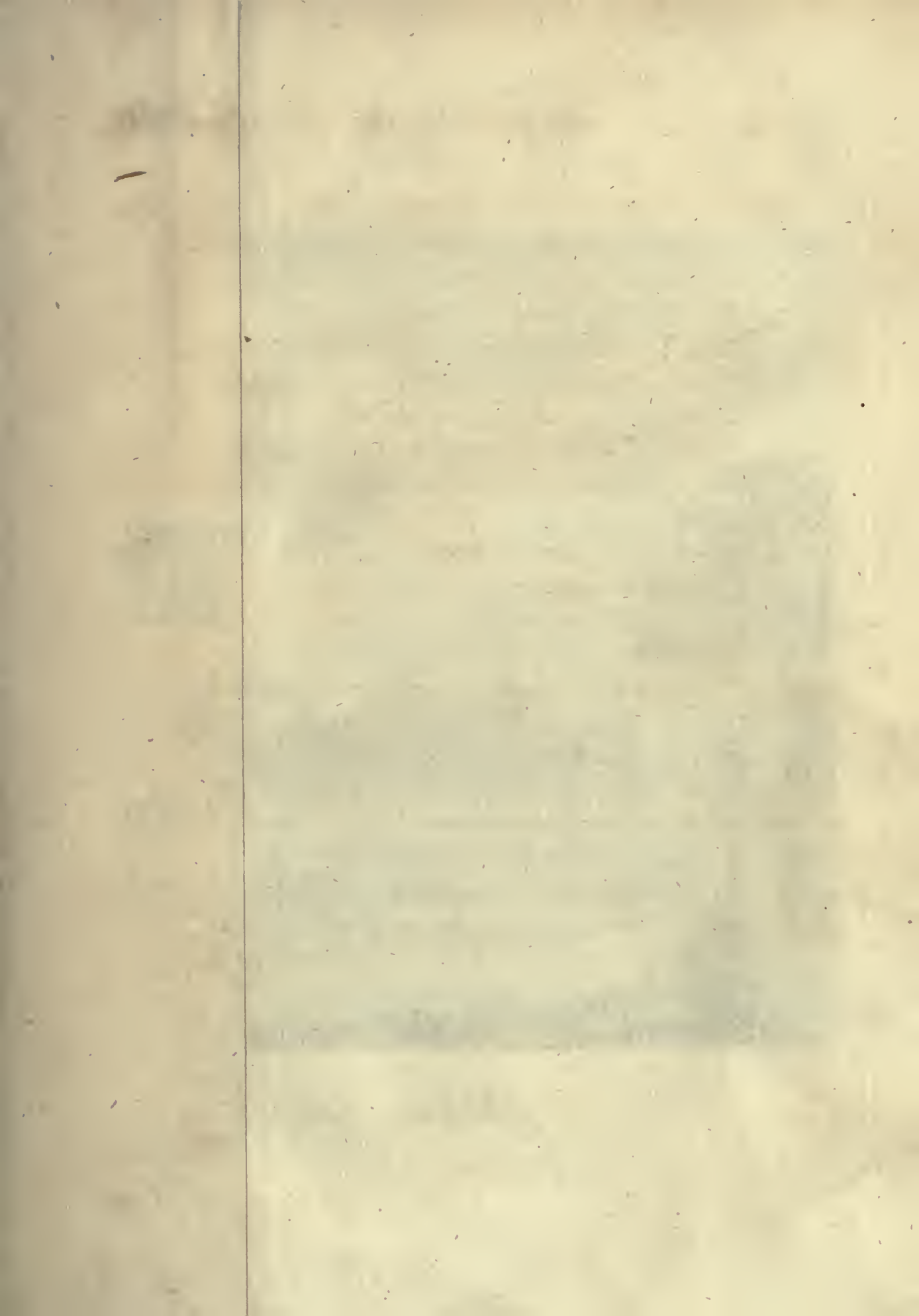
At which his uncouth guise and usage quaint
 The prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
 The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;
 Yet weend by secret signes of manlinesse,
 Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
 That he whilome some gentle swaine had beene,
 Traind up in feats of 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 liefast love to be,
 For whom he now so sorely was bestad;
 Which was by him *BELPHOEBE* rightly rad.
 Yet who was that *Belphæbe*, he ne wist;
 Yet saw he often how he waxed glad,
 When he it heard, and how the ground he kist,
 Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist:

XLVII.

Tho when he long had marked his demeanor,
 And saw that all he said 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.






Canto VIII.

*The gentle squire recovers grace,
Sclaunder her guests doth staine :
Corflambo chafeth Placidus,
And is by Arthure slaine.*

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 sufferaunce 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 *Belphebe* had
With one sterne looke so daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterward he lad,
He ever tasted, but with penaunce sad,
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

III.

Till on a day, as in his wonted wife
His doole he made, there chaunft a turtle dove
To come, where he his dolours 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 mournfull 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 perst 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 mournfull muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
And every day, for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That at the last of all his woe and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued long.

VI. Upon

VI.

Upon a day as she him fate beside,
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as relickes did abide
Of all the bounty, which *Belphebe* 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.

VII.

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 vew
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.

VIII.

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 *Belphebe* faire.

IX. There

IX.

There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
After late weary toile, which she had tride
In salvage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet.
There she alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
As was her wont, thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting grieve, that for her sake
Her gentle squire through her displeasure did partake.

X.

She her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did marke about her purple brest
That precious juell, which she formerly
Had knowne right well with colourd ribbands drest:
Therewith she rose in hast, and her addrest
With ready hand it to have rest away.
But the swift bird obeyd not her behest,
But swarv'd aside, and there againe did stay;
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

XI.

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 soft 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 wofull man in languor did abide.

XII.

Eftsoones ſhe flew unto his feareleſſe 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 gholt 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 waſht the ſame with water, which did well
From his moiſt eyes, and like two ſtreames proceed;
Yet ſpake no word, whereby ſhe might aread
What miſter 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 perſon'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 cruell wight on thee ywrake?
Or ſelfe diſliked life doth thee thus wretched make?

XV.

If heaven, then none may it redresse or blame,
Sith to his powre we all are subject borne :
If wrathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and shame
Be theirs, that have so cruell thee forlorne :
But if through inward grieve or wilfull scorne
Of life it be, then better doe advise.
For he, whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
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,
Envyng my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruell 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 sory 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

XVIII.

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.

XIX.

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 duresse 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.

XX.

Whom when the prince beheld, he gan to rew
The evill case, in which those ladies lay;
But most was moved at the piteous vew
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.

XXI.

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 corse 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.

XXII.

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.

XXIII.

So when that forrest they had passed well,
A litle cotage farre away they spide,
To which they drew, ere night upon them fell;
And entring 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 sucking venime to her parts entyre.

XXIV. A

XXIV.

A foule and loathly creature fure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse ;
For she was stufte with rancour and despight
Up to the throat, that oft with bitternesse
It would forth breake, and gush in great excesse,
Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
Gainst all, that truth and vertue doe professe,
Whom she with leafings lewdly did miscall,
And wickedly backbite: Her name men *Sclaunder* 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 doene alive,
But she with blame would blot, and of due praise deprive.

XXVI.

Her words were not, as common words are ment,
T'expresse the meaning of the inward mind,
But noysome breath, and poyfnous 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 foule it selfe with grieve unkind:
For like the stings of Aspes, that kill with smart,
Her spightfull words did pricke, and wound the inner part.

XXVII. Such

XXVII.

Such was that hag, unmeet to host such guests,
 Whom greatest princes court would welcome fayne,
 But neede, that answers not to all requests,
 Bad them not looke for better entertayne;
 And eke that age despyfed 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.

XXVIII.

Then all that evening, welcommed with cold;
 And chearelesse hunger, they together spent;
 Yet found no fault, but that the hag did scold
 And rayle at them with grudgefyll 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 queane so base and vilde,
 To be unjustly blamd, and bitterly revilde,

XXIX.

Here well I weene, 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.

XXX. But

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 luſt 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 ſat by the faulcon'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 tride
The traines of wit, in wickedneſſe woxe bold,
And dared of all finnes 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 beſtiall delight.
Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in fight,
And that, which wont to vanquiſh God and man,
Was made the vaſſall of the victor's might.
Then did her glorious flowre wax dead and wan,
Deſpiſd 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 flowre proceed,
 Sprung of the auncient stocke 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 darknesse 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 flaunder of her sexe,
 Them follow'd fast, and them reviled fore,
 Him calling theefe, them whores; that much did vex
 His noble hart: thereto she did annexe
 False crimes and facts, such as they never ment,
 That those two ladies much asham'd did wexe:
 The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
 And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyson spent.

XXXVI.

At last when they were passed out of fight,
Yet she did not her sprightfull speach forbear,
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.

XXXVII.

They passing forth kept on their readie way,
With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,
Both for great feebleffe, which did oft assay
Faie *Amoret*, that scarcely she could ryde,
And eke through heauie armes, which sore 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.

XXXVIII.

At length they spide, where towards them with speed
A squire came galloping, as he would flie,
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 brasen 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 fearefull 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 flay :
Like as the basiliske of serpents feede,
From powrefull eyes, close venim doth convey
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 fast 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 pursewd in fight.

XLI.

Eftsoones the prince tooke downe those ladies twaine
From lostie steede, and mounting in their stead,
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,
Loe 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 repress.

XLII. Who

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 heaue sway, that hard unto his crowne
The shield it drove, and did the covering reare:
Therewith both squire and dwarfe did tumble downe
Upon the earth, and lay long while in senselesse 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 massie yron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
It would have cleft him to the girding place,
Yet, as it was, it did astonish him long space.

XLIV.

But when he to himselfe returnd againe,
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
And vow by *Maboune*, that he should be flaine.
With that his murderous mace he up did reare,
That seemed nought the soule thereof could beare,
And therewith smote at him with all his might.
But ere that it to him approched neare,
The royall child, with readie quicke foresight,
Did shun the prooffe thereof, and it avoyded light.

XLV.

But ere his hand he could recure againe,
To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,
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 descended 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 flaine,
And rent his haire and scratcht his face for paine.
Then gan the prince at leasure to inquire
Of all the accident, there 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 flaine,
Of an huge geaunteffe whylome was bred;
And by his strength rule to himselfe did gaine
Of many nations into thraldome led,
And mightie kingdomes 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

XLVIII.

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.

XLIX.

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.

L.

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
Dissuaded 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 *Æmylia* faire,
 This gyant's sonne, that lies there on the laire
 An headlesse heape, him unawares there caught,
 And all dismayd through mercilesse despaire,
 Him wretched thrall unto his dongeon brought,
 Where he remains, of all unsuccour'd and unfought.

LII.

This gyant's daughter came upon a day
 Unto the prison 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 fast,
 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 meanes, 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

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 prison dore
By her committed be, of special grace,
And at his will may whom he list restore,
And whom he list reserve, to be afflicted more.

LV.

Whereof when tydings came unto mine eare,
Full inly sorie 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 prison 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 prison new ;
Whereof I glad did not gaine say nor strive,
But suffred that same dwarfe me to her dongeon 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 reason him aviz'd,
 And shew'd him how through error and mis-thought
 Of our like persons eath to be disguiz'd,
 Or his exchange, or freedome might be wrought.
 Whereto full loth was he, ne would for ought
 Consent, that I, who stoode all fearelesse 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 *Placidus*,
 And undiscerned, forth with him did pas.
 There with great joyance and with gladsome glee,
 Of faire *Pæana* I received was,
 And oft imbrast, 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 refusd,
Did well accept, as well it did behove,
And to the present neede it wisely usd.
My former hardnesse first I faire excusd;
And after promist large amends to make.
With such smooth termes her error I abusd,
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 heauey 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 elfe did play,
Finding no meanes how I might us enlarge,
But if that dwarfe I could with me conuay,
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 pursuw'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 *Placidus*;
 All mindlesse of her wonted modestie,
 She to him ran, and him with streight embras
 Enfolding, said, And lives yet *Amias*?
 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 mercilesse 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 releast

Pæana takes to wife :

Britomart fightes with many knights ;

Prince Arthur stints 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 shall 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 soone doth cesse,
 And quenched is with *Cupid's* greater flame :
 But faithfull friendship doth them both suppress,
 And them with maystring discipline doth tame,
 Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame.
 For as the soule doth rule the earthly masse,
 And all the service of the bodie frame ;
 So love of soule doth love of bodie passe,
 No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meanest brasse.

III.

All which who list 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 *Pæana* were as faire as morne,
Yet did this trustie squire with proud disdaine
For his friend's sake her offred 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 prision sad,
He gan advise how best he mote darrayne
That enterprize, for greatest glories gayne.
That headlesse tyrant's 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 squire, and layd
Before the ryder, as he captive were,
And made his dwarfe, though with unwilling ayd,
To guide the beast, that did his maister 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 delitious boure
The faire *Pæana* playing on a rote,
Complayning of her cruell paramoure,
And finging 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 fire, she cald to him for aide.
But when of him no aunswere she received,
But saw him sencelesse 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 prevaile,
Ne none there was to reskue 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

IX.

Whom soone as faire *Æmylia* beheld,
 And *Placidus*, they both unto him ran,
 And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
 Striving to comfort him all that they can,
 And kissing oft his visage pale and wan;
 That faire *Pœana* them beholding both,
 Gan both envy, and bitterly to ban;
 Through jealous passion weeping inly wroth,
 To see the fight 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 resemblance much admired there,
 And mazd how nature had so well disguised
 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 skill, or errour were.
 Thus gazing long, at them much wondred he;
 So did the other knights and squires, which him did see.

XII.

Then gan they ranfacke that fame caſtle ſtrong,
In which he found great ſtore of hoorded 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 purchaſt ſpoile.

XIII.

And for more joy, that captive lady faire,
The faire *Pæana*, he enlarged free;
And by the reſt did ſet in ſumptuous chaire,
To feaſt and frolicke: nathemore would ſhe
Shew gladſome countenaunce nor pleaſaunt glee;
But grieved was for loſſe both of her fire,
And eke of lordſhip, with both land and fee;
But moſt ſhe touched was with grieve entire,
For loſſe of her new love, the hope of her deſire.

XIV.

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 thewes, and ſpeeches well applyde,
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat.
For though ſhe were moſt faire, and goodly dyde,
Yet ſhe it all did mar with cruelty and pride.

XV. And

XV.

And for to shut up all in friendly love,
Sith love was first the ground of all her grieve,
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 priefe,
But to accept her to his wedded wife.
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordship during life :
He yeelded, and her tooke ; so stinted all their strife.

XVI.

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 assuraunce 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 defaste, thenceforth reformed her waies,
That all men much admyrde her change, and spake her praise.

XVII.

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.

XVIII. Feare

XVIII.

Feare of her safety did her not constraîne,
For well she wist now in a mighty hond
Her person, late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was all daungers to withstond.
But now in feare of shame she more did stond,
Seeing her selfe all soly succourlesse,
Left in the victor's powre, like vassall bond;
Whose will her weakenesse could no way repress,
In case his burning lust should break into excesse.

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 disperfed diversly,
Yet neither shewd 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 be seemed,
That which of them was best, mote not be deemed.
Those foure were they, from whom false *Florimell*
By *Braggadocchio* lately was redeemed;
To weet, sterne *Druon*, and lewd *Claribell*,
Love-lavish *Blandamour*, and lustfull *Paridell*.

XXI.

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 pleasure
Would change his liking, and new lemans prove.
But *Paridell* of love did make no threasure,
But lusted after all, that him did move.
So diversly these foure disposed were to love.

XXII.

But those two other, which beside them stoode,
Were *Britomart*, and gentle *Scudamour*,
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moode,
And wondred at their impacable stoure,
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 corfes, 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 threasure,
Upon the sea to wreake his fell intent;
They breaking forth with rude unruliment,
From all foure parts of heaven doe rage full sore,
And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide uprore,
As if in stead thereof they *Chaos* would restore.

XXIV. Cause

XXIV.

Cause of their discord, and so fell debate,
Was for the love of that same snowy maid,
Whome they had lost in turneyment of late,
And seeking long, to weet which way she straid,
Met here together, where through lewd upbraide
Of *Ate* and *Duessu* they fell out,
And each one taking part in others aide,
This cruell conflict raised thereabout,
Whose dangerous successe depended yet in dout.

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 slacke,
But evermore their malice did augment;
Till that uneath 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 fides, 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 afresh gan former fight renew.
As when two barkes, this caried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary courses sew,
If wind and tide doe change, their courses change anew.

XXVII.

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan fare,
 As if but then the battell had begonne,
 Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks strong did spare,
 That through the clifts the vermeil bloud out sponne,
 And all adowne their riven fides did ronne.
 Such mortall malice wonder was to see
 In friends profest, and so great outrage donne:
 But sooth is said, and tride in each degree,
 Faint friends, when they fall out, most cruell fomen bee.

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 Britoness had to them donne,
 In that late turney for the snowy maide;
 Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
 And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

XXIX.

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
 Of fell revenge, in their malicious mood
 They from them selves gan turne their furious ire,
 And cruell 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 withstood;
 Ne yeelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
 But being doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

XXX. The

XXX.

The warlike dame was on her part affraid
Of *Claribell* and *Blandamour* attone ;
And *Paridell* and *Druon* fiercely laid
At *Scudamour*, both his professed fone.
Foure charged two, and two furcharged 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 tast of bloud of some engorged beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
From greedy hold of that his bloody feast :
So little did they hearken to her sweet beheast.

XXXII.

Whom when the Briton prince a farre beheld
With ods of so unequall match opprest,
His mighty heart with indignation fweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest :
Eftsoones him selfe he to their aide addrest,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace,
Divided them, how ever loth to rest,
And would them faine from battell to surceasse,
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 afore;
Who them with speaches milde gan first dissuade
From such 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 so sharpely and so sore,
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 prise,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T'assuage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise.
At whose request he gan him selfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as list them to devise:
Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske, who all that passed gan repeat;

XXXVI. And

XXXVI.

And told at large, how that fame errant knight,
To weet faire *Britomart*, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight
Both of their publicke praise 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 affoyled,
And shew'd, that she had not that lady rest,
As they supposed, but her had to her liking left.

XXXVII.

To whom the prince thus goodly well replied ;
Certes, Sir knight, ye seemen much to blame,
To rip up wrong, that battell once hath tried ;
Wherein the honor both of armes ye shame,
And eke the love of ladies foule defame ;
To whom the world this franchise ever yeelded,
That of their loves choise they might freedom clame,
And in that right should by all knights be shielded :
Gainst which me seemes this war ye wrongfully have wielded.

XXXVIII.

And yet, quoth she, a greater wrong remaines :
For I thereby my former love have lost,
Whom seeking ever since with endlesse paines,
Hath me much sorrow and much travell cost ;
Aye me ! to see that gentle maide so tost.
But *Scudamour*, then fighting 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 happineffe nor rest,
 But thus turmoild from one to other stowre,
 I wast my life, and doe my daies devowre
 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 taske to take,
 Mote we entreat you, fith 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 fatisfie, him selfe prepar'd
 To tell through what misfortune he had far'd,
 In that atchievement, as to him befell,
 And all those daungers unto them declar'd,
 Which fith 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 setled mindes remove,
But seeme gainst common sence to them most sweet ;
As boasting in their martyrdome 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 rest assured,
That to disloyalty she will not be allured.

III.

Long were to tell the travell and long toile,
 Through which this shield of love I late have wonne,
 And purchas'd this peerelesse beautie's spoile,
 That harder may be ended, then begonne.
 But since ye so desire, your will be donne.
 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 prise
 Flew first abroad, and all mens eares possesse,
 I having armes then taken, gan avise
 To winne me honour by some noble geste,
 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; fith all by lot we hold.

V.

So on that hard adventure forth I went,
 And to the place of perill 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* built,
 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.

VI.

And it was seated in an island strong,
 Abounding all with delices most rare,
 And wall'd by nature gainst invaders wrong,
 That none mote have accessse, 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 Döricke 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 meanes to maintaine that castle's auncient rights.

VIII.

Before that castle was an open plaine,
 And in the midst thereof a pillar 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 when I red, my heart did inly earne,
 And pant with hope of that adventure's hap;
 Ne stayd further newes thereof to learne,
 But with my speare upon the shield did rap,
 That all the castle ringed with the clap.
 Streight forth issewd a knight all arm'd to prooffe,
 And bravely mounted to his most mishap:
 Who staying nought to question from aloofe,
 Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunst from his horse's hoofe.

X.

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.

XI.

So forth without impediment I past,
 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 fame,
 Where one stood peeping through a crevis small,
 To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

XII.

That was to weet, the porter of the place,
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent :
His name was *Doubt*, that had a double face,
Th'one forward looking, th'other backward 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 perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not appeare.

XIII.

On th'one side he, on th'other fate *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 past, 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

XV.

But by no meanes my mind I would forflow,
For ought that ever she could doe or say,
But from my lofty steede dismounting low,
Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and stones of rich assay,
Cast into fundry 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.

XVI.

Thence forth I passed to the second gate,
The *Gate of good desert*, whose goodly pride
And costly frame were long here to relate.
The same to all stoode alwaies open wide:
But in the porch did evermore abide
An hideous giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entraunce with his spacious stride,
And with the terrour of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.

XVII.

His name was *Daunger*, dreaded over all,
Who day and night did watch and duely ward,
From fearefull cowards entrance to forstall,
And faint-heart fooles, whom shew of perill hard
Could terrifie 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.

XVIII. Yet

XVIII.

Yet many doughty warriours, often tride
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sternnesse of his looke abide,
But soone 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 such like waies,
Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of the kaies.

XIX.

But I, though meanest man of many moe,
Yet much disdaining unto him to lout,
Or creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
Resolv'd him to assault with manhood stout,
And either beat him in, or drive him out.
Eftsoones advauncing that enchanted shield,
With all my might I gan to lay about :
Which when he saw, the glaive, which he did wield,
He gan forthwith t'avale, and way unto me yield.

XX.

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 earst appere.
For hatred, murther, treason, and despight,
With many moe, lay in ambushment there,
Awaiting to entrap the warelesse wight,
Which did not them prevent with vigilant foresight.

XXI. Thus

XXI.

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, supplied it.

XXII.

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 blossomes 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.

XXIII.

In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,
It seem'd a second paradise to bee,
So lavishly enricht with nature's threasure,
That if the happie soules, which doe possesse
Th'Elyfian fields, and live in lasting blesse,
Should happen this with living eye to see,
They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,
And wish to life return'd againe to ghesse,
That in this joyous place they mote have joyance free.

XXIV. Fresh

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 flomber drew ;
 High reared mounts, the lands about to vew ;
 Low looking dales, disloignd from common gaze ;
 Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers trew ;
 False 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 walker's wearie shankes ;
 And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,
 Praying their God, and yeelding him great thanks,
 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 fort
 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 deedes did evermore aspire.

XXVII.

Such were great *Hercules*, and *Hylas* deare;
 Trew *Jonathan*, and *David* trustie tryde;
 Stout *Theseus*, and *Perithous* his feare;
Pylades and *Orestes* by his fyde;
 Myld *Titus* and *Gesippus* 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 tasted blis,
 Nor happie howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
 I thought there was none other heaven then this;
 And gan their endlesse happinesse envye,
 That being free from feare and gealoufye,
 Might frankely there their love's desire possesse;
 Whilst I through paines and perlous 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

XXX.

Not that fame famous temple of *Diane*,
Whose hight all *Ephesus* did oversee,
And which all *Asia* sought 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 *Jurie* framed,
With endlesse cost, to be th'Almightie's see;
Nor all that else through all the world is named
To all the heathen gods, might like to this be claimed.

XXXI.

I much admiring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approacht, which open stood;
But therein sate 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 Danisk hood,
Poudred with pearle and stone, and all her gowne
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low a downe.

XXXII.

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 maystred still in all debate.

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 fight.

XXXIV.

Concord she cleeped was in common reed,
 Mother of blessed *Peace*, and *Friendship* trew;
 They both her twins, both borne of heavenly feed,
 And she her selfe likewise divinely grew;
 The which right well her workes divine did shew:
 For strength, and wealth, and happinesse she lends,
 And strife, and warre, and anger does subdew:
 Of little much, of foes she maketh frends,
 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 devoure the ayre, and hell them quight,
 But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
 She is the nurse of pleasure and delight,
 And unto *Venus* grace the gate doth open right.

XXXVI. By

XXXVI.

By her I entring halfe dismayed was,
But she in gentle wise me entertayned,
And twixt her selfe and *Love* did let me pas;
But *Hatred* would my entrance have refrayned;
And with his club me threatned to have brayned,
Had not the ladie with her powrefull speach
Him from his wicked will uneath refrayned;
And th'other eke his malice did empeach,
Till I was thoroughly past the perill of his reach.

XXXVII.

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 rooffe 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.

XXXVIII.

An hundred altars round about were fet,
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the temple swet,
Which rould in clouds to heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true lovers vowes entire:
And eke an hundred brafen 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 selfe did stand
 Upon an altar of some costly masse,
 Whose substance was uncath to understand:
 For neither pretious stone, nor durefull brasse,
 Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
 But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
 Pure in aspect, and like to christall glasse,
 Yet glas was not, if one did rightly deeme,
 But being faire and brickle, likest glasse did seeme.

XL.

But it in shape and beautie did excell
 All other idoles, which th'heathen adore,
 Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in *Paphos* isle of yore,
 With which that wretched Greeke, that life forlore,
 Did fall in love: yet this much fairer shyned,
 But covered with a slender veile afore;
 And both her feete and legs together twyned
 Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast combyned.

XLI.

The cause why she was covered with a vele,
 Was hard to know, for that her priests the same
 With peoples knowledge labour'd to conceale.
 But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
 Nor any blemish, 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 selfe alone,
 Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

XLII. And

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 enjoys
The wide kingdome of love and lordly sway,
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 fayning,
As every one had cause of good or ill.
Amongst the rest some one through love's constrayning,
Tormented fore, 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 fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place,
That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie;
Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare,
And when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
And heavens laugh, and all the world shews joyous cheare.

XLV. Then

XLV.

Then doth the Dædale 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 lusty bowres,
They all doe learne to play the paramours;
First doe the merry birds, thy pretty pages,
Privily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
Chirp loud to thee out of their leavy cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

XLVI.

Then doe the saluage beafts begin to play
Their pleasant friskes, 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 doest them inspire,
In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

XLVII.

So all the world by thee at first was made,
And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre:
Ne ought on earth, that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth, that lovely is and fayre,
But thou the same for pleasure 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 blisse,
O graunt that of my love at last I may not misse.

XLVIII. So

XLVIII.

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 ease unto my smart,
 And to my wound her gracious help impart.
 Whilest thus I spake, behold ! with happy eye
 I spyde, whereat the idole's feet apart
 A beviè of fayre damzells close did lye,
 Wayting when as the antheme should be sung on hye.

XLIX.

The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares,
 And graver countenance then all the rest ;
 Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
 Yet unto her obeyed all the best.
 Her name was *Womanhood*, that she exprest
 By her sad semblant and demeanure wyse :
 For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
 Ne rov'd at randon after gazers guyse,
 Whose luring baytes oftymes doe heedlesse harts entyse.

L.

And next to her fate goodly *Shamefastnesse*,
 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 feare,
 That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare.
 And her against sweet *Cherefulnesse* 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.

LI.

And next to her fate sober *Modestie*,
 Holding her hand upon her gentle hart :
 And her against fate comely *Curtesie*,
 That unto every person knew her part :
 And her before was seated overthwart
 Soft *Silence*, and submissive *Obedience*,
 Both linckt together never to dispart,
 Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,
 Both girlonds of his saints against their foes offence.

LII.

Thus fate they all around in seemely rate :
 And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,
 Even in the lap of *Womanhood* there fate,
 The which was all in lilly white arayd,
 With silver streames amongst the linnen stray'd ;
 Like to the morne, when first her shining face
 Hath to the gloomy world it selfe bewray'd :
 That same was fayrest *Amoret* in place,
 Shyning with beauties light, and heavenly vertues grace.

LIII.

Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb,
 And wade in doubt, what best were to be donne :
 For sacrilege me seem'd the church to rob,
 And folly seem'd to leave the thing undonne,
 Which with so strong attempt I had begonne.
 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 lilly hand her labour'd up to reare.

LIV. Thereat

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 drest
 By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.

LV.

With that my shield I forth to her did show,
 Which all that while I closely had conceald;
 On which when *Cupid* with his killing bow
 And cruell shafts emblazond she beheld,
 At fight 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 spoyle.

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 astonisht staring,
 Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.

LVII.

She often prayd, and often me besought,
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witching fmyles: 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 adoe,
But that same ladie, which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

LVIII.

No lesse did daunger threaten me with dread,
When as he saw 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 wend.
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

Canto XI.

*Marinell's former wound is heald,
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
Lest 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

III.

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
 The dongeon was, in which her bound he left,
 That neither yron barres, nor brasen locke
 Did neede to gard from force, or secreet theft
 Of all her lovers, which would her have rest.
 For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and ror'd
 As they the cliffe in peeces would have cleft;
 Besides ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
 Did waite about it, gaping griesly, all begor'd.

IV.

And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,
 And darknesse dredd, that never viewed day,
 Like to the balefull 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 houres divide.

V.

And all this was for love of *Marinell*,
 Who her despyd (ah! who would her despyse?)
 And wemen's love did from his hart expell,
 And all those joyes, that weake mankind entyse.
 Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse;
 For of a woman's hand it was ywroke,
 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

VI.

Yet farre and neare the nymph his mother fought,
And many salves 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.

VII.

So well that leach did hearke 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 fore against his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill, which to him mote fall,
Through his too ventrous prowesse proved over all.

VIII.

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there
To all the sea-gods, and their fruitfull seede,
In honour of the spoufalls, 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 last relenting, she to him was wed.

IX. So

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 nourling 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 fundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

XI.

First came great *Neptune* with his threeforkt 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 haire,
 And deckt with pearles, which th'Indian seas for her prepare.

XII. These

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 wise southsayer understood ;
 And tragicke *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 *Astræus*, that did shame
 Himselfe with incest of his kin unkend ;
 And huge *Orion*, that doth tempests still portend.

XIV.

The rich *Cteatus*, and *Eurytus* long ;
Neleus and *Pelias*, lovely brethren both ;
 Mightie *Chrysaor*, and *Caicus* strong ;
Eurypulus, that calmes the waters wroth ;
 And faire *Euphæmus*, 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.

XV.

There also some most famous founders were
 Of puissant nations, which the world possesse;
 Yet sonnes of *Neptune*, now assembled here:
 Ancient *Ogyges*, even th'auncientest,
 And *Inachus* renown'd above the rest;
Phœnix, and *Aon*, and *Pelasgus* old,
 Great *Belus*, *Phœax*, and *Agenor* best;
 And mightie *Albion*, father of the bold
 And warlike people, which the *Britaine* islands hold.

XVI.

For *Albion* the sonne of *Neptune* was,
 Who for the prooffe of his great puissance,
 Out of his *Albion* did on dry-foot pas
 Into old *Gall*, that now is cleeped *France*,
 To fight with *Hercules*, that did advance
 To vanquish all the world with matchlesse 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 reherse,
 Which all the world have with their issue filld?
 How can they all in this so narrow verse
 Contayned be, and in small compasse hild?
 Let them record them, that are better skild,
 And know the moniments of passed times:
 Onely what needeth, shall be here fulfild,
 T'expresse some part of that great equipage,
 Which from great *Neptune* do derive their parentage.

XVIII. Next

XVIII.

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 possesse;
 Of all which *Nereus* th'eldest, and the best,
 Did first proceed, then which none more upright,
 Ne more sincere in word and deed professe;
 Most voide of guile, most free from fowle despight,
 Doing him selfe, and teaching others to doe right.

XIX.

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
 And could the ledden of the gods unfold,
 Through which, when *Paris* brought his famous prise,
 The faire *Tindarid* lasse, he him fortold,
 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 source springs from the skie;
 Faire *Ister*, flowing from the mountaines hie;
 Divine *Scamander*, purpled yet with blood
 Of Greekes and Trojans, which therein did die;
Pactolus gliftring with his golden flood,
 And *Tygris* fierce, whose streames of none may be withstood.

XXI.

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,
 Deepe Indus, and Mæander 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 knowen late ;
 And that huge river, which doth beare his name
 Of warlike Amazons, which doe possesse the fame.

XXII.

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 quaille in conquest of that land of gold.
 But this to you, O Britons! most pertaines,
 To whom the right hereof it selfe hath sold ;
 The which for sparing little cost or paines,
 Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse gaine.

XXIII.

Then was there heard a most celestially sound,
 Of dainty musicke, which did next ensue
 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 Agæan seas from pirates vew,
 Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
 And all the raging seas for joy forgot to rore.

XXIV. So

XXIV.

So went he playing on the watery plaine.

Soone after whom the lovely bridegroom 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 *Isis* rightly name;
Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
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 aright,
Which fayled 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 afore
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 abroad,
And with their braunches spred all Britany,
No lesse then do her elder sister's broode.
Joy to you both, ye double nursery
Of arts, but Oxford thine doth *Thame* most glorify.

XXVII. But

XXVII.

But he their sonne full fresh and jolly was,
 All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
 On which the waves, glittering like christall 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 encompass round as with a golden fret.

XXVIII.

Like as the mother of the gods, they say,
 In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
 When to *Jove's* pallace she doth take her way;
 Old *Cybele*, arrayd 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 resiant.

XXIX.

And round about him many a pretty page
 Attended duely, ready to obay;
 All little rivers, which owe vassallage
 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

XXX.

Then came his neighbour flouds, which nigh him dwell,
And water all the English soile 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 stately 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 Cornish and the Devonish 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 glisters wide, as als' of wondrous Bath,
And Bristow faire, which on his waves he builded hath.

XXXII.

And there came Stoure with terrible aspect,
Bearing his fixe 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 nousling mole doth make
His way still under ground, till Thamys he overtake.

XXXIII. Then

XXXIII.

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.

XXXIV.

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,
 By many a city, and by many a towne,
 And many rivers taking under hand
 Into his waters, as he passeth 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.

XXXV.

And after him the fatall Welland went,
 That if old sawes 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
 Cambridge or Oxford, England's goodly beames.
 And next to him the Nene downe softly slid;
 And bounteous Trent, that in him selfe enseames
 Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty fundry streames.

XXXVI. Next

XXXVI.

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine monarch built a brazen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons strongly flancke
Against the Picts, 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 fixe sad brethren, like forlorne,
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 most 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 past not long, ere *Brutus* warlicke 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 after, came the stony shallow Lone,
 That to old Loncaster his name doth lend;
 And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
 Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend;
 And Conway, which out of his 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.

XL.

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.

XLI.

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea,
 The fandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,
 The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,
 The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,
 Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
 Is cal'de Blacke water, and the Liffar deep,
 Sad Trowis, that once his people overran,
 Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep,
 And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

XLII. And

XLII.

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 Slewblome 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.

XLIII.

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 Rosseponde boord;
The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
Great heapes of salmons in his deepe bosome:
All which long fundred doe at last accord
To joyne in one, ere to the sea they come,
So flowing all from one, all one at last become.

XLIV.

There also was the wide embayed Mayre,
The pleasant Bandon, crownd with many a wood,
The spreading Lee, that like an island fayre
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood;
And balefull Oure, late stained 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.

XLV.

Then came the bride, the lovely *Medua* came,
 Clad in a vesture of unknowen geare,
 And uncouth fashion, yet her well became ;
 That seem'd like silver, sprinckled here and theare
 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 plainely wot,
 It was no mortall worke, that seem'd, and yet was not:

XLVI.

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
 Unto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
 The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw
 To all about; and all her shoulders spred
 As a new spring; and likewise on her hed
 A chapelet of fundry flowres she wore,
 From under which the deawy humour shed
 Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
 Congealed little drops, which do the morne adore.

XLVII.

On her two pretty handmaides did attend,
 One cald the *Theise*, 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 appeared 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.

XLVIII. 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* fad,
 Light *Doto*, wanton *Glauce*, and *Galene* glad.

XLIX.

White hand *Eunica*, proud *Dynamene*,
 Joyous *Thalia*, goodly *Amphitrite*,
 Lovely *Pasithee*, kinde *Eulimene*,
 Light foote *Cymothoe*, and sweete *Melite*,
 Fairest *Pherusa*, *Phao* lilly white,
 Wondred *Agave*, *Poris*, and *Nesæa*,
 With *Erato* that doth in love delite,
 And *Panopæ*, and wife *Protomedæa*,
 And snowy neckd *Doris*, and milkewhite *Galathæa*.

L.

Speedy *Hippothoe*, and chaste *Actæa*,
 Large *Lisianassa*, and *Pronæa* sage,
Evagore, and light *Pontoporea*,
 And she, that with her least word can assuage
 The furning seas, when they doe forest rage,
Cymodoce, and stout *Autonoe*,
 And *Neso*, and *Eione* well in age,
 And seeming still to smile, *Glaucanome*,
 And she that hight of many heastes *Polynome*.

LI.

Fresh *Alimedu*, deckt with girlond greene;
Hyponeo, with salt bedewed wrefts:
Laomedia, like the christall sheene;
Liagore, much praifd for wise behests;
And *Pfamathe*, for her brode snowy brests;
Cymo, *Eupompe*, and *Themiste* iust;
And she, that vertue loves and vice detests,
Evarna, and *Menippe* true in trust,
And *Nemertea* learned well to rule her lust.

LII.

All these the daughters of old *Nereus* were,
Which have the sea in charge to them affinde,
To rule his tides, and farges to uprere,
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to upbinde,
And sailers save from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
And yet besides three thousand more there were
Of th'Ocean's seede, 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 descry,
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 wastes his life :
The nymph his mother getteth her,
And gives to him for wife.*

I.



What an endlesse worke have I in hand,
To count the sea's abundant progeny,
Whose fruitfull seede farre passeth those in land,
And also those, which wonne in th'azure sky?
For much more eath to tell the starres on hy,
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the sea's posterity :
So fertile be the flouds in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation.

II.

Therefore the antique wifards well invented,
That *Venus* of the fomy sea was bred ;
For that the seas by her are most augmented.
Witnesse th'exceeding fry, which there are fed,
And wondrous sholes, 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 fild 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 banquet come;
 But walkt abroad, 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 complaind her carefull grieffe,
 Which never she before disclofd to none.
 But to her selfe her sorrow did bemone,
 So feelingly her case 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

VI.

Though vaine I see my sorrowes to unfold,
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare,
Yet hoping grieve may lessen 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.

VII.

Yet loe! the seas I see, by often beating,
Doe pearce the rockes, and hardest 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 list 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 prisonment.

VIII.

And when my weary ghost, with grieve 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 profest,
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.

IX.

Ye gods of seas, if any gods at all
 Have care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
 By one or other way me woefull 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.

X.

But if that life ye unto me decree,
 Then let me live, as lovers ought to do,
 And of my life's dear love beloved be :
 And if he shall through pride your doome undo,
 Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
 And in this prison put him here with me :
 One prison fittest is to hold us two.
 So had I rather to be thrall, then free ;
 Such thraldome or such freedome let it surely bee.

XI.

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 list 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 finart.

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 stubborne heart, that never felt misfare,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie 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 mollifide,
Dame *Venus* sonne, that tameth stubborne 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 wise,
To *Proteus* selfe 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 constraîne:
But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe.

XV.

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.

XVI.

At last, whenas no meanes 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 evill name;
And deeme unworthy or of love or life,
That had despisde so chaste and faire a dame,
Which him had fought through trouble and long strife;
Yet had refusde a god, that her had fought to wife.

XVII.

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 bemoaning her unworthy paine.
Like as an hynde, whose calfe is false unwares
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares,
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.

XVIII.

And now by this the feast was throughly ended,
And every one gan homeward to resort :
Which seeing, *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 mourne, like one astray.

XIX.

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 weepe ;

XX.

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded quight :
His cheeke bones raw, and eie-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

XXI.

Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
Was troubled fore, ne wist well what to weene,
Ne could by search, nor any meanes out find
The secreet 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 grieve doth lend.

XXII.

Nought could she read the roote of his disease,
Ne weene what mister maladie it is,
Whereby to seeke some meanes it to appease.
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amis,
That that same former fatall wound of his
Whyleare by *Tryphon* was not thoroughly healed,
But closely rankled under th'orifis.
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 hast,
And him doth chyde, as false and fraudulent,
That fayld the trust, which she in him had plast,
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent;
Who now was false into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not thoroughly 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

XXIV.

But that it was some other maladie,
Or grieve 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.

XXV.

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide.
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 fought
Through his disease, did by and by out find,
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieved mind ;
Which love he red to be, that leads each living kind.

XXVI.

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 shrieve,
And wooe with faire intreatie, to disclose
Which of the nymphes his heart so fore did mieve.
For sure she weend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately seene, that for his love he chose.

XXVII. Now

XXVII.

Now lesse she feared that same 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 promist 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 devize,
 How she that ladie's libertie might enterprize.

XXIX.

To *Proteus* selfe to sew 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 lowe,
 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

XXX.

To whom god *Neptune* softly smyling, 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 soveraine.
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 replevie, and my sonne reprove :
So shall you by one gift save all us three alive.

XXXII.

He graunted it : and streight his warrant made,
Under the sea-gods seale autenticall,
Commaunding *Proteus* straight t'enlarge the mayd,
Which wandring on his seas imperiall,
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall.
Which she receiving with meete thankfulnessse,
Departed straight to *Proteus* therewithall :
Who reading it with inward loathfulnessse,
Was grieved to restore the pledge he did possessse.

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 streight the virgin lad,
 And shewed her to him, then 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 refection;
 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 chearfull signes he shewed outwardly.
 Ne lesse was she in secret hart affected,
 But that she masked it with modestie,
 For feare she should of lightnesse be detected:
 Which to another place I leave to be perfected.

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